

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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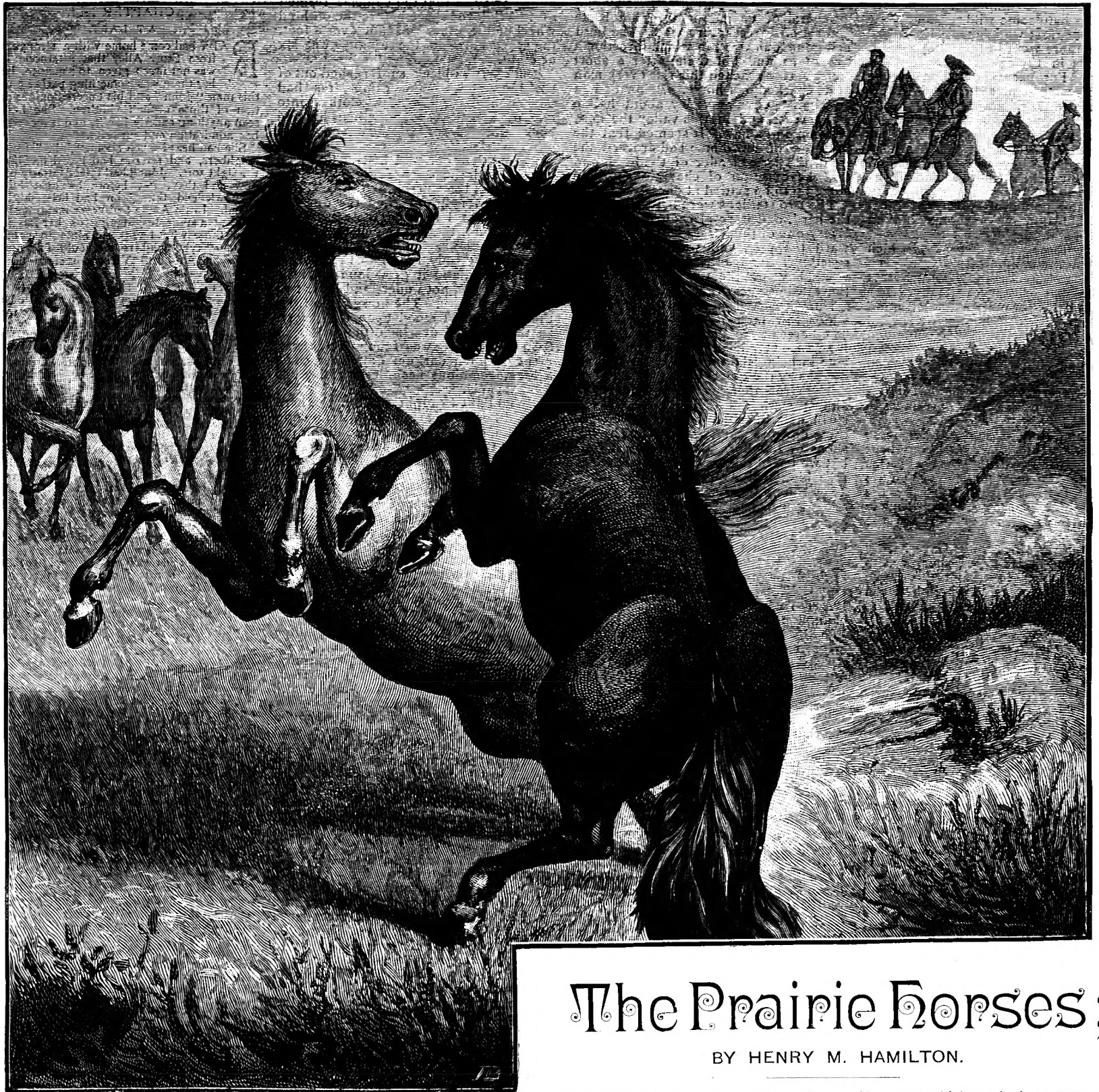
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The Prairie Horses;

BY HENRY M. HAMILTON.

THE PRESENCE OF OUR HORSE HAD AROUSED THE ANGER OF THE SORREL, LEADER OF THE HERD, AND THEY FOUGHT SAVAGELY TO SETTLE THE QUESTION OF CHAMPIONSHIP.

ABOUT thirty years ago I was for some time with a Government surveying party in New Mexico. We had been detailed to map out a section of the great stretch of country ceded to the United States by Mexico not long before, and to fix upon the most suitable location for a frontier post.

The tract which we had to survey was for the most part a rich rolling prairie, lying between two tributaries of the Rio Grande, and watered by many smaller streams. It was in those days a land full of dangers, for it was a favorite stamping ground for those terrors of the Southwest, the Apache Indians.

In consequence, we went in force, and our expedition was a military one. Nominally, indeed, there was just then a truce between the Apaches and the Government; but this only meant that the Indians would not attack a party that was stronger than themselves, and our surveyors never went out without escort. The most thrilling experiences of the season, however, were not caused by hostile redskins, but by something wholly different.

One day we were strung for two or three miles along the bank of a river, on the march and survey. Something was lost by an officer, and one of the troopers was sent back to recover it. Ten minutes later the article supposed to be lost was found in one of the ambulances, and I was sent back to notify the trooper.

He had galloped back to camp, a distance of two miles, and was searching around on foot when I arrived in sight. I was about to fire a shot to attract his attention, when from the cottonwood grove beyond the camp there suddenly appeared a handsome wild stallion.

It was the first wild horse I had seen, although there were in those days many large herds in the district we were then entering. For years later there were plenty of wild ponies on the Western plains, but on these New Mexico prairies were much larger animals, some of them measuring seventeen hands in height and weighing thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds. They had been seldom disturbed by white hunters, and whenever the Indians wanted a supply they selected the ponies in preference, believing that they were sooner broken and would stand harder riding.

Besides these great herds, which would sometimes number one and even two thousand head, single wild horses might be met with occasionally. The reader probably knows what a "rogue" elephant is—one who has been expelled from the herd to which he belonged on account of his ugly and vicious temper. These lone horses are also termed "rogues" for precisely the same reason. They are very savage, and at times prove to be very dangerous customers to deal with.

In the present instance, the horse charged upon the soldier, evidently bent on mischief. The trooper's horse was grazing, and the man had his eyes on the ground. I was so astonished by the sudden charge of the rogue that I made no move to stop him or to warn the trooper.

Indeed, a warning could hardly have reached him in time. His back was to the approaching horse, and the rogue seized him in his teeth by a hold between the shoulders and dragged him twenty rods before flinging him to one side. Then he started for the cavalry horse, which stood with head up facing him, and I got my revolver out and spurred forward.

I was yet a quarter of a mile away when the rogue reached his second victim. He ran at full speed, with ears back and lips parted to show his teeth, and the sight was too much for the domestic animal. He was on the point of turning to fly when the other collided with him.

It was as if a locomotive had struck him. He went down in a heap and rolled over and over four or five times before he brought up, while the rogue took a half circle to bear down upon the trooper again.

The soldier was on his feet again and limping off; but he would have been a dead man had I been further away. I rode across the rogue's path and opened fire upon him, and after shaking his head in an ugly way he galloped into the grove and disappeared. The trooper's horse was seriously injured. The man himself had neither scratch nor bruise; but although he was a brave and tough campaigner, and had been in several Indian fights, he was so overcome by the shock that I had to carry him back to camp, and he was on the sick list for a week.

A few days later the party was camped near the Bonita river. We had with us two ambulances, four or five wagons, and sixty or seventy horses and mules. These last were staked out to graze at a little distance from the camp. Suddenly, and with hardly a moment's warning, there was a trembling of the earth, a

thundering clatter of hoofs, and a drove of fully five hundred wild horses came charging around a heavily wooded point directly toward us.

The stream in front of our camp was about two feet deep and ran over a bed of gravel, and the horses were probably in the habit of coming here to drink. The herd was led by a sorrel stallion of magnificent look and limb, and was going at such a pace that the leaders were among our animals before a man of us moved.

It was well that we were all together. Every man rushed for the horses, yelling and shouting to drive the intruders away, but when they went two of our mules and a horse went with them. The horse was a five year old stallion, worth at least five hundred dollars, and his flight created intense dismay in the camp. The mules would not be allowed to join the herd, and could be picked up after they had tried their legs a little, but the horse might never be seen again.

Several of us mounted in hot haste and set off to recapture him. The herd had gone due west, in which direction a rise of ground hid them after a short run. As we reached this rise every man of us checked his horse. Below us was an almost circular valley about half a mile across, and in this valley the herd had come to a halt. It seemed that the presence of our horse had aroused the ire of the sorrel leader of the herd, and that the question of championship had come up to be settled at once.

The two stallions were between us and the herd, and were already skirmishing. Every one of the horses had his head toward the pair, and was an interested spectator. At any other time our presence would have put them to flight, but under the circumstances they gave us no heed. Now occurred a combat the like of which few men have ever witnessed. The horses were pretty evenly matched for size. Our champion had an advantage in being shod, but to offset this the sorrel was the quicker.

The rivals approached until their noses almost met, and then reared up with shrill neighs, struck at each other, and came down to wheel and kick. The iron shoes of our horse hit nothing but air, but we heard the double thud of the sorrel's hind feet as he sent them home. They ran off to wheel and come together again and repeat the same tactics, and again our horse got the worst of it.

He was a headstrong, high strung beast, and his temper was now up. When he wheeled the third time he came back with a rush, screaming out in his anger. The sorrel turned end for end like a flash to use his heels, but our champion dodged the kicks and seized him by the shoulder with his teeth. There was a terrific struggle, and then they backed into each other and kicked with fury for a few seconds. Every hoof hit something solid, but the iron shoes of our horse scored a point in his favor. When they separated we could see that the sorrel had been badly used, especially about the legs.

When the horses wheeled for the third time, both were bent on mischief. As they came together they reared up like dogs and struck at each other, and for five minutes they were scarcely off their hind feet. Some hard blows were exchanged, and our horse had the best of the round. Indeed, when the sorrel wheeled and ran away he had his head down, and we expected to see him give up the combat.

But the wild horse was not defeated yet. Indeed, he had run away for the moment to adopt new tactics. When he moved up again he was the picture of ferocity. He came at full speed, reared, and struck right and left, and the second blow knocked our horse flat.

It was a knock out blow. The victor stood over the vanquished for a moment, watching for a movement, but as none was made he joined the herd, and all went off at a gallop. It was five minutes before our horse staggered to his feet, and he wanted no more fighting. He had three bad bites about the shoulders, and his legs were skinned in a dozen places, and it was a week before he got his spirit back.

Our adventures with horses were not ended yet. One day in July, one of the hunters rode into camp just before

dark, bringing some game and the news that a herd of at least fifteen hundred wild horses were grazing three or four miles to the west of us. This was on the other side of the Bonita river, which just here spread out about two hundred feet wide, and very shallow, over a ledge of rock.

It had been a hot day, with "thunder heads" showing in the sky, but when the sun went down the sky was perfectly clear and all signs pointed to a quiet night. It was just midnight, when the sharpest flash of lightning I ever saw, followed by such a crash of thunder as made the earth groan, tumbled every sleeper in camp out of his blankets.

I was hardly on my feet before there came another flash, followed by another roar. I knew it was going to rain great guns, and I jumped into trousers and boots, and grabbed up the rest of my clothes and made for a wagon only a few feet away. The two wagons were close to each other, but the forward ends pulled away so that the vehicles formed a V. While the space before the off hind wheel of the other was not over a foot, the space between the tongues was six or eight.

The sky was black as I rushed out of the tent, and all the camp fires had burned low. I flung my clothes into one of the wagons, and then hurried back and got my weapons and some other articles.

During this time the heavens seemed aflame, and the earth fairly rocked, so terrible was the storm. Men were shouting, horses neighing, and the din was awful, but as I reached the wagon the second time there came a sound to drown all others.

It was a steady roar like the rush of great waves, and it grew louder all the time. I could not understand it for two or three minutes. The noise came from the west, and I stood upon the wagon so that I could overlook the tents. A flash of lightning was followed by a moment of pitch darkness, and then came a long, tremulous flash, lasting three or four seconds.

By its light I caught sight of the herd of wild horses bearing down upon us in a mad mob, and just as the lightning ceased they entered the stream. The splash of the waters had the sound of breakers, and though I shouted a warning at the top of my voice no one could have heard me twenty feet away.

Next moment that terror stricken herd was in camp, while the clouds opened and the rain came down in torrents. I scrambled back into the wagon, and what I saw during the next ten minutes can never be forgotten. The frightened horses leaped over the tents, or ran against them, fell over guy ropes, bumped against the wagons, and all the time each one kept up a wild neighing.

As the first of the herd got through our camp to the wagons, two of them entered the V shaped space and others kept them crowded in there.

There were four or five lassoes and a dozen spare lariats in my wagon, and when I saw that the entrapped horses were making no move to get out I picked up a noosed rope, lifted the side cover of the wagon, and had the noose over the head of one in three seconds. The one behind him tried to turn when I sought to noose him, but hit his heels against something and twisted back toward me until my hand touched his nose as I slipped the noose over.

Then I made the other ends fast, got out the lassoes, and, standing on the front of the wagon, I noosed three more horses inside of five minutes. It was no trick at all, for they were pressed right up to the wagon by the weight of those behind, and the awful war of the elements tamed them.

The herd was ten minutes working through the camp, and as they cleared it they took away every horse and mule that we had. Every tent was prostrated, much of our provisions and ammunition destroyed, and one ambulance smashed to pieces. One man was killed and three were injured by the rush of horses.

As an offset a waggoner had lassoed two. I had five, and two more had hobbled themselves with tent ropes. In the course of the day we got all our animals back but one old mule, and managed to repair damages; and the rest of our expedition proved uneventful,

SPRING WITHIN.

BY JOHN HOGGREN

It comes again, thrilling each sense in turn!
We strain the eye to see, the ear to hear;
It sickens in each sense and dies of fear,
Yet leaves the spirit tipree set to learn.
We, wondering, look on all sides to discern
Aught of its leaving; turning quick to peer
Into the byways of the soul, crying, "Who goes
here?"
But answer comes not, though the temples burn.
What is it? Who can tell? But this we feel,
The moment is as though a rich new birth
Fought with the old to give us liberty:—
The pulse of newness makes the senses reel,
The long loved past is as a dream, and earth,
Ocean and sky are quick with mystery!

[This story commenced in No. 270.]

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

AT LAST.

RABY had come home with a strange story from Storr Alley that afternoon. She was not much given to romance, but to her there was something pathetic about this man "John" and his unceremonious adoption of those orphan children. She had not seen anything exactly like it, and it moved both her admiration and curiosity.

She had heard much about "John" from the neighbors, and all she had heard had been of the right sort. Jonah had talked bitterly of him now and then, but before he died he had acknowledged that John had been his only friend. Little Annie had never mentioned him without a smile brightening on her face; and even those who had complaints to pour out about everybody all round, could find nothing to say about him. Yet she seemed destined never to see him.

Little Tim, when she had entered the attic that morning and found the two desolate babies in possession, had replied, in answer to her natural inquiry, "John ran away; he's afraid of you; he don't like ladies. He's coming back." She stayed and did what she could for the friendless orphans, and tried to brighten the room by a few feminine touches. She half hoped he might return before she had done, but he did not; and when she left, the baby was asleep on the bed, and Tim perched on his look out at the window seat, where Jeffreys found them ten minutes later.

"Perhaps," suggested her father, to whom she narrated her adventures, "your shy friend has his reasons for keeping in the background. He may be an amiable criminal in hiding."

"A criminal could not look after two stray babies like that," said Raby.

"Well, it is curious and interesting. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' you know. So the unknown John, whatever he is, is a brother, and deserves to be respected. I hope his shyness, however, may not take the very awkward turn which Jeffreys's has. Wilkins tells me he took fright directly even my name was introduced; and he wouldn't be surprised if he disappears altogether now."

"Oh, father! Then we have really done more harm than good?"

"That's a cheerless way of putting it. He has promised to call again next week, and if nothing occurs to terrify him meanwhile, he may still do it. But Wilkins says there seems no getting at him. He will talk about Forrester, but when he comes to himself, he shuts up like a snail into his shell."

The next day, at her usual time, Raby turned her steps to Storr Alley. Groups of people stood about in the court, and it was evident, since she was last there, something unwonted had happened. A fireman's helmet, at the other end of the alley, in the passage leading to Driver's Court, told its own tale; and if that was not enough, the smell of fire and the bundles of rags and broken furniture which blocked up the narrow pathway, were sufficient evidence.

The exiles from Driver's stared hard at the young lady as she made her way through the crowd; but the people of Storr Alley treated her as a friend, and she had no lack of information as to the calamity of the preceding night.

"Bless you!" said the woman who lived in Jeffreys's tenement, "it was a proper flare up! Three 'ouses burnt out afore the ingins come; and then they couldn't do nothink for the crowds!"

"And was any one killed, or hurt?" asked Raby.

"Killed! yes! three or four they say. But, bless you, I don't know nothink of them Driver's people. Don't you have nothink to do with 'em, missy. They ain't decent folk, like us. Look at 'em! There's a nice mess they're making our alley in! Why can't they take their 'ooks somewheres else? We don't want 'em, I'm sure. Yes, and there'd 'ave been one more dead if it 'adn't been for our John to get him out. More'n any of them would 'a done for us; tipsy brutes! that's what they is, and they ought to block up that there passage way, the Bord o' Works ought, and let 'em keep themselves to themselves; we don't want 'em, I'm sure!"

When she paused for breath, Raby inquired; "And did John save somebody's life?"

"Yus; a bloomin' cripple, as bad as the rest of 'em, you can take your davy, if he'd 'ad the chance! And there's John that bruised and hurt it's a disgrace to see, and 'im bein' so good to them babies, too, and all that!"

Raby heard her out. There was a lot more to tell. Then she said:

"Well, I dare say I shall see you again, Mrs. Brook. I'll call and see some of my friends now."

"You'd best give a look in at John's. It's my notion things is queer up there."

Raby paid several visits on her way up. Then, with some trepidation, she knocked at the door of the garret.

There was no reply from within till she turned the handle, and said:

"May I come in?"

Then a voice replied:

"Yes, if you like," and she entered.

It was a strange scene which met her eyes as she did so.

A lad was stretched on the bed awake, but motionless, regarding with some anxiety a baby who slumbered, nestling close to his side. On the floor, curled up, with his face to the wall, lay a man, sleeping heavily; while Tim, divided in his interest between the stranger on the bed and the visitor at the door, stood like a little watch dog suddenly put on his guard.

"May I come in?" said Raby again, timidly.

"Here she is!" cried Tim, running to her: "John's asleep, and he," pointing to the figure on the bed, "can't run about."

"Correct, Timothy," said the youth referred to, "I can't—hullo!"

This last exclamation was caused by his catching sight of Raby at the door. He had expected a lodger; but what was this apparition?

"Please come in," said he, bewildered; "it's a shocking room to ask you into, and—Timothy, introduce me to your friend."

Raby smiled; and how the crippled lad thought it brightened the room!

"Tim and I are friends," said she, lifting up the child to give him a kiss. "I'm afraid you are very badly hurt. I heard of the fire as I came up."

"No, I'm all right; I'm never very active. In fact, I can only move my hands and my head, as Timothy says. I can't run, I'm a cripple. I shouldn't be anything if it wasn't for Jeff. Hullo, Jeff! Wake up, old man!"

Raby started and turned pale as she raised her hand to prevent his waking the sleeper.

"No, please, don't wake him; what did you say his name was?"

"Jeffreys—John Jeffreys—commonly called Jeff. He hauled me out of the fire last night, and guessed as little at the time who I was as I guessed who he was. I can't believe it yet. It's like a—"

"You haven't told me your name," said Raby, faintly.

"Gerrard Forrester, at your service. Hullo, I say, are you ill? Hi! Jeff, wake up, old man; you're wanted."

Raby had only time to sink to a chair and draw Tim to her, when Jeffreys suddenly woke and rose to his feet.

"What is it, Forrester, old fellow? anything wrong?" said he, springing to the bedside.

"I don't know what's the matter—look behind you."

CHAPTER XLII.

FORRESTER'S STORY.

"WHY did she cry?" asked Tim, presently, when she had gone. "I know; because of that ugly man," added he, pointing to Forrester.

"Excuse me, young man, I have the reputation of being good looking; that cannot have been the reason. But, Jeff, I'm all in a dream. Who is she? and how comes she to know you and me? And, as Timothy pertinently remarks, 'Whence these tears?' Tell us all about it before the baby wakes."

Jeffreys told him. The story was the history of his life since he had left Bolsover; and it took long to tell, for he passed over nothing.

"Poor old man," said Forrester, when it was done; "what a lot you have been through!"

"Have I not deserved it? That day at Bolsover—"

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't go back to that. You know it was an accident, and what was not an accident was the fault of my own folly. That night I awoke and saw you standing at the door I knew that you had already suffered as much as I had."

"That was the last time I saw you. You forgot I have still to hear what happened to you afterwards."

"It's pretty easily told. But I say, Jeff, what did you say her name was?"

"Raby Atherton," said Jeffreys, smiling. This was about the twentieth time the boy had broken in with some question about her. "She is the daughter of your guardian, Colonel Atherton, who was your father's comrade in Afghanistan. Some day she will tell you the story of a battle out there which will make you proud of being Captain Forrester's son. But I want to hear about you."

"Just one minute. Then you knew she visited about here, but she had no idea you were here."

"No, none."

"Why didn't you let her know?"

"Oh, that's a long story too," said Jeffreys, coloring.

"And an interesting one also, I guess," said Forrester. "Anyhow you want to hear about—hang the baby, he's awake!"

It was all up with story telling that day. The baby took a lot of pacifying, and after him Tim, who had felt out of it all the morning, turned crusty on their hands.

It was dark before peace reigned once more, and then Forrester told his story:

"I was taken home to Grangerham, you know. My grandmother was ill at the time, and just starting south, so I was left in charge of my old nurse. She was an awful brick to me, was that old soul, and I don't believe I know yet all she did and put up with for me."

"The doctors at Grangerham couldn't make anything of me. One said I'd be cutting about again in a few weeks, and another said I'd be buried in a few days. It's hard to decide when doctors disagree at that rate, and old Mary gave it up, and did what was the best thing—kept me quietly at home. Of course we thought that my grandmother had written to my father, but she hadn't, so he can't have heard for ages. We heard of my grandmother's death presently, and then made the pleasant discovery that she had died in debt, and that the furniture of the house was hired. That pulled Mary and me up short. She had saved a little, and I believe she spent every penny of that to get me up to London to a hospital. I didn't have a bad time of it there for a month or two. I was considered an interesting case, and had all sorts of distinguished fellows to come and look at me, and I lived like a fighting cock all the time. I found, as long as I lay flat, and didn't get knocked about, I was really pretty comfortable, and, what was more, I could use my hands. That was no end of a blessing. I had picked up a few ideas about drawing, you know, at Bolsover, and found now I could do pretty well at it. I believe some of my sketches at the Middlesex were thought well of. Mary came to see me nearly every day. I could see she was getting poorer and poorer, and when at last I was discharged, the rooms she took me to were about as poor as they could be to be respectable."

