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Don Gordon's Shooting-Box.

By HARRY CASTLEMON.

Author of "Frank on a Gunboat," "The Boy Trap-per," "The Sportsman's Club Afloat," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DESERTERS AT THE SHOW.

"HALT!" shouted the sentry. "Corporal of the guard No. 1."

"This is a regular game of 'follow the leader,' Gordon," said Egan, looking back over his shoulder. "Are you good at that?"

"I used to be," answered Don.

"They'll be after us in less than no time," continued the sergeant; and, as there are some splendid runners among the fellows, who will give us more than we want to do if they come up with us, our game must be to keep out of sight. We can't run much further in this direction, for the river will stop us; so that the best thing we can do is-

Here Egan turned like a flash, and jumped as far as he could toward the middle of the creek. The water was deep enough to let him down out of sight, but he arose to the surface almost immediately, and struck out for the opposite shore. Don was astonished, but he did not hesitate an instant to "follow his leader." Settling his cap firmly on his head, he dove from the bank, and, swimming rapidly under the water, passed Egan, much to that young gentleman's surprise, and came up a long way ahead of him. A few long, steady strokes carried them across the stream, and while they were climbing out by the aid of the bushes that hung over the water, voices and footsteps sounded from the bank they had just left, and presently ejaculations indicative of the greatest amazement came to their ears, followed by ringing peals of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! I say you, Egan-ha! ha! ha! and Gordon-O, dear, O, dear! This will be the death of me, I just know-ha! ha! Halt!" was the command that was shouted at them from the other side of the creek; and, looking over their shoulders, they saw on the bank a party of their

their hands firmly against their sides. They were all convulsed with laughter, and the corporal who commanded the squad, and who thought he had never before seen so ludicrous a sight as the deserters presented in their dripping uniforms, was so completely overcome with merriment that he could not speak again. He stood there on the bank, shaking his head and slapping his knees, until Egan and his companion disappeared in the woods.

"Well, Gordon, what do you think of the situation?" asked the sergeant, throwing himself flat on his back, and holding himself aloft, so that the water could run out of his boots.

"I'm seeing lots of fun," answered Don, wiping the tears from his eyes; for he had laughed as heartily as any of the corporal's men. "But do you think we can get through?"

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We must get through," replied the sergeant, "If we should get caught and taken back after what we have done, the boys never would quit joking us. That corporal is a good fellow to keep out of the way of. He's as sharp as any detective, as fleet as an antelope, and, if he once gets a grip on a deserter's collar, he doesn't let up. He's a bad one, and, if he isn't recalled, he will follow us all over the country.'

"If he is as persevering as that, what's the reason he did not swim the creek in pursuit of us?" asked Don.

"He wouldn't have made anything by it,"

detour and safely passed the ambuscade. must hurry on now, for we are not safe so long as we wear these uniforms."

It would have been much easier walking in the main road, which was in plain sight of them, but the sergeant dared not follow it, for he and Don were in no condition, weighed down as they were by their wet clothing, to engage in a foot-race with the fleet and persevering corporal, who would be sure to see them the moment they came out of their concealment. So they kept to the bushes, and at the end of a quarter of an hour came to a halt in the rear of a sunny little farm-house, which was the home of one

wants to go to the show, an' how am I goin' to take her when I ain't got no duds to go in? That's what's been a botherin' me. An', you see, if I don't take her, 'Bijah Sawin will."

"Well, let 'Bijah have her," said Don.

"Not by a long shot."

Asa glared savagely at Don as he said this, and brought his fist down into his open palm with a sounding whack. The idea of allowing a rival to walk off with his sweetheart was not to be entertained for a moment. Don looked blank; but Egan, who had had dealings with Asa before, thought he knew a sure road to his heart.

"Now, Asa," said he, coaxingly, "listen to me for a moment. I know that Sally is a beauty (Egan had never seen the girl in his life), but there are plenty others in the world who are just as handsome, and a dashing, good-looking young fellow like yourself can always take his pick.'

Asa stroked the yellow down on his chin and

"Besides, we'll make it worth your while to stick to your bargain," continued Egan, closely watching the effect of his words. "We will give you a dollar extra for the use of your clothes."

We mean by that a dollar extra for the use of each suit," put in Don. "And if you want it, we will pay you half the money in advance."

It was evident from the expression on the face of

Asa Peters that there was a severe conflict going on in his mind-a conflict between his love of money and his deeprooted affection for Sally; but avarice conquered at last, and, without saying a word, Asa climbed the fence and led the way toward the house, followed by the deserters, who exchanged many a wink, and laughed silently at the boy who was willing to give up his sweetheart for two dollars.

Asa led the deserters up the back-stairs and into his room, whose front window, which was open, looked out upon the road. While he was taking from his trunk his cherished wearing apparel, the judicious selection of which had occasioned him infinite trouble and perplexity, Don glanced out of the window and saw Corporal Mack and his men approaching.

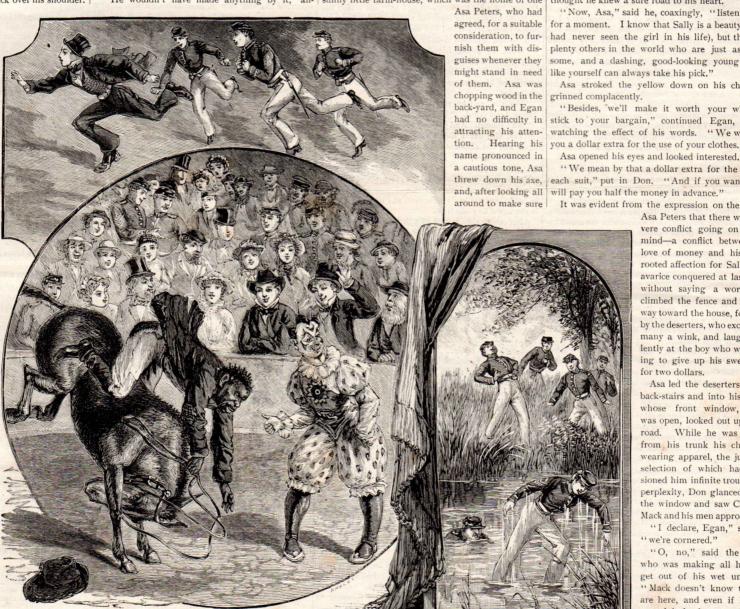
"I declare, Egan," said he, "we're cornered."

"O, no," said the latter. who was making all haste to get out of his wet uniform: Mack doesn't know that we are here, and even if he suspected it he has no right to search the house."

Having placed his best suit

of clothes in orderly array and his companion proceeded to put on their disguises. And disguises they proved to be in every sense of the word. It is doubtful if even the sharp eyes of Corporal Mack could have penetrated The boys looked for all the world like a couple of green country fellows who were out for a holiday; and when Don, after disarranging his hair, and assuming an expression of countenance that would have done credit to Mark Twain's "Inspired Idiot," walked across the floor after the manner of a plantation darkey, Egan, who never could control himself when he wanted to laugh, rolled on the bed convulsed with merriment. Nothing but the near approach of Corporal Mack and his men kept him from shouting at the top of his voice.

"Look here, Gordon," said he, as soon as he could speak. "No more of that. You will give us away, sure. Mack is a Southern boy, and he knows the "Eh? No," said Asa, indignantly. "But she negro style of progression as well as you do."



"CORPORAL MACK HAD NEVER YET FAILED TO CAPTURE A DESERTER OF WHOM HE HAD BEEN SENT IN PURSUIT."

pursuers, some of whom stamped about and flourished | swered the sergeant, "and, besides, he wouldn't care | that his movements were not observed, he climbed the | upon | the | bed (the | deep | sights | he uttered | while their arms over their heads as if they were fighting off to go tramping about the country in his wet clothes. fence and joined the deserters behind the smoke- he was thus engaged proving that Sally was not a swarm of bumble-bees, while the others rolled on He will follow a better plan than that. He will house, where they had stopped for concealment. yet wholly forgotten), As a seated himself on his the ground or stood in a crouching attitude, holding cross at the bridge, and go over to the main road He was a stalwart young rustic with a red head, a trunk and looked out of the window, while Don and try to ambush us. You see if he doesn't.

> Having wrung a little of the water out of their clothes, Don and his companion continued their flight, threading their way rapidly but cautiously through the thick woods; but before they had gone two hundred yards, the sergeant, who was acting as guide, stopped all on a sudden and pointed silently before him. Don looked and saw that they had barely escaped running into an ambuscade that had been prepared for them. Having crossed the creek, at the bridge, Corporal Mack and his men made the best of their way to the main road, and were now hidden in the bushes on each side of it, awaiting the approach of the deserters. Don could see their uniform caps, and he counted a dozen of them in

"Mack knows that we are going to the show, and he will exert himself to the utmost to prevent it," said the sergeant, after he and Don had made a wide

peaked nose, and a freckled face—very homely, in short, but with a most exalted opinion of his personal appearance.

"I say, Asa," said Egan, hurriedly. "We want those clothes now. Is there any way for us to get into the house without being seen?"

Asa leaned against the smoke-house and twirled his thumbs, but said nothing.

"What's the matter?" asked Egan, in some alarm. "You are not going back from your word, are you? You agreed to furnish each of us with a suit of your clothes for a dollar apiece, and we expect you to live up to your bargain."

"Wall," drawled Asa. "You see-Sally, she He blushed and hesitated.

"Well, go on; what about Sally?" asked Don, impatiently. "She doesn't want to borrow your clothes, does she?"

under the window.
"Hallo, Asa!" said he. "Seen any of our boys around here lately?

"Wal, yes," drawled Asa, in reply. "I seed a power of 'em yesterday."

"Have you seen any of them to-day?"

"Wal, yes; but I seed a right smart sprinklin' of 'em yesterday

"Don't say that again, Asa," whispered Egan, excitedly. "If you do, you will let the cat out of the bag, That boy is sharper than a steel trap, and you must be careful how you talk to him."

You say you have seen some of our boys to-day," continued the corporal. "Were their names Egan and Gordon? I thought so. Well, where are they now?" "I don't rightly know jest where they be," answered

Asa; and he didn't know either, for his back was turned toward the two boys in question.

"I see very plainly that there is nothing to be gained by questioning you," said the corporal, whose suspicions had been aroused. "You know where those two fellows are, and when you see them again, you may tell them that we are going to the show, too."

Asa said he would, and the corporal and his squad moved off.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Egan. "Didn't I say that if he wasn't recalled, he would follow us all over the country? Now, let's be moving. We'll keep out of sight as much as possible until we reach the village, and, after we have got into the crowd, we shall be comparatively safe. But remember this: If you are separated from me by mischance, dodge every fellow in uniform you see, no matter whether he wears a bayonet by his side or not. Even Hop and Curtis would report us to the corporal if they should see and recognize us."

Don had never engaged in an undertaking that was more to his liking. It was one that required the exercise of all the skill and cunning he possessed, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that, while he was working to the utmost to accomplish his object, he was violating no rule, and was in no danger of being taken to task when he returned to camp.

Having paid Asa a portion of the money they had agreed to give him for the use of his clothes, Don and his companion made the best of their way toward Bridgeport, which was filled to overflowing with people from the surrounding country, who had flocked in to see the sights. They mingled with the crowd and acted their parts as rustics to perfection. They gazed with open mouth and eyes at everything they saw, munched apples and gingerbread as they walked along, and tried to beat down the price of candy as often as they stopped to purchase. They went into all the side-shows to see the curiosities on exhibition, and manfully bore their part in the crush and jam that took place when the ticket wagon was opened.

Up to this time, they had succeeded in keeping out of the way of their fellow-students, all of whom, having been warned by the corporal, were keeping a sharp lookout for them; but now they ran against some of them, almost before they knew it. Having secured their tickets, after a terrific struggle, they moved with the crowd toward the entrance to the "grand pavilion," and all on a sudden, found themselves face to face with four of the corporal's men. Don and his friend knew that they belonged to Mack's squad, for they wore bayonets by their sides to show that they were on duty. They stood two on each side of the entrance, and looked closely at everybody who went in. The situation was growing interesting; and it grew still more interesting before the afternoon was over, and some of the village people afterward declared that Don and Corporal Mack furnished the best

part of the entertainment.
"Now for it, Gordon," said Egan, in an excited whisper. "See how they stare at everybody. That proves that they either know or suspect that we are disguised. It would be a pity if we were to be gobbled right here, in the presence of all these people. How everybody would laugh at us!"

But both the boys were equal to the emergency. Egan, trusting entirely to his disguise, kept straight ahead, without looking at the sentries, while Don, throwing all the stupidity he could into an unusually intelligent countenance, gazed about him with a frightened air, and clung to his friend's coat-tails, as if he were afraid of being lost. That move came very near being fatal to them. Egan laughed audibly, in spite of himself, and hurried on, dragging Don after him; while the four guards exchanged significant glances, and one of them hurried out to find Corporal Mack. The deserters did not know it, but from that moment they were under surveillance.

