SAM SPENCE, THE BROADHORN BOY, AND HOW HE FLOATED INTO A FORTUNE.
A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS IN WAR TIMES.

BY EDWARD WILLET,
AUTHOR OF "FLATBOAT FRED," "TIP TRESSIL, THE FLOATER," "WIDE-AWAKE GEORGE," ETC., ETC.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE THING TO THE BOY TO FIND HIMSELF ALONE ON THE BROADHORN; YET WORSE TO BE IN THE PRESENCE OF THOSE TWO STARING CORPSES.
Sam Spence, The Broadhorn Boy

And How He Flunted Into a Fortune

A Story of N. W. Orleans in War Times.


CHAPTER I.

LEAVE ALONE.

"Where's Jim and Jerry?" I asked the railroad man at the station.

"What's become of the skiff?"

"Burned!" he answered.

"Well, this is the queerest streak I've struck in a long time. Mysterious disappearance of two men and a skiff. What do you make of it, Hank?"

"I don't make nothing of it, an' I don't want to make nothing of it. Those two men was on watch here the last half of the night. You know that as well as I do. I kept up here this mornin' and they was gone, and the skiff gone. That's all!"

"It's enough, Lord knows. Well, Hank, I'll go over there where he was staying when getting on with breakfast. When it is ready, I will call you."

"What you gone to look for this flatboat, known as a 'broadhorn,' solidly built of heavy plank, and roofed over in a curve with light galvanized iron? Yes, I have seen the stern, though it was only the up-stream end of the craft, was a stout stage extending crossways over the bow, and at the bow reached the hands of the steering-carr, a long sapling with a flange at the stern, on which the tiller was fastened to the flatboat. Nearly amidships were two similar oars, but somewhat shorter and lighter, extending like wings at the sides, and held by means of iron braces, but the steerer, as they are called, was and still is the pilot and owner of this vessel. He has been on the Mississippi for years and years."

"He and his wife and his two children had been in a big flatboat, a small, broad, strongly built one. They had been on the Mississippi for years and years."

"Settle in the little room at the stern of the broadhorn, which may be styled the cabin, a brisk fire was burning in the stove, on which coffee was boiling, and a smoking hot breakfast of bacon and potatoes and cornbread was ready. Sam Spence, who had been there, set us a few oars and some fishing tackle."

"Put the table on the table in a twinkle, and set down with his father. Sam Spence was always a man of few words, but on this occasion he was more than usually silent."

"Anything up, dad?" asked the boy.

"Something down. I am down in the mouth this morning."

"What's the matter?"

"Jim and Jerry are left us. They quit their watch last night while the rest of us were asleep, and took the skiff, and went off."

"Did they do that?"

"Dad, don't ask me. I can't explain. I suppose they were scared—afraid to go south."

"If Hank Birdsell will stick to us, and I hope he is all right,"

"He may be, and he may not."

"Have you right to leave him?"

"I am not sure. I don't care to talk about it, Sam. I must wait and see."

"Father and I were silent during the remainder of the meal.

When it was finished Jack Spence looked at Sam, and his face was stern but resolute expression.

"We must make up our minds to the worst," he said, "and there is no telling how bad it may be. Now, Sam, if anything should happen to me, I wish you to go right on to Orleans with this salt."

"If anything should happen to you, father? What do you think might happen to you?"

"Nothing I know of. I am feeling a little queer this morning. But I mean to run this branch to Orleans, if I live to do it. If I don't live, the river is at a good stage, and the boat is safe to swim, and you may have the luck to do it. But you must never give up, Sam, as long as you can draw a breath."

"Well, father—"

"There, that will do, my boy. I don't want to talk about it any more. You understand me well enough. I will send Hank down here now. Come up when he is through with his breakfast."

Hank Birdsell came down, and ate his morning meal as silently as possible. Sam Spence started him out, to learn something of the situation of Jim and Jerry, and about his own intentions; but the man was silent and could not be made to answer except only in monosyllables when he answered at all.

When he had finished his breakfast he went down to the wharf, and on deck of the broadhorn may be called a deck—and Sam followed him.

Mr. Spence was at the steering-carr, and he looked inquiringly at his remaining hand as he came up. But Hank Birdsell, instead of meeting his glance, looked sullenly and anxiously at the shore.

The flatboat was then in the lower Ohio, and it would not have been before she would float into the swift current of the Mississippi."

"Can you tell me, Hank, why those men left us?"

"Quietly and without a word, he turned his back on me."

"I reckon you know as much about it as I do," said Sam, "was the last word he said.

"I don't know that I do. What is your opinion of the cause of their desertion?"

"I don't know. You know as well as I do that there's goin' to be war. There's war a-comin', and it's only the beginning."

"I lost all in the paper that was put in that man's hand, at the skiff yesterday. You saw it, and I saw it, and Jim and Jerry saw it."

"Well, what of that?"

"A purdy figure we'd cut, 'way down South, with no money and no friends, and among enemies. Don't you know that?"

"I know that I mean to run this salt down to Orleans, but I don't want to do it."

"All right fur you, if you want to do it. You are the owner of this flatboat, and you have done enough in the business to pay me to go back on my own country and people."

"Do you mean that?"

"I mean that I would do that!" angrily demanded Mr. Spence.

"I don't mean to say anything about you. I only say that I wouldn't do it."

"Well, Hank, I don't believe that we will have any trouble. If I can get this salt through to Orleans it will bring big money, and you shall be well paid, and I don't doubt that we shall be able to find everything we need in the city. It will be worth your while to stick to me, and I expect you to do; but I must have a square understanding in the last do you mean to do that?"

"Hank Birdsell!"

"You can do as you please, Cap Spence. The boat is yours, and you can run it into the Gulf of Mexico if you want to. But I don't go with you."

"What do you expect to do, then?"

"Jim and Jerry wanted me to go with 'em in the skiff; but I was afraid that it was too sneaky in that, so I ran away. I am bound to leave this flatboat it passes Cairo. I don't know just how they got away. I'll get ashore and find out, and then we'll have to see what to do."

"Jack Spence's face had been growing redder with every word, showing that his anger was rising."

When the man finished speaking, it fairly blazed up.

"You ain't go leave this boat, Hank Birdsell," he declared, "you were hired for the trip, and you got to run it!"

"Not if I know myself," hotly answered Birdsell. "Do you take me for a damned negro? I told you what I mean to do, and I am bound to do it."

"And I tell you, Hank Birdsell, that you shall not leave this flatboat, unless you leave it a corpse."

"I would like to know how you mean to stop me."

"I will tie you neck and heels, and you won't stand on foot until we have passed Cairo and are well down in the Mississippi."

"Hank Birdsell laughed incredulously, but was evidently nervous and began to walk a few steps, as if for the sake of working the side oars."

Angered by the slyness of his mark, doubtless owing to the man's nervousness, Jackson Spence drew a pistol as quick as though he fired and pressed the butt against his breast. His bullet struck Birdsell in the forehead between the eyes, and he fell backward on the wharf, striking away at the place where he lay, his face and hat flying out of his head and staining the roof of the flatboat with the blood of hisbrain.

Mr. Spence stared at him, as if shocked at what he had done, and then staggered as he stepped over him, and, without speaking, entered the cabin, leaving me with the man and the situation.

"Are you shot, father?" eagerly asked Sam, stepping forward from the end of the stage.

The unwounded man pressed his hand upon his heart, and dropped down near the steering-carr.

CHAPTER II.

SAM'S SOLITARY VOYAGE.

Sam Spence was so astonished by the terrible news he had nesst that he was fairly dazed.

There was a blur before his eyes, the flatboat and the river and the shore all seemed to mingle and whirl together, as he stood and stared at the body of his father.