"I'd hardly been back a week, when, one day after going out to try to sell some of my sketches, she came home ill, and died quite suddenly. I was all up a tree then—no money, no friends, no legs. I wrote to Frampton, but he can't have got my letter. Then I got threatened with eviction, and all but left out in the street, when the person old Mary had sold my sketches to called round and ordered some more. I didn't see him, but a brute of a woman who lived in the house did, and was cute enough to see she could make a good thing out of me. So she took possession of me, and ever since then I've been a prisoner, cut off from the outside world as completely as if I had been in a dungeon, grinding out pictures for the dozen, and never seeing a farthing of what they fetched, except in the food which Black Sal provided to keep me alive. Now and then, in an amiable mood, she would get me a newspaper; and once I had to illustrate a cheap edition of Cook's voyages, and of course had the book to go by. But she never let me write to anybody, or see anybody, and mounted guard over me as jealously as if I had been a veritable goose that laid golden eggs."

"You know the rest. We got turned out when they pulled down the old place, and took refuge in Driver's Alley, a nice, select neighborhood; and there you found me, old man."

"Think of being near one another so long," said Jeffreys, "and never knowing it."

"Ten to one that's exactly what my guardian's daughter is observing to herself at this moment. I say, Jeff, compared with Driver's Court, this is a palatial apartment, and you are a great improvement on Black Sal; but, for all that, don't you look forward to seeing a little civilization—to eating with a fork, for instance, and—oh, Jeff, it will be heavenly to wear a clean collar!"

Jeffreys laughed.

"Your two years' troubles haven't cast out the spirit of irreverence, youngster," said he.

"It is jolly to hear myself called youngster," said the boy, in a parenthesis; "it reminds me of the good old days."

"Before Bolsover?" said Jeffreys, sadly.

"Look here! If you go back to that again, and pull any more of those long faces, Jeff, I'll be angry with you. Wasn't all that affair perhaps a blessing in the long run? It sent me to a school that's done me more good than Bolsover; and, as for you—well, but for it you'd never have had that sweet visitor this morning."

"Don't talk of that. That is one of the chief drawbacks to my going back into civilization, as you call it."

"A very nice drawback, if it's the only one—"

"It's not; that's another."

"What is that?"

"My babies!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CLOUDLESS SKY.

IT was a strange, happy night, that last in the Storr Alley garret. Jeffreys had begged Raby to let them stay where they were in peace for that day; and she considerably kept their council till the morning. Then she told her father the strange story.

"Two birds with one stone, and such a stone!" ejaculated the bewildered colonel.

"Four birds, father—there are two babies as well."

"Whew!" said the colonel, "what a holiday I am having!"

"Poor father," said the girl, "it's too bad." "Oh, well. The more the merrier. What's to be done now? We'd better charter a coach and four and a brass band, and go and fetch them home in state. If they'd wait till tomorrow we would have up a triumphal arch, too."

"How frivolous you are, father! We must get them away with as little fuss as possible. I arranged with Mr. Jeffreys that he would bring Mr. Forrester here in a cab this morning."

"And the babies?"

"He will go back for them afterwards."

"Well, as you like; but what about Percy and the Rimbolts?"

"Percy was to go out of town today, you know, and will not be back till tomorrow. By that time we shall be able to find out what Mr. Jeffreys would like best."

"Oh, very good. We'll wait till his Royal Highness signifies his pleasure, and meanwhile our relatives and friends must be avoided—that's what you mean."

"No," said Raby, coloring; "but you know how easily frightened he is."

The colonel laughed pleasantly.

"All right, Raby; they shall be let down as easily as you like. Now shall I be in the way when they come, or shall I make myself scarce? And, by the way, I must go at once and get a perambulator and feeding bottles, and all that sort of thing. How many times a day am I to be sent out to take them for walks?"

"You're too silly for anything," said Raby, dutifully.

She was grateful to him for making things so easy, and for covering her own ill disguised embarrassment by this adroit show of frivolity.

There was no frivolity in the manner in which the gallant soldier welcomed his old comrade's son, when, an hour later, he entered the house, borne in the strong arms of his friend. A couch was ready for him, and everything was made as simple and homelike as possible. Jeffreys stayed long enough to help the boy into the civilized garments provided for him, and then quietly betook himself once more to Storr Alley.

The curiosity roused by the departure of "Black Sal's Forrester" in a cab was redoubled when, late that afternoon, Jeffreys was seen walking out of the alley with the baby in one arm, and Tim holding on to the other. He had considered it best to make no public announcement of his departure. If he had, he might have found it more difficult than it was to take the important step. As it was, he had to run the gauntlet of a score of inquisitive idlers, who were by no means satisfied with the assurance that he was going to give the children an airing.

The general opinion seemed to be that he was about to take the children to the poor-house, and a good deal of odium was worked up in consequence. Some went so far as to say he was going to sell or drown the infants; and others, Driver's Alley refugees, promised him a warm reception if he returned without them.

He neither returned with nor without them. They saw him no more. But it was given to the respectable inhabitants of a crescent near Regent's Park, about half an hour later, to witness the spectacle of a big young man, carrying a small baby in his arms, and a big one on his shoulder—for Tim had turned restive on his hands—walk solemnly along the footpath till he reached the door of Colonel Atherton's, where he rang.

The colonel and Raby had a queer tea party that evening. When the meal was ended, Jeffreys was called upon to put his infants to bed, and a wonderful experience to those small mortals was the warm bath and feather bed to which they were severally introduced. Jeffreys was thankful that the baby was restless, and gave him an excuse for remaining in retirement most of the evening. At length, however, silence reigned; and he had no further call to tarry.

Entering the parlor, he perceived almost with a shock that Mr. Rimbolt was there. He had called in accidentally, and had just been told the news.

"My dear fellow," said he, as he took his old librarian's hand, "how we have longed for this day!"

Raby and her father were occupied with Forrester, and Jeffreys and his old employer were left undisturbed.

What they talked about I need not repeat. It chiefly had reference to Storr Alley and to Percy.

"He is down at Watford seeing a friend tonight. We expect him back tomorrow morning. How happy he will be! By the way," added Mr. Rimbolt a moment afterwards, "now I remember, there is a train leaves Euston for Overton at 12.30, half an hour after Percy's train comes in. How should you like to meet him, and run down with him for a week or two to Wildtree? He sadly wants a change, and my books sadly want looking after there. You will have the place to yourselves; but perhaps you won't mind that."

Jeffreys flushed with pleasure at this proposal. It was the very programme he would have selected. But for a moment his face clouded as he glanced towards Forrester.

"I don't know whether I ought to leave him."

"He is with his guardian, you know, and could not be in better quarters."

"Then—you know I have—that is, you know—there are two—babies."

Raby, however, when the question was subsequently discussed, expressed herself fully equal to the care of these promising infants un-

til a home could be found for them; and Forrester, for his part, declared that Jeffreys must and should go to Wildtree.

"Can't you see I don't want you any more?" said he. "This sofa's so com'fortable, I'm certain I shall sleep a fortnight straight away, and then my guardian and I have no end of business to talk over, haven't we, guardian? And you'd really be in the way."

So it was settled. The whole party retired early to bed after their exciting day.

Jeffreys slept for the last time between the babies, and could scarcely believe, when he awoke, that he was not still in Storr Alley.

Still less could Tim, when he awoke, realize where he was. For the John he was accustomed to stood no longer in his weather beaten, tattered garments, but in the respectable librarian's suit which he had left behind him at Clarges Street, and which now, by some mysterious agency, found itself transferred to his present room.

Tim resented the change, and bellowed vehemently for the space of an hour, being joined at intervals by his younger brother, and egged on by the mocking laughter of young Forrester, who was enjoying the exhibition from the adjoining chamber.

For once Jeffreys could do nothing with his disorderly infants, and was compelled finally to carry them down, one under each arm, to the sitting room, where Raby came to the rescue, and thus established her claim on their allegiance for a week or so to come.

In a strange turmoil of feeling Jeffreys at midday walked to Euston. Mr. Rimbolt was there with Percy's traveling bag and the tickets, but he did not remain till the train from Watford came in.

"I may be running down to the north myself in about a fortnight," said he; "we can leave business till then—good by."

The train came in at last. Jeffreys could see the boy pacing in a nonchalant way down the platform, evidently expecting anything but this meeting.

His eyes seemed by some strange perversity even to avoid the figure which stood waiting for him; nor was it till Jeffreys quietly stepped in front of him, and said "Percy," that they took him in and blazed forth a delighted recognition.

"Jeff," he said, "you've come back—really?"

"Yes, really."

"To stay—for good?"

"For good, old fellow."

Percy heaved a sigh of mighty content as he slipped his arm into that of his friend. And half an hour later the two were whizzing northwards on their way to Wildtree with their troubles all behind them.

(To be concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention.

We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

W. S. C., Middleburgh, N. Y. Your coin appears to be a counterfeit cent.

C. T., Philadelphia, Pa. We have never published an article on the care of pigeons, but may do so in a future number.

F. E. R., Lynn, Mass. The coinage act of 1873 authorized mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson City, and Denver.

J. H. L. M., Rochester, N. Y. The youngest President at the time of his inauguration was Grant, aged 47; the oldest, Harrison, aged 68.

F. L. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. "How to make a Canvas Canoe" appeared in Nos. 243 and 244 of the Argosy, which will be sent post paid on receipt of 12 cents.

E. WELLS, 215 East 60th St., New York City, would like to hear from boys 5 ft. in height and over, who wish to join Co. A or B, 1st Regiment Hamilton Cadets.

F. S. CORTELYOU, 226 1-2 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. would be glad to hear from boys between 13 and 16 who would join him in forming a military organization in that city.

THE RECRUITING COMMITTEE of Co. A, 1st Artillery, Hamilton Cadets, would like to hear from boys 5 ft. and over. Address Recruiting Committee, Box 80, West Stratford, Conn.

W. B., Galena, Ill. 1. The number of the various typewriters is legion, and some of the cheap ones are servicable instruments. 2. For the other information you need, apply to some agricultural paper.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Hamilton Cadets would like to hear from boys who wish to organize companies in their cities. Address Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Governor's Island, New York City.

BUN NEE, Saratoga, N. Y. 1. We are always ready to examine MSS. submitted to us, but we have room for no contributions but the best. 2. The President nominates ten cadets to West Point. They may hail from any State in the Union. 3. Yale College is situated at New Haven, Conn.

D. J. W., Rochester, N. Y. A candidate for Annapolis need not necessarily have attended a high school; what is required of him is to pass the entrance examination, which is rather a severe one. Any serious physical defect would disqualify him; but bad teeth, we believe, would not be a fatal objection.

R. W. D., Warren, Pa. 1. The tonnage of a ship is the number of tons of merchandise which she is estimated as capable of carrying. The rule by which tonnage is estimated will be found in Webster's Dictionary, under the word "tonnage." 2. "Close hauled" means "kept as near as possible to the wind." 3. We cannot give you the tonnage or fastest speed of your boat; you can determine the one by measurements according to the rule, the other by experiment.

Base Ball—The Pitcher.

BY W. D. MOFFATT.



THE important changes made in the rules respecting the pitcher's position caused last year a good deal of controversy in base ball circles,

and the effects of those changes have been watched with a great deal of interest.

It was a controversy which was virtually to decide whether base ball should be transformed into one man's game or whether the nine as a whole should share the honor and work. In the earlier days of the game the playing devolved upon all players—not equally, for that could rarely happen, but each man, no matter what his position, came in for a fair share of work. The activity of performance during a game runs, as any ball player will know, somewhat in this order. The catcher and pitcher share the greater amount of work. The three base men and short stop stand next, and average up about equally, the second base man perhaps leading in activity. Then come the three fielders, who average about the same.

But with the discovery of curve pitching, an entirely new element was introduced into the game, and it required but a short time to show that it lay in the power of a skillful pitcher to make the game entirely his own. It is not difficult to find games in which fifteen men were put out on strikes, and this with four "assists" by the pitcher leaves only eight men to be put out by the rest of the nine. In such games the outfielders and sometimes the base men are simply interested spectators.

The disadvantage of this soon became apparent; a nine began to rely on their pitcher for victory, and without him their backbone was gone. The changes of last year, however, did much to reestablish the old equality of work, but no amount of change could alter the importance of the pitcher and the necessity of having a clear and cool headed as well as skillful man in the place.

It is the most interesting position in the field. A man may be a good outfielder and give the utmost satisfaction if he can hold fly balls well and return them quickly and accurately at long range; and similarly with the base men, a knowledge of their own position is all that is required of them, but an able and satisfactory man for the pitcher's position must be well posted not only on his own special duties but on those of all the other infielders.

We may show how this works in the following instance. After the first inning or so the pitcher has studied the points of the opposing batters, observed how they stand, and at what kind of balls they strike. When therefore a batter steps into position, the pitcher, looking about the field, gives his signal to the base men, and they arrange their relative positions so as to be best prepared for the expected ball. That surprises sometimes happen is undoubtedly true, for some batters never hit twice alike; but as a rule men bat in as characteristic a way as they walk or talk, and it is remarkable how correctly skillful pitchers can "size up" their man and tell what kind of a ball he will hit. This of course becomes all the easier in the

league games, where, by playing game after game with the same nine, pitchers learn the batters' habits well.

We can remember seeing a pitcher, when there were two men out, turn and signal the outfielders; and then, by delivering a slow ball to a batter whose manner of hitting he knew well, the pitcher got from him the high fly to the outfield which he expected and which was promptly captured.

This leads me to say that a common error amongst pitchers is that of supposing that their duty is if possible to strike all the men out. This is absurd, and leads often to the pitcher overworking and disabling himself, or giving the batter his base on balls. Some batters, and no small number either, cannot be deceived by simple curves. They know when a ball comes over the plate, and they will strike at no other; consequently the pitcher is foolishly wasting his energies in endeavoring to trick such a man by wild curves, and only ends by giving him his base.

Here then comes the secret of the pitcher's greatest art. If a batter can be easily deceived by a curve, well and good. Strike him out. But if he cannot, deliver up a ball in such a manner over the corner of the plate, or a little high or low, so that the umpire feels it his duty to call it a strike if the batter lets it go, and if the batter

second base was running his way around to the home plate, his score of course depending on the fate of the ball still in the air. Readers may imagine the feeling of the pitcher during the moments of suspense during which the ball hung up there and then came buzzing down. He captured it that time, but I will warrant that not many players are as fortunate.

The subject of curve pitching has been well exhausted from the historical as well as the scientific standpoint. Why the ball should curve has been demonstrated many times, and with the amount of dryness which the why and wherefore of a subject often receives. That it does curve is enough for the boy who has all day Saturday to experiment. What he would like, though, is to have some one show him how to do it most effectively.

Well, that is not a difficult matter, but it is well nigh impossible to do it on paper. He could learn little by reading. It is like trying to learn how to sing from a hook, without a teacher.

A few general observations however may be of some assistance. When you have got a teacher to show you the various positions in which to hold the ball, and have learned to get a little curve both out and in, try to deliver the ball for both curves in a similar manner. Don't have a different delivery for every curve.



WAITING FOR A "HIGH FLY."

does hit it, he cannot hit it hard. In other words: Never, if you can help it, give the batter just the kind of ball he most wants, but just near enough to tempt him to strike; and so, as is almost sure to happen, make him strike weakly.

This method is virtually that of making it easy for the fielders to put the batter out, and so of making the most and best use of the rest of the nine. In this manner is the pitcher most efficient; but few can resist the temptation to try to win the glory entirely for themselves by striking out as large a number of men as possible, and their selfishness often leads to disastrous results.

As to the duties of the pitcher, we would say that in addition to a good control of the ball and a swift delivery, he should be a good short stop, and especially skillful at holding high, twisting foul fly balls. The catcher is so handicapped by mask and gloves that the duty of capturing these difficult balls devolves for the most part on the pitcher. That they are difficult all players who have waited for one during a turning point of a game, and felt the ball twist itself out of their hands when it came down, will agree.

The writer cannot help recalling an intensely exciting game some years ago which was ended by a high fly that mounted from the bat straight into the air until it became a speck in the sky. The hush that followed was awful. There were two out and the man left on

This is an important matter, and may be stated generally. Let nothing in your manner indicate to the batter that the ball which you are about to pitch is to be either swift or slow or to curve a given way. If there is to be any indication let it be only such as will deceive the batter.

As an instance of this the writer can recall a college pitcher whose down curve or "drop" was the terror of all opposing nines. It rarely failed in deceiving the batter, and the secret of its great efficacy was that in addition to a really good curve the pitcher's motion was such as to lead the batter to suppose a swift ball was coming, while in fact the ball always came in very slowly and fell a little short of the base. The result was that the batter hit too soon and "fanned" over the ball.

A general rule of curves is that the ball must twist in the direction of the curve desired; that is, if an out curve is wanted the ball must be made to twist from right to left around its axis, and for an in curve vice versa. By observing this rule, and by constant experiment, a boy can sometimes teach himself to curve, but the best and quickest means of learning is from a teacher.

Another important thing to remember is that the slow bow curves rarely deceive the experienced batter now. It is as easy for him to calculate on such a ball as a straight one.

The pitcher after learning the curves has only acquired his A. B. C. He

should then first of all learn to deliver the ball with a snap of the wrist—the only expressive way of describing the sharp quick turn which gives the ball a sudden "jump" curve. The importance of this is very great, for the quick curve is the only effective one. The ball should, by such a delivery as we have described, go straight from the pitcher's hands until within about 8 feet of the batter, then suddenly leap out or in according to the twist.

The pitcher should then learn to "place" the ball, which is the most important and most difficult acquirement. To do this he must have the most perfect control of the ball, coupled with the utmost coolness in trying moments.

Above all things observe the rule mentioned above, never to give the batter exactly the ball he wants. As to the method of acquiring the foregoing, there is only one thing to be said and that is: practice, practice, practice with a competent teacher.

One thing however the beginner must have or his perseverance will be largely in vain, and that is coolness. Without that he can never become a really good pitcher. This may be gainsaid, and instances of excitable and somewhat nervous pitchers who have made good records may be cited, but we hold emphatically to this position none the less. The few exceptions are fortunate, that is all; and we feel sure that in every case so cited we could show how their exception only went to prove the rule, which is that the utmost coolness is absolutely necessary to the beginner.

The acquired coolness which one obtains from experience is but a semblance after all, and though it may carry a pitcher through many situations, he is sure to lose his head at times. The great trouble is that these times are always the most important—the turning points of a game; and if a pitcher loses his head at the decisive moment, what difference does it make how apparently cool he has been throughout the game? His coolness must be innate, not acquired; and so by sustained and steady work he is in himself a tower of strength for his nine. It is in base ball as in older struggles that

The painful warrior famoused for fight
After a thousand victories once toiled
Is from the book of honor razed quite
And all forgot the cause for which he toiled.

THE HAMILTON CADETS.

THE union of military cadet corps, whose establishment we mentioned some time ago, seems to be enjoying a fair measure of prosperity, and its promoters have great hopes for the near future. We are glad to hear of and announce its success, for the object of these organizations is an excellent one, and they certainly deserve every encouragement.

The Hamilton Cadets now report that they have two divisions, and ten brigades, including companies in widely distant cities and States. Outside of New York, there are brigades in Brooklyn, Staten Island, Oswego, Chicago, Rhode Island, and elsewhere; while some enterprising boys at West Stratford, Connecticut, have organized an artillery company. Lieutenant Hamilton, whose articles on "Military Instruction" in the ARGOSY were largely instrumental in starting the movement, takes a warm interest in it, and the prospects are decidedly promising. A neat uniform has been selected, somewhat similar to that of the United States Army; and the recruiting officers hope to have fifty thousand boys on the rolls by the end of a year. This sounds an ambitious undertaking, but we hope and expect that by energy and esprit de corps something substantial will be accomplished.

AVERAGE HEIGHTS AND WEIGHTS.

The following table of the average height and weight of young people at various ages, from the cradle to manhood, will be of interest to many of our readers, and will answer a number of questions addressed to our correspondence column:

AGE.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.
One	1 ft. 8 in.	17 lbs.
Two	2 " 7 "	25 "
Four	3 " 0 1-2 "	31 1-2 "
Six	3 " 5 "	39 "
Nine	4 " 0 "	50 "
Ten	4 " 2 1-4 "	55 "
Eleven	4 " 4 1-2 "	60 "
Twelve	4 " 6 3-4 "	67 "
Thirteen	4 " 9 "	76 "
Fourteen	4 " 11 "	86 "
Fifteen	5 " 1 "	96 1-2 "
Sixteen	5 " 3 "	107 "
Seventeen	5 " 4 1-2 "	116 1-2 "
Eighteen	5 " 5 3-4 "	126 "
Nineteen	5 " 6 "	130 "
Twenty	5 " 6 1-4 "	133 "

THE NOBLEST MONUMENT.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

WHEN OUR souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

THE
Casket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS VAN ZANDT COVERS HER TRACKS.

ROWLY was standing a little apart from the officers when Blook made his strike for liberty, and Barnagin had been thrown down, so that he was behind the prisoner when he reached the door of the saloon.

The young clerk had no idea of permitting the burglar to escape, even if the officers would consent to it, and he threw himself on the back of the robber, while Flint held him by the skirt of his coat.

Blook was fully in earnest, and he began a violent struggle for his freedom; but Rowly held on, and so did Flint. Barnagin picked himself up, and, to do him justice, he was not half so sleepy as he had appeared to be, for he tackled Blook in a very decided manner, and brought him to the floor in spite of his struggles.

Both of the officers lay down on him, while Rowly placid a stool over his feet in such a way that he could not move them; or at least, he could not move hand or foot. The handcuffs were placed on his wrists, and he was shoved into a corner, for he was still inclined to be turbulent.

"Now, sonny, if you will go and get a carriage, we will soon have him in a safe place," said Flint.

By this time there was a considerable crowd gathered in front of the saloon, and among the vehicles that had stopped was a carriage, the driver of which was standing at the door.

The hack was drawn up in front of the saloon, and Blook tumbled into it, though he was still disposed to resist, while the two officers disposed of themselves in such a way that they could easily handle him with his hands manacled.

The carriage was driven rapidly to the precinct in which the store of Brilliant & Co. was located, and Blook was promptly identified as Kidd Ashbank. Rowly was questioned for a long time by the superior officer in charge, and the news of the arrest was sent to the store; and it soon brought the two partners, with Mr. Amlock, to the police office. The ancient clerk had in some measure recovered from the dose which had been administered to him, though he was rather stupid and nervous in his manner.

"Mr. Brilliant, is this young man in your employ?" asked the chief officer, pointing to Rowly.

"He is, and has been for the last year," replied the head of the firm.

"Is he in the habit of telling the truth?"

"He is the most truthful young man I ever knew, and I have entire confidence in him," said Mr. Brilliant.

"What is your name, young man?" continued the examiner, turning to the young clerk again.

"Rowland Parkway, sir."

The officer then questioned him at great length in regard to the robbery, and he told the same story as before, positively identifying Ashbank as one of the men who had captured and bound him. Rowly had seen the burglar's face plainly, for there was a gas burner quite near the spot; and he recognized him as well by his voice as by his face and form.

Stiles and Snawley, who had been at the store a part of the night, put in an appearance about this time; but they had not seen the faces of

either of the robbers, though the form of one of them was exactly that of the prisoner.

Amlock was then called upon to tell what he knew of the affair; but about all he could remember related to what had occurred before he left the store with the lady. She called herself Miss Van Zandt, and he believed she was the sister of the junior partner, or he would not have left the store to see her home. They had taken a street car, and gone to Thirtieth Street, where they got off, and he had been conducted to what the lady said was her boarding place. She had offered him a glass of wine, but he never drank anything intoxicating, so she insisted very earnestly that he should take a glass of lemonade, which he had accepted.

