THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

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WRECKED IN GUINEA.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

At the time our brig was wrecked in the Bight of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa, our prospect was gloomy enough.

We had saved our clothing and some other articles, but what was to be our fate in the deep wilderness, or what course we ought to pursue to get out of it, it was hard to say.

Not a native was to be seen, and we did not believe there was a negro village anywhere in our neighborhood.

We traveled all the next day, eight of us, keeping near the shore in order not to get any more lost than we already were, but no human creature was to be found.

At one spot we started a lion. He ran into some tall reeds, then turned around and looked at us. He had a yellow body and brown mane, and the picture he made, with his huge head and shoulders framed about by the thick reeds, was not one which it was pleasant to look at just then.

I suppose, however, that he was as much afraid of us as we were of him; at least he did not offer to leave his covert, but stood there staring at us like a great, shaggy dog peering from a farmhouse gate.

Just at night we came upon a leopard with three cubs; but the whole family scampered off, the cubs bounding along by the side of the old one like so many kittens at the call of the mother cat. She took good care not to outrun them, and probably a person who should have picked up one of those kittens would have had an unpleasant time of it.

That night, as we lay under the trees, a troop of animals came close about us, as if to reconnoiter our position. We had no weapons except a hatchet and our knives, but we got up and stood on the defensive. The creatures made a strange noise that had some resemblance to human laughter, and the captain called them hyenas. Probably they would not have objected to a taste of us just as we were, but they would have valued us more highly had we been dead about a week. After a time we made a sudden dash towards them, upon which they ran off like miserable cowards as they were.

On the day following we got too far from the coast, and after a time became completely lost. We had taken with us the brig's compass, but the captain, who carried it, had let it fall, and completely ruined it by putting his foot on it.

The sun was hidden by clouds all day, so that we knew not south from north, or whether we were approaching the coast or going from it. Our only food was a little bread and some salt codfish, which we had secured from the wreck, and our condition was really miserable.

Towards night we came to a sort of natural opening in the woods, where there were only a few trees standing wide apart. One of immense size lay upon the ground, having, perhaps, fallen from sheer old age, for it had upon it a blanket of moss which was actually marvelous.

Under the huge trunk, as it lay across a depression of the ground, there was nearly room enough to stand upright.

We examined the place thoroughly before choosing it for our camp, and then creeping under the moss, that hung about us like a tent, lay down to rest. The position was one which would effectually hide us from the observation of wild beasts, so that we would be able to rest in security until morning.

A number of times during the night we heard lions roaring at a distance, but they did not come very near. As morning dawned, we awoke and sat up with the great tree trunk over us and the moss hanging down in a strange, rude canopy.

It was about sunrise, for we had been extremely tired, so that we had slept long.

The captain rose to his feet, stretched himself, and was upon the point of going out. He parted the moss, put his head through the opening, and was just beginning to glance about him, when close to us there was a sort of shrieking roar that was enough to make one's hair rise.

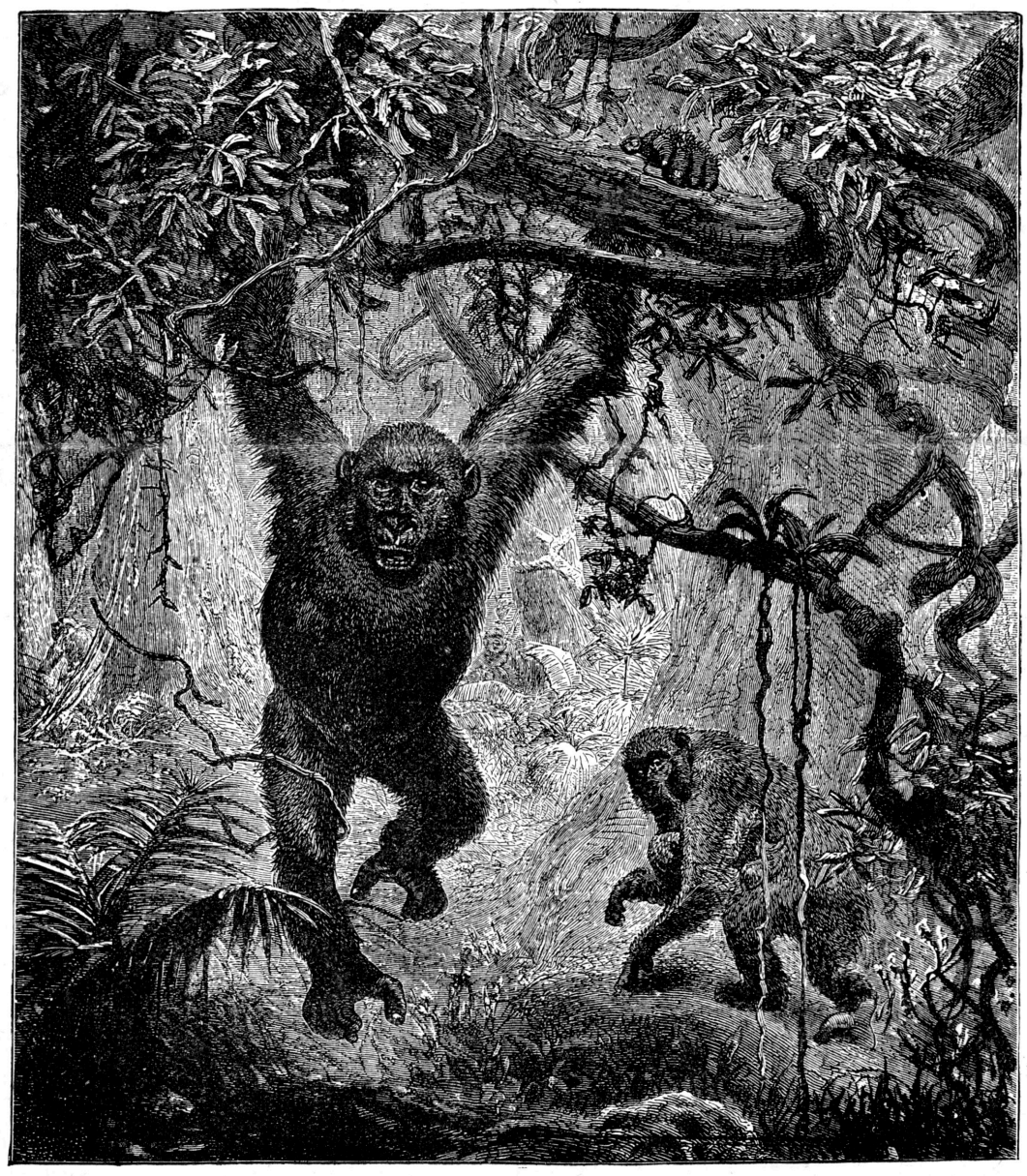
"My stars!" he exclaimed, drawing himself back.

"What is it, sir?" asked two or three of the men at once.

"It's the Evil One himself, I believe!" he replied. "Just look out there and see!"

We did look; and I shall never forget the thrill the sight gave me. There, about twenty yards off, swinging himself from a branch of a large tree, was one of the most hideous monsters that it is possible for the imagination to conceive.

The creature looked like a gigantic old black man, who might have been in the world ever since Adam! It had an immense head, with short, brute-like ears, and a frightful, half-human face that seemed the very incarnation of malignity.



SWINGING HIMSELF FROM A BRANCH OF A TREE, WE SAW A HIDEOUS GORILLA.

Its arms were longer than its legs, and looked as if they could crush two or three ordinary men at once, making their ribs snap like dry sticks. Its body was of a disgusting shape, large and short; and its feet, that we could see dangling as it swung, had the appearance of huge, claw-like hands. Indeed, they seemed almost exactly like its real hands. A coat of long black hair covered the horrid figure from head to foot.

It may have heard our voices, and thus suspected our presence before the captain looked out, but it seemed to have been the sight of him that first caused it to roar. It could now see us partially as we peered through the moss, and its irritation was made manifest by a succession of hoarse sounds that seemed more like a snarling bark than anything else.

We all felt that the animal must be a gorilla, though no one of us had ever before seen a specimen of the race. Our knowledge of its character, however, did not tend to put us at ease. A lion or an elephant would have been welcome in comparison.

There was barely time to get a good, clear view of the monster, when we heard its roar answered from a short distance, and immediately a second gorilla made its appearance, approaching the first upon all-fours.

As this last was somewhat smaller than the other, we believed the two to be male and female. The gorilla-wife, however, was not so delicate but that even she would have been a match for the whole of us together in a fair fight.

The old patriarch roared, as if telling her of the strange discovery he had made; while she replied in a voice which had very little of feminine softness in its tones.

After a time the frightful monster quitted the tree to which he had been clinging, and followed by his mate, came close to our hiding place, as if curious to know more of its occupants.

We drew in our heads and stood ready with our hatchet and knives.

"Don't hit them," said the captain, "unless they attack us. It might make them furious."

They chattered in a kind of surprised way, at times roaring outright, and finally began to pull away the moss that concealed us. Then the old male put in his ugly face, showing four long, hideous teeth, such as would not be found in the jaws of the largest mastiff.

There was a leer in his small eyes that was indescribable, but still he hesitated to venture into our den. Perhaps our faces, so different in color from anything he had ever seen before, caused him to wonder what sort of beings we were, and whether or not it would be safe to pick a quarrel with us.

Presently his mate, as she crouched close behind him, gave a loud, piercing yell. In an instant he darted back out of the curtain of moss, and then both the creatures sprang upon the old trunk above us, where they commenced roaring in a more frightful manner than ever.

While wondering what this could portend, we were all at once startled by a crash of firearms only a few rods off, and quickly following the report there was a fall upon the log, succeeded by a sound of convulsive struggling. Then a heavy body rolled down through the moss to the ground.

The volley was immediately repeated, and there came a second fall, with another dead roll from the log.

Looking out, what was our joy to discover four white men approaching us. Their astonishment at our sudden appearance, in such a place and under such circumstances, was great. At first they raised their rifles, thinking us of the same order of beings as those they had shot, but when we had thrown off the moss that clung about our heads, their pieces were quickly lowered.

They were a party of English officers belonging to a man-of-war on the coast, who had that morning started out for a hunt, getting off at an early hour from their vessel in order to have the advantage of the cooler morning air.

From them we learned that we were not more than a mile from the coast, and they offered to go with us at once to their vessel.

The singularity of their adventure, taken as a whole, seemed fairly to bewilder them. "To think," said one of them, "that we should have found a whole ship's crew in what we thought a nest of gorillas! It is lucky that we didn't hit any of you when we sent those eight bullets over your heads."

"That would have been rather wild firing," responded another; "we are not quite as bad shots as to have done that."

The two gorillas were pulled out from the moss, and as the four gentlemen wished to show their trophies just as they were, we offered our assistance in getting the hideous dead things to the vessel.

The Englishmen and ourselves numbered twelve, and, hanging the strange prizes upon poles, two of which were placed under each, we succeeded in getting them to the water side.

The curiosity of the English crew was extreme when the monsters were taken off to the ship. It being, however, impossible to preserve the carcasses, they were skinned with great care and thrown overboard.

We were soon after put on board a United States sloop-of-war, which took us up to Cape Palmas.

INVINCIBLE GENIUS.

Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist, who died a few years ago, showed early in life a great love of animals, insects and creatures of every description. He was an unmanageable boy with no love of books. He had been discharged from three schools before he was six years old, partly on account of a habit of playing truant, and partly because he alarmed his fellow scholars by bringing jackdaws, worms and beetles into school with him. Edward was sent to work at a tobacco factory at the age of six. At eleven he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and at the age of eighteen he had gone through many severe trials. He joined the militia, but his love of insects proved fatal to his military ambition. When at drill one day a butterfly fluttered past, and Edward, forgetting the discipline, broke from the ranks, pursued and captured the insect. He was brought back a prisoner and subsequently discharged. In his twentieth year Edward went to work as a shoemaker at Banff, and there he pursued so successfully his researches in natural history that he added a great deal to the scientific store of knowledge. When he married, at the age of twenty-three, his wages were nine shillings sixpence a week, and he had to work until late all the year round, but he often spent nights in the fields and caves, searching for insects and strange flowers. For fifteen years Edward carried on most of his researches by night, and he had many narrow escapes through the eagerness with which he pursued his object.

THE FATE OF KINGS.

BY NATHAN M. LEVY.

I WOULD not be a king. 'Twere better far,
To roam where blushing roses scent the way,
To watch the pallid dawn's first glim'ring ray,
Or follow slow the last declining star—
To worship e'er where Nature's symbols are.
The laughing brook is mine, and roundelay
Of piping throstle singing all the day—
No cares of state the happy time to mar.
View Spanish Charles renounce the glitt'ring throne;
And wretched Ivan wrestling with the sword
To stay awhile his heartless poniarding;
See exiled Louis, speechless and alone,
A crownless prince by subjects unadorned,
Leave life without regret. I would not be a king.

[*This story commenced in No.* 190.]

PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

By LIEUTENANT R. H. JAYNE,
Author of "Auka-Yata," "Lone Wolf," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FIGHT IN THE RIVER GRASS.

THE three horsemen were never stopped so suddenly in all their lives. Their ponies were advancing on a cautious walk through the tall grass which lined the river, Dick Haverford a little in advance, when his animal made a backward leap to the left with a snort of fright, which proved he had suddenly become aware of the near presence of some danger.

"Whist!" repeated Tim; "there's something ahead of us in the grass!"

"Yes; and I see him, too," added Dick, who was leaning forward and peering over the side of the saddle.

Tim Dougherty forced his pony alongside his friend, and gazed searchingly in the same direction.

Ike Morgan was close at hand, debating with himself whether he ought to don his armor or not.

The grass at the particular spot where the party had halted was unusually dense, but the outlines of some huge body could be discerned only a short distance ahead. It was motionless, and but for the action of his horse, Dick would have believed it to be simply a mound of dark earth.

"It's a rhinoceros," said Tim. "He's asleep—that is, he has been, but is just waking up."

A cavernous grunt was heard, something like that made by an ordinary hog, except that it was a hundred fold more voluminous and hoarse. At the same time the enormous mass was seen to lurch like a ship in the trough of the sea, then it surged heavily forward and slowly increased in height; the hippopotamus was rising on its short, beam-like legs.

"If you want to lave," added Tim, "now's a good time for doing so as me mither's first cousin obsarved whin he catched sight of the inemy."

"Why should we leave?" demanded the astonished Dick; "are we not here to hunt all sorts of game? That's a strange question——"

"Kape your eyes open!" interrupted Tim; "see that your shooting-iron is ready! Here comes the cratur."

It may be doubted whether the rhinoceros is afraid of anything in the world. He will advance to the attack of any animal that ventures to cross his path, and will not turn aside for the hippopotamus, tiger or elephant. He is capable of great speed, though awkward in movement, despite the fact that his legs are so short that his belly almost touches the ground.

One of the most singular facts connected with the rhinoceros is that he is generally accompanied by a small bird, the *Buphaga Africana*, which gives him warning of the approach of danger. This little creature seems to subsist upon the insects which gather on the muddy coat of the beast, and is always on the lookout for any peril that may threaten its master.

Long before the bulky beast detects the approach of the distant hunter, the sharp-eyed bird observes him stealing through the grass. Instantly it flies high up in the air, uttering sharp, piercing cries, which are well understood by the quadruped. Sometimes the animal may be asleep and fail to hear the warning of its friend; then it pecks his ears with such vigor that he quickly rouses to his situation.

