

"But how can we get there? We have no money."

"But I have a plan. Listen, Ned."

In a few words Mr. James imparted his project. He had learned that a fast freight train left that night for the Golden City.

Furthermore, he had located the train, and found a means of entering a car through a loose end window.

He had sold several pieces of jewelry, and thus provided money to obtain a fair supply of provisions.

That night, about dark, with many misgivings, the two friends climbed into a freight car partially loaded with merchandise. They took with them a large jug of water and quite a package of eatables.

Through variations of heat and cold, oftentimes hungry and thirsty, fearing to exhaust their little store, for

five days they remained concealed in the old freight car.

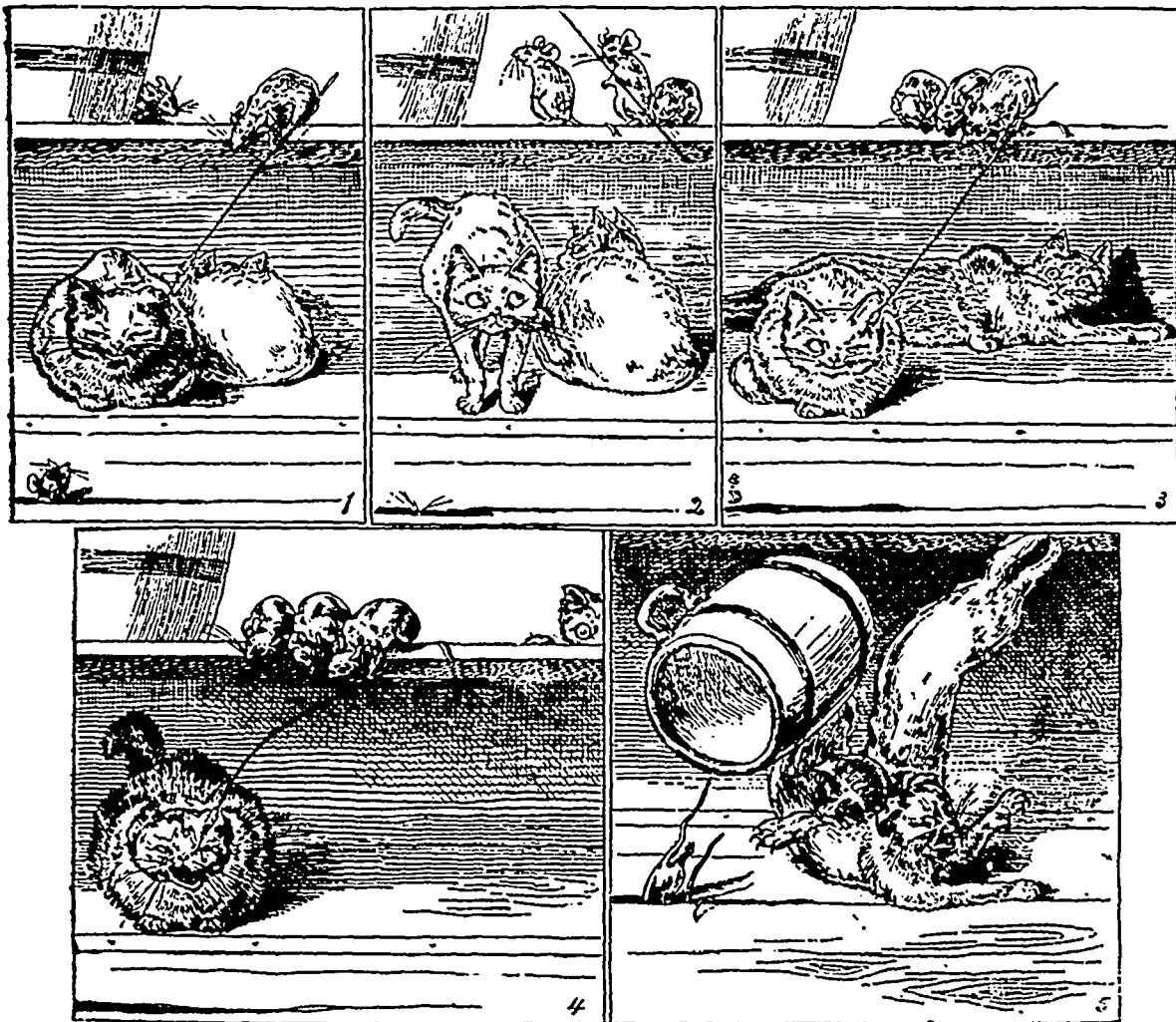
They had but few glimpses of the country they travelled through, not daring to risk discovery by opening the window.

Once the cars left the track, and they were badly jolted about, but at last, one dark night, the train stopped in a large freight yard, and the conversation of some men passing by told them that they had reached their destination.

It had been a hard experience for Ned, but he expressed a glad emotion as they climbed from the car, and Mr. James said, relievedly—

"After nearly a thousand miles in a close car, we have arrived at last at the Golden City."

(To be Continued.)



THE SLY LITTLE CATS ARE OUTWITTED BY THE SPRY LITTLE RATS.

1.—Sweet content. 2.—Her natural instincts are aroused, likewise her partner. 3.—A little strategy—Tabby undertakes to keep the rats amused, while Grim steals around to their rear. 4.—"Hurry up; I can't stand this much longer without sneezing." 5.—The strategy is a complete and disastrous failure.

In the American House of Representatives one day, Mr. Springer was finishing an argument, and ended by saying—"I am right—I know I am; and I would rather be right than be President." He stood near Mr. S. S. Cox, who looked across at him mischievously, and said, as he ended—"Don't worry about that, Springer, you'll never be either."

A West Indian, who had a remarkable red nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashey eyed it very attentively; at last it lit upon his master's nose, and instantly flew off again. "Yah, yah!" he exclaimed, with great glee; "me berry glad to see you burn your fut!"