Having taken a look at the animals, they went into the second tent, picked out a good seat, invested a portion of their pocket-money in peanuts, and waited patiently for the performance to begin. They did not pay much attention to the stale jokes of the clowns, but they were really interested in the riding and leapingso much so, that they did not notice that Corporal Mack was improving the opportunity to station his men so that they could not escape. Finally, the trick mule was brought in, and after he had gone through with his antics, and thrown the darkey who tried to ride him, some of the spectators went out, while those who had purchased tickets for the musical entertainment, moved over to the other side of the tent Among the latte and Egan,

By this time Don had the satisfaction of knowing that he had made himself an object of interest to the people about him, who told one another that he was the greatest specimen of a country boy they had ever seen. When he moved with the rest over to the opposite side of the tent, he could not resist the temptation to give a specimen of old Jordan's style of locomotion; and he did it so perfectly, that he excited the laughter of some and the sincere pity of others, who believed that that was his usual way of walking. There was one, however, who was keeping a sharp eye on all his movements, and who was not deceived-a spruce young soldier, who elbowed his way through the crowd, and, to the surprise of everybody, laid hold of the young countryman's collar.

That's most too attenuated," said he, with a laugh. " No white fellow ever had so outlandish a gait. Gordon, I know you, and I have come for you, too."

Corporal Mack had never yet failed to capture the deserter of whom he had been sent in pursuit. He was noted for his grip, he had confidence in it, and when afternoon of the third day they began to talk of return- and rearing added to the general confusion.

Just then the clear tones of Corporal Mack sounded he placed his hand on Don's collar he thought he had him sure; but, as it happened, he didn't know the boy he was trying to arrest.

Don wheeled as quick as thought, tore himself loose from the detaining hand, and took to his heels, darting like a flash through the crowd of spectators, who, astonished beyond measure to see the awkward clown, who had moved so slowly and painfully over the ground. suddenly transformed into a fleet-footed runner, parted right and left to give him room, and cheered him lustily as he passed through their ranks. Corporal Mack started in hot pursuit. His men, who had been stationed around the outside of the tent, drew in upon the fugitive from all sides; while Egan, seeing that no attention was paid to himself, crawled through between the seats, raised the canvas, and took himself safely off.

It was an amusing as well as an exciting race that came off in that tent that afternoon, and the shouts of laughter and yells of encouragement that arose on all sides were almost deafening. Don, in his ill-fitting clothes and big cowhide boots, looked clumsy enough, but he got over the ground at an astonishing rate. Seeing that every way of escape, except one, was closed against him, he dashed straight across the ring toward the seats that had just been vacated. He ascended to the topmost one in half a dozen jumps, and, diving through the opening between the top of the tent and the side, he dropped lightly to the ground and continued his flight, the cheers and laughter of the amused spectators ringing in his ears as he went.

There were two long freight trains standing on the railroad track, which was close at hand. Toward these Don bent his steps, intent on getting out of sight as soon as possible; and, without pausing to consider the risk he ran in so doing, he crawled under one of the cars to the opposite side of the track. Corporal Mack followed him without loss of time; but when he arose to an upright position, after crawling under the car, Don was not to be seen. He was dodging about among the freight-houses and, after a twenty minutes' run, having, as he believed, placed a safe distance between himself and his pursuers, he sat down on the edge of the sidewalk to take a rest Pulling Asa's big red handkerchief from his pocket and mopping his dripping forehead vigorously, he broke out into a cheery laugh, and was surprised, as well as startled, to hear it echoed close by.

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be in good humor," said a pleasant voice

Don looked up and saw before him an old gentleman leaning on his cane and beaming at him over his gold spectacles.

"Yes, sir," said he, respectfully, at the same time imitating Asa's drawl. "I've been to the show.

"Ah! indeed. And you saw the clowns, I suppose? "Yes, sir; but I didn't care for them. I seen the tigers and the elephants and the boy-constructors, and all them things; and I seen that there mu-el throw that there nigger-

Here Don went off into another paroxysm of laughter The old gentleman laughed too, and passed on, marveling greatly at the boy's innocence, and wondering where in the world he came from.

After taking time to cool off a little, and to recover his breath. Don got upon his feet and walked away. All the fun was over now, so far as the show was concerned. His disguise being known, it would be dangerous for him to stay about the village, and the only thing he could do was to go back to the home of Asa Peters, where he hoped to find his friend Egan.

"I hope he wasn't captured," thought Don, "for I should find it very lonely roaming about the woods all by myself. Besides, I don't know where those troutstreams are that he said would afford us so much sport. There's one thing about it, I am out, and I shall not go back until I get ready."

Don would, doubtless, have been very much surprised if any one had told him that when he got ready to go back to camp he would not be allowed to do so; but such was the case, as he found when he made the attempt.

Just before dark Don came within sight of Asa's home As he was hurrying along the road, not dreaming of danger, he heard a familiar voice calling to him, and looking in the direction from which it came, he saw his missing friend Egan, snugly hidden away among the bushes in a fence-corner. When he saw that he had attracted Don's attention, he broke out into a hearty

"You're a good one, Gordon," said he : "and I would give something to know how Corporal Mack feels over his failure to make a prisoner of you. I never knew a boy to get away before when once Mack got a good grip on his collar, and neither did I ever see No. 10 cowhide boots climb over the ground so rapidly. You have done mething worth boasting of."

"What are you doing there?" asked Don.

"Waiting for you. Come over here. I struck out for this place as soon as I could get out of the tent," said the sergeant, as Don climbed the fence, "hoping to secure possession of our uniforms before the corporal could get here; but he and his men hired a wagon and a span of horses and got ahead of me.

Do you mean to say that they are guarding the ouse now?" exclaimed Don.

"Certainly I do, and you would have run right into their clutches if I hadn't been here to warn you. They'll get supper and sleep there to-night, and we in a fearful way about his good clothes, but we can't help that. We can't get our uniforms while Mack is prowling around."

Egan, who was well acquainted in the neighborhood. had no difficulty in finding food and shelter for himself and his companion. Another farm-house opened its hospitable doors to them, and there they passed the night, setting out bright and early the next morning to try one of the trout-streams of which Egan had spoken Late in the afternoon they secured an interview with Asa, who, after teling them that Corporal Mack had been recalled that morning, growled lustily at them for keeping his clothes so long. In order to silence him and make sure of other disguises in future, in case they should need them, they gave him an extra dollar, and paid his mother the same amount for drying and pressing out their uniforms.

During the next two days the deserters thoroughly enjoyed themselves, living on the fat of the land, and catching as many fish as they could dispose of. On the

ing to camp. They took supper with Asa that night, and, as soon as darkness came to conceal their movements, they set out for the works, hoping to creep by the sentries and reach the shelter of their tents without arousing anybody, thus winding up their exploits in the most approved style; but they did not get into camp as easily as they thought they would. While they were passing through a piece of thick woods on their way to the bridge, they were suddenly surrounded by a multitude of dark forms, which seemed to rise out of the ground on all sides of them, and, before they could resist or cry out, they were seized by strong hands and hurried away through the darkness.

(To be continued.)

"Don Gordon's Shooting-Box" commenced in No. 13, Back numbers of the ARGOSY can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publishers.

A COURAGEOUS ACT.

BY ANNA M. TALCOTT.

LAURENCE BALDWIN was the eldest son of a clergyman living in the suburbs of a seaport town on the New England coast. The position of eldest son is always of more or less dignity, but when there are five younger brothers, and as many sisters, it is a position of responsibility and importance as well At least that is the way Laurence looked at it. doubt he often presumed upon his position-most boys in his case would have done so; but, on the whole, he was rather above the average elder brother, and his rule was more kind than severe. Sometimes, however, this same position was more irksome than pleasant. This was the case one afternoon in April, when Laurence was called away from a comfortable spot in the library, where he was settled with a book, to drive into town and execute several commissions for his mother.

It was cold even for April. A violent storm had occurred the day before, and, although it was now over, there were sufficient traces of it left, in the shape of mud, wind, and clouds, to make the cosy library a desirable place. But duties must be done, however distasteful, and Laurence, though he grumbled a little, shook himself together and started. As he drove from the house he noticed one of his younger brothers playing in a skiff which was drawn up on the shore at the foot of the lawn. The little fellow had a pole, and seemed trying to push the skiff out into the water.

"Come out of that, Horace!" he called, "you will get adrift, and the tide will float you away.

"I'll come in a minute, Laurie," the boy answered as his brother drove down the road.

Laurence had not driven very far when he met his father, who wished to use the horse Laurence was driving. It was a little aggravating to be stopped, but there was nothing to do but turn back, and get another horse.

As Laurence had to wait some little while for the coachman to make the desired change, he went up to his mother, who was ill in her room, to receive further directions about his various commissions.

While there, his little brother Eugene ran into the room, and, catching him by the coat, tried to attract

"Be quiet, child!" he said, impatiently, "I can't talk to mother if you bother so.

"But, Laurie, I must speak to you," said the boy, in a frightened whisper. He looked into the troubled face of the child, and saw instantly something was wrong.

"What is it?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Horace is adrift in the skiff."

One quick glance from the window which overooked the water showed him the skiff adrift, and empty.

"The boy is overboard!" he exclaimed, as he rushed downstairs, tearing his coat off as he ran. When out on the lawn he could clearly see the empty skiff, and far out in the water a small black speck, upon which the setting sun, which just then broke through the clouds, shone with brilliancy.

He raised a shout, "Keep up, I'm coming!" and worked desperately with his shoes to get them off. Just then he was seized and held back by the coachman, an old and valued servant.

"Don't go, Mr. Laurie," he begged, "you can never do it!"

"Let me alone!" he cried, and, shaking him roughly off, he dashed into the water.

He was an experienced swimmer, but even to him its icy coldness was terrible. It was hard work: but he was brave and strong, and, encouraged by the shouts of those who had collected on the shore, he reached at last the little head, and caught desperately at it just as the benumbed and well-nigh se boy was about to sink beneath the surface of the water for the last time. Seizing the child, now a dead weight, if alive at all, Laurence hurried to swim back; but a new difficulty arose. The tide was running out with a force that required great strength to resist it.

Upon the shore all was excitement. Dr. Baldwin, the boys' father, who was unable to swim, was giving orders in quick, peremptory tones, which no one obeyed. Children were running hither and thither, the more courageous calling out to encourage the swimmer, the others crying in childish grief and fright. Augustus, next in age to Laurence, on one of the carriage horses, and the coachman on the other, were trying to ride them into the water, that they might swim out and bring Laurence and the boy to land. But, frightened by the coldness of the water, they refused to obey, and by their stamping

The poor, sick mother was alone in her room, praying.

At length somebody fastened a rope to a small log of wood, and, winding the other end hastily about it, sent it floating out, hoping the tide would carry it within Laurence's reach, so that, by lashing the boy to it, he could swim with greater ease. But one end of the rope had not been securely fastened. The action of the waves loosened it, and, floating about, it caught on a rock, which anchored the log fast.

For one dreadful moment all seemed hopeless. Laurence felt his strength leaving him. The boy seemed to grow heavier with each stroke. The little pale face looked so quiet, the child must be dead.

Laurence was almost discouraged. It seemed so much easier to give up than to struggle on. He would give one cry for help, and the others must do what they could. The cry was given, but unheard amidst the tumult on the shore, and useless if heard. No one could come, no one could help.

Suddenly there came to Laurence a thought of the sick mother alone in her room, praying, as he knew she was, for her boys. This thought seemed to nerve him with new courage. With a deep-felt, though unuttered prayer, he gathered all his remaining strength and pushed boldly for the shore.

The group there had grown strangely silent. They

were all standing close together, anxiously watching. Not a sound was heard. Nearer and nearer he came. The water grew less and less deep. Home and safety seemed almost a certainty. Suddenly the group on the shore broke into a loud cheer, which reached the anxious mother's ears. Dr. Baldwin rushed neck-deep into the water. Laurence placed his burden in his father's arms, and sank unconscious. He knew nothing of the willing hands that pulled him ashore, nor of the efforts to restore Horace to consciousness. He was first roused by feeling the cook dash at him, and violently rub his head with a warm toddy which had been prepared. Finding no one capable of drinking it, she determined it should be utilized in some way. He managed to escape from her well-meant efforts, and was carried off to bed, where, rolled up in blankets, he soon fell

sleep. Laurence was a hero; for a long time after that everybody was speaking of his courage and bravery. Boy-like he enjoyed it. Horace, too, felt he had a share in the glory, for he was heard to say: "Laurie would never have had all this, if it hadn't

been for me!'

VENTRILOQUY.

Many amusing stories have been told about ventriloquists, some of them verging upon the impossible. 'To them has been attributed the power of reproducing all kinds of noises, from the creaking of unoiled machinery to the whoop of a savage, coupled with the ability to send" the sounds to any point of the compass, and to whatever distance may be desired.