The rhinoceros upon which our friends came with such suddenness was unattended by the little, feathered sentinel; had it been otherwise, their coming would have been announced long before.

But it was enough for the enormous beast to know that something was invading his retreat; some kind of animal was rash enough to wake him from slumber, and, without stopping to inform himself as to its species, he swung upon his feet, and with another coarse sniffing grunt he lowered his vast snout, surmounted by the two enormous horns, and made a plunging charge upon the intruder.

"Look out! There he comes!" shouted Tim Dougherty; "if he reaches your horse he's a goner, likewise including yerself."

The watchfulness of the pony alone saved him and his rider. Dick was looking at the dark mass, supposing it was still laboring to its feet, when all at once he awoke to the fact that it was coming through the grass like a runaway steam engine.

It was several yards away, when Tim Dougherty fired both barrels of his rifle. Ike Morgan held his rifle ready to fire, but waited till he could be more assured of his aim; while Dick wanted to shoot, but could not on account of the restlessness of his horse.

When the latter realized that the frightful brute was almost upon him, and a couple of seconds would be enough for that terrible double horn to rip open the entire length of his body, the pony emitted a screaming whinny, such as is never heard except when the horse is in the very extremity of mortal terror. At the same instant he made a leap so prodigious, that like that of the lion, it seems scarcely credible. The very desperation of his fear carried him at one bound, over the back of the rhinoceros, he landing fairly on the other side.

The sudden wrench broke the saddle girth, and Dick and the saddle shot off the back of the steed, striking the ground several feet away. The soft, spongy character of the earth saved him from being hurt by the fall, when ordinarily he would have been seriously injured.

"Do ye lie still!" called Tim Dougherty, fearful that Dick would attempt to rise to his feet and thereby betray himself to the savage brute.

But the rhinoceros, while dashing upon the horse and rider, became aware that both had vanished. Just as he was about to rip open the animal, the latter disappeared.

But close to the same spot was another horseman, in the person of Tim Dougherty, and the beast scarcely checking his gait, swerved to the right and made for him. Tim had emptied his gun, but he understood the nature of the game better than did either of his friends. He wheeled his horse like a flash and put him to a dead run; that was the only way by which he could escape the danger.

At the same moment, he called to Ike:

"Give him both barrels, and be sure ye hit him as me mither said to Mike Murray whin he was fighting me father."

Ike Morgan carried out his instructions to the letter. No better target could be offered than that of the mountainous animal as he swung along broadside, toward him. Ike let him have both barrels, but could not see that it affected him in the slightest degree.

"He's like a great sponge," thought the lad, proceeding to reload, "he's able to absorb all the bullets we can fire without being harmed thereby."

Meanwhile Dick Haverford, finding he was left undisturbed, began climbing to his feet.

"Since I opened the ball," he said, "it won't do to back out as soon as it gets under way; I'm entitled to take a hand in the wind up——"

To his consternation, he discovered at that moment that the rhinoceros had wheeled, and, leaving Tim Dougherty to continue his flight, and paying no attention to Ike Morgan who had just lodged a couple of bullets in his body, he charged straight at the one whom he had first seen.

Dick Haverford behaved like a veteran and exercised rare judgment. Standing motionless, he brought his gun to his shoulder and fired both barrels in quick succession. Then he sprang aside into the deep grass, struggled several paces, as best he could, and flinging himself flat on the ground, lay still as death. It was hard to do this, but it was by far the wisest course under the circumstances, and indeed the only one that offered the slightest hope.

The flash of the gun almost in the eyes of the rhinoceros, accompanied by the sting of the bullets, which could not miss at such close quarters, blinded and confused him for an instant. By the time he recovered (brief as was the interval), he descried a dark object on the ground, only a few feet away. Believing it to be the enemy that had just fired and against whom he entertained a special hatred, he rushed forward, and ramming his horns beneath, threw it high in air.

But the thick-witted rhinoceros saw his mistake. It was not a young man he had tossed aloft, but the saddle that had slid from the horse. He glared around in quest of Dick, who was lying flat on his face, a short distance off stealthily reloading his rifle, while he peered through the grass, in mortal dread lest the brute should detect him.

Tim Dougherty and Ike Morgan understood the great danger in which their friend was placed, and instantly galloped to his help. The brute heard them approaching, and fully as eager as they, he swung around and plunged ahead to meet them.

The opportunity was so tempting, that, from where he lay on the ground, Dick Haverford sent both charges into the shaggy, pendulous hide of the beast.

"If he doesn't feel them," said the youth to himself, "we may as well stop wasting our ammunition."

Crack, crack, went the guns of his friends, followed by the glad hurrah of Tim Dougherty.

"Begorrah, but he's throwed up the sponge," shouted Tim, "as me second cousin obsarved whin he swallayed the same by mistake and took an emetic; we can pick up the rhinoceros and carry him to camp, for he's done kicking."

CHAPTER XX.

BY THE RIVER'S SIDE.

THE rejoicing of Tim Dougherty was fully warranted. When the lads gathered together, the enormous carcass was motionless on the swampy ground. The rhinoceros was dead.

But, though it had been pierced by so many bullets and mortally wounded, no blood could be distinguished, nor indeed could the marks of any hurt be discovered, except by close search.

Tim Dougherty explained that the peculiar formation of the hide of the rhinoceros is the cause of this curious state of things. It is well known that the skin is very thick and hangs in folds, almost like the scales of a suit of armor. When a bullet passes through the hide as it will readily do, the folds of the skin slide over it in such a fashion that no blood can escape, the rhinoceros bleeding to death inwardly.

The young hunters contemplated their prize with no little exultation, for few there are who can boast of having killed one of those enormous creatures.

"He is double the size of the one in the zoo," said Dick, rubbing his shoulder, which gave him slight pain.

"Yees'll find that ivery animal whin wild is larger than whin he was tame."

"How about Jumbo?" asked Ike.

"It's the same as I have remarked," replied the Irishman, who would never acknowledge a mistake on such questions.

"But Jumbo is the largest animal ever seen in captivity."

"Precisely, which ain't saying that a good deal bigger ain't seen running wild, and I've the bist raison for belaiving that if he had been lift in his native counthry, he would have attained the size of a two-story maating-house.

"I suppose it's natural that animals in their native state should be larger and fiercer than when tame, but I wonder what's become of my horse; can you see anything of him?"

From their more elevated position the boys scanned the horizon in every direction, but replied that no quadruped was visible. Still no misgiving was felt, for, as we have remarked in another place, the ponies were well trained, and not one of them would wander away from their owners. Dick emitted a peculiar whistle, which was certain to be recognized if heard by the horse.

Sure enough, it was repeated only twice, when an answering whinny came from a distant point. That was enough; the pony recognized it and was hastening to obey.

"There's no relic that we can take home to show that we have killed a rhinoceros, is there?" asked Ike Morgan.

Tim shook his head.

"Nothing will sarve very well; we might bore a hole under thim horns, put in some powder and touch 'em off, so as to blow 'em loose, but they wouldn't pay for the bother of carryin' 'em."

"When we come to tell this story," said Dick, with a smile, "there are few that will credit it."

"That's an aisy matter to sittle."

"How?"

"Whin they express a doubt of yer wurrud, as it's nateral they should do, refer thim to me."

"Then they won't believe a word of the yarn," said Ike.

"Av course not, whin I give ye credit of having taken any part in slaying the wild beast; I'll simply say that it was mesilf, but ye want the public to think ye had a hand, and then I'll tip thim a wink and they'll know how it is."

A minute after, the sound of a body making its way through the grass was heard, and the pony of Dick came in sight, showing by his manner that he was as much pleased to rejoin his friends as they were to receive him.

The saddle was thrown across his back, and the girth was mended with little trouble. Very soon they were ready to resume their journey.

"I'm puzzled over one thing," said Ike Morgan, as they approached the stream, "and that is as to how my armor would stand me in a row with a healthy rhinoceros."

His cousin shook his head.

"It wouldn't have answered at all."

"Why not?"

"Well, he is too large and powerful."

"Not more powerful than the lion and not half so active."

"But his great weight is enormously in his favor."

"Show me how."

"Suppose he had charged upon and struck you, you would have fallen to the ground, of course; then he would have placed one of his feet on you; he could have avoided those sharp spikes without difficulty, and the pressure that he would have brought to bear on those meshes would have been ten times more than they could sustain. They would have crushed inward like an egg-shell, and then where would you have been?"

"He would have been in the same fix as the yolk of an egg that has been stepped on, which is similar to what he would be, if I should sthrike him in me anger," remarked Tim Dougherty in explanation.

"And then," added Dick, "I wouldn't want to be inside the armor when he attempted to rip it with his horns."

"What do you think would be the result?"

"I should fear something giving away."

"You know the lion tried to crush it with his jaws, but was compelled to give it up as a bad job."

"But that proves nothing beyond the failure of the king of beasts to connect, as they say. The armor is a remarkably fine thing, Ike; there can be no denying that. It has been of service to us, far more, indeed, than you yourself expected at the time you packed it on the back of your horse when we started on this hunt; but don't make the mistake of counting too much on it."

"That's good advice, Dick, though I can't help feeling sometimes as though it's invulnerable."

The other shook his head in a troubled fashion.

"I began to have a fear that such would be the result, but I hope you have better sense than to make a mistake with your eyes wide open, when you must know that such a mistake is absolutely certain to prove fatal."

"I hope always to exercise common sense," said Ike, with a smile, "but my cousin must be charitable and not expect the average human being to equal his gifts in that direction."

"While it is very easy for the average human being you speak of to equal me, of course it would be an extraordinary attainment for my esteemed relative; ah, here we are!"

The horses came to a simultaneous stop on the margin of the river which they had viewed from a distance, and the riders looked upon it with no little curiosity.

Only one thing was noteworthy; the current was of inky blackness. The tinge was so deep indeed, that, standing on the shore and looking down where the bottom was only a foot below the surface, it could not be seen.

This peculiar appearance caused much speculation on the part of the three. Perhaps it was not so wonderful after all, since the same thing occurs in other parts of the world, and Ike reminded his cousin that in their native state of New York, the Black River, a tributary of Lake Ontario, was so named on account of the color of its current, besides which there are fourteen other rivers of the same name in the United States.

The grass to which Tim had referred as being used for rafts, was so abundant that it would have required a short time only to gather enough for their purpose; but it was idle to look for anything in the nature of a propelling pole, since nothing of the kind was near them.

The current was swift and strong and it was manifest to all that it was impossible to force a boatload across without several poles.

Looking up the stream, the boys caught sight of the edge of the jungle from which the current emerged. While it was invisible, when they were a short distance back from the water, their change of position gave them the view.

"It is not far off," said Dick, "lets ride there and camp for the night; to-morrow we'll make the raft, cross to the other shore, spend several days in hunting and then start for home."

"The proposition strikes me as a good one," remarked Ike, who turned the head of his pony to the left and started him on a walk.

Tim being also favorable, the change of direction was made by all, but the ground was found to be so wet and soft that traveling was difficult. Accordingly, they drew further away from the stream, where it was less laborious for their animals.

"Don't yees forgit," warned Tim, "that we're likely to run agin some more of the rhinocerosses."

"I hope we won't," replied Dick, whose recollection of their encounter a short time before was not calculated to deepen his enthusiasm in hunting that sort of game.

"This is a favorite tramping ground for them craturs. Gordon Cumming killed a good many and he said he was always sartin of finding enough to kape him busy."

"He was one who never wearied of such sport, but we have had enough experience to-day to satisfy me."

"I agree with you," added his cousin; "I prefer to distribute it over a greater space of time."

(*To be continued.*)

MATHEMATICAL MOURNING.

"HAVE you got time to do a little figuring for me?" asked a seedy man, leaning over the bookkeeper's desk. Just a little figuring?"

"What is it?" demanded the bookkeeper, impatiently.

"Put down 22,673," replied the seedy man, humbly.

"Go on," replied the bookkeeper.

"Got it down already? You are quick at figures. Now put down 7,621."

"Go ahead."

"Now make another column. Put down 624."

"Come, come; hurry up."

"And 2,463. Put that under 624."

"Well, what next?"

"Commence another column with 1,436 and add the whole business up."

"How's that?" demanded the bookkeeper.

"Add up the separate columns and then add them together."

"It makes 34,817," replied the bookkeeper.

"Could you walk that number of miles?" asked the seedy man.

"I shouldn't like to try," rejoined the bookkeeper.

"If you saw a man who had got that far to walk before he could plant a stem on the grave of his poor old mother, wouldn't you lend him a quarter until he got back?"

The stone heart of the bookkeeper was not proof against this appeal, and the mourner went away happy.

A SHARPER AND HIS MATCH.

A CONFIDENCE man, no doubt thinking that the bulky form of the late Judge Davis would make him an easy prey to his wiles, stepped up to him in the Metropolitan bank one day while Mr. Davis was depositing a large amount of money in bills. It was an attempt at the old trick of dropping a bill, drawing the victim's attention to it in the hope of diverting his watchfulness from the bigger pile of notes about to be deposited by him, and make away with them at the opportune moment.

The scamp dropped his $5 note on the floor, nudged the justice in the side with his elbow, and whispered:

"You've dropped something."

"All right," quietly remarked Mr. Davis, who knew a thing or two about the gentry to which his officious friend belonged; "I'll take care of it."

With that he planted his ponderous foot and whole weight upon the note, while he handed in his deposit. This done, he leisurely asked the confidence man to pick up the note for him. The latter could not but grant the request. It was with a twinkle of his eye that it disappeared in Judge Davis's pocket to find its way on the following day in the treasury of some charitable institution.

SHRINES.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

About a holy shrine or sacred place
Where many hearts have bowed in earnest prayer,
The loveliest spirits congregate from space
And bring their sweet uplifting influence there.

If in your chamber you pray oft and well,
Soon will those angel messengers arrive
And make their home with you; and where they dwell
All worthy toil and purposes shall thrive.

I know a humble, plainly furnished room,
So thronged with presences serene and bright,
The heaviest heart therein forgets its gloom,
As in some gorgeous temple filled with light.

These heavenly spirits, glorious and divine,
Live only in the atmosphere of prayer.
Make yourself a sacred, fervent shrine,
And you will find them swiftly flocking there.

[*This story commenced in No.* 188.]

The Mystery of a Diamond.

BY

FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "Jack Bond's Quest," "Pepper Adams," "Blown out to Sea," "Phil Asher," "Darcy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Cole homestead lay bathed in the warmth and light of the setting sun.

From the gaily decked yachts in the harbor the sounds of merry laughter was faintly borne on the south wind to the ears of Miss Cynthia, who was sitting on the front portico, knitting in hand, but with her rather anxious eyes fixed on Aunty Badger, who sat in her accustomed place. Roy had entered upon his new duties at the Burton Hotel that evening. Mr. Morris was on board the Juno, and Reba, overhead in her room, was sitting at the small, old-fashioned cabinet-organ, which had been her mother's. As her slim fingers linger softly on the yellow keys, her clear voice, blending with the soft minor chords of the instrument, comes drifting through the great mass of white cherry blossoms which look in at her open window:

"We wonder what city the pathway of glory
That broadens away to the limitless west
Leads up to. I mind me of some tender story,
And think 'to the city that mortals love best'—
The pathway must lead to that far away city—
The beautiful city of rest."