He closed his eyes, and pressed his hands to his head, until his senses gradually returned to bind; and then he was able to see clearly and comprehend his position.

He spoke to his father, but got no answer.

I felt of the body, but found no sign of life there.

Jackson Spence was surely dead! And therefore the question of his death, accelerated by trouble and excitement, came to his mind at once, and at once he knew that it was moment when he spoke his last words to Sam in the cabin.

Hank Birdsell was also dead, and there could be no doubt of the cause and manner of his death.

It was a terrible thing to the boy to find himself alone on the broadhorn; yet worse to be alone in the presence of those two staring corpses.

One of them, at least, he could get rid of, and he set at work at once to do so, though the task seemed impossible and his nerves were nearly tried.

He rolled Hank Birdsell's body off the planks where it lay on the curved roof of the flatboat and tended it with the care and tenderness with which he would have tended his father's body.

He did not look at it after it struck the water, but he gently kept his eyes turned away from that direction, and only raised them if his face happened to stray thither.

The corpse of his father he could not treat so summarily.

It would have been a consolation to him to know that the body of his father had been properly buried; but that seemed to be impossible.

He thought of preserving it by covering it with a blanket, but he knew he could not perform a task, and he was unable to carry it below.

He had reached the point of pulling with it; so he covered it with a blanket, after drawing it away from the steering-carr.

He tried to carry that position and the chances of the future.

He had no idea of failing to execute his father's last command and run the broadhorn to New Orleans, if possible.

But, was it possible?
Sam Spence, the Broadhorn Boy.

Five hands had not been considered too many to take, and, poor creature as it was, it was left.

He knew that he could do little toward controlling his course, and would be obliged to trust to the chances of the stream.

But Sam Spence was a good sailor for such a stage, as his father had said. He had nothing to fear from sandbars, and the flatboat would be likely enough to be steady. The more danger seemed to be that she might run ashore or ground, and then there was a chance that he must undertake to land and his own labor.

The broadhorn was not the kind of craft that he could manage to land without assistance, or to discontinue the voyage. She was at the mercy of the stream, and he could not stop her if he wanted.

She was floating slowly on the placid bosom of the current. Only once did she give her captain any reflection to.divide. When he got to his conclusion he looked down the river and perceived that her course was correct.

It was possible that help might be got there if he could hail the shore or show some sort of a signal of distress; but it was more likely that he would be stopped and an end would be put to his voyage.

The paper that was brought aboard told him that the war had begun and that troops had moved off. If that put was in the possession of the military, it would be best for him to give it as well as he could.

He was not averse to change the course of the stream. He would be able to force the current, and could even do so if nobody was attending to it, and he realized the fact that he would be obliged to trust to his own judgment. He was not likely to break the bank, as he believed.

At one point the river turned, and he perceived a new and strange flag, which was not the flag of the United States, and he knew that he was fairly within the reach of the laws, among enemies.

He began to feel like an alien, a person who had never seen his home, never really had a new one.

There was one consolation in this—he could not be afraid to ask for help if he should find a chance to do so; as he needed no longer fear capture or imprisonment. But he was going to ask the people, where it was needed, and was bound for a port where it would be gladly received.

But he did not dare to return to the big broadhorn near the shore, suppose the signal. He did not dare to tempt fate.

If he had still possessed the skill he might have made his wants known; but he had no way of having the flag, and was practically isolated in his situation.

So day after day went on, and night after night, the land seemed to be becoming more and more distant.

It is true that the element of danger was discouraging, but the difficulties and danger were not as great as Sam Spence had expected them to be. But it may be doubted if this fact did not make the pleasant الرئيسية life on the river so little delighted him as to make it less agreeable.

He had plenty of hard work, however, as he did not spare himself in his efforts to make the voyage successful.

He was obliged to exert himself to keep his unwieldy craft straight in the river, and every now and then he found it drifting dangerously near to an island or the shore, and was forced to struggle hard to work her back to the channel.

Besides this, though the flatboat was well ballasted, it was too loose, and the men compelled to work pretty hard at the pump to keep it clear of water, and when he laid down for a few hours, he was hardly through with it.

Fortunately he did not face any of the bad places during his sleep—or, if he did, he was happily unaware of the fact—and in course of time he drifted back to the place where he was. There was comparatively no danger, where the stream flowed swiftly but placidly, and it was not a difficult matter to keep her straight with the current.

Before reaching the steamer, plenty of them, as considerable business was doing on the lower river, and transports were carrying soldiers in great numbers. In this way he had occasionally had a chance to hail them for the purpose of asking assistance; but they generally kept a wide berth and seemed to regard his call merely as a friendly greeting.

So, when he reached deep water and a clear river, he made no further effort to attract attention to his case, as it was a certainty that the current would do its work with all assistance and Wright.

Fortune had favored him in the rough places, and why should it not continue to favor him in the clear waters?

Besides, if he should bring the broadhorn into port alone, the greater would be his glory and his gain.

CHAPTER III. A RISE IN SALT.

As the big broadhorn floated down the river, in its usual course, she knew nothing of the "sugar coast," past plantations and banks loaded with luxurious foliage, where the air was warm and the sun hot. Sam Spence had never made the trip before, that he was approaching his destination, and his great fear was that he should miss the night opportunities to arrive there.

He sought to be men enough on the flat-boat to manage her and guide her in to the shore at the proper place; but the crew consisted of only one boy, who was quite unequal to that task, and who had not the faintest idea of the location of the proper place.

He knew that there were plenty of steamboats and tugs at that port, and that reason to say that he was only too glad to meet him and tow him.

If he could reach the city and dispose of his cargo, he was satisfied that he could make money there, and nobody was attending to it, and he realized the fact that he would be obliged to trust to his own judgment. He did not dare to tempt fate.

But it was that he would be afraid that he should return to the city. He was afraid that he should be afraid to return to the city. He was afraid that he should return to the city. He was afraid that he should return to the city. He was afraid that he should return to the city.

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The good luck that had followed him so far kept close to his heels, and it was a bright thing when he caught sight of New Orleans.

First the smoke told him of its presence, and then the tall mast and large flag showed him that he was in the steeps and roofs of the city, and he danced for joy on the steering-stage as he felt that he was nearing the end of his long and lonely voyage.

He fastened below to get a flag which he had prepared for the occasion, the same being a red square which he had cut from a flannel shirt.

This tie attached to a pole and waved it vigorously as he stood on the steering-stage.

He was not averse to change the course of the stream. He would be able to force the current, and could even do so if nobody was attending to it, and he realized the fact that he would be obliged to trust to his own judgment. He was not likely to break the bank, as he believed.

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you want a true friend, just ask there for Ben Spence, and you will get the best of us, and it seems to be a decent sort of a house.

"I reckon it is all right.

"The house the second Spence. If the people there are Inquisitive, as they are apt to be, you had better not let them know that you want to see the house." He added, "There's good work from Natches, or Vicksburg, or Memphis, or anywhere there, and would not care to be responsible for it elsewhere."

"I thought I would let it stay where it is, in the flatboat, and in your charge, until I sell it."

"Well, I think it will come to the warranted houses. It will be covered by my insurance there, and would not care to be responsible for it elsewhere."

It was finally settled that the salt should be shipped as soon as possible, and that the money should be at his service to his comfort, and that Spence, and that's me. Take my advice now, and don't be in a hurry to sell."

"Yes, sir."

"That's queer. Is the salt for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to my office, and I will talk to you about it."

Sam Spence locked his cabin door, and accom- plished the business of attending to the salt. He went down the levee, flung by Ben Freeman, and by the long- ing eyes of the speculators at the landing. He had left the bank, and flung his money to the office, but entered it uninvited.