The lady was talking about her brother all the time, and in spite of Amlock's best efforts to get away, she retained him for some time; but she was perfectly discreet and lady-like.

He soon began to feel strangely, though he did not attribute the novel condition of his head to the glass of lemonade, or to anything that might have been put into it. She permitted him to depart at last. When he reached the street, he found it almost impossible to stand on his feet, he was so strangely dizzy.

door, "Furnished Rooms and Board" to indicate the character of the establishment.

"Did you see the landlady or any other person?" asked the officer.

"I did not; the lady opened the door herself, and seemed to be entirely at home here," replied the ancient clerk.

At this point the landlady appeared, and she looked as good natured as though she expected to obtain three new boarders.

"We called to make some inquiries about the lady who occupies the room over this one," said the officer, after he had risen from his chair and saluted the landlady.

"If you know anything about her, I should like to make some inquiries of you on that subject," replied the lady, laughing more than the occasion seemed to require, perhaps from habit rather than because there was anything to amuse her.

"My object is to obtain information, and not to give it," answered Mr. Wringer, for that was the name by which he was called at the office. "Your boarder is under suspicion."

"So she is here; but I don't know anything about her," added the landlady, with the same unflinching good nature.



CAPTAIN ISRAEL RINGBOOM CONFRONTS COLONEL SINNERTON.

In answer to a question, he said he had never taken any morphine, so far as he could remember, and he had no personal knowledge of its effects. He had not seen the robbers, or either of them, and he could not identify the prisoner, though the officer in charge was satisfied, and ordered Ashbank to be taken without further delay to a cell.

Amlock was confident that he could find the house to which he had been taken, and a detective in plain clothes was sent with him and Rowly to find it.

Ashbank was surly and obstinate, and refused to say a word about the attempted robbery, or in relation to his companion, declining to admit anything that was charged against him.

The ancient clerk, who had come to the house in Thirtieth Street while in the full possession of his faculties, readily found the place. They were admitted by a servant, though the lady had entered with a night key, and shown to the parlor.

"I was taken to the apartment over this one," said Amlock, when the girl had gone to tell the landlady, for there was a sign at the

He was admitted by Hope, who looked very pale and troubled. But the door was hardly opened before the visitor heard the voice of Colonel Sinnerton in loud and angry speech, supplemented by the more feeble and sorrowful tones of Mrs. Everton.

"I am so glad you have come, Rowly! exclaimed Hope, as soon as she saw him.

"What is the matter, Hope?" asked he, deeply interested in anything that concerned the fair maiden or her mother.

"Colonel Sinnerton is here, and he is very angry; and he has put a man in the house to see that none of our things are carried off, for he has attached them."

"I am afraid I cannot do anything to help you, Hope, in a case like this," replied Rowly, very sadly, as he looked at the woe-begone face of the young lady. "Has he been here long?"

"He has just come, and Rush is with him. Do come in, for they are very insulting to my poor mother," pleaded the distressed daughter.

"Where is Captain Ringboom?" Rowly inquired.

"He left the house this forenoon, and said he would raise the money to pay the mortgage note and the interest for us today, and we have not seen him since."

"What is the matter with Colonel Sinnerton now?"

"He says that some officers have visited his son's room, and searched it, though they would not say of what crime he was suspected."

"All right; I understand it now," added Rowly, as he followed Hope into the front parlor.

Mrs. Everton sat in a rocking chair, very much excited, it was plain to see, though she was quiet in her manner, and her eyes were filled with tears.

Colonel Sinnerton was pacing up and down the room, as furious as though the fair widow had spat in his face, while Rush stood at the window, and seemed to be ill at ease.

"I insist that you tell me with what crime my son is charged, madam!" stormed the colonel in excited tones.

"I say again that I have charged him with no crime, and that I know nothing at all about it, nor even that his room has been visited by officers," replied Mrs. Everton, wiping the tears from her eyes.

This was quite true, for Captain Ringboom and Rowly had kept their intentions to themselves.

"This is an evasion, madam!" almost shouted the irate capitalist. "You lost some diamonds, or pretended you did, and you have charged my son with stealing them."

"I have charged him with nothing, sir."

"Perhaps I know—" Rowly began to say, when the rich man turned to him, as though he had not before been aware of his presence, for he had paused in front of the lady with his back to the door when the visitor entered.

"Who are you? What brought you here, you young cub?" demanded the colonel, marching up to him as though he intended to annihilate him with a glance, if not with his fist.

"I was going to say that perhaps I know more about this matter than Mrs. Everton, though I was not aware that your son had been accused of any crime, and I have had no hand in the business," answered Rowly mildly.

"What do you know about it?" asked the colonel, a trifle more gently.

"You were in this house yesterday forenoon when Captain Ringboom called, were you not, if you please, sir?" asked the young clerk, in the softest of tones.

"I was here when he called. What has that to do with it?"

"You heard him say that he had brought a casket of diamonds to Mrs. Everton, sent by her brother who died in Africa, for Miss Hope Everton," continued Rowly, in the same mild tone.

"I heard him say something like that; but I did not believe a word of it, and I don't now. That rough looking fellow was brought in to help stave off the debt the landlady owes me. It was all a trick, invented to deceive me. The man was in the house, and was sent into this room at the right time. I am not to be deceived by anything of that sort; and I mean to collect the debt and interest with no more delay."

"You must have read in the papers, or heard, that these diamonds had been stolen from that table," continued Rowly, pointing to the place where the box had been deposited.

"I did hear about it. Of course they were stolen. That was a part of the trick," vociferated the colonel, his anger kindling up again.

"Though I did not see the diamonds myself, I believe they were in the box you saw on the table, and I am confident they were stolen, for

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ALTERCATION.

BY this time it was four in the afternoon, and Rowly could do nothing more at present to assist in finding the wife of Ashbank, though it was plain enough from the statement of Amlock, as indeed it would have been without it, that she was a confederate in the attempted robbery.

One of the burglars had been arrested, and until he was taken into court there was nothing more for Rowly to do in connection with him. He left the carriage in the vicinity of his home, and hastened to the house of Mrs. Everton, which he had intended to visit before.

I was here all the time. I think we had better talk the matter over calmly."

"Calmly, you young whelp, when this woman insults my son and me, and charges the boy with a heinous crime?"

"She has not charged your son with a crime, heinous or otherwise, for she knew nothing at all about what was said by Captain Ringboom and myself, or what was done; and I did not even know till now that the captain had done anything."

"Then you are the villain who has insulted my son!" exclaimed the colonel, taking a step nearer to the young man.

"I told you I had done nothing at all about charging him with stealing the diamonds, though I did believe that he took them; and last night one of his intimate friends appeared to be of the same opinion."

At this point, Rowly discovered that Rush, who stood behind his father, was shaking his head, and making very emphatic gestures to him.

But Rush could not have known that his friend Silky, or Gunnywood, as he called him, was concerned in the attempted robbery on Broadway, though he seemed to be greatly disturbed by the allusion to his "intimate friend."

It seemed to Rowly that the rapid young gentleman was aware that his neighbor in the adjoining room at his new home was somewhat "off color" in the nature of his occupations.

"Tell me what you know about this business; and do it quick, or I shall shake half the life out of you!" stormed the enraged father.

"I think we had better be calm, and use soft words, Colonel Sinnerton," said Rowly, as he retreated a couple of steps before the advance of the angry father.

"Answer me at once! Tell me what you know, you young rascal!" continued the colonel, more violently than ever if possible.

"I am not in the habit of hearing myself called a villain, a rascal, or a young whelp; and I object to such names as applied to me," added Rowly, holding up his head as though he had been a capitalist himself, instead of a poor boy.

"You are a young puppy! Why don't you do as I told you to do, and tell me all about this business at once?" raved the colonel.

"Not a word about it while you use this abusive language," added the young man firmly.

"You won't tell me? We will see if you won't!"

The irate capitalist raised his right hand, and rushed upon Rowly as though he intended to seize him by the throat.

The young clerk retreated rapidly to the wall of the room, and whisked the beautiful revolver from his hip pocket, elevating it till it covered the colonel.

The angry man halted at the sight of the weapon, and even stepped back a few feet.

"Do you mean to shoot me, you young ruffian?" demanded Colonel Sinnerton, aghast at the sight of the revolver, for he believed that such things ought not to be pointed at capitalists like himself, even when their conduct became unendurable.

"Not unless you compel me to do so."

CHAPTER XX.

AN OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

COLONEL SINNERTON evidently gave Rowly the credit of being a very resolute young fellow, for he dropped into a chair as though his strength was all gone, and he had lost the battle.

The moment he retreated from his dangerous proximity to him, the young clerk returned the elegant revolver to his hip pocket, which appeared to be the proper place for such a dangerous instrument.

The colonel seemed to be completely overcome, and his chest heaved as though he was suffering physical pain, a shortness of breath, or a violent emotion.

He had been violent enough to bring on an attack of heart complaint, if he was subject to anything of the kind, and his flushed face indicated that he was.

"I hope you are not sick, sir," said the forgiving widow, hastening to his assistance in spite of his bad treatment of her.

"I am better now," he replied.

But he did not seem to be any better, and he was permitted in silence to recover from the effects of his violent passion, which had been so suddenly cooled by the appearance of the pretty weapon.

Rush did not offer to go near his father, and kept his eye on Rowly all the time, till the widow went to the assistance of the sufferer.

Then he stole up to the spot where the defender of innocence stood.

"Don't say a word to my father about last night, and I am your friend for life," said he, in an energetic whisper.

"I shall tell him the truth if I tell him anything," replied Rowly.

"Don't tell him anything then. I will give you ten dollars if you will keep still," added Rush, as he slipped a bill of the denomination indicated into his hand.

The rapid young man spoke in a whisper, but he was very earnest in his manner, though he took the bill when Rowly refused to retain it.

Colonel Sinnerton shook and quivered for a time, and then he suddenly recovered his self possession.

"You are a dangerous character, young man," said he in a mild tone, as he fixed a rather uncertain gaze upon the possessor of the beautiful revolver.

"I think that is a mistake on your part, sir," replied Rowly. "You rush upon me with uplifted arm to strike me down, and because I propose to defend myself from your assaults, you call me a dangerous character. If you will excuse me, sir, I think you are the dangerous character, for you were the first to resort to force."

"I did not draw a deadly weapon upon you," growled the colonel.

"The pistol makes me your equal in power; that is all. You intended to beat me down, but this plaything brought you to your senses," continued Rowly, as he seated himself near Mrs. Everton.

"You charge my son with stealing these diamonds, if there were any diamonds to steal, of which I have some grave doubts," said the colonel, with the evident intention of opening the subject anew.

"If you will excuse me for contradicting you, I didn't charge your son with stealing the diamonds; on the contrary, I said I had done nothing of the kind," Rowly explained, as gently as he could.

"But Rush's room was searched this morning by detectives," replied the father, beginning to wax indignant again.

"I did think at one time that he took the box containing the diamonds; but I do not think so now."

"What made you think he took the box?" demanded the colonel.

"He was in the house when Captain Ringboom brought the box here; and so far as we know he was the only person who remained in the house after you left. Then, too, he had a strong motive for taking them."

"What motive?" asked the irate father.

"You have determined to crush Mrs. Everton, and deprive her of her property, because she will not allow her daughter to be insulted by your son. The diamonds came in time to save her, and Rush wanted to get them out of the way, whether he took them or not," answered Rowly warmly.

"I intend to collect what is due me at once; but I am not responsible for the non-payment of the note and the interest," added the colonel doggedly.

"You are doing all this for revenge because this lady made your son go to another lodging house."

"What my motives are is no business of yours, or of this lady either. Though you say you had nothing to do with charging my son with this crime, you know all about it, and I have asked you to tell me what you know."

"I suppose Captain Ringboom caused the investigation to be made at the room of your son, though I know nothing at all about it, for I have not seen him today."

At this point Rush began to shake his head again and wriggle about like a worm disturbed in his resting place.

Rowly had carried on his share of the conversation with the colonel, but he was doing a great deal of thinking at the same time.

He had a very distinct purpose in his mind, which was to find Silky, and bring him to justice, for he was not only the chief operator in the attempt to rob the premises of Brilliant & Co., but he was confident that he had stolen the diamonds. The impression of Silky's heel upon the paper in his pocket was abundant evidence that he had been in the room.

But Rowly had come to the conclusion that he had better keep his own counsel, for he was not at all satisfied with the manner of the officers, and not much better pleased with what the energetic captain had done.

As he thought of the matter while he was talking with the colonel, he decided not to say anything about Rush's intimacy with the burglar, for it was safer to be silent than it was to speak at the present stage of the proceedings.

It was not out of regard for Rush, or even to shield him from the reproaches of his father, that he decided not to expose him. The great purpose of the young clerk's being now was to recover the diamonds, for the sake of Hope Everton, if not for her mother.

"Will you tell me what you know of this business, or shall I be obliged to compel you to do so?" demanded the colonel, rising from his chair, and approaching the young man.

"I have told you all I know in regard to your son's connection with the diamonds; and I have nothing more to say, sir," replied Rowly, quite as gently as though the father of Rush had now again worked himself up into a passion.

"Are you ready to move out of this house, madam?" asked Colonel Sinnerton, turning to the frightened landlady in a savage manner.

Mrs. Everton began to weep, for she knew little about the working of the law, and she seemed to think that her landlord could turn her out of her house on the moment.

"Captain Ringboom promised to assist me in this matter, and I expect he will return soon, for he has been gone nearly all day," pleaded the poor widow.

"I don't know anything about Captain Ringboom, and I care less. Pay me my money, or I shall take the house and sell the furniture. If you dare to remove a single article, it will be felony, madam."

Hope threw her arms around her mother's neck and began to weep with her.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Everton," said Rowly, placing himself between the landlady and her hard and revengeful creditor. "He cannot harm you or take the house and furniture now, and it will all come out right."

"What is the row here now?" demanded Captain Ringboom, suddenly rushing into the parlor, for he had a key to the outer door, having taken a room in the house.

He had evidently heard the voice of the colonel while in the hall, and the harsh tones had excited his indignation.

"I am so glad you have come, Captain Ringboom!" exclaimed the landlady, drying her tears.

The stalwart master mariner walked straight up to the colonel, threw his shoulders back as if to give his big heart room to expand, and looked him full in the face.

"Who are you?" demanded Colonel Sinnerton, somewhat staggered by the bold front of the shipmaster.

"I am Captain Israel Ringboom, and you are a mean, miserable, contemptible, overgrown puppy; and if I don't wring your nose for you, it will be because you improve your manners!" replied the captain.

Then he glanced at Mrs. Everton.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CLOCK'S VOICE.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock

Was the brightest thing and neatest;

Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,

And its chime rang still the sweetest;

'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,

Yet they live, though nations altered;

And its voice, still strong, warned old and young

When the voice of friendship faltered;

'Tick! tick!' it said—"quick, quick to bed,

For ten I've given a warning;

Up! up! and go, or else you know

You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

[This story commenced in No. 272.]

Warren Haviland,

THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE,

Author of "Who Shall be the Heir?" etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DESPERATE STRAITS.

TOM had not been under Captain Burro's roof a week before his eyes were opened to many things. Mrs. Burro, a weary, unhappy wife, heart broken over her husband's reckless acts, told him the real character of Hawk, and warned him against the snare which had been set for him in that house, namely to compromise him in the eyes of the law by forcing him to engage in the illicit manufacture of liquor, so that he would not dare appeal to the courts against Hawk when the latter had robbed him.

From the day he entered the place Tom was practically a prisoner, and was obliged to bear all Burro's attempts to bend him to his will, first by flattering wiles and indulgence, then by harsh treatment and cruel persecution. But regret for his past weakness gave him strength to stand firm, and when Warren was brought to the house by Burro, the strong affection which he conceived for him became his invincible shield against dishonor, and he felt that he would rather die than prove unworthy of this noble boy's friendship.

One day he snatched an opportunity and telegraphed to the bank in which his father had placed the twenty five thousand dollars, inquiring whether that sum had been drawn out. He received the reply that it had been drawn by Mr. Hawk, who presented the proper documents which proved himself to be Tom's legal guardian, and the executor of Mr. Fenwick's will. This had been done by Hawk soon after the theft of the promissory note, and about a week before the boys' flight from Portsoy. It was the discovery that Tom had gone out on his own business which had so incensed Burro that he had thrust him into the vault in his warehouse for safer keeping until Hawk should have escaped with his booty.

So ended Tom's story, told with deep shame and sorrow. Then he added humbly:

"Now, you see how badly I have wronged you and your mother, Warren, and how much misfortune I have brought upon you. This very danger that we are now in you owe to me. Is it any wonder that I dared not tell you who I was even, when it came out that you were my own injured cousin?"

And Warren answered generously, making very little of Tom's fault, but a great deal of his brave stand for honor; and the words sank like healing balm into the boy's sore heart, and gave him peace.

So the long black hours passed in the noisy prison; while overhead the escaping robbers toiled to keep the schooner at its highest speed, McDade, the skipper, watching for their expected pursuer, while Hawk marched up and down the deck with the air of a conqueror, dreaming of his future greatness—or, more likely, concocting small cunning schemes to cheat his confederates out of their full share of the plunder.

Fontaine and Manet, Hawk afterwards recalled, seemed to hold a great many private confabulations together in the course of the night, but as they were not required to help the crew, being honorary members, so to speak, of the band, nobody cared how they spent their time.

It grew very dark towards three of the night, and McDade and Hawk left the deck for a

short time to imbibe some liquid refreshment and exchange triumphant auguries of success; but their jubilation was cut short by a loud cry from aloft: "A steamer was coming up astern, she was not three knots off!"

"It may or it may not be a pursuer," exclaimed Hawk nervously. "What shall you do?"

"Make for the shore,—if she ain't got nawthing to say to us she'll pass on,—if she hev, maybe we kin land an' hide afore she ketches up," answered McDade.

They ran on deck, the schooner's course was altered, and the pursuing steamer altered her course immediately, extracting some strong language from the chief rogues. They hurriedly conferred, then the prisoners heard the hatch being unbolted and thrown open, and McDade roared down:

"Tumble up here, young uns,—lively now!"

They rushed for the ladder, thankful to escape the choking atmosphere. Tom was up first, and found himself instantly collared by Hawk, while Warren leaped into McDade's outstretched arms.

"What now? Where do you want us to go?" demanded Warren, indignantly, trying to shake off the giant's grip.

Deigning no answer, McDade dragged him aft till the stern rail brought them up, Hawk following with Tom. To the boys the darkness on deck was light itself compared with that which they had left, and they cast sharp glances about them, wishing to comprehend as much as they might of their position. They saw the three Canadian sailors busy with the sails, the Frenchmen were invisible, while Hawk and McDade seemed to be in a regular flurry.

"Hallo!" cried Warren delightedly, and he directed Tom's gaze to the plume of smoke astern, which indicated the approach of a pursuer, as they hoped, though of course it might be only a passing steamer which had no business with them. Knowing nothing of the robbery of the gold, their expectations of an immediate pursuit were not so assured as they would otherwise have been.

"Yes, all your friends are aboard that craft, and they want you," remarked Hawk with that hypocritical suavity that Warren remembered and hated; "and as we don't want you, and would be better without you, we mean to let you go to them." He tightened his grip of Tom, and nodded to McDade,—who suddenly swung Warren upon the rail, holding him there with hands of iron.

"We don't mean that steamer to come any nearer us than what she is now," added Hawk with an abrupt change to fierceness, "so we'll drop you right here, and if you're smart and keep afloat till she comes along, she'll pick you up. Over with him!" He shouted the last words, and the ruffian attempted to thrust Warren headlong into the dark ocean below, but the boy clung on to the rail with his legs and struggled with the strength of despair; Tom tore from Hawk's clutch and bounded to his help, twining his arms round Warren's body so that the utmost efforts of the giant could not dislodge either of them.

"Hang it, can't ye do nawthin' but gape at me!" snarled McDade, looking back at Hawk. "Draw, an' give this young cub one for his self that'll break his bolt,—an' his arm too, ef ye kin,—'t'other will be easy enough ter handle, onct he's squelched."

Warren turned his head in thrilling alarm. Yes, Hawk had drawn his revolver, and was raising a trembling hand to shoot him!

"Stop, Hawk—for Heaven's sake think! Would you commit a murder?" cried he.

"Jump over then, you fool. A baby could swim that far!" retorted Hawk, taking aim. Warren's cry for help rang wildly through the quiet night. He clung now to McDade, who dared not move lest the expected bullet should hit him; when Tim's voice rang above Warren's cries, saying joyfully:

"It's all right, cousin, let yourself drop. There's a boat down there," and in the sudden silence that followed, while McDade and Hawk stood as if smitten dumb, he added with a laugh, "they've been trying to scare us. That's all."

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT.

HAWK'S revolver sank to his side, McDade flung Warren back on the deck, and both men leaned over the rail. A boat was certainly there, attached by a rope to the stern of the schooner. In their preoccupation they had not observed it before. A glance across the deck showed them that the schooner's boat was missing from her davits. She was here, her oars in the bottom, all ready for a start.

"Whose work's this, do you think?" muttered Hawk.

"It couldn't ha' ben theirs?" returned McDade, nodding towards the boys, who lingered, listening curiously to the discussion.

"No, no, there's other devilry aboard than them," quoth Hawk between his teeth. "Somebody meant to sneak away from the rest of us. We ain't far from the shore you know, and—hush!"

The skipper and his ally shrank deeper into shadow, fiercely signing the boys to do the same; and in a moment the Frenchman Fontaine stole aft, followed by Manet. Fontaine carried a heavy valise. They came to the rail. Fontaine bent over to drop the valise into the boat, when simultaneously Hawk and McDade fell upon him. The bag was wrested from his hand, while McDade aimed a blow at him which

would have put an end to him had he not dodged it by a fortunate writhe; instantly the other Frenchman joined in the fray, which became a general scrimmage.

"Help men, help!" shouted Hawk, while he plied the butt of his revolver like a club. "The Frenchies want to make off with the plunder! Come on, boys, pitch 'em overboard!"

The sailors shouted in reply. One was at the wheel not far off, and dared not leave it. But the other two were in the rigging, and were coming down on the run. Fontaine, mad with disappointment and rage, wrenched the revolver out of Hawk's hand, and fired at his head, but missed him and shot McDade in the back. He fell on the deck with a wild cry, shuddered all over, and stretched himself out. When Warren and Tom flew to his aid he was dead.

Apparently reckless of all consequences, Fontaine aimed at Hawk again, but that heroic person leaped, fleet as a roe, behind the boys, adorning them in piercing tones to save him, having conveniently forgotten his own kind intentions with regard to their lives a few minutes ago. And the boys did their best to screen the wretch with their bodies, at no small risk to themselves, for Fontaine was desperate at what he had done, and in his fury at Hawk danced round him and the boys like a madman.

Presently Hawk dropped the valise in his fright, and Manet, who had seemed stupefied by the fall of McDade, woke to action, and stealthily crept forward to snatch it, but the man at the wheel risked leaving it long enough to dart upon him and kick him halfway down the deck, where the sailors met him and pitched him into the hold. Then they ran to the battle field, and Fontaine got into a corner and defied them with his revolver, which they lay in wait to snatch, and the boys were for the moment unheeded.

Warren nudged Tom, then shoved the valise with his foot under the rail, where he picked it up and tossed it into the boat, and one after the other the boys dropped after it. One slash of Warren's knife, and the schooner was speeding off in the darkness without them. They were at liberty.