Miss Cynthia is the most unimaginative person in existence, but as the words reach her ears she fidgets restlessly with her knitting needles.

"What under the canopy possessed the child to sing *that?*" she murmurs, for, curiously enough, Aunty Badger's sightless eyes are steadily fixed on a broad banding of crimson and gold that the declining sun is leaving behind it across the smooth surface of the sea; and it may be that with mental vision she sees in it the highway leading up to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Again Reba's voice broke the dreamy silence:

"The path as of old reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright like a way that an angel had trod,
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender—
The clay to lie under the pitiless sod;
But she rests at the end of the path in the city,
Whose builder and maker—is God."

There is a look in the peaceful old face that Miss Cynthia has never before seen. Laying down her work, she steps indoors to the foot of the stairs.

"Reby, dear," she calls, quickly, "run over to Doctor Osborn's, and, if he's at home, tell him to come here right away. Aunty Badger isn't so well to-day."

As Reba hurries down, and is donning her hat Aunt Cynthia adds, with a little dimness of vision, which causes her to take off her spectacles and rub them briskly with a corner of her apron:

"An', perhaps, Reby, dear, you better call to Cap'n Lewis's, an' if Con's to home, tell him—" here Miss Cynthia stopped to clear her throat—"that I want him over here a minute."

With an awed sensation of a presence near at hand, Reba hurried away on her errands.

"Cynthy," said the tremulous voice of Aunty Badger, breaking the silence, "thee has been a friend to the widowed and fatherless. God will reward thee, and may His blessing be on thee and thine forever."

Con Badger, who had been at the shore engaged in ferrying passengers to and fro from the yachts, was hastily summoned by Captain Lewis, and now came hurrying up.

"I knew thee would be here *in time*, Con dear," said Aunty Badger, as Con laid his hand on her shoulder with a trembling touch.

"Thee has been my comfort all these years, Con, dear," she went on, "as though thee had been my very own boy. God was very good to give me such a stay and support in my old age—my faithful, honest, hardworking boy. Kiss me, dear," says Aunty Badger, brokenly.

Lower and lower falls Con Badger's head, and with a face crimson with shame at the remembrance of his life-long deceit, he obeys; but a look of alarm chases the color from his cheeks as Doctor Osborn, walking rapidly up the gravel walk, nods briefly to each, and takes Aunty Badger's thin wrist between his fingers, with a glance at the wrinkled, colorless face.

"Aunty Badger is going out with the tide," the doctor says, in a low voice, and with a sympathetic look at Con. Suddenly realizing it in all its fullness, Con drops on his knees, and buries his face in the lap of the dying woman, whose wrinkled hand moves slightly and rests on his head like a benediction. Out of his heart, half bursting with sorrow, shame and contrition, came a great cry:

"I'm mean, and wicked, and low-down. I haven't got folks to help me be decent like other fellers, but *she* loved me——"

The words are rude, but the grief is real. Dr. Osborn, turning aside his head, winks away a tear or two; Miss Cole shows signs of hysterics; and Reba, pale but calm, stands holding one of Aunty Badger's wrinkled hands with a thoughtful rather than an awe-struck face, "for after all," she tells herself, "for her it is only entering into rest after her three score years and ten of toil and endurance."

Only one more message has Aunty Badger to deliver, and the words come slowly from her pale lips—words that Con will carry with him through life as a safeguard and help:

"God bless my boy and keep him from the evil that is in the world." And then, as the golden pathway faded out from the face of the sea, and the ebbing tide sent little wavelets of sound to the beach below, Aunty Badger's soul went drifting out into eternity.

Well, between death and life there is only a step in this world of ours, and while some are dying others are making merry; and so, as this solemn scene was taking place on the shore, on board the two yachts at anchor in the harbor mirth and gayety was the order of the afternoon. There was just air enough abroad to gently ruffle the face of the deep and move the folds of the striped awnings that stretched from stem to stern. The younger people laughed and chatted, and possibly indulged in a little harmless flirtation, while their elders sat about in idle groups, watched the passing ships through binoculars and field-glasses, or made up small whist parties at the small tables brought from below. There was a small upright piano on board each of the yachts, so that music both instrumental and vocal was not wanting, and Augustus Stanhope, who belonged to an amateur glee club, afforded an appreciative audience unbounded delight by favoring them with the "White Squall" in a reedy tenor voice, thereby drawing from young Baughurst, an envious rival, an ironical "encore!"

Hugh Penny moved about as a sort of master of ceremonies, personally supervising everything from the reception of the visitors to the suggestions to the stewards helping the assembled company to boned turkey, chicken salad, cake and coffee. In the saloon below, some of the old gentlemen were, I am sorry to say, setting a wrong example to the younger portion of the party by quaffing champagne.

For his part, Mr. Granville was an abstainer, neither approving nor disapproving. Indeed, he appeared to take very little interest in the whole affair, sitting apart by himself; nor could the lively sallies of Madame Frissole call him from his seclusion, and his cigar, both of which he was enjoying in an easy chair placed abaft the wheel.

It was here he was sought out by Mr. Penny, who begged permission to introduce a friend—Mr. Edwards; and as Mr. Edwards, who looked surprisingly like our Mr. Edward Morris, laid himself out to be agreeable, Mr. Granville was gradually led to lay aside his gloomy reserve, and enter into conversation, particularly after learning that his new acquaintance was a Harvard collegian.

"Do you happen to know a young Morris—Edward Morris—at Harvard?" asked Mr. Peter Granville, puffing vigorously at his cigar. "He is, I am sorry to say, a nephew of mine."

Yes, Mr. Edwards knew him very well; indeed, he was in the same class as himself—not a bad sort of fellow by any means; and though he had lately been rusticated, or, in other words, suspended, for being a suspected ringleader in some college scrape, it was by no means certain that he was the real offender.

"Aha, suspended, eh?" returned Mr. Granville, with something like exultation. "Hum! It don't surprise me in the least—not in the least. If his father had taken up with *my* offer, sir, I'd have made the young scapegoat my heir once, but now——"

Here the irate gentleman pulled himself up abruptly, under pretense of lighting another cigar. His companion adroitly changing the conversation, began speaking with considerable enthusiasm of the manifold advantages possessed by Burton-by-the-Sea as a future watering-place, to which Mr. Granville, who had heard something of this before from the gentlemen in his own party, listened with evident interest.

"I haven't been very long here, it is true," said Mr. Morris, warming with his theme, "but I am convinced, from what I have seen and heard, that the capitalist who is first to secure a desirable location—I have one now in mind that can be bought for a very low figure—on which to erect a summer hotel, will make as safe and paying an investment of his money as he could ask, for——"

"Why, who on earth is *that?*" interrupted Mr. Granville, taking his cigar from his mouth, as a rather loud, coarse voice rose above the hum of conversation. "It sounds like a man that I hoped I'd seen the last of—a sea captain, sir, that I caned smartly in the cabin of his own ship at Madras many years ago."

"It is Captain Trescott Bluster, sir; he is coming this way with a gentleman of your party," said Morris, in a low tone.

A moment later, two vacant seats quite near them were taken by the captain, who had returned late in the afternoon, and his companion, Mr. Oakes, who, having been introduced to him at the hotel, had mischievously induced the captain to accompany him on board, with the expectation of extracting some amusement out of him.

Mr. Granville, who was sitting with his back to the two, seemed as though he was about to resent the intrusion, but fortunately checked the hasty impulse, and muttering something inaudible, subsided into an attitude of attention to hear what further his companion might have to say on the subject of which he was speaking when interrupted a moment before. But before Morris could begin anew, Captain Bluster's voice again broke in:

"Good tap of champagne they have aboard here, Mr.—er—Oakes, an' I haven't smoked no better cigars sence I left Boston, which was only this mornin'—come through, sir, in less 'n eight hours on the lightnin' express."

"I hardly see, Captain Bluster," responded Mr. Oakes, gravely, "how a gentleman, occupying the high social and financial position which you, as a sort of—a—village magnate occupy in Burton, can afford to leave home even for a short time; you must be greatly missed by your fellow-townsmen?"

"Well, sir," replied the captain, with an important air, "it *is* difficult, but business must be attended to, especially when it not only indirec'ly concerns myself, but is also connected with the pecooniary interes' of the locality I represent."

"He's the same idiotic, self-sufficient ass that he was in his sea-faring days," muttered Mr. Granville, in a confidential aside to Morris, who nodded his acquiescence.

"*You*, I have been told, are a kind of a—er—speculative man, Mr. Oakes," said the captain, lowering his voice, "so I don't mind tellin' you in confidence that me an' two or three cap'talists up to Boston is goin' to buy a cert'n lot of land here in Burton, an' build a palashul summer hotel of the first magnitude. Bizness is bizness, you know, my dear sir, so I—er—kind of tried to induce the ol' maid, who has the right of disposin' of it, to sell by hintin' at a flaw in the title, but it all come round in my favor a little while afterwards, for the people she'd invested the heirs' money with went to smash, an' now she's got to sell the place whether or no, and I cal'late that I've as good as got the refusal of it at my own figgers."

"An admirable stroke of business, no doubt, captain," returned Mr. Oakes, politely. "And now what do you say to stepping below for another glass of champagne?" an invitation which was very much to the captain's taste.

"Do you know that—that Bluster?" asked Mr. Granville, who was smoking furiously, as the two took their departure.

"All that I wish to," replied Mr. Morris, briefly; and then he went on to tell Mr. Granville that it was the Cole homestead, where he himself was boarding, of which Captain Bluster had been speaking.

"I only hope he *won't* get hold of the property," said Mr. Morris, "for it is the land I mentioned a short time ago as being such a desirable location, and, to tell the truth, I have a little personal feeling in the matter, and only wish some moneyed man looking for a good investment would step in and outbid him."

"Shall you be at home, let me see, say Friday afternoon, Mr. Edwards?" abruptly asked Mr. Granville. "I should like to talk with you further about this matter." Mr. Morris replied in the affirmative, and shortly afterward walked away, with a hopeful feeling that his plan for helping Miss Cynthia out of her troubles was beginning to take definite form and shape.

Well, the entertainment, as a whole, passed off very harmoniously, and about nine o'clock the boats began taking a portion of the guests back to the Voyager, while the remainder were conveyed to the shore in the same manner.

Captain Bluster, who had taken more champagne than was good for him, was among the last to leave. Stepping into one of the boats rather unsteadily, he lurched heavily against Augustus Stanhope, who loftily resented the affront. This drew forth from the captain a contemptuous reference to young dudes who never 'd set the river afire by reason of their own brilliancy.

"Nor set a building afire to get the insurance," was the very unexpected reply, which, for the moment, struck Captain Bluster dumb with confusion and amazement. Recovering himself, he began a most abusive tirade, which was cut short by Mr. Granville, who, stepping to the rail, remarked in a very emphatic voice:

"You have said quite enough, sir, and allow *me* to remark that your self-invited presence on board my vessel I regard as an insult to myself and my guests, a repetition of which will insure you another such caning as I once had the pleasure of administering to you years ago."

Captain Bluster sank back in the stern of the boat in a state of speechless amazement, which lasted till the landing place was reached, and the passengers, including Mr. Morris and Mrs. Stanhope, had disembarked. But as he stepped up on the wharf, Mr. Morris saw him turn and shake his fist in the direction of the Juno.

"You had your turn once, old Peter Granville, but if you only knowed it, I've paid you up for it in full of all d'mands," he said, thickly. "But who'd 'a' thought," he muttered, turning his steps slowly homeward, "of old Granville ownin' a yacht, an' comin' here to Burton; I thought all the while that Oakes was the owner of the J—Juno."

CHAPTER XXII.

Aunty Badger was laid to rest in the little cemetery on the hillside, a day or two after the dinner party on board the Juno, and Con, with a very sober face took up his round of life again. People in Burton were beginning to see that he was really in earnest in his new effort at living down his past record, and as he openly shunned anything like intercourse with Rider, who was still living aboard the Wild Rover, which he very coolly kept possession of, Con began to be regarded with open favor, and found no difficulty in getting various little jobs, by which he picked up small sums. These he carefully laid by for a definite purpose, which will more fully appear as our story progresses. He had seen Captain Bluster but once since the latter's return from Boston. The captain had put him off with the excuse of "important business," which had prevented him from carrving out his promise regarding the restoration of Mrs. Stanhope's cross, but telling him that it should be attended to very soon. Knowing that he had the captain in his power to a certain extent, Con was content to wait a little longer.

Among his other occupations, he was regularly employed by Mr. Granville in ferrying him back and forth at a stated time of the day; for the wealthy man, who had learned something of the young fellow's story, was becoming greatly interested in and for him, and secretly determined that if he saw Con was disposed to hold out as well as he had begun, he would help him still further.

So, on Friday afternoon, for which Mr. Granville had made the appointment with Mr. Morris, Con made his appearance alongside the Juno with Captain Lewis's dory, which he had painted thoroughly inside and out, and made otherwise available for passenger traffic. The change in Con's nature was making itself apparent in other ways. He was gradually laying aside his rough manners, and beginning to frame his speech more in accordance with that used by the better class of people with whom he was thrown in contact in his daily duties, and he was more particular regarding his toilet. Oh, it was very plain to see that this turning over of a new leaf had affected Con's outer as well as his inner life.

As the dory, with Mr. Granville in the stern, neared the landing place, the Wild Rover, with Rider, Cy Dobbs, and one or two other choice spirits on board, was just getting under way from the wharf.

"Look here, Rider," said Con, firmly, as he suffered the dory to drift within speaking distance, "next week I want the Wild Rover myself; you've had her full long enough, and I give you fair warning that I'm going to take her for good."

"It'll be the sickest day ever you saw when you step foot aboard this boat, you white-livered sneak," was the threatening reply of the bully, which called out a burst of approving laughter from his companions.

"May be it will. All the same, I'm goin' to have my boat back," returned Con, steadily, as he shot the dory alongside the landing-place, and allowed Mr. Granville to get out.

"That fellow and the light haired, long legged chap beside him, are the two that Mr. Morris, the gentleman you're going to call on, thumped so bad the day he tried to begin town school," said Con, after explaining to Mr. Granville regarding his ownership in the Wild Rover.

"Mr. *who!*" exclaimed Mr. Granville, staring at Con, as he was making the dory fast to the ringbolt.

"Mr. Morris, sir—Edward Morris—the young gentleman I brought off the Juno the day of the party," returned Con, innocently. "He's pretty poor, I expect," continued Con, with a vague idea of enlisting Mr. Granville's sympathies in his behalf, for Con was beginning to be very fond of Mr. Morris; "and though they do say he's got a rich uncle somewhere, I guess he don't help him very much, else Mr. Morris wouldn't be teachin' for a livin'."

"Mr. Edwards, Mr. Morris, eh?" muttered Mr. Granville, as with the linen umbrella over his head, he walked slowly up from the wharf. "The young rascal! I knew there was something in his face that looked familiar, for he's his father all over. Rusticated, Mr. Edward Morris, are you," mused Mr. Granville; "and possibly trying to play some sort of trick on your old uncle; well, well, we'll see about that." Thus muttering to himself, though by no means ill naturedly, Mr. Granville pursued the even tenor of his way till he reached the Cole homestead, where he was met by Mr. Morris himself, who introduced him to Reba and Miss Cynthia, both of whom were sitting on the piazza.