Mr. Pro's other business, that he did not object to. His presence there, however, seemed to be of no special cause for objection. As the matter of the salt was not of any importance, it might be supposed that he was looking out for his own interest.

Sam was a short and stout man, of perhaps forty years, with a chubby brown face, black hair, and very bright black eyes.

It was a puzzling fact that a broadrow loaded with salt was six months old, and took time, and yet puzzling that its crew should consist of but one boy.

These were and those curious facts explained before he could settle upon anything in the way of business, and Sam was quite willing to explain everything that needed explanation.

In response to Mr. Pro's inquiries he told the story of the trip, including the desertion of two of the crew and the deaths of the third man and the mate, and related everything exactly as it occurred.

Ben Freeman, who took a lively interest in all the stories of the salt business, was not wide-eyed.

"It's a strange story," said the warehouseman. "If I didn't know that you had come here alone on that flatboat I could not believe it."

"I am not sure that I could believe it," replied Mr. Pro. "It seemed to be no special cause for objection."

Wheelering was the largest city he had yet seen, and in New Orleans, even in the old-fashioned business blocks, and in the quiet residence portion of the American quarter, there was much that was strange and wonder- ful to him.

But the captain of the tug was more than a talkative man, and he was very talkative. He was a young fellow, and am ready to take stock in all you say. How did you get by the block- ade?"

"Blockade?" answered Sam. "What's that? I don't know anything about a blockade."

"Nothing can pass Cairo now; but perhaps the blockade was not fully closed in when you came through. You are in wonderful luck, my young friend. That you should land that flat- boat down here alone is such an immense piece of luck that I can hardly take hold of it, and that you should get a cargo of salt into New Orleans, and have a flatboat drop down the river, and the price is up yonder, is most astonishingly lucky for you. Do you want to sell the salt?"

"I expect to sell it, of course."

"How much is there of it?"

"Salt?" he asked. The number of barrels."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for the lot, and take it."

He opened his eyes; but he did not need Ben Freeman's nudge to cause him to decline that estimate. The estimate of ten thousand dollars compared with what his father had paid for the salt. Adding the expense of the flatboat and the tug, there would still be left a great profit. It was a fact that salt was salt; but it would make an easy task for his hand, and he knew that it would lose its savor, and, for all that, he knew that it would lose its worth, and that it would keep on rising. It might be as well for Sam Spence to have the profit which the warehouseman would expect to reap, the price of that necessary commodity. "If you will take back the offer I have made, and let the salt remain in your care, it is made known as it by magic, and eager speculators began to flock down and board her."

The commander of the tug had a quiet word to say to Sam Spence before they reached the landing.

You are a young fellow," said he, "and all along you seem to be a little too bold, and it is hard to be alone, but reckon it's all right. I want to say that you are a good boy, and I hope you will go to a good man, and that's me. Take my advice now, and don't be in a hurry to sell."

"Well, I think I will come to the warrant-ed houses. It will be covered by my insurance there, and would not care to be responsible for it elsewhere."

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The supposed soldier tore himself loose, and sprung at his young antagonist.

"That was some," said Asa Wood, who had been thoroughly impressed by his life in western Virginia, and by his hard work on the broadcloth; and a straight-cut boy who had never left the place. Even the little dog, and was situated on a street that ran into Canal street, toward the upper end of that thoroughfare. Its main attraction was found in the fact that it was but a few doors from Canal street.

"Though it is not too much of a room or more rooms, its proprietor depended for patronage upon his bar, rather than upon his hotel accommodations.

At the rear of the bar was a small room shut off from the rest of the floor. It was furnished with a small table and chair, and was intended for the convenience of card-players.

In this room, the night when Sam Spence was enjoying himself with the Challises and Lucy Trumble, they were seated, one of whom was Ben Frossman.

One of the others was Max Marks, a middle-aged man who had bought out the rest of the front. He was, as Mr. Trumble put it, "just a man of consequence.

The third was Captain Caffery, whose face was just as decidedly Irish, and who was gorged in a new Confederate uniform.

"They seem to be a body," he mumbled, "though there was a pack on the table, but were engaged in earnest conversation, which was aided by glasses of liquor that were occasionally replenished by the order of one or the other.

"I tell you, fellows," the big boat captain was saying, "there’s a pile to be made out of that young chap, if we can only get at him right.

"That’s the point, my lad," remarked the Jew. The thing is to go to the work the right way. What seems to me, Sam, is that we should sit tight, and wait for the right moment to take care of himself if he isn’t warned.

"He don’t seem to be so Jimmy, eh? if he has sense enough to hold on to his salt. If we could get him down here we might do something with him. Do you think we could ring him up?"

"No, unless we could get him off his head. He is a counsellor as well as at that, tried to get him to come here, but he held off. I may work it yet, and if I can, that would give us a good hold on him.

"You say the byes is a Yankee," remarked Captain Caffery. "Sure and that’s a good pint. Codd’s we can get the word through them, and if you ain’t the better for it, ha.

"Sure, what do you mean?" asked Frossman. "Arrt, what you mean ar’t your business, Frossman. Sure it’s nobody you’d be man enough to take part of a Yankee.

"I don’t know about that, Dennis. The Confederate might get us mixed up with some sort of authorities, and we must steer clear of them. I may have to try it, but it won’t do just yet.

"If you could git him to take a cruise in the tug, now, we might stow him away in Ayers, or somewhere up the coast, and handle him as we pleased.

"That’s not a bad notion, captain, if we could git him to go, and it is worth remembering.

"How about women?" queried Max Marks.

"He is a first-class man to work with," says Lucy Trumble. "At his age a smart girl can do almost anything with a young chap like that, if she goes to work on him. If we don’t get him, I want to try it.

"I reckon he is most too; shy and sharp to run after women," answered Frossman.

So they went after him, then. Where is he stopping?

"At Mrs. Fassett’s boarding-house, and here’s the address.

As the Jew read the address a crafty smile lighted up his coarse features.

"This is the devil’s own luck," he said. "Old Proktor always played right into our hands by sending him there. Better piece; but he isn’t quite a man. One of the boarders is a girl I know, named Nettie Dibble. A good duck, but has sense enough to keep shy, and I have a pretty tight hold on her. I will have a talk with her."

He went out on the deck of the young chaps, that she can help us when we make up our minds what we mean to do."

"Nettie will be as tender as a sucking angel. By the way, Sam, have you got your money to get his money?"

"Aha now, we are in the money. That’s what the matter is. He won’t get his money unless he sells his salt, and he won’t be in a hurry to sell it, and that’s why we must rough him. But we will get the storage receipt in the morning, and we must go for it. We must make him assign it to one of us, so that we can sell the salt and get the money. Then we will clear out and he will be in the way.

Tat was the best thing to do, Marks declared, and Nettie Dibble was the very girl to lead the young chaps. He directed the boarder to the place where the Executive dined and he would make the arrangement."

The next morning, when Sam Spence had got the salt, Dibble was waiting for him. The Executive received a visit from Max Marks.

"He seems to me, Max, that there is something that you and I and some friends of mine want to get at, I shan’t want you to help us play the game.

"You are to get on the soft side of him, as we can’t get on the easy side of him. We want to manage him so that we can get hold of him.

"And what then?"

"We will give a little cash on him—that’s all.

A troubled look came into the girl’s face, and she went away.

"I won’t do anything to hurt that young fellow, Max Marks," she said. "I won’t do it."

I hope, Nettie, that you haven’t been falling in love, as well as a popular player.

I think I ought to be beyond that sort of thing, she answered, with a blush.

You ought to be, I answered, but perhaps you ain’t. Nobody said anything about hurting him, but we want to get hold of him, and we want to get hold of him. We want to get hold of him.