When about twenty feet of foam stretched between the boat and the schooner the escape was discovered, and immediately thereupon the loss of the valise. Ah! what a wail of despair that was which followed the fugitives! It might have melted the hardest hearts, but theirs were adamant, and they only hurraed and up-reared their oars in sign of victory, and sang a loud glad chorus in the intoxication of their joy; and worst of all, paddled the plunder away, forever and forever.

"What do you think's in the valise?" queried Warren, with great interest.

"I don't know—unless it's the twenty five—O—h!" The exclamation which cut short Tom's reply was extracted from him by a discovery. The valise was not locked even, and Tom had only to open it, run his hands in, and fetch out two golden bars!

In a few more minutes the boat and the steamer met; the boys were taken aboard, and the boat tied astern.

"Welcome back to me, my dear lads!" cried Mr. Walsingham, greeting them with warm affection. "I have been wretched on your account, knowing what desperate hands you had fallen into. But, thanks to your own forethought, I obtained a clue to your fate in time. But, bless my soul, Tim Sloper, what have you got there?" In sudden excitement Mr. Walsingham seized the valise, which Tom had been holding in full view, waiting for whatever should come to pass, for the boys did not know what to think about the golden ingots which looked so like Mr. Walsingham's. All they were convinced of was that they had been stolen from somebody. Mr. Walsingham in his turn ran his hand into the valise, and in speechless excitement brought forth a yellow ingot—took another plunge and brought forth another.

"Isn't that a good dodge!" cried the detective in high glee. "The biters are bitten with a vengeance! Not only have their prisoners escaped, but they have rescued your gold at the same time. Ha! Ha! Excellent! The rogues caught a Tartar that time!"

Mr. Walsingham wrung each boy's hand, expressing his hearty thanks for the service they had done him; then he had to tell them all about the robbery; and they reciprocated with their story; and this brought the steamer alongside the schooner, which had made every effort to get to land but failed.

Ordered to surrender, or to take the consequences of a shot from the small cannon aboard the steam launch, the pseudo Spanker reluctantly allowed the officers to board her. She was immediately attached to the Argus, which thereupon began the return cruise to Colonsay, towing the prize behind her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SLIPPERY VILLAIN.

AT first sight only the three Canadian sailors were visible, and the dead body of McDade, lying where he had fallen. The other rogues had fled in dismay from the unwelcome intruders, and the officers commenced a vigorous search for them. One part invaded the hold, and found the two Frenchmen cowering there, Fontaine perfectly unnerved by terror at having shot McDade. These the detective handcuffed, and secured in separate rooms. He wanted their testimony presently.

The other party descended to the cabin, Mr.

Arkwright the chief at their head, and having politely knocked at the door, were blandly invited to enter. They found Mr. Hawk, still in his own proper person, calmly awaiting them in an easy chair, a bottle of brandy by his side testifying to the source of his courage.

A strong odor of burnt hair permeated the atmosphere, of the cause of which Mr. Hawk professed himself ignorant; but a short and thorough search brought to light a bunch of frizzled hairs which once formed part of a raven black mustache, together with the embers of a wig.

"Aha! This is the last of Conroy, unless Mr. Walsingham can swear to him without his disguise," thought Mr. Arkwright with chagrin.

Nevertheless he arrested Hawk on the charge of robbing Mr. Walsingham of the gold, quite heedless of his righteous indignation.

"I accused of robbery—I, Caleb Hawk! What madness is this, gentlemen?" cried he, loftily.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Hawk; and we have another count against you in case this don't stick," returned Arkwright. "Kidnaping and attempted murder are even uglier crimes than robbery."

"Kidnaping!" echoed the innocent, opening his eyes very wide. "Murder! Do I hear aright? You're not mad, or drunk?"

"I have not had your chances to become the latter," retorted the chief mildly. "As for the accusations I make, you see we have the lads, whose testimony is conclusive."

"Pooh! they're mistaken. It was McDade that fetched them aboard. He had a grudge against one of them; I had not. I used my influence entirely in their favor," vowed Hawk.

"Ah, is that so? And how came Mr. Walsingham's gold aboard?"

"McDade fetched a valise with him, that's all I know about it. What it contained he did not inform me," replied Hawk brazenly.

The chief saw that he was counting on McDade's being dead to foist the whole guilt upon him; and on bold lying and hard swearing to invalidate the boys' testimony. Sick of him, he snapped the handcuffs so suddenly upon his hands that he was a prisoner before he could show fight, and they left him vociferating vengeance at the top of his voice.

Meanwhile the detective had been working on Fontaine's fears to get as much evidence against Hawk as the Frenchman could supply; but Hawk had been sharp enough to remove his disguise as Conroy before he appeared before any of his confederates except McDade, who was beyond giving them any aid. The Frenchmen professed themselves ignorant of the robbery or of the presence of the gold on the schooner. When confronted with what the boys had witnessed of their attempted flight with the valise they simply denied everything. There had been a quarrel among them—yes, but that was on account of the boys, whom they wanted the others to let go in the boat. McDade had been shot by accident. The revolver went off unexpectedly—Fontaine had not even known it was loaded. Etc., etc.

In fact they had laid their heads together to concoct a tale that would prove them as innocent as Hawk himself, sensible that their only safety lay in knowing nothing whatever about the secrets of their employers, Hawk and McDade.

Mr. Walsingham was requested to go and view Hawk, to see whether he could identify him with Conroy; but although he was morally certain that the two were one and the same man, he would not venture to swear to it, having no tangible evidence of the fact.

Then Tom Fenwick, who was feverishly impatient to interview his would be guardian on the subject of the twenty five thousand dollars, got permission to visit him alone, and went to him in the cabin, shutting the door after his entrance. But, unknown to Tom, the detective concealed himself within earshot, hoping to trip up the knave that way.

"Ah, is it you, Tom?" remarked Hawk, in friendly but mournful accents. "This is an absurd, an outrageous situation for your old friend, eh?" and he looked down at his handcuffs, then cast his eyes toward the ceiling as one who reproaches Heaven for unfair treatment. Astounded by his impudence, the pale lad stood silent before him. "It was very proper for you to come to me in my trouble. It shows that you are not ungrateful altogether for past kindnesses," continued the hypocrite; "although you did deceive and disappoint me sadly, Thomas, about that money of the Havilands."

Tom started—he could hardly believe his ears; the listening detective ground out disgustedly, "The sly fox must suspect an eavesdropper. He's not to be caught easily!"

"Mr. Hawk, will you speak to me without pretense?" exclaimed Tom, earnestly. "I have done wrong, I own it with shame, and the shame has made my life a burden ever since. Won't you help me to put the wrong right, so that I can hold up my head as an honest boy again?"

"Surely, surely, my lad, if I can help you back to the path of honesty I will do it. Who knows better than you my own character for unimpeachable integrity?" replied Hawk glibly.

Tom felt sick at heart. The wretch was laughing at him.

"If you mean that, you will give Warren Haviland the money you drew from the Metropolitan Bank in Newbury three weeks ago," said he more firmly.

Hawk uttered a cry of amazement. He gazed at the boy from top to toe, and shook his head with a long, loud sigh.

"Oh Thomas, Thomas, I could not have be-

lieved you capable of such depravity!" lamented he in a quivering voice, very affecting, though the detective grinned as he heard it. "First, you steal the money entrusted to you by your father to repay the Haviland loan, and abscond with it to parts unknown; and now you coolly demand that I shall pay the debt out of my own resources! Are you not ashamed?"

"Do you deny that the money you drew from the Metropolitan Bank was the money deposited there by father to repay the Haviland loan?" demanded Tom with intense scorn and anger.

Hawk, meeting his flashing glance with a cunning leer, burst into a taunting peal of laughter. "Now here's a graceless scamp! Here's a gallows chick!" exclaimed he. "Asks if the money I drew was the Haviland money—Ah, ha, ha, ha! That's rich! Wants me to pay it for him while he keeps the plunder! Oh, ho, ho! No, you young scoundrel," thundered he, suddenly getting into a rage and jumping up, the better to stamp his foot, "no, that money was my own, as you well know, due me by your father, who owed me as much again which I shall never get. Begone from my sight, poor, shallow trickster, I'll listen to no more. Begone!" And Tom fled, shocked and horrified, and more fully enlightened on the natural hardness of a thorough paced rogue, and the folly of appealing to the magnanimity of a bad man.

Things looked rather discouraging; although they held Hawk securely in their hands for the present, they might lose him through the endless ingenuities of his defense—neither the robbery nor the kidnaping might be proved upon him; while the Haviland loan affair was hard to bring home to him on account of Mr. Fenwick being dead, so that Hawk's forged documents had no one to challenge them. He might slip through their fingers after all their trouble, and get off with Mrs. Haviland's money, leaving the unfortunate Tom under the shadow of a base suspicion which he might never be able to prove undeserved.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "dollars," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

We have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

W. Jaycox, Sandwich, Ill. A banjo, for a guitar.

Fred E. Richardson, 16 Whiting St., Lynn, Mass. Postmarks, for old copper cents.

F. H. Copp, Box 481, Rock Island, Ill. Stamps, for stamps; will exchange sheets.

Arthur L. Smith, Grand Ledge, Mich. Five boys' books, for a set of chessmen.

L. S. Gearhart, Box 128, Williamsport, Pa. Rare stamps, for type, cards, or reading matter.

C. C. Boyd, Thornton, Ind. A nickel rimmed banjo, cost \$10, for a guitar of equal value.

Albert Browne, 1205 Franklin Ave., New York City. Stamps, for stamps; exchange lists.

Ed Jones, 704 South 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Postmarks and base ball pictures, for stamps.

W. B. Hale, Williamsville, Mass. Old coins and stamps, for coins, stamps, scrip and arrow heads.

A. B. Cann, Box 522, Mecosta, Mich. A B flat silver cornet, valued at \$75, for a 44 inch bicycle.

P. J. Hayden, 144 West 52d St., New York City. A magic lantern with 12 slides, for 2 fonts of type.

Arthur A. Mosher, Media, Kan. A magic lantern and slides, and newspaper type, for fancy or wood type.

George Irons, Belle Vernon, Pa. A pair of nickel all clamp roller skates, for books by Optic or Alger.

N. M. Norfleet, Santa Fe, N. Mex. Indian goods, etc., for a 32 inch bicycle, Victor or Columbia preferred.

Cæsar Leonhard, Jr., Carlstadt, N. J. Butterflies and moths, for rare postage and revenue stamps.

Andrew Little, Box 12, Caldwell, N. J. A book by Alger, for Nos. 2 and 4 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

James L. Nowy, 100 Bunker St., Chicago, Ill. Reading matter, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Victor E. Reese, Nanticoke, Pa. A number of articles, for a self inking press, or curiosities. Send for list.

J. G. Ward, 1013 7th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa. A magic lantern with slides, for a telegraph key and sounder.

Aug. Cordes, Jr., Box 223, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. A magic lantern with 44 colored views, for a press and outfit.

G. S. McCabe, 38 Monroe Ave., Columbus, O. A turning lathe, or a metallophone, for a set of boxing gloves.

M. B. Bruggeman, 307 New St., Philadelphia, Pa. Four hundred and fifty tin tags, 55 varieties, for stamps.

J. E. Libbey, Jr., 3053 P. St., Georgetown, D. C. Two hundred different tin tags, for a good book on photography.

John Fancher, Box 157, Binghamton, N. Y. A number of articles, for a magic lantern or cornet. Send for list.

Peter Wilson, 82 4th St., Fall River, Mass. "Allan Quatermain," for any number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

H. E. Dill, Box 261, Medford, Mass. Books, games, tricks, etc., for books by Optic, Ellis, Castlemon, or Alger.

George W. Anthony, 508 Washington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Two thousand four hundred tin

tags, for a set of 4 boxing gloves, large size; and coins, for a pair of 8 lb. dumb bells.

Thomas Bennett, care Brown & Shark, Providence, R. I. A steel spoked rubber tired bicycle, for a wooden canoe.

H. W. Hoff, 52 Clinton St., East Orange, N. J. Ten books by Optic, Alger, and others, for a good fishing rod and reel.

Albert Oestreich, Hastings, Minn. A number of articles, for a 46 10 52 inch bicycle, or a B flat cornet. Send for list.

Henry Rose, 46 Whitney St., Auburn, Me. One hundred different postmarks, for every 24, 30, or 90 cent U. S. postage stamp.

E. Simmonds, 116 East 64th St., New York City. A Horsman Eclipse camera and outfit, for a set of boxing gloves, or stamps.

H. Sinclair, Box 364, Somerville, N. J. Two postmarks and 3 foreign stamps, for every stamp not in his collection of 300.

G. P. Quigley, 1424 South 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Fifteen base ball pictures, for Nos. 266 and 271 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Harry G. Miller, 274 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y. An accordion, and a magic lantern with slides, for a telegraph key and sounder.

E. Stanton Harrison, 320 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. A 1-2 horse power steam engine, for a bicycle, not less than 48 inch.

Frank P. Milnor, 4732 Penn St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa. A 3 1-2 by 5 self inking press and outfit, for a camera and outfit.

C. N. Jones, 76 4th St., Grand Rapids, Mich. A number of articles, for a 4 1-2 by 7 1-2 self inking press and outfit. Send for list.

George M. Frost, Hudson, O. A book, and a pair of 21 lb. dumb bells, for a pair of Indian clubs, or sporting or gymnastic goods.

A. H. Swank, Fremont, O. A pair of roller skates, valued at \$4, for a bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or boys' books.

Bennie Stone, 11 Sand St., Binghamton, N. Y. Two hull's eye lanterns, and a canoe valued at \$2.50, for type, script preferred.

E. H. English, Altoona, Ia. Eleven books of adventure, by Optic, etc., and 11 school books, for a slide trombone E flat alto horn.

S. Blackwood, 730 9th Ave., New York City. A book on natural philosophy, and 400 foreign stamps, for a set of boxing gloves.

Henry C. Powers, 1115 Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Any 3 nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Vol. I or II, for No. 15 of Vol. IV.

Charles Brewer, 2657 8th Ave., New York City. "Gulliver's Travels" and a dictionary, for a font of plain type for a small hand press.

C. B. Williams, Central Falls, R. I. An International album and stamps, valued at \$10, 5 books, and 12 old envelopes, for a 5 by 7 press.

H. H. Smith, Smith Station, Ala. A press and outfit, valued at \$1.50, for a set of boxing gloves or Nos. 5 to 8 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

J. Morgenstern, 34 Oneida St., Boston, Mass. A Scott's album with 650 different stamps, for a magic lantern with slides, a banjo, or a cornet.

George W. Coleman, Gratz, Pa. A 3 1-2 by 4 1-2 press, an accordion, and other articles, for a World typewriter and metal bodied rubber type.

Millen Davidson, Box 455, Xenia, O. "Don Gordon's Shooting Box," for 3 nos. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, Nos. 1, 4 and 6 preferred.

Asa W. Marmon, Mount Vernon, O. A Weedon upright steam engine, for Vol. I, II, III or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound.

Willie Burrichter, Galena, Ill. Four books by Optic, and one by Trowbridge, for a bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Vol. V preferred.

George Newman, West Cleveland, O. A new violin and bow, valued at \$10.50, for a set of kid boxing gloves, or sporting goods valued at \$8.

C. N. Kennedy, 258 Pine St., Holyoke, Mass. A catcher's mask, a 3 jointed fishing rod, and a set of drawing tools, for type. Send sample impressions.

H. A. Higby, care Meriden Fire Insurance Co., Meriden, Conn. Books valued at \$10, for Nos. 1 to 60 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or books of equal value.

Willard Adams, Pleasantville, N. J. "The Boat Club" and "On Time," by Optic, and 2 other books, for numbers of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

J. G. Smith, 258 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass. A new concertina, 20 keys, in perfect order, and 4 cloth bound books, for a canoe or wood engraver's tools.

G. Shoemaker, 122 South River St., Wilkes Barre, Pa. Three books, a paper binder, and \$20 in Confederate money, for an electric battery, or a field glass.

D. Boyd, 2005 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Two three cornered Cape of Good Hope, and 3 unused Siam stamps, for a large red or green newspaper stamp.

W. H. Stackpole, 33 Elm St., Lowell, Mass. Lepidoptera and cocoons from New England, for specimens from Western, Central, and Southern States.

Wallace B. Johnson, Kirkwood, Mo. Books by Haggard and others, valued at \$1, for 4 nos. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 preferred.

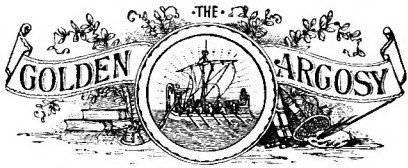
C. L. Morehouse, 302 5th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. A pair of all clamp roller skates, and a 4 bar auto-harp with music, for a self inking press. Model preferred.

J. W. Allen, 132 Walnut St., Lockport, N. Y. Eight books by Optic, Kingston, etc., and stamps, all valued at \$10, for fencing foils, masks and gauntlets of equal value.

A. G. Bernard, 432 East 57th St., New York City. A pair of Raymond extension racing ice skates, fencing foils, a trapeze, and six books, for a light row boat or sail boat.

Frank C. Manley, 12 Easton Ave., New Brunswick, N. J. Twenty revenue stamps, for every 200 U. S. stamps, every 50 different postmarks, every 25 different foreign stamps, or every 5 different postal cards.

Arthur Jones, Box 558, Brooklyn, Ia. "Dora Thorne," "East Lynne," and 4 other books, cloth bound, for books by Alger, Ellis, or Castlemon; and paper bound books, for nos. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.



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Club rate.—For \$2.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

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The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers inclose 6 cents for each copy. No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

OUR NEW SERIAL,

to be begun next week, is one which all our readers, young or old, girls or boys, are sure to enjoy exceedingly. Here is the name and the author:

HEIR TO A MILLION;

OR,

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF RAPE DUNTON.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Mr. Converse's name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the story, but we cannot forbear adding that we were even more than ordinarily charmed in reading the manuscript of this new serial. There is a breeziness and dash to the character of the hero—that is extremely fascinating, while the plot is managed with consummate skill. Our readers are to be congratulated on the spring offering the ARGOSY makes them in this story.

Next week, too, we shall have another new story to announce—one from the pen of OLIVER OPTIC.

AN ATTRACTIVE ARRAY OF AUTHORS.

WHERE can our young people get so much good light reading matter for so little money as in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, a new number of which is issued about the middle of each month? The names of the authors represented alone should be enough to recommend the stories without further comment. Here they are: Two books by George H. Coomer, the famous writer of seafaring life; two by Frank H. Converse, who is equally at home and equally fascinating on sea or land; a circus story by the boys' favorite, Horatio Alger, Jr.; one of city life by the author of "A New York Boy," and one for girls by the hand that penned "Little Nan" for the ARGOSY last year, while the latest volume issued is a story of war time by the writer whose "Gilbert the Trapper" won his way to the hearts of so many of our readers.

These nine volumes, all illustrated, form a neat little library in themselves, and have already had a wide circulation. The price of each is but 25 cents, and they are for sale by newsdealers generally, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price from this office.

The subscription price of The Golden Argosy is \$3 a year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for four months. For \$5 we will send two copies one year, to different addresses if desired. For \$5 we will send The Golden Argosy and Mausey's Popular Series, each for one year.

"OBEY ORDERS IF YOU BREAK OWNERS."

A PHILADELPHIA contemporary has lately told the story of the origin of the above celebrated phrase with Stephen Girard, the millionaire shipping merchant of the Quaker City.

It seems that he had sent one of his most trusted captains on a long voyage, with a series of sealed instructions, to be broken at the various ports he called at in regular order. These orders were followed to the letter save on one occasion, when, by deviating slightly from them, the captain found he could save his employer thousands of dollars. He did so, but on his return was severely reprimanded, and discharged without a recommendation by Mr. Girard, who used the above phrase in giving the reason for it.

This may seem hard, but no employer wants a man whom he cannot trust to do as he is told,

regardless of consequences, except, of course, where conscience steps in to point out the right and wrong of a thing. For the one time that a disregard of orders may result in the saving of hundreds of dollars, there are a hundred times when it is sure to bring about the loss of thousands.

A WIDELY circulated daily paper editorially inquires "What is the matter with our New York mothers?" and then goes on to recount how one poisoned her two children the previous week, and another threw her son and herself out of a fourth story window the previous day. This same journal had a prominent display, and lengthy, detailed accounts of both crimes, and now, in all apparent innocence, prints the above query. Further comment is unnecessary.

REVIVAL OF THE ROD.

PROBABLY the strangest punishment ever inflicted by any court in the United States was one that was executed the past winter in a Missouri town. Three boys had been arrested for thieving, tried, and found guilty; but as they were of very respectable families, and their parents pleaded hard for clemency, the judge decided to let them off with a nominal fine if their fathers would agree to publicly flog their sons in the court house square.

They consented, a day was appointed, the schools gave a recess in order that their pupils might be present and profit by the sight, and altogether nearly a thousand persons gathered to witness the novel spectacle.

It is recorded that one of the boys took his whipping without a whimper, but that the other two vented their woes in tones loud enough to be heard blocks away.

This method of correcting criminals is certainly unique, but may it not prove as effective as throwing bad boys into prisons and reform schools, where the chances are that they will speedily learn to become worse?

THE FRUIT OF TWOFOLD GENIUS.

A NEW YORK morning paper printed on its editorial page the other day an item that should be full of encouragement for ambitious boys. A year ago a Wall Street messenger boy, not yet twenty, resolved to go to Paris and enter the French School of Arts, supported by the government. He had a taste for drawing, to be sure, but his friends thought he might as soon aspire to the possession of a Vanderbilt fortune, as to hope to succeed in a competition for admittance to this famous institution.

Nevertheless he went, and joined himself to the three hundred and forty young men and old seeking entrance to the most celebrated school of art in the world. Out of this number eighty passed, the young New Yorker among them, and not only that, but with flying colors, too, winning the highest record for sketches from life.

He now becomes a pupil of the French government until he is thirty, and will serve for all time as a shining example to his aspiring compatriots.

It should be added, however, that such success is founded on two things: First, natural genius for drawing, and second, "the genius of hard work" to bring the higher genius to its perfect fulfillment.

THE ARGOSY'S BOX VOYAGE.

IT is said that nothing succeeds like success, and we, the publisher and editors of the ARGOSY, see the truth of the assertion day by day in the marvelously rapid growth into popularity of our paper. It is certainly pleasant to feel that not only material prosperity crowns the weekly voyages of our gallant ship, but that the freight she carries brings pure and unalloyed delight to many hearts as well. For proof of this read the following, from our mail, selected out of countless others of similar import:

PEERSKILL, N. Y., March 27, 1888.

I take THE GOLDEN ARGOSY every week from my newsdealer, and in my opinion it is the best paper for boys in the country. Every boy of my acquaintance who takes it says the same.

WILLIAM F. ENGL.

PAINESVILLE, O., April 4, 1888.

I have always been a constant subscriber to the ARGOSY, and it is the very best paper published. Would not be without it for twice the three dollars a year.

F. G. JOHNSON.

SHIPPENSBURG, Pa., March 20, 1888.

I am a constant reader of the ARGOSY and it beats all the papers I have ever read. I can hardly wait from week to week till it comes.

W. H. HUBLEY.

MORRISON R. WAITE,

The Late Chief Justice of the United States.

