

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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BODFISH.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

By HENRY M. HAMILTON.

THE cinnamon bear is the most formidable of all the wild animals of the North American continent. He belongs to the family of grizzly bears, but is found only in the Southwestern and Pacific States, not ranging so far north as his brother, the black grizzly. Some years ago I had an encounter with cinnamon grizzlies which I am not likely to forget, as I bear a vivid reminder of it about with me in the shape of a scar on my right arm, just below the shoulder.

At that time I was about seventeen, and lived with my father at Grand Gulch, a

small settlement among the Cruasquez Mountains, about fifty miles, in a straight line, west of Denver. My mother was dead, and I was left a good deal, perhaps too much, to my own devices.

Though not an idle or uneducated boy, I was not very fond of school, and preferred to spend my time in working or hunting, rather than in studying the Latin grammar or decimal fractions. Many a time I have shouldered a pick, and gone off to work in the mines along with the men—for Grand Gulch was a mining community; and they said that I did as good a day's work as

THE BIG CINNAMON BEAR HAD HEARD THE CUB'S CRIES, AND WAS COMING AFTER ME LIKE A RACE HORSE.

almost any of the experienced miners. At other times I would spend days together in ranging over the desolate valleys and barren mountains that lay around our little settlement. There was wild game of all sorts to be found there, and I had long cherished a desire of discovering a deposit of silver that would yield us a fortune, and set my father on his feet again. For he had possessed considerable wealth a few years before that time, having been a merchant in Boston; but he had lost nearly all he owned in an unfortunate speculation, and had moved to Colorado in the hope of retrieving the disaster. That State was then at the height of its "boom" as a field for emigration; settlers were arriving very fast, mines were being opened on all sides, and some large fortunes were being made by the lucky ones.

My father had brought with him from the East a black saddle horse, a strong, serviceable animal, which he had kept, when he sold off his finer carriage horses, as being more suitable for the rough country where he intended to locate. This horse he frequently allowed me to take with me in my long mountain rambles, and of course it was a valuable help to me. With it I frequently wandered forty or fifty miles away from Grand Gulch—a long distance over such rough country, where twenty miles make an average day's journey for a mounted traveler.

On the occasion when I met with the adventure which I am about to relate, I had gone about a dozen miles up Roaring Fork, the stream that ran through Grand Gulch, and turned the big wheel of its newly erected stamping mill. Then I had turned off into a narrow side valley, round whose head were bare crags towering up tier above tier, and bearing, in the clefts of their highest rocks, patches of eternal snow.

I was not alone; with me was an old hunter and mountaineer, named Pete Ridener, who had known the valleys and hills of Colorado when few white men had penetrated them, before the great army of settlers arrived to colonize the Centennial State. Both of us were mounted, I on my father's black horse, he on a stout little Indian pony; and both of us carried good rifles. But we were not hunting that day; Pete had been commissioned by a gentleman in Denver to gather specimens of Rocky Mountain minerals, and for this purpose he made long expeditions among the great peaks that now rose above us. He knew almost every inch of the country for many miles around; and he had made a camp in the valley which we were entering, in an old cabin which had belonged to a pioneer who had lived and died alone in that desolate spot.

It was a lonely and unattractive but substantially built log house; above it a few tall pine trees swayed and sighed in the breeze that blew chill from the cold mountain tops. We tethered our horses near it, and climbed for some time among the rocks, within a short distance of the cabin. Pete had a dog along with him, just for company, he said, as he was of little use for a hunting dog.

We worked along for some time, and made one or two finds of minerals worth preserving. When Pete's hammer had been busy for an hour or two, he uttered a sudden exclamation which drew me to his side. He pointed to the ground, where the reason of his excitement was evident.

There were numerous bear tracks crossing and recrossing each other, and the animal had worn a beaten path through the scanty grasses and brush that clung to the steep, rocky slope.

Pete was a trained and skillful hunter. As soon as he saw the tracks of an animal he could tell all about it—its kind, size and age. "Show me a bear's tracks," he once said, "an' I kin tell yer all about him an' his annts an' uncles, an' most all his relatives."

This was of course an exaggeration, but the hunter quickly pronounced from his tracks before us that we were on the trail of two grizzlies, and not far from their headquarters.

"That's Ephraim, sure 'nough," he said, "Ephraim is the Rocky Mountain nickname for the grizzly—and more'n likely he an' Mrs. E. hev got a little family among these yer rocks some'eres. Maybe we'll find 'em home."

This made me somewhat nervous, as I had never yet encountered a genuine grizzly; but I was not devoid of pluck, and I followed close behind Pete, who rapidly took up the bears' trail.

It led us, in a very few minutes, to a place where an overhanging rock, and the

roots of a huge pine, made a shelter over a good-sized crevice or shallow cave in the mountain side, and here the bears had evidently made their camp. There was a cub in this den, about the size of a young lamb or of a fat poodle; Pete drew it out, although it scratched and cried vigorously.

"Whatever are you going to do with that little brute?" I asked; "hadn't we better kill it, and quit before the old bears come back?"

"Be you crazy, Jeff Harrison?" he replied; "why Bill Monks offered twenty dollars, on'y the other day, for a grizzly cub to keep chained up in his saloon to amuse the boys. Now I mean to take this yer little cuss right down there, an' ef you'll help me we'll divvy on the twenty."

We soon had the youthful grizzly down in the cabin. It was near sunset, and we could not get down to Grand Gulch before night, so we determined to stay in the log house till morning. It was stoutly built, and had a fireplace; there was no danger from Indians, and of wild animals we were not afraid, with two rifles and a good supply of ammunition. The grizzlies might track us, but we expected to repel them without much difficulty. We were, perhaps, a little imprudent in our action, but it would be still more risky to attempt to reach Grand Gulch in the dark.

The bears did not leave us long in doubt. We had rolled ourselves in our blankets on a big pile of pine needles, which was the only bed in the cabin, and gone off into the land of nod, when we were aroused by queer noises on the outside. From the growls and sniffs we heard, Pete Ridener had no doubt that the two grizzlies had tracked us to the cabin. The cub seemed to know it too, for he whined and cried, and vainly endeavored to tear away from the rope with which he was secured; while Pete's dog set up a loud barking.

It was well for us that the log house was substantially built, for the two bears actually shook the whole structure as they tried to force their way in. There were several loopholes in the door and walls, and as they were sniffing and scratching at one of these, Pete got up and reached for his rifle. Thrusting its muzzle through the loophole, he fired; and the bullet must have struck one of the bears, to judge by the roaring that we heard. The wounded creature seemed to fly into a terrible rage, and made frantic efforts to climb upon the roof; had he succeeded he could easily have torn a passage, and we should indeed have been in a perilous position.

We passed the night in this situation, and of course there was not much chance of sleep. We had to be on the watch in case the bears should succeed in making an entrance, and we were very anxious about the two horses, which we had left loose outside.

As soon as it grew light, we began peering through the widest of the loopholes to reconnoiter the enemy's forces. There were two large grizzly bears of the cinnamon variety; one of them was a monster, and stood about as high as a two-year-old steer. Which of them had received Pete's bullet we could not tell, for neither of them showed any signs of being wounded.

We tried to put some more bullets into the besiegers. The big bear was extraordinarily cunning; he was evidently an old inhabitant, and showed wonderful cleverness in avoiding the rifles which we poked through the loopholes in hope of getting a shot. But I succeeded in hitting his mate, and then Pete did the same twice in rapid succession, the second bullet striking her forehead.

She fell over with a terrible howl, and the big cinnamon came up and licked her wounds, from which the blood was pouring in torrents. He only stayed there a moment, for before we could reload and fire, he trotted off and disappeared among the pines, leaving his mate dead upon the ground.

The next moment Pete and I came out to look for our horses. It took us two hours' search before we found them, nearly a mile off, as the bears had frightened them away from the cabin. We brought them back and got ready to start for Grand Gulch. Pete strapped the sack of minerals to his saddle, while I took up the bear cub, and followed him down towards Roaring Fork.

We made all the haste we could, but I soon fell some way behind Pete; the cub was a troublesome load, as he struggled energetically to escape, and cried and whined like a whipped puppy. When we were about a mile from the cabin, he managed to slip out of my grasp, rolled over and over on the ground; then he picked himself up and scrambled off as quickly as he could.

I sprang from my horse and was after him like a shot, and soon caught him and brought him back in triumph. I was jumping upon my horse, when I heard a growling among the trees, and, looking behind me, I saw an alarming sight. The big cinnamon grizzly had heard the cub's cries, and was coming after me like a race-horse.

I mounted hastily and started off after Pete, hoping to distance my pursuer. But the rough ground suited the bear better than my black horse, and to my dismay I found I could not shake him off. I thought I would try to drive him off with a bullet, and reached back for my rifle, but was horrified to discover that it was not there. It had dropped from the saddle, probably when I dismounted to recapture the cub.

I frantically urged the black horse to his best speed, and we raced madly along, sadly hindered by rocks and fallen trees. I shouted to Pete at the top of my voice, and at last I heard him shout in answer. He halted, to allow me to overtake him; and when I came in sight, and he saw my danger, he turned and rode back to help me.

He was about fifty yards away, when my horse put his foot into a hole, and stumbled so heavily that I was thrown to the ground.

Before I could rise, the cinnamon grizzly was upon me, hugging me in his deadly grasp, and seizing my right shoulder in his great jaws.

Luckily for me, Pete Ridener was only a few yards away. With his usual coolness he raised his rifle, glanced along the shining barrels, and crack, crack! a couple of bullets crashed through the bear's skull, and rolled him over for the last time in his history.

Pete picked me up and put me on my horse; and though my arm was badly hurt, we got down to Grand Gulch before noon. But the cinnamon cub had scrambled off in the meantime, and we did not go after him.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESCUER.

WHEN Queen Victoria was only two years old, she nearly lost her life in a carriage accident near Kensington Palace. An Irish soldier named Moloney was walking near the carriage in which the infant princess was driving, and when it was upset he rushed to the child's rescue and brought her safely out of the broken vehicle. He broke his leg, however, in the attempt, and sustained other injuries from which he suffered for some time afterwards. The duchess of Kent, the queen's mother, gave him the munificent reward of five dollars for his heroic act.

In a few years he was sent out to India with his regiment, and there he spent upwards of twenty years, returning to England with a pension of twelve cents a day. Being in great distress he wrote to her majesty reminding her of the important service he had rendered to her in early life. No notice whatever was taken of the application.

Nothing daunted, however, he wrote again and again, but still no response came from Windsor. To shorten the story, he kept reminding her majesty for nearly twenty years that he had saved her life, and as he was beginning to think at last he could never succeed in exciting the royal gratitude to do anything for him, he received through the post a small donation anonymously. The following week it was repeated.

Upon the introduction of postal orders he got one for one pound almost every week, the donor being still nameless. As the orders, however, bore the Windsor postmark, he suspected the source whence they came. At last one day a slip of paper which appeared to have been put into the letter accidentally revealed the name of the sender—Sir Henry Ponsonby, the queen's private secretary.

Since that time Moloney has got the postal orders without any disguise whatever from Sir Henry.

Moloney was originally intended for the church, but being a wild young fellow, he left home during his student days, taking with him a large sum of money which belonged to his father. This he soon spent, and then he enlisted. He knew classics fairly well, and while a soldier used to amuse his companions by quoting verses from the Latin and Greek poets. He is now over eighty years of age, and lives at Hounslow, near London.

SOME ADVERTISING TRICKS.

ON a recent visit to London, we were struck by a new way of advertising which is coming into fashion there. Some enterprising business houses have attached to their roofs captive balloons, on which are inscribed in large letters the merits of their wares. These balloons rise high into the air, and become the cynosure of neighboring and distant eyes, attracting attention even though the announcements painted upon them cannot be deciphered.

Another Londoner has patented a new method of street advertising. The sandwich boards, between which men perambulate the streets, are to have clockwork attached to them, which may be made to strike a gong as often as required, in this way attracting the attention of passers-by.

At a crowded London railway station recently, numerous coins were thrown upon the platform by invisible hands. They were, of course, of little value intrinsically, but they sounded like good money when thrown on flags, and contained the announcement which the coinager wished to impress upon the public mind.

TO-DAY IS OURS.

BY M. WOOLSEY.

YESTERDAY now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.
Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

(This story commenced in No. 209.)

MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "The Boat Club Stories," "Young America Abroad Series," "Upward and Onward Series," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONTENTS OF THE TRUNK.

"WHERE do you live when you are home, Life?" asked Clipper, as he pulled the Lucy out of the bay that formed the nose of the smoker.

"In Mendora, in this State, where all the fellows in the camp came from," replied Life Murkison.

"Does Mr. Gaybroon live there when he is at home?"

"Yes; and he is a rich man. The fathers of all the fellows are better off than mine, though Buck's is not much better off."

"Mr. Gaybroon is a rich man, then?"

"I have heard my father say he was worth a hundred thousand dollars. But he says he can't tell how much a man is worth until his affairs are settled up."

"Has he always lived in Mendora?" asked Clipper, trying to appear indifferent in his manner.

"I'm sure I don't know; he has lived there ever since I can remember, for I went to the primary school with Fordy, and have kept along with him ever since. By the way, Clipper, wasn't it odd that trunk walked off while we were up to your shanty?"

"I don't think it was very odd. The trunk belonged to my mother, and was washed away when the house fell," replied Clipper, who thought he could trust Life with so much, after all that had happened that day.

"But you couldn't have gone to the place after we were there."

"I was going down to the lake when I heard voices. I passed through the cut made by the water, and I was on the top of the rock while you were talking, I heard everything you said."

"But, if the trunk had been there long, you must have found it before."

"I had been through the cut before, but I did not follow the gully far enough to find the trunk. As soon as you were gone, I took care of it, for I had been looking for it ever since the freshet."

"Then we did you a good turn, after all," laughed Life.

"You did, indeed. I suppose Fordy did not expect to find the boats up the hill, did he?"

"He pretended to believe that you and Stilt had carried them up to your castle. Of course, his real object was to get hold of you, and have his revenge. He and his father are both Indians; and I am afraid you have not seen the end of this business yet, Clipper."

"I shall keep my eyes open after this; and I think I can take care of myself."

"If you leave your boat anywhere on the river, Fordy will be pretty sure to take it. If he has no use for it, he will be likely to smash or burn it."

"I shall look out for it this time," replied Clipper, as they reached the head of navigation.

The boat was taken out of the water, and borne by the two boys up the hill until they came to the river again. To this place it was not more than a quarter of a mile, though it would have been a mile and a half around the bend. Clipper had chosen the point he would strike, and the stream ran on a level for a few rods, making it navigable for this distance. The Lucy was launched again, and the boatman made the painter fast to a tree on the shore.

"Now we will go for that trunk, Life, if you will help me carry it up to the castle," said Clipper.

"Of course I will help you," replied Life, as they started down the hill again. "I felt a good deal of interest in that trunk, for I thought there might be money in it. I expected we should divide, if we could open it; and a few dollars would have made me independent of Fordy."

"I think there is money in it. My mother had money, and she kept it in this trunk."

"It would have been mean to rob you of it; but I never thought of the trunk belonging to you, Clipper. It was, lucky for you that we could not get it open."

"This is the place where I put it," said the mountain boy, when he reached the gully.

In a few minutes the stones were removed, and the trunk taken out of the hole. It was not a heavy load for the two boys, for Clipper had carried it alone a considerable distance in the morning. They soon reached the path which led across the bend, and stopped to rest. Just as they had seated themselves on the trunk, they heard voices in the direction of the landing.

"There is Fordy, as true as you live, Clipper!" exclaimed Life, in a low tone. "I can tell his voice a mile off."

"Keep cool; don't get excited, Life. We have got the inside track, but we had better be moving again," added Clipper.

They picked up the trunk and hastened up the hill with it. But before they could reach the upper stream, they were seen by the party approaching. They were coming up the path,

and consisted of Mr. Gaybroon, Fordy, and Buck Ward.

"Stop, there! What are you doing with that trunk? It belongs to me!" shouted Fordy, breaking into a run, followed by Buck.

"Hurry up, Clipper!" said Life, out of breath. "They want me as well as the trunk, and I should like to be on the other side of the river when they come up."

"Don't be alarmed, Life. We are all right. Mr. Gaybroon don't seem to be able to run much," added Clipper, as he increased his speed to correspond with that of his companion.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Life, as they reached the river a moment later.

Clipper untied the painter, and hauled in the boat. The trunk was put into it, and they had embarked before the pursuers could overtake them, though they were not ten feet from the mountain boy when he leaped into the Lucey and shoved her off. The push he gave her sent her across the stream, and Life grasped the bushes to hold her.

"That was a narrow squeak," gasped Life, who was unable to keep cool, as his companion did.

"That trunk belongs to me! I found it this morning, and it is my property," shouted Fordy, when he reached the bank of the river.

"The trunk belonged to my mother; and it was washed down where your party found it this morning, by the flood," replied Clipper.

"That's another of your lies, you lobster!" cried Fordy. "I claim the trunk, and I am going to have it for our fellows."

"I was one of your fellows, then; and I was the first one that saw it," added Life. "It is Clipper's property, and I give up my claim."

"You can't give up mine," answered Fordy. "Nor mine," said Buck.

"It's no use to talk about it. We don't get ahead any with those fellows," suggested Clipper, as he drew the boat up to the shore, and landed.

The trunk was taken out of the boat, and the Lucey was hauled up on the shore. She was put into the bushes a short distance from the river.

"They can't get across the stream, and the boat is safe for the present. We will carry the trunk up to the castle," said Clipper.

"Are you sure they cannot get across?" asked Life, looking at the river, which was a rushing torrent above and below the ford, as the level place was called.

"I am sure they can't get across, though I did so this morning, in a narrower place than this, by climbing a tree on the other side, and getting into another on this side," replied Clipper. "They can't get across without going a mile up the stream. But I would rather lose the boat than the trunk; and we will look out for that."

Fordy shouted, Buck yelled, and Mr. Gaybroon scolded, as the two boys bore the trunk up the hill by the well-worn path. In a short time they reached the castle. The door was unlocked, and the trunk placed on the floor of the shop.

"They will all be up here soon," said Life, not a little excited.

"I can't stop to talk much now, Life; but there is something in this trunk that I want to find. I have looked for it a great many days, and my blood ran cold when I saw the trunk in the hands of your party this morning," said Clipper, as he took a blunted chisel from the bench, and proceeded to break the hasp of the lock.

The boy was in earnest, and the iron yielded at once to his efforts. He opened the trunk. Its contents were moldy and damp. Clipper took from it several dresses that had belonged to his mother, and soon came to the bottom of the trunk.

In one corner lay the pocket-book which he and Stilt had found in the shanty of the hermit. He looked with nervous anxiety for the tin box that contained the statement; but there was no tin box of any kind in the trunk. A wallet was found in it, containing a considerable roll of bills, which Clipper had often seen in the hands of his mother.

The tin box was what he wanted more than money—more than anything else. It was not there; and Clipper was almost in despair.

"What are you thinking about, Clipper?" asked Life, who could not help noticing the frequent moody spells of his companion.

"I was thinking of something," replied the hunter, with an absent look.

"I haven't any doubt of that. But what are we going to do?"

"We are going to take a look about here; and if that party are not within hail, we are going towards the place where we left the boat. There are a couple of deer about here somewhere, and I think I know about where they are. I could have shot them before, if I had had time to attend to the matter."

They left the shanty, and Clipper carefully locked the door. He then brought a piece of board from the side of the shop, which he hung at the side of the door.

Life watched him with interest, for he had begun to think that his companion was losing his wits, he acted so strangely and mysteriously. But when he looked at the board he changed his mind. On it were painted in large letters; "ENTER NOT! BEWARE OF SPRING GUNS!"

"Where are your spring guns, Clipper?" asked Life, pleased with the idea set forth by the sign.

"They are not to be seen, only feared," replied the lord of the castle, with a smile. "My father painted that sign years ago, to keep intruders out of the shop when he was away hunting."

Clipper led the way down the stream for a considerable distance, but nothing could be seen or heard of the expected visitors.

Retracing their steps, they took the path for the ford. When they were half way across, Clipper left his companion, in order to follow the deer tracks he had seen.

He crept cautiously through the woods, approaching the river at a point some distance below the ford. Fifteen minutes later, a shout came from Life. At the same instant he heard a familiar sound ahead of him. He raised his rifle and fired. A yell from the other side of the river followed the report instantly.

But the hunter heeded neither the call nor the yell, but reloaded his rifle with all haste. Then he broke into a run, and in a few minutes he fired again.

The same yell succeeded the second report. He heard a lively movement on the other side of the stream, which was only a few rods from him. He could not explain either of the sounds he heard. The yells indicated terror, but he was confident that no human being stood before his rifle.

"Clipper!" shouted Life again. "Hallo, Life!" he responded. "The boat is gone!"

It was not a pleasant announcement to the hunter.

"I saw some deer tracks out here as we came along, and I should like to follow them up."

"But Fordy and his father will be up here soon. They will make it hot for us," suggested Life.

"I should like to see Mr. Gaybroon," added Clipper.

"What do you want to see him for? He is the last man I should think you would want to see."

"The large pocket-book that was in the trunk belongs to him," continued Clipper, as he took it from his pocket.

Just then it occurred to him that he had desired to look at the papers in the pocket-book, to see if they could afford him any information in regard to the owner's relations with his father.

He opened it, and looked over the papers. They were of no consequence in the inquiry, and he returned them to their places.

"Creation!" exclaimed Life, as his companion laid the pocket-book on the bench. "Do you mean to say that belongs to Fordy's father?"

"There can be no doubt of it," replied the hunter, pointing to the name of the gentleman from Mendora on the flap.

"Is there any money in it?"

"Two hundred and sixty-two dollars, as I said before," replied Clipper, as he threw the book wide open.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to Mr. Gaybroon, of course."

"Give it to Mr. Gaybroon!" exclaimed Life. "What else can I do with it, knowing that it belongs to him?" asked Clipper, quietly.

"After both he and his son have abused you as they have, and when they are on your track now, at this very minute, to make it hot for you? Why, Fordy would kill you, Clipper, if he dared."

"The pocket-book belongs to Mr. Gaybroon, and he shall have it."

"You beat all the fellows that I saw! Do you suppose Fordy would have given it to his father if he had got the trunk open?"

"I don't know; I can't say I care. I am afraid if he had found the pocket-book he would have been willing to admit that the trunk was mine, so that he could have charged me with stealing the two hundred and sixty-two dollars."

"Perhaps the money would not have been divided, but Fordy's father never would have seen it. I should think you would make Mr. Gaybroon pay a reward for it before you gave it up. If I were in your place, I wouldn't give it to him at all, after he had abused me."

"You wouldn't have me steal it, would you, Life?"

"No, I shouldn't want to steal it; but I shouldn't be in a hurry to give it up," replied Life, rather sheepishly.

"I thought you were an honest fellow, Life."

"I think I am as honest as most fellows. I don't say keep the pocket-book; but I should hold on to it for a while, and make some kind of a trade with the owner. He don't deserve anything from you."

"Yes, he does; he deserves his own. The meanest dog on earth is entitled to that. I talked this matter all over with my mother and Stilt when we found the pocket-book. I shall do as my mother wished, and that was to give up the money."

"It is lucky for Mr. Gaybroon that you got the trunk instead of his son."

"I don't believe that party are coming up here, Life. They would have been here before this time, if they were coming. If I am going to kill a deer to-night, it is time I was about it," said Clipper.

"But you won't leave your castle while that party is about here, will you? They will break into the shanty," added Life.

"I should not want to leave them near the castle; but they may have gone back to Peach Bay, for I don't think that Mr. Gaybroon would care to walk up here by the river," replied Clipper, as he thought of the treasure under the shop.