Accepting a chair in the same shady retreat, Mr. Granville removed his hat, and looked about him approvingly, his eye taking in at a glance the beauty of the location, and its adaptability as a site for a summer hotel.

"Miss Cole," he said, in his abrupt, off-hand manner, "how many acres are there in the whole estate here?"

Miss Cynthia, who was partly prepared for some such question through some hints thrown out by Mr. Morris, laid down her work with a sinking heart, and entering the house returned with some papers in her hand. She had tried to school herself to the inevitable, but now that the sale of the place seemed to be drawing so near, Miss Cynthia was quite overcome. But she concealed her emotion as was her wont, and after glancing at the deeds handed them to Mr. Granville.

"There's forty-five acres in all, includin' the medder lot and the timber," she said, in a hard, dry voice, as she resumed her chair.

Mr. Granville examined the deeds carefully, and stepping to the end of the portico, looked back at the gradual slope of the meadow behind the house, where a building could be erected, which would command the finest outlook over the sea and surrounding country of any he had seen in visiting the different watering places along the coast.

Returning to his chair, he sat for some little time in silence. He had talked the matter over with Mr. Oakes, who was a man of excellent judgment, and found that gentleman's views tallied with those expressed by Mr. Morris, as well as with his own.

Mr. Granville had a large sum of money lying uninvested in the bank; he was growing tired of yachting, and must have something to take up his attention. Why not a summer hotel, as well as anything else?

"I expect you are greatly attached to the old place," said Mr. Granville, kindly, as he watched the fair young girl, who was looking sadly from the little garden in front, with its box-bordered beds of old-fashioned flowers, to the hip-roofed house itself, half over-run with woodbine from a slip planted by her mother's own hand, on the day she entered the house, as a bride.

"We are all attached to it more than words can express," replied Reba, absently. For to her it seemed almost like sacrilege to part with the family roof-tree, dire as was the necessity.

"Captain Bluster sent a note to Miss Cole this afternoon, offering two thousand dollars for the whole property," quietly remarked Mr. Morris, "but I advised her to pay no attention to it. Another season real estate is going to boom in Boston, and then if she concludes to sell, the land will bring three times what Captain Bluster offered."

"Joe's boy is no tool, if he has been to college. I wonder if he's got an axe to grind in this matter?" thought Mr. Granville, who was rather given to suspecting mankind of selfish motives. But he kept his thoughts to himself, and, after a little further conversation, took a walk round the place with Mr. Morris, during which he made his final decision, which he communicated in a few words to Mr. Morris.

"You can tell Miss Cole the offer I have made, and if she finds it a satisfactory one, the transaction had better be closed at once, Mr.—*Morris*," said Mr. Granville, with a short, dry cough, as the two parted at the front door-yard gate; Mr. Morris entering the house with a buoyant step, while Mr. Granville walked slowly away in the direction of Captain Lewis's.

The captain was building a new sail-boat, near his house, which he claimed would outsail and outlive anything ever seen in Burton Harbor.

The captain, in his shirt sleeves, was planing the outer planking of the little craft, which was shored up on some miniature ways. Her length was about twenty-five feet, with some seven feet beam, and Captain Lewis pointed with pride, to an innovation on the established models of small boats, namely, an iron keel securely bolted and strapped to the keel proper of oak.

"Takin' that heft an' width of keel along of a cutter rig, sir," said the captain, wiping his forehead, with the stump of his left arm," an' you've got somethin' under you that you're safe to be out in a livin' gale in, an' that won't be floppin' over like one o' these center-board skimmin' dishes."

"I like that raking stern-post too, captain," remarked Mr. Granville, surveying the graceful lines of the new boat, which drew about a foot more for'ard than aft; "she'll come round on her keel in rough weather or smooth, in half the time. But, captain, how did you lose your arm?" he continued as Captain Lewis took up his plane again in his right hand.

"It was when I was secon' mate of the whalin' bark, Amethyst," responded the captain, suspending his plane above the plank. "We struck a ninety bar'l sperm, off New Zealand some'ers, an' whilst the crittur was soundin', a bight of the line caught me jest below the elbow, an' yanked me overboard quicker'n lightnin', takin' of me down close onto fifty feet fathom, 'fore I had time to think—then I out with my knife, an' ampitated my arm above the elbow j'int."

"Why didn't you cut the line itself, captain?" interrupted Mr. Granville.

"It *would* 'a' been the proper thing, sir," returned Captain Lewis, seriously, but I s'pect that bein' at sech a depth, the pressure of the water kind of squeezed the wits clean out of me, so'st I didn't know what I was doin'. But we saved the whale by means of it though."

Fortunately, Mr. Granville was spared the necessity of commenting upon the captain's story, by the approach of Con Badger, who announced himself as being ready to take Mr. Granville back to the Juno, whenever it suited that gentleman's pleasure. So, bidding the captain a courteous good by, Mr. Granville and Con walked down to the boat, and the owner of the Juno was quickly conveyed aboard.

"And now," mused Con, as he slowly pulled back to the wharf, "as I believe there's nothing else on hand this afternoon, I think I'll find out something, one way or the other, about this cross business. Captain Bluster's had plenty of time to do as he said, and I ain't going to wait his time any longer." So saying, Con made his boat fast, and betook himself to the Burton Hotel.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE VITALITY OF HABIT.

"HABIT" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

A GEM OF INGENUITY.

A NOVEL use for bald heads is thus described: When the Crown Prince Frederick William made a sort of royal progress through United Germany, at the close of the hostilities with France, each town vied with its neighbor in presenting some novelty by way of honor to his Imperial Highness. One capelmeister conceived the idea of utilizing the ancient opera-goers, and upon the entrance of the prince into the box, already decorated for him, certain men in the pit stood up, making the letters of "Unser Fritz" in bald heads below.

SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Burmese are an exceedingly superstitious people, and believe in good and evil spirits and omens of all kinds with a tenacity that not even conversion to Christianity will eradicate. One of the most curious is the belief that according to the days of the week on which a man is born, so will his character be. Thus people born on Monday are jealous; Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious. The matter is rendered all the more serious, because a man gets his name from the day he was born on, without any reference to his father's appellation. He may change his name as much as he likes so long as he does not change the initial letters of the essential portion.

LOST TIME.

LET any young man pass all the evening in vacant idleness or in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind, when he goes to sleep or gets up the next morning, with his state some other day, when he has spent some hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of the great doctrines of natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, satisfying himself, by careful examination, of the grounds on which the known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but be able to show why he believes them and to prove to others that they are true; he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being—the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted and time spent in self-improvement; he will feel himself, in one case, listless and dissatisfied, and in the other, comfortable and happy.

NO BLOSSOM, NO FRUIT.

A TREE that has no blossom in spring will bear no fruit in the fall. This law of nature, like nearly all others, finds an analogy in the growth of our minds. The fruit of excellence in maturer life can only be produced by preparation for it in our earlier years. In Wordsworth's familiar words: "The child is father of the man;" whatever a man is, that has he fashioned for himself in the springtime of his life, whether by the diligence and care that build up a good character, or by the idleness and weakness which lead down to a bad one.

Some trees make a fine show of blossoms, but blight or cold winds spoil the fair promise of May; and they produce less fruit than others whose early display was less brilliant, but whose ripening has proceeded duly and steadily. And so it is again with ourselves. Some of those whose youth was the most promising, fall beneath the temptations of life, and are outstripped by others, who may have had less brilliant talents to aid them at the start, but whom industry and good sense have enabled to make the best of their circumstances and opportunities.

But it is no use to expect fruit on a tree that is quite barren of blossoms.

A GRIM COLLECTION.

THE city of Paris has become lately the possessor of a remarkable collection of documents, which will have great interest in years to come for historical investigators. This was the series of death warrants, extending from 7th April, 1808, to 8th December, 1832, belonging to Sanson, the notorious headsman of the revolution. The collection was bound up in nineteen volumes, and Sanson has prefixed to each volume a summary of the contents. It appears that during twenty-five years he executed 7,143 capital sentences, being an average of 217 executions in each year—rather a busy life. During the twenty-five years he only twice ascended the scaffold without a fatal result—once in 1815, when General Count Lavalette was to have been executed for complicity in the return of Napoleon, but escaped the night before his intended execution through the heroism of his wife. The second time was in 1817, when Philippe-Jean Antoine, a noted coiner, was respited at the last moment by Louis XVIII.

CLEVER FELLOWS.

IN one of his recent speeches, John Bright related the following anecdote: "the other day," he said, "I met a friend of mine who is connected with a great London banking corporation. 'How is it?' I asked him, 'that yours has been such a prosperous concern, and has had such remarkable success?' He hesitated for a moment or two, and then answered: 'Well, the only reason I can give is this, that it has never had any very clever fellows about it.'"

This was given as an illustration of the speaker's meaning, when he urged the superiority of simple, common-sense methods in politics, compared with elaborate and ingenious schemes. It will apply equally well to other departments of life.

It may seem a bold paradox, to say that clever fellows do harm to a business concern. Real ability is indeed a valuable and admirable thing, and is a pearl of great price to its possessor; but that kind of smartness, which is so frequently mistaken for ability, does no good to any one. We have plenty of smart young fellows in our cities; young fellows who go up like a glittering rocket, and come down again like its scorched stick. They often end their brilliant career in the workhouse, or in the State Prison. Mr. Ferdinand Ward, for instance, was a very smart young fellow.

Of this kind of cleverness, and the brief success or applause which it may seem to bring, we hope every reader of the ARGOSY will beware. Ability, backed up by steadiness will bring a far more solid and enduring reward; and even of these two things, steadiness is the more desirable. Industry without genius will almost always beat genius without industry.

COURAGE IN WAR AND PEACE.

TRUE heroism is not confined to the soldier on the field of battle, or the sailor in a shipwreck. If any one can doubt whether real courage and resolution may be displayed in the peaceful course of an ordinary life, it could be evidenced by many such instances as the two we will here narrate.

Some years ago a sudden and terrific explosion occurred in the great flour mills, on which the industry of Indianapolis largely depended. The fine white dust from the machines had caught fire, and the flame spread as if by magic; in a few moments five of the big mills were in ruins. Fortunately few of the hands were at work, but about twenty men perished.

The late Governor Washburn of Wisconsin, the founder of the industry which has made Minneapolis prosperous, heard of the disaster at his home. Before leaving for the scene, he kept an appointment with the Regents of the Wisconsin University, to discuss a generous gift which he was bestowing upon that foundation; and he would not even refer to his own great loss. Then he traveled to Minneapolis, where, in reply to the condolences of his friends, he said: "The money loss is not to be considered; I think only of the poor victims and their families. The mills shall be rebuilt at once." And they were re-erected with the greatest speed the courageous old governor found possible, and with improvements which have effectively prevented any recurrence of the explosions.

To give another instance, a New York merchant, well known for his philanthropy, who died two or three years ago, was at one time almost ruined by the burning of his factory. He was aroused early one morning to witness the destruction of his property, which could not be saved from the flames; at breakfast time he returned home, and quietly told his family that his factory was burned down, and the timber for the erection of a new one was already on the spot!

The ancient philosopher Aristotle maintained that courage could only be displayed in war. He denied that name to the spirit which conquers misfortune, and rises superior to adversity; but with our fuller light on human character, we rightly rank the peaceful virtue as a more excellent quality even than valor in warfare.

VICTORIA,

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

"GOD save the Queen" have all Englishmen sung for the last forty-eight years, and well, indeed, has their prayer been answered.

Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, was born at Kensington Palace, London, May 24, 1819. She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and it was early seen that to her would fall the crown. She was, therefore, educated with a special view to the necessities of her presumptive exalted station. Her studies were pursued under the eye of the Duchess of Northumberland, with Lord Melbourne, the greatest statesman of that day, as her preceptor in the department of statecraft.

In 1837, after a reign of seven years, King William IV died without issue, and the British people, in accordance with a time-honored custom, straightway tossed up their hats, and cried out, "Long live the Queen."

And well, indeed, might they be enthusiastic, for what fairer girl ever donned the royal ermine?

A celebrated painting, of which we have all seen copies, shows her as young, slender, fair and stately in her coronation robes and crown of priceless jewels—beauty clothed in majesty.

Victoria ascended the throne in 1838, the coronation ceremonies taking place amidst the most splendid ceremonies June 28 in Westminster Abbey.

Fortunate those privileged ones who were present at that impressive ceremonial, for they saw one of the grandest sights that could well be imagined. Beneath those massive arches of time-stained masonry, surrounded on every hand by the tombs of kings and queens, whose effigies, carved in stone, present them still and cold in death with crossed hands; while from high pedestals looked down the marble eyes of statesmen, warriors and poets—amidst such a scene stood the concourse of gorgeous royalty and nobility, while the fair young queen of nineteen was annointed in the name of the Most High.

Two years later came another event that set Great Britain rejoicing anew. This was the queen's marriage with her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, thenceforth known as the Prince Consort.

He was a gallant and princely gentleman, and the love that bound this royal pair will ever remain an exalted ideal and example for all the world.

Nine children blessed this union, and then all England was plunged in mourning for the death of the beloved Consort, which occurred in December, 1861. This sad event had been preceded by the demise of the queen's mother, and the royal widow went into a mourning which she religiously observed for years.

Indeed, the sorrow for her husband's death has tinged her whole life, and exhibits one of the most beautiful traits of this great queen's character.

For fifteen years she lived a retired life, rarely, if ever, appearing in public. Her thoughts and her writings were full of her departed husband, and she took a sad pleasure in erecting monuments to his memory as testimonials of her undying love and reverence.

Upon the great political events of her reign I shall not touch, for they are matters of history, to be read by all. What will be more interesting is some account of the domestic life and routine of the royal personage.

She has her palace in London—Buckingham Palace—a great stately edifice, filled with scores of living-rooms for herself and suite and offices for the *attaches* of the household. It is at this palace that the royal drawing-rooms are held, on which occasions the presentations to the queen are made.

Then the queen possesses that imposing castle at Windsor, pictures of which adorn our geographies. It is here that much of the queen's life is passed.

Occasionally she visits her palace at Holyrood, near Edinburgh, a place where hover unhallowed memories of Mary Queen of Scots. It was here that this queen's lover, Rizzio, was murdered, and the stain of his blood (?) is still pointed out on the floor of one of the rooms.

This apartment, however, is not used by the queen or any of her household, but is reserved to satisfy the sensational cravings of the sight-seeing public. Aside from this, Holyrood is one of the most delightful of the queen's palaces, and when she honors the spot with her presence, it is made to bloom like a very fairyland.

But more often does she go to Balmoral, her palace in the Scottish Highlands. It is here that her Scotch people flock around their queen, and give vent to their love and enthusiasm for her person in the peculiar and weird highland entertainments, of which we often read in the newspapers.

The queen is an early riser. In the country she goes out twice a day in her carriage or her pony chaise. Returning from her morning *promenade a voiture*, she plunges into her official correspondence, and sifts the public news with the minutest attention. She is then entertained by being read to, or by writing or etching, in which arts she is no tyro.

Kings and queens, like humbler mortals, are the sport of appetite, and this royal lady is remarkable for a good one. Always very careful in her choice of food, she attributes her long life and good health to her care in this respect. At nine her majesty dines, and at eleven the royal couch receives her.