We only want to get hold of some of his money, the easiest way possible, and we’ve got to help us in that. You know that.

I know about your doings when you were in Heller & Caseman’s store, and now you said that little of the consequences. You don’t want to have a row with me, I hope.

"No, Will you promise me, Max, that you won’t harm him, except out of money?"

"Do you think we mean to cut his throat, or anything like the rest? I have a long face, But I think I ought to be, and I won’t do it."

You will have to do the soft side of him, so that you can lead him about a little, and then I will tell you which way to pull.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.

It has been said that Sam Spence had come to the warehouse when Max Marks called on Nettie Dibble. He found his salt all safely stowed, and Mr. Proktor handed him his warehouse receipt.

"I will sell the broadcloth for you if you wish," said that gentleman. "It will bring a fair price, as well, and I think it is good for you.

He wanted to do this, and went to the bank to pack his father’s effects and the remainder of his own, which he directed to be sent to his broadcloth.

"As for the salt," said the warehouseman, "you need not be in a hurry to sell it. I offered you five dollars for it in cash; but I don’t mind admitting that it is worth a deal more. It will bring a better price if you will get it out by this time. If not, you will soon get your eyes open. Hold on to it, lad, and let me see what you can do."

Sam thanked him. "I will be careful of that receipt," he continued. "It represents a pile of a valuable commodity. It would be a bad piece of business if you should lose it.

Sam promised to take care of it, and hastened to reach Mrs. Challis’s house in time for dinner. He was received there, and was warmly welcomed.
It seemed to him just then that he was alone in the world, and one gloomy meditation led to another, until he fell into a severe fit of the blues.

From this he was rescued by the entry of Nettie Dibble.

She had not been among the inquisitive ones at the tea-table, but had given him an occasional sympathetic smile and had now and then spoken a word that had turned the course of the talk.

Therefore she was welcome when she came into the parlor, and it was not long before she succeeded in winning rather confidential relations with the lad.

It must be said for Nettie that she had a good voice, sweet, soothing and winning, and for her age she was well supplied with tact.

Her story as she told it to Sam Spence was well calculated to charm and gain his confidence.

She was an orphan, as he was, and quite alone in the world; but she had inherited a little-<br>property that was enough to support her in a modest way.

But she sorely felt the need of friends in that great city, and knew absolutely not one person whom she really cared for in whom she could trust.

It is no wonder that such a story, told with her soft voice and gentle manner, moved the sympathetic boy almost to tears.

He did not know it, but in a large city there are many so-called "miscellaneous women," who make it the business of their lives to set traps for young boys.

He would have resented it as an insult to both, if any person had told him that this girl was one of them.

It was not long before he opened his heart to her, and she seemed to have opened hers to him.

He told her of his home, of his voyage, of the death of his old pa, and of his travels on the trip, of his safe arrival in New Orleans, and of his pile of salt in the warehouse that was equal to a fortune.

He told her of his adventure with Lucy Trumble, of her escape from him, and of his intention to take up his residence with them.

He did not tell her of the warehouse receipt that was saved in his vest.

Simply because he did not think of that.

His confidence with Nettie Dibble continued until a pretty late hour, and when he went upstairs to bed he was by no means sure that he wanted to leave the boarding-house and go to live with the Chullises.

CHAPTER VII

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

During his visit, and followed her first attempt Nettie Dibble cultivated the acquaintance of Sam Spence so assiduously and effectively with a report to Max Marks that she "had him where she wanted him," meaning thereby that she felt able to hold him in any trap that might be set for him.

His other friends, the Chullises, in the mean while saw but little of him, and wondered what was the matter with him.

He called upon them once, on the second day after Nettie Dibble had taken him in hand, and promised to spend the evening with them, but failed to keep his word.

The reason was that the siren of the boarding-house had engaged him to go with her that evening for a long walk that might be called an expedition.

That evening, "I must have a friend," she said, "It's my old nurse, whom I love so dearly, and she has sent me word that she is very ill and wants to see me. I have already promised to go. Of course I shall be glad to do all I can for the poor old soul. But we live near the edge of the city, in such a lonesome and desolate a place that I would be afraid to go there alone, especially at night time.

"Suppose I go with you," suggested Sam. "It would be right into my hand. That is, I have no objection to you. But you are a man, and I am afraid it would trouble you too much, or would take you away from some of your other friends.

He declared that he would be very glad to accompany her, and promised that she was quite as glad to accept his offer.

So he wrote a note of apology to Mrs. Chullis, which Nettie promised to send for him by a messenger.

She did not send it, however.

On the contrary she hastened to Max Marks, and informed him of the projected expedition, and how his friend had made the arrangements accordingly.

The Jew hated Mr. Prole's salt warehouse, as part of the plot of the conspirators would have to be worked up in that quarter.

He inquired for Sam Spence, and professed to be greatly disappointed at not finding him at his house.

"I expected to meet the young fellow here," he said, "I have been watching rather confidential relations with the lad.

His indorsement on the warehouse receipt is what I want, with which I can make Mr. Prole a tidy fortune.

"All right; that is what I will bring," said Sam Spence.

Nettie Dibble and Nettie Dibble were set out from the boarding-house directly after tea, but the girl was detained, as she said, by certain details of wardrobe and other preparations, so that it was after dark when they got under way.

Then they had a long distance to travel, and considerable time was occupied by the journey.

The place to which they were going was an entertainment on the part of the Salt Warehouse, which appeared to Sam to be quite the proper thing that he should take an escort.

It was near the large city, where there were but a few small dwellings, mingled with shrubs and dilapidated ruins, and the wind was the night was very dark, and lights were few and far between.

As they were passing a small and lonesome building, three men darted out from the shade, and seized the lad.

He was not unprepared, but his effort was not sustained, and he was tied up and suspended to the roof, so that he could neither resist nor make an out-<br>and go back to his friends.

He was gagged and hurried into the house before he had time to think.

He had just time to see Nettie Dibble run away without showing any special sign of fright, and that no person started to run after her. He told her to stop him if he had been trapped, and his suspicions very soon became a certainty.

The room into which he was taken could suggest nothing but the interior of a trap.

It was on the ground floor; in fact, it was about all there was of the house—and was small and dirty and dirty, with the appearance of not having been inhabited in a long time.

There were two windows, one at the side and one at the front; but these had been fixed up. The only furniture was a mattress spread on the floor and a small table and chair.

On the table was a small coal oil lamp, which gave a dim but not a religious light.

There were no other persons in there and Nettie Dibble was not among them. There were other persons in there and Nettie Dibble was not among them, but all were carefully searched.

Doubtless, it was connected with his cargo of salt and the money that its sale might procure.

His captors meant to get possession of his property; but how they expected to plunder he could not guess. He was quite sure that the task would give them some trouble.

They bound and gagged him there; took him in his clothes and his property.

That he could have been trapped into the trap by Nettie Dibble.

The lonely orphan girl had to entirely win his confidence; and he had sympathized with her so deeply, that it hurt him to feel that she had thus betrayed him for the purpose of betraying him. Yet everything pointed that way. Her air, her voice, her manner, her looks, her glance all for his reception, proved that the whole affair was well planned, and of course she was one of the conspirators.

The three men did not leave him in any doubt as to this.

By the light of the oil lamp they searched through, turning all his pockets inside out, and so well that he could not have escaped.

They found nothing but a little money and some thirty cents, but thirty cents.

He had taken the precaution to leave his belt, with the gold it contained, in the possession of Mr. Prole, and he believed he was an honest and responsible man.

He did not send it, however.
Sam Spence, the Broadhorn Boy.

Even if it had been on his person it may be doubted whether his captors would have taken it. They restored his bits of property to his pockets, and settled down solidly to business. The two men would have dotted paper among themselves.