But, in reality, a ventriloquist talks about the same as ny other man. He does not "send" his voice-he keeps it back, if anything. And the more he keeps it back, i. e., the lower he speaks, the farther away it seems to be. Our ears are very deceptive organs, and frequently lead us into error; and if it be of no more serious character than that of being amused by ventriloquism, we may congratulate ourselves.

Go out into the fields, of a summer night, when the locusts are shrilling, or stay indoors, if you will, and listen to the "cricket on the hearth." Now find him. Listen! Where is he? The whole air is filled with the sound, and your ears almost ache from its effects, yet he must be a patient seeker who shall discover the small musician, or even find his hiding-place. Thus you will learn that our ears are not safe guides for locating sound, especially if we sit still and listen, for by moving about and noticing when a sound grows, now clear, and now indistinct, we may generally trace it to its source.

The ventriloquist of to-day usually has some figure dressed as a boy or girl, having at any rate, a human head with a movable jaw-which he addresses as though alive. The audience expects the figure to reply. And expectation is far more than half the battle. The people look at the image, the performer pulls a concealed string, the jaws of the mask fly open, and an answer comes from mewhere. To complete the illusion, the ventriloquist speaks with parted, but motionless lips, while the figure's mouth opens and shuts, very mechanically, it is true, but still very decidedly, so that it really seems to have more to do with the sound than any one else. Then the reply is given in a changed voice, which also serves to complete

is given in a changed voice, which also serves to complete the illusion.

It was a funny incident, as well as a good practical joke, that was the cause of first introducing E. D. Davies, the well-known ventriloquist, in California. He had arrived in San Francisco, accompanied by his wife, expecting to at once make a date at one of the theatres. But the salary of \$500 per week, which he demanded, seemed to frighten the managers, and they didn't come to terms. Bent on receiving \$500 or nothing, Davies thought of a way that would advertise him, so that one of the theatres would undoubtedly engage him, and gladly, too, at his figures. One afternoon, he and Mrs. Davies went down town and bought a large wax doll, Engaging a carriage, they jumped in, and the doll, which was readily passed off for a human child, said: "Good day, coachman," "Good day, little lady," responded the coachman, who didn't know he was talking to a doll. They drove to Oakland Ferry, and leaving the carriage, the child, laughing and chatting, was jumped along between the ventriloquist and his wife. They went on board a boat, Davies carrying the child in his arms. Presently he dropped the precious load, and then the kid set up a series of cries and yells. He picked the child up, and tried every way to soothe it, but in vain. Passengers remarked that the poor little thing must have got hurt in the fall, and took a great interest in Davies, junior, Finally, Davies was heard to say in a gruff voice, "Shut up, or l'Il throw you in the water." At the same time he slapped the child, much to the worriment of wicked," etc. Quite a crowd had gathered about the brutal father, when, as the child refused to keep quiet, he hurled it over the railing into the water. There was a splash, a muffled scream, cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the passengers, and immediately two young men were in the water, swimming toward the struggling (?) infant, amid the shouts of the captain, and rushed ashore. But soon there came a laugh. The men in the water had discovered the joke. So

BY WEISSE.

To-morrow, morrow, not to-day!
'Tis thus the idle ever say:
To-morrow I will strive anew,
To-morrow I will seek instruction,
To-morrow I will shun seduction,
To-morrow this and that will do.

And wherefore not to-day? to-morrow For thee will also be too narrow;
To every day its task allot!
Whate'er is done is done forever,
Thus much I know; but whatsoever
May hap to-morrow, know I not.

On! on! or thou wilt be retreating; For all our moments, quickly fleeting, Advance, nor backwards more incline, What we possess alone is ours, The use we make of present hours; For can I call the future mine?

And every day, thus vainly fleeing, Is in the volume of my being A page unwritten, blank and void. Then write on its unsullied pages Deeds to be read by coming ages! Be every day alike employed!

HOW THE CHILDREN ESCAPED.

A Story of Old School Days.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

It was a hot morning, the first of August, many years 130. The children in the little settlement far back in the Maine wilderness, had gathered at the rough log school-house in the midst of the forest, for instruction in the The children in the little settlement far back in the simplest rudiments of education.

There were shock-headed boys, dressed in homespun, some with jack-knife in hand, carving their names on the logs already covered with hieroglyphics as rude, and almost as difficult to be deciphered, as the inscriptions upon Cleopatra's needle; others were climbing the low roof to look off over the intervening woods to the burning "felled pieces" set the day before, from which and the adjoining woods great volumes of black smoke were rolling up, clouding the sky and filling the whole vicinity with a sickening, stifling odor.

Girls in big cape-bonnets and linen gowns, with long work-bags on their arms, in which were rolls of patch-work, samplers, and "hanks" of linen or silk thread, stood round in little groups, gazing anxiously at the ominous-looking sky, and awaiting the arrival of Miss Nabby Coburn, the school-ma'am, who had officiated as instructor in the settlement since the inhabitants had thought themselves able to support a school. And she ruled with a vigorous hand both large and small; for such was the veneration for all expounders of learning that none dared oppose her laws, were he ever so bulky of person or herculean in strength. The indignation of the entire settlement, as one man, would have fallen upon the head of any offending Miss Nabby's rules.

But this morning, she was long in coming to her duties. She had been called in by one of the settler's wives to prescribe for her baby-for Miss Nabby was something of a doctor withal.

The sun rose high in the heavens, the birds had retired to deep shade, and the harvest-fly trilled its sharp song. The children were getting impatient.
"Perhaps Miss Nabby's gone to fight fire," suggested

Zadock Wyman. "She can beat any man at thrashing with withes."

You know, 'f anybody does," observed Mima Jumper. "I'd sooner be thrashed, than stood on the dunce-block, any time," retorted Zadock, significantly. "But, come on, boys, let's play 'Jack in the dark,' till Miss Nabby comes!" and, with a troop of urchins at his heels, Zadock, or Dock, as he was called, led off to the weedy

corner of the little yard. "Who's got a stocking?" he cried.

"Ye might as well look for a white crow, as for a stocking here," said Kim Jumper, glancing round at the brown-footed company,

"Trypheny Farlow's knittin' one!" cried little Peter Durell. "I seen Miss Nabby shake her for droppin' stitches, yesterday. And she's got the mate to measure

by."
"Yes; an' Tryphosy's got one, too. They're knittin' 'em to buy shoes for next winter," Sim Sloane declared. "Well, we won't hurt 'em much, I'll snatch Try-

pheny's stocking, if you'll grap Tryphosy's, Sim," pro posed Dock, wickedly. "Be sure and get the measurin stocking.'

A moment later, high war notes were sounding in the school-house, and Sim and Zadock came tumbling out, swung the door quickly to, and pulled out the latchstring. The two little girls with lost knitting needles, yarn in knots, and their finished stockings, whose every round" was the memento of painful experiences, seized by the ruthless lads for reckless sport, beat out their wrath against the stout door, while the victors hooted in triumph from the outside.

Gathering burches of weeds, grass, and leaves, Zadock stuffed the stocking feet full, then "stumped" the rest of the boys to beat him.

The method of procedure was to blindfold the parties. and give each a stocking. Then they were to get down on their knees, and each, with his left hand on the same stone, cry out alternately: "Jack-in-the-dark!" at which the other would respond: "Here am I!" the smallest boy having the privilege of striking at the other first.

Zadock began with the youngest, and a very few blows from his lusty arm were sufficient to make all the smaller ones retire from the combat, whimpering, and rubbing some very tender spots on their sun-bleached polls

No one now remained but Sim, between whom and Zadock there had existed a little rivalry that season as to who should be leader among the boys,

Sim grasped the stocking-leg firmly and confidently, and at the first "Here I am!" from Zadock, gave a resounding thwack. But he was not prepared for his opponent's strategetic maneuvers, and as Zadock deftly dodged to one side, the stocking fell harmless among the weeds; and before Sim could recover, a most stunning blow was dealt from the opposing stocking. Thinking that next time he would be sure of his mark, Sim struck opposite the place where the answering shout of "Here am I!" sounded, but the stocking came down violently on the rock where their hands were placed, and at almost the same moment, Zadock's stocking, in which a big thistle had been tucked by the crafty lad, fell upon

Sim's freckled nose. An answering blow was given with zest, without the preliminary call, and in a moment the now angry combatants had sprung out of the weeds, and thrusting up the "blind" from their eyes, fell upon each other with the stockings, whap! whap! as they flew about in the tall thistles and fire-weed, scolding, shouting, threatening, while the little boys followed in their wake, hooting and cutting at their bare legs.

Just then, Miss Nabby turned the corner of the schoolhouse, and suddenly swooped down upon the struggling pair, grimly bore them off, weed-stained and bruised, to the school-house, where more grievances awaited her adjustment.

When Miss Nabby came to examine the knitting, with needles out, stitches "dropped," and gaping loops, the mending up of which the worthy dame heartily detested, her indignation knew no bounds, and punishment mete for the misdeed was served out to the offenders without stint.

It was nearly noon when the little school once more re sumed its normal serenity, though Miss Nabby still grumbled audibly over her quill pens, as she was wont to do when excited, and slashed savagely at the unoffending goose-feathers, causing the small boys to shrink farther into their corners.

As for the ruined stockings, Sim and Zadock were commanded to each bring a skein of yarn, and to make good those destroyed. That was the severest part of the penalty-to be obliged to learn the art of knitting under Miss Nabby's severe tutelage; and Zadock looked forward to the daily infliction in sullen mood. From past experience, he knew there was no lenity to be expected from home rule, and serious thoughts of running away came to his mind.

In the meantime, the dry, hot air had grown thicker with smoke. During the forenoon a high wind had sprung up, and fanned the smouldering fires into a fierce blaze. The sun was almost hidden, and in the little log hut, but dimly lighted at best, it was very gloomy; but still Miss Nabby worked on, only giving the children time enough at noon to hastily eat their coarse lunch, on account of the morning's delay. But no thought of the great danger of their situation troubled the busy dame.

Along toward three o'clock, the wind had risen to alost a gale, and now great cinders and burning boughs were hurled through the air, falling among the dry weeds and grass in the yard. The children became frightened. Even Miss Nabby put down the sampler upon which she had been correcting mistakes, and stepped to the door. Through the woods, to the north and east, the blaze of the Farlow clearings could be seen bearing down toward the school-house with great speed, while the Wyman clearing, to the west, was filling the dry woods with flame away to the south, from which the roaring and crackling could now be distinctly heard.

It had been an unusually dry summer, no rain of any amount having fallen since June, and everything was like tinder. Yet the settlers were anxious to burn their clearings; and as for two or three days there had been unmistakable signs - according to their ideas storm, they thought it not imprudent to set the fires. But as in a drought, it is said that "all signs fail," so the sign of the storm had cleared away with a high wind, bringing terror to the hearts of the settlers, who were even at the moment of Miss Nabby's looking forth. fighting to save their houses and barns from destruction.

Terrified, but careful housewives, carried their featherbeds and coverlets, spun varn and webs of woven cloth to the wells, and suspended them from short, stout poles, wedged in between the stones; the babies were left asleep in their cradles, and the sturdy pioneer wives went to the

So imminent was the peril threatening their hom that none thought of the little school-house in the midst of the burning woods, or indeed, if thought of, each settler considered his children capable of taking care of themselves, at least.

For a moment Miss Nabby surveyed the surrounding orests, smoking and crackling as the high wind swept the fire along, then stepped back to the terrified pupils 'Children,' ' said she, "gather your books and work together. We must get away from here at once. The fire s right upon us!"

At this intelligence there was a great panic, the little girls crying, some of the older ones screaming hysterically, while the boys broke for the door.

Miss Nabby placed herself before them

"We must keep together," she said, firmly. "The strongest must help along the little ones, or they will be lost. Now, boys, you had courage to fight this morning like wolves, for nothing. Let us see some of it now when there is great need of it. Dock, you and Sim take these little boys in hand. Don't let go of them if you do get scorched a little. I'll take the girls. Now, then, come on! Stick close to me, and don't get scared !"

The path toward home led to the north, where the fire was fiercest, And Miss Nabby hastily marshalled her scholars out of the house and into the woods, toward the south-east, which, she thought, might be as yet untouched. But here a small opening filled with brush and felled trees, ready for clearing-and not far from half a mile from the school-house-had caught from the burning woods to the west, and was raging madly.

Miss Nabby turned away with a sickening fear, and quickly followed round to the east, but the woods were full of flame and smoke, and the dry, deep scurf, through which the fire crept smouldering, more than once scorched the bare-footed children pressing forward for a pathway through which to escape from this terrible holocaust.

Precious moments were spent in vain attempts to find a passage, then, with blistered faces and hopeless hearts the children with Miss Nabby fled to the school-house They were cut off from all rescue

"Get some green switches, boys! Let us fight off the flames!" cried Miss Nabby, stoutly; and with the great iron fire-shovel she began digging a trench, where there was most danger, at the edge of the bushes to the north, while the boys and girls, with green birch boughs, stood ready to beat out the first flames which should penetrate to the little clearing. The smaller children were stationed about the school-house to trample out the burning cinders which fell in the dry grass.

seen dimly and red through the thick vapors, poured down intense and oppressive rays.