Victoria is exacting as to ceremonials. We have it from General Badeau that "men and women of the highest rank kneel to her to-day, Cabinet ministers kiss her hand. She refuses to receive any personal service from a menial, except at table. She never opens a door or directs a letter. Dukes and duchesses cloak her in public, and commoners become 'Honorable' for life because they have waited on her majesty. At a garden party I have seen a duchess walking behind her to carry a bouquet or standing at the entrance of a tent while her mistress went within to rest or refresh herself. The sovereign's own daughters arrange her robes when she opens Parliament; the Prince of Wales pays homage as a subject on the same occasion; her children must be presented at court upon their marriage."

To quote our authority still farther: "In the early part of her reign, she was visiting Louis Philippe, then king of the French, at his Chateau d'Eu, and one day asked for a glass of water. It was handed her by a servant, but her majesty declined to receive it, whereupon the king directed one of his own sons to offer the goblet, which was then graciously accepted."

I have reserved for the last a touching anecdote illustrating her tenderness of heart, and its beautiful subjection to the sentiment of merciful pity. It tells of an incident in the early part of her reign:

"On a beautiful morning the young queen was waited upon at Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who brought from London various papers requiring her signature. One was a sentence of court martial against a soldier of the line that he be shot dead.

"The queen looked upon the paper, and then upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. 'What has the man done?' she asked. The duke looked at the paper, and replied: 'Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times. 'And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?' Wellington shook his head. 'Oh, think again, I pray you.'

"Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure that she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier. 'But,' he added, 'think of the influence.' 'Influence!' the queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion, 'let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case; and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! You may tell him that your good word saved him.'

"Then she took the paper, and wrote with a bold, firm hand across the dark page the bright, saving word, 'Pardoned!' The duke was fond of telling the story, and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city."

The greatest monarch of the world, possessing the most vast dominion of all rulers, and the greatest fortune of all women, she is certainly exalted above all men, but her glory receives a still further lustre from the fact that she has been such a true wife, such a loyal widow, and such a devoted mother.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHEN a resolution is once formed, half the difficulty is over.

ALL history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples.

CALUMNY has been defined as a mixture of truth and falsehood blended with malice.

"WHEN I am a man" is the poetry of childhood; "when I was young" is the poetry of old age.

FORM the habit of being thankful for your blessings. This is the key to that wonderful gift, contentment.

ENDEAVOR to keep cool upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable.

A MAN'S nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

HOW noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

TO conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, that it is worth some sacrifice of individual will.

'TIS an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful measures to avoid it.

IT is often said that second thoughts are best. So they are in matters of judgment, but not in matters of conscience.

TEACH self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

GOOD MORNING.

"Good morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet;
She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood
Framed in like a picture of babyhood.
The clambering vines hung low and green
'Round the sunniest curls that ere were seen,
As she stood with beauty and light impearled,
And bade "good morning" to all the world.
"Good morning, world!" and the great world heard.
Each rustling tree, and each singing bird,
Nodded and waved at the little lass;
And the far off hill, and the sky o'erhead
Listened and beamed as the word was said;
And the old sun lifted his head and smiled.
"Good morning, world!" "Good morning, child!"

[*This story commenced in No.* 193.]

WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR?

OR,

FRED SOMERSET IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

But wait, are not these heather tufts trodden down? And is not that a newly turned clod, as if kicked out of yonder hollow? And surely these are footmarks? He drops on his knees by a pit—yes, here is the hole which he kicked in the ground as he disputed with his cousin—here are Fred's footmarks close by the pit, and the deep furrow scored by his heel, as he was hurled backward in it.

Clarence has found the very spot where he and Fred parted.

He leans over the brimming water, he flashes his light quickly, then slowly across the surface; there is no form floating there, nor lies there any darker shadow in the brown depths.

He rises to his feet with a ghost-like face and a wondering cry.

"He has escaped. But where is he now?" and he looks so idiotic when his companions join him that they stare at him in doubt, not knowing what to make of him.

But while they question him he has pulled himself together, and is his old cunning, cautious self again.

"Thus far I've seen no sign of him," he said, turning away from their too curious eyes. "I think I've found about where he and I walked. It was among these cuttings, I know. I propose that we separate, and each take a strip to go over from end to end; in that way we'll go over the whole moor. Whoever finds anything can shout while we're within hearing, and then wave the lantern as a signal."

The other two agreed to his plan, and they separated.

"He must have got out by himself," mused Clarence. "Then he would try to get home; but likely he would be too weak, and would have to lie down somewhere. I hope in mercy I'll be the one to find him. But how shall I ever get him to believe I meant no harm to him?"

Back and forward crept the three lights, gradually getting farther and farther apart. Clarence was skirting the ridge of rock which divided the moor into two sections, when a cautious "hiss!" startled him. He stood up listening and trembling.

"Hist!" came again, and he turned his eyes toward the sound, and saw a pale hand beckoning him from among some alder bushes which were crowded about the marshy base of the ridge.

Clarence stood as if transfixed, his eyes starting from their sockets, his heart throbbing thick with fear.

"Come along, you fool!" came next in a loud whisper. "Do you want the pair of them down on me?"

Then the boy went forward in mighty amazement, and was seized and briskly pulled behind the bushes, to find himself face to face with his father.

"Jove! but you're lily-livered," muttered that personage, examining him disgustedly by the light of his lantern. "You're as white as chalk! What were you scared at? Did you think I was Fred Somerset's ghost?"

Clarence was glad to sink down on a stone and gather strength and breath.

"It was you in the summer house, then?" asked he, when he had collected his thoughts. His worthy parent stifled an oath.

"Why the deuce didn't you come out to me? Pretty scrape I got into," said he. Both spoke in low tones, masking the lantern, that its stationary light might not attract the attention of the other searchers.

"You've done for me, anyhow," grumbled the youth, glad of the opportunity to take down the governor's bumptiousness. "Fred Somerset saw you."

"Eh? and told the old cat?"

"Not yet, but he means to."

"I guess it don't matter much what he means," said Mr. Lyall between his teeth. There was a sinister silence. Clarence longed to have his mind set at rest, yet trembled at the possible consequences of a question. At last in a very meek tone, he said:

"Then I s'pose it was you that found him?"

"I found him, and heard enough of you to be your ruin," replied his father, bitterly. "You mad fool. Do you know what you've done?"

"N-n-no," stammered the lad shrinking back.

Lyall leaned his head on his hand, darkly meditating, while Clarence wished he was well out of it all, or else that his father would manage everything without him, taking all the risks himself, and passing over nothing but the fruits of his industry to him.

"Boy," said Mr. Lyall, abruptly, "have you any courage?"

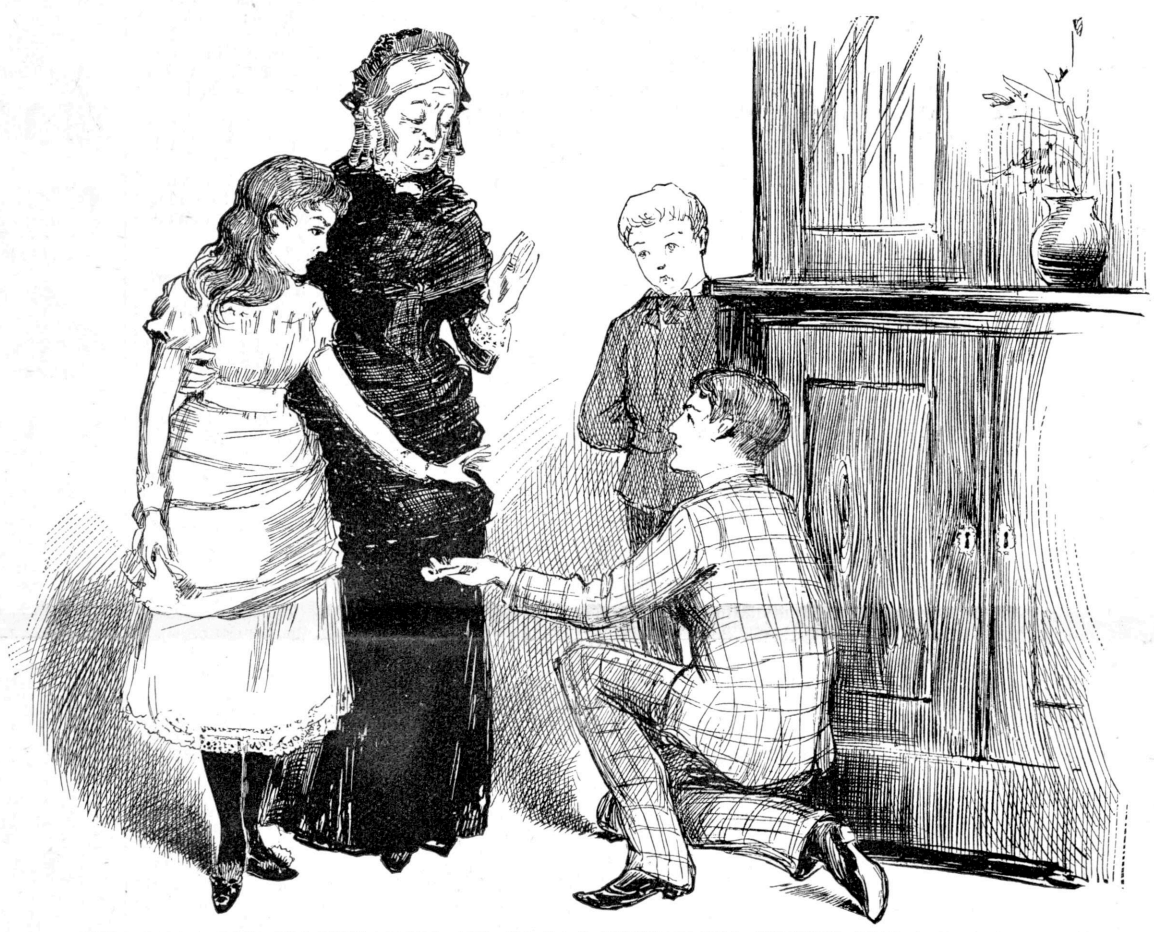
"I d-don't know!" faltered Clarence. He certainly hadn't enough to say *no* to his father in his present mood.

"I dare say you don't. It doesn't obtrude itself on your consciousness too much," sneered his father. "However, there's such a thing as rat's courage—the valor of desperation. You've bungled this business so badly that it's come to this: Your cousin Frederick must either ruin you or you must ruin him? Which is your choice?"

CHAPTER IX.

It was long past midnight, and still Mrs. Somerset and Cora sat together waiting the return of the searchers.

It had been a surprise to the old lady to learn that any anxiety was felt about Fred's absence, and that his cousins had gone to look for him. Cora further astonished her by breaking a long silence by a burst of excitement.



THE EMERALD ROCK HAS BEEN STOLEN, AND CLARENCE CONVINCES MRS. SOMERSET THAT FRED IS THE THIEF.

"Something terrible has happened to him, or he would have come home long ago!" she cried, flinging down the delicate bit of art needle-work she had been vainly trying to fix her attention upon.

"Who, dear? Clarence?" wondered Mrs. Somerset.

"Clarence!" exclaimed Cora, in an indescribable voice. "Oh, mamma, mamma;" and she left her seat and impetuously threw herself on her knees at Mrs. Somerset's side. "Have you no heart left for Fred at all? Is it all stolen away by Clarence Lyall, whom I distrust, and whom you distrusted only yesterday? Mamma, let me speak for Fred, we may never see him alive again." And a convulsive sob choked her utterance. "But let me plead his cause with you before it is too late, and we have only his memory remaining to do justice to."

"My darling!" exclaimed the lady, in startled tones, as she laid her hand upon the girl's bowed head, "do you know how extravagantly you are talking? Well, well, speak on. God forbid that I should refuse to hear both sides of the question."

And Cora did speak, with a fire and eloquence that fairly electrified her protectress. She showed by many signs the beauty and truth of Fred's character.

"The boy who is gentle and kind to those who are weaker than himself, must have a noble nature," she said. "See how dearly little Frank loves him, how entirely he trusts him! The boy who is good to animals must have a gentle heart. See how Hero dotes on him! And is he not modest and retiring in your presence? Is he not gentle and patient under reproof, even when undeserved, as it was yesterday? Has he ever done a thing so mean as to carry a damaging tale of another person to you? Has he ever been in the faintest degree false or untruthful since we knew him? What is his one defect—the lack of social polish, or rather assurance—to the possession of all these beautiful traits? Oh, mamma, compare him with that wily one who has thrust himself forward and stolen all your interest, and you will not be so unjust to Fred."

Mrs. Somerset listened in growing perturbation. While Cora ran over Fred's excellencies she could not but seek to apply them also to her favorite Clarence, and in wonder and chagrin discovered that not one could be rightly ascribed to him. Frank shunned and disliked him, the dog Hero snarled at him as he did at none other. He was talkative and forward in her presence, monopolizing the conversation at all times, and all her attention, so that his cousins could not have shown their powers in that line even had they wished to do so. Nor was he gentle even under the mildest remonstrance, but would argue her down, or pour forth shallow excuses, or listen with ill-suppressed ire and a fiercely sparkling eye—the sign of a high spirit, she deemed it; but was it not the sign rather of a fierce and intractable temper? Was he even truthful? She had to own that she would not dare to put a doubtful statement of his to the test!

Why, then, had she made Clarence Lyall her favorite?

Something like a blush burned on the old lady's cheek as she asked herself this question. Mrs. Somerset had in her youth been a belle, and had inherited a great fortune. Flattering homage had surrounded her wherever she went. Was it so that she relished a little flattering homage still, even the crude imitation offered by a lad scarcely eighteen? Could it be that, for the small attentions of springing to catch her falling fan, or gliding before her to open a door, or greeting her with the pleasing intelligence how *well*, how *young* she was looking to-day—was it so, that for such as this she had set him above his fellows in her estimation, and been willing to judge them harshly at his instigation?

"Oh, vanity!" murmured she; "is any age too old for vanity?"

But when Cora went on to tell the story of Hero's hurt from her point of view, from the ambiguous speech with which Clarence had answered Frank's reproach, as heard by her from behind the hawthorn hedge, to the conversation she had had with the two friends in the garden that same morning, Mrs. Somerset was much startled. She rose and paced the room in agitation, musing over the whole train of assertions, innuendoes, and half-hints by which Clarence had poisoned her mind against Fred in the first place, and Frank in a lesser degree, and she reproached herself severely for her own supineness in listening to him without demanding equal confidence from them.

"I have been much to blame; I should have listened to you before, my darling," she said, coming back to the girl, who watched her anxiously; "I shall take the first opportunity of confronting Clarence with his cousins; I shall demand the truth from Fred, and, proudly honorable though he may be, he will not refuse to answer my question."

Cora blushed high with pleasure.

At last, then, her admired Fred was to be vindicated, and the sneaking Clarence exposed!

Oh, if he would but come home safe!

But hour by hour passed by, and still they sat alone. One, two; pale and weary were the faces of the watchers; the deep silence of the slumbering household, the hollow roll of the sea, the fitful sighing of the pine trees beyond the park—all suggested images of disaster. The almost forgotten alarm of the morning was recalled to torture them with the fear of burglars, the creaking of a window sash, the tapping of a brier twig across the glass, was enough to send the blood to their hearts.