George was not himself, and addressed the lad in a voice which Sam could not remember having heard before, though he believed that of if should sound somewhere elsewhere. The tone was not exactly German, but had a foreign twang; in fact it was a Jewish tone.

"Now, young chap," said he, "we want that warehouse receipt."

"What warehouse receipt?" innocently answered Sam.

"Frode's receipt for your salt in his warehouse."

You see that I haven't got anything of the kind in my possession."

"So it seems; but it is somewhere. We want it, and we mean to get it. That is what we have brought you here for, and you must tell us where it is, and give us an order for it, so that we can get it."

"I can't see what good it would do you," replied the lad. "That receipt is of no use to anybody else."

"We will make it of use to us. All we will ask is your indorsement, and that you will give us it."

"Suppose I won't do anything of the sort?"

"If you won't, young chap, we mean business. There isn't a bit of foolishness about this thing. We understand that you told Frode that we shall get the salt. When that business is over, you are going to have a position where you shall be free from it. You have been thinking of having been harmed at all. If you hold back, and try to give us trouble, you will have a good deal to answer for. We mean business. We don't want to make you suffer, and we don't want to keep you in our warehouse. We are very anxious to get that salt in our possession."

He knew that it was a long distance to Mrs. Froedt, where the receipt was considered to be. We meant to get it in our possession."

It might be supposed that time would pass slowly with the lad under these circumstances; but, as the German,

"I mean to make them with me. I have a friend who will be glad to jump into this suit. I mean Miles. I mean to have a large stock, and we may happen to get out of this house by any sort of means."

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Sam Spence, the Broadhorn Boy.

He stretched himself out on the mattress and was asleep in a minute. It was no one-eye-open slumber either, as both his eyes were tightly closed and his heavy snore told how completely he had passed under the rule of Morpheus. But the new life had not been so pleasant. It had been dull and he had not known how to pass through the night, without some sort of sleep. Then he had decided to take his steps, and took along a long breath as a preparation for talk.

"Now, I will tell you all about it," said Spence, and he added a condition which he ought to be, and am, very much ashamed to make. Did you have any idea that I had helped to get you out of that nest, a week or two ago?"

"Well—I may have thought—"

"Of course you did, Sam. I was right. I wish I could say that you were not. It was I who led you to that place where those men take you. The others would not easily have thought that I could be so mean and wicked; but Max Marks made me do it. He had a bad habit, and I needn't tell you now what it was; but I was afraid of him, although I did the same sort of things myself. I knew you should not be harmed, and for that I would never have consented. But when I saw them laugh and jest about you, I took you in there, I broke down, and felt that I had done an awful, awful thing.

The girl burst into tears, and Sam tried to soothe her.

"Don't worry about that now," said he, "It is all over, and you got me out of the scrape, and I want to know how you did it."

"I was here to-night. I saw Max Marks come there and told me what he wanted was a saddle in your room, and that you had a horse in that stable.

"Of course it was easy enough for me to get in, you know, and I took him up, and there was the saddle on the floor.

"Mark's rung up the stable, and when he failed to find what he wanted, he ran into a fearful fit of rage. Oh, he was terribly angry.

"He said that you had lied to him, and that he would take you away, Sam, that he would skin you alive.

"I realize now, Sam, that you might have done it for me. I was so pretty nigh doing it if I hadn't gotten away from there," remarked Sam.

"I told him that that wasn't according to contract, as he had promised me that you should not be harmed; but I quarreled with him, and I said to him, and I meant to play the game to suit myself, and didn't care what I did to you."

"I gave him a blessing, and he gave me a setting down, and then he was away.

"As soon as he had gone I put on my things and followed him; but I had to stop at another place on the way, and did not reach that house until just before he and another man came out."

"I kept out of their sight, and hung around the house and listened."

"After a while I heard the man who was left in the stable was going to sleep, and I waited patiently until he began to move."

"Then I went around to the rear of the house, and listened as you try the door, and after a little I opened it and let you out."

"And, Sam, I am so very, very sorry that I had to do that with getting you into such a scrape. I am afraid you can never forgive me."

"I have forgiven you already," answered the lad. "But I want to know how you happened to have a key that would fit that door."

"That is where the fun comes in—as if there could be any fun about a shame f'li piece of business, not a lie lost. I told you about my old nurse. I had an old nurse, though she was sick and not had sent for me. I happened that she used to live in the house that you were taken to. I knew the house was occupied by some boarders, too, so I had carried away the key of the back door, and I remembered that. So, when I went to follow you, I went first to Aunt Dinah's, and got the key, and that is what got away."

"And here is where Aunt Dinah lives now, and we will step in and rest a bit, if you are willing."

"I am willing."

"Sam could say, as it was, because he was ashamed to confess. Might this not be another sort of a trap?"

"But that was not the case. The girl had released him from a positive danger, and he ought to be grateful."

"You had a key to that door, and it almost looked as if his escape had been arranged as his capture had been."

The two entered the next little whitewashed house, and Nettie was warmly received by an old colored woman with no questions concerning her escort, or the reason of her nocturnal wandering."

"She exclaimed George. "So there was a up and waiting for them at that very unusual hour of the morning."

"She busied herself to make them comfortable, and they were not sorry, for they had lived only on on the edge of the storehouse, and a sweetish wine which she called cordial."

Nellie took free of both; but her companionship made it all worth while. She was cultivating the virtue of suspicion. But there was no trap that he could discover at Mrs. Fassett's house. Dinah's house, where they rested until daybreak, which had not been far away when they stepped through."

Then they thought it would be proper to go on, as the people at Mrs. Fassett's would be up and about by this time, and Nettie bade her old nurse an affectionate goodbye.

"You must tell me, though, Nettie, that I am not going to Mrs. Fassett's yet a while," said Sam, as they picked their way over the broken pavement.

"Why not?"

"I don't know what this rag I am wearing? They took away my clothes, and made me put on this dirty uniform. That Jew told me that if I should be caught out in these lands, I would be picked up as a deserter."

"I don't believe that," she remarked.

"No more do I."

"He wanted to see you. But your things don't belong here. You must make plans for a change before you come to the boarding-house. It is easy to get other clothes, and nothing else."

"No, very easy. I wouldn't like to go in that place. Where are these things on. Besides, I have no money."

"I think I can let you have what you need, Sam."

"Much obliged; but I believe I had better go right on to Mrs. Chisholm's. Her son George is here, and she will lend me something to wear until I can get a new rig. Are you going back to the boarding-house, George?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't I, since you are all right?"

"Are you not afraid that the Jew will hunt you up, and come down on you like a thousand of bricks?"

"I don't do his worst. I am not going to be afraid of him any more. But why should he be afraid of me? I have not tried to suspect me of having anything to do with turning you loose. The man we left there will wake up, or his friends will come and recuse him, and not one of them will be able to give the slightest guess how you got away. They will be as mad as hornets, and the mystery of the thing will make them ten times madder. Won't that be jolly?"

"Ever so much jollier than if he should wake and find me there."

The boarding-house Sam took leave of his companions.

"Do you think you can ever forgive me?" she pleaded.

"I said that I had already forgiven you. Don't let that worry you. All's well that ends well."

CHAPTER X.

A F O C K O F T R O U B L E S.

Ten Challies were early risers, and both George and his mother were up and about when Sam Spence reached the house. They were surprised to see him there at that early hour, and vastly astonished at the appearance he presented.

"Where on earth did you come from, my dear boy, and where did you get those horrid clothes on you?" demanded Mrs. Chisholm.

"I will tell you all about it after a little," answered Sam; "I have a long story to tell."

"But I can't do anything until I get rid of what you rightly call these horrid clothes."

"Of course I will, and I think I can fit you properly, likewise. Come on upstairs."