The name in the pocket-book had induced his mother to speak to him about his father's affairs. Was it not possible, or even probable, that Mr. Gaybroon was in some way connected with the package of bills? The name had suggested to Mrs. Graves that it was time for her to deliver her husband's message to their son.

She had made up her mind to do it after supper on the evening of that fatal day when the flood carried away the cabin.

The tin case containing the statement was not in the trunk. Clipper thought it likely that his mother had taken it out, with the intention of reading it to him that evening. Probably she took it from the trunk at the time when she put the pocket-book into it.

It looked very reasonable to him. But what had she done with the tin case? It had not been found on her remains. Doubtless she put it in some place so that she could get it readily when she wanted it for use. It must have been carried away with the wreck of the cabin. If so, it was probably lying somewhere on the bottom of the river, and might be found at low water.

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Clipper led the way down the stream for a considerable distance, but nothing could be seen or heard of the expected visitors.

Retracing their steps, they took the path for the ford. When they were half way across, Clipper left his companion, in order to follow the deer tracks he had seen.

He crept cautiously through the woods, approaching the river at a point some distance below the ford. Fifteen minutes later, a shout came from Life. At the same instant he heard a familiar sound ahead of him. He raised his rifle and fired. A yell from the other side of the river followed the report instantly.

But the hunter heeded neither the call nor the yell, but reloaded his rifle with all haste. Then he broke into a run, and in a few minutes he fired again.

The same yell succeeded the second report. He heard a lively movement on the other side of the stream, which was only a few rods from him. He could not explain either of the sounds he heard. The yells indicated terror, but he was confident that no human being stood before his rifle.

"Clipper!" shouted Life again. "Hallo, Life!" he responded. "The boat is gone!"

It was not a pleasant announcement to the hunter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TERRIFIED FATHER AND SON.

CLIPPER stood for a few minutes looking in the direction in which he sent the ball from his rifle. While he was doing so, he loaded the piece again, doing it quite mechanically, with hardly a glance at the implements in his hands.

Probably he had a good deal of the spirit of the enthusiastic hunter in him, for a smile of satisfaction followed his scrutiny.

Nothing moved in front of him, and he directed his gaze towards the river, the music of whose tumbling waters broke the silence of the forest. He saw nothing, and he walked rapidly to the stream.

"Do you mean to shoot us?" yelled a voice on the other side, the same that he had heard twice before.

It was plainly the voice of Fordy Gaybroon, but no one could be seen.

The question of the tyrant of the shantytites appeared to explain the occasion of the yells he had heard before. The party who had come up to the mountain in pursuit of Life were quartered on the other side of the river. Doubtless when they saw Clipper creeping cautiously along through the wood, they suspected that he was looking for them. When he fired, they supposed the rifle had been aimed at them.

Mr. Gaybroon was terribly afraid of firearms. For this reason he would not permit his son to have a gun, revolver, or any similar weapon. When he was a young man, he had seen one of his companions shot by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a third person. Though the individual was not killed, the witness never got over his dread of such dangerous implements.

While he was standing near the river, Clipper took up his rifle to see if he had capped it properly, for there might be another deer in the vicinity.

He had scarcely raised the weapon before another yell came from Fordy, supplemented by one from his father.

"Don't shoot this way!" protested Mr. Gaybroon; and his shuky tones indicated that he was quite serious in making this protest.

"What's the row here?" asked Life, rushing to the hunter's side at this moment.

"That party of shantytites are on the other side of the river," replied Clipper. "I am beginning to get at what it all means. You say the boat is gone."

"Gone to a certainty," replied Life, excited at the fact. "I don't see how they got across the river. I should say it was over my head at the ford."

"They have taken a good deal more trouble to get the boat than I supposed they would. They must have brought up their own boat, crossed the stream in it, and then carried both boats back to the river."

"That's the only way they could have done it. But where are they? I don't see them anywhere."

"They are hiding behind the trees. I think I understand the situation. They went into the woods to wait for our return. Very likely they had some plan to trap you or both of us. They must have seen me making after the deer, and thought I was looking for them. When I fired they yelled each time. They are bigger chickens than I supposed they were, though bullies and tyrants are always cowards."

"What are we going to do now?" asked Life. "Our boat is gone, and we can't get across the river."

"At the worst, we shall only have to foot it a mile to reach Nosey Creek, where Tom and the rest of the fellows are fishing. But we will see what can be done before we do that," replied Clipper, as he made his way to the top of a rock which overhung the river.

From this position he had a very good view of the other side of the stream, for the rocks on its shore prevented any growth of bushes. He looked in the direction from which the yells had come for some time before he discovered any evidence of the presence of the shantytites. At last he got a view of Buck Ward, who did not appear to share the terror of his two companions.

"On the other side of the river!" shouted Clipper.

"What do you want?" asked Buck, stepping out from the tree, though the elder Gaybroon protested against his doing so.

"Is Mr. Gaybroon over there? I want to see him on very important business," added Clipper.

"Do you want to shoot me?" groaned the patriarch of the party.

"Not just yet," replied Clipper, very much amused. "Do you mean to stay here all night? We can stand it here as long as you can over there."

"Put that gun down and I will talk with you," said Mr. Gaybroon from behind the tree, quaking with fear.

"I can put it down, but I can pick it up very quick," answered Clipper, as he laid his rifle on the rock at his feet.

"This act seemed to reassure the patriarch, and he stepped out from the trees, followed by Fordy. But they took position near a large tamarack, to whose friendly shelter they could retreat at the least movement on the part of the terrible young hunter.

"What do you want of me? What important business can you have with me?" demanded Mr. Gaybroon, and, as soon as he had spoken, he dodged behind the tree.

"I can't do my business with a river flowing between us," added Clipper. "In the first place, what have you done with my boat?"

"We intend to hold that till you give up Life Murkison to my father," replied Fordy, who could not help threatening when the rifle was not pointed at his head.

"Then you will hold it till you are grayer than your father," replied Clipper.

"Bully for you, brave hunter of the castle!" exclaimed Life.

"If you don't bring that boat up, and put it into the water, so that we can get hold of it, there will be some more shooting done—if a deer happens along," said Clipper, the last words loud enough to be heard only by Life, who sat on the rock at his feet.

"Give them the boat! Give them the boat!" groaned Mr. Gaybroon, from behind the tree.

"He will shoot the first one that shows himself, if you don't!"

"Won't you fire at us if we will give you back the boat?" asked Fordy.

"I will not," answered Clipper.

Buck and Fordy hastened to the ford to execute this part of the treaty. Mr. Gaybroon prudently kept behind the tree. But he gave another yell when Clipper and Life started down the stream. He interpreted the movement as an effort to get a sight at his body. A few rods farther down the hunter pointed to a deer on the ground.

"Creation!" exclaimed Life. "What does that mean?"

"Do you suppose I was firing at those chickens on the other side of the river?"

"Do you mean to say you hit this deer, Clipper?" demanded Life, his eyes opened to double their size.

"If I didn't hit him who did? Come with me a little farther."

Twenty yards from the first one lay another deer.

"Creation! another? Did you hit them both, Clipper?" cried Life in amazement, for he had never seen a deer shot before, or after he was shot.

"He wouldn't lie there if I hadn't hit him; but I didn't bring them both down at one shot. When the first one fell, the other seemed to be bothered. He ran towards the river first; but I think the yell of those chickens put him about. The delay gave me time to load up again, and I brought him down with my second shot. I have seen the tracks of that pair in here several times. They come here in the winter, but when visitors arrive they get further off. We must drag these carcasses up to the ford."

Life was excited, almost as much as though he had shot one of the deer himself, and the task was a delightful one to him. Wouldn't the fellows down at Camp Buckram stare when they saw these fine deer! Trout and venison in abundance.

"Perhaps I can stay up here a few days longer, if we can get this sort of grub for nothing," said Life, as he tugged along with the deer.

"You can stay here all summer, if you will. I will board you at the castle free gratis, for nothing, for I have provisions enough to last you a year, with what trout and venison we get," replied Clipper, magnanimously.

"A benison on the gentle huntsman," added Life.

When they reached the ford, which was anything but a ford at high water, they found Fordy and Buck holding the boat in the water. It was evident that they had not taken it down to the head of navigation. The hunter had left his rifle with the deer a short distance from the stream.

"Get in and paddle her over here, one of you," said Clipper.

Fordy would not trust himself to do so, and Buck did it. Possibly he was as much disgusted at the timidity of the father and son as Clipper was amused by it. The deer were brought up and put into the boat. Clipper took his rifle, and Buck paddled them over.

The boat was made fast to a tree, and Clipper went in search of Mr. Gaybroon.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

A SAD STATE OF THINGS.

A most unfortunate scarcity of provender seems to prevail among the domestic animals of Arkansas, if we can believe that enterprising Southwestern journal, the Little Rock Clipper. In that paper we find the following paragraph:

Droves of things that are the remains of once proud cows wander aimlessly about the streets of the West End. The common council should pass an ordinance compelling the owners of these combinations of horns, hides, and hunger to surprise them at least once a month with a little food.

MEN AND MOLECULES.

A CONTEMPORARY remarks: "A molecule is so small that a thousand of them can sit comfortably on the point of a man." Herein the molecule differs from man.



HE TOOK A HASTY AIM AT THE BEAR, WHICH HAD SPRUNG UPON MARTIN.

A BEAR STORY.

BY WALTER G. PICKENS.

HUDSON'S BAY is not, perhaps, the pleasantest of places in the depth of winter. That is, however, the time when it presents most attractions to those who visit it, for the cold drives the animals from their hiding places, and the difficulty of finding anything to eat makes them bold in the pursuit of food, even to the extent of snatching it from the jaws of a trap.

A small party of trappers were seated round a camp-fire one night, a few years ago. They had a blaze big enough to attract all the animals of the forest, for it was bitterly cold, and fuel cost nothing.

"I saw bear tracks to-day," remarked Coppee, a French Canadian. "I shall hunt him to-morrow."

"You're always seeing tracks," said Martin, a burly Englishman, "but you never seem to come up with the bear. For as more in your line."

Coppee looked as if he would like to have retorted with more than words. But he was a good-natured little fellow, and could make allowance for Martin's want of amiability.

"I shall try and find this one," was his reply. His eyes twinkled with joyful anticipation, for he had discovered the home of the bear, a discovery which he meant to keep secret.

"You can't go to-morrow, Coppee," put in Hopkins, a Yankee. "You're to go to the cache; the agent will be along soon."

"Ah, so I have," exclaimed Coppee, dolorously. "Never mind; my bear will keep for a day or two."

"Where's his hole?" inquired Martin, carelessly.

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know?" was Coppee's evasive reply. "No, my friend, I mean to pay my morning call by myself."

"That bear will live a lonely life then, that's all I can say," retorted Martin, rising to throw some more pine knots on the fire. "We shall see," said Coppee; "only don't expect a paw all to yourself when I bring the skin home."

"I'll eat the skin when you bring it," responded Martin, laughing.

Coppee made no reply, but his face

showed the determination to carry out his intention of killing Bruin. Soon after, all the trappers rolled themselves in their blankets and dropped off to sleep.

They woke early; the fire still smoldered. They made a hunter's breakfast, and each prepared to go his own direction.

"Where are you off, Martin?" asked Hopkins.

"Up by the ravine. I shall be back early to-day. Look out for that bear, Coppee."

"I shall not call on him to-day; I'm off for the cache."

"Well, it's all the same for the bear," was Martin's remark, as he shouldered his gun and strode off.

Coppee gave one of his light-hearted laughs, and started in the opposite direction.

"He is angry that he did not find the tracks himself," he thought. "Poor Martin! he has had bad luck this season. So have I, though, till now; but when I've shot this bear I sha'n't be able to complain."

He walked rapidly along, for he had a long journey before him. The "cache" he was about to visit was a hole beside a tree, carefully boarded up and covered over. In this were hidden the skins of the animals they captured. At stated times the company's agent came round and took them away. One of his visits was nearly due, and Coppee had to make a preliminary inspection of the cache.

He was about four miles from the camp, swinging along with a hunter's stride, when he stopped as if he had been shot.

A minute after, he was retracing his steps at a long trot. An unwelcome thought had struck him.

Martin had said that he was going to the ravine. Coppee knew that "the ravine" meant a certain gorge between some rocky hills, a part of the district which Martin rarely visited. It was to this very ravine that he had tracked the bear on the previous day.

By this time it was quite possible Martin had come across the tracks, and, forsaking his gins and traps, had set off to trace where they led. If so, he would never rest content until he had killed the bear. And that bear fairly belonged to him, Coppee.

That would never do. How could he endure the chaff of the camp after his tirade of the previous evening? No; he was resolved that, come what might, he would be first on the spot, and not leave to Martin the chance of killing the largest bear he had seen signs of during the whole season.

So the little Frenchman ploughed his way along, taking a short cut through the woods. What was it made him pause for a moment, and then redouble his speed?

It was this. He remembered suddenly that all the tracks leading to the bear's cave were on the side of the ravine farthest from the camp. He had come across them on his way home; but Martin, entering the ravine from the other end, would see nothing to raise his suspicions till he reached the cave. The bear would have scented him long before, and the terrible fear which crossed Coppee's mind was that Martin would be attacked unawares. Such an unequal contest could have but one result.

Coppee forgot all about his own desire to kill the bear; his one hope now was that Martin might have succeeded in doing so. Never had he run so fast in his life. He pelted over the snow, choosing, where possible, the ground sheltered from the drift.

It seemed an age before the ravine was reached. He leaped from rock to rock with more agility than prudence. One more turn and he would be in sight of the cave.

He was at the very corner, when a terrible cry reached his ears. He leaped forward, to see his worst fears realized. An enormous bear had rushed on Martin, who had not even time to fire; his weapon was dashed from his hand, and he was thrown violently to the ground.

Coppee raised a shout, hoping to turn the bear's attention. His idea bore fruit—the bear turned in his direction for a moment, giving Martin time to draw his long hunter's knife; but, before he could use it, the bear, with an angry growl sprang on him again.

Another moment, and it would have been all over, for the animal's enormous weight prevented Martin from even turning. But Coppee had made the most of the few seconds, and was now but half a dozen yards off. He took a hasty aim, all trembling as he was with his tremendous exertions; the

ball hit the bear under the shoulder. With a fearful growl he sprang off Martin's body and began biting the wounded part.

Now came Martin's turn. With a temerity born of a hunter's life he raised himself on his hand, and plunged his knife into the body of his foe. It found his heart.

Martin rose to his feet, and for the first time saw Coppee.

"I killed that bear," he said.

Coppee looked at him in astonishment for a moment, and then burst into one of his merry laughs.

"You are right," he said; "you killed the bear. I came too late."

"No, you didn't," replied Martin; "you came at just about the nick of time. If it hadn't been for your shot it would have been a case of 'killed by a bear' for my gravestone. I'll do as much for you, if ever I get the chance."

Coppee saw that he had conquered his rival's enmity forever. When, in the evening, they were once more seated round the camp-fire, Martin told the story of his rescue, and told it in terms which showed he felt deeply Coppee's conduct. However, none the less could he resist ending his story with: "But I killed that bear after all!"

AN ELEPHANTINE BURGLAR.

An elephant escaped from a menagerie at Woolwich, England, recently, and started out on a burlesque expedition.

It broke in the door of a workman's house, but finding the aperture too small it crushed in the window, and speedily consumed all the food left on the supper table, together with the breakfast of the master of the house, which was tied up in a cloth. So far all went well, but in its search for further plunder the intruder smashed the crockery and broke the furniture. Thereupon the lady of the house dispatched her husband for a policeman, and descended, armed with a poker, to do battle with what she imagined was an ordinary house-breaker.

She could just discern some dark object in the room, and, suspecting that it was a burglar, called to him to retreat or surrender; but the object approached her; she smote it heavily with her poker, whereupon the trunk curled up, and the elephant uttered a roar.

It is a capital story, as it is told; but just imagine the feelings of the woman who found herself belaboring an angry elephant with a poker in the small hours of the morning!

THE GLORIOUS VISION.

METHINKS when sleep falls on me I behold
A city with its turrets high in air,
Its gates that gleam with jewels strange and rare,
And streets that glow with burning of red gold;
And happy souls through blessedness grown bold,
Thrill with their praises all the radiant air;
I see the gleaming gates, and toward them press—
What though my path lead through the wilderness?

[This story commenced in No. 212.]

The CAMP in the MOUNTAINS

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of the "Young Pioneer Series," "Log Cabin Series," "Great River Series," etc.

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this story in our special free edition. Those who read that synopsis can now continue understanding the story as it appears here.—ED.

CHAPTER XVI.

FACE TO FACE.

"CALCULATE this is about the biggest nuisance that a chap can have. There wasn't any 'casion at all to sprain my ankle, but I had to go and do it all the same, and jes' when I was needed more than at any other time for half a year.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if everything was in right shape with the boys, but jes' arter Deerfoot had helped me home and gone away, a lot of redskins must take it into their heads to smash our traps and then try to smash us. They're all about us in the woods, and what's worse, Linden is expectin' his boy here. If he could only bring that young Shawanoe with him, it wouldn't be so bad. But there ain't one chance in a hundred that that younker will be able to keep out of their clutches. My off leg ain't half as good as a wooden one. It's a bad time to be laid up with a sprained ankle. I wonder now," added the sufferer, screwing up his bronzed face as a twinge shot through his wounded limb, "whether a feller could fix on a good time to have such a thing as that."

The foregoing, as you may suppose, were the utterances of Bowlby, the trapper, and were caused by the injury he had suffered. A few days before he had sprained his left ankle so badly that Mr. Linden sent word to his son Fred to come out and take his place with the working force.

Bowlby was never patient by nature, but it is likely he would have got along without much worrying but for the alarming events that followed so closely on his mishap. The discovery that their pack horses had been stolen, and that the "woods were full" of dusky miscreants, left no doubt that they were looking for scalps, and that exceedingly lively times were at hand.

Under such circumstances, you can well understand how Bowlby chafed under his helplessness. Before the peril became so great he constructed himself a crutch, by the help of which he was able to hobble about; but he felt that he was of little account in the crisis that was coming.

With this crutch under his left arm and his gun in his right, the hunter found himself able to get along for a short distance, though he was so unaccustomed to that kind of work that his arm became almost as painful as his ankle. He sturdily refused to mount one of the horses and go home, but when, on the morning of the arrival of the boys, Hardin and Linden decided to visit the clearing and find out what was going on, he could not refuse to stay behind and await their return.

Passing up a broad and not very deep ravine for fifty rods or so, with rocks and boulders on either hand, a place was reached on the right, where a rough cavern, a dozen feet deep and perhaps half as wide, opened into the ravine.

During violent storms this hollow must have been filled with water. It was without any other means of ingress or egress, and since the hunters had no supplies within it, you will see that they were in no shape to undergo a prolonged siege.

But, should they find themselves cornered there, their situation would have been preferable in many respects to that within the building. From the latter there was but the one way of firing out, while the assailants could approach from any point of the compass. The Indians could not advance upon those in the cavern except by exposing themselves to the rifles of the defenders.

Besides that, as you have already learned, it was an easy matter for the Winnebagoes to burn down the building, but fire was little if any help to them when they came to attack a party among the rocks.

The impatient words with which this chapter opened were uttered by Bowlby while sitting in the retreat just after Linden and Hardin had gone to learn what the Winnebagoes were doing.

science. His friends had insisted that he should keep out of sight until they came back, for you can readily see that the simplest prudence forbade him running any such risk as that before him.

He turned his face inward and started to hobble back into the interior of the cavern. "I'll be hanged if I will!" he exclaimed, checking himself and facing about again. "I'll die if I have to stay in there; and if I've got to kick up my toes, I'd a blame sight rather do it in the open air, where I can be comfortable."

Accordingly he took his position in front of the opening. Leaning his crutch against the finny wall behind him, he used the latter also as a support, his left foot bearing hardly a feather's weight of his body. His long, formidable rifle was grasped with

just as we mend a gun or wagon? No; they don't know any more than Deerfoot, so I don't lose anything by not having 'em. Well, I'll be hanged!"

I may safely say that James Bowlby was never more astounded in all his life than at that moment. For some time he had been gazing down the ravine toward the clearing. He could not see very far in that direction, for not only did the gully wind to the right, but the thick wood and undergrowth forbade anything like an extended view.

The hunter ceased his useless effort to see anything that would explain the reports, and, in the most natural manner in the world, looked to the other side of the ravine, on whose edge he was standing. Straight across the depression, on the top of a rock several feet higher than that

which supported the hunter, was a Winnebago warrior looking fixedly at him.

The Indian stood erect and in plain sight. He wore the usual costume of his people, with tomahawk and knife in his girdle, and held his gun in his right hand. The weight of his body rested mainly on his right foot with the left extended a few inches in front, so that his attitude was easy and graceful. Had he been posing for a picture he could not have done better.

The sight of the white man with his back against the wall of rock, and his crutch leaning by his side, seemed to possess peculiar interest to the red man, for surely he had never seen the like before.

It looked indeed as if the Winnebago discovered something of peculiar interest in the features of the hunter, for his motionless pose and his intense stare proved that he was studying him with the closest attention.

A shudder passed through James Bowlby as he realized that the Indian,

had he chosen, could have sent a bullet straight through the trapper's heart before he had the slightest suspicion of danger. He could not understand why the redskin had not done so.

Finding himself the object of such intense scrutiny, Bowlby in turn looked keenly at the Winnebago. As he did so, he cautiously raised the hammer of his rifle, the position of his hand making it unnecessary to shift it; nor did he move the weapon itself. At the same moment, and without taking his eyes from the painted visage, the hunter softly muttered:

"I don't know how this is going to end, but if you can aim and fire quicker'n me, you old scamp, you're welcome to try it."

CHAPTER XVII.

AP-TO-TO.

IT was certainly an extraordinary fact that while James Bowlby, grimly grasping his loaded rifle, gazed across the ravine at the Winnebago warrior, who in turn appeared to be trying to look him through, he suddenly awoke to the fact that this was not the first time the two had seen each other.