By the recent death of Morrison R. Waite, the country has lost an old and tried servant, who for fourteen years had discharged with general approbation the very important and responsible functions of the Chief Justiceship.

Being a life office, the headship of the Supreme Court has passed through fewer hands, probably, than any other high public post, its duties having been performed by only six men since the establishment of the government. Chief Justice Waite's predecessors were John Jay of New York, afterward Governor of New York and Minister to Great Britain; Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, subsequently Minister to France; John Marshall of Virginia, Roger B. Taney of Maryland, and Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, all of whom died in office.

When President Grant nominated Mr. Waite as the successor of the last named, some doubt was felt whether this Western lawyer, hitherto comparatively unrenowned, reached the lofty standard of fitness required. Time, however, has amply shown that his painstaking and studious qualities, his excellent judgment and judicial temper, and his careful and conservative instincts eminently qualified him to preside over the sessions of the highest court of American justice.

He comes of an old Puritan stock, and the family records show that one of his ancestors was among the judges who signed the death warrant of Charles I of England. His father was Chief Justice of Connecticut, and the son was born at the little town of Lyme, in that State.

Following in the footsteps of several former generations of Waites, Morrison went to Yale College. He graduated there in the same class with Senator Everts and Edwards Pierrepont, but, although he was universally liked and respected, there was nothing especially brilliant about his scholastic attainments.

Waite had no patrimony to inherit, and after his graduation he started for the new West, determined, like hundreds of other brave young fellows, to carve out his own way to fame and fortune. He located at Maumee City, in Lucas County, Ohio, a little town near Toledo, and "hung out his shingle." For several years he struggled on with a small practice, but gradually fought his way upward till he gained a good reputation at the bar of his adopted State. He was scrupulously honest and generous in all his dealings, and liked better to make a friend than to gain a new client. He never exacted large fees; an Ohio Congressman, who knew him in these early days, says that for writing an important brief relating to Defiance County, for which a thousand dollars would have been the regular charge, Mr. Waite asked only fifty dollars.

His first opportunity for displaying his powers before a wider audience came in 1871, at the time of the Alabama controversy, when he was appointed, with Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, and his old classmate William M. Everts, one of the counsel to prepare and argue the case of the United States before the international arbitration board at Geneva. He went to the Swiss city, took an active part in the trial, and shared with his colleagues the credit of winning it for the American side.

Up to that time Mr. Waite had never argued a case before the Supreme Court of the United States. It was in January, 1873, that he was

first allowed to practice before this tribunal, being admitted upon the motion of Caleb Cushing. Four months later came the death of Chief Justice Chase.

There was considerable delay in filling the vacancy; President Grant nominated his Attorney General, George H. Williams of Oregon, but the Senate refused to confirm. Then Caleb Cushing's name was submitted, with a like result. Finally the President selected Mr. Waite, and after a brief discussion the nomination was unanimously confirmed.

On the bench, Chief Justice Waite was a hard and tireless worker. The Supreme Court is heavily burdened with arrears of business, having a thousand cases constantly on its hands; and he was always very anxious to clear off as much as possible of this accumulation. So far

was his position from being a sinecure, that he worked harder than any of his associates, and his unexpected death is ascribed partly to the exhaustion of his physical system. The artist who not long ago painted a portrait of the late Chief Justice for the Ohio Society of New York says that during his sittings Mr. Waite seemed to be continually studying some case that was awaiting his decision, and would frequently excuse himself for a moment, step into his library, and take



CHIEF JUSTICE MORRISON R. WAITE.

From a photograph by Bell.

down a law book to look up a reference.

He has left a moderate fortune, including property in Washington and Toledo. His style of living was not extravagant, but he was fond of travel. His manners were unassuming and affable to all. He would not disdain to ride to the Capitol in a street car; yet he fully maintained the dignity of his high office.

The engraving on this page is a good representation of his square cut, massive features, grave and dark complexioned face, and shaggy, grizzled hair and beard. He was of medium stature, broad and stoutly built, and always plainly dressed.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

ENNOBLING TOIL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THERE is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

TEMPERANCE and labor are the two best physicians of men.—Rousseau.

PROSPERITY doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

NOT to enjoy life, but to employ life, ought to be our aim and inspiration.—Macduff.

AS small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters hurt that is too much intent upon them.—Plutarch.

IF men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.—La Bruyere.

ONE gift well given is as good as a thousand; a thousand gifts ill given are hardly better than none.—Dean Stanley.

GOODMAN FACT is allowed by everybody to be a plain spoken person, and a man of very few words. He flatters nobody.—Addison.

IT is wonderful what strength and boldness of purpose and energy of will come from the feeling that we are in the way of duty.—J. Foster.

IF there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress.—Lacon.

'TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they bore to heaven, And how they might have borne more welcome news.—Young.

A MAN should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—Plutarch.

THE HOPE OF ELD.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare
today,
May be everlasting tomorrow.

[This story commenced in No. 282.]

—A—

New York Boy;

OR,

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF
RUFUS RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

Author of "Number 91," "Tom Tracy," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

PUT down that chair!" said Rufus, boldly. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, wantin' to strike a woman?"

"Drat your impudence!" answered the drunken man. "I've a great mind to smash you," he added in angry tones.

"That would be better than hittin' your wife, you big brute!"

"Oh, Rufus, be careful!" said the poor wife. "He's that bad he might kill you."

"I ain't afraid of him, Mrs. Pickett."

His defiant tone seemed to infuriate the drunkard, whose anger was now directed against our hero.

"You ain't afraid of me?" he repeated. "I'll stop your impudent tongue for you, see if I don't."

He lowered the chair a little, released his hold upon the table, which had served as a partial support, and started in the direction of Rufus. If he had had full control of his legs he would have been a dangerous antagonist, for he was a short, thick set man, and evidently possessed of a large measure of strength. But on account of the large amount of whisky he had imbibed, he found it difficult to maintain his equilibrium, and in the act of striking at Rufus, who skillfully eluded the blow, he fell headlong on the floor.

"Go for a cop, Micky," called Rufus. "Tell him to come quick."

Rufe knew that the lives of the little family would be in danger, unless Pickett was removed. He had just returned from a three months' sojourn on the Island, during which his wife and children had enjoyed comparative peace, and though Mrs. Pickett had been compelled to work hard, she had been better off than when her brutal husband was with her. His first act on coming home was to appropriate fifty cents of his wife's hard earnings, and spend them for whisky at a saloon.

Mrs. Pickett did not offer any protest, and Micky sped away on his errand. Pickett tried to rise from his recumbent position, but without success.

"Oh, Rufe, isn't it awful?" said little Edith, timidly peeping into the room.

"What's that yer sayin' against yer pap, you young jade?" muttered Pickett, making another effort to rise. "I'll baste yer when I get up."

"Don't be afraid, Edie. I'll take care of you," said Rufus manfully.

"Hear the kid talk!" continued the prostrate drunkard. "I'll twist his neck when I get hold of him."

Mrs. Pickett still stood cautiously behind the table, with the young child in her arms.

"That's a pretty way to receive a husband and father when he's been away from home for ninety days," hiccupped Pickett.

"It's a pretty condition for you to come home in," said Rufus.

"None of your impudence, you young rascal!" returned Pickett.

He succeeded in rising to his knees, by the help of the chair, and in a minute would have been on his feet, menacing Rufus, but at this critical moment Micky appeared, followed by a policeman.

"What's all this?" demanded the officer.

"Are you up to your old tricks, Pickett?"

"He would have killed his wife and child, I think," said Rufe, "if I hadn't come in just as I did. He was going to hit her on the head with a chair!"

"How's that, Pickett?"

"She wouldn't give me any money, ossifer," replied Pickett, with another hiccup.

"I gave him fifty cents this morning, or rather he took it, and that's what he bought whisky with," said the wife.

"You've got some more money," went on the drunkard.

"I have twenty five cents to buy supper with," answered the poor woman.

"That's mine. Whatever's yours is mine! Ain't I your husband, shay?"

"Yes, you are, to my sorrow!"

"Come, Pickett, you'll have to go with me. You ain't fit to live at home. I should think your last term might have been enough for you, but it doesn't seem to have been."

"You ain't goin' to send me back to the Island when I've just got out, p'liceman? It's a shame!"

"All your own fault, my man! Come, get up here!"

The officer pulled the drunkard to his feet with no gentle hand, and marched him off. As he moved away he shook his fist at Rufus, while his brow darkened.

"I'll pay you for this, you young rascal!" he cried. "I'll teach you not to interfere with me."

Rufus did not reply, but turned to Mrs. Pickett, who sank into a chair with a sigh of relief.

"You're better off without him, Mrs. Pickett," he said.

"Yes, Rufus, you are right. And yet there was a time, before he took to drink, when he

"Yes; he read just as easy, and he's only eight years old. When he went out, I tried to read it myself, and I kept trippin' up over the big words. It made me ashamed, Micky, to have a little chap like that floor me. I made up my mind I'd learn to read decent or bust."

"So you bought 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Somebody told me it was a nice story, and I'd find it interestin'. So I've been hammerin' away at it ever since."

"How fur have you got, Rufe?"

"I'm on the forty seventh page. Sometimes I get to big words that I have to skip. I wish you knowed more so you could help me."

"I was never cut out for a scholar, Rufe. It don't help a feller earn his bread and butter."

"But if he means to grow up respectable and go into society, he must know how to read easy."

"O, you're gettin' too high toned. I'm goin' to Tony Pastor's, or the Third Avenue Theatryer. You'd better come too."

"I'd like to, Micky, but I'm goin' to have a good read. If I stick to it for a couple of hours, I'll may be get through three or four pages."

"At that rate you'll be gray headed before you get through the book."

"I don't know but I shall," said Rufus, despondently. "If I had a teacher to help me along!"

"Why don't you get the kid?"

"That's a good idea, Micky," said Rufus,

with his present position of attainments. He was anxious to rise in the world, and was sharp enough to see that an education was necessary first of all. When Micky came home, and talked enthusiastically of the entertainment at Tony Pastor's, Rufe listened with tranquillity. He felt satisfied with his own way of spending the evening.

CHAPTER VI.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

RUFUS called at the New England Hotel the next morning, and had a conference with Mr. Beckwith.

"I've been waitin' for you," said Joshua. "Now tell me what I am to do."

"Wilton is comin' round at twelve, isn't he?" said Rufe.

"Yes."

"And you promised to have the two hundred and fifty dollars ready for him?"

"Yes, that's the idee."

"You've got some money with you, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've got twenty dollars, two fives, and the rest in small bills."

"His money will be done up in a package, and you won't have a chance to open it till it's too late."

"You don't want me to give him any money, do you?" asked Mr. Beckwith.

"Only pretend to. I expected to bring along a detective, but the man I knowed is out of town on business. So I guess I'll be the detective."

"You! A boy like you!"

"Yes, Mr. Beckwith. I'm a boy, but I know the ropes. I can see through such fellers as this Wilton right off. Now if you'll foller my directions, we'll have some fun."

"Just as you say. You seem pretty knowin' for a boy of your age. Go ahead, and tell me what to do."

"You see we must fool him just as he wants to fool you."

"How will we do it?"

"It'll cost a little money. You see we must buy a wallet, and do it up in a paper, but it won't be real money that's in it, but some bogus money."

"Where will we get it?"

"There's a store on the Bowery, where they have some advertising bills that look like greenbacks. I got some this mornin' as I came along. That's what we'll put in the wallet."

"Good!" laughed the old man gleefully. "I'll show that Wilton I'm as sharp as he is, if I do come from Greenville, New Hampshire. He thinks I'm a greenhorn, but folks get mistaken sometimes."

"When all is ready, you must let me hide under the bed, so I can see the fun, or hear it. You be down stairs in the office, and when he comes propose to him to come up stairs to your room. That's just what he'll like, for he'll be afraid to play his trick on you in public."

Joshua chuckled. It flattered his vanity to think he was going to get the better of a New York trickster. He felt that it would give him a great reputation for sharpness in Greenville, where he would tell the story in full detail.

A little before twelve o'clock Leonard Wilton walked briskly down the Bowery, smiling to himself and evidently on the best possible terms with the world.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars will be a good haul," he said to himself. "My country friend fell an easy victim. I puffed him up with a great idea of his own sharpness. How he'll rave when he discovers how he has been taken in! It'll be prudent for me to make myself scarce for a time. Let me see. I can enjoy a week in Philadelphia, and perhaps do a little business there. By that time my rustic friend will have gone back to his mountain home, and the coast will be clear. It makes me laugh to think of his disappointment, when he finds out how he has been tricked."

Arrived at the New England Hotel, Wilton entered, and looked around him a little anxiously, fearing that in some way his prey might have escaped him.

But no! there in a chair sat Joshua Beckwith, with his hat tilted back on his head, looking very comfortable.

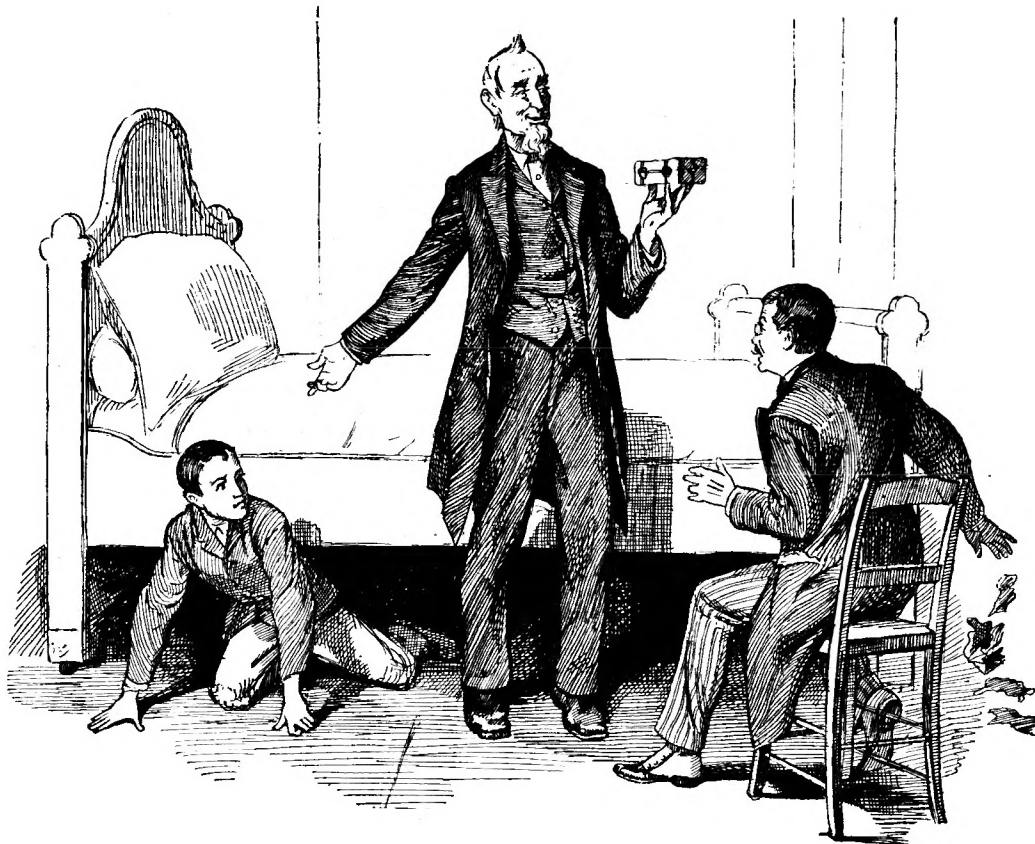
"How do you, Mr. Beckwith?" said Wilton, with a pleasant smile. "I hope you had a good night's rest."

"Oh yes, I slept like a top. They've got nice beds in York."

"We generally try to be comfortable here, Mr. Beckwith. By the way, did you attend to that little matter of business we were speaking of?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilton. I was afraid you'd forget about it."

"Oh, no. I wouldn't serve you so meanly,



RUFUS CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER THE BED BEFORE THE ASTONISHED GAZE OF LEONARD WILTON.

was a good husband; but now he frightens me and makes my life miserable. Some day he will kill me and the children. It's impressed on my mind, and I often wake up trembling, thinking he is near."

"It was too bad of him to take your money."

"I wouldn't have cared if he hadn't spent it for whisky, though it's hard for me to pay the rent and provide food for the children out of my scanty earnings."

"I'm glad Micky and I were on hand, Mrs. Pickett. If you need us again, send for us."

"I am afraid William will do you some harm, Rufus. He is very angry with you."

"I'll risk it. I can take care of myself. When I saw him tryin' to hit you with that chair, it made me want to knock him down. Come, Micky, let's go up stairs."

The two boys occupied a small back room about ten feet square, furnished, as might be expected, in the plainest way. It may be doubted whether the entire furniture of the apartment, including bedding, had cost over fifteen dollars. There were just two chairs, one for each of the boys. When they had company, either they or their guests were obliged to sit on the bed.

"What are you goin' to do this evenin', Rufe?" asked Micky.

"I'm goin' to try to read a little," answered Rufus.

"What's the use of that?"

"I'll tell you, Micky. My education's been neglected. I left school when I was ten years of age, and I've forgot most all I once knowed. It's only three months since I got ashamed of bein' a knownothin'."

"I know—when the kid was in here, and read from the paper about that fire on Broadway."

brightening up. "Why, here he is, just as if he knowed we was speakin' of him. How are you, Kid? Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

The kid, so called, was a rather diminutive boy of eight, pale and thin, but with an intellectual face. His real name was Albert Kelly, but he was known universally as the kid. He was the son of a widow, and lived on Avenue A.

"Do you mind helpin' me a little about readin', Kid?" asked Rufus.

"No; I'd like to help you, Rufe. You're always kind to me."

So the two sat down together, and undertook "Robinson Crusoe." Rufe was encouraged to find that now his task was made easy by the superior scholarship of his young teacher. In the two hours they actually went over ten pages.

"I say, Kid," said Rufus at the close of the lesson, "what do you say to teachin' me reg'lar? Of course I'm goin' to pay you. You come here three or four evenin's a week, and I'll pay you a quarter every week."

"All right, Rufe! I'd like to earn a little money that way, but perhaps you can't afford to give me so much."

"Oh yes, I can. I'll do a little less eatin', if necessary. Why, Micky spends more money 'n that goin' to theaters. Come ag'in Wednesday and Friday evenin's."

"Yes, I will, Rufe."

"That's a good arrangement," said Rufe to himself complacently. "It'll help the kid, and it'll help me. Here I am, fifteen years old, and don't know no more than a cow. By the time I'm sixteen I'm goin' to know somethin', or bust—that's so."

It will be seen that Rufe was not satisfied

I had a good many other things to attend to, but I wouldn't forget your business. It'll be a nice little speculation for you, my friend."

"I should say it was! It's kind of you, Mr. Wilton, to throw such a thing in my way—a stranger like me."

"You don't seem like a stranger, Mr. Beckwith. My heart warmed to you when I first set eyes on you."

The old man laughed. Fortunately Mr. Wilton could not read his thoughts.

"Suppose you come up stairs, to my room. We can attend to our business there better than here."

"Just the plan I was going to propose," said Wilton, briskly. "I hope you haven't mentioned the fact to any one."

"Why should I?" responded Joshua, non-committally. "I'm a stranger here."

This was not a categorical answer to his question, but Leonard Wilton interpreted it to mean what the other desired.

They ascended the staircase, and entered Mr. Beckwith's room, where Rufus was snugly ensconced beneath the bed.

"Sit down, Mr. Wilton," said the old man. "Have you brought the—green goods with you?"

"Yes, my friend, here it is."

He produced a good sized package wrapped in brown paper, and sealed in several places.

"Strictly speaking, we're doing what isn't exactly legal," said Wilton, "and it is necessary to be careful. I have therefore tied up the goods, and would not advise you to open the package till you are on your way home."

"How much is there?" asked Joshua, in apparent eagerness.

"A thousand dollars—four dollars for one. It'll make a mighty neat profit for you."

"So it will," laughed Joshua, gleefully. "Now I'll be able to buy that three acre lot I've been wanting for so long."

"Now, Mr. Beckwith, I'll trouble you for the two hundred and fifty dollars."

Joshua produced his wallet, also tied up in brown paper. Wilton eyed it in some surprise.

"My friend was afraid I'd lose it, or get my pocket picked, or somethin'," the other explained, "seem' as I was a stranger in the city."

"Just so!" said the sharper, the explanation seeming quite natural.

"Won't you stay and dine with me, Mr. Wilton? As you've put me in the way of makin' so much money, I guess I can afford to treat."

"Thank you, Mr. Beckwith, but I have an important engagement. Some other time will do for that. By the way, I advise you to leave for home as soon as possible. It isn't safe to carry round so much money. You can afford to come to New York again soon."

"So I can!" chuckled Joshua, who seemed in hilarious spirits. "Good by, Mr. Wilton! It isn't often one meets such a friend as you are."

"The old fool is drunk with joy!" said Wilton to himself, as he hurried down stairs. "I must get somewhere where I can open this wallet. Luck's in my favor for once."

CHAPTER VII. CHECKMATED.

WHEN Wilton left the room, Rufus crawled out from under the bed.

"It's as good as a play," he ejaculated, his face expanding with a broad smile. "I'd like to see Wilton when he opens that wallet."

Joshua Beckwith burst into a hearty laugh. "I reckon he'll find he's tackled the wrong critter," he chuckled. "Country folks ain't always greenhorns."

"Of course not," responded Rufe, but he could not help thinking how cleverly Mr. Beckwith would have been outwitted but for his interference. He did not care, however, to interfere with his companion's complacency.

"Shall I open the package?" asked Joshua.

"No, Mr. Beckwith, Wilton will be back soon, and you will want to open it before him, or he will pretend that it contained what he said."

"Do you think he'll be back, then?"

"Yes, I am sure of it. When he comes I'll dive under the bed again. I want to see, or hear, the rest of the fun."

Rufe was right. Fifteen minutes later a hasty step was heard advancing along the corridor.

Rufe had barely time to get under the bed when a loud and imperative knock resounded on the door.

"Come in!" said Joshua, who had been coached by Rufe as to the part he was to play.

"What, Mr. Wilton!" he exclaimed in apparent astonishment. "I didn't expect you back so soon."

"I dare say not," said Wilton, who seemed to be mad through and through. "You thought I wouldn't find out the mean trick you played upon me."

"Take a seat, Mr. Wilton. You seem to be excited. Sit down and cool off. What's the matter?"

"I'll let you know what's the matter, sir. You have swindled me."

"You don't say! How could I, a country greenhorn, swindle a man like you?"

"I thought you were an honest man."

"You'd better not say I ain't, Wilton, or by the livin' jingo, I'll fire you out of the room quicker'n a wink. Now tell me what's the matter."

"Didn't you engage to give me two hundred and fifty dollars in good money?"

"Didn't I?"

"Didn't you? Look at that!" and the angry man took the wallet from his pocket, and drew out the strips of worthless paper with which it was filled. "What do you call that? You don't know me, Beckwith. I'm a bad man when I get riled. I've a great mind to call in the police. What will your friends in Greenville say when they hear that you are in jail?"

He expected to see Beckwith show signs of terror, but Joshua looked calm and imperturbable.

"Hold on a minute, Wilton!" he said. "What was I to give you two hundred and fifty dollars for?"

"For green goods."

"Where are they?"

"In that package."

The package lay on the bed unopened, its real contents unsuspected, as Wilton thought. It was this that made him so bold.

"I haven't looked into it. I guess I'll open it."