But at last they heard footsteps, voices coming openly up the avenue, a latch-key opened the front door, two persons entered, crossed the hall, and opened the drawing-room door.

Frank stood looking hopelessly at them, Ralph was behind him.

"You have not found Frederick?" asked Mrs. Somerset, commanding herself with an effort.

"No, no, grandmamma," said Frank, faintly; "and we have searched all over the moor. I half hoped he might have come home with Clarence."

"Clarence has not come home," exclaimed Mrs. Somerset, sharply. "Were you not together?"

Frank explained how they parted at Clarence's suggestion.

"I suppose he's searching yet, though it's hours since we lost sight of his light," said he; "but oh, me; it's no use, no use!" and tears of sorrow and exhaustion rolled down the face of the bonnie boy. Cora mastered her own distress at sight of his, and brought him in and made him rest on a sofa till Ralph had brought him a cup of tea and some food, and then they insisted on sending him to bed in spite of his entreaties to be allowed to wait for Clarence's return.

"The moment Fred comes back I shall wake you," whispered Cora, as she bade him good night. And Frank set the door of his bedroom wide open, that he might see into the work-room, through which Fred must pass, and with his face turned that way, fell asleep, with the tears still on his cheeks.

Scarcely a word passed between the watchers now. Their alarm had deepened to a sickening certainty of harm to Fred, while the image presented to their minds of Clarence still patiently searching for him, even after his own faithful friend had given him up, affected them so differently as to silence both. Mrs. Somerset was impressed favorably by his devotion; it argued, she thought, the possession of warm feelings and a kind heart, when once they were aroused. There might have been bad blood between the cousins, but Clarence was ready to throw the past aside when Fred was in danger, and devote himself to his rescue with an ardor that would not be tired out.

On the contrary, Cora read in his continued absence nothing good for Fred; vague ideas of treachery arose in her mind; sinister suspicions, all the more disturbing that they were shapeless.

It was about four of the morning when Clarence ran up the front steps, let himself in with a latch-key, as Frank had done, and pushed into the room where his grandmother awaited him. He seemed quite breathless, and stood in the doorway panting and gazing about the room for some moments before he burst out——

"Where is he? Surely, you've seen him?"

"Seen whom?" asked Mrs. Somerset.

"Why, Fred. He was before me on the road all the way from Blackridge Village—I saw him in the avenue running towards the house."

"What can this mean?" cried Mrs. Somerset, in the utmost terror and confusion; "we have seen no one since Frank returned, two hours ago. No one could have entered the house; every door is locked with even more care than usual, because of our fright this morning."

Clarence seemed stupefied. He threw himself on a chair with a gesture of utter weariness and despair. With his disordered attire, wet boots and haggard face, he was the picture of one who has done his best and failed.

"I don't understand him, grandmamma, that's a fact," said he, presently raising himself from his drooping attitude; "he must have guessed our trouble about him, and if he's alive and well, why doesn't he show himself, and put an end to our anxiety?"

Cora had left the room; she had flown upstairs to Fred's work-room, then searched all through the house, trying every door of egress, and finding it locked. Then she opened the front door and stood outside in the faint gray of approaching dawn, listening intently.

"Are you certain you saw Frederick?" asked Mrs. Somerset of Clarence.

"Oh, as sure as any one could be under the circumstances!" returned he, throwing far more effusiveness into his manner, when he found himself alone with Mrs. Somerset. "You know that straw hat of his? Well, the fellow that ran up the avenue had that on, and was about Fred's size and shape, as near as I could make it out in the dim light. But I'll tell you all about it, dear grandmamma—though I'm sorry to give you anything to grieve over;" and he took a chair close to her, so that he could lower his voice to a confidential key, and do a little affection as he went along. "After I had left Frank and Ralph a good while- going on slowly with my lantern held close to the ground, looking for some trace, you know—I got among some alder bushes, that looked as if they had been lately disturbed, and found where a sapling had been cut off close to the root. Fred's uncommonly clever with tools, and I knew in a minute that it was him that had cut tha

switch—nobody else could have used his knife so 'cutely. I hunted round till I found some chips. I soon lost the track, but not till it had led me on to the road and towards the cottages, so I went right down there, determined to knock at every house and ask for him till I found him. Of course every soul was asleep, and I had awful work waking up anybody to answer my questions; but I went on in spite of everything, till I suddenly came upon some men on the beach, who were busy round a big row-boat. They were as rough and uncivil as if I'd been a spy—and perhaps they had reason to fear one, for if all's true I've heard about Blackridge, there's a regular band of smugglers among them. At first they wouldn't own on having seen Fred, but at last, when I had showed them that I was really in trouble about him staying away from home, they whispered together a bit, and then said they'd seen a chap about my size—that he had been there on the beach when they came asbore, and that he had gone up the road to Somerset not long before. Of course I set out after him, running as hard as I could, always hoping to come up with him; and when I was at the gate he was half way up the avenue, running too."

Mrs. Somerset made no comment on this strange story, but sat gazing on the young man like a sphinx. Truth to tell, she was looking at him through a new medium; she distrusted him and his story alike. She was not in the mood to be eharmed, charm he never so wisely.

"Will you permit me to ask you a question?" she said at length.

"Ask me anything—anything. I only wish I could——"

"Yes, I know your zeal. What was the subject of your quarrel with Frederick this afternoon?"

Clarence hung his head in affected confusion.

"Oh, grandmamma, I'm so sorry you want to know that! If you'd only wait till poor Fred is here to take his own part!"

"Are you speaking sincerely, sir? You made no such objection to telling me a very injurious story of your cousin not long ago, nor did you require his presence to defend himself though he was close at hand," said the lady, satirically.

Clarence heard her in dismay. What dire influence had opened her eyes to his real character during his absence? At this moment Cora came back, and the involuntary glance of repulsion which she bestowed upon him as she took in his wheedling attitude, so near Mrs. Somerset, convinced him that he had found his enemy. Evidently she had been able to infuse some of her distrust in him into Mrs. Somerset's mind by her representations. Bold measures were required to reinstate him in his grandmother's good opinion; he must not quail in what he had to do. That peculiar courage which his father had commended to him came to his aid now.

"You are right to reproach me with that, grandmamma," said he, in becoming confusion; "I should have guarded my poor cousin's faults from every eye—most of all, yours. Well, I will profit by your displeasure this time, and beg you to let me be silent now."

"Speak out, sir," cried Mrs. Somerset, sharply; "I don't like mock modesty."

Clarence gave her a heart-broken look, and sadly told his tale.

"I had wanted to speak to Fred by himself; to plead with him to go frankly to you and confess his fault," began Clarence.

Cora uttered an indignant cry.

"I failed—I only did harm," continued the gentle peacemaker, kindly passing by her interruption. "I dare say Fred says a great many things he doesn't quite mean, only to annoy me, because he knows I do detest rough talk—especially about you."

"About *me*, was it?" said Mrs. Somerset, quietly.

"Yes, grandmamma. But this time he was worse than ever, and I got very angry—furious, I may as well confess, for he was making fun of you in the coarsest manner——"

"Oh, mamma; how dare he say it?" cried Cora, passionately. "Don't let him malign Fred to us. Isn't it proved that Fred could not stoop to such meanness, when he would not stoop to the meanness of telling tales of anybody? Clarence Lyall," and she flashed round upon the astonished tale-bearer; "I believe you are accusing Fred of the very thing you yourself are guilty of, just as you accused him of brutality to my dog, after yourself pitching him over the cliff, and letting Fred risk his life to save him."

Clarence quailed under the fiery accusation, but he was prepared to be defiant on this point, and to brazen it out.

"That's Frank's story, I suppose?" asked he, mournfully shaking his blameless head. "Ah, well, Miss Cora, I'm sorry if you believe it; but, maybe the truth will be shown some day," and he wiped imaginary moisture from his eyes, concealing their viperish expression thereby. Mrs. Somerset drew Cora gently to her side, motioning her to silence, but pressing her hand meaningly.

"So you fought with Frederick, in your chivalrous indignation at hearing your beloved grandmamma reviled?" resumed she, marking his every shade of manner with eyes grown critical.

Clarence simply bowed. Her tone was, he feared, satirical, and he dared not dilate on his own exploits before such dangerous listeners.

"And how did the matter end?" pursued the lady.

"Oh, I forced a promise from him that he would speak respectfully of you in the future, then I let him go. Of course, he was very sulky, and walked off, I supposed to join his accom—his friend, I mean."

"Why do you call Frank his *accomplice?*"

"It slipped out, ma'am; please let it pass."

"No; I desire an answer."

"I was thinking, as I spoke, of the queer way the two were talking the other day, about—about getting you to give them, or leave them—I don't know which—a lot of money," stammered Clarence, his distress quite pathetic to see.

"Shame! oh, shame!" gasped Cora, wringing her hands.

Again Mrs. Somerset quieted her with a touch. She rose.

"Your detective abilities are unusual for one not in the force," contemptuously remarked she; "also, your gallantry on behalf of injured old-womanhood deserves recognition. I promise that whenever your report of your own championship is verified by an impartial witness, I shall be ready to reward you suitably, and now, as there seems nothing more to be done to-night, we shall all retire. Frederick will probably be here at breakfast time. Don't tremble so, my little Cora. If he is well he will cause us as little anxiety as is possible—if anything else has befallen him—" she fixed a piercing look on Clarence, who confidingly returned it—"we shall find out to-morrow," she added; "Clarence, you will find refreshments in the sideboard, in the dining-room. Come, my darling;" and with a formal good night she left her favorite, never so little of a favorite as to-night. His readiness to tell the infamous tale of Fred had disgusted her. Even if it was true, and it might be, how much nobler it would have been in him to keep silence.

Clarence attended to a little matter that was on his mind before he went up to his room, but, once there, he spent five good minutes in calling down curses on all the disturbers of his peace, his own loved father coming in for the hottest of them.

CHAPTER X.

LATE as were the vigils of the ladies on that eventful night, they presented themselves at the usual hour the next morning. Frank had been up some time, and was ready to tell them that there was no news yet of Fred, nor had anybody seen him within a radius of five miles.

"I've been all round from Ibbotsfield to Blackridge hamlet," he said, wearily; "I took the liberty of riding one of the ponies, grandma; I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Certainly, I do not, my boy," answered she, with her usual kindness, as she read the signs of sorrow and fatigue on his bright face.

Cora, looking wan and unnerved, scarcely broke bread, but kept her gaze mechanically fastened on the window, through which she could see down the long vista of trees, almost to the gates.

Clarence did not appear until they were about to rise, when he entered hesitatingly, taking his seat with a timid air, and seeming to deprecate any notice being taken of him, with most uncommon modesty. Mrs. Somerset's attention was immediately attracted by his manner, and she said:

"You have something new to tell us, have you not?"

He started, and nervously set down his cup.

"I? Oh, no; how could I know anything new?" murmured he.

"Do you prevaricate!" exclaimed the old lady, sternly; "I read a guilty meaning in your looks."

Coloring with anger, Clarence threw off his affected reluctance, and boldly spoke out:

"If anybody's guilty, it isn't I!" retorted he. "I only wished to let Fred Somerset have a chance to come and tell his own story. You haven't made it very pleasant for me to tell you anything, and I would rather let you find things out for yourself in future," waxing insolent. Mrs. Somerset viewed him through her eye-glasses, as if he had been some new and not admirable insect.

"My champion of yesterday forgets his courtesy to-day," said she, sarcastically. "However, your manner, courteous or otherwise, proves little, I perceive, and we won't notice it. Let us hear your discoveries."

Clarence gloomed horribly for a minute or two, for never was there a youth who more heartily loathed rebuke, and despised counsel. However, it was all in the day's work, as he told himself, and madam must have her answer.

"After I had gone up to my room, I thought I might open the garden door by the parlor cabinet," he began, with unexpected minuteness of detail, "and keep awake to watch it. I felt sure that Fred was somewhere in the grounds, only waiting a chance to get in unseen. I hoped to meet him, and try to soothe him into a better mood. About dawn I thought I heard a faint movement in the house, so I stole into the passage softly, not wishing to disturb the house. When I looked over the banisters I saw him, but to my surprise he was going down stairs, not coming up to his room. He had something in his hand that clicked against the banisters a little. He was moving so very cautiously that I scarcely heard him at all; in the dim light I would not have known who he was but for his straw hat. He went into the cabinet parlor, and I slipped down after him, fearing that he was intending to go away again. When I got there and gently pushed open the door, he was kneeling in front of the cabinet." Here Clarence paused; his hard tones faltering, his malignant eyes guiltily avoiding those of his listeners. Mrs. Somerset waved her hand imperiously, and he went on: "he was working at the lock; the thing he had been holding in his hand was a tiny pair of pincers, and he seemed to be trying to get something out of the lock with them. I was so astonished that I cried out, and he looked round, and jumped up, dropping the pincers on the floor. He got so white I thought he was going to faint, and went towards him, but at that first step he was off like a shot through the garden door, and I lost him altogether. I touched nothing, only locked the two doors, and went back to my room."

Mrs. Somerset was now lying in her chair as pale as death, while Cora and Frank were gazing at the narrator with lightning flashing from their eyes.

"Mamma, why should we believe this for one moment?" cried the girl, catching sight of the old lady's ghastly countenance. "How comes it that nobody has ever seen or heard any evil of Fred Somerset, but this Clarence Lyall? Of course, he can say what he likes, Fred is not here to contradict him. Oh, Frankie!" and she turned distractedly to him; "don't let him ruin Fred; you and I know how good he is! But what!" she shrieked, looking closer into the boy's face; "*do you doubt him too?* Tell me this moment what you're thinking?" For Frank's first flush of indignation had faded into a sickening pallor; he seemed to be petrifying into stone. She shook his arm, imperiously repeating her question, but he would not speak, leaning his head at last on the table with a gesture of despair.

But when Mrs. Somerset, in a broken voice besought him to tell them what he knew, and spare her any further mystery, he raised himself, and miserably told his tale.

"I was so tired, and fell so sound asleep, I was sure it was a dream. I woke up about dawn; somebody was moving about in the room; the door was open between it and mine. I saw Fred standing at the work-room window; he was picking something out of his tool chest. He had his straw hat on. I was so dazed with sleep, I forgot our trouble last night, and never said a word to him. Next moment I was asleep as sound as ever. I thought it was a dream."

"It was, it was, or if you did see any one, it was not Fred," said Cora, the tears streaming down her face; "or if it was Fred you saw, and if it was Fred that Clarence saw, he was doing nothing that was wrong, nothing that was not noble and right."

"Ah, my guileless child, pin no faith on poor human nature!" cried Mrs. Somerset, bitterly. "Many a fondly trusted one has been tempted, and has fallen, to the breaking of the fond hearts that trusted him. Come, all of you."

With feeble steps, supported by the weeping Cora, she led the way to the cabinet parlor, unlocked the door, and when they had all entered locked it again.

"What shame we have to bear let us keep to ourselves," she said. "Frederick Somerset is my flesh and blood, and yours, my boys; his disgrace is ours."

A shining object lying on the carpet in front of the cabinet attracted their attention; it was Fred's fairy pair of pincers, which all present had often seen him use.

Mrs. Somerset attemped to unlock the cabinet door, but an obstruction in the lock prevented her key from entering.