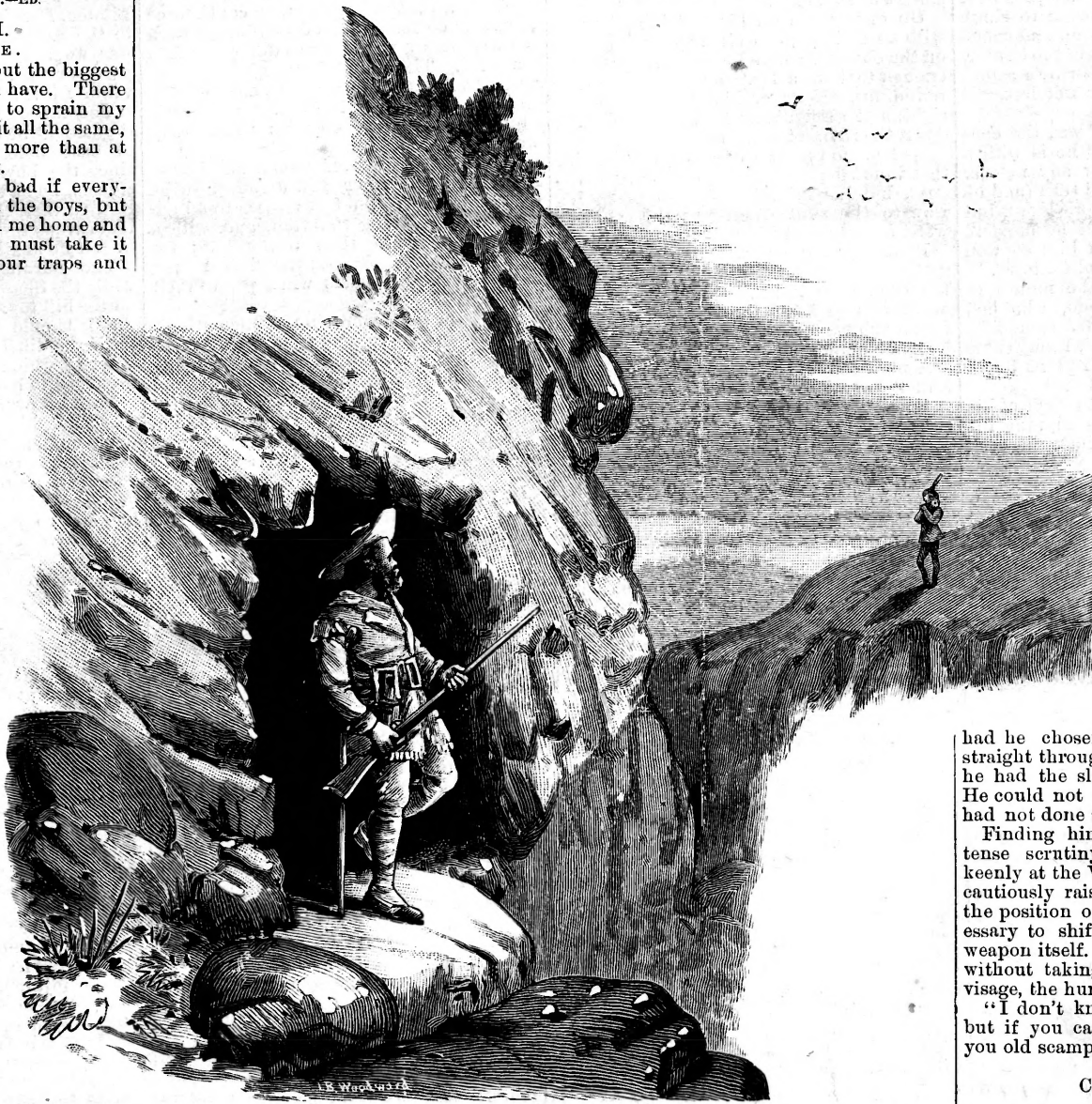
"It must be that he remembers me, or thinks he does, though I can't call to mind—yes, I can, too!"

Despite the differently-colored paint, daubed over the countenance of the Indian, Bowlby noticed the peculiar shape of his nose. It had been slashed by a knife in some fight. In healing up, it took such a twisted form that it would have identified the owner no matter where he might be.

A little less than a year before, during one of the fiercest snow storms of winter, a Winnebago warrior had pulled the latch-string of the hunters' cabin, and in broken English asked the privilege of staying overnight with the white men. He was made welcome, given an abundance to eat, and remained three days. By that time the storm was over, and he set out on his long journey to the lodges of his people in the northeast.

This warrior was Ap-to-to, the identical Winnebago who stood on the other side of the ravine, studying Bowlby with such interest.

"It's him, as sure as a gun!" exclaimed the ungrammatical hunter to himself, after he had taken a second glance; "he isn't



BOWLBY SHUDDERED AS HE SAW AN INDIAN GAZING AT HIM ACROSS THE RAVINE.

"This is a fine place," he added, nursing his swollen ankle and looking up at the jagged roof and then at the walls. "I wonder if George and Rufe think I'm going to stay here till they come back. If they do they're badly mistaken."

It was a work of difficulty and suffering for the hunter, with the help of his crutch, to get on his feet. More than once he groaned with pain, but at last he hobbled to the entrance, where he stooped down and made his way to the outside. There he rose to his feet, leaning on his support, which rested under his left shoulder, while he held his rifle in his right hand.

The floor of the cavern, in which the hunters had taken temporary shelter, projected several feet into the ravine, so that it offered a good support, where a man could stand or sit down as he chose. To the right and left it broke away irregularly, soon becoming a part of the bed of the ravine itself.

The latter was from fifty to seventy-five yards in width, the middle portion being some five or six feet deeper than the sides. Although at times filled with a roaring stream, it was now perfectly dry, and had been so for weeks. When the snow of the mountains began melting in the spring, it became a raging torrent that swept everything before it.

Having reached the outside, the hunter was troubled by a compunction of con-

both hands, and held across his thighs in front, the muzzle pointing to the left and the right hand covering the cumbrous flint lock. In this position the weapon could be instantly raised and fired.

Bowlby knew that there was a possibility of his being seen by Indians, but at the same time he did not think there was one chance in ten that he would be discovered.

"I suppose the boys will growl when they come back and catch sight of me standing on the outside. But who cares? Let 'em growl, so long as they don't bite. Hallo! the music begins."

The report of a couple of guns came from the direction of the clearing.

Naturally Bowlby felt the most lively interest, though he could form no guess of the meaning of what he heard. Unaware as he was that George Linden's son had reached the spot, and that he was accompanied by Deerfoot and Terry, Bowlby could not have suspected the true explanation.

By and by came the sound of two other guns—those of Linden and Hardin, who were in front of the cabin when the Winnebagoes exposed themselves to their fire. Bowlby ground his teeth and looked down at his bandaged ankle.

"I wonder if the time will ever come," he growled, "when the doctors can cure everything right off! Why don't they know enough to fix up an ankle or leg,

sure whether it's me or some other good looking chap. He's got some grattertude, and he don't mean to hurt me till he finds out whether I belong to the crowd that took him in last winter. If I didn't he would have bored me through afore I could have snowed what the matter was."

With a grim smile on his bronzed face, Bowlby unclasped his right hand from his gun, and, raising it to his forehead, gave the Indian an elaborate military salute, and said:

"How do you do, Ap-to-to?"

The distance between the two was so small that Bowlby spoke rather below the ordinary conversational tone. His words were heard by the Indian, who, instead of making reply, turned deliberately about and walked away.

Ap-to-to (for it was he) did not pass over the level ground, but was forced to climb among the rocks, sometimes up and sometimes down, but in plain sight of the hunter, for two or three minutes. Bowlby's astonishment, it is safe to say, was not lessened by the action of the red man.

"He's friendly, I reckon," was the conclusion of the hunter, "but he is with a crowd that ain't friendly by any means. He would like to do us a good turn (and he may find the way to do it afore long), but he is so tied up just now that he darsen't show his hand. We treated him so well that he can't help feeling thankful to us."

The words were yet in the mouth of Bowlby, when the Winnebago, who had climbed, walked and descended some fifty yards, suddenly whirled about, brought his gun to his shoulder, and fired point blank at the hunter.

The latter had the narrowest escape of his life, the bullet of the Indian nipping his ear, and flattening itself against the rock behind him.

"Ha, ha! *that's* your game, is it?" exclaimed Bowlby, raising his own gun; "you're a skunk like all the rest, and here goes!"

But the keen gray eye that ran along the sights of the rifle found that no Winnebago was in sight. Ap-to-to, having fired his treacherous shot, leaped down the rocks, out of sight, while the smoke was still rising from the muzzle of his weapon. Whatever the result of his own effort, he did not mean to take any chances.

Bowlby lowered his rifle, and carefully let down the flint. It would be hard to imagine a more disgusted and infuriated hunter than he was at that moment.

"I'd be willing to have 't'other ankle sprained, and my neck broke, too, for just one chance at you," he growled, with a dangerous gleam of his eyes; "you come to us when you would have starved and friz to death if we hadn't took you in. I s'pose there are some decent Injins in the world, but all of 'em are dead, except Deerfoot."

Nothing is meaner than ingratitude, and Bowlby certainly had good cause for his anger toward the ingrate. But the miscreant was beyond his reach, and there was no time left in which to brood over the perfidy of the redskin.

"I don't understand now why he didn't let fly the moment he first etched sight of me," said Bowlby to himself; "he could have made a sure thing of it, but I s'pose he wanted to enjoy the pleasure of thinking how happy he would be when lifting my hair, and so he put it off as long as he could."

The theory of the hunter was not without some plausibility, though it failed fully to explain the Indian's course.

But, as I have said, the former had not time in which to theorize. The alarming fact remained, that one of the Winnebagoes had found his hiding place, and it would not take him long to carry the news to the others.

"A piece of bad luck," growled Bowlby, forgetting by what a providence he had just escaped with his life; "the minute I come out to get a breath of fresh air, some redskin catches sight of me. It's my opinion, therefore, that this part of our glorious country is the best place in the world to emigrate from."

There could be little doubt that the hunter was right in his conclusion. Ap-to-to, having discovered where his former friend was hiding, and having noted also that he was so crippled that he had to use artificial help to get around, would not let such a chance slip. He would soon be back with enough help to insure the capture of Bowlby's scalp.

"I don't know where to go," said the hunter to himself; "for, if I start down the ravine, and Ap-to-to and some of the others arrive, they'll have me dead sure. I can make a decent fight in there, and

there's where I'll stay for a little while any way."

Unfortunately, the hunter was in such an unenviable predicament that he was undecided as to the best course to pursue. Working his way back into the cavern, he painfully seated himself on the stone floor, and cocked his rifle ready to drive a bullet through the first dusky skull that came within range. That done, he would be in a pitiful plight, with his disabled limb, but he was plucky and ready to fight against any odds until he "went under."

But he had not waited five minutes when he again changed his mind. He could not believe he was doing a wise thing in shutting himself up in this fashion.

"No, sir," he said, as if arguing with another; "when Jim Bowlby goes under, it sha'n't be in a cave."

Up once more on his crutch, and filled with a new hope, he quickly placed himself on the outside, where he stopped only long enough to take a hasty survey of the surroundings. None of his enemies were in sight, and straightway he began hobbling down the ravine toward the clearing.

He had no purpose of going thither, for that would have been reckless beyond excuse, but his intention was to make his way to the spot where the three horses were, as he supposed, grazing undisturbed.

He felt that there was but one plan of getting away from the spot; that was on the back of a horse. While he was too chivalrous to leave the rest, he was sure that much valuable time could be saved, if he made his way direct to the spot.

A man cannot attain good speed with a crutch, especially when not accustomed to that species of locomotion, but it can be safely said that Bowlby made good time down the ravine. Confident as he was that his greatest peril lay in exposing himself to the view of any Winnebago who might be near, he took occasion to leave the gully before going far. At the point where it curved to the right, he hobbled out and entered the wood and undergrowth.

Bowlby had scarcely reached the shelter, when through the tree tops he caught sight of the burning cabin. He could not see distinctly, but he made out enough to know the cause of the thick volume of vapor that rolled upward in the sky and darkened the light of the sun.

"They're getting their work in," was the conclusion of the trapper pausing several minutes to view, as best he could, the evidence of destruction. What he saw emphasized the wisdom of the step he was taking, and he quickly resumed the hunt for the three animals, one of which he hoped would bear him to safety.

Several of the friends missed each other by an exceedingly narrow chance. Had Bowlby slightly delayed his departure, he would have met Hardin, Fred and Terry, at the point where he left the ravine; but he was just in time to miss them, they having also stopped to watch the smoke and sparks of the burning cabin.

Had Bowlby been slightly earlier in reaching the pasturage of the horses, he would have met his comrade, George Linden; as it was he missed him also.

Nevertheless, his departure was well timed, for he was scarcely out of the ravine when the wretch Ap-to-to and three warriors stealthily peered over the rocks opposite the cavern. Seeing nothing of the lame hunter, they screened themselves as best they could, and opened a fusillade, firing fully a dozen shots into the mouth of the retreat whither they supposed the trapper had withdrawn.

Certain that their victim was either killed or badly wounded, the four red men screwed up their courage, and with shouts of exultation dashed through the opening, with loaded guns, ready to fire the instant they caught sight of the poor fellow.

But he was not there, nor did the flinty rocks on which they glared show whither he had gone.

At the moment when the four Winnebagoes emerged, Hardin, who was leading the boys up the ravine, caught sight of them. He was just in time to dodge back without detection. Conducting the lads to a secure hiding place, he hastened after the elder Linden, and you will admit that when he found him he was warranted in declaring his belief that it had gone ill with Bowlby.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT DEERFOOT DID.

MEANWHILE where was Deerfoot, and what was he doing?

It cannot be said that the task of the young Shawanoe was a very difficult one; he had set out to find when the trail

leading northward was cleared by the arrival of all the members of the large war party of Winnebagoes.

It may be well to recall several points, in order clearly to understand the incidents that follow.

From the camp in the mountains, a well marked path led northward a hundred miles to the little frontier settlement of Greville, where were the homes of all the friends about whom I am telling you, with the exception of him of the American race.

This path was formed by the horses of the hunters, who for a number of years had spent the winters at the foot of the Ozark range, trapping beavers, otters, foxes and all manner of fur-bearing animals that were abundant in that section.

While a party of white men could force their way on foot in any direction through the wilderness, the case was different when mounted. They might in time have beaten a new trail, but the process would necessarily be so slow that it would insure their capture by the very enemies whom they were trying to avoid.

If Terry Clark should mount one horse, Fred Linden another, and James Bowlby the third, they could force them to a high rate of speed along the trail, and, with a little start, secure their own safety; for none of the Winnebagoes was fleet enough to overtake the animals when put to their best pace.

But if the horsemen should encounter a party of red men coming from the other direction, they would be caught between the "upper and nether millstone," and ground to powder. It was necessary, therefore, to know that the way was clear before the venture should be made, and that was what Deerfoot, the Shawanoe, had set out to do.

It was an easy matter for Deerfoot to make a circuit through the country immediately surrounding the cabin, and to reach the trail at the point where it crossed the elevation from which he and the two boys looked down upon the cabin in the clearing. He had learned, before stopping there, that most of the Winnebagoes had arrived, but Black Bear, with several of his warriors, like a general and his staff, was bringing up the rear at a leisurely gait.

One fact rendered the situation trying—that was the urgent need for haste. The Shawanoe had five friends, as they may be termed, who, in one sense, were environed by enemies. The latter were sure to press them so hard that their peril increased with every minute. If they were to emerge from their dangerous surroundings, it must be very soon; and yet, as you know, nothing at all could be done until the trail became clear. Anxious to save the horses of his friends, Deerfoot found, with little difficulty, their pasturage ground. He led them among the trees, where they were less likely to be seen, tied them fast, and hurried away.

What had become of the three Winnebagoes, who were seen by Fred Linden riding away on the pack horses, could not be known. Deerfoot had not met them, and therefore was unable to identify them, if they should pass in front of him with the stolen animals. He thought it likely that the two unwounded thieves had left their horses in the woods, and joined the main party in their campaign against the whites.

Greatly to the relief of the young Shawanoe, he was not compelled to wait long on the elevation before catching sight of Black Bear. His fine sense of hearing enabled him to detect the approach of the company along the trail before he could see them. Making sure he was safe from discovery, he observed five warriors advancing along the path at a brisk walk, the leader of whom was the famous sachem, Black Bear. His vigor of movement was such, that had it begun a little earlier he would have been among the first, instead of the last, to reach the valley wherein had stood the cabin, now a mass of embers and ashes.

Deerfoot watched the little company as it passed down the slope, and was soon lost to sight among the trees. As nearly as he could calculate, there were half a hundred Winnebagoes collected in that natural depression, that being the number which Arrow-of-Fire declared was the total.

It was reasonable, therefore, to suppose that all the stragglers were in, and that, as a consequence, the trail was clear; at any rate the Shawanoe decided to act as though such was the fact, since mere waiting could not settle the question.

So far as his personal movements were concerned, Deerfoot was without misgiving. He could easily make a complete circuit of

the clearing free from discovery by the Winnebagoes, and even if observed, he was confident of his ability to escape any number of them.

But when it came to extricating his friends, that was a different matter. One of them was crippled, and it was necessary to bring off three horses. They would have to be led over and through the roughest imaginable ground; and, more than likely, long and perilous detours would have to be made. Great as was the skill of the Shawanoe, he might well doubt the possibility of accomplishing this, when fifty Winnebagoes were on the watch to prevent it.

But while these thoughts were passing through the brain of the young Shawanoe, he was not idle. His expectation was that Linden, Hardin, and the two boys had gone to the cavern, where the crippled Bowlby was awaiting them, and that the whole party would tarry there, pending the arrival of Deerfoot.

The latter foresaw the likelihood that they might be compelled to effect a change of base before he could join them, but since the boys understood his system of signals, he had little fear on that account. Still further, though he had never seen the rendezvous toward which he was hurrying, he felt no anxiety on that account.

The burning of the cabin took place while the Shawanoe was holding his watch on the hill top. He would have preferred that it should have occurred a little later, for it was likely to prove a diversion, under cover of which the flight of the fugitives promised to be more successful.

With his own inimitable woodcraft, Deerfoot made his way around the rocks and boulders, among the dense undergrowth and between the trees that were everywhere, passing more than once close to the Winnebagoes, who were widely scattered, while he rapidly approached the ravine that led by the cavern where he hoped to find his friends.

The moment he emerged from the forest and stepped down into the rocky depression, he stopped and glanced to the right and left. Then, with no more than three or four seconds' pause, he started over the dry course of the river bed. He knew from the brief description of the elder Linden that he was right.

Having made such a brilliant beginning, you may be sure that the instant he caught sight of the gaping mouth of the cavern, he recognized that also. He advanced with the silence of a shadow, for he needed no one to tell him that success depended upon the utmost haste and secrecy.

A few brief signals and some guarded maneuvering made known that the cavern was empty. A hasty survey showed also that a number of bullets had been fired through the mouth into the interior, for the battered lead was all about him; but no one was injured, for not the slightest trace of blood was on or about the place.

That explained some of the firing he heard while on the watch, though with all his acuteness he could not understand the full character of the incident with which you are familiar.

But his friends having left, the natural conclusion was that they would be found with the horses, and thither Deerfoot directed his steps.

The Shawanoe had been remarkably successful in all he essayed up to this point, but he now made a slip. He was not infallible in his woodcraft, though he never met his equal. He had found the cavern with little trouble, and he was confident that he could easily follow his friends to where they had gone.

Although he knew the spot, however, he ran into unexpected danger, for while advancing in his stealthy manner, confident that he was going right, he came plump upon Black Bear the chief, and a full dozen of his warriors.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

DOCTORS NECESSARY.

The system of heating the cars on the elevated railroads of New York is excellent in theory, but a little uncertain in practice. A physician of this city one evening remarked to his wife:

"It has been a good day for me. I got two cases coming up on the Third Avenue elevated this afternoon."

"What were they?"

"The first was a man overcome by the heat. I had no sooner brought him around all right than word came from the forward car that a passenger was freezing to death. I shall travel a good deal on the elevated roads this winter."

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"I HAVE lost the road to happiness— Does any one know it, pray? I was dwelling there when the morn was fair, But somehow I wandered away. "I have lost the road to happiness— Oh! who will lead me back? "Turn off from the highway of selfishness To the right—up duty's track! Keep straight along, and you can't go wrong, For as sure as you live, I say— The fair, lost fields of happiness, Can only be found that way.

—Good Cheer.

BOB BURTON; or The Young Ranchman of the Missouri

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Ragged Dick Series," "Struggling Upwards," "Facing the World," etc., etc.

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this story in our special free edition. Those who read that synopsis can now continue understanding the story as it appears here.—ED.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

FIFTEEN minutes after Sam and Clip had left him, Bob's attention was drawn to a man of somewhat flashy appearance, who, while leaning against a tree on the bank, seemed to be eying him and the boat with attention. He wore a Prince Albert coat which was no longer fit to appear in good society, a damaged hat, and a loud neck-tie. His eyes were roving from one point to another, as if he felt a great deal of interest in Bob or the boat. Our hero was not favorably impressed with this man's appearance.

"I wonder what he sees that interests him so much?" he thought.

"I say, young man, is this here boat yours?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Bob, coldly.

"What have you got on board?"

Bob felt under no obligation to answer, but reflecting that there was no good excuse for refusing, he said, briefly:

"What."

"Humph! How much have you got?"

This clearly was none of the questioner's business, and Bob replied by another question:

"Do you want to buy?"

"I don't know," said the stranger.

"What do you ask?"

"I can't say till I get to St. Louis."

"How much do you calculate to get?"

"Two dollars and a quarter," answered Bob, naming a price beyond his expectations.

"Ain't that a high figger?"

"Perhaps so."

"Come, young feller, you don't seem social. Can't you invite me aboard?"

"I don't think you would be paid for coming," said Bob, more and more unfavorably impressed.

"Oh, I don't mind. My time ain't valuable. I guess I'll come."

The stranger stepped across the gang-plank, which Bob had laid from the boat to the shore, and entered without an invitation. Bob was tempted to order him off, but the intruder appeared much stronger than himself; and while he was alone it seemed politic to submit to the disagreeable necessity of entertaining his unwelcome visitor.

The latter walked from end to end of the boat, examining for himself without asking permission, or appearing to feel the need of any. He opened the bins and counted them, while Bob looked on uneasily.

"I say, young feller, you've got a smart lot of wheat here."

"Yes," said Bob, briefly.

"Got a thousand bushels, I reckon?"

"Perhaps so."

"And you expect to get two dollars and a quarter a bushel?"

"Perhaps I shall have to take less."

"At any rate, you must have two thousand dollars' worth on board."

"You can judge for yourself."

"I say, that's a pile of money—for a boy."

"The wheat doesn't belong to me."

"Who owns it, then?"

"My mother."

"What's your mother's name?"

"I have answered all the questions I am going to," said Bob, indignantly.

"Don't get tilled, youngster. It ain't no secret, is it?"

"I don't care about answering all the questions a stranger chooses to put to me."

"I say, young chap, you're gettin' on your high horse."

"What is your object in putting all these questions?"

"What is my object?"

"That is what I asked."

"The fact is, youngster, I've got a ranch round here myself, and I've got about five hundred bushels of wheat that I want to market. Naturally I'm interested. See?"

Bob did not believe a word of this.

"Where is your ranch?" he asked.

"About two miles back of the town," answered the stranger, glibly. That lie was an easy one. "I'm thinkin' some of runnin' down to the city, to see if I can't sell my wheat in a lump to some merchant. Mebbe I could strike a bargain with you to carry me down."

Bob had even more objection to the new passenger than to the old lady, and he answered stiffly:

"I have no accommodations for passengers."

"Oh, I can bunk anywhere—can lie on deck, on one of the bins. I'm used to roughin' it."

"You'd better take passage by the next steamer. This is a freight boat."

"There ain't anybody but you aboard, is there?"

"Yes; I have two companions."

The stranger seemed surprised and incredulous.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"Gone into the village."

The visitor seemed thoughtful. He supposed the two companions were full-grown men, and this would not tally with his plans. This illusion, however, was soon dissipated, for Sam and Clip at this point crossed the gang-plank and came aboard.

"Are them your two companions?" asked the stranger, appearing relieved.

"Yes."

Sam and Clip eyed him curiously, expecting Bob to explain who he was, but our hero was only anxious to get rid of him.

"Then you can't accommodate me?" asked the man.

"No, sir; but if you'll give me your name and address, I can perhaps sell your crop for you, and leave you to deliver it."

"Never mind, young feller! I reckon I'll go to the city myself next week."

"Just as you like, sir."

He re-crossed the plank, and when he reached the shore took up his post again beside the tree, and resumed his scrutiny of the boat.

"What does that man want?" asked Sam.

"I don't know. He asked me to give him passage to St. Louis."

"You might make money by carrying passengers," suggested Sam.

"I wouldn't carry a man like him at any price," said Bob. "I haven't any faith in his honesty or respectability, though he tells me that he owns a ranch two miles back of the town. He came on the boat to spy out what he could steal, in my opinion."

"How many days do you think we shall need for the trip, Bob?" asked Sam.

"It may take us a week; but it depends on the current, and whether we meet with any obstructions. Are you in a hurry to get back to your uncle?"

"No," said Sam, his face wearing a troubled look. "The fact is, Bob, I don't mean to go back at all."

"You mean dat, Massa Sam?" asked Clip, his eyes expanding in his excitement.

"Yes, I mean it. If I go back I shall have to return to my uncle, and you know what kind of a reception I shall get. He will treat me worse than ever."

"I am sure, Sam, my mother will be willing to let you live with us."