The lad came downstairs as soon as he had changed his clothes and washed and shaved; the appearance was much better than it had been when he arrived. He was neat.

Breakfast was ready then, and Lucy Trimbles was present, and all were eager to know what had happened to him.

"Yes, I was glad to get rid of that old uniform," he said when he was congratulated on his improvement and offered to lend me money for a new suit; but I preferred to come here."

She exclaimed George. "So there was a
Sam Spence, the Broadboy 

"Perhaps it would; but I would never get even by putting him in jail. Why, it was only yesterday I was seeing George advising him about the salt. That man said that he had as good a business as was to be seen anywhere, and that as soon as he could round up a few more of his men he would see your young friend, and that he would be here with him in a week."

"Who was that?" eagerly asked Sam.

"He did not give his name," replied George.

"What was he like?" Mr. Prole described his visitor as well as he could, and added, "like a Jew."

"The very man!" exclaimed Sam. "That was one of the scamps who robbed me."

"It may be, Mr. Prole," replied Mr. Prole. "If it was, he was playing a queer game—sort of advertising himself, as I may say. I don't deny your story, though it is a strange one; but there is only one thing for me to do to prove its truth, and that is to stick to the letter of the law."

"And what is the letter of the law?" inquired George.

"Your young friend will have to make affidavit before a notary of the loss of the receipts, and will have to give me a bond with good securities in double the estimated value of the salt, to protect me against any claim come in the shape of an assigned receipt.

"That is pretty hard on me," remarked Sam. "I am a salt merchant and no more given to risk such a bond than I could buy up the city of New Orleans."

"Of course it is hard, but it seems to be the only thing I can do. It is a bad business all around. I will talk to Mr. Prole and try to work out some way of making it easier for you, I will let you know. But I would advise you to find the receipts."

"I don't want to, Mr. Prole," said Mr. Prole. "I am going to stick to the letter of the law."

"Very well, Mr. Prole," said he. "I will do the best I can. I will need some money, though, and I suppose you are not going to give me my belt and my gold, as I took no receipt for it."

"Of course I will," answered Mr. Prole, and he took the belt from his safe and handed it over to his young friend."

"You mustn't think that I want to be hard on you, or cheat you out of your salt," said Mr. Prole. "I am a salt merchant, and must look at things in a business way. But I will do the best I can for you."

Mr. Prole surely appeared to be an honest man, and Sam began to repent of his suspicion. He mentioned Mr. Prole's name as the young man walked past the street, and that young gentleman seemed to have noticed it.

The next thing in order was a clothing store, where Sam purchased a new outfit, and Mr. George's wife took him to her home.

Then the two friends dined.

"It is hard luck for me," said Sam. "I could never think what might have happened."

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Sam Spence, the Broadbend Boy.

the other stubbornly declared that the clothes were his own property.

"Take him away," said the policeman.

This is a disturbance, and I arrest both of you. There is only one square way to settle such matters.

He took them to the nearest police magistrate and brought them before him, and a few of the crowd followed them.

The magistrate proved to be Judge Sarpigny, and an acquaintance of the constable, he had a word of advice to the matter.

When the policeman had given him his account of the case, he turned to Sam, and asked his name, which was given him.

"What is your name?" asked the Jew.

"Issacs Marks," replied Sam.

"Now I know how he got the clothes." don't go too fast, young man," remarked Judg Sarpigny, "if you really tell me the story of the case.

He told the tale clearly and distinctly, and his manner evidently procured a favorable impression upon the magistrate.

"It is a strange story, but stranger things have happened under the sun, and the part of the business is your accidental meeting with this man, who was wearing the clothes which you say are yours. If Marks, you may tell me the story if you want to tell it.

The Jew simply declared that the clothes were his, and that he had come by them honestly.

"If I have rightly understood your story, Spence," said the magistrate, "you do not object to the discovery of the clothes, but that he is in possession of stolen goods."

That is what I believe to be the truth, sir," said the Jew.

"I will very soon write an affidavit to that effect, and you shall have a warrant against the prisoner here in court.

While the clerk and Sam were busy with the affidavits, Mr. Piere, the merchant, sat with his head down, quite crestfallen, and there could be no doubt that he considered the matter a heavy one.

The affidavit was completed, and the warrant was signed and served upon Marks.

"The case is fairly before me now," said Judge Sarpigny, "and I am ready to hear evidence. The ownership of the suit is a question of proof.

"If you please, sir," said Sam, "there is one point that I wish to make to you before you pass over the evidence, or you can prove it to suit yourself. It is a point that hangs too much, too much more important than the clothes.

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean that I will not sign the paper sewed up in the vest. It is a valuable paper to me, and it was sewed in at the house of my father's tenant. Mr. Rings, who was to take the place of the policeman, can stand the story and see if it is spelled.

"That would be very good evidence. Do you know anything about such a paper, Marks?"

"The man who wrote it was a good printer, and it went to the office of the Confederate papers in New Orleans."

The warehouseman was vastly astonished, and at the same time there could be no doubt that he was to be taken for the用途 of the Spence's story.

"The story you told me yesterday was a hard one," said he, "and I own that I was not ready for it. But you have made me see that I have been wrong in my presumption. You have had some such luck as this at the West End, is almost too much for me. It seems to be a solid fact, though, and after I swallow this I can go down the other without half trying.

"If you will ride out to the court with us and identify the receipt, perhaps you will be convinced," remarked George.

"That's the way being generous. I will be glad to go." on the way they picked up the man who had sold Sam his clothes. It was Judge Sarpigny, and there was a little ten.

Sam Marks had already been brought out, and Sam gladly perceived that he was no longer wearing the suit of clothes which was in dispute.

He was seized there, consulting with a man of a Jewish complexion, who proved to be a lawyer of the lawyer persuasion.

Sam looked about among the bystanders for his man, Spence, who, as usual, was not far from them.

He had been watching them, and he saw that he might enjoy their extreme chagrin when they learned that the precious paper for which they had been combing every nook and corner of the room was exactly the same as the paper that was the origin of the dispute, and that they had unwittingly let it slip through their fingers.

But they had already been made acquainted with that fact, and their discretion was sufficient to keep them out of reach of a court in which their deeds were sure to be exposed.

The case was called, and the evidence was heard.

Sam Spence repeated his story substantially as before.

The man from the clothing store identified the suit, and Judge Sarpigny also identified it, and told how his mother had sewed the paper into the vest. Mr. Pringle, the constable, also testified that he was convinced that Sam's story was true from end to end.

Mr. Spence's lawyer cross-examined the witnesses, asking a great many unnecessary questions, but producing no other effect.

"The court takes notice of the fact," said the physician, "that the clothing is the same as it was on the vest, as described. That is the case for the prosecution.

Now, Mr. Abrahams, what have you to say for your client?"

The lawyer rose to his feet, with a solemn voice and an air of importance.

"I have no witnesses ready," he answered;

"But I have a very important point to present. I wish to point your Ho or to the fact that the prosecutor in this case has no standing in this court, or in any other court of the State of Louisiana, or of the United States of America, but has lately arrived here under the protection of the Confederate States, and in the name of the Confederate Government, which he has no right to be heard, and your Honor is surely aware that the plea of alien enemy is a plea of privilege, and cannot be raised unless it be proved, in any court of record in this State."

Mr. Abrahams sat down, and his manner showed that he believed his client had made a profound impression on the court.

So it was.

But it was an impression of profound anger.

Judge Sarpigny was so wrathful that he could scarcely restrain himself.