But Miss Nabby plied her shovel incessantly, and the boys and girls, led by Zadock, fought heroically, and, for a time, kept back the first invading flames; but as the oncoming fire, driven by the high wind, advanced to the

opening, they were obliged to retire before it. The sobbing children gathered once more in the rude school-house, as they thought for the last time, and awaited their fate. How fervently stout-hearted Miss Nabby hoped and prayed that the wind might change, to bear the flames away from them. But no; there was no relief from that quarter. The devouring element leaped and ran along the dry brush fence, then into the low bushes and cotton-weeds which had sprung up plentifully about the school-house.

"Oh, Miss Nabby! It's coming! It's coming!" shrieked the distressed and wild-eyed children. "Don't let us be burned up here! Come out! Come out!

"Hold on, you young ones!" cried Zadock, suddenly his black eyes bigger and blacker than ever with excitement and hope. "Don't run off every which ways. Hold on, everybody, I say! I can save ye, I do believe! Hurrah! Hurrah! Come on, quick!" and darting out of the school-house, with the children close at his heels, he made off into the woods in the same direction they had first taken, Miss Nabby bringing up the rear, wondering and fearing that the boy had indeed lost his senses.

On he ran, till nearly to the line of devastation and fire, then turning round a great fallen hemlock at the foot of a steep bank, he came to an irregular aperture beneath large, overhanging rocks, which had been ingeniously filled in with sods and stones, and cunningly concealed by the bushes.

"Get in there, every one of ye!" he shouted, digging away the entrance. "Here, Sim, you go first. There ain't nothin' in there to hurt ye-unless it's a wood-

Sim did not need a second invitation, but crawled through the opening, expeditiously followed by the other children, laughing, shouting, and crying for joy.

Inside was a small cave, found by Zadock in one of his many rambles the spring before, and kept secret from the other boys, as he supposed it to have been some time the den of bears, that he might himself have the opportunity of trapping for whatever occupied it the coming winter, for he knew by the signs that something denned In the excitement of the panic, he had not thought of its saving presence till almost too late.

It was scarcely large enough for the little band of thirteen, that now crouched, panting and exhausted, in its cool shelter, yet the children did not mind being crowded. Just now they were willing to forgive almost any amount of pushing and jostling.

The fire might go over them-as indeed it did not long after-they would be comparatively safe from its effects, though at one time the little cave was almost stifling from smoke which beat in under the rocks.

Not till morning were the children and Miss Nabby liberated, and then Zadock was sent off in Miss Nabby's stout shoes for assistance, as the ground was still too scorching to be trodden upon by the bare-footed chil-

By great exertion of the few settlers, only one house and barn were destroyed. But nearly all their crops were burned, and the rest of that year was a time of great scarcity and privation.

Zadock and Sim never learned the art of knitting, for the old school-house was burned to the ground, and before another was built Miss Nabby had become the mistress of a log house of her own.

BEECHER IN RICHMOND.

In a recent work upon Henry Ward Beecher, published by Funk & Wagnalls, there is a most interesting incident concerning a lecture, delivered in Richmond, Va., in 1877, showing how eloquence and personal magnetism will subdue turbulence and conquer prejudice.

Mr. Pond, his agent, had sold the lecture to a man named Powell, who owned a Richmond theatre. But the latter telegraphed to Pond, in Washington, not to come. as public sentiment was rising to a fever heat against echer's advent. They pushed forward, however, to Richmond, and met Powell at the station, who again urged the canceling of the engagement, and showed them a four-page circular, issued by a State official, with headings like the following: "Shall Beecher be allowed to speak in Richmond?" "The brother of Harriet echer Stowe, the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin! "Henry Ward Beecher, who sent the Sharps' rifles to Kansas!" "Henry Ward Beecher, who helped to dig the graves of millions of our best sons of the South!" ' Henry Ward Beecher, who has been false to his country, false to his religion, and false to his God?" "Shall this man be allowed to speak in Richmond???"

try, false to his religion, and false to his God?" "Shall this man be allowed to speak in Richmond???"

When we got into town, the newsboys were selling anti-Beecher poetry and songs on the streets. We reached the hotel; Mr. Beecher registered, and left the hotel in the midst of general tittering and sneering. When he went into the dining-room, even the waiters tittered and sneered, and it was hard to get waited on, but Mr. Beecher aid nothing. I remember, as we walked out of the dining-room he caught up a little, golden-haired baby, when a lady rushed up and, snatching the child away, ran off with it. Mr. Beecher went up to his room, while I went up to the theatre to see Powell.

Affairs went quietly enough that day, and at night, when the lecture was to come off, we went up together to the theatre. The Board of Trade, the Tobacco Board, and the Legislature, then in session, had all, by resolution, agreed that none of their members would go. But when it came time to open the doors, as every man knew his fellow was not going, he went, and, as a consequence, the Governor was there, and all the legislators, and they were having quite a laugh at each other's expense.

The house was filled with men, and they were a noisy lot; but Mr. Beecher had secured a detail of thirty policemen to insure quiet. After I entered the stage door—there were five or six policemen to keep the crowd back—I heard them making a great noise in front, and Powell came to me and said: "Don't you introduce him. You'll be egged as sure as you go out there." Mr. Beecher knew that it was to be a wild meeting, but at last said to me: "Well, I'm ready," and together we went out and took seats on the stage.

As we sat down, the vast crowd of men and the few ladies in the gallery commenced to applaud, and some turbulent characters gave a regular yell. I rose at last and introduced Mr. Beecher, merely saying that there was no act of my life that gave me such pleasure as introducing so great and good a man as Henry Ward Beecher. I sat down, and they w

ing cinders which fell in the dry grass.

The heat and roar of the flames, the crackling brush and falling trees, carried terror to the hearts of the children, while the dense, black smoke-clouds beat down, nearly suffocating them, and over all the August sun,

by the big Virginia Legislature, which opens with prayer and closes with a benediction." As the legislators were all there in a body, the laugh went round. It was not five minutes before the house was clapping. Mr. Beecher talked two hours and a half to them, and of all the five hundred lectures which I have heard him give—and I have traveled with him over 200,000 miles—there was no one so remarkable as that. He said, first, he would ceulogize Virginia and the bravery of the men of the South, and then he would tell them just what they did that was wrong. In his peroration, he eulogized Virginia as a commonwealth—she who had bred her sons for Presidents—how great she was, etc., etc., and got them all perfectly wrought up, and then he continued: "But what a change when she came to breeding her sons for the market!" Then he would draw that terrible picture of slavery and its effects, and they had to sit quietly and take it all. After the lecture we lett the theatre quickly, got into a carriage, and went down to the hote! Then, once in his room, Mr. Beecher sat back in his chair and laughed, as much as to say, "We have captured Richmond, haven't we?" Then came a knock at the door, and, as it opened, there in the hall stood a crowd of these gentlemen; they walked right in, and the spokesman said; "We want to thank you for this lecture, Mr. Beecher. This is Hon. —, and this is the Hon. — and Lieutenant Governor —," and so on, introducing everybody; and "We want you to lecture here to-morrow night for us. Why, this is good enough for our wives to hear." Mr. Beecher stood up and said: "Gentlemen, I am a piece of artillery here, that Mr. Pond pulls around and touches off when he wants to." At this they showed hundred-dollar bills, and offered anything if he would only lecture again, but, as he was booked for Washington the next night he had to refuse. +++

GOING UP IN A HURRY.

THEY have devised a new sort of Atwood's Machine in the West, with which to measure the velocity of falling and rising bodies. The experiment is a very thrilling one, and the conclusions are somewhat revolutionary, as the reader will observe:

one, and the conclusions are somewhat revolutionary, as the reader will observe:

The other afternoon Con Sullivan and James Campbell were at work on the ground at the foot of the electric light mast in Bridge Square, Minneapolis. They had in their hands ropes which held in their place the six hundred pound weight, termed "the equalizer," which acts as a balance. This weight was at the top of the mast, a distance of 257 feet in the air. While arranging a noose one of the ropes slipped, and the equalizer commenced to descend. The men had hold of the rope, and thought that by their combined strength they could hold the weight in place and prevent accident, but their weight was not sufficient to balance the six hundred pounds, and they commenced to ascend slowly.

Campbell's feet were entangled in the rope, but when they had ascended to the platform around the mast, about fifteen feet from the ground, the rope became disentangled and Campbell fell to the ground. Relieved of his weight, the equalizer shot like a stroke of lightning to the ground, jerking Sullivan to the top of the mast in an instant, but miraculously not injuring him. When the equalizer struck the ground, Sullivan reached out and seized a small wire cable, on which he slid to the earth, People who witnessed the ascent, say that it occurred in two seconds. At one time the rope swung several feet away from the pole, but Sullivan managed to retain his grip, and thus reached the top in safety. Campbell, who fell about fifteen feet to the ground and was mjured, says that when he struck he glanced to the top of the mast and saw Sullivan getting ready to come down; so that the latter must have ascended 250 feet in about the same time Campbell occupied in falling fifteen feet. The trip was a lightning one, and Sullivan says that he doesn't want to take it again in a hurry.

We have no doubt that Sullivan made a very rapid transit, but we are quite skeptical concerning what Camp-

We have no doubt that Sullivan made a very rapid ransit, but we are quite skeptical concerning what Campbell is said to have seen "when he struck "

According to all accepted philosophy, a freely falling ody will pass through about 16 ft. in the first second of its descent. During that time it acquires a velocity which, added to the constant force of gravity, will carry it 32 ft. in the next second.

Now, Campbell fell 15 ft. The time occupied was, therefore, about one second. Meanwhile, the "equalizer" was 242 feet from the ground, and descending with a velocity that at most would only carry it 32 ft. during that time even if it were a freely falling body, whereas it was weighted down by the ascending Sullivan. So the story that the latter party was preparing to come down by the cable, almost before Campbell struck the earth, is sensational in the extreme. In truth, Sullivan, at that instant, must have been more than 200 ft. from the end of his involuntary journey, and we may well suppose it took him at least a second, after stopping, to collect his thoughts and know which way was down and how to get there. The story is big enough in itself, without unscientific exaggerations.

"T'OTHER FROM WHICH."

You have all seen the expression vice versa, and half of you, perhaps, have mispronounced it. The first word has two syllables, and should be pronounced as if spelled vysee. It is a Latin expression, and is easier to understand than to translate-one of the best renderings that is at all literal being, the position having been changed.

is at all literal being, the position having been changed.

To illustrate its meaning: Take the old method of traveling, "ride and tie." Two men have one horse between them. A will ride a mile, and B will walk—then vice versa. That is, A ties the horse and walks on, and when B comes up he mounts, and takes his turn in the saddle, and so on, by alternation.

The following explanations, from certain Ethiopian philosophers, each contain a grain of truth:
"Sam," said an old colored man, down at the post-office, to another old codger, "what's de meanin' of vice versa 2"

versa?"
"It means t'other from which," answered Sam, with

great dignity,
"I dunno," said the first one; "I think it means upside down."
"No," retorted his friend, "I'se done suah it means

"No." retorted his friend, "I'se done suah it means hind side defoah."

A third old fellow came by just then, and they appealed

A third old fellow came by just then, and they appeared the question to him.

"I cannot desplain pezactly," he said, "so as to meet wid your compredehension, but wiser wersa am a propriation from de Latin, and means wuss and wuss, and mo' ob it. I members stumblin' ober it at colledge. It

am a hard word to pernounce."

He ambled along with his bucksaw, and the two who had referred to him, looked after him with respect and admiration, wondering that one small head could carry all he knew.

THE WALLED LAKE.

THERE are many unsolved problems relating to the aboriginal inhabitants of our land. Whence came they? At what time? Did they advance or recede in civilization after coming? These and other questions of like import, have been answered in various ways by different theorists, and yet no man knows. Among other curiosities bequeathed to their successors, may be mentioned the Walled Lake.

It is situated in the State of Iowa, about 150 miles west of Dubuque. It is in the midst of prairie land, and is two or three feet above the earth's surface. It is inclosed by a wall of stones, in some places ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and five feet wide at the top. The stones vary in weight from three tons to roo pounds. There are no stones on the surface of the ground within ten miles of the lake. A few years ago, the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers were



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A GENTLEMAN.

THERE is a general idea that a gentleman is, in some way, elevated above the masses of mankind; but, when it comes to particulars, there is a wide diversity of opinions.

Some regard him a gentleman who possesses those easy, carelessly-graceful ways, acquired by intercourse with the world; to others, he is a gentleman who renders himself agreeable to his companions under all circumstances; many make dress the criterion by which they judge whether or not one is to be in the category of a gentleman.

While fortune, fashion, dress, and the like, may be desirable, true gentility is independent of each of them, nor is it constituted by all of them combined. What, then, is a gentleman?

Primarily and chiefly, one who is influenced by the broadest charity. He is modest, calm, courteous; slow to become offended, and never giving cause for offense; ready, at all times, to make his own desires secondary and subservient to the welfare of others.

The chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, "mirror of English knighthood," never manifested his gentlemanly instincts more royally than directly after the battle of Zutphen. As he lay in camp, mortally wounded-so faint from loss of blood that he could scarcely raise his head, his tongue parched with a fierce thirst-he called for some water. It was brought him; but, as he placed the cup to his lips, he saw a wounded soldier lying near him glance at it wistfully. Immediately the noble Sidney removed the cup from his own lips and passed it to the soldier, whispering: "Drink, thy necessity is greater than mine."

In 1353 Edward III. and Edward "the Black Prince," invited John, King of France, to visit them at London. John, desirous of complying with the invitation, broached the matter to his Parliament at Paris. This body strenuously opposed the project, and urged that it was a trick on the part of the English ruler whereby he might seize the person of the French king, and thus more readily gain possession of the French crown, to which he was the pretender. "I am positive they are too much of the gentleman to treat me in such a manner," exclaimed John, indignantly.

This estimate of their character, later events amply verified. At the battle of Poictiers John was taken prisoner by "the Black Prince," who conducted his captive to London amid the acclamations of millions of the English. But, to one ignorant of the facts, John, rather than "the Black Prince," would have seemed the conqueror, for the former was seated upon a richly caparisoned steed, attired in splendid apparel, attended by a numerous retinue of the English nobility, while the latter rode beside him in his black armor, on a scrubby Irish pony, that the defeated king might, so far as possible, be spared a scene of humiliation.

The attributes essential to the formation of "a gentleman" are indispensable to her character who would rank as "a lady." And no title can endow one with such lustre as the deserved epithet of "gentleman" or "lady." For, as above stated, the term symbolizes all that is good, pure, Christian-like-all that renders a person worthy of the respect, honor, love of mankind.

Therefore: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things," and, so doing, become veritable gentlemen" and " ladies."

A ROYAL BABY.

It is a great bother to be even a common baby, but a royal baby has a far more serious time of it. The simple family baby can be rolled up and tucked away, to suck his thumb in peace and seclusion. Not so with the babies born in palaces. One of this latter sort recently saw the light, on the 12th of last November, in the royal household of Spain. A brief account of what befel this infant may serve as a solemn warning to all American babies, not to be envious of those whose cradles are rocked in kings' houses.

Spanish etiquette prescribes that royal babies shall be exhibited, immediately after birth, to an assembly of the great grandees of the kingdom, and to the embassadors of foreign countries. Accordingly, when the birth was announced as forthcoming, his

search of the princes and potentates. And in they came, post haste-cardinals, and bishops, and chamberlains, and marshals, and nobles of every degree; deputations from the Spanish Congress, the city government, and all sorts of societies; politicians from all the parties, officers of the army and navy, and magnates of every other description. They all appeared in their most gorgeous uniforms, and a magnificent spectacle it was.

Darkness came on before the royal babe was born, and the happy event was announced by a grand illumination of the palace. But when it was whispered that the baby was a girl, the assembled dignitaries looked sad. Royal girls are a luxury for any kingdom to be thankful for, but as the King of Spain has no boy, this new baby was felt to have made a mistake in coming. The ceremony proceeded, however, all the same. The glittering throng gathered as near as possible to the entrance of the royal baby's apartment, and in about an hour after her birth, the young lady presented herself. Perhaps it would be more correct to say she was presented.

The king came forth from the chamber with his ministers and his court. Walking by his side was a lady, the Marquise of Santa Cruz, who, upon a silver platter, carried the infant, carefully wrapped up in white lace. The royal father, taking his royal morsel, passed her before the eyes of the diplomats and the high functionaries, receiving from each the compliments and good wishes proper to such an occasion. The official registry of birth was then signed, in the presence of all the assemblage.

Six days later, at noon on Saturday, the 18th of November, the royal lady was baptized. This ceremonial was far more gorgeous than the former, and it turned out to be more annoying to the baby. It took place in the chapel of the palace, in the presence of more than 1,500 persons, who crowded the galleries. All the magnates who graced the previous ceremony were in attendance, with many others, including the great ladies of the aristocracy.

A salute of fifteen cannon announced the arrival of the royal infant. All the assembly rose to their feet, and the chapel priests proceeded to the door to meet the advancing procession. Then the baby was brought in, attended by the Patriarch of the Indies, with Cardinal Blanchi, the representative of Pope Leo XIII, who was the child's godfather, surrounded by a throng of high church dignitaries. There was an escort of fourteen gentlemen-in-waiting, twenty-six chamberlains, a number of macebearers and men-at-arms, preceding the seven great lords of the kingdom. These latter bore the articles used in the christening, upon golden dishes. The Pope's embassador baptized the royal baby with water brought from the river Jordan, expressly for the purpose.

It would gratify American babies to read, if they could, that the young princess wept and wailed prodigiously during the ceremony, thereby causing great confusion among the ladies of the court. It is also pleasing to know, that this latest royal baby of Spain bears a name almost as long as the procession which escorted her to the altar. Her full title is Marie Therese Isabelle Eugenia Maria del Patrocinio Diega. She was very well, thank you, at last ac counts, in spite of all this.

LESSON OF A FRESHET.

DURING the past autumn and winter, the whole civilized world has suffered from excessive rains, and disastrous overflows of rivers. Europe first experienced this train of calamities, beginning in the early fall. At that time there were heavy snowfalls in the higher Alps. Then a warm wind set in from the Mediterranean, attended with abundant rain. This caused the snow to melt rapidly, and the rivers which take their rise from glacier streams and other mountain torrents soon raged far beyond their ordinary barriers.

One feature of the Alpine rivers is peculiar. The only thing in this country which suggests it is the system of levees on the Mississippi. But these huge banks on our river are necessary, because in some places the stream is actually above the level of the surrounding country. The rivers which flow down the Alpine valleys are not thus elevated; but, as their banks are closely bordered by farms and vineyards, a similar system of dykes is erected to prevent overflow in times of freshet. These dykes are usually of heavy and expensive stone masonry. In ordinary times the river glides peacefully along in its natural bed, not even wetting the bottom of the great granite walls-which are inclined at a flat angle, like the slope of a dam, and built some distance from either side of the channel. When the snow melts, however, the torrent swells rapidly, and the whole space between the great dykes is filled with a foaming, dashing flood.

In one of the Italian valleys-the one through which the wonderful Brenner railway crosses the mountains, flows the river Eisak. This stream was carefully dyked, because its course lay through a region of extreme fertility. Yet, in the freshets of last fall the gigantic walls were torn away, and the furious stream laid waste and completely ruined a great extent of territory. How did it happen? An English engineer was curious to know how it broke through its mighty barriers, for the flood did not rise to their summits. He traveled up the banks of the river to explore. This is what he found.

Majesty's body-guards scurried in all directions in from one side into the main stream. This had been shabbily and cheaply dyked. When the freshet came it overflowed and broke through crevices of its own weak levees, and attacked the huge barriers of the main stream in the rear. There was no stone facing on that side to resist the flood. It gnawed the bank of earth slowly away till the huge granite blocks caved down, and then the mad river rushed on to its work of destruction. When we stop to think of it, we see that many strong men go to wreck and ruin in the same way. They have some little weak point in their character which they are not careful to fortify.

BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES. THE DEAD PHILANTHROPIST.

In 1879, the University of New York conferred upon the late Peter Cooper the degree of Doctor of Laws. As he looked upon the diploma he said: "That Latin is 'all He then continued: " My esteemed friend, the Chancellor, has brought to me an honor that I have never sought. It is one that I am sure I never expected to obtain. As I have no scholastic attainments to entitle me to receive this honor, it must be in recognition of a long, laborious life, spent in a course of efforts to found an institution that opens its doors at night, and gives free instruction in science in its application to all the useful and necessary purposes of life." At another time he said: "Measured by the achievements of the years I have seen, I am one of the oldest men who ever lived; but I do not feel old, and I propose to give the receipt by which I have preserved my youth. I have always given a friendly welcome to new ideas, and I have endeavored not to feel too old to learn. While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good."

That he did good, scores and hundreds will testify. His was a far-reaching philanthropy, like that of one who plants trees for posterity; for in the fruitful soil of human intelligence are scattered seeds sown by his hand that shall effect the coming ages.

Still, he was wiser than most men in his giving, for while many others have left great sums at death to found institutions of learning, or to assist those already in being, Peter Cooper gave while in the vigor of life; and whereas, many would be but poorly satisfied if they could see how their bequests are applied, he of whom we write was one of the trustees for the management of his beloved Union, to whom all the others naturally deferred. And while eternity alone will be sufficient to measure all the good that he has done, he has reaped an abundant harvest of satisfaction in this present life, such as they who withhold their charity till death can never experi-

On all sides resound the echoes of his goodness, his greatness, and his wisdom, so beautifully and tenderly phrased by Joaquin Miller in the following poem, which appeared in the New York Herald, the morning succeeding Mr. Cooper's death:

Give honor and love forevermore, To this great man, gone to rest; Peace on the dim Plutonian shore, Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man That ever drew sword in war—
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver, and better by far.

And wisest he, in this whole wide land Of hoarding till bent and gray; For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand, Is what you have given away.

So whether to wander the stars, or to rest, Forever hushed and dumb, He gave with a zest, and he gave his best, And deserves the best to come.

His sympathies were always with the working classes from whom he himself came; and though he was a millionaire in later life, he was that very rare individual-a popular rich man. Indeed, one of the city dailies, in commenting upon his death, called him the most popular citizen of New York, which is saying a very great deal. and yet we believe it true. Flags floated at half-mast in the city from the time of his death until after the last sad rites of burial, and Mayor Edson recommended that places of business be closed during the hours of the funeral ceremonies.

The State Senate adjourned upon receiving news of his death, after adopting a series of resolutions, from which we make the following extract:

"By the death of Peter Cooper the State has lost one of its most distinguished and venerable citizens, the republic one of its most eminent and patriotic friends, the world a man who made it better every day he lived in it, philanthropy its most liberal, practical, and far-seeing representative, education an illustrious benefactor, and religion an example of faith and charity whose career and character blessed mankind.

"The life of such a man makes his death a poignant loss to the State, a bereavement of the nation, and a marked reduction of the number of good and great men on the earth.

Out of respect for his memory, this Senate will now adjourn, with this expression of its love and regard for the great citizen, whose more than four score and ten years were replete with thoughts and deeds which made his period on the earth one of the most beneficient that has lived in the sight and in the service of man."

EDWIN D. MORGAN.

LIKE Andrew, of Massachusetts, Edwin D. Morgan who died in February last, was also known as a " Governor," and, like the former, he was chosen chief executive of an adopted State.

His birth-place was among the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. He did not, however, like Andrew, receive a college education, but at the age of seventeen entered a store in Hartford, Conn., at a salary of \$60 for the first year. At the end of three years-during which time his yearly stipend had grown to \$100-he was taken into partnership with the firm. A few years later, he removed to New York, and entered upon a mercantile life in the great city.

Besides being a successful merchant, he was prominent in the political arena, holding various offices, both state and national, among them that of Alderman, State Sena-He was also tor, Governor, and United States Senator. High up in the valley was a little river flowing appointed Major-General of Volunteers, by Lincoln, dur- such friends.—Anon.

ing the war, and was twice urged to accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury, but declined. The story of his admission to partnership into the Hartford firm, was published about twenty years ago, but we have seen no mention made of it since his death,

Having gained the confidence of his employers by his faithful service, young Morgan was entrusted with a commission to New York, to make some small purchases of various sorts, including corn. The journey was made in the old-time stage-coach, and Edwin was gone for several days. On his return, the senior partner asked at what rates he had made his purchases, and, being informed, said he feared the corn was not of a good quality, since the price was lower than he had expected. His clerk then drew some sample handfuls from his pockets, which proved perfectly satisfactory.

"How much did you buy?" eagerly asked the merchant, who usually bought about 300 bushels, but would have liked 500 at that rate.

"Two cargoes!" answered young Morgan; "and the vessels are most likely in the river now.'

The old gentleman was for a moment fairly overcome by this surfeit of good things, but finally managed to stammer out:

"Why, Edwin! What in all the world can we do with two cargoes of corn? We can never sell it, and have no place to store it!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the young corn contractor; you can take what you like, and X. & Son will take 300 bushels, V., W. & Co. will take 500 more, and Z. will take all you can spare. I stepped in as I came along. and sold them from the samples, at an advance rate. I wish I'd taken another cargo."

The senior partner accepted the situation, and acknowledged the corn; and next morning, when he entered the store and found Edwin, as usual, on hand, with his broom, he said:

"You may put that broom away, now, my boy. We'll let somebody else do the sweeping. Any one who can go to New York, and buy and sell two cargoes of corn on his own responsibility, at a handsome profit, had better become a partner in the firm."

And he became one that day.