"I should like nothing better, but my uncle would come and take me away."

"Would he have the right?"

"I think he would. He has always told me that my poor father left me to his charge."

"Do you think he left any property?"

"Yes; I feel sure he did; for on his deathbed he called me to him, and said: 'I leave you something, Sam; I wish it were more; but at any rate, you are not a pauper.'"

"Did you ever mention this to your uncle, Sam?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"It seemed to make him very angry. He said that my father was delirious or he would never have said such absurd things. But I know he was in his right mind. He was never more calm and sensible than when he told me about the property."

"I am afraid, Sam, your uncle has swindled you out of your inheritance."

"I think so, too, but I can't prove anything, and it won't do to say anything, for it makes him furious."

"What does your aunt say?"

"Oh, she sides with uncle Aaron; she always does that."

"Then I can't say I advise you to return to Carver, although Clip and I are sure to miss you."

"Deed I shall, Massa Sam," said Clip.

"I think I can pick up a living somehow in St. Louis. I would rather black boots than go back to uncle Aaron."

"I am sure you can. Perhaps some gentleman will feel an interest in you, and take you into his service."

"I want to tell you, Bob, that uncle Aaron hates you, and will try to injure you. You will need to be careful."

"That's no news, Sam. He has shown his dislike for me in many ways, but I am not afraid of him," the boy added, proudly.

At nine o'clock the boys went to bed. They were all tired, and all slept well. It was not till seven o'clock that Bob awoke. His two companions were asleep. He roused them, and they prepared for the second day's trip.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLIP MAKES A LITTLE MONEY FOR HIMSELF.

ABOUT noon the next day, while Clip was at the helm, there was a sudden jolt that jarred the boat from stem to stern, if I may so speak of a double ender ferry boat.

Bob and Sam, who had been occupied with rearranging some of the cargo, rushed up to the colored pilot.

"What on earth is the matter, Clip?" asked Bob.

"Clare to gracious, I dinno, Massa Bob," asseverated Clip.

Bob didn't need to repeat the question. Clip had steered in shore, and the boat had run against a tree of large size which had fallen over into the river, extending a distance of a hundred feet into the street. Of course the boat came to a standstill.

"What made you do this, Clip?" said Bob, sternly.

"Didn't do it, Massa Bob. Ol' boat run into the tree himself."

"That won't do, Clip. If you had steered right, there would have been no trouble."

"I steered just as you told me to, Massa Bob."

"No, you didn't. You should have kept the boat at least a hundred and fifty feet from the shore."

"Didn't I, Massa Bob?" asked Clip, innocently.

"No. Don't you see we are not more than fifty feet away now?"

"I didn't get out and measure, Massa Bob," said Clip, with a grin.

"Now, own up, Clip, were you not looking at something on the bank, so that you didn't notice where you were steering?"

"Who told you, Massa Bob?" asked Clip, wondering.

"I know it must be so. Do you know your have got us into trouble? How am I going to get the boat back into the stream?"

Clip scratched his head hopelessly. The problem was too intricate for him to solve.

"I think, Clip, I shall have to leave you over at the next place we come to. You are more bother than you are worth."

"Oh, don't, Massa Bob. I won't do so again. Deed I won't."

Bob didn't relent for some time. He felt that it was necessary to impress Clip with the heinousness of his conduct. At length he agreed to give him one more chance. He had to secure the services of two stout backwoodsmen to remove the tree, and this occasioned a delay of at least two hours. Finally the boat got started again, and for the remainder of the day there was no trouble.

Towards the close of the afternoon they reached a place which we will call Riverton. It was a smart Western village of about two thousand inhabitants. Bob and Sam went on shore to get some supper, leaving Clip in charge.

"Now, Clip, you must keep your eyes open, and take good care of everything while we are gone," said Bob.

"All right, Massa Bob."

About ten minutes after the boys went away, Clip was sitting on a barrel whistling a plantation melody, when a slender, florid complexioned young man stepped aboard.

"Good evening, sir," he said, removing his hat.

"Evenin'," answered Clip, with a grin. He was flattered by being addressed as "sir."

"Are you in charge of this boat?"

"Yes, while Massa Bob and Sam are gone ashore."

"Are they boys like yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you three all that are on board—I mean all that man the boat?"

"Yes, massa."

"Where are you bound?"

"To St. Louis."

"Do you think they would take me as passenger?"

Clip shook his head. "They won't take no passengers," he answered. "An ol' woman wanted to go as passenger, and another man" (Clip was unconscious of the bull), "but Massa Bob he said no."

"Suppose I make a bargain with you," said the man, insinuatingly.

"What you mean, massa?" asked Clip, rolling his eyes in wonderment.

"Can't you hide me somewhere without their knowing I am on board?"

"What for I do dat?" asked Clip.

"I'll make it worth your while."

"What's dat?"

"I'll give you five dollars."

"For my own self?"

"Yes, for yourself."

"And I won't have to give it to Massa Bob?"

"No, you can spend it for yourself."

"But Massa Bob would find out to-morrow."

"If he finds out to-morrow, I sha'n't mind."

"And you won't take back the money?"

"No; you can keep the money at any rate."

"Where's the money?" asked Clip, cautiously.

The stranger took out a five-dollar gold piece, and showed it to Clip. Clip had seen gold coins before, and he understood the value of what was offered him.

"Where can I put you?" he said.

"We'll go round the boat together, and see if we can find a place."

The round was taken, and the stranger selected a dark corner behind a bin of wheat.

"Will Massa Bob, as you call him, be likely to look here?" he asked.

"No, I reckon not."

"Have you got anything to eat on board which you can bring me by and by?"

"I'm goin' on shore soon as Massa Bob gets back. I'll buy something."

"That will do."

The stranger ensconced himself in his hiding place, and soon after Bob and Sam returned.

"Has anybody been here, Clip?" asked Bob.

"No, Massa Bob," answered Clip, solemnly.

Poor Clip's moral convictions were rather obtuse, and a lie did not impress him as seriously wrong.

"What have you been doing while we were away?"

"Nothin', Massa Bob."

"That's what you like best to do, Clip, isn't it?"

"Dat's where you're right, Massa Bob. Yah, yah!"

"Well, you can go to your supper, Clip. Here's some money."

"All right, Massa Bob."

Clip did not seem in any great hurry to go. He was rather afraid that Bob and Sam would explore the boat while he was away. Finally he walked away with slow steps, looking back from time to time.

"What's got into Clip?" said Bob, wonderingly.

"I guess he isn't hungry," answered Sam, with a laugh.

Ten minutes later Bob's attention was drawn to a crowd of men and boys who were approaching the boat. He naturally wondered what was the object of the assemblage.

The leader called out to Bob, when he had approached sufficiently near:

"I say, boy, have you seen anything of a man with dark hair, florid complexion, wearing a light suit, running along the bank?"

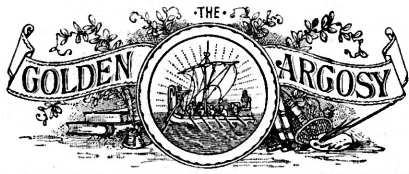
"No, sir. Why?"

"A man of that description has stolen a sum of money from a dry goods store in the town. He was seen running in this direction. We thought you might have seen him."

"No, sir; I have seen nothing of such a man."

Bob little dreamed that the thief in question was concealed at that moment within twenty-five feet of where he was sitting.

(To be continued.)



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The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Congressman Amos J. Cummings of the New York "Sun."

WHAT WORK WILL DO.

CHIEF ARTHUR, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose clear-headed and practical methods of dealing with labor questions have gained him a national reputation, gives his testimony to the supreme value of hard work. His motto seems to be the one which is also to be seen in the office of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, "*Nihil sine labore.*"

"No man," he says, "has a right to anything which does not come to him through the channel of honest acquirement. If you would have name, fame or wealth, work for it. Have an object in life; let it be as exalted as possible, and, if backed by a strong determination and an honest endeavor, believe me, you will attain it."

"THE ROY BROKER; or, AMONG THE KINGS OF WALL STREET," the story promised by Mr. Munsey at the close of his last serial, will commence in No. 218.

EVERY DAY HEROES.

THE soldier or sailor who, like Wolfe or Nelson, falls at the moment of victory in battle, is immortalized by the poet and the sculptor, and undying fame promptly rewards his heroism.

Yet greater deeds are being performed in every day life, without attracting more than a brief and passing notice. Many a locomotive engineer has sacrificed himself, to save a train full of passengers; many a fireman has rushed into a burning house and lost his life in rescuing its inmates.

A few weeks ago, the captain of a transatlantic steamer died from chill and exposure, after spending forty-two hours at his post on the bridge, during a furious gale.

Numerous other instances might be given of men who have faced death as nobly as the hero of Trafalgar, and without the hope of posthumous glory to inspire their valor. These are the truest heroes of all.

Copies of Volume IV are now ready, neatly bound in half calf, Price Three Dollars each.

A YEAR'S GROWTH.

AMERICA can pause at the beginning of each new year, and look back upon her record of progress. Last year, as in other years, we gained in numbers and wealth, we built more railroads and dwellings, we grew more wheat and cotton, and extracted from our mines more coal and iron.

All this is very pleasant food for reflection. The United States is now the wealthiest country in the world. Our government raises less revenue than three others only, but spends less than seven. In the amount of our foreign commerce we are fourth; in the value of our productions, and in the length of our railroads and telegraphs, we are ahead of all others. We are also fortunate in maintaining a standing army which is exceeded in numbers by that of at least twenty countries.

Truly we have much to be thankful for. And we should rejoice still more if we are gaining not only in numbers and wealth, but

in the spread of patriotism, education and virtue among the people. It is a familiar truth that no nation's power has survived the debasement of its national character, and we cannot hope to escape this law. Let us remember that a virtuous nation is a nation of virtuous men, and that every one of us can do something to make our country better.

"LIKE the flakes which fall everywhere during a snowstorm the newspapers are ever flying over this broad land," said Henry Ward Beecher a few Sundays ago, "and the men must be wise in ignorance who can evade the knowledge thus showered about them."

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, the English ship-builder and gunmaker, has launched a new iron-clad for the Chinese government. Her name is *Ching Yuan*, which, being interpreted, means Tranquilizer and Peacemaker of Distant Regions. Tranquilizers of this description seem to be very popular among the peace-loving governments of to-day.

A GOOD deal of missionary work has been done among the Chinamen of New York and Brooklyn laundries, and some days ago eight of them were admitted as members of the Congregational Church. Of these eight, seven are Brooklynites, Ju Yoke being the only New Yorker.

One of the converts went so far as to adopt a Christian name, and became Joseph S. Erwing, Esq., instead of Mr. Way Hop.

THE SPORTS OF WINTER.

WE are constantly inventing new winter amusements, and adopting those of other countries. Formerly skating and coasting held supreme sway; later came ice-boating, and now we have imported a new idea from Canada. The tobogganing fever bids fair to outrival the roller-skate craze, from which the nation has now happily recovered. Nor are we behind our Northern neighbors in the matter of ice palaces and winter carnivals, as witness the very successful yearly fetes at St. Paul, and last year's notable parade of bobs at Albany.

Evidently spurred on by this competition to get up something new, Montreal announces that at her carnival, to be opened on February 7th, the central feature is to be a castle, and not a palace. The structure will cover an area of 14,000 square feet, with towers and turrets sprinkled about at the corners in true mediæval style. There will also be a winding stairway of ice. But, now that New York has at last got a toboggan-slide, one should not be surprised if in the course of a year or two she could also boast of a mammoth ice hippodrome, by the magnitude of which all the icy palaces and castles will be thrown into the sun and melted up. But we shall doubtless require a patent artificial freezing process to build it, and a "Jumbo" type of refrigerator to keep it afterwards.

The yearly subscription price of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is \$3.00. For \$5.00 we will send two copies, to separate addresses if desired.

EXPLORING IN ALASKA.

ALASKA, the only part of Uncle Sam's domain which has not been pretty well explored by this time, has lately attracted a good many travelers, who have penetrated a greater or lesser distance into its icy wilds.

Certainly the most interesting report is that made by a naval officer who recently returned from a thousand-mile overland journey through a region where white men had never been before. With one comrade, he traveled from Fort Cosmos, on the Putnam River, to Point Barrow, the most northern headland of Alaska. These two men had some strange experiences, which are modestly related by the brave officer, who is now getting over their effects in a hospital.

For two weeks, while they camped beside a river which they discovered, waiting for the ice to break, they had no food except a few roots dug from the frozen ground. Even under this severe provocation, the travelers, unlike another distinguished Alaskan explorer, refrained from naming the new river, which still rolls its icy waters under the musical native cognomen of *Ikpikpuk*.

A few days later they were met by an old Indian lady, who had heard of their distress, and had walked fifty miles over the snow with a bag of flour. "Dear old soul!" says the officer; "and I could only give her a plug of tobacco to repay her."

THE HON. WILLIAM BROSS.

Editor of "The Chicago Tribune."

"To do all that can be done to cultivate, instruct, and elevate our common humanity, and render it more virtuous, and therefore more prosperous and happy; this is the duty and the high prerogative of the American press. Vernal presses there may be, but they are destined to a sure and early extinction. Integrity, energy, commanding talents, comprehensive learning, and perfect independence characterize the leading journals of the country, and are the sources of their popularity and power. Their success is assured precisely in the ratio that they adhere to the right and denounce the wrong, no matter who may perpetrate or uphold that wrong."

These are notable words, and they were written nearly twenty years ago by one whose long career has given actual expression to the principles which his pen laid down. Western journalism, of which he was almost a pioneer, has on its brilliant record no more honorable name than that of the writer of the above paragraph—William Bross.

He was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, November 4, 1813, and passed his boyhood at Milford, Pennsylvania. He studied at Williams College, where he graduated with high honors in 1838. His connection with his old college has not been forgotten, as he has received from it honorary degrees, and was chosen, in 1886, to deliver the alumni address.

Upon leaving college, he taught a school in Orange County, New York, for nearly ten years. In this position he was decidedly successful; his tastes naturally inclined to literature and the arts, and he was a thorough classical scholar. Here, too, he was very happily married to the only daughter of the late Dr. J. T. Jansen, of Goshen, N. Y.

But his life was not destined to pass away in the quiet routine of the pedagogue's duties. He left the teacher's desk to enter the ranks of a profession that gave him a wider knowledge of men and of affairs, and a more extended sphere of action and influence.

In May, 1848, he left the East, and went to Chicago. The town was then quite a new one, having been organized only fifteen years before, and its population was a little over twenty thousand souls. It had just begun the wonderful growth which has made it the metropolis of the West.

After a short experience of the book trade, Mr. Bross bought a paper called the *Prairie Herald*, which he conducted for two years, in conjunction with Dr. J. A. Wight. Next he united with the late John L. Scripps in founding the *Democratic Press*, a daily and weekly paper, which first appeared December 16, 1852.

Hitherto a Democrat in politics, Mr. Bross joined the Republican party immediately upon its organization, and has ever since been one of its ablest champions. His was the first Western journal to advocate the nomination of John C. Fremont, in 1856, and four years later he did most effective service in securing the nomination and subsequent election of Abraham Lincoln; indeed, he was a trusted friend and adviser of the great Illinoisian during his Presidency.

Meanwhile, in July, 1858, the *Press* was consolidated with the *Tribune*, which was already a well-established paper of twelve years' standing, nearly the oldest daily in Chicago.

In 1864, Mr. Bross was elected lieutenant-governor of the State of Illinois, and discharged the functions of that office for four years, gaining approbation and respect from all quarters. It was his pleasant duty to be the first official in the United States to sign a resolution ratifying the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery, as the Illinois legislature was the earliest to take action to that effect. In his last year of office he made a tour in the Rocky Mountains, which is commemorated by the name "Mount Bross," bestowed in his honor upon a then nameless

peak some twenty miles west of Long's Peak, on the Continental Divide in Grand County, Colorado.

For many years Mr. Bross has personally supervised the paper with which his name is connected, entering warmly into the party politics of the day, and yet making it universally respected for its high character and public spirit. Advancing years—for he is now beyond three score and ten—have at length warned him to lay aside the duties of the busy newspaper office.

Teacher, journalist and statesman, Mr. Bross has led a useful and active life, and his name is intimately connected with the marvelous growth and progress of the city and the State in which most of his years have been spent. He has traveled in foreign countries, without neglecting his own, having—and this falls to the lot of few men as busy as he—visited every State in the Union. He has contributed the record of his intelligent observation to the columns of his own and other journals.

In his married life, Mr. Bross has seen much affliction, as of a family of eight children only one daughter, Mrs. Henry D. Lloyd, now survives. A beautiful monument in Rosehill Cemetery marks the last earthly resting-place of four sons and three daughters.

In private and in public Mr. Bross has ever been a Christian and a gentleman. His integrity stands unimpeached. He will leave behind him a moderate fortune, gained by his own honorable exertions, and the example of a blameless career.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOUNOD'S KITE.

Nobody is kinder to young people than Charles Gounod, the great French composer; indeed, his kindness of heart is proverbial among those who know him.

Not long since, during his recent stay in Normandy, a little friend on a summer's night incited the composer to make him a kite. M. Gounod set to work and made a monster. Midnight saw the task completed. Just as the new day was creeping in, he took up his pen, and, as a finishing touch, inscribed on the face of the toy a brief sonata. Rumor describes it as one of the most exquisite gems that he has ever written.

Evidently there is music in the soul of the composer whose operas have delighted all the civilized world.

AT HOME.

By CLARK W. BRYAN.

At home we tire, and wander, but though we roam afar,
We keep the range and reckoning of our magnetic star
At home, the dearest spot on earth, where deftly and with zest
We weave life's web to lay it down and seek eternal rest.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SLEEP is a generous robber: it gives in strength what it takes in time.

MISTAKES are not altogether rectifiable, and therefore ought to be avoided entirely.

No man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the happiest, but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking mental pleasure.

ONE of the commonest of illusions is to imagine that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

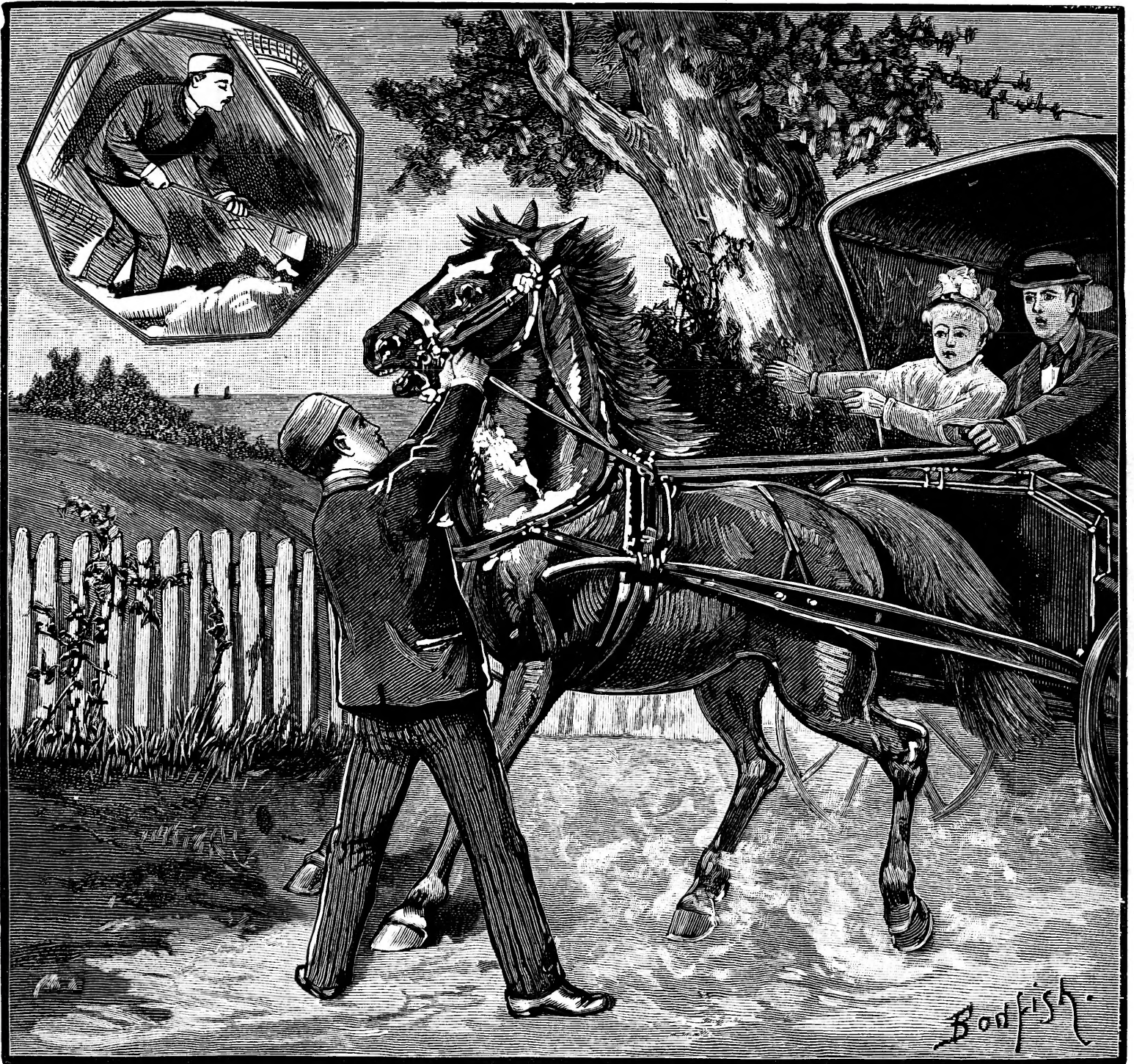
PRAYER is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.—Hugh Miller.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, says Dr. Johnson, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

THE institution of the Sabbath rest from labor ought to be valued it only for the sake of its influence on health. The intense labor that is often exercised by man deranges and strains the delicate mechanism of the human body, and engenders disease. To counteract this the great thing is the total rest of the seventh day.



THE HON. WILLIAM BROSS.



CRIES OF "HELP, HELP!" CAME FROM THE BUGGY AS PAUL STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND SEIZED THE REIN

[This story commenced in No. 215.]

ALWAYS IN TRUCK

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Every Inch a Boy," "Young America Series," "Army and Navy Series," "Woodville Series," etc etc.

CHAPTER V.

AN EXCITING INVESTIGATION.

PAUL MUNJOY was completely overcome when he looked upon the silent and motionless form of the best friend he had ever known in the world. If she was not his mother by the ties of blood, she had been to him all that this sacred name implies. He threw himself upon a seat and wept as though his heart would break.

A man had already been sent for the physician, useless as he must be when he arrived. It was two hours before he could be found and brought over to the cottage. He did not seem to be at all surprised, and said that he had expected the event before, though, in the absence of all excitement, the poor lady might have lived for years.

By this time Paul had recovered in some measure from the prostration the shock had given him. He tried to brace himself up to bear bravely the calamity which had overtaken him. The silent form was conveyed to the cottage, and everything the sad occasion required was done by the housekeeper.

Paul remained in the summer-house with the physician, after the domestics had borne the remains to the house. The doctor had been a constant visitor at the cottage, and was familiar with all the affairs of the family. He tried to comfort Paul, and to some extent he succeeded; at least he brought the appearance of calmness to the face of the mourner. "Do you know, Paul, whether or not Mrs. Munjoy was subjected to anything like a

shock? Were you with her at the time of her death?" asked the doctor.

"There was a shock, and a fearful one it must have been to my poor mother, though I was not with her," replied Paul, as he glanced from the window to the summit of Sparhyte, where the kiosk had stood.

"Did any bad news come to her?" "No; it was what she saw with her own eyes that produced the shock," answered Paul, as he recalled with a shudder the fall of the temple. "The tower on the bluff fell, and I was in it at the time. I heard her scream when it went down."