"What is the most nonsensical fact I ever heard," said he, "it is nothing less than an insult to the Confederate States. This is a first place, this is not a court of record; but it is a court that the State of Louisiana and the Confederate States have the right to establish, and if a man is to stand, if the city should sink. In the second place, this case is not a suit at law for the recovery of articles of property, which Spence is not the prosecutor. The State of Louisiana is the prosecutor, and he is only a witness."

"But you will take notice of the fact that he is an alien enemy," answered Abrahams.

"He is liable to arrest as a spy. His friend here, George Chalis, who has testified for him, is also a Union man, and I respectfully submit that their evidence ought not to weigh against a loyal man."

"That be damned!" exclaimed the old Creole, "this is a case of importance and dignity that it is for us to sustain. What do you take me for? The truth is, whether the witness comes from L'Heriardeau or L'Hersis, I don't know, but the Louisi- anais wants the truth. The form of government may be changed, or the man who run the Government, but justice is a living thing, and a thief is still a thief. What have I to do with who is wearing my clothes."

It is a question before this court. For that, I am willing to say that some good friends of mine are Union men, and they have a right to their opinions. The question is Mr. Abrahams, whether your client is guilty of being a receiver of stolen goods. Have you any witnesses?"

"I am not a Uniformed man alone, but I am a man of the people, and I have a right to my opinions."

This settled the question, and the lawyer went to procure bail.

"Bail must make their address," said Judge Sarpigny, "so that they may be found when they are wanted. I can't give you a paper to bind your man, and in the meantime the case must be kept until it is finished.

"This paper clearly belongs to you, and here it is."

Sam thanked him as he received the paper, and was left to the satisfaction of the cold-eyed lawyer of the Confederate States, and at the same time so anxious to alone for his former uncle, that he in-
The party to accompany him to the West End, where he ordered a sumptuous dinner, and they had a remarkably pleasant and jolly time. In fact, the repeated visit to the site of the recovered r cept naturally arose, and the ware- housemen were all the more interested in the news of the success. No one, including the young friend, objected to the idea of a night on the town, and the party continued their enjoyment until late in the evening.

"Now that you have got your receipt, my young friend," said he, "you had better get rid of your money at once." Sam's face fell.

"Why so?" asked Sam.

"Not that I think it is likely to be lost," continued the other. "In business, and in your interest, I advise you to lose no time in selling your goods. The best of your goods will be sold for the rest of us; of course—sell has gone as high as it is likely to go, and one of two things may happen, if not both happen. You will either have to take your pay in paper money, or you will have to take your goods."

Captain Caffery laid his elbows on the table, and watched the effect of his announcement on his auditor.

"It must have been sufficient to satisfy his vanity."

 Marshal was visibly annoyed because this important discovery had been made by another than himself. Franklin was quick to transfer the Irishman's sharpness and sagacity. But the nature of the thing that he saw a chance to 'get even' for.

"It is a pity," said he, "that we don't know what the cartridge was and that the rest of the gold was not in another pocket."

"An old romancer," said the captain, "resigned Caffrey. "I followed the outfit, me b'y, an' here's the strate an' number the cartridge went to, an' here's the paper as we fall in the street. Meebe you know some av him, Mister Marshal."

"It's the name of the chap who was with him at the court," replied Marks. "If we knew just where he's at, we'd find that gold, we might make a strike now."

"I'm keen to bet they put it down cellar," remarked the marshal. "I didn't follow it in," said the Irishman.

"Yes, I did," said the captain. "This observation caused considerable surprise and comment on the part of the others, who wanted to know what the redoubtable officer of infantry meant by it."

"I mean that we must do now," he answered, "what I have done in the past, and that if we must come to the Confederate, we must come with the Confederate."

"That wasn't the way the judge talked that I'd like to see a bit of," said the marshal.

"An' that judge, sir, if the truth was known, an' turn out to be my best friend, is a lot in disguise. Such bullshit don't prevail in the army."

It was settled that Captain Caffery, who had made such a brilliant discovery, and who believed himself to occupy such a fine position for taking advantage of the confusion, should undertake the enterprise of "coming the Confederate" over to Sam Spencer's legation of the gold into which the salt had been turned.

It is quite likely that Franklin and Marks were not the only men to whom the Marshal had offered its paws for the purpose of pulling its cheeks out of the fire; but there can be no doubt that he regarded himself as the only man of brains in the "job."

The initial victims of this fresh conspiracy were not uninformed concerning it, although the intimations of its nature which they received were vague and as to scarcely any benefit to them.

The morning after the conference at the residence of the Marshal, Franklin was walking with George Chalis toward the business part of the city. She bowed to Sam and showed a desire to speak to him.

"You remember the day that I went to speak to you about it," the lady continued. "He was quite willing to gratify her, as he had no hard feelings toward her, but Chalis took him by the arm and led him away."

"I won't do it, my boy," said George. "To be bit once is enough, I should say. I am afraid that young woman has some new game to play, and the only safe thing is to have nothing to do with her."

So Nettie passed on, and what she might have said was never known. But she did not allow that rebuff to knock her good intentions in the head. She went about her work, and no one knowing the fact that she had taken a great liking to Sam Spencer, she kept that fact very secret. She would have no redress for the wrong she had done him.

In the evening there came a messenger-boy to Mr. Chalis's house, and he said that a new and very important letter had been received for Mr. Spencer, and added that he was not expected to arrive for some hours after the time named on its envelope.

It was opened and read at once, and there was the contents:

"I went to see you this morning to put you on your guard; but you need not, and I am sure you will not. You are always ready to fall into another trap for you. You know who I mean. I am the man who carried the gold to you, and I would tell you if I killed you. You ought to know that I would do nothing against you any more, but I do know that they mean to do you harm in some way. I saw one of them last night; he was the one that killed that man. I don't know what it is, or if it is to be, and can only tell you to be on your guard. I will watch them, and help you if I can."

"Nettie".

CHAPTER XIV

COMING THE CONFEDERATE.

Nettie Dibble's letter created no little excitement in the Challis household, and opinions differed as to what ought to be done. Sam was sure that she had repented of her former foolishness and that her intentions were those of friendship. But he was afraid that she had treated her so coldly in the morning.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Trumble, for she was inclined to agree with Sam on these points.

George and his mother were decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Trumble ought to be brought against the threatened danger. If the first part of the question could be answered, the second part that seemed present less difficulty; but there was no answer outside of the blood-guess work.

They could think of nothing but another attempt at kidnapping that might be intended, and that might surely be guarded against.

It was settled that Sam Spencer should not go outside of the house after dark, except in the presence of George. The Marshal was not called in, as it was not supposed that there was anything to bring him into such a situation. Lucy Trumble thought that it would be proper for their young friend to put himself under the protection of a police officer, and Sam was unwilling to draw the attention of the authorities to himself, as it was possible that the police might be interested in the inquiry into the matter of the burglers or thieves that have to fear," suggested Lucy.

"I don't know who," replied George. "Nobody but ourselves can know that Sam's gold is here."

"You may have been watched and followed."

"That is not likely. But, Lucy, if we were afraid of burglars, we would never do to keep a police woman in the house. Besides, we couldn't get one. S'm: and I will be here, and we ought to be able to find someone more reliable."

This discussion was continued until bedtime, and nothing was settled. Also, Mr. Trumble's friends must be general in their guard.

All their talk none of them guessed at the real nature of the threatened blow, and they were quite unprepared for it when it was strengthened.
The Irishman muttered something about "patriotism."

"Artillery," he said, "is what it looks like. Orderly arrest this man, and see that he is kept safely until I can inquire into his case. By the way, I don't believe we have any reason to have arrested him?"

"I just arrested him, sir—that's all," replied Caffery, who was quick enough to overcome the previous nature of the scrape into which he had brought him.

"Do you know anything about him, young man?"

"I don't know, sir. I am afraid he may have been killed, or badly injured, and I think somebody ought to know that he is got to the house."