That his boyish shrewdness did not afterwards desert him, is evident from the fact that in his will he gives a half million, without condition (save that it be paid, with interest, within a year), to his wife, and makes about fifty other bequests to relatives and friends, educational and benevolent institutes. These are: one of \$200,000, three of \$100,000, three of \$50,000, two of \$30,-000, five of \$25,000, and the remainder of \$20,000 or less, the smallest being \$500 each to his coachman and a servant-girl.

He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Williams College, in 1867. At the time of his death he had just entered his seventy-third year.

A NOBLE AMBITION.

"What wouldst thou be?"
A blessing to each one surrounding me;
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow depart,
A beckoning hand to a far off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

PERSONAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

It is said that in London every fourth person receives gratuitous medical attendance.

The postal cards are made at Holyoke, Mass., by forty men, who turn out about a million daily. They have diminished the consumption of writing paper by from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year.

MENTION is made of a new kind of horse-shoe, composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mould, and subjected to a chemical preparation. It is said to last longer than the common shoe, weighs only one-fourth as much, requires no corks, and is very elastic.

one-fourth as much, requires no corks, and is very elastic.

A New life-boat, built wholly of cork and cane, was tried for the first time at Liverpool, recently, and was found to be in many respects an improvement on the boats generally in use. It weighs only one-third as much as the boats constructed out of ordinary materials. Its strength and elasticity are such that it cannot be broken by rough usage. It is self-emptying, and cannot be capsized in any sea. It can be launched without the aid of davits and tackle, and it is less costly than any other so-called life boat.

called life boat.

In the seaport and market town of Cornwall, which derives its name from St. Iva, the daughter of an Irish chieftain who came as a missionary to Cornwall in the fifth century, there has not been a single case of drunkenness for more than two years, and there are only three or four taverns or beer shops. A whimsical custom prevails there, established by Mr. Knell, a Collector of the Port of St, Ives, who died in 1811. According to a provision in his will, once in every five years two old women, and ten little girls under 10, walk in procession from the market house to a pyramid he erected on a lofty hill near where he is buried, sing the One Hundredth Psalm, dance around the pyramid, and have a fifty-dollar dinner, at which no more potent beverage is drunk than gingerette and orangeade. And when this is over, they crown with flowers the one policeman who guards the favored place. place.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

BE silent and safe : silence never betrays you. AFFLICTION, like the iron-smith, shapes as it strikes .-

It is a crime to consider any wickedness a sign of abili-

ALL that is human must retrograde if it do not ad-

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

A MAN who cannot mind his own business is not to be sted with the king's.—Saville. WE must be as courteous to a man as we are to a pic-are, which we are willing to give the advantage of a

good light.—Emerson Wно gives, and hides the giving hand,

Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise, Shall find his smallest gift outweighs The burden of the sea and land.—Whittier. Boldness is blind; whereof 'tis ill in counsel, but good execution. For in counsel, it is good to see dangers, execution not to see them, except they be very great. Sir Francis Bacon.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.—Longfellow.

CHEERFULNESS is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—

Smiles. It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words, that is friendship. But few have such friends a date.

EDITH.

BY I. W. JORDAN.

LITTLE Edith mounts the stairs
To my chamber leading,
Comes upon me full of cares,
Thinking, writing, reading,
While she lingers, I will rest
From scholastic labor. While she lingers, I will rest
From scholastic labor;
She's the fairy little guest
Of my next-door neighbor.
Caring not for any one,
She becomes my caller;
This she never could have done,
Had she but been taller.
May she come, and come again,
Ere the years have taken
Her sweet freedom with a chain
That cannot be shaken.
She goes, laughing, down the hall,
With quick footfalls leaving;
O, whenever she may call, O, whenever she may call, I shall be receiving.

A Voyage to the Gold Coast;

Jack Bond's Quest.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "Harry Hale's Log Book," "Blown out to Sea," "Strange Fortunes of Max Penhurst," "Darcy," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

PICTURE to yourself a long reach of dazzlingly white sand beach, on which the surf breaks and booms with incessant and deafening monotone.

Against the hazy background of the far-distant Kong Mountains, are outlined great clusters of palm-trees, while dense thickets of tropical verdure extend upward from the shore.

"Why, there isn't a sign of a harbor; have we got to lie out here in an open roadstead?" exclaimed Jack, who, with his companions, was drinking in the beauty of the landscape with an eagerness which only those can appreciate whose eyes have rested on naught else but sea and sky for weary weeks.

The prospect, certainly, did not look inviting. Two large barks, a brig, and a three-masted schooner, were lying at anchor outside the surf line, pitching and rolling tremendously, as' their cargo of palm-oil was being hoisted on board from the clumsy lighters alongside, manned by nearly naked blacks.

Thus, these larger vessels are obliged to slip their cables and put to sea whenever a gale from the westward arises, as the holding ground is not good, and, with both anchors down, more than one vessel has been driven ashore in a gale.

At Jack's remark, Skipper Lombard, at the helm, gave utterance to a dry chuckle.

"If the Sea Witch drawed as much water as them chaps"-with a nod of his head in the direction of the other vessels-"we'd hev to lay outside here, but seein's she don't, I guess I can find somethin' like a chance for her," he answered, expectorating violently over the stern, as he took the helm from Dan Collins.

The little vessel under his guidance stood boldly in toward a well-wooded headland, which seemed to extend a short distance into the sea.

From behind the headland, a native canoe, not much larger than a bread-tray, suddenly appeared. Its occupant was a Krooman, who, kneeling in the bottom, paddled this frail craft with both hands, and, occasionally, by an ingenious scooping movement of one of his large, flat feet, contrived to bale the water from the boat's interior.

He rounded to alongside the pinkey in a twinkling, caught a rope thrown him by Collins, and, having made his boat fast, scrambled over the side with the agility of a monkey.

"Hi, Cap'n Lom'; d'is long year we no see you down Gol' Coast," he exclaimed, with a prodigious grin, as he saluted Skipper Lombard.

"So they haven't killed you yet, old Gunflint," grimly returned the skipper, changing his helm a little. "Well, what do you wan't?" he added, shortly.

"S'pose you want pilot, Cap'n Lom?"

"No," was the curt reply. "I've been in the Logos River too many times not to know the way. Jack, go for'ard with Dick, and see the anchor all clear for letting go. Dan, you and Joe stand by the jib down-haul."

Jack could see nothing that looked like a river or a river's mouth. In fact, to all excepting the skipper and the Krooman, who was lightly and inexpensively attired in a coating of cocoanut-oil and a waist-cloth, the Sea Witch seemed to be running directly into the line of thunderous breakers directly ahead.

But as the little vessel neared the surf-line, a narrow passage or entrance was visible, while, as she shot past the headland, the mouth of a wide, clear river, revealed itself to the astonished eyes of the

"Plenty of water on the bar, Gunflint?" asked Skipper Lombard, as the little vessel glided through the natural channel, between great lines of booming

The Krooman nodded sulkily.

"Mad 'cause I wouldn't give him a job," muttered Skipper Lombard; but he had no time to pay further attention to the matter.

"Take aft the fore and main sheet-so-that's

With sails trimmed perfectly flat, the Sea Witch

of tropical foliage. The sea was shut completely out from view in an instant, only the continuous boom of the surf being a reminder of its presence, as they sailed further and further from the river's mouth.

"Down jib!"

The iron hanks of the head-sail rattled merrily along the wire stay. With shaking sails, the Sea Witch shot into the wind's eye, deadening her head-

The skipper motioned with his hand to Jack, who, handspike in hand, stood for'ard by the anchor, whose flue was but caught over the iron-bound rail.

One upward push with the handspike, and the plash of the heavy mass of rusty iron was followed by the rattle of chain through the hawse-pipe.

Down came foresail and mainsail, as the pinkey swung at her mooring, and in a few moments the sails were neatly stowed, and an awning, improvised from an old stay-sail, was spread over the afterhouse.

"But oh, how hot it is!" groaned Dick, throwing open his shirt at the neck, and wiping the perspiration from his face, while Billings, the cook, proceeded to drop a fishing-line, baited with salt pork, over the stern.

"This ain't anything," was Skipper Lombard's

observers of everything that went on, their small put it carefully away. Dick, with certain feelings of eyes roaming restlessly about the vessel's deck with evident curiosity.

"S'pose you come buy corn, wood, an' palm-oil, cap'n?" inquired Gunflint, who was squatted on deck like an enormous ape.

"Can't say," sententiously replied Skipper Lombard.

"What for you do come, den?" persisted the Krooman, wonderingly, for, since the abolishment of the slave traffic, only trading vessels come to this part of the coast, which is remarkably unhealthy.

"For the fun of it," growled the skipper, who was tired of being catechised, and, with their curiosity unsatisfied, the two Kroomen shortly afterward took their leave.

CHAPTER XX.

"THERE's one thing about these coast Kroomen," remarked Skipper Lombard, blowing a long cloud of smoke in the air, "they're the worst liars, thieves, drunkards, and gormandizers under the sun; but they ain't cannibals, like them inland niggers.'

"You don't mean to say that there are such things as cannibals in this part of the country, I hope," cried Dick, in a horrified voice. For, knowsignificant reply; "it isn't much over 95° down ing little or nothing of the manners and customs of here nigh the sea; but you jest wait till you go the west coast natives, he had a vague idea that can-

foreboding for which he could not account, nodded briefly, and the two went for'ard in answer to Billings, who had bawlingly announced that supper was ready. After supper, it being understood that each was to stand a watch of two hours each to prevent any possible thieving on the part of Kroomen, all hands brought their mattresses on deck, exultant at the thought of "all night in"-to use the sailor's phrase for an unbroken night's sleep.

Well-it was all night in-"in purgathory," as Dan Collins rather strongly put it on the following morning. Such bloodthirsty mosquitoes are never seen and felt, even in the wilds of New Jersey, as are found on the African coast, Jack, who finally wrapped himself in an old sail at the risk of suffocation, declared that they bit through three thicknesses of it. It was a night long to be remembered.

By early dawn all were astir. The boat was put over the side, and in it were placed the long duckgun and an army musket, with a supply of ammunition for each, a couple of blankets, some cold provisions, a jug of water, a spade and pick, and a small bag in which to bring back a supply of the precious gold-bearing sand, intending to wash it out at their leisure—if they found any to wash.

Skipper Lombard surveyed these preparationsparticularly the latter ones-in grim silence. He himself was very skeptical as to the whole matter.

"Of course, it's none of my bizness," he said, as they were about to push off-Joe Bassett and Dan Collins waving them a cordial farewell; "but I tell you two young chaps that it's my 'pinion you're goin' on a wild goose chase, an', what's more, on a dang'rous one, too-runnin' a big risk for small profits."

Jack laughed uneasily-Dick light-heartedly. In the excitement of actual starting on a gold hunt in a strange country, he forgot his former fears and apprehensions.

"Nothing venture-nothing have," he cried, gayly, and, as the first rays of the morning sun began to gild the tops of the palm-trees on the river banks, the little boat left the Sea Witch's side.

"We shall be back some time to-morrow," called Jack, and Skipper Lombard nodded acquiescence, following up the nod by a dubious shake of the head.

"If I had my way Jack Bond never should a' started on no sech errand," grumbled the skipper, watching the receding boat, "but Jack's jest as his father was before him-the sottest man ever I see."

"Where's the resk, anyway?" asked Joe Basset, who, with Dan, was smoking an after-breakfast pipe under the awning.

"Wall," deliberately returned Skipper Lombard, "in the first place the underbrush is chock-full o' wild animiles; there's danger of ketchin' coast fever or bein' bit by pison snakes, an', finally, if the niggers gets wind of what they're after, them two boys' lives ain't wuth that" - and the speaker snapped his thumb and finger by way of illustration.

"But thin, mebbe they'll git through all right, an' bring back a bushil or so in gould dust," observed Collins, who had a great admiration for Jack Bond's courage and strength.

The skipper vouchsafed no answer, but smoked his pipe in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the boat till it disappeared around a bed in the river.

Meanwhile Jack and his companion disguised whatever apprehension Skipper Lombard's words might have aroused, and pulled steadily onward, keeping the boat as near the northern shore as possible, that they might take advantage of the eddy current, and keep somewhat in the shade as well.

It grew hotter and hotter as the sun climbed higher in the heavens. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface, which reflected the overhanging palms and mimosas. Whole flocks of great painted butterflies of every color, from the purest white to the most intense blue, fluttered high in the air. No sound broke the stillness of morning save the plash of their own oars, or occasionally the distant call of a tiger cat.

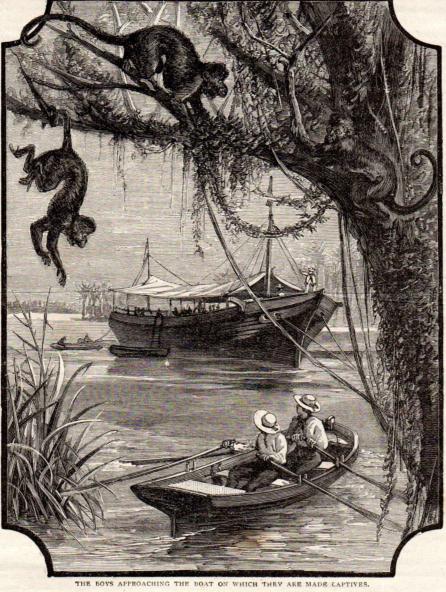
So dense was the vegetation on the river banks, that no song birds sent forth their matin praises from its depths. As Dick said in a half-whisper, one could almost feel the silence.