"The temple fell!" exclaimed the doctor, rushing to the window. "And you were in it?"

"I was; and it was the sight of that which gave my poor mother the shock;" and Paul proceeded to detail all the events which had happened since the early morning.

"It is fortunate that there was not another death," added Doctor Thurber, when he heard the narrative. "It is strange that you were not killed."

"I almost wish I had been killed," replied Paul.

"You should not indulge in such feelings as that, Paul. But where is Mrs. Munjoy's nephew? He has not gone home yet, I think."

"He went trouting this morning, and has not yet returned," answered Paul. "He is not likely to return before noon."

"He ought to be sent for. His mother is Mrs. Munjoy's only near relative, and a telegram should be sent to her at once. I will take it over to Fairview on my return. Do you know the address?"

"Bloomhaven, Long Island," replied Paul, who regarded the coming of his mother's sister and her husband with a feeling of dread; for it seemed to him that all the Moscotts could want was the money of the departed.

"I will send the dispatch myself. It will be a terrible blow to Mrs. Munjoy's sister," added Dr. Thurber.

Paul looked into the face of the good doctor,

who was an elderly man, and had attended Colonel Munjoy and the lost little one years before. But he said nothing, whatever he thought. It was evident that the physician did not comprehend the relation which had subsisted between Mrs. Munjoy and the family of her sister, or, if he did, he believed the messenger of death must allay all animosity.

Dr. Thurber and Paul went to the cottage, where the former gave such directions as the case required, and then left for Fairview, promising to come over again in the afternoon. Paul sent one of the men to search for Claude Moscott, though he could not tell him where to go.

Everything had been done that the circumstances required, and Paul found himself with nothing to do—that condition to the mourner which seems to double the weight of woe that rests upon the mind. He could not sit down and weep; he walked about the grounds, for there was no one but the domestics to gaze upon his misery. But he desired to escape even the scrutiny of his companions in the house, and he wandered away from the cottage.

With a feeling of dread he could not define, he avoided the summer-house, but from another point in the garden he happened to come in sight of the ruins of the kiosk. There was nothing but a pile of shattered timbers and boards lying on the rocks at the foot of the precipice.

The sight of them brought, for the first time, the question as to what had caused the fall of the tower. Up to this moment he had thought of nothing but the sudden death of his mother. It was little consequence to him now what had caused the disaster, which had resulted so fatally to Mrs. Munjoy; but his curiosity was all the motive he had for inquiring into the matter.

Two years before the whole structure had been carefully examined and repaired. He had looked on and assisted in the work, and ten men had stood at one time on the floor of the kiosk for the purpose of testing its strength. It seemed almost incredible to him

that the tower should have fallen; and nothing but the fact could have convinced him of its possibility.

If Paul did not for an instant forget the fact that Mrs. Munjoy was no more, the sad truth was overshadowed for the time by the interest he felt in the inquiry upon which he had involuntarily entered. Without very clearly realizing what he was doing, he took the road to Fairview, and walked till he came to the point nearest to the precipice at the foot of Sparhyte.

From this point he followed a path which led to the river, and from it climbed the rocks to the spot where the ruins of the kiosk were scattered about. By this time he had worked himself up to a state of excitement which was not the best preparation for calm investigation. The awful result of the calamity was in his mind all the time as the spur of his movements, involuntary as they were.

He proceeded to examine the heap of broken timbers and boards. Even the heavy beams, which had been the foundation of the temple, had been split and crushed by the fall. The Arabian windows and the door presented not even an outline of their former shape. If the tower had been dropped from a balloon three miles up in the air, the destruction could hardly have been more complete.

The effect of its fall could not have been more disastrous if it had fallen on his poor mother. The result to her was the one terrible thing of which Paul could not lose sight for an instant. He tried to blame himself for going off to ascertain the occasion of the fire in the woods, leaving her to wait for his return. It would have been better that the entire forest had been destroyed if she had been saved from the shock.

But, excited as he was, he could not help seeing that if he had delayed his inquiry into the cause of the fire it would only have brought about the calamity the sooner. His action had only put off the fall of the kiosk for an hour or more. He could not blame himself with any show of reason.

The broken boards and shattered a--hes

gave him no evidence whatever in regard to the origin of the disaster. The tower appeared to have revolved one or more times in its fall, for the great timbers which had supported it were under the pile of debris. He went to work to throw aside the lighter parts, and then he was reminded by some sharp pains that he was not uninjured himself. The doctor had carefully examined him, but nothing except bruises had been found upon him.

He was obliged to moderate his exertions, and it was at least an hour before he obtained a fair view of the timbers. They had been split and crushed; but at the ends, where they had been bolted to the rocks, he found the marks of fire. In fact the ends of them appeared to have been burned entirely off, and the fire had followed them for some distance. The planks of the platform were also burned.

The cause of the disaster was now plain enough: the ends of the timbers had been burned off, so that the bolts no longer supported them.

Paul was more excited and confused, rather than satisfied, by the evidence which his investigation afforded. It was certain that fire had done the mischief, but fire does not start without at least a kindling spark. He wondered that he had not seen the marks of the flames when he went into the tower in the morning. But the steps by which the platform had been reached were near the door, and the fire tree must have prevented him from observing them.

Claude Moscott ought to be able to give him some information in regard to the fire, for he had spent some time in the tower in arranging the rope and making his descent to the supposed eagle's nest.

Moses, the coachman, and Gascon, the gardener, both of whom were also men of all work, must have seen the smoke of the fire, for the summit of Sparhyte was in plain sight from many parts of the estate. Paul satisfied himself that he could progress no further in his inquiry until he had questioned Claude and the other men.

Wary from the exertions he had made in his rather feeble condition, he sat down upon a rock to think over the facts he had gathered. He had scarcely taken his place before he happened to see something which attracted his attention. It was half hidden in the bushes that grew from the spaces between the loose rocks, but it looked like a tin box. He went to the spot where it lay and picked it up.

It was the sardine box he had brought from the fire, and left on the platform when he went into the kiosk.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FINDING OF THE SARDINE BOX.

THE sardine box had no information to impart to him in regard to the cause of the disaster to the temple. But it reminded him that some person had kindled a fire in the woods just before the fall of the kiosk. Had the same one made a fire under the platform, and near the bolts?

But the fire must have been kindled the day before, while he was in New York. If any smoke had issued from the end of the platform that morning, he would have seen it. The mischief must have been done the day before.

He looked at the sardine box again. It had a great dent in the top, made by the fall from the height above. It had not broken open, and the fire to which it had been subjected had not started the solder. Except the dent it was just as it had been when he laid it on the planks.

The only interest he had felt in it had been in connection with the person who kindled the fire in the woods. It seemed to be of no possible consequence to him now, though he still kept it in his hand. There was a hole in the pieces of rock which formed the slope to the river, and he dropped the box into this opening. It rattled down among the stones, and disappeared from his view. He thought no more of it, but his mind returned to the investigation he had begun.

He was confident that Claude could give him the information he wanted, and he walked back to the cottage. Gascon, who had gone in search of him, had not yet returned. He found that Moses had been sent to Fairview to obtain some needed article. He asked the housekeeper and the other domestics if they had seen any fire or smoke on Sparhyte the day before. Not one of them had seen either.

Paul concluded, as he could not sit down under his present nervous excitement, to assist the man in the search for Claude. He did not know which way he had gone. By this time he had been absent two hours. He took the path, and struck into the woods near the place where he had extinguished the fire in the morning. He passed the spot, but everything was as he had left it. There was nothing to show that the person who made the fire had returned for the box.

He started in the direction of a brook where Claude had possibly gone; but at that moment he discovered a dense smoke rising in the vicinity of the place where the kiosk had stood. He made what haste he could in his lame condition, and soon reached the cliff. The smoke came from below it. He looked over and saw the eagles fly screeching from the fire and smoke. The mass of ruined boards and timbers were all in a blaze.

Paul concluded at once that some of the fire had been smoldering in the timbers, and had broken out when they came in collision with the splintered boards. The fire could do no harm where it was, but he watched it till it had consumed the pile of debris, and nothing but a blackened mass of dead coals remained. While he was thus engaged he heard rapid footsteps near him. He turned and saw Gascon, who came up to him out of breath, and panting like a frightened deer.

"Did you find Mr. Moscott, Gascon?" asked Paul, as soon as he saw the man.

"I did not; but from a hill I saw the smoke rolling up, and I was sure the cottage was on fire," stammered Gascon, struggling for his breath. "What is it burning?"

"Nothing but the ruins of the temple, and the fire will do no harm. It is about out now," answered Paul.

Gascon waited a moment until he could recover his breath, and then told where he had been to look for the guest. He had shouted every few minutes for the fisherman, but had obtained no response. He was sure he had been two miles from the cottage, and Claude could not have gone that way or he would have heard him.

"But how did the stuff take fire, Paul?" asked Gascon, when he had told his story.

"The timbers at the end of the platform were burned off yesterday, and some of the fire must have been left in them," replied Paul. "Did you see any fire or smoke in this direction yesterday, Gascon?"

"Not a bit of either."

"Where were you all day?"

"I was at work all day cleaning out the cellar of the cottage, and whitewashing the walls," replied Gascon.

"Then you were not where you could have seen the smoke if there had been any," added Paul.

"I came up and went to the stable two or three times; and I came up once when the shower, with the thunder, frightened the women."

"Was there a shower? What time was it?"

"It was a big thunder storm, and the women thought the house was struck when they called me. I am sure it struck around here somewhere. Moses drove Mrs. Munjoy over to Fairview after dinner, and they were caught in it, and had to stay till it was over."

Gascon had no information to give in regard to the fire, and Paul sent him in another direction in search of Claude. It was possible that the visitor could throw some light on the dark subject, and the inquirer could only wait for his return. He had not heard of the thunder storm before, though he knew it had rained several times within the last twenty-four hours.

The man said the lightning must have struck somewhere in the vicinity. Possibly it had struck the end of the platform, and the fire thus communicated had burned off the timbers. It was not an improbable solution of the mystery, as no other explanation was at hand.

Paul looked over the solid rock on which the ends of the timber had rested. The marks of the fire were evident enough, but there was nothing to show that the lightning had caused it. It was possible, in this elevated locality—the highest on that side of the river—that the iron bolts had attracted the subtle fluid. The wood must have been very dry, for there had been no rain for several weeks until the day before.

But the inquirer could prove nothing, and he had to give it up, for the present at least. The rope was still hanging over the abyss and he desired to remove the remainder of the calamity, which could be seen from the garden of the cottage; but it was too much for his weakened limbs to haul it in, and he abandoned the attempt. He glanced at the summer-house; and the sight of it brought back the sad event more forcibly to his mind.

He could not help thinking of what his lost mother had been to him, as he recalled the history of the past. Perhaps the very last time she had been on the summit of Sparhyte had been the day on which she told him that she was not his own mother. He began to think over what she had said to him, especially of the fatal malady of which he had spoken so lightly. The doctor had forbidden her to climb hills, and that was the reason she had not visited the tower since that day.

"Paul!" shouted some one from the side of the hill.

The call interrupted his musing, and he had not gone far enough to think of his mother's will, concealed in the rock at his very feet. If the thought of it had come to him for an instant, he banished it as sacrilege at such a time. It was the voice of Gascon who had called him, and looking in the direction from which he came, he saw Claude and the gardener. He hastened to them.

"What horrible news is this Gascon tells me?" demanded Claude, who seemed to be vastly more unnerved than Paul. "It can't be true!"

"I am sorry to say it is true," gasped Paul, his tears starting afresh.

"Dead! Aunt Rowena dead! It cannot be!" exclaimed Claude, dropping his heavy string of trout on the ground.

Paul controlled himself, as one can more often do when others give way, and related the events of the forenoon. If Claude had lost his own mother he could not have been more overcome. He threw himself on the grass by the side of the trout, and wept and groined in bitterness of spirit.

"This will kill my poor mother!" exclaimed he, when Paul had raised him from the ground. "Just as things were getting pleasant again, my dear aunt is taken away from us. My mother was very happy in the prospect of seeing her sister again, and would have been here in a week or two."

Paul led the way to the site of the tower, and told Gascon to haul in the rope.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WORK OF A THUNDERBOLT.

"HOW in the world could the tower fall over the cliff?" asked Claude, as he looked down upon its ashes in the abyss below.

"The end of the timbers, where they were secured to the rock, were burned off," replied Paul, glancing at the blackened bolts and nuts.

"Burned off!" ejaculated Claude. "How could they burn off?"

"That is what I should like to ascertain, and I have been looking into the matter for the last three hours. I thought you would be able to give me some information on the subject."

"I don't know the first thing about it!" protested Claude, with more energy than the occasion seemed to require.

"I came up here at eight o'clock this morning, and remained here, or near here, all the

time till the temple fell. It must have been that the timbers were burned off yesterday, while I was in New York," added Paul. "Did you see any smoke or fire here at that time?"

"Neither fire nor smoke!" exclaimed Claude, positively.

"Where were you yesterday, Claude?"

"Where was I yesterday? Didn't I tell you that I was looking into that eagle's nest?" demanded Claude, as sharply as though he had been accused of setting the fire.

"I only wanted to see if you were in a position to see the fire if there was any," replied Paul, moderating his zeal as he perceived that he was arousing an unpleasant feeling in the mind of the guest.

"I was in position to see the fire if there had been any; and I am willing to swear in any court that there was neither fire nor smoke anywhere about here. I was in and about the tower all the forenoon," added Claude, more mildly. "It took me a long time to rig that rope as I wanted it. Then I went down on it. I came up in a few minutes, for I wanted to get a stick with which I could reach into the cleft of the rock."

"Before I could find one, the dinner bell rang, and I went down to the cottage. I meant to renew the attempt to find the eagles after dinner, and I came up here for that purpose. I brought a stick up with me. But just as I was going down it began to rain, and poured down for two hours or more."

"The lightning was fearful, and it seemed to be close to my head. I was not frightened, but the hill is the highest place about here, and I thought it best to be in a safer place; so I ran for the cottage. I was wet through, and changed my clothes."

"Where were you the rest of the day, Claude?" inquired Paul, satisfied that the fire could not have burned off the timbers in the forenoon.

"I did not come out of the house the rest of the day, for it rained till almost night; and aunt Rowena could not come home till supper time."

"I can't understand it. Do you think the lightning struck anywhere in this vicinity?" asked Paul, recalling what Gascon had said.

"I am sure it did!" exclaimed Claude, very promptly. "Before I could reach the house a thunder bolt, which seemed to split the whole mountain behind me, came down. I looked about to discover where it hit, but the rain was so dense I could see nothing. The women in the house were scared out of their wits. Gascon and I had all we could do to quiet them."

"Do you suppose the lightning struck the platform?"

"Of course I don't know, but it must have struck somewhere on the mountain. In the absence of any other explanation, I should say that it did," replied Claude, who seemed to be convinced that this was the correct solution of the difficult problem.

After all his inquiries and investigation, Paul was compelled to adopt the same opinion. The lightning had done the mischief, without any aid from human hands. It was a stroke of Providence which had put an end to the life of Mrs. Munjoy, and he could not blame himself or any other person.

"By the way, Claude, did you build a fire in the woods over yonder this forenoon?" asked Paul, pointing in the direction of the spot where he had found the fire.

"What should I build a fire over there for, Paul?" returned Claude, with a smile. "I did not build a fire, and I did not go that way when I went off this morning."

"I saw the smoke, and Mrs. Munjoy was very nervous about fires in the woods. She never allowed any one to make a fire except on the rocks. I thought I would tell you of this. But it must have been some other fisherman."

"It wasn't I, and that's all I can say about it," added Claude, indifferently.

"I hardly supposed it was you, for you must have been two miles away when I saw the smoke," added Paul.

Claude said nothing more about the fire in the woods or on the cliff, and they walked to the cottage. Gascon carried the rope to the stable and the trout to the kitchen. They were cooked for dinner; but no one seemed to have an appetite for anything. The doctor came over in the afternoon, and brought a message from Mrs. Moscott, saying that she should arrive with her husband by the night train.

Paul and Claude went to the station for her at midnight. She was overwhelmed with grief when she saw her son, and heard the particulars of the death of Mrs. Munjoy. Mr. Moscott was sad and dignified.

The funeral took place two days later, and Mrs. Munjoy was laid by the side of her husband and child in the village cemetery, which had been beautified by the bounty of the deceased lady. The relatives from Bloomhaven looked and acted like sincere mourners, though some who knew the affairs of the family believed that Paul was the only sincere mourner in the long procession. He controlled his grief, but he felt as though he had lost the only friend he had ever known in the world.

Mr. Moscott said that his business required his attention, and he must take the night train for home. His wife and son decided to go with him. Paul had not thought of the property of his lost mother, and not a word was said about it by any of the Moscott family. Perhaps it was hardly decent for them to allude to the subject on the day of the funeral, and perhaps they preferred to wait for any possible event that might occur. However they regarded the late Mrs. Munjoy, there could be no question that they were unanimous in their hatred of Paul, who had stepped between them and their expectations.

Paul was left alone at the cottage with the domestics. He slept little that night, for a new world had opened to him. He was alone and he must prepare for the battle before him. As he lay upon his sleepless bed, he recalled his conversation with Mrs. Munjoy in the temple, months before her death.

Then, for the first time, he allowed himself to think about the will of that lady. If it had ever come to his mind before, he had banished

it as born of evil. The will was in the tin box, concealed somewhere beneath the place where the fire, kindled by the lightning's bolt, had crippled the timbers which upheld the kiosk. It would be easy to find it.

The tin case also contained full instruction for his guidance in the unhappy emergency which had now arisen. He was not so cold, and he had too little experience of life to appreciate what she had done for him. The whole subject had been a matter of small concern to him. But now that his poor mother was gone, it was proper and right that he should obey the orders she had given him. When he got up at daylight the next morning, he went directly to the summit of Sparhyte to discharge this duty.

No one was stirring in the house, and the two men were still in their beds. In a few minutes he reached the site of the kiosk, and began to look the ground over for the hole in the rock, whose location had been described to him by Mrs. Munjoy. But the platform was gone, and he was to remove certain planks from it in order to find the hole. He had brought a hoe from the stable, and he began to draw away the small quantity of earth on the rock.

He soon came to some large loose rocks, which he drew from their beds. These were found to be over a cavity in the rock, and he continued his labors until he had come to the bottom of the hole. He took out all the dirt, but there was nothing like a tin case to be found there. He went over the rubbish he had drawn out of the aperture only to be sure that there was nothing of the kind mentioned by his poor mother buried there.

He filled up the opening, and made everything look just as it had before. He could not explain the absence of the tin case.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHAMPION OF INJURED INNOCENCE.

PAUL MUNJOY seated himself to think over the meaning of the absence of the tin case. There was only one possible explanation of the disappearance of the papers contained in the case. Its place of concealment was the great secret of his mother's existence. She had told him, but it was not possible for any other person to know anything about it.

Yet it was gone, and the fact overthrew any theory that might have existed in the mind of the deceased testatrix. Paul had no doubt she had made the will with the greatest care, that she had employed the best legal ability in the city of New York, for she had been satisfied that it could not be successfully contested.

Just then it occurred to him that Mrs. Munjoy had told him her husband had employed the same means and the same locality to secure the safety of such a precious document. At the time of the death of Colonel Munjoy there could have been no estrangement or hostility between the two families. Had not the poor woman told her sister, at the time of it, where her husband's will had been concealed? If she had done so she must have forgotten all about it.

The tin case was gone, and Mrs. Moscott must have concluded that her sister had concealed her will in the same place. This was the only solution Paul could suggest to explain its disappearance. It looked like a very plausible one to him. He considered it till breakfast time, and then he was prepared for action. He was sure the tin case had been stolen. Had it been taken recently, or months or years before? No member of the Moscott family had been to Sparhyte for years until the coming of Claude.

It was a delicate and dangerous operation to secure the will, and one requiring the most profound secrecy. They would not be likely to entrust the task to any one outside of the family. Either Mr. Moscott or his son had done the job.

From one thing to another, Paul reasoned that Claude, who had been three weeks a guest at the cottage, had come to perform this operation. He felt reasonably confident that he had hit upon the correct solution of the knotty problem. He was sorry that he had not arrived at this conclusion before the departure of the Moscotts. He was willing to do and dare anything to carry out the wishes of his mother. He did not care so much for the fortune as he did to prevent the success of a vicious plot against the wishes of Mrs. Munjoy.

He was satisfied that the tin case had gone to Bloomhaven in the trunk of Claude Moscott. If he had suspected it before, that trunk would have gone over the precipice where the kiosk had gone, or to the bottom of the river, in order to test the suspicion. He wondered what the case was like, for Mrs. Munjoy had given him no description whatever in regard to it. Just now he would be glad to know something more about it, so that he could recognize it if he should get a sight of it.

Paul felt almost certain that the will, with the instructions to him, and whatever other papers the case might contain, had been carried away from Sparhyte, and had been conveyed to Bloomhaven. It was perhaps too late to recover the valuable documents, but he could not satisfy himself until he had actually made the attempt to do something in that direction. He decided to go to Bloomhaven by the very next train.

He found that one left in the middle of the forenoon, and he decided to depart at that time. After breakfast he told the housekeeper that he was going to New York, and might not be back for several days. He might never come back, he added. The good lady, who had been in the family for several years, was astounded at his sudden announcement, and inquired why he did so. He kept his own counsel, and stated that the Moscotts would probably take possession of the estate in the course of a few days, and he did not care to be present when this was done.

"But you are Mrs. Munjoy's principal heir, for she told me so herself," added Mrs. Blanker, more astonished than ever.

"If I am the heir, or even a legatee, it will all come out in a few days. In the meantime I don't care to meet Mr. Moscott or his wife

in this place. I will give you the address of Mr. Barr, who was Mrs. Munjoy's lawyer, and he can tell you where I am."

Paul had no time to lose. He gathered up his money, given by his mother to provide against the very situation in which he now found himself, packed a valise, and called upon Moses to drive him over to the station. He made a present of five dollars to each of the servants, and double that sum to his old nurse. He felt like our first parents when they were driven out of paradise, though Sparlyte was no longer an Eden to him, since his mother was no longer there.

He reached New York early in the afternoon. He called upon Mr. Barr, who assured him that he had written a will in his favor, or mainly so, and had done his best to persuade her to deposit it in his office or the probate court. But Paul was not disposed to inform even this worthy old friend of Mrs. Munjoy of what he believed, or to state what he intended to do.

Mr. Barr took down his map and showed Paul where Bloomhaven was, but he knew nothing about the place. He could go within a few miles of it by rail, and must take a carriage the rest of the way; and probably there was a stage from the station, as the town was a considerable manufacturing place.

Paul had a large sum of money for a boy to have, and he decided to put it into a bank, which he did, and then left for Brooklyn.

He had to wait for a train, and it was after six o'clock when he arrived at Hamsted, as far as he could go by rail. There was a stage, but it was crowded full inside and outside, and he decided to walk, more because he felt like it than for any other reason. It was a beautiful country, and he enjoyed a tramp through it; and even ten miles was not an unusual walk for him.

It was nearly sundown when he reached the head of a beautiful bay, extending inland from the Atlantic Ocean. Its shores were lined with pleasant though not elegant residences on the farther side, and beyond them he could see the spires of the town. Several jaunty yachts were moored in the inlet, and the scene contrasted strongly with the mountain home of the young wanderer.

Though the land around the head of the bay was quite as rich, and the foliage quite as luxuriant as beyond, where the houses were, not a single residence was to be seen on this part of the road. Farther to the southward of him he saw a single cottage, with its surrounding out-buildings, which seemed to be the abode of taste and plenty. While he was taking in the beautiful view, he heard a vehicle approaching him. A moment later a sharp scream saluted his ears.

"Help, help!" shouted a female, and the voice was soft and silvery, strained though it was with the agony of fear.