"You'd better not," said Wilton hastily. "It may get you into trouble. Put it into your carpet bag, and open it when you get home, that's my advice—that is, when you pay for it as you agreed."

"Do you certify that it contains a thousand dollars' worth of bank bills?"

"Yes, sir."

"So much like the genuine that I can pass it anywhere?"

"Of course."

"Only it ain't genuine?"

"No; if it were I would not sell it at twenty five cents on a dollar."

"You guarantee it, do you, Mr. Wilton?"

"Of course I do; but I haven't got any time to waste. I've performed my part of the contract. Now give me the two hundred and fifty dollars you promised, or I'll make it hot for you."

Wilton assumed a threatening tone, and frowned ominously.

"It may be as you say, Wilton," said Joshua, "but I'd rather make sure. I'm goin' to open this package, and see what's in it."

"I warn you not to do it. It isn't exactly legal, as I told you before, and it will be safer to wait till you get back to Greenville."

"That may be, but I'm not easily scared, Wilton. I'm goin' to open it, and in presence of a witness."

"What do you mean?" asked the swindler, nervously. "Where are you going to find a witness?"

"I shan't have to look far. Here, boy, you're wanted."

Rufus needed no second bidding, but crawled out from under the bed before the astonished gaze of Leonard Wilton.

"What does this mean?" he ejaculated.

"It means, Wilton, that I ain't quite such a greenhorn as you thought I was."

Joshua Beckwith whipped out a big jack-knife, and began to cut the cords that confined the package.

Wilton sprang from his seat, and made for the door.

"You have played a trick upon me!" he exclaimed. "I won't stay here to be insulted."

"Not so fast, Wilton," responded Beckwith, placing his back against the door. "You don't move out of this room till I've found out what is in that package."

Leonard Wilton eyed doubtfully the tall, athletic form of his country acquaintance, and decided that he would have to submit. He resumed his seat sullenly while Beckwith cut the cords.

Opening the package it was found to contain a thick pile of green paper slips cut in the shape of a bank note.

"I guess you've made a little mistake, Wilton," said Joshua, coolly. "Our folks up in Greenville ain't quite so green as to take this for genuine money. You've tackled the wrong critter this time. What have got to say for yourself any way, Wilton?"

"I've got this to say, that you'd never have found out the trick for yourself, you thick headed granger. It's this boy that's put you on the scent."

"Well, he did drop me a little hint that you was a scawlag, and I had better not trust you too far."

"I thought so. He'd better have minded his own business."

"And not interfere with an honest man, hey, Wilton?"

"I'll get even with you, boy, for this!" said Wilton, furiously. "Just let me get you alone, and—"

"And what?" asked Rufe, boldly.

"I'll teach you a lesson you won't soon forget."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilton; you're very kind, but you don't scare me. I shan't lose any sleep over what you say."

"You can go now, Wilton," said Joshua, stepping aside from his position in front of the door. "The best of friends must part, you know!"

"Confound you for a stupid fool!" said the adventurer, savagely.

"I wasn't quite stupid enough to get taken in by you. Good by, Wilton. Don't forget your package."

But by this time Wilton was on his way down stairs.

"My young friend," said Joshua Beckwith, changing his tone, "you've done me a good turn. If it hadn't been for you I'd have been two hundred and fifty dollars out, and served

me right, too, for conspirin' to cheat the government. I want you to accept this money to show that I'm sensible of what you've done."

He drew from his vest pocket a ten dollar bill and offered it to Rufus.

The boy hung back.

"I'd rather not take it, Mr. Beckwith."

"I'd rather you would," said Joshua, earnestly. "If you won't take it as a gift, I'll lend it to you, and when you're rich enough you can return it to Joshua Beckwith, of Greenville, New Hampshire."

"Thank you, sir. If you put it that way, I'll take it. And now, Mr. Beckwith, I'll bid you good by."

"Not just yet, boy. I want you to dine with me. We'll have a good dinner, too, if it breaks me."

Mr. Beckwith was as good as his word. He gave Rufus such a dinner in the hotel restaurant as he never remembered to have eaten before. When he rose from the table he was obliged to loosen his vest. Later in the afternoon he guided his new friend to the Fall River boat, and returned to his room feeling that he had been a favorite of fortune.

"Look at that, Micky!" said he, showing his ten dollar bill. "Would you advise me to buy a house on Fifth Avenue, or—"

"Put it in the Savings Bank," said Micky, promptly.

"Micky, you're a boy of sense," said Rufe. "I'll do it tomorrow."

The next forenoon he had an errand to Brooklyn, and on his return decided to walk across the bridge. About midway his attention was drawn to a young man of perhaps twenty five, whose unsteady gait showed that he had been drinking too much. Rufus was but a few feet behind him, when the young man, under some mad impulse, swung himself to a plank that crossed the cable road to an electric lamp, darted across this and clambered hastily down an iron girder to the roadway, across which he dashed and started to climb the outer parapet, with the evident intention of throwing himself into the river. Rufe took it all in at a glance, and followed with all possible speed. He was just in time to seize the would be suicide by the leg, and forcibly prevent him from carrying out his purpose.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRISONERS.

"HELLO there, Tad! Have you found out what is going on in the kitchen?" The prospective brother in law's voice was rather gruff as he repeated the question.

Now the kitchen was quite dark, and Allan had only been enabled to make out the figure of the small boy in the doorway by the whiteness of his attire. Thus the latter's hasty glance into the apartment revealed nothing out of the ordinary. So he shivered out the reply, "There's nobody here," and then scampered back across the cold floor to bed.

"I could have sworn I heard talking," responded the other. "Must have dreamed it, I suppose. Is it snowing yet?"

"Yes, and a blowing like two forty. Don't you hear it against the window?"

Allan did, and shuddered as he thought of what might have been his fate and Arthur's had they not found this haven of refuge. And now, how was he about to repay the hospitality—ah that was but a weak way of expressing it—they had here received?

"But she ought to thank me for showing her the sort of man to whom she has kept faith all these years," Allan argued with himself, as he lay there with wide open eyes, to which sleep would not come. "It is better that she should find out now than after it is too late, when she is married to a rogue. But that won't make the telling of it any easier. And what if it doesn't help father, after all?"

And thus it went on in his weary brain through the lagging hours of that memorable night. The measured breathing from the next room told that sleep had claimed its occupants again, while Arthur lay like a log on the other side of the room.

"If it wasn't that he needs the rest, I'd wake him, and we'd talk it over together," reflected his chum.

At last, just as the clock struck four, he fell into a doze from sheer exhaustion, and had a happy release from his perplexing problem until an excited exclamation from Arthur aroused him.

"Jerusalem jinks!"

"Hello, what is it? Where am I?"

Allan raised himself to a sitting posture on the horsehair sofa, and gazed about him with a stupefied stare.

"Well, we're all in a box, I should say. No, don't look around the kitchen for the wood box, but see there!"

Arthur stretched forth his right arm majesti-

cally toward the window in the attitude of a showman exhibiting his rarest curiosity.

Arthur rubbed his eyes, and then caused them to follow his chum's forefinger. What he saw was a snow bank towering up beyond the top of the window.

"It must run straight across the doorway," said Arthur. "We're regularly snowed under."

"It might have been under in a different sense, Art," responded Allan solemnly, walking over to the window and putting a hand on his chum's shoulder.

"That's so, and I suppose we ought to be the most grateful fellows going. But somehow it's terribly exasperating to be trapped this way, and give that scoundrel so much more time to get away for good and all."

"Hush, don't talk so loud!" cautioned Allan, all in a tremor.

"Why, what's the matter, old man? Come to look at you, you don't seem so fresh as you ought to after sleeping for half a night next to a kitchen stove instead of under a snow blanket."

"What would you say if I was to tell you that 'that scoundrel' is caught in the trap with us?" returned Allan, bending forward to speak in a whisper.

Arthur wheeled around and faced him, with his mouth open, ready to give one of his favorite, full lunged exclamations. But Allan laid one hand gently on his lips, and pointed with the other towards the door on the left.

"We are at the Mrs. Benderman's Reggie told about," he went on, in the same tone. "The woman that got out of her bed last night to take us in is Tad's sister, and the man she is engaged to is sleeping with that Tad in there, and he is Paul Beaver, because I recognized his voice."

Once more Arthur manifested strong inclinations to give vent to a triumphant whoop, but he clapped his own hand over his mouth this time, and contented himself with smiting his leg exultantly.

"That's the neatest piece of luck yet!" he ejaculated, under his breath. "How did you find it out, Al?"

Allan related what he had overheard during the night, whereupon Arthur was for going inside and forcing their man to stand and deliver at once.

"We're two to one," he answered, "and you a champion. And I dare say Tad will turn to and help us when matters are explained."

"But Miss Polly?" Allan now interposed.

"Art, I don't know what to do about this thing at all. It doesn't seem right to lose the chance of clearing father, but just think of what this woman has just saved us from! Didn't you notice how happy she seemed all the time? And she has waited so long, and now to have us tell her that her lover is a villain—"

"Why, Allan, boy, of course we've got to do it," broke in Arthur. "Do you think it would be right for us to stand by and let her marry such a man?"

"No, of course I don't; and yet, do you want to see the expression of her face when we tell her? Wouldn't you rather face another snow storm?"

"Ye—es, I don't know but what I would," answered Arthur, hesitatingly. "But then duty is duty, and we oughtn't to let our private feelings interfere with it. I wonder where he keeps those bonds, or the money he's turned them into?"

Arthur gazed around the kitchen as if he expected to see a pile of greenbacks peeping out of the blue teapot on the shelf back of the stove. He did not see that, but what he did see caused him an equal thrill of excitement.

There, in the doorway on the left, stood the man with the red hair, glaring at them, trousers and coat pulled on hastily, and hair ruffled from his night's sleep.

When he caught Arthur's eye, "Polly," he raised his voice and called, "oh, Polly," and then strode into the room.

Before he reached the center of it, and ere either Allan or Arthur could make up their minds just what steps to take, the door on the opposite side was thrown open, and Miss Benderman, fully clad, appeared.

"What does this mean? Who are these fellows?" demanded her affianced, abruptly, in very much the manner of Mr. Ericsson. "Did you admit them to the house?"

"Why, yes, Paul," replied the woman, quietly, going up to lay her hand on Beaver's arm with a confiding air that made Arthur shudder, knowing as he did the sort of man he was. "You can see for yourself what a storm it is. They were lost in it, and I let them in at midnight."

Both boys had their lips parted to confirm the statement, when Beaver struck in fiercely with: "And you know nothing of them beyond that, Polly?"

"No, Paul. They were unconscious almost when I found them, out there on this very doorstep."

"Well, I will tell you who they are," went on the man, in the same brutal way. "They are two young scamps that have tracked me here to rob me of my money. I know them both, and they know me. Let them deny it if they dare!"

Beaver paused an instant for breath, for so violently was he excited that his chest heaved with every syllable. The look of horror and amazement that quickly overspread the woman's face was startling in its contrast to the former expression of sweet hope and contentment.

"Oh, Paul, I can't believe it," she exclaimed.

"There must be some mistake."

"What I tell you is the truth, Polly," de-

clared Beaver, passionately. "This fellow," pointing to Arthur, "has already made an assault on my person, and I have the best of evidence that they have followed me here with the sole intention of robbing me. Where is your clothes line?" Then he called over his shoulder, "Tad, come and help me, will you?"

Affairs were evidently coming to a crisis. Arthur squared off to defend himself by strength of muscle, while Allan essayed to speak.

"It is false," he cried, forgetting everything else in his indignation at the consummate impudence of the scoundrel. "That man—"

"Oh, of course it is to be expected that they will vilify me, now they are caught," Beaver stopped him by crying. "It's a lucky thing for me, and you, too, Polly, that this storm kept them from getting away with their booty."

"Why, Paul, did they—have you missed anything?" asked Polly, who was by this time all of a tremble.

"That rascal yonder," once more indicating Arthur, towards whom Beaver—perhaps not unnaturally—appeared to cherish especial animosity, "had a big roll of the bills which I got away from him just now. You see they robbed me while I slept, but you can see how they were prevented from getting away."

"And that will keep them now, Paul, without binding them. I know you will remain quiet, won't you, young gentlemen? My mother is not well, and I am afraid of the effect on her a scuffle would have."

Tad had already made his appearance, half dressed and with eyes starting from his head with wonder at what was going on. He and his sister and Beaver all had their gaze centered on our two friends, who, for their part, were so astounded by this novel turn of affairs that they were for the moment as clay in the hands of the potter.

Besides, now that Beaver had got in his story first, was it to be expected that any of the others in the household would believe theirs? But Arthur was not one to take things quietly for long. Making a sudden rush towards Miss Polly, he began: "Do you want to know who that man—"

He had got so far when "that man" swooped down upon him like a whirlwind, clutched him by both shoulders, twirled him sharply around, and marched him off towards the bedroom on the left. In vain he wriggled and squirmed; the grip by which he was held was like iron, and the next instant he was pushed into the apartment. But not alone.

Allan had sped across the floor to his chum's rescue. He raised his arm to strike Beaver's off Arthur's shoulder, but Polly flew to her lover's rescue, and grasped in turn Allan's arm. He would not be rough with a woman, so gave in, and the next instant was shoved along with Arthur into the room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

"WELL, I call this the greatest exhibition of table turning this part of the country has ever witnessed!"

Arthur dropped to a seat on the identical yellow trunk that had led him such a chase, and looked over at his chum, who stood leaning against the door that had just been locked on the other side.

"Why didn't you drag him off me, Al?" Arthur went on. "You see, he took me so suddenly from behind that I hadn't half a chance to defend myself."

"I did all I could," replied Allan. "But you wouldn't have me strike a woman, would you? Besides, I couldn't do much without raising a row, and you remember what she said about her mother. We've got one consolation, though; if we're caught, Beaver is too. He can't run far."

"But what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, neither can we," laughed Arthur. "Tenbrook Falls doesn't seem to take much of a fancy to you and me, eh, Al?"

"I'm afraid we've bungled somehow over the business. We ought to have been plaintiffs, not defendants. Still, we're a good deal farther on the road towards the object we came up here to attain than we've been yet."

"But if we stick there and that object burrows his way out of the front door and makes off to Canada in the meantime, what good will that do us? I don't want to blame you, Al, but I can't help believing that if it hadn't been for your soft heartedness about hurting the feelings of Miss Polly, somebody else might have been the prisoner."

At this moment the door was unlocked, opened wide enough to admit Tad, and immediately refastened. The boy had come for the remainder of his clothes and Beaver's, which he now proceeded to get together, with such fear-some glances cast the while towards Allan and Arthur that the latter laughed outright.

"Look out for yourself, young man," he said. "We're terribly vicious characters, and small boy stew is one of our favorite dishes."

"Quit your nonsense, Art," put in Allan. Then turning to the boy, he added: "We met a friend of yours last night, Tad, Reg Ericsson. You went coasting with him yesterday afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Tad, who was now divided in his opinion as to whether these two well dressed young men were villains or sorcerers.

"Well, he can tell you we're not robbers. How long does Mr. Beaver intend to keep us shut up here?"

"I don't know. I must take his things out to him now," replied Tad, nervously. "He wants to begin shoveling a path out to the pump."

"I say, one minute," cried Arthur, springing forward and terrifying the boy by gripping him on the arm. "We're going to be counted in on breakfast, aren't we?"

"Yes; I just heard Polly say something about it," and wriggling himself free, Tad tugged fiercely at the door knob.

The door was opened for him from the kitchen side, and the boys from Brooklyn were left once more to themselves.

The room was a small one, containing but a single window, now banked half way to the top with snow. Two strips of rag carpet covered the floor, a chest of drawers did double duty as bureau and wash stand, and the bed was of the old fashioned four poster variety. There was no stove or other means of warming the apartment, while a picture from an illustrated paper over the bureau representing ice cutting on the Hudson did not contribute to raise the temperature.

Now that the first excitement of what may be called the putting of the boot on the other leg was over, our friends began to notice the frigidity of the atmosphere.

"Whew!" whistled Arthur, beginning to slap his arms on his chest. "Guess he expects to get rid of us by freezing. I'd give a good deal to have my overcoat in here. I wonder if—jing!"

Seymour bounded up from the trunk as he uttered the exclamation and made two bounds across the floor to the bed. Allan at first thought he was going to jump in and warm up under the covers, but all he did was to snatch up a coat that had been thrown over the spread to lend additional warmth.

Throwing it over one of the bed posts, Arthur began plunging his hand into the different pockets, with the determination of a very reckless sneak thief. An instant later he danced about the room in such an unaccountably ecstatic fashion that Allan feared their varied adventures during the night had injured his reason.

"What's the matter with you, Arthur?" he cried, trying to bring his erratic chum to a standstill.

"Eureka! eureka!" was all the reply he could get for a minute or two. Then Arthur flopped down on the bed, pulled Allan down beside him, following this proceeding up by becoming suddenly grave and laying a finger across his lips.

"Your father's a free man now, old fellow," he whispered joyfully. "Look there!"

Opening his left hand—he had his right across Allan's shoulder—he revealed to view a crumpled scrap of paper.

Allan looked at it, then at his chum, with an expression of horror beginning to overspread his face. He was certain now that Arthur's brain was affected.

"Yes, I see it," he said. "But I don't see anything else. What can that have to do with freeing father, for instance?"

"Everything," cried the other. "Don't you remember what I told you I found out from that office boy of yours? How when Beaver called on your father that day—"

But Arthur had no need to go further. The recollection of that account and the possibilities of the present discovery struck Allan at one and the same moment, resulting in an illumination of his mind as brilliant as that arising from the conjunction of the two bits of carbon in an electric lamp.

"Arthur," he exclaimed, "are you certain this is the very scrap?"

"Sure as the biggest kind of guns. Don't you remember Ben told me the name of the man your father had written that letter to was Oppenheim? And here it is," and Arthur smoothed out the scrap on his knee.

It read as follows:

CHARLES OPPENHEIM,
BROADWAY & CHAMBERS ST.,
CITY.

"Why, that's father's writing!" exclaimed Allan, in great astonishment.

"Well, it isn't, old fellow; not a bit of it," cried Arthur, enthusiastically. "It's the address that Beaver copied while he was waiting for Ben to announce him to your father."

"But why should he copy that?" Allan wanted to know. "He expected to get hush money out of father, you know."

"Don't you see, though," went on the radiant Arthur, "he was merely up to his old tricks. He knew what he could do in the way of imitating handwriting, and thought he might as well be prepared on your father's."

"But how can we prove that it is really a clever imitation on Beaver's part, and not really my father's hand?" went on Arthur, determined to face all the facts in the case, favorable or otherwise.

"By your evidence and mine, having found it in the pocket of Beaver's coat, and also by Ben, the office boy, who saw the letter from which this address is copied, and also noticed Beaver stuffing a crumpled scrap into his pocket."

"I'd like to get hold of that \$200,000 for you, though, Al," added Arthur, as the first burst of excitement over, a more extended view of their position and prospects presented itself to his mind. "I wonder if he keeps any of it in here?"

"You may be sure not. He wouldn't have

locked us in with it. I think he's got it around his body in a belt, Western style."

Arthur mused an instant, with knitted brows.

"If you'll hold him quiet, Sir Champion," he said then, "I'll undertake to do the robber act."

"I'm afraid that would hardly answer the purpose," returned Allan with a smile. "We couldn't be sure it was father's cash we were getting, so I think we'd better wait for the law to step in and relieve him of it gracefully. Knowing of his relations as we do to the Benderman family, I think we can manage to keep track of him long enough to telegraph for a warrant."

"Speaking of tracks," observed Arthur, after a brief pause, during which both boys were fain to swing their arms to get some warmth into their bodies, "haven't you heard an awful amount of locomotive whistling during the last quarter of an hour? It all comes from the one spot, too, right off there; and stepping to the window Seymour mounted a chair in order to look over the snow that was banked up so high against the house.

"Jericho grasshoppers!" he ejaculated, after one look. "If there isn't a train blocked in the snow right over there, and a party of hungry passengers are shoveling out a path straight for this house!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RECEPTION OF THE SNOWBOUND TRAVELERS.

BOTH Allan and Arthur became greatly excited when they realized that a fresh element, and one of an entirely unexpected nature, was about to be introduced into their captivity.

Allan sprang to a perch on the chair beside his chum, and there, with arms interlocked to retain their footing on the contracted standing room, the two eagerly watched the progress of the shovellers.

"It must have snowed a terrible amount in the night," remarked Arthur, presently. "The roads certainly weren't blocked when our friend Ericsson came through."

"Well, we had a specimen of how much it can snow and blow in a given time," returned Allan, adding: "Are you sure those fellows are aiming for this window, Art?"

"Certain. Don't you see this is the nearest part of the house to them? That's mighty lucky for us. It wouldn't be so pleasant for Beaver to get in his story before we do ours. We've had enough of that. See, there's the colored porter climbing up to get his bearings now. Hurrah, keep on! You're heading all right."

At this moment the lock was heard to turn in the door behind them.

"Quick, Al!" exclaimed Arthur. "Down, or they'll suspect something."

It was Tad again, bearing a plate of frizzled beef, fried potatoes, and a slice of bread and butter.

"Take this," he said to Allan, who had advanced to meet him. "I'll go back for the rest."

"The rest" was another plate, like the first, which was succeeded in turn by two cups of coffee. As there was only one chair in the room, the boys made a table of this and sat, Turkish fashion, on the floor beside it.

"I bet that Polly had a hand in giving us as decent a set out as this," observed Arthur, beginning to eat as though he had been cast away on a sandbank for a week.

At that instant, however, a shout was heard in the direction of the shovellers.

"House there, ahoy! We're a comin', we're a comin'!"

"They must be right here!" exclaimed Allan, jumping up and beginning to unload the breakfast dishes on to the floor in reckless haste.

Arthur caught up a cup of coffee in one hand, his plate in the other, and, with the slice of bread held between his teeth, danced about the floor in impatience till Allan had cleared the chair and placed it under the window. Then they both sprang up with such impetuosity that they nearly went through the glass.

"Here they are, almost up to us!" exclaimed Arthur, and he was for opening the window at once and hailing the shovellers, who, as could now be seen, consisted of the darky porter and a brakeman.

"Don't, Art," interposed Allan, putting his hand on the sash. "They might hear you in the next room, and get first shot with their story. They'll be up here in about five or ten minutes, so our best scheme is to keep out of sight till they arrive. So down with you."

Arthur saw the wisdom of this advice, and a minute later the two boys had resumed their places at the "breakfast chair," as Seymour dubbed it. They kept their eyes steadily on the window, however, and discussed their most advantageous plan of proceeding.

"It stands to reason," said Arthur, "that the passengers must be hungry, and when they find that we're locked in here, cut off from the food supply, they'll be ready enough to stand by us for freedom."

"But shall we tell them the whole story?" began Allan, when once again the lock clicked in the door, and, to the boys' disgust, Beaver looked in.

"Aha, you're safe, are you?" he said. Then, as his eye fell on his trunk, he added: "Humph! Don't know as it's exactly prudent for me to leave you in here with my things."

Our friends' hearts sank. If they should be

removed to another room, and the party from the train should be received by Beaver, the consequences might be more serious to them than if no outsiders had gained admission to the house. It was not an inviting prospect, that of looking forward to being exhibited to a party of strangers as two desperate young scoundrels who had tracked an unoffending man all the way from Brooklyn to Tenbrook Falls for the chance of despoiling him of his hard dug nuggets.