As their boat rounded an abrupt turn in the river, the scene was changed. Silk-cotton, and wild-cedar trees grew more sparsely on the river bank, while close to the edge the margrove trees sprang in bewildering confusion from the black mud.

Here were signs of life. Long-legged snipe and waterfowl paddled among the mangrove roots, without appearing alarmed in the least at the sight of the boat and its occupants. The ugly form of a crocodile lay basking in the sun. Parrots and tiny parrakeets whistled and chattered among the tree-tops. From time to time troops of monkeys-gray and green, fawn-colored, black and white, swung themselves deftly from limb to limb, above the passing boat, into which they occasionally dropped palm-nuts, indulging the while in grimaces which convulsed our two friends with laughter.

"Say, Jack," exclaimed Dick Earle, resting on his oar, and looking round into his friend's face, in a half-bewildered sort of way, "can you realize that all this is real-that we aren't dreaming, but are really way down here on the African coast-genuine gold-hunters at that?"

"Well it is rather hard work to do so," Jack admitted, silently calling his friend's attention to a flock of cranes whose plumage was of the most brilliant rose-colored hue imaginable. They stood knee-deep in the shallows by the river bank, hardly changing



abouts," he continued, proceeding leisurely to fill certain islands in the South Pacific.

his pipe, as the others gazed delightedly at the picturesque scenery about them, 'I was cox'n of a boat that helped cut out a slaver a piece further up river, an' four of the crew was sunstruck all to once -three died before we could get to shore, and one

jumped overboard, stark, staring crazy.' "Did you save him?" eagerly asked Dick.

Skipper Lombard paused in the act of striking a match, shrugged his shoulders, and silently pointed over the side with the stem of his pipe.

Within range of their vision, half a dozen triangular, leatherly looking, dorsal fins, were cleaving the oily smoothness of the river's surface.

"Sharks!" exclaimed Jack and Dick, with an involuntary shudder.

chock full of 'em down here by the bar, so see you patiently awaited the summons to supper. don't go in swimmin'-sharks has an uncommon likin' for white folks."

Meanwhile, another canoe had put off from shore and come alongside. Its occupant might have been Gunflint's brother, only for the fact that he was a trifle uglier, greasier, and more morose looking. The canoe was partly loaded with fruit, the sight which made Dick's mouth water. There was also a pile of yams and some sweet potatoes.

A bargain was quickly struck, and, in exchange for a few pounds of coarse tobacco, the canoe's contents were transferred to the Sea Witch's deck. Billings' fishing had proved eminently successful, and he at once proceeded to make extensive preparations rounded to, and stood boldly up the calm waters of for a sumptuous supper of baked fish and boiled a beautiful river, whose banks were a tangled growth yam. The two Kroomen were sly listeners and silent

apiece inland. Why, way back in '45, or there- | nibalism was a horror of other days, and confined to

Skipper Lombard smiled grimly. "You jest get into any kind of a scrape, an' be took prisoner anywheres in the King of Dahomey's territory, an' see whether there's any such thing or not," was the unpleasantly suggestive reply.

"A charming country, I must say," muttered Dick, with a sort of cold chill creeping down his

And then it was that he began to wonder whether he had not been something more than simply hasty in leaving the land of his birth for a region where sharks, and cannibals, and similar terrors abounded. But it was too late to turn back, and not for the world would he have shown the white feather. So, obedient to a signal from his friend, he followed him "Exac'ly," was the unmoved reply; "the river's into the cabin, and, leaving the others on deck, im-

> Jack laid the rough chart drawn by his father, on the table before him, and, after comparing it with the regular coast chart, made some measurements with his compasses.

> "It's about twenty-two miles from here," said Jack, proceeding to read the brief instructions on the back of the paper, which were as follows:

"The river forks or Divides about twenty miles up. The left-hand Branch is Smalest, and where it joins the other the Trees and Bushes grow So thick as to Almost hide it. Follow it up a mile from the Fork to where there is a Big Bolder right in the middle of the Streme. On the left Bank oposit the bolder is the gold-bering

"We'll get away by daylight to-morrow morning," said Dick, decisively, as, folding the paper again, he their position though the boat passed within ten feet

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well," positively observed Dick Earle, resuming his oar, with a sigh, "I can't get rid of the idea that it is all a sort of fanciful dream, and every moment I'm expecting Mrs. Moriarty's breakfast-bell to wake me."

lack was about answering, when a voice ahead hailed them in very unmistakable English:

"Hallo, the boat!"

Both turned. They had rounded another bend in the river. Before them, anchored midway in the stream, was the hull of a vessel whose wedgelike bow and still graceful lines were strongly suggestive of the "long, low, dark schooner" of slaving days. Her masts had been taken out, and over the deck was stretched an awning of mats twisted from cocoanut fibers, reaching the entire length.

Around the black and sun-blistered hull, were a large number of native canoes, whose occupants were peering over the vessel's bulwarks. Among the jet black faces were the faces of two white men.

"Come alongside!" called one of these last, in a somewhat unpleasant voice.

A refusal to obey would perhaps have seemed suspicious under all the circumstances, and, very reluctantly, Dick and Jack brought their boat to the vessel's side.

"You belong to a trader anchored lower down, I suppose?"

The speaker was a man of fifty or thereabouts, with attenuated frame, and thin, sallow visage which spoke plainly of the malarial disorders peculiar to the climate. He wore the conventional warm country attire-dingy cotton shirt and soiled duck trousers, a broad-brimmed straw hat surmounting his bullet head with its retreating forehead.

Jack hesitated.

"Our vessel lies a mile or two below here-yes." he replied, evasively.

"But she no trade, Masser Smith; no can tell what for she hab' come."

The voice was the unmelodious voice of Gunflint, who, as the two friends saw for the first time, was among the crowd of chattering blacks, and Jack bit his lip with vexation.

"Look here, young fellows," said the second of the two whites, who was a heavier built man than his companion, with a thickly-bearded, bloated face, "my name is Brady, and I'm the English collector in this district. Instead of having a 'factory' (i. e., a sort of trading post) ashore, we use this hulk, that in times past has run many and many a cargo of niggers to Cuba, because it's healthier here than over there on the marsh land. Now, by virtue of my authority, I would just like to know what two overgrown boys like you are doing on your way up the Logos River, where white men never come unless they are trading-with a spade and pick in your boat ? "

Jack and his companion exchanged a look of dismay. Brady had been peering over the bulwarks into their boat, and his sharp, ferrety eyes had discovered the digging implements referred to, which they had not thought to throw their blankets over when they came alongside.

"Well," said Jack, boldly, after a momentary hesitation, not unmarked by the two factors, "since you are so very anxious to know, I don't mind telling you. My name is Bond-Jack Bond, and my friend here is Richard Earle. When my father died, he left me a small vessel. I've put all the money I could raise into this venture, which is to see if I can't find gold dust somewhere along the river.'

"Humph!" ejaculated Smith, "and how happens it that you found your way into the Logos River, where Yankee vessels don't come once a year-why did you pick this particular river out, eh?'

His tone was sneering-his manner insolent in the extreme.

Now Dick's choler had been rising throughout the interview. He objected, on principle, to be catechised, and, in this particular instance, the questioning was decidedly disagreeable-impertmently so, he considered it.

"I don't know as that is any of your business," he remarked, with intemperate heat, before Jack had finally concluded what reply to make.

Smith's sallow face flushed angrily, and, with an path, he took a step forward, with clenched fist, but Brady restrained him.

"Stop a little," he said; then, turning to Jack, he arked: "See here, are you the son of one Captain Bond who made two or three voyages down here in a bark some years ago-the captain who took a runaway nigger on board, and had to change ports by reason of it?'

"Yes," was the short reply, for Jack himself was losing his patience, "and now, if you've no more questions to ask, we'll be getting off again."

"Not quite yet," replied Brady, with an unpleasant smile. "As the port collector, it's my duty to detain all suspicious characters till I'm satisfied what their business is."

Thus saying, he addressed a few words in their own language to the Kroomen, who, with some wildlooking Ashantees, had remained silently squatting on the deck, listening eagerly to the colloquy.

With a feeling of nervous apprehension, Jack and Dick saw half a dozen of these unpleasant looking men, odorous with rank cocoanot-oil-one or two of whom had their front teeth filed to a sharp

point in an uncomfortably suggestive manner-rise, and, with seeming carelessness, walk to the rail, taking a position between them and their boat.

"See here, Bill," said his partner, drawing Smith a little to one side, "my belief is, that these two Yankee chaps have got a sure thing on some place where there's dust, and it can't be very far off, either, for their boat isn't fitted out for much of a cruise, anyway; young fellows like them don't come all the way from the States down to this part of the country on the chance of finding gold-dust anywhere they choose to look for it, you may be sure of that."

"Well, s'pose they do make a find, how'll it help you and I?" growled the other, in an undertone, with a furtive glance at Dick and Jack, who hardly knew what course to take.

"Wait and see," was the significant answer. 'Now look you," Brady continued rapidly, "smooth down your face and bring out the blarney. I've got a plan for keeping these two chaps on board for a while, and trying to get at their errand, for the more I think of it, the surer I am that they haven't told a straight story; so, if we can find out-

A significant nod of the head told better than so many words, that Mr. Brady would not hesitate in the least to make use of any secret to which he might get a clew, to his own and his partner's advantage.

It is needless to say that Jim Brady was a thoroughly unscrupulous wretch. He came from a good family in Munster, grew up with dissolute habits, stabbed a man in a tavern brawl, and, in disguise, shipped before the mast as a common sailor. was active and daring, and rose to an officer's berth. At the age of twenty-seven he commanded a slaver, owned jointly in Cuba and Benin on the Calabar coast, in which he made several successful voyages. but the partial suppression of the slave trade and the loss of his own vessel near the mouth of the Logos River, forced him to turn his attention to something else. Thoroughly acclimated to the coast climate, he finally, after squandering his money in debauchery, succeeded, through the influence of the men for whom he had sailed, in getting appointed as collector of this obscure district, where not half a dozen vessels a year traded. The position was merely nominal, but the same parties who had obtained it for him, made him their agent for traffic with the natives from the interior.

Smith was of American parentage, his real name was known to no one but himself. He was the ringleader of a mutiny on board the brig Mary Celeste, in which the officers were killed, and, escaping the clutches of the law, Smith had drifted down to the Gold Coast. Falling in with Brady, the two became partners; and, having succeeded in towing the slaver's hull into the Logos River, made that the headquarters of their trading operations.

Thus, having briefly detailed some of the peculiarities of these two men, let me return to the former. who, having counselled his partner in the manner I have described, turned to Jack, calling up as benevolent an expression as he could at such short notice.

"I am sorry," he said, with an affectation of rough frankness, "but I shall have to detain you both for a while, until I can send a note to the captain of the vessel, which you belong on board of, inquiring as to the truth of your story. You see," Brady continued, as a brilliant idea occurred to him, "the truth is, that even from the few vessels that anchor off the mouth of the river, more or less sailors are sure to steal a boat and run away, so that lately the authorities at Benin have sent me word that, unless I want to lose my place, I must keep a sharper look out."

This last clause put a new face on the matter, and when Smith affably proffered the hospitality of the establishment while Mr. Brady dispatched a brief note to Skipper Lombard, per Gunflint, who seemed to be a sort of general factotum (giving him certain directions in an undertone), Jack and his friend, though imputient of the delay, had no reason to think but that everything was all right.

And so, while awaiting the return of the messenger, they began to look about them with illy-concealed curiosity and interest-and it is no wonder that they did so.

(To be continued.)

"A Voyage to the Gold Coast" commenced in No. 16.
Back numbers of the ARGOSY can be had at any time.
Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publishers.

TAKING THE TIDE AT FLOOD.

Some men are born with a natural tact for business, and seize opportunities that would pass unheeded by m others. Such a man was Daniel Callaghan, the elder. who, at one time, stood at the head of Irish merchants, in point of wealth and enterprise.

in point of wealth and enterprise.

Early in life, while a mere youth, in fact, he decided to enter the butter trade, and devoted all his energy to a study of the business. Having become thoroughly posted in all the leading points necessary to a successful trader, he endeavored to obtain credit for £400 in order to establish himself. He offered his bond, with sufficient security to satisfy any ordinary bank; but those to whom he first applied, refused the money, though, by some means or other, he secured the necessary amount elsewhere.