"He must have been trying to get that out," said Clarence, and applying the pincers to the lock, he soon brought forth to view a fragment of a slender steel blade.

"It's the tip of a pen-knife," again suggested Clarence, and after he had scrutinized it with an air of great attention, he showed them some minute letters engraved along the back. They were these: "*Frederick Som——*"

To Frank, at least, Fred's admired penknife was an object of familiar interest. Ah! how came a fragment of it there! He gnawed his lip in misery—he had not one word to say.

As for Cora, the sweat of agony was on her brow, but indomitable incredulity still burned in her eyes. Mere circumstances, however convincing, could never overthrow her confidence in Fred, for his spirit and hers were of kindred essence; she knew him to the soul.

And now Mrs. Somerset, grown strong with wrath, put in her key once more, and flung open the cabinet doors.

At first glance, all seemed as usual. But her eye passed over the trim rows of labeled specimens, and rested unerringly on the spot where the Emerald Rock had stood, on its miniature silver pedestal. Pedestal and rock were gone. The neighboring stones had been carefully rearranged, so as to leave no tell-tale space between. But the Emerald Rock was gone.

Mrs. Somerset's eyes met Clarence's. The same memory looked forth from each pair.

She quietly closed and locked the cabinet door; her face had hardened into stone; a faint, bitter smile, or sneer, curled her lip.

"So much for Frederick Somerset," said she. "Bully, ruffian, and *thief!*" Cora uttered a scream of remonstrance.

"Don't say the word!" she implored, in a choked voice. "It is not true—not true! I would stake my life on Frederick Somerset's goodness and honor!"

The passionate speech was stifled on her lips, for with a sudden, fierce strength, her protectress snatched her in her arms, crushing her to her bosom.

"Forget him!" she cried, in a loud voice. "Thrust him out of your heart! I will not have your sweet young life blighted, by his unworthiness, my bright, my beautiful Cora!"

Then, still holding the trembling girl in a jealous clasp, she swept a proud glance at her grandsons.

"Henceforward," she said in accents like dropping ice—"the name of Frederick Somerset shall not be uttered under my roof. He is a thief—and even should he repent him of the crime, and desire to make confession—*for a repentant thief there is no place in Somerset!*"

She left the room, taking Cora with her.

(*To be continued.*)

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

A PUGILISTIC PEER.

THE late Marquis of Waterford, among numerous accomplishments, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, excelled as a boxer, and of his aptitude in this art he was justly proud. He never picked his men; he used to fight coalheavers, dustmen, hodmen, fellowship porters, and others of that ilk, and then gave them a Bank of England plaster: and if he was ever caught napping and met a superior bruiser, great was his superior's reward. But sometimes an insolent jarvey obtained all the thrashing and no reward, as the following anecdote will show:

The marquis on one occasion hailed a cab rather early in the morning, and directed the cabman to drive him to St. James Square, the residence of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh. When he arrived at his destination he handed the cabman half a sovereign, but cabby, in the most insolent manner, demanded more. "All right," said the marquis, and slipping into the house by means of a latchkey he quickly donned his uncle's episcopal robes, and returning to the door quietly asked what the cabman required.

The jarvey, not recognizing the marquis, and thinking to frighten the clerical swell, gave him some choice Billingsgate, whereupon his lordship in his new character knocked cabby down.

Amused at the idea of having to fight with a parson, cabby sprang up and went for his man in good style; but the sham prelate foiled every blow, and returned his deliveries with such vigor that at last the cabman, thoroughly beaten, and believing that he had the devil in lawn sleeves for an opponent, jumped up on his cab and was glad to "hook it."

CONTRACTED NATURES.

AUBER was sometimes surprised at the grandeur of his fame. He was modesty itself, and it is rather amusing to compare him to another composer, a contemporary of his, Spontini, who, at a dress rehearsal of one of his operas, appeared at the desk in grand costume, covered with all the decorations he was favored with. Approaching the desk slowly and majestically, he elevated his baton, fixed his eagle eyes on the full orchestra and chorus, and spoke as follows; "Gentlemen, the work we are going to have the honor of performing is a masterpiece. Now then!"

THE ORIOLES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

An elm tree's pendent branches interweave
Where my small window fronts the dawning day,
And there two orioles, with mellow lay,
Sing Maytime morns, as through the air they cleave.
But, when the softening shades the purple eve
Steals from the sombre realm where night holds sway,
And zones the heavens with the Milky Way,
Ah! sadly then the radiant warblers grieve.

So we, who sing when life seems strewn with flowers,
Faint, if across the way that beamed so bright
Pain's darkening cloud or sorrow's veil is drawn;
Bird-like, we moan the joys of sunny hours,
Forgetful that the pathway of the night
Will lead us to the golden gate of dawn.

[*This story commenced in No.* 185.]

The Fugitives of Wyoming.

A TALE OF 1778.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "Young Pioneer Series," "Log Cabin Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(*Continued.*)

While the Tory was indulging in these expressions, he continually glanced at Maggie Brainerd, occasionally taking a step toward her. It is at such times that a woman is quick to perceive the truth, and with the natural instinct of her sex, she looked at him in turn, and with that smile of hers that was really resistless, said:

"Jake, come here a minute, please."

In a flutter of surprise, he approached, with a smirking grin.

"What can I do for you, dear Maggie?"

"I'll be much obliged if you will cut those bonds which trouble father. He has suffered so much to-day that he is irritable, and I hope you will pardon him."

This was an audacious request, and took Golcher aback somewhat, but there was no refusing the prayer.

So with the best grace possible, he stepped forward, hunting-knife in hand, and cut first the wire-like withes that held Habakkuk McEwen fast, and then did the same with those of Mr. Brainerd.

"I'm very much obliged," said the grateful Habakkuk; "you're very kind, and after this, I'm your servant."

Angry as was Mr. Brainerd, he had better sense than to quarrel with his good fortune, and he actually thanked the man who loosened his arms, while at the same time he concluded to hold his peace for the time.

"Fred is beyond their reach," he thought, "and so is Gravity Gimp, and I judge one of them had a gun. True, that isn't much, but there is no saying what will be done with it, for both are as brave men as ever stood in battle.

"If Fred only had the chance, he would be heard from very soon. But there is none whom he can rally to our help. Ah, if he could but pick up a half dozen soldiers, what a raid he would make through this camp! but wherever there are any of our soldiers, they are wounded, killed, or so scared, that they are an element of weakness.

"I cannot help feeling some hope, and yet my reason tells me that there is no ground on which to base it."

Having complied with the request of Maggie Brainerd, Golcher felt authorized to approach her with a statement of his own proposition. Accordingly, he walked to the further end of the log, and motioned for her to join him. She thought it best to comply, and did so, sitting down within a foot or two of him.

"You see," he said, with his smirk, "I've done what you axed me to do?"

"You have, and I thank you for it."

"That's all right; there ain't nothin' mean about me, for all some folks choose to slander me. Now, I s'pose you'd like to have your father and the rest of them folks let go?"

"I have been praying for that ever since the Indians captured us."

"Wall, I've been thinking 'bout settin' you all loose, to take care of yourselves."

"Oh, if you do, Mr. Golcher——"

"Thar, thar," he interrupted, with a wave of the hand; "call me 'Jake' when you speak to me."

"I'll be grateful to you, Jake, as long as I live, and so will they."

"That's all very well; but gratertude ain't going to do me much good," said Jake, with another grin. "I orter have some reward, Maggie."

"So you will, the reward of an approving conscience, which is beyond the price of rubies."

"I know all 'bout that," said he, slinging one leg over the other, after which he swayed the foot back and forth; "but that don't satisfy me. I want more."

"We have a little farm, you know; I'll give you my share in that, and father, I'm sure, will pay you everything he can get together."

"Yes, but that ain't enough, Maggie."

"What else can we do?" she asked, despairingly, while her sex's intuition told her what he was hinting at.

"I want *you*," he said, bending his head close to her, while she recoiled; "if you'll be my wife, I'll let your father, Eva, yourself, and even Aunt Peggy, go; if you don't, the Senecas shall tomahawk them all."

Maggie Brainerd knew this was coming, and she asked herself whether it was not her duty to be offered up as a sacrifice, to save her beloved friends. Would there be any more heroism in doing so, than had been displayed before her?

She was prayerfully considering the question, when her indignant father, who had heard it all, broke in with:

"Tell him no—a thousand times no! If you don't, you are no daughter of mine!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Gravity Gimp and Lieutenant Fred Godfrey were in high spirits, for each had been favored by fortune in a remarkable manner. They were beyond sight of the camp-fire and had thrown the pursuing Iroquois off the track, so that, with ordinary care, they were out of personal danger.

But this elation could not last. Could they forget that within a stone's throw, their friends were in peril, and unless soon rescued, were doomed beyond all help?

"We have only one gun between us," said Fred, "and I don't see any prospect of getting another."

"I thinked maybe we mought find one, somewhar in de woods," said Gimp, "but I guess dere ain't much show for dat. You am de best shot, so I'll be wery much obleeged if you'll take charge ob dis rifle."

Fred accepted the weapon, feeling that before any great harm could befall those in the Indian camp, the bullet nestling in the barrel would be heard from.

"We will steal up as near the camp as we dare," said he, "and watch our chances."

"I doesn't see dat I can assist you, to a wery alarming extent," said Gimp, "so if you doesn't object, I'll go on a scout."

"Go on a scout? What do you mean by that?"

"Ise an ijee; I'll take a look around and when I want you, I'll just whistle this way and you'll understand."

Fred had little faith in the proposal, but fortunately he did not object, and a minute later Gimp was gone.

Left to himself Fred stealthily approached the vicinity of the camp, fully alive to the delicacy of his mission.

He was resolved that if detected, and this was likely to occur, since a number of the Senecas were still absent and would soon be returning, he would not be retaken.

"There will not be a shadow of hope, if I fall into their hands again, and I may as well make it lively for awhile."

A few steps further and he reached a point from which he obtained a clear view of the Indian camp.

He saw Aunt Peggy busy with her culinary duties, while the group of half dozen Indians were as eagerly watching and scrambling for the brown slices as if they were so many wolves.

By and by Jake Golcher cut the withes that bound the arms of Habakkuk McEwen and Mr. Brainerd, and began talking with Maggie at the moment Fred gained his first survey of the singular camp.

"I think there'll be some mischief done pretty soon," thought the youth, after watching the scene for a moment; "and, if so, I must take a hand."

Fred had stationed himself by the side of a tree with large spreading limbs, and he now resorted to the odd plan of climbing a short distance and seating himself among the limbs.

"I've got just as good a view here," he said to himself, "and, if it becomes necessary to shoot, they won't be apt to look in this place for me."

At the same time it occurred to him that if the flash of his gun should be noticed, and his whereabouts discovered, he would be in the worst possible situation.

Parting the limbs, so as to give him the view he wished, he held his weapon ready to fire any instant, while he closely watched proceedings.

No better aim could have been required than that now given him; he could cover every one in the party, and the distance was so short that it was impossible to miss.

"I ought to shoot him," he muttered, as he looked at Jake Golcher, while sitting by Maggie Brainerd and talking with such earnestness; "it is he who has followed us, and but for him, the party would be well out of danger by this time."

The young lieutenant was angry enough to shoot a dozen Tories, had the chance been his; but when he sighted along the gleaming barrel of his rifle, on which the firelight fell, he could not bring himself to the point.

"I ought to do it," he added, "but I can't feel right in picking off a man in that fashion. No, I'll wait till he gives me a better excuse."

The watcher knew what passed between Maggie, Golcher and Mr. Brainerd, when the last came up and uttered his indignant protest, almost as well as if he had overheard the words themselves.

"Jake has proposed to let the whole party off, provided Maggie will marry him, and before she can decide (for he knows if she makes the promise she will keep it, if they both live), father is giving the Tory a piece of his mind. He's doing it in a style, too, that can't be misunderstood."

This little scene lasted but a few seconds, when Mr. Brainerd resumed his seat on the log, close to his daughter, as if he would protect her from any more such advances.

All this was noted and understood by the watcher in the tree, when the latter was recalled to his own situation by a slight rustling below. Looking down, he was able to see by the light of the camp-fire, the figure of a Seneca Indian, as he walked softly in the direction of the camp.

No doubt he was one of the warriors that had been hunting for Fred, and who failed to find him.

That latter was so near his enemies that he could follow the motions of the Indian until he joined his comrades, or, rather, went up to Golcher, who straightway began questioning him about the search for the young patriot.

Whatever their answers might have been, it is scarcely to be presumed they added much to the peace of mind of Mr. Jacob Golcher.

CHAPTER XLV.

After the indignant protest of Mr. Brainerd, Jake Golcher concluded to let the matter rest for the time.

"The old fellow is pretty sassy and independent, but I'll take it out of him before he's two hours older. I wish Black Turtle would come in."

He referred to one of the most treacherous warriors of the Seneca tribe—a savage whose atrocities had given him prominence even among a people noted for their cruelty, and the identical redskin, who was in his mind at that moment, came out of the wood and approached the Tory leader.

Black Turtle was the warrior who passed under the tree, a short distance away, in which Fred Godfrey was perched.

Golcher now believed that he had been lenient, and he resolved to force the issue that had already been delayed too long. Without heeding the other warriors who were laughing and scrambling for the slices of meat, Black Turtle at once went up to the white man, with whom he held a brief but very pointed conversation.

He first told that they had hunted hard for the Yengese, or Yankee, and had failed to find him—a piece of superfluous information, and then Black Turtle, who seemed to be a subordinate chief, asked in an angry voice why the whites sitting on the log had been spared for hours.

On the other side the river, the Indians allowed few of the Yengese to live any longer than they could survive the blows of the tomahawk, and there was no reason why such partiality should be shown these who had crossed the Susquehanna.

This declaration was supplemented by the warrior drawing his tomahawk, and announcing that he meant to finish the job at once.

But this was a little more than Jake Golcher wished. There was one of the captives, at least, whom he desired to protect until certain, one way or the other, about her disposition toward him.

If her father were removed, the Tory believed the daughter could be brought to terms through her affection for her sister and aunt.

"So long as the old chap is alive," reflected Golcher, "so long will he prevent her consent. But, if he is gone, and she finds that the only way to save Eva and her aunt is to accept me, she will do it, though there will be a big lot of blubbering and praying and all that sort of thing. Therefore, the best thing is to get her father out of her path; she will be pretty well broke up by that."

It was now necessary that Black Turtle should be appeased in some way, and Jake Golcher, without a moment's hesitation, made known his purpose.

It was, in short, that Black Turtle should move off in the woods, as if he had no thought of evil in his mind, and when beyond sight, make a stealthy circuit, so as to get in the rear of the parties sitting on the log.

He was then to steal up and drive his tomahawk into the skull of the unsuspecting Mr. Brainerd. The Indian would utter his whoop, if so inclined (the disposition to whoop at such a time is irresistible with his race), and dart off in the woods.

He was to stay until matters should become quiet around the camp-fire, when he might come back and play the innocent warrior, or the avenger, as he chose.

Black Turtle entered upon the dreadful business, with the cunning peculiar to his nature. He sauntered off in another direction, passing by the group of Senecas on the other side of the fire, without so much as drawing an inquiring look from them.

Fred Godfrey, from his perch in the tree, saw this action of the redskin, but with no suspicion of its meaning.

He thought he would probably continue his hunt for the lieutenant himself, whom he, and all the others, had not been able to find.