Paul stopped short and looked back. The vehicle was a sort of open buggy, and in it were seated a young man and a young lady. With one hand the driver was struggling with the female, who appeared to be disposed to leap from the carriage.

"Help, help!" repeated the young lady with more energy than before.

Both of the occupants of the buggy were well dressed, and the horse and carriage were first class. Paul felt his blood boil at this appeal from a female. The horse was trotting along at a rapid pace, and in a moment came up to the spot where Paul had halted to await the coming of the vehicle. At this moment the young lady repeated her cry. Then it appeared that the young man was holding her, having passed his arm around her waist.

Paul stepped into the middle of the road and seized the horse by the rein. Without any difficulty he succeeded in stopping the animal for though a high-spirited horse he was gentle.

"What are you about, you rascal?" demanded the young man who was driving; and his voice sounded strangely familiar to the one from Sparlyte. "Let go that horse!"

"Help me to get out, if you please," said the young lady, in trembling tones.

"Release the young lady, and I will let go of the horse," replied Paul.

"You will mind your own business, or you will be the loser," said the driver, as he slapped the reins upon the back of the horse, which set the animal to dancng about the road; and a struggle to get away from his captor ensued.

But Paul was entirely accustomed to handling horses, and he was not afraid. He dragged the spirited animal to the fence at the side of the road, and then jerked one of the reins out of the hands of the driver. With this he securely fastened the horse to the fence.

"Now you will release the lady, or—"
Paul began this energetic speech with his eyes still fixed on the uneasy horse. As he turned, he suddenly discovered that the driver was Claude Moscott, who had left Sparlyte the night before.

"Paul Munjoy!" exclaimed Claude, as he fixed his astonished gaze upon the intended deliverer of the young lady.

"The same; but whoever you are, and whoever I am, you must release that young lady, or there will be some trouble on this particular spot," said Paul, stoutly.

"Mind your own business, Paul! That's all I have to say."

Paul waited for nothing more. In an instant he had Claude by the throat, and compelled him to remove his grasp from his companion. When she realized that she was free she sprang to the ground as lightly as a fawn.

Claude was not satisfied, and struck at his assailant. Paul retorted in the same coin, and there was blood on Claude's face. Paul jumped out of the buggy, for his mission there was finished.

(To be continued.)

LUCKY GERONIMO.

It is rather a nice thing at this season of the year, says the New York Sun, to be a bad Indian. Bad Indians are sent to Florida, and boarded at the expense of the Government.

A CHARM FOR JANUARY.

Old Rhyme.

By her who in this month was born
No gem save garnets should be worn,
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

[This story commenced in No. 205.]

Luke Bennett's Hide-out
A Story of the War.

BY CAPT. C. B. ASHLEY,
United States Scout.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
LETTERS OF WARNING.

THE last time we saw Luke Bennett and Joe Ramsay, they were just setting out on some sort of a secret mission which would keep them away from their friends nearly all night. As they paddled away from the island, they purposely touched one of the wires connected with the alarm bells in the cabin, believing, as Sidney Jones said, that their guest would sleep more soundly if he could see for himself what precautions they had taken to guard their camp. Then they turned the bow of their canoe toward the nearest shore, and gave way on their paddles with a will. They had a long distance to go, and they must be back in the swamp before daylight, or run the risk of being captured by Ryder and his men.

"What do you think of that Duck-foot, any how?" asked Luke, who sat in the bow of the canoe and acted as pilot.

"I like him," replied Joe. "But I'll bet you that he is going to be disappointed in getting those dispatches of his to General Sherman."

"That's what I think," said Luke. "Even if we succeed in driving Colonel St. Clair and Captain Griffin out of the country, they won't go until they have told Ryder that there is a gunboat officer stopping with us, and the guerrillas will do everything in their power to keep him from getting back to his vessel. They can do it, too, if they go at it right. I believe I could, if I had as many men under my command as Ryder has."

"How would you go about it?" asked Joe. "I would simply patrol the Yazoo River below Haines's Bluff."

"But he might strike for the Mississippi," suggested Joe.

"If he did, he would run the risk of being captured by some of the rebel cavalry that is always scouting along the banks. I shall advise him to stay with us as long as the rebels hold Haines's Bluff."

"Then he will stay with us until the close of the war," said Joe, confidently.

"It may be, but he thinks that Grant is going to capture Vicksburg before the summer is over."

"Heaven send it," said Joe, fervently. "Then we'll get our fathers and brothers back. Of course the prisoners will be paroled until they are exchanged, and that will give them a chance to come home."

"Ah, yes!" said Luke, significantly. "But there'll be some hard fighting done before all that happens, and who knows but that some stray bullet may hit your brother or mine?"

"Don't, Luke!" exclaimed Joe, with a shudder. "I can't bear to think of it."

Luke couldn't bear to think of it either, and so the two relapsed into silence and piled their paddles steadily until the bow of their canoe grounded on the shore. They sprang out at once, but did not stop to conceal their boat, because it was so dark that one might have passed within two feet of it without discovering it. They simply drew it half-way out of the water and then shouldered their guns, and set out at a brisk pace toward the road. When they reached it they broke into a dog trot, and at the end of an hour found themselves in front of Colonel St. Clair's house. It would be a pity to burn it, the boys told each other, for it was a noble old mansion, and there were three women living in it; but it was a greater pity that Colonel St. Clair should excite Ryder to activity, and urge him to make war upon the generous women who had often fed his wife and daughters when they were hungry.

"I certainly hope the colonel will pay some attention to what I have written to him," said Luke, taking a letter from the inside pocket of his jacket. "If he don't, up she goes!"

Joe opened the gate, and the two boys hastened up the broad walk, now overgrown with weeds and grass, mounted the steps that led to the porch and knocked at the door. The summons was answered almost immediately by the colonel's wife, who started and turned pale when she saw who her visitors were.

"Good evening, Mrs. St. Clair," said Luke, lifting his hat. "Here is a letter for the colonel. Will you be kind enough to give it to him when he returns from hunting bear meat?"

Luke laid a good deal of emphasis upon the last two words. He wanted the lady to understand that he knew very well that the colonel was not after bear meat, but that his object was to capture the boys who were hiding in the swamp.

"I will see that he gets it, Luke," replied Mrs. St. Clair, in a trembling voice.

"Thank you. Good evening."

The boys departed as rapidly as they had come, and hurried away to carry the same warning message to the house of Captain Griffin, which was located about two miles farther down the road. This being done, they took to the fields again, and after another hour's walk mounted the steps leading to the porch of a third house, and, entering without ceremony, found a lady sitting on one side of a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, and a very fat dark woman dozing on the other. They both sprang to their feet as the boys came in, and a second later the lady was clasped in Luke Bennett's arms. It was his mother.

"I bress de good Lawd dat I am spar'd to see dis day!" exclaimed aunt Martha. She

was the boy's old nurse. She used to take care of him when he was a little fellow, and could not have thought more of him if he had been her own pleasniny. "Dem white trash dat's went inter de swamp to hunt bar meat didn't catch yer, Moss' Luke."

"No, and they are not going to catch me either, aunt Martha. Bring us chairs; there's a good soul!"

The boys seated themselves in front of the blazing wood fire, Luke getting as close to his mother's side as he could; but they did not, for an instant, let their guns out of their hands. They held them on their knees while they talked, knowing that it behooved them to be constantly on their guard.

"Have you just come from the hide-out?" asked Mrs. Bennett, when there was a lull in the conversation.

"N-no, ma'am," replied Luke, with some hesitation. "Joe and I have been attending to a little business."

"Luke," said his mother, while an expression of anxiety settled on her face, "what was that business?"

"Oh, we haven't been bushwhacking anybody," exclaimed Joe, who knew very well what Mrs. Bennett was afraid of. "We just left a couple of little notes with Colonel St. Clair's family and Captain Griffin's, telling them that they had better clear themselves and go back to the army where they belong. We all think that the unusual activity of Ryder's guerrillas is owing to their presence, and we intend to get rid of them."

While Joe was speaking, Luke had been running his eye around the room, which somehow did not look just right to him.

"Look here, mother," said he, suddenly, "where's that easy chair I brought for father when I came home from school? Where's the piano?" he added, an instant later.

"Never mind the chair and piano," said his mother. "I am so glad to have you near me that I am quite willing to let them go. Never mind them."

"I know where they are," exclaimed the boy, while his eyes flashed and his fingers worked convulsively. "Ryder's men cut up one and smashed the other in the hope of finding father's money."

"Dat's jes' what dey done, Moss' Luke," exclaimed aunt Martha, paying no heed to Mrs. Bennett's warning glances. "Dat's jes' what dem white trash done. Dey bus' up de pianer, an' cut up dat chair o' your'n, an' done tore up de flo'—Moss' Luke, I jes' wish you been hyar an' see how dey have themselves."

Luke had no reply to make, for he did not want to add to his mother's heavy burden of anxiety; but he and Joe looked at each other, and there was a volume of meaning in the glances they exchanged. Ryder's men were quite right when they told one another that they had made some determined enemies by their last raid.

"The note Tramp brought me tells me that you have a visitor at the hide-out in the person of a Yankee gunboat officer," observed Mrs. Bennett, who was anxious to turn the conversation into another channel. "What sort of a gentleman does he seem to be?"

"The right sort," was Luke's reply. "We have only been acquainted with him a few hours, but we all like him. He would be a valuable acquisition if we should get into trouble, for he has smelled powder so often that he has got used to it. He must be a reliable officer, or he would not have been entrusted with dispatches. He lost his way while he was going down Rolling Fork to find General Sherman, and old Sam found him and brought him to the hide-out."

"Well," said Mrs. Bennett, "it isn't at all probable that he will be able to return to his friends, as long as Colonel St. Clair and his party are in the swamp; and some night, when I am sure that it would be perfectly safe for you to do so, I will send you word by Tramp, and I should like to have you bring him up here. I think I should like to see a live Yankee."

"Thank you, mother; he will be glad to come. He said so. He looks just like anybody else, so far as I can see, but he wears better clothes than we do. He thinks he is going to get away with his dispatches in the course of a day or two, but there's where he is going to slip up. He can't find his own way to Rolling Fork, and I am pretty certain that I am not going to show him the way and run the risk of being gobbled up by rebel scouts. That wouldn't be very bright."

"No, indeed. You mustn't do anything reckless," said his mother, earnestly.

"How were all my folks the last time you saw them?" asked Joe Ramsay.

Your mother was here this morning," replied Mrs. Bennett. "She was very well, but, like the rest of us, she didn't feel very good-natured over Ryder's raid."

"I should say not," replied Joe, in savage tones. "I should like very much to see her, but it is a long way up there, and I am afraid daylight would catch me."

"Yes, and it will catch us here if we don't start pretty soon," said Luke, rising to his feet. "Good by, mother. It does me a world of good to have half an hour with you."

"Good by, my dear boy. That Heaven may guard and keep you is my constant prayer."

The farewell embrace was long and lingering; but at last Luke turned away with tears in his eyes, and followed Joe Ramsay out of the door.

"The cowardly villain!" exclaimed Luke, shaking his clenched hand in the air "to smash my mother's piano, and rob her of the last thing she had to cheer her in her loneliness. I have half a mind to go up to Ryder's house, call him to the door, and fill him full of buckshot."

"There's only one thing that keeps me from doing it," said Joe, in a voice that was choked with passion. "Ryder and his band of villains have been considerate enough to leave a roof over my mother's head so far, and I don't want to excite their rage for fear that they will burn her out; but just so sure as they turn my mother out of her home, I'll leave the hide-out, and bushwhack that band until I wipe out the last one of them."

"No, you won't," replied Luke, earnestly. "You will have four good shots to help you."

It took the two friends an hour and a half to reach the hide-out. As they drew near to it, they ran against one of the submerged wires on purpose to ring the bell and warn their friends of their approach. They went into the hide-out the same way they left it, and when they reached the end of the passage, they found all their companions assembled there; but where was the boisterous greeting that they were wont to extend to those of their company who left the hide-out for any purpose? As soon as their names came within reach, Sidney Jones seized it, and drew the bow high upon the bank; but he did not speak.

"Now, then," exclaimed Luke, with some anxiety in his tones, "why don't you fellows say something? You are dumb as so many clams."

Would Luke Bennett have felt very hilarious if he had known just how his father and brother were situated at that moment?

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SPEAK UP, NED!"

AS Luke Bennett sprang ashore, he caught sight of old Sam who stood close behind Tom Pike; and one glance at his staring eyes, which seemed to have grown to twice their usual size since he saw him last, was enough to convince Luke that there had been something exciting going on at the hide-out during his absence.

"What's the matter with everybody, any way?" he demanded. "Why don't you speak? Has anything happened here since we went ashore?"

"I should say so," replied Sidney, in a tone of voice which turned Luke Bennett's anxiety into positive alarm. "There's been a good deal going on, and if it hadn't been for Duckfoot we should all have been captured by Colonel St. Clair and his gang."

"Put it there, Ned," said Luke, extending his hand to the young officer. "I told mother that if any of us got into trouble we should find a good backer in you. Now, what has happened?"

"But, bad as things are here, there have been worse things going on in Vicksburg," added Sidney.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Joe. "And who has been here to bring you news from Vicksburg?"

"Come with me and I will show you," was the reply.

Filled with apprehension, Luke and Joe followed Sidney, who led the way through the cabin and out to the camp-fire. They saw a strange canoe drawn out upon the bank, with Ned Marsh's boat-cloak spread over one end of it. Sidney halted beside the canoe and raised the cloak.

"A dead man!" exclaimed Luke and Joe, recoiling with horror.

"Yes," said Sidney, calmly. "He met his death while trying to get us into trouble. Worse than that, he has placed some of our friends in Vicksburg in danger of their lives."

Luke and Joe turned pale as death and tried to speak, but they could not utter a sound.

"I know what you would say," continued Sidney. "It is a long story, and Duckfoot can tell it to you better than I can, for he knows the man whom this spy was personating when Ike Bishop's chance shot sent him to his long home. Ike fired at us—at Duckfoot and me; but Ned was sharp enough to back our canoe toward the cane, and the charge of buckshot that was intended for us, struck this spy."

"How do you know that he was a spy?" Joe managed to ask.

By way of reply Ned Marsh produced the shattered button, and took from it the tell-tale piece of paper. Then he drew from his pocket the letter of introductions that had been prepared for Proctor, saying:

"If you will read this, you will get a pretty good idea of the situation. In order that you may read it understandingly, perhaps I had better tell you that the man Proctor, mentioned in it, is a noted Union spy. He was captured and taken to Vicksburg, and your friends tried to aid him to make his escape, knowing that if he didn't get away he would stand a fair chance of being hanged. They gave him instructions, together with a package of letters that were to be delivered to you when he found the hide-out; but the plot was discovered, and this man Belden took Proctor's place and came over here, probably with the intention of locating your hiding place, so that he could come back with a force big enough to take you all prisoners."

"He dug a pit for us, and fell into it himself," said Luke, gravely. "He was justly punished, but I am glad his blood is not upon our hands. He rang the bells when he came up to the hide-out, I suppose?"

"Yes," and gave the signal all fair and square," said Tom Pike. "I tell you that frightened us, until Duckfoot suggested that perhaps it might have been given by one of our friends who had escaped from Vicksburg."

"Sidney and I went out to meet him," chimed in Ned Marsh; "and when he told us that his name was Proctor, I knew in a minute that he was a fraud, and a dangerous one, too. But he will never reveal the secret of your hiding place."

"No; but Ike Bishop will," replied Luke, with some anxiety in his tones. "He knows these swamps like a book, and a place that he has once visited he can find again on the darkest of nights. We will notify him tonight that, if he wants to die a natural death, he must leave this country without an hour's delay. But how about our friends in Vicksburg, Duckfoot?"

Ned Marsh hesitated. That was a question he did not like to answer. But his silence spoke volumes, and Luke's heart sank within him.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

SUNRISE.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

ARISE, great god of light and life, arise,
Unfold the fond earth in the deathless glowing
Of thy fierce love. Bend from the shimmering
skies
Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
No cheer have we that is not thy bestowing;
Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.
—The Century.

THE WRECKED BARQUE.

BY GEORGE GORDON MACLEOD.

ONE of the most thrilling tales of heroism at sea is that of the rescue of the crew of a little Danish collier ship called the Aurora Borealis, which was wrecked in a terrible gale on the English coast just twenty years ago.

The Aurora Borealis was a small barque of 236 tons, hailing from Ribe, a port in Jutland. She was commanded by Captain Smith, and was on her voyage from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Messina, with a cargo of coals, when, at half-past four on the morning of Sunday, 6th January, 1867, she went ashore near the Trinity Beacon on the Goodwins, on the southeast spit of the sands.

It was an unusually sharp winter. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and on the Saturday a gale sprang up which did immense damage all round the English coasts. The night was intensely cold, and the blinding sleet was blown about so thickly at times as to hide every object in its veil. The sea ran fiercely, and the barque was simply caught by the waves and driven by the wind down on to the sands. Finding she was in danger, Captain Smith showed a bright light and made signals of distress, which were perceived on board the Gull lightship, and in consequence rockets were sent up acquainting the lifeboat men that their help was needed. This was about half-past eleven on the Saturday night, and the boat, which had only just returned from one rescue, went out to the other. When the boat got out the snow-storm was so thick that nothing could be done, and so she returned to wait for daylight. At eight in the morning the gale was still raging, but the lifeboat was launched, taken in tow by the tug, and finally found the Aurora Borealis heeled on to the sand with the seas making a clean breach over her. The flag of distress was flying, but there were no signs of the crew, who were taking shelter under cover of the deck-house. The wreck was in the center of a most furious sea, and the tide was in full flow, so that the task of rescue was extremely difficult.

The tug took the lifeboat well up to windward and then cast off, and with sail up and cable roady down she came on to the ship. The anchor was let go and sixty yards of cable were run out. But before the wreck could be reached there came a huge billow which crashed down upon the boat, drove her under, and swept her over a hundred yards to leeward. Thus the first attempt failed.

The tug again took the lifeboat up into the teeth of the wind and cast off. Down she came, and again at the critical moment the waves seized her and swept her away. Thus the second attempt failed; and the rising tide had driven the Danes from the deck, and in the biting sleet they had lashed a spar in the mizen shrouds and were clinging to it and watching and dreading the failure.

The men shipped their oars, but they were wrenched out of their hands by the sea, and, as the sail was useless in such a tempest, the lifeboat drifted to leeward and was again picked up by Simpson, who commanded the Aid. Again he battled with her into the wind and again she shot down on her errand. As she passed the ship a rope was thrown, but the distance was too great, and for the third time, there was a miss. And all the while the waves were boiling round, and the wind was howling and actually shearing off the foam crests in its force.

The fourth attempt was differently managed. The steamer tried to tow the boat to the ship, but the danger proved too great; and, after rolling about with her gunwales under water, the cable had to be cut, and both tug and boat went away down the wind.

And now the decks burst up, and the sea was black with coal dust, and pieces of the fore-castle were forced off and borne about by the billows. The danger was pressing, and the fifth attempt was made. Simpson brought the Aid close down and tried to fire a line from the mortar, but before he could do so the steamer was seized and actually thumped down upon the sand by the angry sea. The tug was backed out of peril, and then the boat was picked up, and again they went for the sixth attempt. "We won't go home without them," said the men.

At last one of the men proposes a plan which must indeed either prove rescue to the shipwrecked or death to all.

"I tell you what, my men, if we are going to save those poor fellows there is only one way of doing it—it must be a case of save all or lose all, that is just it. We must go in upon the vessel straight, hit her between the masts, and throw our anchor over right upon her decks."

"What a mad-brained trick!" said one.
"Why, the boat would be smashed to pieces."

"Likely enough; but there is one thing certain, is there not? and that is that we are never going home to leave those poor fellows to perish; and I do not believe that there is any other way of saving them, and so we must just try it. And God help us and them."

Not a single word against it now!
What, charge in upon the vessel in that mad rage of sea! Victory or death indeed!
Most of the men on board the lifeboat are

boat, swamp it, bury it in the weight of their falling volume of water, and for some seconds hide all from view; they have been watching the men persevere in attempt after attempt, when they thought that from sheer exhaustion it would be impossible for them to make another effort for their rescue. Hope was not quite lost yet.

With equal wonder and admiration they watched the noble efforts of the steamer, marked how nearly she was wrecked, and when she failed gave up all as lost; deciding in their minds that in such a rush of broken sea, strength of tide, and gale of wind, it was impossible for the boat to reach them or for them to be saved, and all but one gave up all hope. When the captain says in despair, "The lifeboat can never make another effort," this man answers, "I have sailed in English ships; I have often heard about lifeboat work, and I know that they never leave any to perish as long as they can see them, and they will not leave us."

It falls on the vessel's deck. All the crew of the vessel are in the mizen shrouds, but they cannot get to the boat, a fearful rush of sea is chasing over the vessel and between them and it. Again and again the boat thumps on the wreck as on a rock, with a shock that almost shakes the men from their hold.

The waves soon lift the boat off the deck and carry her away from the vessel. "Is even this attempt to be a failure? No, thank God! the anchor holds; veer out the cable; steadily, my men, steadily; do not disturb the anchor more than you can help; we shall have them now! We shall have them. All will be well. Ease her a bit; ease her. See how she plunges; a little more cable. Now for the grappling-iron—quick! throw it over that line. There you have it!" And they haul on board a line which had been made fast to a cork fender and thrown overboard from the wreck early in the day, but which the boatmen had never before been able to reach. They get the boat straight, haul in slowly upon both ropes, cheer to the crew. "Hurrah, mates! hurrah!" All is joy and excitement, but at the same time steady attention to orders. Now the boat is abreast the mizen rigging, opposite to where the men are clinging. "Down helm! the boat sheers in; haul in upon the ropes, men, handsomely, handsomely." The boat jumps forward, hits the ship heavily with her stern, crashes off a large piece of her forefoot. The men are for a moment thrown down with the shock. Two of the boatmen spring on to the raised bow gunwale, and seize hold of the captain of the vessel, who seems nearly dead, and drag him in over the bows. Two of the sailors jump on board. "Hold on all! hold on!"

A fearful sea rolls over them, the boat is washed away from the vessel. The anchor still holds; they sheer the boat in again; they make the ropes fast, and lash the boat to the shrouds of the wreck, thus verily nailing their colors to the mast. No! they will not be washed away again until they have all the crew on board.

A sailor jumps from the rigging, the boat sinks in the trough of the sea, the man falls between the boat and the wreck; a second more and the boat will be on the top of him, crushing him against the rail of the vessel, upon which the keel of the boat strikes and grinds cruelly. Two boatmen seize him, leaning right over the gunwale to do so; they are almost dragged into the water; they are seized in turn by the men in the boat, and all are with difficulty got on board.

Up the boat flies and crashes against the spar lashed to the rigging. "Jump in, men, jump in, all of you. Now! now!" In they spring and tumble, falling upon the men, and all rolling over into the bottom of the boat. All are now on board—all on board! "Hurrah! cut the lashings, then; she falls away from the wreck. Cut the cable! quick with the hatchet! All gone! all gone! Up foresail!"

The seas catch the boat and bear her away from the wreck. Away she goes with a bound, flying through the broken water. The heavy wind fills the sail; they are fairly under way, and with the precious freight for which they had fought so long and so gallantly safely on board. Thank God! all are saved at last!



THE WRECK DRIFTING HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE GALE.

married men with families—loved wives and loved little ones dependent upon them. Thoughts of this, tender heartfelt thoughts of home, come to them.

"Well, and so we have, and have not those poor perishing fellows also got wives and little ones, and are they not thinking of their homes and loved ones as much as we are thinking of ours? and shall we go home having turned back from even the greatest danger, without having tried all it is possible to try; go home to our wives and little ones and leave them to perish thinking of theirs? No, please God, that shall never be said of us."