Meanwhile Beaver stood there in the crack of the door, evidently trying to decide whether he would remove his prisoners or his trunk. Every instant Allan and Arthur expected to see the rapidly advancing shovellers appear at the window; and when Beaver presently fixed his eyes upon this point, their hearts began to thump rather loudly under their waistcoats.

Their relief was great, then, when Beaver, having apparently decided that, if the lock would prevent his captives from escaping by the door, the snow would as effectually cut off their retreat through the window, suddenly backed out and left them to themselves.

"What do you suppose he's keeping us here for, any way, Al?" said Arthur, as the door closed.

"Just till he can get away into Canada, I suppose," was the reply. "He knows now that we can make it very unpleasant for him if we succeed in getting the law to take hold of him, so—"

"Look out there!"

Arthur sprang to the window with the exclamation. A shovel had come within an ace of knocking out a pane of glass. A black face, beaming with triumph, was looking into the room.

The boys had the window up in an instant. "Got anything to eat, boss?" were the first words of the darky. "A whole train full ob people done been snowed up here since midnight. Dey mos' ready ter eat de leather off der shoes. See, dey all come runnin' now."

Sure enough. The brakeman had hurried back with the news that the path to the nearest house had been cut through, and the hungry ones had promptly formed into single file to make use of it.

"Hush!" continued Arthur, mysteriously, laying his finger on his lips; "don't make any noise, and perhaps we can give you something."

The negro's eyes bulged out in a comical combination of amazement and horror.

"Don't make no noise!" he gasped out.

"What am dis place? A lunatic 'sylum?"

"No, don't talk so loud, and stay there till the others come up and warn them."

Arthur gave these whispered directions hastily to the porter, and then drew back to impart the brilliant scheme that had just occurred to him to Allan.

"Beaver and the rest can't have any idea that that train is there," he added. "They've stopped whistling long ago, and there are no windows in the other part of the house that look out that way. And it'll be no end of fun to see the expression on his face when the door is opened."

But by this time the delegation from the stalled train—fifteen or twenty strong—had come to a halt in the narrow snow tunnel, while the warning passed down from the porter flew from mouth to mouth.

The expression on the various faces as its import was heard, formed an interesting study to our two friends, as they stood, one on either side of the window, ready to help these unexpected guests in.

As the cut was not wide enough for two persons to pass, the negro was the first to be admitted. Each giving him a hand, the boys introduced their first visitor into their prison.

Next came the brakeman, then a smiling young "drummer," who scorned assistance, and started to launch himself into the room with an athletic spring that fell short, and landed him on his shins across the window sill. He was finally disposed of, however, without undue commotion, and, obedient to instructions, proceeded to range himself at the farther end of the apartment, next the porter and brakeman.

Then each man as he entered was informed by either Allan or Arthur that nothing could be done for them till their entire number was assembled inside.

The majority of the passengers were too chilled with their passage between the snow banks to delay their entrance into a presumably warm apartment by more than a nod of assent. But a tall man in a fur trimmed coat, with longish black hair, brushed in front so as to cover his ears, "kicked" a little, as the brakeman afterwards phrased it.

"What do you mean, young man, by trifling in this manner with shipwrecked travelers?" he demanded, when Allan had respectfully informed him of the "regulations." "We are ready to pay for all we get, so why all this circumlocution?"

"That is what we are going to explain to you, sir, in five minutes," answered Allan respectfully, stretching out his hand for the next comer.

The tall man grumbled to himself, and passed in. The rest, consisting of wide awake commercial travelers and business men mostly, ready to make a spree of their enforced halt, were soon inside. Arthur shut down the window and turned to begin the elaborate explanation of affairs he had already planned out in his mind, when his nicely laid scheme came tumbling about his ears with the sudden opening of the door and the entrance of Beaver.

(To be continued.)

FORTITUDE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WELCOME fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here;
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

An Old Time Reminiscence.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

"MY grandfather was a most wonderful man." When I think of Grandfather Harrison and the stories he used to tell us young folks, the line I have quoted from an old time song is very apt to come to mind.

For, making all due allowance for any unconscious exaggeration, "gran'ther," as we used to call him, had certainly passed through some very remarkable experiences, both by land and water, during nearly forty six years of his wandering life.

One evening in particular I remember that we young people were talking about pirates, and my brother Joe asked:

"Gran'ther, did you ever run across a real pirate?"

Gran'ther Harrison's wrinkled brow contracted till it was a perfect network of lines. And I saw his thin old fingers clutch the arms of the old fashioned rocker in which he was sitting before the great open fireplace ablaze with burning chunks of hickory and maple.

"Pirates?" he repeated, and there was a curious ring in his voice. "Why yes—once." And of course we all cried out for the story.

"It was in 1807," said my grandfather, staring into the glowing embers as though his memory was refreshed by certain visions of the past that he saw depicted there. "I was attached to a United States privateer—the Portsmouth. Nowadays a topsail schooner is seldom seen—at least on our side of the water. Then, our navy was largely made up of this jauntily rigged, swift sailing class of vessel, ranging from two to three hundred tons.

"We were cruising in the Gulf of Mexico when Lafitte, the pirate, was the terror of those waters. Lafitte, who was of French birth, began his career with a commission under his own government, to prey upon the Spanish commerce. From a South American government he accepted another commission to similar effect. And the transition from privateer to freebooter in those days was the easiest thing imaginable.

"But whether from policy or not, Lafitte let American vessels severely alone, though other nationalities had to pay him tribute very dearly. And this was at a time when Mexico was shaken to its center by civil wars. Hundreds of wealthy refugees set sail for other parts, carrying with them great stores of treasure in silver, gold, and jewels. And scores of the small vessels on which they had taken passage were captured by Lafitte's swift sailing crafts, of which a dozen at least made their headquarters in Baratavia Bay on the Louisiana coast.

"During this civil war the Portsmouth was stationed for a few weeks off Matamoras, a Mexican seaboard town of some twenty five thousand inhabitants. We were allowed considerable liberty ashore, and of course made many pleasant acquaintances among the Americans, who had intermarried into the better class of Mexican families.

"I am an old man," said Gran'ther Harrison, slowly, "but after seeing many beautiful women in all parts of the world, I still think as I thought then, that Donna Maria—no matter about her other name—was the most beautiful woman of her day. From her Spanish mother she inherited her magnificent eyes and dusky hair; from the English side of the house a clear, creamy complexion, unaffected by the tropic sun. Tall and well proportioned, she was well called 'the belle of Matamoras.'

"It is no disrespect to your grandmother's memory that I say in those days of my youthful folly, I, in company with at least half a dozen of my fellow officers, fell madly in love with Donna Maria. It was a youthful infatuation, and one of which your grandmother knew long before she married me. And when, after the outbreak of this Mexican revolution, Donna Maria, accompanied by her widowed father, sailed for New Orleans with their possessions converted into gold, I, as well as my other shipmates, was 'desolated,' as the French say.

"A week later the Portsmouth was ordered

to Pensacola. In the gulf the schooner was struck by an 'ox eye' squall with every rag of sail on her, and it is still a matter of historical record that out of a crew of sixty seven souls all perished (a score were devoured by sharks) excepting two. One of them was a sailor named Braymore, from Pawtucket—the other my unworthy self.

"We two managed to get into a boat that had parted from the davits, and for two days drifted at the mercy of the wind and waves. Then we were picked up by a schooner manned by fifty as hard looking characters as I ever saw on a vessel's deck, embracing men of almost every nationality under the sun.

"The schooner's name? It was La Scourge, privateer, under a French letter of marque—Commander Lafitte. I might have heard of him.

"So the first lieutenant, a voluble French creole, replied in answer to my questioning. And, though I was well aware that Lafitte pro-

"Toward evening the wind died away, leaving the schooner totally becalmed near the mouth of the bay. And then for the first time I had an idea of the utter lack of anything like discipline among such a lawless crew as the freebooter carried.

"About twenty of them came aft in a body and demanded—not asked—that a cask of wine be brought from the hold and broached. The sailing master refused flatly. Whereupon they coolly took off the main hatch and helped themselves, threatening to throw the after guard overboard if they interfered.

"Then began a fearful carousal, and by midnight the forward-deck was a perfect pandemonium. The three officers found it convenient to retire to their several staterooms. Having the liberty of the vessel, I staid on the deserted quarter in preference to breathing the stifled air below. The wheel was deserted, the sails drooped idly from the spars, while the schooner rose and fell with an easy indolent motion on

is a priest in orders at the island where we rendezvous and—"

"I will die a thousand deaths first!" passionately interrupted the lady, springing to her feet. And as the light from a bronze swinging lamp fell on her beautiful tear stained features, I involuntarily exclaimed:

"Great Heavens! Donna Maria!"

"With a terrible imprecation Lafitte glanced swiftly upward! Donna Maria did the same, exclaiming wildly:

"Madre de Dios—it is the Signor Harrison!"

"Now," said Gran'ther Harrison, drawing a long breath, "all of this may sound to you modern day youngsters very much like the far fetched language of cheap melodrama. But so far as my memory serves me, I have told the story exactly as it occurred.

"Hardly had I gathered my scattered wits, and sprung to my feet with Heaven knows what wild plans for rescuing Donna Maria flashing through my brain, when Lafitte himself dashed from the cabin companion way. Snatching a lantern from the binnacle in one hand, he grasped me by the throat with the other.

"So, Monsieur l'Americain," he hissed. 'My officers have saved your worthless life and you play the spy, eh?'

"He was, as I well remember, a man at least six feet two in height, broad in proportion, with glaring black eyes and untrimmed whiskers and hair. I on the contrary was slightly built, but though I say it, I was called tolerably courageous in my younger days. Yet I was as a stripling in Lafitte's grasp, though I struggled fiercely. And," continued Gran'ther Harrison with a slight shudder, "in my mad passion I seized his brawny hand between my teeth—bah—I cannot speak of it!"

Even in his old age Gran'ther Harrison's teeth were remarkably strong and sound. We his listeners understood without further explanation.

"With a roar like a wounded bull, Lafitte threw me, stunned and bleeding, against the bulwarks. And when I recovered consciousness I found myself in irons, thrust down in the stifling confinement of the lazarette by some half dozen of the crew, sober enough to obey the command of Lafitte, whom even the most desperate among them held in wholesome awe. But scarcely had daylight fairly dawned, when I was dragged on deck.

"A land breeze had sprung up. Close hauled, La Scourge was making a long and short leg alternately toward the land which loomed hazily in the distance.

"This much I saw, but without dwelling upon it. Lafitte, whose left arm was in a sling, greeted me with a demoniac smile as he gave off some rapid orders to his crew, who, it occurred to me, did not obey with as much zeal as might have been expected.

"But when I saw one of the fore reef tackles unhooked and overhauled down on deck, my heart sank. Too well I knew what it meant, but I think I did not flinch.

"You seem, Monsieur Harrison, to like the taste of French flesh—I will give you a taste of French vengeance," said Lafitte coolly. 'If as a Protestant you have prayers—'

"Sail ho!"

"This from the fore top, and when the lookout further announced that a square rigged ship was standing in from sea toward the schooner, all was confusion.

"La Scourge wore round on her heel and went off before the wind like a shot, but it was evident that the strange sail, which promptly went about and followed us, could outsail La Scourge two to one.

"In the confusion which followed the tacking ship, I, standing mutely with bound hands, had been momentarily forgotten. But not for long. Lafitte, who had taken charge of the deck, kept me in mind.

"Sway him up at the yardarm! Lively now!"

"Such was the sharp command from the freebooter's lips as I stood with the looped end of the watch tackle about my neck.

"But the men who had hesitatingly moved toward the hauling part of the tackle, stopped short. For Donna Maria, with disheveled hair and flashing eyes, ran out of the forward cabin.

"Are you men—or brutes?' she cried in a clear ringing voice. 'And he—an American!'

"It might have been the appeal itself, or possibly the beauty of the woman making it—added to the fact that the pursuing cruiser had sent a shot after La Scourge which gave a strong hint as to the superior caliber of her armament. Be this as it may, I only know that five minutes later I was a free man, and the crew of La Scourge had to all intents and purposes charge of the vessel. And almost before I fairly realized what had taken place, Donna Maria, her maid, and myself, were rather unceremoniously hurried into one of the quarter boats and dropped astern.

"The cruiser of course backed her topsails and picked us up. This gave La Scourge an advantage those on board were not slow to take. And to make a long story short, she escaped."

"But—Donna Maria?"

"Married the commander of the Spanish cruiser," said Gran'ther Harrison dreamily, "and, I suppose, lived happily ever afterward."



THE FREEBOOTER SEIZED ME WITH A POWERFUL GRASP.

fessed the friendliest feeling toward Americans, you will readily understand that I did not feel very much at ease after learning where I was.

"But I naturally kept my thoughts to myself, and after telling the tragic story was assigned to a stateroom in the after cabin, where I was provided with dry clothing and otherwise made comfortable.

"That neither of the three officers I had seen on the quarter deck was the famous—or infamous—Lafitte, I felt quite sure. I had heard of him as a man of herculean build, 'bearded like a pard,' and rather fantastic in dress, which none of the trio were.

"Monsieur le Capitaine, I was informed by one of the three, who smiled rather unpleasantly as he spoke, was making himself agreeable to a lady passenger in the cabin. I should probably see him later on, and could then communicate to him my wish to be put ashore or transferred to some other vessel. La Scourge was bound to the isle of Grande Terre in Baratavia Bay. Probably they could put me on board some passing fishing boat. With which assurance I made myself as content as possible under the circumstances.

the long even swells that rolled in from the open sea.

"Now the cabin skylight was open, and hearing the murmur of voices from below I very naturally allowed my curiosity to get the upper hand. Crouching beside the skylight I peered eagerly down.

"The cabin was magnificently furnished—evidently from the fitting of the various prizes taken by the freebooter. But I did not pay much attention to the interior adornings.

"A handsome stationary divan was occupied by a lady whose face was buried in her hands, while her form seemed shaken with convulsive sobs. Beside her sat a creole woman, evidently her maid, whose arms were thrown about her mistress, while on her dark face was a look of mingled hate and horror, as she looked upward to a tall, broad shouldered man, wearing the picturesque if rather extravagant garb of an Algerian pirate.

"I will give you till morning to decide whether you will become my wife in lawful wedlock, or make food for fishes, my haughty lady," I heard him say harshly. 'Your tears and protestations will not avail any longer. There

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

BY BRET HARTE.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three.
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

THE Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

Author of "In the Wilds of New Mexico," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE.

THE jaguar was in the act of springing upon Tom Gilbert and me, when, with the best aim, could, I gave it both barrels of Tom's gun, and with a convulsive bound the brute rolled over, dead.

"That's even hotter than the country, Harry!" said Tom. "But we killed him, anyhow; so load up again. But, my! Harry, what a beauty! And did you see when he showed his teeth?—he was the very image of the Don!"

I did not reply to Tom's remarks; but as I reloaded I could not help admiring the glossy, spotted coat of the great beast I had just slain—a brute whose activity and power must have been immense.

But we had not performed the task we had come to complete. This was something upon which I had not counted; and now, though quite satisfied in my own mind that the serpent had escaped, we left our conquered assailant and once more began cautiously to pursue the track with guns pointed in advance, but without the expectation of a fresh assault, when, as if determined to be first this time, Tom suddenly fired at an upraised, threatening head, and it fell upon the monstrous, helpless, writhing coils of the immense serpent.

For it was evident that here the reptile had become too exhausted to continue its retreat, and Tom had administered the *coup de grace*.

It was almost an unnecessary shot, for the jaguar had terribly mangled the serpent, which was half torn and bitten through in one place where it had been first seized; but even now I felt a strong desire to fire again, as I saw a hideous coil rise slowly and then fall motionless, while for the first time the monstrous proportions of the creature became apparent.

"Don't you stir, Harry!" cried Tom triumphantly. "Keep watch over 'em, or some one else will swear he did it. I'll be back in less than half an hour."

Then, before I could utter a word of remonstrance, Tom had dashed off, leaving me to my loathsome wardership. But not for long; he was soon back with four Indians, giving his orders lustily, and we stood and looked on while they skinned the trophies.

"Perhaps they'll believe you now, Harry," said Tom, proudly. "We'll take the skins up in triumph—that we will! But who'd ever have thought of my coming out here to shoot snakes a hundred feet long?"

"Say five hundred, Tom," I said laughing.

"Well, ain't he, Harry?" cried Tom innocently.

For from the effect of his elation it is probable that his eyes magnified, though, upon the skin being stretched out and measured, it proved to be exactly twenty feet three inches in length, while the reptile's girth was greater than the thigh of a stout, well built man.

But at last, with our trophies borne in front, we made our way back to the hacienda, the Indians shouting, and the whole of the work people turning out to welcome us.

But though my uncle expressed pleasure, and took the first opportunity of telling me that he had never for an instant doubted my word, it was plain enough that he was constrained in his manner; while as to Pablo Garcia, I believe that a blow would not have given him greater offense than did this proof which I forced upon him of the truth of my assertions.

And so the days went. I saw little of Lilla,

though one morning she came up to me, laid her hands in mine and thanked me for what she called my gallantry; and I was so taken up by her words that I hardly noticed the scowl Garcia gave as he came in.

Lilla hurried from the room, and I was alone with the half breed. Seeing that he was disposed to do nothing but stare at me in a half sneering, half scowling fashion, I strolled out, paying no heed to the burning sun as I made for the woods, where the trees screened me from its rays.

On and on I went, mile after mile, through the hot steamy twilight, amidst giants of vegetation hoary with moss. Beast or reptile, harmless or noxious, troubled me little now, for I was in pursuit of the golden idol of my thoughts, winning it from its concealment, and then, with everything around gilded by its luster, living in a future that was all happiness and joy.

But I was not always dreaming. At times I searched eagerly in places that I thought likely to be the homes of buried Peruvian treasures; without avail, though, for I had no guide—nothing but tradition and the misty phantoms of bygone readings.

"But what is there to be afraid of, Tom?"

"Boa constrictors!"

"Pshaw, Tom! We can shoot them, eh?—even if they are a hundred feet long! Well, what else?"

Tom grinned before he spoke.

"Jaguars!"

"Seldom out except of a night, Tom."

"Fevers!"

"Only in the low river side parts, Tom. We're hundreds of feet above the river here."

"Snakes in the grass!"

"They always glide off when they hear one coming."

"Not my sort, Harry," said Tom in an anxious whisper. "They're a dangerous sort,

"Yes," I said, "I'm going up this gorge."

Then with Tom closely following, I climbed on till we were in a vast rift, whose sides were one mass of beautiful verdure spangled with bright blossoms. High overhead, towering up and up, were the mountains, whose snow capped summits glistened and flashed in the sun, while the ridges and ravines were either glittering and gorgeous or shadowy and of a deep, rich purple, fading into the blackness of night.

I stopped gazing around at the platform above platform of rock rising above me, and thought of what a magnificent site one of the flat table lands would make for a town, little thinking that once a rich city had flourished here. Even Tom seemed attracted by the beauty of the scene, for he stood gazing about him without a word. Then he came close behind me again, and together, with the traveler's love of treading fresh and untried soil, we pressed onward, climbing over loose fragments of rock, peering into the stream that bubbled musically down the bottom of the gorge, wending our way through the high growth of long tangled grass, till the gorge seemed to plunge into darkness. A huge eminence blocked the way, in whose face appeared a low, broad archway, forming the entrance to a tunnel, leading who could tell where?

Any attempt to follow another track was vain, as I soon perceived; for, as I saw, the gorge seemed to be continued beneath the archway, while right and left the rock was precipitous beyond the possibility of climbing even to the shelves, where ancient trees had securely rooted themselves in the sparse soil, to hang over and lend their gloom to the somber scene.

But in spite of its mystery there was something attractive in the vast cavern, from which, as now became evident, the little river sprang; for it ran trickling out beneath the rocks we clambered over, till we stood gazing in towards the shadowy depth, listening to strange echoes of a murmuring sound.

"What do you think of this, Tom?" I said, after vainly trying to see the cavern's extent.

"Think, Harry? Why, it looks to me like the front door to Spookland. But do let's get back; for I was never so hungry before in my life. What are you going to do?"

"Do! Why, go in and explore the place, to be sure, Tom," I cried, beginning to climb the rocky barrier that barred the way into the cavern.

"No, don't, Harry," cried Tom dolefully.

But an intense desire seemed to come over me to explore this dim, shadowy region. For what might we not find there treasured? It might be the ante chamber to some rich, forgotten mine—one of the natural storehouses from which the old Peruvians had been used to extract their vast treasures. There were riches inexhaustible in the bowels of the earth, I knew, and if this were one of the gates by which they could be reached, held back by cowardice I would not be.

But before I had crossed this natural barrier to the entrance, reason told me that I must have light, and provision, and strength for the undertaking; and at that time I had neither. There was nothing for it then but to listen to the voice of reason, as personified by Tom; and with a sigh I climbed back just as he was going to join me.

I saw plainly enough that it must be night-fall before we could reach home; and, getting free of the rocks, I was musing, and wondering whether, after all, I had hit upon a discovery, when Tom whispered to me, with averted head, to look to the right under the trees.

I did so, and became aware of a shadowy figure slinking off amongst the bushes. I took little heed of it then, trusting on as fast as the nature of the ground would allow; and at last, thoroughly worn out in body, but with my imagination heated, I reached the hacienda.

That evening, when I was alone with my uncle, I mentioned my discovery, and asked him if ever the cavern had been explored.

"Never that I am aware of, Harry," he said quietly; "and I don't think it would profit the explorer much. I have heard of the cave; it is a sort of sanctified place amongst the Indians, who people it with ghosts and goblins such as they know how to invent. Let me see, what do they call the place in their barbarous tongue? Ah! I remember now—Tehutlan, I



WE START ON THE VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION.

To the people at the hacienda my wanderings must have seemed absurd, for though I took my gun I never brought anything back. This day game was in abundance, but I did not heed it—only wandered on till I came to a rugged part of the forest far up the mountain side, and seated myself on a moss grown rock in a gloomy, shady spot, tired and discouraged by the thought that I was pursuing a phantom.

My meditations were interrupted by the sharp crackle made by a dry twig trampled upon by a foot; there was a rustling noise close behind me, and as I turned I became aware of a face peering out at me from a dense bank of creepers, as a voice whispered:

"Is your gun loaded, Harry?"

"You here, Tom?" I exclaimed.

"Of course I am!" said Tom indignantly.

"What else did I come out here for if it wasn't to take care of you? And a nice game you're carrying on—playing bo-peep with a fellow! Here you are one minute, and I say to myself, 'He won't go out this morning.' Next moment I look round, and you're gone! But this sort of thing won't do!"

with a kind of captain, and he's a half breed. If you will have it, and won't listen to reason, you must. Harry, there are snakes in the grass—Indians who watch your every step. You haven't thought it; but I've always been on the lookout, and as they've watched you, I've watched them. But they got behind me today, Harry, and saw me; and I don't know what to think—whether Garcia has sent them, or whether they think you are looking for anything of theirs. You don't think it, Harry, but at this very minute they're busy at work watching us."

I started slightly at one of his remarks, but passed it off lightly.

"Nonsense, Tom!" I said. "Who's dreaming now?"

"Not me, Harry. I was never so wide awake in my life. I tell you, I've seen you poking and stirring up amongst the sticks and stones in all sorts of places, just as if you were looking for buried treasure; and as soon as you've been gone these Indians have come and looked, and stroked all the leaves and moss straight again. You're after something, Harry, and they're after something; but I can't quite see through any of you yet."