The conduct of Jake Golcher was as cruel as that of Black Turtle. Without resenting the indignant words of Mr. Brainerd, who seated himself beside Maggie, and tried to cheer her, the Tory sauntered off, and stood grimly watching the curious actions of some of the warriors, who were still struggling for the crumbs that fell from Aunt Peggy's aboriginal table.

He thought it best not to say anything more to the fugitives. He has made a *Faux Pas*, and no words of his just then could right it. He had decided that there had been already too much talk, and it was time for action to take its place.

The position of the Tory was such that he could see every one in camp, but he glowered out from his ugly brows on the mournful party that still sat on the fallen tree, and not only at them, but he was watching the wood immediately behind Mr. Brainerd.

He knew the point where Black Turtle would be likely to appear, and he did not wish to miss the tragedy.

"Things look rather curious there," muttered Lieutenant Godfrey, from his perch in the branches of the tree. "Why is Jake Golcher watching the folks so closely? Is there some mischief afloat?"

At that instant, Fred detected a movement in the undergrowth behind Brainerd, the position of the son being the best possible to see what was going on in that spot.

The firelight was thrown over the fallen tree, and reaching some distance beyond, so that the figure of Black Turtle, as he rose like a shadow to his feet, was plainly shown.

One glance at the warrior told the whole truth to the watcher, whose gun was already cocked and pointed in that direction.

Black Turtle had selected his own position, and slowly drawing back his sinewy arm, he aimed straight for him who never dreamed of his frightful peril.

The savage gathered his strength for the throw, that was to inflict death upon an innocent man.

But Black Turtle made a slight mistake.

Before the weapon could leave his fingers, the sharp report of a rifle broke the stillness, followed instantly by the death-shriek of the savage, as he flung his arms aloft, and fell forward, almost against the log on which the Brainerd family were sitting.

The scheme of Jake Golcher and Black Turtle was indefinitely postponed.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argosy. *He can get you any number you may want.*

A FRANK TRADER.

A well-known Bostonian was trying a horse one day in company with the owner, a professional jockey. Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said:

"Do you think that it is just the horse for a lady to drive?"

"Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say I shouldn't want to marry the woman who could drive that horse."

CHARITY.

Oh, they are blessed whose bosoms feel
Their duty made so plain—
Whose loving hearts hear each appeal
Of trouble, or of pain!
For they, whose smiles and bounties turn
So much of ill aside,
In blessing other lives shall learn,
Their own are beautified!

NUMBER 91;

OR,

The Adventures of a New York Telegraph Boy.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

Author of "True and Trusty; or, The Boy Hero," "Frank Farnham's Motto," "The Boy Guardian; or, Helping his Mother," etc.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A NIGHT VISIT.

From his pallet in the corner Paul eagerly watched to see who his visitor might be. The revelation was not a welcome one. Through the door came James Barclay, holding in his hand a lighted candle. His face was wrathful and boded little good to the telegraph boy.

By way of explanation it may be said that he had just come from an interview with Hannah. He felt in an affectionate mood and ventured upon some endearing phrases.

"My dear girl," he said, "how soon are you going to make me happy?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Barclay?" she asked, coldly.

"What do I mean? You ought to know that without telling. How soon are you going to marry me?"

"Never!" she answered, indignantly.

"Come," he said, coaxingly, "you don't mean that. You know you don't. Why, I've got it all fixed with the old man."

"You haven't got it fixed with me, Mr. Barclay."

"It's all the same. The old man's willing, and all you have to do is to name the day."

"If you wait for that, you'll wait a long time. If there wasn't another man in the world, I wouldn't consent to marry you, James Barclay."

It was impossible not to see that she was thoroughly in earnest. Thus far Barclay had treated her as a perverse child, but now that she expressed her contempt so openly, he became angry. His blotched face reddened and he eyed her angrily.

"What have you got against me, I'd like to know?" he asked in a surly tone.

"Not much," answered the girl, coldly, "only that you're a thief, a drunkard, and a convict."

James Barclay brought down his fist heavily on the table.

"Take care, girl," he said. "I'm not a man to be insulted. So I am a thief, am I? What's your uncle, I'd like to know?"

"I don't need to be reminded," she said. "He's as bad as you—in that way, at least. But he isn't a brute."

"And I am?"

"You look like it."

"When we're married, you'll suffer for this, madam!"

"Wait till then," she retorted, defiantly.

"You think you'll escape it, do you? I'll see about that. Whether you consent or not you shall be Mrs. Barclay within a week."

"And what is to become of the other Mrs. Barclay?" asked the girl, coldly.

"What!" he exclaimed, disconcerted.

"Oh, you thought I didn't know that you had another wife?"

"I haven't. Who told you?" he asked in contradictory terms.

"Your face tells me it is the truth. You not only have a wife, but two children."

"Who told you? Tell me at once!" he burst out, threateningly.

"One thing I want to ask you," she continued, disregarding his questions. "Is my uncle involved in this base plot? Does he know that you have a wife living, and yet wish to marry me?"

"He doesn't know it, for it isn't true," he answered, in obstinate falsehood. "I ask you again, who told you this lie?"

"I don't choose to tell you. I don't think you have anything more to say to me."

She left the room without another word. He remained behind, baffled and furious.

"Who could have told her?" he asked himself. Then the truth flashed upon him. "By Heaven! it was the telegraph boy—Number 91. I'll be revenged upon him if I live."

He went to the old man, and without disclosing his purpose, asked for a candle, as he wished to call upon the prisoner.

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Barclay," said the old man, with alacrity.

This brings us to the moment when he stood confronting the young captive in his chamber.

"Why are you here so late, Mr. Barclay?" asked Paul, rendered uneasy by the visitor's angry glare.

"Why do I come so late? You'll know soon enough. I hear you have been telling lies about me."

"What lies have I told about you?" asked the telegraph boy, quietly.

"You have been telling the girl that I am a married man."

"Well, it's true, isn't it?"

"Never you mind whether it's true or not. You had no business to tell it, all the same."

"Did you want to marry her when you had another wife?"

"That is none of your business. Why did you try to make mischief?"

"I have done you no harm. She wouldn't have married you at any rate."

"Wouldn't she? Did she say that?"

"Yes."

"She didn't mean it. Girls always say that. Do you know what I have a great mind to do?

"No," answered Paul, apprehensively.

"Then I'll tell you, and I won't charge you anything for the information. I have a great mind to strangle you. It would be a good punishment for meddling with matters that don't concern you."

Though Number 91 was brave, he certainly did turn pale at this threat which James Barclay was quite capable of carrying out.

Barclay advanced a step towards the pallet on which Paul was outstretched, and the boy began to think his time had come. He didn't speak, but waited the course of events.

"There is one way you can get out of the scrape," said Barclay, after a pause. "Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Yes."

"Tell the girl when you see her to-morrow that you have made a mistake—that I have been married, but have been divorced, and am free to marry again."

Paul was silent.

"Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Will you do as I say?"

Paul considered that this was the only way of escape for him. It would do to say that James Barclay had said this. He was quite sure that Hannah wouldn't believe it, and so no harm would be done. He judged that she detested Barclay so much that nothing would induce her to marry him, even if she were convinced that he was free.

"I will tell her what you say," Paul answered, after a pause.

James Barclay looked satisfied.

"Then I will spare you," he said, "but you've had a narrow shave. I'll see you about the other matter to-morrow." And as he spoke he left the chamber, to Paul's great relief.

"I have had a narrow escape," he thought. "How long must I stay here? I shall not be out of danger till I am out of this house."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE EFFECT OF PAUL'S DISAPPEARANCE.

Meanwhile Paul's disappearance had attracted attention, exciting in some quarters uneasiness, and in others, I am sorry to say, satisfaction. Mark Sterling happened to see the paragraph in the *Telegram*, in which it was insinuated that Paul had yielded to temptation, and run away with some property committed to his charge.

"Just what I expected!" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with malicious pleasure. "I was sure that telegraph boy would come to no good. Jennie Cunningham is just infatuated about him, but I guess this will open her eyes. If it doesn't, it ought to."

As soon as Mark had eaten dinner, he took his hat, and walked round to make a call on the Cunninghams—with what object, can be guessed.

He congratulated himself on finding Jennie Cunningham at home.

"Sit down, Mark. You look as if you had heard some important news."

"So I have. Haven't you?"

"None that I can think of. Perhaps you have come to announce your engagement."

"Not yet; I have been rather expecting to hear of yours."

"Indeed; to any particular gentleman?" asked Jennie, smiling.

"You have been so taken up with that telegraph boy, Paul Parton, that I didn't know but you might mean to marry him."

"He is rather young to think of marriage," answered Jennie, demurely. "Have you any reason to think that he is thinking of me in that way?"

"If he did, I should feel like chastising him for his impudence," said Mark, losing his temper.

"I doubt if you could," remarked Jennie, in a tone which increased Mark's anger.

"I don't think you will be able to see him for a long time," said Mark, smiling, as he thought of his rival's misfortune.

"Why not?"

"He has left the city."

"Left the city? Why?" asked the young lady, showing her surprise.

"If he does come back, it will probably be to occupy a room in the penitentiary."

"Tell me what you mean, right off!" said Jennie, in a decided tone. "I don't fancy your tones and insinuations, Mark Sterling."

"Haven't you read this evening's *Telegram?*"

"No; we take the *Mail and Express*. What is there in it?"

"You can read for yourself;" and Mark produced the paper from his inside pocket, and pointed out the paragraph already given.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Jennie Cunningham, as soon as she had run her eyes rapidly over it.

"That won't make any difference, you know, about its being true. I believe it."

"No doubt; you are glad enough to believe anything to Paul's disadvantage. As to his having carried off money, that's nonsense."

"Then why has he disappeared?"

"I can't tell, because I don't know. I am afraid the poor boy has met with some accident."

"He'll have to prove it when he comes back. It won't be easy to convince a jury, considering the suspicious circumstances. You seem to be perfectly infatuated about that boy, Cousin Jennie."

"If to believe in his honesty, is to be infatuated about him, then I am. There isn't a boy I wouldn't sooner suspect than him."

"Perhaps you mean me," said Mark, in a tone of displeasure.

"I presume you are honest, but I am quite as sure he is."

"I am not a poor boy, and would not be subject to the same temptation."

"Nor is he. If he wanted money, I am sure papa and Mrs. Granville would let him have some. Oh, here she is now, to speak for herself."

Jennie was sitting at a front window, and so caught a glimpse of the old lady ascending the steps. Almost immediately, she entered the room.

"How do you do, my dear?" asked the old lady. "This is young Master Sterling, is it not?"

"Yes, Mrs. Granville. He came to show me a paragraph about Paul, in the *Telegram*. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, my dear. I saw it early in the afternoon."

"And what do you think of it? Mark charitably believes it to be true."

"Then he doesn't know Paul as well as you and I, my dear."

"I have known him about as long as Jennie," muttered Mark.

"There are those who know him better than any of us," said the old lady, "and they don't believe him guilty."

"To whom do you refer, Mrs. Granville," asked Jennie, eagerly.

"To his employer. As soon as I read the paragraph, feeling anxious about the boy, I took a carriage, and drove to the office where Paul is employed."

"Well?" asked Jennie, breathlessly.

"They had seen the paragraph, but said it was the work of some irresponsible reporter."

"Isn't it true, then, that Paul has disappeared?"

"Unhappily, that is true, my dear; but at the office, they think he has been followed by some one who knew that he had money, and possibly may have come to harm. They thought it strange that the man who sent the package, had not come round to the office to make inquiries, nor the party to whom it was sent."

"Are these people known?"

"No; there was no way of finding out till Paul himself came back, and made his report."

"Do you think Paul is really injured?" asked Jennie, anxiously.

"I hope not, my dear."

"Isn't there something we can do? I am sure papa would be willing to do anything necessary."

"So would I, my child. I have formed a strong attachment for Paul, who, as you know, has rendered me an important service. I have gathered all the information I could, and notified the police, who are already seeking to ferret out the mystery."

"I am so glad," said Jennie Cunningham, impulsively. "It is a wicked shame if any one has laid a plot for a boy like Paul."

Mark smiled, significantly. He was so prejudiced against Number 91 that he really believed him to be guilty, and suspected that Paul would not thank the old lady for repeating the matter to the police. However, as the paragraph suggested, he had probably gone West with his plunder.

"In that case I am rid of him," thought Mark. "It is about the best thing that could happen, for Jennie is really making a fool of herself about that boy. As to the old lady, that is not surprising, for she is in her second childhood, and is easily imposed upon."

Mark took his leave, feeling that his mission had failed, and that Paul was intrenched as deeply as ever in the good graces of his cousin and the old lady.

Now let us adjourn to Paul's humble home in Ludlow Street.

Mrs. Hogan had been out, and some one had given her a copy of the *Telegram*. She hurried in to show it to Mrs. Barclay.

"Just look at what the paper says about Paul," she said, breathless. "Isn't it a wicked shame?"

They had all been alarmed about Paul's not having been home the night before, and this paragraph did not tend to relieve their fears.

"What do you think of it now, Mrs. Barclay?" asked the widow.

"It makes me very uneasy, Mrs. Hogan. I fear very much that my husband has a hand in the disappearance."

"I never thought of that. It would be just like him. Oh, he's a bad man! I'd like to pour another dipper of boiling water over him. Do you think he'd hurt the lad?"

"I hope not," said Ellen Barclay, but her face showed her apprehensions. "But he's a desperate man, and he seems to think Paul stands in his way. Then James wasn't here last night. That looks suspicious."

"I wish the perlice would get hold of him. Sure you'll never be aisy in mind till he's shut up again."

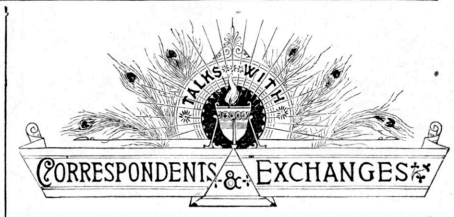
"Who's that you're talking of having shut up?" asked a familiar voice.

Both women turned quickly and saw James Barclay, who had entered without observation, regarding them with a mocking smile.

"Shure the ould Harry's always near when you're talkin' about him," observed Mrs. Hogan.

"You are extremely complimentary, my good lady," returned Barclay. "What's the news?"

(To be continued.)



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F. L. R., New York City. It is almost impossible to say how many languages there are spoken in the world, from the fact that it is impossible to distinguish between a language and a dialect. All languages on the globe have descended from some five or six, and authorities differ as to how many there are now in use that have become so changed as to really form languages of themselves. Professor Van Rhyn, a recognized authority, says there are now known about nine hundred languages and five thousand dialects. Another authority states that there are twelve hundred spoken dialects. For manifest reasons, we cannot publish a list.

J. E. N., Newcastle, Me. Thanks for your remittance. 1. We can better reply to this question in a week or two. 2. Firecrackers are made by hand in China, the great market being Canton. 3. It is said to be milder in winter and cooler in summer in the Antarctic regions than in the Arctic. About three times more territory has been explored in the North Polar regions than in the South, and the highest latitude reached in the latter falls far short of that in the North. 4. In making wood engravings the picture is drawn or photographed on the block. Then with his various tools the engraver cuts away the surface-wood where the light parts in the picture are an leaves all the black intact. An extended explanation of this art will be found in any good encyclopædia.

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