Such thoughts as these pass through the minds of some of the boatmen. And what think the poor nearly-drowned crew of the unfortunate vessel?

There they are, clinging to the loose and shaking rigging, a few feet above the boil of the hungry and raging sea. They have seen effort after effort made and effort after effort fail; they have watched the men do more than they ever dreamt it was possible for men to do; and they have watched the lifeboat live and battle with seas with which they never thought it possible a boat could for one moment contend; time after time they have thought the boatmen were drowned as they saw the huge curling waves break over the

"And, look! here she comes again! Oh, God help them! God help them!"

Yes, here she comes again; the steamer had hastened to tow her well into position, well to windward of the wreck. "And here she comes again."

Once more the boat heads for the wreck—this time to do or to die; each man knows it, each man feels it. They are crossing the stern of the vessel. "Look at that breaker—look at that breaker. Hold on! hold on! it will be all over with us if it catches us; we shall be thrown high into the masts of the vessel, and shaken out into the sea in a moment! Hold on all! hold on! Now it comes! No; thank God, it breaks ahead of us, and we have escaped. Now, men, be ready, be ready!" Thus shouts the coxswain. Every man is at his station, some with the ropes in hand ready to lower the sails, others by the anchor, prepared to throw it overboard at the right moment. Round past the stern of the vessel the boat flies, round in the blast of the gale and the swell of the sea; down below, round she comes. Down foresail! The ship's lee gunwale is under water; the boat shoots forward straight for the wreck, and hits the lee rail with a shock that almost throws all the men from their posts; and then, still forward, she literally leaps on board the wreck. Over! Over with the anchor!

dom, and the speaker was put to some perplexity to decide whether these terms were abusive or allowable.

A similar question has just been tried in a Paris police court. An irate Parisian woman cried to a policeman, or rather a *sergent de ville*, for there are no policemen properly so called in Paris: "*Tu me fais l'effet d'une pilule*," which may be freely rendered, "Looking at you is like swallowing a pill;" and the officer, feeling the majesty of the law insulted in his person, haled her before the correctional tribunal.

The court was considerably exercised as to whether the phrase constituted a justifiable flight of poetic imagination or a punishable outburst of libel. At last it decided that as there were a thousand different sorts of pills, producing the most diverse effects, and as the lady had not specified any particular sort, the vagueness of the similitude removed it from the category of libelous expressions, and left the majesty of the law undiminished.

It is certain that there are pills and pills, whereof the effects are manifold; and then there is the patent bread pill which produces no effect at all. This is the pill to which satirists on our side of the ocean are most apt to compare the guardians of public safety.

POLICEMEN AND PILLS.

Not long ago some imaginative members of the British House of Commons alluded to each other as "jackals," "tigers," and other names derived from the animal kingdom,

[This story commenced in No. 205.]

THAT TREASURE OR ADVENTURES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Author of "The Mystery of a Diamond," "Jack Bond's Quest," "Popper Adams," "Blown Out to Sea," "Phil Asher," "Darcy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUT INTO THE WIDE WORLD.

TOM was taken aback at the strange reception he received from this gruff old captain, and remained silent. The old man was calm and collected.

"Allowing that all this dime novel yarn you've been spinning is as you've told it," he remarked, leaning back in his chair, "what then—what of it?"

"Why," stammered Tom, "I—I—had hoped—"

"To discover a grandfather who would leave you a million or so when he slipped his cable," coarsely interrupted the captain, with a grim smile. "Now, see here," he went on, before Tom could utter the indignant protest that rose to his lips; "you've told me your story; now hear what I have got to say. My wife died when our son Tom was born," said Captain Greyson, in a hard, unemotional voice. "He was the only child. I was sailing out of New York then, and making money for myself and the owners, hand over fist, for those were money-making days. Tom went to college, and had a big allowance. While I was away on a long voyage he married. The girl, who was only eighteen—a year younger than Tom—was the daughter of a man I hated like poison—poor as poverty, with only her pretty face and a talent for music for her dowry. How mad I was when he told me," continued the captain, wrathfully, roughing up his short, bushy hair with both hands, "I needn't say. Not so much with him as the scheming girl—"

"If you're speaking of my mother," hotly interrupted Tom, who felt intuitively that he was listening to the story of his parentage, "I'll trouble you to be a bit more respectful!"

"Tom all over," muttered Captain Greyson, in an undertone; and Tom, who heard the words, felt a strange thrill of expectancy. But, affecting not to have noticed the remark, he went on:

"I wouldn't have anything to do with the matter, though I did tell Tom that if he'd separate from her, I'd settle money on her, and Tom could come back. But Tom said he'd see me—well, further first. That settled it. Next thing I heard," said the captain, turning and staring steadfastly out of the window, "Tom had—had died suddenly of pneumonia."

"I had Tom put away in Greenwood beside his mother," Captain Greyson went on, hardening his voice again; "and through my business agent made the widow an allowance. But I offered to treble it if she'd give up Tom's boy baby, so that I could make him my heir. She wouldn't hear of it. Some city lots here in San Francisco, which I'd invested in twenty years before, turned out a bonanza, and later I came on here to live. Then I fell in with that smooth-spoken scoundrel who calls himself Colonel North. There's nothing he won't do for money, except be honest. He went on East, I paying expenses, and managed to get Tom's boy in his possession. The devil helps his own, and it was thought the child had been stolen by some wandering Hungarian street musicians. Meanwhile North, who was going to start for San Francisco from Boston instead of New York, where he had taken the little three-year-old,

got scared by seeing one of Pinkerton's detectives on the pier just as he was going aboard the Fall River boat; and in his flurry little Tom got separated from him. North, who was wanted for some old matter, managed to slip aboard the steamer, and after it sailed, I suppose, this Professor Dean, of whom you tell me, ran across the little chap. Tom's widow had a brain fever or something—anyhow the police weren't properly notified, and I suppose that was the reason the professor's advertising wasn't a success; and, as near as I can learn from the detective, who has found out considerable about the case, Professor Dean went back into the country with little Tom to live.

"North wasn't going to lose the thousand dollars I'd offered him over and above expenses if he brought Tom's boy to me though," continued Captain Greyson, who was nervously pacing the office floor; "so

and given him his choice between becoming a regular tool in his hands, or being exposed to me as a nameless foundling instead of old Greyson's grandson and legal heir. Being what he was—a boy with inherited badness, as I shall always think—he naturally chose to stay where he was, and for about three years he has been robbing me in one way and another to put money into that scoundrel's pocket, as well as his own. For, when Tom was fifteen, he smoked, gambled on a small scale, and pulled the wool over my eyes on a big one. I knew that he wasn't truthful, and in a good many ways different from what Tom's boy ought to be; but I kept thinking he'd outgrow it. Then I happened to overhear some talk between him and the colonel, who had got into some scrape or other, and came to him for money to help him get safe out of town, and this opened my eyes. And, by a coincidence, my business agent in New York ran across an old file of the *Times* of 1865, I think, with Professor Dean's notice of finding the three-year-old boy. This he sent me, and I, keeping the matter secret, had the advertisement inserted that must have brought out the professor's letter you have told about, which was intercepted by that Tom. I suppose this letter roused the boy's suspicions and, the night before I was going to tell him that I'd found out the whole thing, he slipped off with something like twenty-five hundred dollars out of my safe, which he's welcome to, if I never see the young rascal's face again."

harsh voice, as he laid his wrinkled hand on Tom's shoulder, "your home will be with me, and—"

"One moment," interrupted Tom, in an agitated voice, "you have spoken of my mother—where is she?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Captain Greyson, with a total change of voice and manner, "what has that got to do with what I am talking about? I don't know where she is, and, what's more, I don't care. Tom's widow is no more to me than any other designing, scheming, song-singing professional—"

Now, Tom had inherited some of the Greyson temper, as well as the Greyson fixedness of purpose, and his face grew so white with anger, that Captain Greyson pulled himself up short.

"If I knew where the—the woman was," he said, curbing his own temper with an evident effort, "I shouldn't tell you. She has no claim on you, or you on her; and if you are to take your proper place as my grandson and legal heir, understand, once for all, that she is as dead to you as you by this time probably are to her."

"Oh," returned Tom, with a curious inflection of voice, "that is it. Very good. Now, grandfather," he said, rising to his feet and drawing himself up to his full height, "understand me, once for all. If you think that I can, or will, live in ease and plenty while, for aught I know, my mother"—and as he pronounced the sacred name, Tom's voice was tremulous with emotion—"is friendless, and perhaps in actual want, why you are greatly mistaken. Then you refuse to give me any clew whatever to her whereabouts?" he said, looking the old man steadily in the face.

"Yes, I do!" thundered Captain Greyson, stamping violently on the floor; "and what's more, sir, I repeat what I have said—"

"You needn't," interrupted Tom, coolly, "once is enough. Whatever you may think about it, sir," he continued, "my first duty in life is to the mother who gave me birth, and I shall never rest until I have found her; perhaps the day may come when you will see that I am doing only what is right. Good by, grandfather," and before the astounded captain could speak, Tom was gone!

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOM IN A QUEER COMBINATION.

SOME will say that this action of Tom Greyson, to give him his true name, was hot-headed and hasty; others may think that he was foolish in throwing away such chances as were open to him through Captain Greyson's offer.

But, as to the first, it is sufficient to say that his reasoning was to this effect: If Captain Greyson felt so violent a dislike, amounting to hatred, against the widow of his buried son, as to deliberately

cause the abduction of her child for his own selfish ends, without the slightest consideration of a mother's misery, nothing further that Tom could say would alter his determination in the least.

And as to the second, I myself have an old-fashioned idea that there is no earthly tie so strong as that between mother and son. I know that young fellows nowadays are apt to forget this, but it is true all the same. And, in giving up future prospects and advantages, Tom, under all the circumstances, was only doing his filial duty. He had every reason to believe that, somewhere in the world, his mother—his own mother was living. That she was dependent upon her own exertions for her subsistence was a foregone conclusion in Tom's mind.

"A song-singing professional." The words rang in Tom's ears as, banging the office door behind him, he hurried down the wide stairway into the street. "Some sort of actress," he mused; for Tom, unlike most young fellows of his age at the present day, was not versed in theatrical mat-



TOM SWUNG THE LARIAT THICE ROUND HIS HEAD AND SENT IT HURLING THROUGH THE AIR.

Here Captain Greyson drew a long breath, and, stepping to a corner cabinet, helped himself liberally to a portion of the contents of a decanter; while Tom, whose head was in a perfect maze of bewilderment, sat wondering what would come next.

He had not long to wait.

"Now," said Captain Greyson, clearing his throat and speaking in a different tone, as he looked steadily at the manly young fellow before him, "you've heard my story and I've heard yours. I ain't what might be called fanciful," he observed, rather awkwardly, "but something has been telling me, since you explained yourself, that you *are* Tom's boy, and—more than that, I begin to see Tom's face and Tom's ways as I never saw them in—the other fellow. Maybe the proofs you've told of will turn up some day; but never mind that now. I'm a lonely old man, with more money than I know what to do with; and I have neither chick nor child in the world to help me spend it, or to inherit it after I'm gone. From this time, Tom," said Captain Greyson, with a curious softening of his

what does he do but get a three-year-old waif from the Baldwin-Street Home, and bring it on to me as Tom's boy. My New York agent, having seen the real one, had sent me a description of him, even to the letters 'T. S. G.' pricked into his baby arm through some whim of his mother. North in some way had imitated this with aniline ink, and I swallowed the bait. I paid North his thousand dollars, which gave him a sort of hold on me—so much so, that whenever he chose he made my home his own. When Tom was old enough, I told him of my son's marriage against my wishes, and of the way I had had my grandson (as I presumed him to be) kidnaped. He was sharp enough to know when he had a good thing, so he staid with me, as a matter of course, instead of going into heroics, and rushing off East in search of his mother—"

"Do you mean to say," cried Tom, starting excitedly to his feet, "that my—that your son's widow *is* alive?"

"I don't know to the contrary; but how can I tell my story if you keep interrupting?" was the testy reply.

Holding his hand before his face to hide his emotion at this unexpected discovery, Tom allowed Captain Greyson to go on.

"I thought the boy took it coolly," continued the old man, with an involuntary frown, "but now I understand it. Before that, North had told him the real situation,

ters; his life had been devoted to other duties and occupations.

But how to trace her by this slender clew was a most perplexing conundrum. Colonel North, it is true, might know something, directly or indirectly; but Tom had an idea that his chances of again encountering this most unscrupulous of smooth-tongued and gentlemanly villains was, to say the least, an uncertainty.

A more important question presented itself, after returning to his lodging-house and reckoning up the state of his finances. Fifty cents a day, in advance, for a small room on the fourth flight was reasonable, all things considered. But when one has less than six dollars in his pocket, and a healthy appetite that refuses to be appeased by the scanty fare of cheap eating-houses, the most careful economy will only carry one to a certain point, and then—what next?

Fiction writers may represent the thing as they please, but in prosaic fact, to be without money, or friends, or acquaintances in a great city, is as disagreeable, not to say deplorable a situation as can well be imagined.

This came to be Tom Greyson's experience. Day after day he walked the busy streets in search of employment. The papers teemed with advertisements for skilled workmen in various departments—for journeymen tailors and smart salesman, barbers, and bookkeepers, electricians, and entry clerks; but, alas! without experience in the several branches, it was of no avail to apply.

Exchanging his stylish suit for a shabby second hand one, Tom gradually drifted from one lodging-house to another in a descending scale, and to restaurants of a cheaper and cheaper order. Sometimes he got a job about the wharves for half a day. Once he drove a mule team for three whole days, while the proprietor thereof was recovering from a debauch. But three weeks of this kind of life was quite enough—too much in fact.

"I'll have one more try," mused Tom, as he rose from a light and unsatisfactory repast of heavy rolls and muddy coffee at a ten-cent restaurant on Kearney Street, on a certain bright breezy morning; "and if I can't see some way to something better than this sort of existence, I'll go back and ask grandfather Greyson to help me find something to do—for very shame's sake he can't refuse."

For Tom was beginning to see that between the life he was leading and the condition of a shabby-genteel tramp there were only a few easily descending steps. He was just as firmly resolved as ever that he would not "give in," as he expressed it, to his grandfather's unreasonable request. Still if he could effect some sort of a compromise it would be better for him to do so.

With this determination in his mind, Tom took his way down California Street, half envious of the dapper clerks, the neatly dressed salesmen, and the better class of mechanics, who were hurrying along, each to his own place of employment.

WANTED—HALF A DOZEN MEN WHO CAN ride well. Apply at the office of the G. C. N. M. & A. A. M. CO., No. 5, 1st floor.

This peculiar placard caught Tom's eye, as he was passing the open hallway of a handsome granite block.

"Any one who can manage a bucking bronco ought to be said to ride well, and I've done that more than once," mused Tom, as he stepped into the wide hall to investigate further; "so I think I'll inquire into this."

"No. 5, 1st floor," was occupied, according to the emblazoned inscription over the door and on the ground glass window, by the Grand Consolidated New Mexico and Arizona Argentiferous Mining Company, duly incorporated according to the laws of the State. The president was one Signor Emmanuel Gomez, and the directors were evidently—if names are any criterion—titled men of foreign lineage.

In the small outer room, which Tom entered, some half dozen shabbily dressed individuals of different nationalities were undergoing a sharp cross-questioning from a small keen-eyed man who represented himself as Mr. Leroy, general business manager of the Grand Consolidated.

One of the number had been, or said he had been, a rough rider for a crack English regiment. Another was a jockey by profession, who had ridden several noted races at Jerome Park. A third had been a cavalryman in the regular army. A fourth was a professional horse breaker out of employment. A fifth modestly claimed the reputation of being the second best bare-back

rider in America; while the sixth never had ridden much, but thought he could stick on to anything short of a side-wheel steamer's walking-beam.

But this last applicant was dismissed rather curtly by Mr. Leroy, and Tom, who gave his name as Dean, having made a satisfactory reply to Mr. Leroy's interrogations, was instructed to accompany the other five to a livery stable further down the street, whither Mr. Leroy had preceded them.

"Bring out the animals, Jim," said Mr. Leroy to one of the helpers, who was looking with considerable perplexity at a miscellaneous collection of Mexican saddles and gaudily-decorated bridles, headstalls, and similar equine equipments, which were piled together in a corner.

While six horses, all more or less distinguished by peculiar markings of color, were being led upon the floor, Mr. Leroy called the newly engaged men into a small room at one side, and, closing the door, explained as follows:

"I believe in advertising," he said, leaning up against the table with his hands in his pockets, "and so does the mining company which I represent. Anything new in that line is sure to catch the public eye, and what I want of you fellows, whom I'll engage to give two dollars a day for this week, ending Saturday, is this."

And then, indicating several articles of clothing which were dangling from pegs at one side of the room, Mr. Leroy went on to give his instructions and explain what was required.

Half an hour later a little cavalcade of horsemen rode down one of the principal streets, whose peculiar garb, no less than their method of procedure, created a decided sensation, even in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city where novel and curious sights are the rule, rather than the exception.

Each of the six wore the picturesque garb of a Mexican haciendo, attired in holiday costume. A short, natty-looking, black cloth jacket, adorned with large silver-plated buttons, without a vest, worn over a fancifully ruffled white shirt; close-fitting black trousers, with a double row of smaller buttons following the seam; high top boots, silver-plated spurs, and a red sash, together with a rather brigandish-looking sombrero—this was a dashy, not to say showy, sort of street apparel; and the troupe, headed by Tom Dean, on a small, but spirited, silver-gray horse, speedily began to attract general attention.

Before him, on his saddle, each man carried a bright-colored Mexican serape; a neatly coiled lasso was suspended from the high pommel, and over his left arm hung a bundle of small handbills, which were distributed right and left to the wondering crowd.

From a copy of one of the latter, which lies before me, I quote as follows:

The newly formed combination of wealth and enterprise, known as the Grand Consolidated New Mexico and Arizona Argentiferous Mining Company, whose office is at 301 California Street, have taken this novel and unique method of calling the attention of the public to an undertaking which promises, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most satisfactory returns to investors ever offered in San Francisco.

Then follows a most enticing statement, or prospectus, of the mining company in question, showing the impossibility of losses and certainty of enormous profits to stockholders who were willing to buy one or more shares at the low figure of ten dollars per share; the purchase money to be used in the further development of the rich mining lands recently discovered in Northwestern Arizona, the sole property of the G. C. N. M. and A. A. M. Co., together with the affidavits of various prospectors, civil engineers, and assayers.

But with the truth or falsity of these glowing statements Tom Dean had nothing to do. He was to be paid two dollars a day for a comparatively easy task, the novelty of which was not altogether unpleasant. Mindful of Mr. Leroy's parting injunctions to keep in the principal and busiest streets, Tom guided the little troupe through the thronged thoroughfares without much trouble, occasionally pausing at some street corner long enough to circulate a large number of handbills to a gaping crowd, and then riding slowly onward to another point.

Among an expectant group of solid-looking citizens who were standing in line along the edge of the pavement, watching the gayly attired horsemen, Tom saw Captain Greyson, who, as might be expected, did not recognize his grandson in his new role.

"Here's a chance for an investment, grandfather," mischievously suggested Tom, in an undertone which only reached the captain's ear. Guiding his horse to the curbstone, Tom pressed one of the handbills into the captain's outstretched hand.

"Why, confound your impudence," began Captain Greyson; but Tom was already out of hearing, and his irate grandfather stood staring after him in blank dismay.

Down through Montgomery Street and into Kearny rode the novel cavalcade, scattering their yellow placards right and left, till the supply was exhausted. The ex-rough-rider and the jockey were sent back to the office for a fresh supply, while the four others sat in their saddles, surrounded by the usual cosmopolitan crowd peculiar to the streets of San Francisco, and patiently awaited their companions' return.

"How like you this way to make the two dollair a day, *amigo*?" laughingly inquired the circus performer, reining up his fiery little Pinto steed beside Tom, whose own horse was rendered restive by the encroaching throng.

Tom's reply was prevented by a sudden outcry from the outskirts of the crowd, which began scattering right and left with marvelous celerity.

"Look out, lady!" shouted half a dozen excited men from the nearest place of safety, as a tall, handsomely dressed lady, escorted by a small hungry-faced man in broadcloth, started to cross the street.

The warning came an instant too late. A wild-eyed, long-horned Texan steer, which had escaped from a drove at North Beach, came dashing round the corner of Pacific Street with gleaming eyeballs and distended nostrils, bearing straight down toward the lady and her escort.

Now a Texan steer fresh from the plains is as dangerous to life and limb as a mad bull. It is not very surprising that the small man, casting one terrified glance at the approaching beast, turned still paler, and, forgetful of his companion, made good his own escape into the nearest store door across the way.

Tom Dean was in no sense an expert in the use of the lasso, yet under the instruction of his former associate, William the plainsman, he had learned to throw one with some little degree of accuracy. No sooner had his eye taken in the lady's peril than, snatching the lariat from his saddle pommel, he swung it thrice round his head, and in another instant the slender coil went hurtling through the air.

CHAPTER XXX.

TOM MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

A SHOUT of exultation arose from the excited onlookers. By the merest good luck in the world the slip-noose settled down over the upraised fore foot of the ferocious animal, whose long, sharp horns were lowered to impale the terror-stricken victim.

Fortunately for Tom Dean, who himself had no very clear idea what next he had better do, the horse beneath him decided the question.

For the intelligent animal was one of a number that had belonged to a standard "Wild West Combination," Mr. Leroy having bid in the horses and their equipments at the sheriff's sale for a very low figure.

And mindful of his equestrian performances with the clumsy buffalo, no sooner had the lariat, whose other end was fast to the pommel of Tom's saddle, straightened out like a bowstring, than the horse fell suddenly back on his haunches in such a way that only Tom's firm seat in the saddle saved him from a downfall.

But the desired effect was attained. The steer's leg was suddenly jerked from beneath him, and with a bellow of terror the huge beast rolled ignominiously in the dust, where he was at once dispatched by a ball from the revolver of a valiant policeman.

Amidst what is known as "thunders of applause," Tom recovered his lariat, and hung it in its coil on the saddle-peg, gazing rather interestedly the while after the lady. Having shown some slight symptoms of faintness, she had been assisted into the nearest drug store.

Forcing his way through the noisy concourse which began crowding about the young horseman to congratulate him on his exploit, the small, pale-faced gentleman made his way to Tom's side.

"Madame Norman say will you call at thees address to-night, so she will thanks you for rescue her from the animal," he said, in rather broken foreign accents, at the same time thrusting a card into Tom's hand. Immediately slipping through the crowd he passed out of sight.

But the two others had now returned with a fresh supply of handbills. Laughingly escaping the queries of a sharp-eyed reporter, who had promptly put in an appearance, Tom and his companions rode on as before.

With an interval for lunch at a cheap restaurant at noon, the six continued their occupation till nearly nightfall. Then, having left their horses and exchanged their clothing at the stable, they all reported at the office, where each promptly received his pay and departed.

"Stop a bit, young man," said Mr. Leroy, in an undertone, as Tom, who happened to be last, was leaving the anteroom; "the chief has seen that little affair of yours—lassoing the steer, you know—in the evening edition of the *Chronicle*, and wants to speak to you in the other room."

And before Tom, who was considerably surprised at the remark, could reply, Mr. Leroy had ushered him into an adjoining apartment. Its fittings and furnishings, the showy oil paintings hanging against the frescoed walls, and the rich carpet on the floor, were of such a luxurious order as to make Tom open his eyes rather more widely than was his wont.

"President Gomez, this is the young man you wished to see," said Mr. Leroy, respectfully, as a medium-sized personage, elaborately attired in broadcloth and fine linen, wheeled about in a revolving chair, and confronted them.

If Signor Gomez started slightly, as Mr. Leroy left Tom standing in the full glow of the softened, electric light, he cleverly covered the movement by quickly rising and stepping to the marble mantel, on which stood a box of choice cigars.