"Nonsense, Tom—nonsense!" I repeated; though I felt troubled, and a vague sense of uneasiness seemed to come over me.

"Going any farther, Harry?" said Tom, as I rose from my seat.

had forgotten its very existence. One of the old Peruvian gods used to live there in olden times, I believe, as a sort of dragon to watch over the hidden treasures of the earth. You had better search there and bring some of them out, or catch the dragon himself; he would make your fortune as an exhibitor in New York."

"And you think, uncle, it has never been explored?" I said, without replying to his last remark.

"My dear boy, for goodness sake give up dreaming and take to reality," he said pettishly. "Explored? Yes, I remember how they say the Spaniards explored it, and butchered a lot of the poor Peruvians there like so many sheep, but they found nothing. Don't think about treasure seeking, Harry—it's a mistake; fortunes have to be made by toil and scheming, not by haphazard proceedings; but all the same I must say," he added musingly, "they do tell of the golden ornaments and vessels of the sun worship hidden by the poor conquered people ages ago to preserve them from their greedy conquerors. Their places are known even now, they say, having been handed down from father to son."

"But did you ever search?" I said eagerly. "Who? I? Pooh! Nonsense, Harry! My idea always was that gold was to be grown, not searched for; but after all, I might just as well have gone upon a harum scarum gold hunt as have sunk my few dollars here."

The conversation was directly changed, for Garcia came in to take his evening cigar with the family, looking the while dark and scowling; but it had little effect upon me, for my thoughts were running upon the dim, mysterious cavern, with its echoes and shadows.

At last I retired to rest, excited with the thoughts of the riches I might find—the consequence being that I lay awake half the night, forming all sorts of impossible schemes; but above all determining that, come what might, I would explore the great cavern of Tehutlan—

If what?
If I could find it again.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPTH AND DARKNESS.

THE sun was rising and sending his golden arrows darting through the thick mist which hung over the plantation, as I went into the court yard, to find all still and peaceful, for work had not yet commenced.

I had taken the precaution of laying in a good supply of provisions, which I carried in a wallet in company with flint and steel, matches, and several candles. Instead of the morning light making my project seem absurd, I had grown warmer upon the subject, and come to the determination that if buried treasures had lain in the earth all these ages I might as well become the owner of one as for it to lie there another century, waiting some less scrupulous searcher.

The night had not been passed without quiet thought, and I had come to the conclusion that if so much gold had been used for the embellishment of the various temples, and that gold had been hastily torn down and hidden, it would most probably be in the vicinity of the ruined shrine.

But at this present time I was red hot for exploring the cavern, which did not fit with my common sense argument, without it should prove that there had once existed a temple somewhere on one of the platforms at the side of the gorge. If that should be the case, I felt sure that I had hit upon the right place.

What, then, was my first proceeding?

Evidently to search the sides of the ravine for traces of some ancient building.

Tom's words on the previous day had not been without effect. It was quite possible that I was watched, either by some spy of Garcia's, or, it might be, by some suspicious Indians who had seen me searching about, perhaps, close by one of the buried treasures, of whose existence they were aware.

What a thought that was! It sent a thrill through me, and roused me to fresh energy and determination.

It was evidently my policy to get away unseen; and to achieve this I had risen thus early, swung on my wallet, and, armed with my gun, a hunting knife, and a long iron rod, I walked softly around the house. The next instant I was face to face with Tom Gilbert.

"Starting so soon, Harry!" he said quietly. "I thought you'd be in good time this morning."

Then, paying not the slightest heed to my discontented looks, he shook himself together, and prepared to follow me.

I knew it was useless to complain—for Tom had already given me one or two samples of how obstinate he could turn—so I made the best of it; and, knowing that he was as trustworthy as man could be, I trudged on with him close behind, hour after hour, till, after several wanderings wide of the wished for spot, we hit upon a little clear, cool, babbling stream.

"I'll bet two cents that comes out of that big hole," said Tom eagerly.

The same thought had occurred to me; and now, just as I had given up all hope of finding the gorge that day, here was the silver clew that should lead us straight to its entrance.

The stream led us, as we had expected, right to the mouth of the gorge—that is, to where the rocks, which had heretofore been only a gentle slope clothed with abundant vegetation, suddenly contracted, became precipitous, and broken up into patches of rich fertility and sterile grandeur.

But now these charms were displayed in vain; for the gorge being reached, I prepared to examine carefully its sides, and accordingly began to climb.

"Thought you meant the big hole, Harry," said Tom, gazing uneasily about, and evidently seeing an enemy in every lump of rock or trunk of tree.

"Up here, Tom, first," I said.

He followed me sturdily, without a word, up, and up, and up, climbing over the precipitous sides, with tough root or fibrous vine lending us their aid, till, breathless, we stopped to gaze round or down into the rich ravine below.

Platform after platform I reached, and then peered about amongst the dense growth in search of some trace of masonry. Though again and again the blocks of stone wore the appearance of having been piled together, I could find nothing definite—nothing but that ever recurring dense foliage creeping over and hiding everything, till we had panted up another hundred feet. Here a much larger table land extended before us.

My heart beat painfully now; for, judging from appearances, it seemed that if ever temple had looked down upon the beautiful little vale, this must have been the spot where it was piled. The cavern was sacred to a god; there must, then, have been some temple or place of sacrifice near at hand, it seemed, and I longed to begin investigating; but only to seat myself upon a mossy block, dreading the search lest it should prove unfruitful, and so dash my golden visionary thoughts. But at length I was about to commence, when a throb of joy sent the blood coursing through my veins, for Tom said, in his dry way:

"Been some building going on here some time or another, Harry."

I started to my feet then, to find that the block I had used for my seat had once been squared for building. On peering about, there, in every direction, amongst creeper, moss, and vine, lay fragments of some mighty temple. Some of the blocks were crumbling away; some square and fresh as if lately cut; and many of a size that was gigantic, and excited wonder as to how they could have been moved.

I was right, then. Here had once been a grand temple; and if its treasures had been hidden by the ancient priests of the place, where so likely a concealment as the mysterious cave, whose gloomy entrance I could just distinguish far off below us?

The building must once have been grand, for every step revealed new traces, with the vegetable world completing the ruin commenced by man; mosses eating away, roots forcing themselves amongst interstices, and moving with mighty force stupendous blocks from their ancient sites.

"Yes, this was the temple. I was right so far," I exclaimed to myself. "Now, then, for the treasure! This way, Tom!" I exclaimed, turning to descend, eager now and excited.

The descent was steep at times, even perilous, though I heeded it not; and in less than half an hour we should have reached the stream meandering through the rugged bottom of the ravine, had not Tom, who was always on the lookout for danger, suddenly dragged me down into the shelter of a mossy boulder. In reply to my inquiring look, he contented himself with pointing a little below us to the left.

Following the direction of his arm, it seemed to me that my secret starting that morning had been in vain. The golden treasure, if it existed, appeared about to be snatched from my grasp—my knowledge was about to be met by cunning, perhaps force.

We were watched.

Of that there was no doubt, and my heart sank with bitter disappointment; for there, where Tom pointed, plainly to be seen peering at us from a clump of verdure, was a pair of sharp bright eyes, their owner being carefully hidden from view.

For quite a quarter of an hour we remained motionless—the watcher and the watched—Tom and I both well armed, and involuntarily our guns were pointed at the eyes; but the position was not one which justified firing. The ravine was as free to the owner of those eyes as to ourselves, and, after all, we had no proof that this was an enemy.

I was in doubt as to our next proceeding, and had just come to the conclusion that our most sensible plan would be to turn back without going near the cavern at all, and so try to throw the enemy off the scent, for I felt certain that whether I discovered a treasure or no, I was on the right track, when Tom whispered eagerly to me:

"Let's show him that we know how to use our guns, Harry. We won't shoot him, but only give him a start. Look at that; there's a parrot—two of them—settled in the tree above him! It's a long shot, but I think I could bring one down; so here goes!"

Tom leveled his piece and the next instant would have fired, when the parroquets began chattering, screaming, and fighting together, fluttering down toward the bushes which concealed our watcher. Then there was a rush, a crashing in the undergrowth, and the owner of the eyes—a good sized deer—bounded into sight for an instant, and then disappeared in a series of long leaps, which soon took it out of sight in the dense growth.

"I am blessed!" exclaimed Tom, in accents of the most profound disgust. "If I'd known, wouldn't I have fired, that's all! Had some venison to take back, Harry's."

"I'm very glad you did not, Tom," I said.

For I felt how the report of a gun would have published our whereabouts, if there really were any lurkers near—a thing that I must say I now thought very probable, since the fact of there being a treasure in the cave, held sacred by the Indians, would, as a matter of course, render them very jealous of intruders.

"Where for now, Harry?" said Tom.

"The cavern, Tom," I said.

Finishing our descent we were not long in reaching the rocky barrier, evidently piled by Nature at the entrance of the vast frowning arch.

We stopped and looked around suspiciously; but the gorge was silent as the grave—not a leaf stirred; there was neither the hum of insect nor the note of bird. Heat—glowing heat—reflected from the rocks, already not to be touched without pain—and silence.

"Going in, Harry?" said Tom.

"Of course," I replied.

"Very well, Harry; if you will, you will. But if we get lost, and then find ourselves right away down in no man's land, don't you say it's my fault."

I was in no mood to reply. Clambering up the hot rocks, with little glancing lizards and beetles rushing away at every step, we soon stood gazing in at the gloomy chamber. Our eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, penetrated but a few yards, so that had there been a host of enemies within, they would have been unseen.

"Now, Tom!" I said excitedly, as together we climbed down into the shade, to feel the cool and pleasant change from broiling heat to what was, comparatively, a very low temperature. "Now, Tom, we are going to explore one of the wonders of the world!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Tom, who did not look at all pleased; "it's very big, and large, and cool. Yah! what's that?"

"Only a bird," I said, as with a rush a couple of large birds had flown close by us, evidently alarmed at our visit to their home. "That's a good sign, Tom, and shows that you need not fancy there's an enemy behind every block of stone. If any one was within those birds would not be there."

Tom grunted, and then, as if to show his unbelief, cocked both barrels of his gun. With eyes each moment growing more familiar with the gloom, we walked slowly forward into the darkness again.

Another dozen yards and a curve in the cave hid the entrance from sight; we were in gloomy shades, where a light was necessary.

By means of string we tied each a candle to our pistol barrels, and then set forward, walking slowly, now with the floor of the cavern ascending, now with it sloping down with a steep and rugged gradient, but always with the little river gurgling in darkness by our side, sometimes almost on a level with our feet, at others, where the path rose, running in a deep chasm whose black darkness made you shudder.

We must have penetrated, I should say, the greater part of a mile when the narrow rocky shelf upon which we were walking came to a sudden end. Holding down our candles, we tried to penetrate the depth before us, but in vain; we could only see a vast black abyss, over which we were standing upon a tongue of rock. To right, to left, it was precisely the same, and we knew that a slip would have sent us to a horrible death.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE VOYAGE.

READFUL place indeed!

"They cannot have thrown any treasure down there," I mentally exclaimed the next moment. "It must be somewhere recoverable."

"Say, Harry," said Tom then, "hadn't we better get back?"

"Are you afraid, Tom?" I said.

"Well, no, Harry, I'm not afraid; but I am nearer to being so than ever I was in my life. But—but, Harry, what's that?"

I turned round hastily to look in the direction in which we had come, to see plainly a shadowy looking form flitting, as it were, out of sight in the dim obscurity. A feeling of tremor came over me as I thought of our peril should we be attacked now, standing as we were, with certain death behind and on either side.

Determined that, if we were to encounter an enemy, it should be upon less dangerous ground, I called to Tom to follow me. Holding my dim light well in front, I began to retrace my steps in the direction of the entrance, when there was a loud echoing cry from behind. I felt a violent blow in the back which dashed me to the ground, and in an instant our candles were extinguished and we were in darkness.

For a few moments I felt paralyzed, expecting each instant that I should have to grapple with an enemy; but, save for the whisperings and the distant roar of water, all was silent till Tom spoke.

"Have you got the flint and steel, Harry?"

"Yes," I whispered. "But what was the meaning of that blow and that cry?"

"It was I. I stumbled, Harry," said Tom, "for there was a black thing flew up and hit me in the face. But pray get a light, Harry!"

That Tom's imp was some huge bat I did not for a moment doubt; but after seeing a shadowy figure in front I knew that it was possible that danger awaited us, so, hastily dragging flint and steel from his pocket, I was soon clinking away till a shower of sparks fell upon the tinder. The usual amount of blowing followed, and at last a match was fluttering its blue, cadaverous light, to blaze out soon and enable us to ignite

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our candles, now burned down very low. Hastily pursuing our way, we came again without adventure into the great entrance. The daylight was welcome indeed, and we sat down, about fifty yards from the mouth, to partake of some refreshments.

"That must have been my shadow, Tom," I said at last. "Your light threw it on the dark curtain of gloom before us. And as for your imp, that was a huge bat. I want to go in again, for I'm not at all satisfied with my journey. I don't understand what became of this little river, for of course it must have turned off somewhere this side of the great hole."

"To be sure it did, Harry; I saw where it went off under a tunnel just before we got to that deep place."

"Then the cavern must branch off there, Tom," I said. "That must be the part for us to explore."

In spite of fatigue we stepped onward again till the darkness compelled us to stop and light candles. Knowing now that there were no very great perils in the path, we made far more progress, and in a very short time arrived at the spot where Tom had seen that the bed of the stream took a fresh direction.

It was just as he had intimated; it suddenly turned off to the left, but beneath the shelving rock where we stood holding down our candles as far as we could reach; and if we wished to explore farther there was nothing for it but to scramble down some forty feet to where the water ran murmuring amongst the blocks of stone, here all glazed over with the stalagmitic concretion that had dripped from the lofty roof above.

I led the way, and with very little difficulty stood at last by the stream. Tom followed, and we slowly proceeded along its rocky bed till at the end of a few yards we came to the turn where it came gushing out of a dark arch, some six feet high and double that width, the water looking black and deep as it filled the arch from side to side.

"Tom," I said dreamily, "we must explore this dark tunnel."

"Very well, Harry," he said in resigned tones.

"But I'm not going to try without boat or raft, Tom," I said. "We must give it up for today."

Tom agreed, and together we slowly made our way back. We reached the entrance in time to see that the sun was very low down in the horizon.

An hour later we were making our way back to the hacienda with, fortunately for us, a bright moon overhead, but it was nearly midnight before we reached the court yard.

Tom was inexhaustible in his schemes, and at the end of three days he had contrived the very thing we required, in a light little raft composed of a few bamboo wands confining together a couple of inflated calf or small heifer skins, which floated lightly on the river like a pair of huge bladders.

"There, Harry, what do you say to those, eh? Let all the wind out and double them up, cut fresh sticks over there by the cave, blow the bags out again, and there you are fitted up in style."

"Tom," I said joyfully, "you're a treasure!"

"Course I am, Harry! And yet you wanted to leave me behind."

We were off the next morning before day-break, well armed, each carrying a pistol besides our gun, and traveled as rapidly as we could, being pretty well laden; our load being increased this time by better illuminating powers in the shape of rope thickly coated with pitch.

Having the advantage of a little more acquaintance with the road, we arrived at the ravine in good time without seeing a soul, walked

straight to the blocks in front of the great cave, climbed them, hastened in for some distance, and then sat down in the cool twilight to rest and refresh ourselves, the place being apparently just as we had left it some days before.

It was very laborious work, tramping through a trackless country, but an hour's rest and a hearty meal sufficed to make us once more eagerly set about our task. Tom's idea was that we might discover something wonderful, more singular perhaps than the vast chasm; but his fancies were exceedingly vague, while for my part I studiously preserved silence respecting my own intentions.

As soon as we reached the region of gloom we lit a candle and one torch, but so far, with the increased power of thoroughly illuminating the place, it only served to reveal the vastness of the awe inspiring cave we were traversing.

Our progress was necessarily slow, but at last we stood over the arch from whence issued the stream, when, moved by a strange feeling of attraction, I left Tom busily preparing the raft while I walked forward with the torch to stand at last upon the rocky cape projecting over the awful gulf, and there stood holding the light above my head trying to penetrate the gloom.

But my endeavors were vain; above, beneath, around, the torch shed a halo of faint light, beyond that all was intense blackness, from out of which came the whisperings, murmurings, and roarings, evidently of water, but which the imagination might easily have transposed into the mutterings of a vast and distant multitude.

With an involuntary shudder I turned away, thinking of the consequences of a sudden vertigo.

Tom was busy with knife and rope, and kneeling down I helped him, puffing into the skins until almost breathless; but at last our task was done. Together we carried the little raft down to the water, though not without several slips, launched it, and then placed upon it our lights stuck in lumps of clay brought for the purpose.

The raft was about six feet long by four wide. The skins supported light sticks of bamboo well secured to them, and these in turn bore cross pieces laid in their places, so that the light vessel's deck, if I may call it so, was a sort of bamboo grating.

We were ready then at last; but now the same feeling seemed to pervade both as we stood there on the rock, gazing before us at the black arch, through which came the inky water. From where, from what strange regions?

(To be continued.)

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CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express extra of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing Outfit and Particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE So great our faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince. Free. B. S. LAUDERBACK & Co., Newark, N. J. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Coleman Nat'l Business College NEWARK, N. J. National Patronage, Best Facilities, Best course of Business Training, Shortest Time, Lowest Rates, Open all the year. Address H. COLEMAN, Pres. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3 Printing Press! For cards, &c. Circular size \$3. Press for small newspaper, \$44. Send 2 stamps for List presses, type, cards, to factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE! We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and outfit free. APPLY AT ONCE FOR TERMS. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FRAMES AND PICTURES. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE: OVER 100 SUBJECTS, \$1.00. WM. LEVIN, 37 Dey Street, N. Y. IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Loot Here, Friend. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again. Address, naming this paper, Prof. HART, 212 E. 9th St., N. Y. IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.

BOYS! False Mustache and Goatee, 15c. two for 25c. E. OWENS, 112 King St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1 Scarf or Lace Pin, 1 Stone Ring, 1 Clasped Band Ring. 275 Scrap Pictures & Verses, & Elegant Samples, 10c. F. Austin New Haven, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

STAR

STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Stylo, \$1; Fountain \$1.50 and up. J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FOR THE DEAF PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 653 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BICYCLES and TRICYCLES for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses. 20 Different Styles in High and Low Priced Wheels. Before you purchase see our large illustrated price list. Sent on receipt of stamp. JNO. WILKINSON CO., 55 STATE STREET, - CHICAGO, ILL. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. Greatest Bargains in Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and PREMIUMS. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



GETTING THE WRONG BULL BY THE HORNS.

YOUNG LADY FROM THE CITY.—“ Oh, Mr. Kornstalk, is it that white cow that gives the condensed milk?” FARMER KORNSTALK.—“ Lor, no, Miss, she be the one that gives the ice cream.”

HORSEHAIR SNAKES.

HAVE any of our readers ever thrown a horsehair into a basin of water and waited patiently for it to turn into a snake? This seeming absurdity is thus explained by a writer in the Hartwell Sun.

Our friend asked us if we didn't want to see a horsehair that had turned to a snake. We did, and he drew a bottle from his pocket filled with water, in which was what appeared to be a diminutive snake, five or six inches long, writhing and twisting, as if anxious to escape from the bottle.

When put in the bottle it was nothing more than a hair from a horse's tail. It was then explained that the hair does not undergo change, but that invisible animalcules that generate in the water collect on the hair and make it twist and squirm after the manner of a snake or worm.

TOPSY TURVY TYPES.

HUMOR is evolved principally from decided contrasts, the more unintentional the better. A recent item in the New York Commercial Advertiser will furnish us with a fine specimen.

A transposition occurred in the make up of two telegraphic paragraphs in the New Haven Journal and Courier, which produced the following effect: The first paragraph read: "A large cast iron wheel, revolving 900 times per minute, exploded in this city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent 32 Mason."

This was followed by the second paragraph, which read: "John Fadden, the well known florist and real estate broker of Newport, R. I., died in Wardner & Russell's sugar mill at Crystal Lake, Illinois, on Saturday, doing \$3000 damage to the building, and injuring several workmen and Lorenzo Wilcox fatally."

THE POLICEMAN'S DEADLY AIM.

FIRST MAD DOG.—“ There comes a policeman with a gun.” SECOND MAD DOG.—“ That's so. The people around here had better look out.”



“ BUSTLE IS NOT INDUSTRY.”

There is a right way and a wrong way to clean house. This picture shows the wrong way. Do you wish to know the right way? Buy a cake of Sapolio and try it in your next house-cleaning and you will appreciate the difference so much that you will never be without it again.

No. 36

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Advertisement for The Fountain Pen Co. featuring fountain pens and promotional text.

Advertisement for ShotGuns, Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. featuring an illustration of a rifle and promotional text.

“ Tooth Brush Reform.”

AS REGARDED BY THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

“ The bristles of tooth brushes are extremely harsh and unpleasant producing UNNECESSARY WEAR upon the ENAMEL and INDUCING DISEASES OF THE GUMS. ”



CONFORMS to all surfaces of the teeth, thoroughly CLEANING and POLISHING THEM WITHOUT UNDEE FRICTION and WITHOUT INJURING THE GEMS. Its Economy. Holder (imperishable) 25 cents. “ Felt ” only need be renewed, 18 (boxed) 25 cts. each pleasantly lasting 10 days. Dealers or mailed. Horsey Mfg. Co., Utica, N. Y.

Advertisement for World Type Writer featuring an illustration of the typewriter and promotional text.

Does the work of one costing \$100. INDORSED BY LEADING BUSINESS MEN. GEO. BECKER & CO., 30 Grant Jones St. New York City.

Advertisement for General Sporting Goods featuring an illustration of a boy with a rifle and promotional text.

Large advertisement for Dr. Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Phosphates, featuring a large illustration of a fish and detailed text about its benefits.

A Word to Consumptives.

It matters not if the dreadful disease be inherited or contracted by exposure, the effects of MAGEE'S EMULSION will be apparent after a short course of treatment.

MAGEE'S EMULSION without the least inconvenience. This we guarantee, and what is more, we authorize all druggists to refund the purchase money to any patient who is in a reasonable condition, and who, after taking two bottles of our Emulsion, does not gain in weight.

A CASE OF HEREDITARY CONSUMPTION CURED. J. A. MAGEE & Co., Syracuse, N. Y. I have been a long and patient sufferer from a lung difficulty, have taken a great amount of medicine, and been under the care of several physicians, all of which finally failed to benefit me.

Advertisement for The American Cycles Descriptive Catalogue featuring an illustration of a bicycle and promotional text.

Advertisement for A. G. Spalding & Bros. Athletic Uniforms featuring an illustration of a person in uniform and promotional text.

Grand National Award of 16,600 francs. QUINA-LAROCHE AN INVIGORATING TONIC CONTAINING PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND PURE CATALAN WINE.

For the PREVENTION and CURE of Malaria, Indigestion, Fever & Ague, Loss of appetite, Poorness of Blood, Neuralgia, &c. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris. E. FOUGERA & Co., Agents for the U. S. 30 NORTH WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

Advertisement for The Great China Tea Co. featuring an illustration of tea sets and promotional text.

Advertisement for Homes of Today featuring an illustration of a large house and promotional text.

Advertisement for The Bay State Pants Co. featuring an illustration of men in suits and promotional text.