"Quite right. That shall be attended to."

A policeman was sent who came in sight hastened to the spot, and cheerfully put himself under the orders of the military officer, who directed him to gather up the remainder of the gold and put it in the carriage.

Captain Caffery's horse was hitched to the wreck of the buggy, and the orderly walked away with his prisoner, leading his own horse.

"Now, young lady," said Colonel Caffery, "we will go to the address you gave me, and investigate the affair, and I must ask you to wait until I have been carried away, please. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you, I promise."

And then, as the officer, with his arm under your father. Policeman, you may ride with the driver, as there may be occasion for your assistance.

The direction of Mrs. Caffery's house was given to the driver, and the carriage rattled away at a lively rate.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REUNION OF THE NEWS.

Max, Captain Caffery, and Lucy Trimple were no sooner found themselves relieved of the presence of their guards than they began to endeavor to go home before dark. Although the hour was late, the cries and calls of the women soon startled the inhabitants of the neighborhood from their windows, and the market-place was quite crowded, and busy with the servants of the young men.

The neighbors proved to be somewhat of a nuisance. They were all eager to hear the story of the burglar, and in consideration of the service they had had to do, they had it to do them.

But both George and Sam were unwilling to make common cause with the affairs, and the main points of the present case were such as they wished to reserve for private consideration.

They gave but a general account of the affair, without mentioning any cause for the deed or implicating any person, and without making any statement concerning the plunder that was supposed to have been taken.

They got rid of their visitors as soon as possible on the plea of exhaustion, and hastened to release the young men.

The burglar was to meet them at the door of the hall, and scene it had it to do them.

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The burglar was to meet them at the door of the hall, and scene it had it to do them.
CHAPTER XVII
CAFFERY'S HARD LUCK.

The next crisis in the lives of the Woodfords and Sam Spence put in an appearance at the office of the Pewee Marshall by order of Mr. Caffery. Business was looking up. Many civil matters being mixed up with milk and meat, Tom Caffery, before leaving the business, made a provision in case in which they were interested came up for consideration.

When Captain Caffery was brought in, they would hardly have known him, the night had made each a change in his appearance.

Tom Caffery, his usual belligerent, was pale and haggard, and he was a picture of dejection, not only on account of the downfall of the triumphs from Mrs. Chaliss's house with his lugubrious load of plunder.

The commission, as has been stated, was already in the hands of Mrs. Chaliss, and her house, and his outward courage was proceeding with in a very summary manner.

Sam thanked Colonel George Chaliss gave their account of the entry into Mrs. Chaliss's house, and his outward courage was proceeding with in a very summary manner.

The rest of the facts are within my own knowledge, said the Pewee Marshall. "Now, Captain Caffery, what have you to say to this charge?"

"I denied it, Your Honor, I deny it, and I think, I thought I had a right to arrest him.

And steal his money," interposed the col-

As he is not but a Yankee spy, sor, and his frie is a Union man, I would like to know if they are to be allowed to disgrace the Confederate soldier. If so, it is a moral shame, sor, and murder by Congressional permission for minor parts to enthrall this country.

You do not seem to get the hold of this belief, Captain Caffery, said the Pewee Marshal. "The question is whether the Confederate soldier has disgraced himself and taken your very cheap sorry sir is what I have been told.

For these as two young fellows belonging to the men of that class of people in New Orleans than I wish there were; but nobody that I know of wants to harm them, as long as they behave themselves and mind their own business. The Confederate Congress has not yet passed any confiscation law, and when I had my way would allow the property of Union men for his own use. I would never say a spy, sir, Spence, have you been hearing anything about here?

Not that I know of, sir," answered Sam with a smile.

"I don't know what he could spy," continued the colonel, "or what good or harm he could do anybody by spying. I have heard his story, sor, and I am not going to say, rather than of his own will, and that he remains here because he can't get away. As long as he behaves himself nobody has a right to interfere with or his property, I suppose you have nothing more to say, Captain Caffery.

I just say, sor, that it's a shame that a Confederate officer should be disgraced by the like of him.

As I intimated to you before, it is a shame that an officer should disgrace himself and the service. You will be kept under strict arrest until the commission reports upon your conduct, which I will report to the commission general without delay. Now, Spence, I wish you would come away also, as I want to say a few words to you privately.

Sam followed the officer to a corner of the room. I am not warranted in telling him, but the officer proved to be a friendly one. He mentioned the tire of your's," said the officer; "Of course you don't think I see you please with it; but I would advise you not to hide it in your cellar, as it will not be safe.

Spence was to be a safe place for anything, and I want to say a few words to you, privately.

Sam thanked Colonel Chaliss for his kind-ness, and promised to be guided by his advice. "You'll keep with him, sor, as long as he stays " upstairs," concluded the colonel. "I don't know that I ought to tell you, as it may look a little like giving aid and comfort to the enemy; but I like your style, my lad. I have taken a fancy to you, and am going to give you some advice. You do not want money in cotton. Cotton is cheap now; but the time may come here when it will be worth a great price. I advise you to attend to the only business for you, and that is cotton. And, in the warehouseman.,

"I know him. Prole is a honest man. Get him to buy cotton for you, and to hold on to it, I know he can, and if it's minus, you can give you, and I ought to know what I am talking about, and I mean you well by it.

Sam thanked his undoubted friend, and attended to the only business for his kind-ness, and proceeded to carry out his instruc-

His bags of coin were placed in bank, and he got a receipt entitling him to the return of that money in the future.

I don't see any cause to be afraid of the law. If you follow me, you will stay with them walked home. "We have met one good man, anyway.

I don't but know them, and many of them would have taken that Irishman's part, and found some way to keep you out of your money."

But nobody eld it. Don't let us think ill of George, unless we give him cause. We have no right to complain so far. What do you think of the cotton scheme?"

"I am afraid you are too suspicions."

But it is quier advice for a Rebel officer to give a man in a new country, and Sam and I were willing to run the blockade, you might."

He has been kind to you, and the best mean that, as he tells you to hold the cotton. I wonder if he thinks that the city may be knocked, but that such a thing is not worth while to own cotton. But I think you had better wait a bit, Sam, and turn it over in your mind."

CHAPTER XVIII.
CONCLUSION.

It was not many days after the interview with the Pewee Marshall when George Chaliss had been commissioned as a first lieuten-

Colonel Chaliss was right, Sam, said he. "The thing for you to do is to buy cotton."

"What has put you in that mind so suddenly?" inquired Sam.

"New Orleans is bound to be captured. The Government is determined on that, and a big force is to start before long to do the work. Lucy Trumble's father is to be in it."

"Did you get hold of this news, George?"

Lucy has just received a letter from her father.

"Indeed! How did she get it?"

"She got it by the underground mail."

"That is it. Is that more than I can tell you. I only could see that letter was written."

There have been dispatches received from the North, and are distributed among the people to whom they belong. This is done with such secrecy that nobody knows how the letters come, or who is the postmaster at the end of the road. Lucy is very eager for the prospect of meeting her father.

"Colonel Chaliss's advice was good, then."

"The advice of a wise man is always good."

Then Sam and his friends patiently awaited developments.

And I think that their lives passed quietly and monotonously for a considerable space of time. They were not in the momentous affairs of the day, and they were not interfered with, as they kept to them- selves and held their tongues, and their only worry was to retain the little that they possessed in order to attract public attention to him.

After a time they had the pleasure of "as-sisting" at the court-marshall in which Colonel Caffery was convicted by the evidence and that put into the hands of the defense attorneys from the courthouses that were brought against him.

He was condemned to forfeit his commission and be reduced to the ranks, and no doubt be
Sam Spence, the Broadhorn Boy.

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