During the slight pause, in which the chief—otherwise President Gomez, of the Grand Consolidated—was selecting and lighting a cigar, Tom had a chance to regard him more attentively.

Signor Gomez was comparatively young, to judge by the glossy blackness of his hair and carefully trimmed mustache, both of which, however, betrayed a suspicious purplish hue in certain lights. But traces of crow's feet and wrinkles were visible in the searching light, and Tom began to suspect that the signor might have had recourse to art to conceal the marks of advancing years.

His outward adornings were in keeping with the surroundings. To judge by appearances the Grand Consolidated Mining Company was in a high state of prosperity.

And if the sight of Signor Gomez's costly apparel, his brilliant diamond shirt studs, massive watch chain, and exquisitely carved intaglio seal ring were not convincing proofs of this fact, one only had to glance through the half glass door leading into the brilliant and spacious outer office.

For here were the undoubted indications of the financial welfare of the G. C.

Thronging the massive mahogany counter was a continuous crowd of would-be investors. Some were handing over rustling greenbacks to the two smiling managers, receiving in exchange the elaborate engraved certificates entitling each to so many shares in the company's stock. Others were eagerly devouring the alluring prospectuses, and still others examining lithographed maps, whereon the boundaries of the company's mining lands were plainly set forth. Meanwhile busy clerks and bookkeepers, in their respective places, entered the various transactions in massive ledgers and daybooks.

Rather to Tom's surprise, President Gomez betrayed a curious sense of embarrassment or uneasiness, as though in some way he had expected to see a very different person from his visitor.

"I read in the papers of your lassoing the steer this forenoon," he finally said, speaking in a rather low mumbling voice, and using singularly good English for even an Americanized Spaniard. "It is a good advertisement for us, and here—you will take this."

Nervously puffing at his cigar as he thus spoke, the president, whose face was slightly averted, held out a glittering five dollar gold piece.

"There, *bueno*, no thanks," hastily interposed the signor, as Tom very gratefully took the unexpected benefaction. "Now I have business; *vaya, adios*."

With a vague feeling that for some unexplained reason President Gomez wanted to hurry him out of the room, Tom turned toward the door.

Cling-g-g went the telephone bell at that moment. Seemingly forgetful, for the moment, of Tom's presence, Gomez stepped quickly to the instrument.

"Yes—what do you want?" he said in re-

ply to some far-away questioner; and Tom, whose hand was on the door knob, started in his turn.

An indistinct murmur was heard, and in clear, even, and remarkably familiar tones, Signor Gomez replied with his lips at the orifice:

"No! And have the extreme goodness, Major Smith, to tell him, with my compliments, that if he took a thousand shares the rate would be precisely the same. Good by."

That the speaker was President Gomez, of the Grand Consolidated Mining Company, was to outward seeming an assured fact; but the voice, to which Tom could have sworn anywhere, was that of Colonel North, the avowed champion of the peace and good morals of the border town, where Tom had first met him! What did it mean?

"Well, pray what are you stopping for?" angrily demanded the president of the Grand Consolidated, as he turned from the telephone and encountered Tom's bewildered gaze.

"I was thinking," replied Tom, forgetting his usual caution in the excitement of his discovery, "how much your voice sounded like that of a Colonel North—"

"Oh," interrupted the other, coolly, and before Tom was aware of his intention, he had stepped to the door, locked it, and dropped the key in his pocket, "that was what you were thinking, eh? And suppose, for the sake of argument, I prove to be the gentleman you mention—what are you going to do about it?"

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

BOGUS BULGARIANS.

The vacant throne of Bulgaria has been offered to a good many people of different races. It was suggested that an American should be selected for the post, and some of our esteemed contemporaries promptly picked out a rival editor as being the ideal candidate.

A Berlin paper reports that it has been offered to a pastry cook. Potojuchtow, of Khar-koff, is the greatest confectioner in Russia. His honey cakes are famous all over the empire, and in his own neighborhood his ambition is not less famous. He has been a great contributor to churches, monasteries, and the clergy. He possesses a large collection of medals, testimonials, and orders; but outside the range of business a very small degree of common sense.

A few days ago he was waited upon by three gentlemen, who represented themselves as deputies from the Bulgarian Sobranje. They told him that it was the earnest desire of the Parliament and people of Bulgaria that he should accept the vacant throne. While they were speaking, a telegram arrived from Sophia with the same request. Potojuchtow told his visitors that he could not regard their strange offer as credible. Meanwhile, however, he invited them to dine with him, promising to return in half an hour. He put on his uniform (for he is a member of the city council) and drove to the rector of the university to ask his counsel in the question, whether it was his duty, supposing the offer to be genuine, to accept the post. The rector advised him not to go to Bulgaria, but to the lunatic asylum!

Potojuchtow began to see that he was being hoaxed, and drove back to his house as fast as possible. The deputation from Bulgaria had not waited for dinner, but had carried off all the valuables, money and papers which they found in his bureau.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

A CROWDED street car puts the courtesy of seat-occupying males to a severe test. They do not always do their duty under these circumstances, as this little anecdote from the Pittsburg Dispatch shows.

"Gentlemen," said a man in a street car, who was hanging by a strap, "here is a lady who would like a seat."

Silence ensues. "I guess I was mistaken," remarked the man.

"Why?" asked another "strapper." "Doesn't the lady want a seat?" "I guess she does," was the reply, "but it seems all the gentlemen are standing."

The man who won't give up his seat to a lady, however, is no worse than the woman who takes a gentleman's seat without thanking him for his courtesy.

A tired man managed to get a seat in a crowded Brooklyn Bridge car the other evening, and was enjoying it, when he saw an elderly and frail-looking woman standing with two or three young women. He arose, stretched out a long arm, put his finger on the elderly woman and said: "Madam, here's a seat." The lady at once started for the seat, without giving word or look to the tired man; but her companion, a bright and pretty girl, grabbed her cloak and in a stage whisper, said: "Thank him! Thank him!" Whereupon the elderly lady stopped short and said, with great distinctness: "I'm very much obliged to you, sir."

The tired man lifted his hat, but it was to the pretty girl, whom he eyed with great and apparent admiration all the way across the bridge.



CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. W. E. DUVAL omits to give us her post office address. C. C. S., Fort Scott, Kan. The firm you mention is reliable.

DECLINED with thanks: "The Snow Fort"—"The Teacher's Mistake."

A SUBSCRIBER, Nicholia, Idaho. Mikado is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, thus, Mikado.

A. R. E. S., St. Louis, Mo. You may rest assured that any improvement tending to increase the attractiveness of our paper will be introduced all in good time.

OUR correspondent from Kirwin, Kan., who forgets to sign his name, can obtain the information he desires by a glance at the number on the yellow address label of his paper.

SUBSCRIBER, Salem, N. C. We are sorry your ARGOSY does not come regularly. The fault lies entirely with the post office authorities, as the paper is mailed from this office with clock-like precision.

W. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill. We forwarded your letter to the firm you mention, who guarantee to give satisfaction and rectify all mistakes; but as you neglect to give details and a full address, we cannot help you further.

CANONIST, Dayton, O. The subject of canoeing will doubtless receive attention in the ARGOSY at a season when the thermometer permits our lakes and rivers to be devoted to other sports than skating, ice-boating, and the like.

J. M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Write to Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. 2. "It is Never Too Late to Mend" by Charles Reade, can be obtained through any bookseller, and may also be found in the "Seaside" or "Franklin Square" libraries.

ARGOSY, Boston, Mass. 1. We have all the nos. of vols. III and IV, and will send either volume, unbound, for \$2. 2. Vol. III contains serials by Horatio Alger, Frank A. Munsey, George H. Coomer, Edward S. Ellis, Mrs. Mary A. Denison, and others.

NEENAH AMATEUR, Neenah, Wis. 1. William T. Adams, Dorchester, Mass.; Horatio Alger, Jr., 52 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York. 2. A postmaster cannot refuse to enter a paper as second class matter if it fulfills the legal conditions. 3. Full information can be found in the Postal Guide, page 682.

E. F. R., Ashland, Ill. 1. We have no catalogue of stories published in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. 2. We mentioned last week that Deerfoot the Shawano appeared in "Camp-fire and Wigwam" and "Footprints in the Forest," published in the ARGOSY; and we should have added "The Lost Trail," which ran from no. 68 to no. 81.

W. G. Alamo, Ind. As the ARGOSY employs only experienced authors, we would not advise you to submit the MS. you mention. To give a recipe for story-writing, as one would for the making of a pie or pudding, would be impossible. An author, besides knowing how to write correctly spelled and grammatically constructed English, must also be a man of wide taste, experience, and originality of thought.

CLIPPER GRAVES, Buffalo, N. Y. 1. Setting aside shaving, the only method of removing hair from the face without injury to the skin is a troublesome and expensive electric process. 2. This matter has long since been settled, and each contestant received a prize. 3. We have now under consideration the publication of a new premium list. 4. To make mullage, mix pure dextrine—obtainable at any drug store—with boiling water until it assumes the desired consistency.

F. T. L., Webster, Mass. 1. "The Lost Trail" began in no. 68, and ended in no. 81; "Camp-fire and Wigwam" ran from no. 98 to no. 113; "Helping Himself" from no. 104 to no. 121; "Work and Win" from no. 70 to no. 84. 2. The other story you mention did not appear in the ARGOSY. 3. "The Boy Broker," by Frank A. Munsey, will begin in no. 218. 4. Many thanks for your complimentary words regarding our paper, and the work it is doing.

AN ADMIRER, New York City. I. Deerfoot was a character in the "Pioneer Series." See our answer to E. F. R. 2. Mr. Alger has written nine or ten serials for the ARGOSY. Among the recent ones were "Facing the World," "Struggling Upward," and "In a New World." 3. Mr. Pitman has written two serials for us, and is now engaged upon a third. "Who Shall be the Heir" was Annie Ashmore's first serial in the ARGOSY, but, we hope, not her last.

EXCHANGES.

R. P. Purifoy, Furman, Ala. "Harry Pinkerton," for best offer.

H. H. Fish, Neenah, Wis. will exchange his monthly paper for any other periodical.

M. B. Poole, P. O. Box 576, Janesville, Wis. Coins and stamps of all nations, for the same. Send list.

H. Hofins, Grove City, Pa. A History of the World, and other books and story papers, for offers.

F. C. Donahue, Box 146 Cohoes, N. Y. A collection of 625 postage stamps, for old coins and medals.

W. C. Heinrich, Wapakoneta, O. A pair of Vineyard all claim roller skates, for an opera glass, or offers.

H. McDermott, 152 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Nos. 179 to 208 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for the best offer of rubber type.

W. B. Murray, 25 Willow Street, Lynn, Mass., would like to exchange postmarks or stamps with any one in the South or West.

Charles A. Shettel, 34 North Beaver St., York, Pa. Complete castings for an engine, with 4 inch stroke, 2 inch bore, about 5-8 horse power (simply castings not finished), a number of machinist's tools, a Baltimorean no. 1 hand making press, chase 2-1/2 by 4 inches, and two fonts of brier type, with furni-

ture, "Hunting Adventures in Northern Chili," and "Ages' Mastery of the Pen," for a first-rate piccolo, B flat cornet, or musical instruments. G. S. Moore, Mt. Airy, Iowa. A good B flat piccolo, with 4 silver-plated keys, for a good fountain pen with gold point; "Waterman's Ideal" preferred.

M. V. Samuels, 713 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. Stamps, for stamps; 100 different postmarks from California, for every 2 special delivery stamps.

W. H. Finley, Fredericktown, Mo. Twenty-three consecutive nos. of St. Nicholas, 7 of The Century, and minerals, together or separately, for the best offer of books, magazines, papers, or minerals. All letters answered.

N. A. Baldwin, 75 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Boy Travelers" and "Gladys the Reaper," for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound.

Charlie Matthews, Box 359, Butler, Pa. A pair of nickel-plated roller skates, valued at five dollars, and a pair of Barney and Berry's ice skates, for the best offer of a telegraph instrument.

George C. Hill, 93 Hudson Street, Boston, Mass. An automatic pen and pencil combined, an automatic pen, a set of sleeve buttons, and a watch charm, for a stylographic pen, a fountain pen, or a scarf pin.

Henry C. Powers, 1110 Vandeventer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. A self-inking printing press and outfit, with 6 or 7 fonts of type, in good order, for a B-flat cornet and instructor. Write before sending.

A. F. Weber, Salamanca, N. Y. "Ned on the River" and "Ned in the Woods," by Ellis; "Our Western Border," and other books, including many school books, for "Houston's Chemistry," "Leighton's School History of Rome," a history of Greece, and Latin books, Frieze's "Virgil's Eclogues" especially desired. Only books in good condition sent and accepted.

H. G. Green, Salamanca, N. Y. A foot-power Novelty printing press, chase 10-1/2 by 6 I-2, with 15 fonts of type, 20 cases, composing stick, leads, etc., to exchange. Send stamp for particulars.

William Klapetzky, 156 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y. A complete set of Chas. Dickens's works, 6 vols. of 600 pages each, for the best offer. W. Downs, 27 Clarke Street, Chambersburg, Trenton, N. J. Vol. V, VI or VII of Golden Days, for a telescope or a full-sized dark lantern.

Charlie K. Kirkbride, Woodbury, N. J. Vols. IV (1 no. missing), V and VI of Golden Days, for any 3 vols. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Wm. O. Christmas, 805 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. A foot-power scroll saw, vols. III to VII of Golden Days, a jointed fishing rod and reel, and a pair of nickel-plated club ice skates, 10-1/2 inches, whole valued at \$40, for a 42, 44 or 46 bicycle, steel spokes and rubber tire; or any 2 vols. of Golden Days, for "The Gunboat Series," by Castlemon. All letters answered.

A. H. Muller, 78 Rogers Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of two pound Indian clubs, with instruction book, a collection of 400 stamps, and a miniature engine, for a bound vol. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY or Golden Days prior to the fourth of either.

Robert E. Day, 79 Orange Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. A volume of Youth's Companion, a pair of 10-inch club skates, a Shanghai newspaper, and 10 "Seaside Libraries," for the best offer of a pair of ladies' ice skates.

B. B. McAvoy, 203 Calhoun Street, Trenton, N. J. 175 different tin tags for any 2 of the "Gunboat Series," "Rocky Mountain Series," or "Frank Nelson Series," by Castlemon, except the "Boy Traders" and "Frank at Don Carlos."

F. E. Reynolds, Cortland, N. Y. 500 different postmarks, cut square, for Golden Days, vol. IV, first 9 nos., and vol. VIII, first 3 nos.

M. J. Hollinger, Copley, O. 100 nos. of Youth's Companion, foreign stamps, Indian relics, etc., for other youth's papers.

William Bunning, 7 Murray Street, New York City. "Poems of America" and a French fairy tale, for one bound or two unbound vols. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. City and Brooklyn offers only.

C. H. Taylor, 246 Park Avenue, Hoboken, N. J. Sixty rare foreign stamps, or a set of Confederate bills, for a "colored" wig—size of hat no. 7.

George Fijux, 83 East 111th Street, New York. A bob sleigh, with break, steerer, bell, and 2 dark lanterns, to hold 12 persons (valued at \$20), a printing press and type, a pair of Indian clubs, a pair of dumb bells and instruction book, a violin, bow and box (valued at \$30), a pair of nickel-plated roller skates, to fit any size shoe (valued at \$10), and a vol. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for a handsome nickel-plated bicycle, not under 48 inches.

Vernon A. Allen, Sycamore, Ills. Interior, war, navy, post office, and other department stamps, used and unused, for minerals, curiosities, and Indian relics.

J. Anderson, Jr., Box 209, College Springs, Iowa. A collection of 600 stamps, many rare, valued at \$10, for coins, printing material, or a press; also original stories to be given to the publishers of amateur papers, for subscriptions and advertising space. MS. mailed on approval. Write for particulars, and publishers send samples.

Arthur R. Drake, 3423 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 500 mixed stamps, 500 different postmarks, Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and 50 different tin tags, for the "Sailor Boy" and "Yankee Middy," or any two other books by Optic, or "Frank on a Gunboat" and "Frank on the Lower Mississippi," by Castlemon.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR softens the Cough, relieves the windpipe and bronchial tubes of mucus, tones the lungs and membranes of the throat, and restores to the organs of respiration their natural strength and vigor.

Pike's Toothache Drops relieve in 1 Minute.—Adv.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.—Adv.

Success.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat troubles. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.—Adv.



COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME.

In the category of luxuries there is none among the number at once so harmless, inexpensive and gratifying to the senses as a perfectly prepared perfume. COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME for the Handkerchief satisfies the most exacting and fastidious.

INK Recipes for 100 different kinds of ink sent for 10 two cent P. O. stamps. STANDARD INK CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL FREE! 51 Scrap Pictures, 49 Colored Removable Figures, 250 Album Verses, 250 Riddles & Conundrums, Games of Fox & Geese & Nine Penny Morris, 1 Book of Kensington and other Stitches, 1 Set Funny Cards, and 10c. for Postage, etc. to H. B. Chad Co., Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

REV. T. P. CHILDS Will effectually and permanently CURE any case of Catarrh or Bronchitis, no matter how desperate. The Treatment is local as well as constitutional. Can only be got at Troy, O. We desire to treat those who have TRIED other remedies WITHOUT SUCCESS. Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, O.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

Advertisement for LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC SOAP, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its benefits for skin and hair.



THE OLD SLED VERSUS THE NEW TOBOGGAN - VICTORY OF TOMMY ON THE FORMER.

A SPANISH BONANZA KING.

THERE are more rich self-made men in this country than any other, and it is a fact of which we may well be proud. It shows the boundless resources of our land, and the possibilities that America offers to every persevering worker. But there are self-made men in every country. Nothing can wholly suppress the ambitions poor man.

In Spain, where the class barriers are very strict, and the poor are likely to always remain poor, there is a man with a history as romantic as that of Bonanza Mackay.

He is now called the Marquis of Almanzora. Thirty years ago he was a common laborer in a mine, working for 30 cents a day (the average rate of wages paid in Spain for ordinary workmen). To-day he has an income of \$400,000 a year, or \$2,000,000.

He saved up a little money out of his scant wages, induced two or three of his companions to join him, and they located a mine. Although ignorant, he had good judgment of the value of a mine. Success attended their efforts, and after a time the future marquis bought out his companions. He is one of the richest men in Spain to-day. He bought the title of marquis to please his wife, a few years ago, and she rewarded him by moving to Paris and trying to spend his income.

The marquis gets little good out of his wealth. He works almost as hard in the mines as he did when he was only receiving 30 cents a day. Near his principal mine is a desert about twenty miles across. It is as dry as a bone, and nothing will grow there except cactus. In the center of this place he has built a magnificent residence. He hasn't a neighbor within ten miles, and water has to be carried there in buckets. He is not happy, and is painfully economical in his own habits.

WALKED AND BEAT THE TRAIN.

THE late H. M. Hoxie, who was so conspicuous in the strike on the Southwestern railroads, was an assistant superintendent of the Union Pacific in the early days of the road. On one occasion, says the *Omaha World*, when the line was completed a short distance beyond Kearney, Mr. Hoxie had been out to the end, and was returning. The roadbed was naturally very rough, and the progress of all trains necessarily very slow. Somewhere west of Kearney a tramp boarded Mr. Hoxie's train, and attempted to work the conductor for a free ride to Omaha. The conductor resisted his plea, but his importunities became so pressing and pathetic that he was finally referred to Mr. Hoxie.

"Let you ride to Omaha for nothing?" said he, when application was made to him. "No. When we get to the next station the conductor will put you off."

The order was strictly obeyed, and the discomfited tramp forced out of the car and on to the depot platform at Kearney. To say that Mr. Hoxie was surprised when, upon alighting from the train at Omaha, the first person that he encountered was the identical tramp, would be to put it very mildly.

"How did you get here?" inquired the official.

The tramp tenderly and mysteriously caught Mr. Hoxie's sleeve and pulled him around behind the car and out of the hearing of the crowd. "I didn't want to give your old

road away to the mob," said the tramp—"I walked."

TOWNS ON THE LINE.

In England, the saloons, or public houses, as they are called there, are allowed to open their doors during certain hours on Sunday. In Wales the law closes them from Saturday night to Monday morning. Now we remember visiting two little towns which lie on opposite banks of the river Dee, which there forms the boundary between England and Wales; and the two are joined by a bridge over the stream. On Sunday afternoon, we grieve to state, the unregenerate Welshmen cross in crowds from the "dry" to the "wet" side of the river.

This calls to mind a town on the line between Iowa and Missouri, mentioned by the *Chicago Herald*.

It rejoices in the name of Lineville, and the State boundary runs through the middle of the main street. This fact causes another division, for one-half of the town is prohibition, while the other believes in license and liquor. The Missouri side of the main thoroughfare presents an unbroken line of saloons, while sobriety and industry thrive across the way.

When an Iowa man wishes to treat his neighbor, however, he says: "Come over into Missouri with me," and they cross the street. When he doesn't turn up for supper his wife says: "Johnny, run over into Missouri and tell pap to chop some wood, so I kin bile the potatoes." The man who located that town had a great head.

A HARVARD PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE plans of a Harvard College student who wished to make a good impression on his father were badly upset, according to the *Boston Record*, by some fellow students with a tendency towards practical joking.

Before his father's arrival, the youth spent two full hours in putting his room in order, displaying prominently little souvenirs of love or regard from friends at home, which he knew would be pleasant to see, and putting things generally on dress parade, after which he hid to the station.

An hour later, upon his return, he opened the door, graciously ushered the old gentleman into the apartment, and paused a moment awaiting the sensation. It came like a thunderbolt. Glancing around the room he discovered that the "souvenirs" had been hustled out of sight; books were tossed under the table and other furniture; the mantel was strewn with pipes, tobacco, and empty champagne bottles. A small table in the corner bore evidence of a very recent game of poker. Pictures of ballet girls and actresses adorned the walls; a pair of boxing gloves lay in one chair and a copy of a sensational illustrated paper in another.

Altogether it was a sorry spectacle for a fond father's eyes, although the young man made the best of it, and paternal confidence was quickly restored.

BRIEF INSTRUCTIONS.

CLIVE, whose brilliant generalship gained India for England, was a man of wonderful coolness and composure. On one occasion, says the *Saturday Review*, he was playing whist when he received a letter from Major Ford, commanding a field force, conveying important intelligence. Lord Clive did not interrupt his game, but merely scribbled in pencil: "Dear Ford, fight them at once. I will send you the order in council to-morrow."

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

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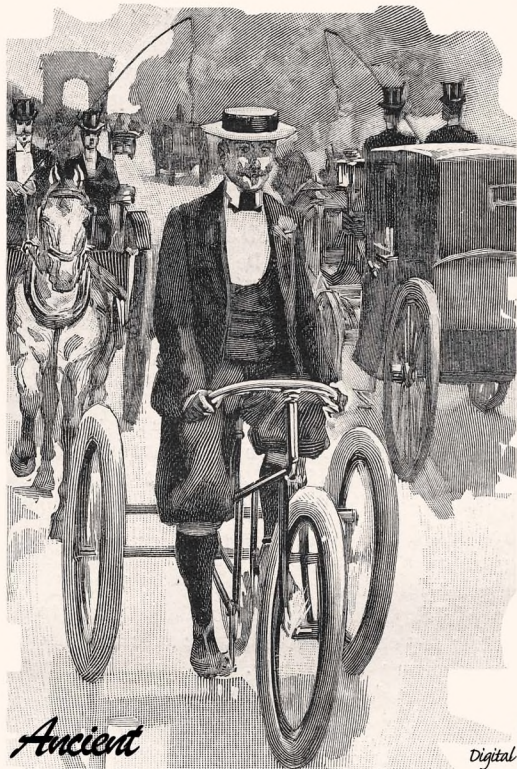
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