About this time, the Cork merchants got up a "corner" in butter, and alarmed some of the London dealers. One of them came over to Ireland, and young Callaghan embraced the opportunity, and invited the English merchant to dinner. He then showed so much more knowledge than the English possessed whe methods to be pursued with his countryme. London prevision contract. The result of the matter was that, within nine months after the bank refused Callaghan £400, on security, the same bank handed him £10,000 on his word alone.

alone,

His career thenceforth was successful, and before his death he amassed a colossal fortune.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL PLOT.

BY BERTHA A. ZEDI WINKLER.

THE youths of a certain German village were in a fever of excitement about its forester's advertisement for help.

The prospect of some time filling his shoes, and lording it with gun and dog over everything within the grand shades of the king's forest, from the reckless poacher to the poor fagot-gatherers, had brought them together for the purpose of discussing the probably successful one, as well as for trumpeting their superior fitness for the place.

And because one boy had the hardihood to say, laughingly, "that everybody wasn't deserving because everybody said so," several felt the shoe fitting them well enough to kick the maker.

The angry altercation which ensued, ended in Herrman Dorn's finding himself obliged to stand with his back against the wall, and ply a pair of fists about him that cleared his front of all but one, who was fast in his grip expecting the extra drubbing from which the others had escaped.

"You've got a lame sister, Fritz Maier, and if I treat your lazy bones as they deserve, she'll have all the more work and trouble. So I'll let you go unhurt, to present yourself as candidate for assistant forester Perhaps the forester will teach you to work off, instead

of fight off, your ill-nature."
"Thanks for your kindness, Dorn; I'll repay it with interest, some day.'

Without heeding the mock courtesy, Herrman moved off rapidly, as he caught sight of Wanda Maier, limping along slowly under a burden of fagots.

His "good-morning" to her was all the more pleasant

because he had freed his hands from an act which would surely have brought her distress.

On the day appointed for the appearance of applicants. the forester found himself obliged to wreck the hopes of every one but two, between whom it seemed harder to decide than all the others.

To the forester, advantages seemed equally divided between them. Where Herrman Dorn's pleasant face and sinewy frame promised willingness and strength; Fritz Maier's keen eyes evinced a knack for management, and a degree of intelligence which the forester thought needed less looking after.

Had he known what happened the day before-when one of these candidates had it in his power to thrash the other out of all show in the question of candidacy for a week to come, the forester would not have been so long deciding.

As it was, he determined to give both a week's trial. with Fritz Maier to take the first week.

Hitherto the candidates had ignored each other entirely, and placed the distance between them as far as the space of the room would allow.

But when Herrman turned to go, with hope and determination to do his best when his turn came, Fritz's first and last look was one of triumph and malice.

"You'll not get your turn if I can help it," he muttered, as he followed the forester into the stables, for once in his life determined to outwork his repulsion to labor. Forester Eckstein smiled satisfactorily, a few days later, when he found his gun polished, his game-bag mended, and stables in progress of cleaning; and Fritz was quite certain that if he could only stand working at this rate for a week, Herrman would never get his chance

He meant to take it all very easy after he was sure of his place. Until then, he must work and sweat as he

The prospect of some day being forester, and scouring the woods with dog and gun, braced his spirits wonderfully, especially when he thought of the possibility of being able to annoy his rival in that official capacity.

One evil thought suggested another. And when, late that afternoon, he took charge of the forester's game-bag, which always contained more or less game, found in con-cealed traps, or in the possession of arrested poachers, his mind was ripe with a plan, as daring as it was wicked,

to ruin his rival's chances,

It was growing dark. The forester being at his supper, Fritz was sure of an hour's freedom, when he started from the back door of the stable into the forest, which joined the dwelling.

He ran on about half a mile, until he came to a spring

bubbling down the hill.
"That's his patch. I saw him rake the leaves here only yesterday, and there are more," muttered Fritz, to himself, glancing furtively ahead, and, all at once. bounding behind a tree as he caught sight of the object of his thoughts-Herrman.

Like all other villagers, Widow Dorn had been assigned a stretch of forest, on which she could gather the fallen leaves for stable-litter.

And her son, anxious to see everything harvested before his prospective position with the forester, was now almost working in the dark to accomplish his worthy pur-

Filling a huge canvas cloth full of leaves, he swung it lightly on his shoulders and departed, all unconscious of a hidden enemy, and little dreaming of the disgraceful trap that was being placed for him.

Fritz immediately pulled a dead rabbit from under his coat, and, burying it in the remaining heap of leaves cautiously left the scene.

Early the next morning, the youthful plotter took care m his master that wh the previous evening, he noticed some one prowling around the heap of leaves close to the hill-side spring.

Pleased with the boy's vigilance, permission was given him to accompany the master on his morning patrol of

As Fritz was sure Herrman would come for the remaining heap of leaves that morning, the prospect of catching him in the act of handling a rabbit, and witnessing his arrest, filled him with malicious joy.

Many a one as guilty as he, would have been afraid to stand face to face with innocence. But when the success of one's plot is so certain, one can afford to borrow the requisite boldness to face the development.

Arrived in the suspected neighborhood, Fritz, glancing ahead nervously, suddenly grasped the forester's coatsleeve, whispering: "There is some one, now-there, right by that heap of leaves."

A dozen rapid strides brought them face to face-not with the expected victim, but with Fritz's father, making ready to pack the leaves, which Herrman had raked the night before, into his cloth.

Fritz felt the ground giving way under his feet. A plunge of his father's arm into the leaves would land him n the hidden rabbit, and then-

The thought made him shout, frantically: "Go away, father! This belongs to Herrman Dorn. taken his plot for yours!" He tried, in a hurried whisper, to tell him of his danger.

But the forester was too close upon them. Pushing his son away with an air of "I know what I'm doing," Majer turned to the forester with an explanation:

"This is Herrman Dorn's plot, I know, Herr Forester. But he told my little girl, Wanda, who always gathers the leaves when I'm in the field, that she might have it, as he had more than they needed for the winter; so I just thought I'd come and get them myself, before breakfast. Young Dorn is a good sort of a chap that way, he often does my little girl a favor."

The forester nodded, pleasantly. But he had a growing suspicion that something was not altogether right. The young assistant forester was leaning against a tree, with such a sickening pallor on his face.

"Suppose, Herr Maier, you fetch Dorn here, before taking possession of those leaves," suggested the forester, determined to find the string that was out of tune.

"That I will, gladly. He is not far off—in yonder field—digging potatoes," replied Maier, greatly relieved at being able to prove the truth of his statement.

He walked to the outskirts of the forest, where, in answer to his shrill whistle, Herrman soon made his appearance, with a questioning look all around.

"The Herr Forester wants to know if you gave this to me?" questioned Father Maier, with a very confident air. Herrman replied in the affirmative. The forester

apologized for the trouble he had given, and both were about to depart, to the intense relief of Fritz, when the rabbit, with an exclamation of surprise, was brought to ight in Herr Maier's hand.

Young Fritz, caught by the wary forester as he was about to take French leave from the scene of his judgment, looked as if he wished to be annihilated. His father stood like a statue, holding the rabbit at arm's length from him. Herrman, perfectly mystified, and yet conscious that he would be thought the thief, changed color rapidly. And the forester awaited developments with blackening brows.

"I had nothing to do with this, Herr Forester; I don't know anything about it," exclaimed Fritz's father, dropping the rabbit and casting a look of scorn upon Herrman, as he added: "I suppose this was done to deprive my son of the position he is likely to have with the honored Herr Forester."

"I believe yoù can reverse the case, Herr Maier," replied the forester, after he had picked up the rabbit and examined it closely.

"Say, for instance, it was done to deprive Dorn of his chance. This rabbit was in my game-bag last night, to which no one had access but your son. Moreover, he had the hardihood to inform me that some one-which proved to be himself-was prowling around here last

night.
"Eh! Herr Maier, do you see into it? It's a fine web for a hopeful young fellow like him to spin, only he should be careful not to get himself entangled.'

There was a momentary pause, during which Herr Maier's face assumed very many dark shades. "Give my son to me a few moments, Herr Forester,"

he said, at length, in a suppressed voice.

Fritz was given over to his parent, to taste, then and there, the staff of correction, which rained down a shower of painful tokens of a father's love.

The rest of his trial-week he spent in the village jail, while Herrman Dora was at once engaged by the for-

ester.

The plot was very successful in everybody's opinion but the plotter's.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFER.

THE old saying, that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, seems to imply that disaster, of whatever kind, usually brings some fortune in its train.

The great Western floods may seem to be exceptions to this principle, and to have produced only devastation and suffering. But the large-hearted and open-handed contributions that have been sent from every quarter of the Union, have surely done the givers good, and in the following curious instance one inhabitant of the flooded region was directly benefited at the expense of his neigh-

gion was directly benefited at the expense of his neighbor:

One of the strangest freaks of the flood is reported from Whitewater River, a few miles above Lawrence-burg, Ind., where Farmer Hunt lost forty acres of land, and his neighbor, Fred Newhouse, had a barren and rocky mill site converted into ten acres of as rich land as the fertile valley affords. An acre of ground here is an indefendence for a gardener, and ten acres are little less than a bonanza. During the floods, the Whitewater bottoms were overflowed for miles along the stream, and the extraordinary height of the water created currents that had never been known before. Since the subsidence of the flood, it has been found that forty acres of Farmer Hunt's richest soil had been carried away, leaving that portion of his farm practically worthless, until restored by a system of tillage and fertilizing. Fred Newhouse, who recently removed to the Whitewater bottoms from Aurora, owned a mill site just below Hunt's farm. Newhouse's property consisted of ten acres of rocky and barren land, unfit for farming purposes. A portion of this was a large mill-pond. This mill-pond is now filled to the level of the breast of the dam with the richest soil in the valley, and Mr. Newhouse's remaining acres of unproductive rocks are nowhere to be seen, but are covered to the depth of several feet with the same rich deposit. Instead of being a loser by the flood, he is ahead the value of ten acres of Whitewater valley land, which, when there is any of it in the market, commands from \$200 to \$500 an acre.

A SPRING START.

Cash down is a very good motto in some cases, but the wheels of business would soon stop if there were no credit. A few days' credit sometimes means a fortune to a wholesale dealer, and a small retailer knows the value of a little extra "time." Here is how a shrewd Yankee manages to get an odd extension of the usual term:

In a town up in Maine, a New Yorker was last fall talking with a village merchant, in regard to trade, and finally, asked him how he bought goods.

"Well, in the summer, I get about ninety-five days, and in the winter, something like a hundred," was the answer.

and in the winter, sometiming that a distribution answer,
"Isn't that odd time?"
"Yes, kinder odd; but, you see, I buy on ninety days, and when time is up, I write to the firm and tell'em to find inclosed amount, so and so. I don't inclose, you know, and in about five days I receive a reply stating that I probably forgot, and so forth. Then I inclose, and beg pardon. In the summer, the reply comes in about five days; but in the winter, especially if favored with storms, and railway blockades, and freshets, and accidents, I gain ten days, and get a spring start,"



CORRESPONDENCE.

H. B. C. (Carlisle, Ky.) Witepsk is one of the governments of Russian Poland.

Sofia (Elyria, O.) "Sawnie" is a corruption of Sandie, the Scotch nickname for Alexander.

M. M. V. (Paterson, N. J.) The first cable me across the Atlantic was transmitted August 5, 1858.

CURIOUS KATE (Hutchinson, Mass.) Dean Swift was he author of "Gulliver's Travels;" Daniel Defoe, of Robinson Crusoe."

"Robinson Crusoe."

CORNELIUS (Scandia.) Augustus Cæsar is believed to have been born in Velletri (then Velitræ), a walled town of Italy, about 21 miles southeast of Rome.

FRIENDS OF ANIMALS will please hereafter address Secretary of Friends of Animals, 204 West Madison Street, Chicago, instead of as given in No. 18. Howard Williams is not treasurer of the Society, as there stated.

B. G. N. (Bloomington, Ind.) The "Spanish Main" refers not to the main ocean, but to the main land, and was first applied to that part of the coast of South America from the Mosquito Territory to the Leeward Islands.

S. E. R. (Astoria, Ill.) The first successful attempt of the English at cultivating Indian corn in this country, was in 1608, in the valley of the James River, Va. They patterned after the Indians in their mode of cultivation, and the return was said to be, in some cases, more than a thousand fold.

C. S. (Roxbury, Mass.) The largest clock-dials in the world are at Mechlin, Belgium, and in the Clock Tower of Westminster Palace, London. The latter really bears off the palm, as it is an integral part of the architecture, while the Mechlin dial is of open metal-work applied over the other parts. The siameter of the Westminster dial is 23 feet, 6 inches.

O. R. H. (Easton, Pa.) The beaver is found in largest numbers in North America, but is also common in the Euparates, and some rivers in Europe. In making "beaver hats," the fur is simply kneaded into the felt, and the minute teeth upon the separate hairs hold them in position in the felt. Like a porcupine quill, they creep in, but not out.

ALBERTUS (Poke Bayou, Ark.) The White Tower is the oldest structure in the Tower of London. It was built about 10/8, by William the Conqueror. There is a tradition, simply, that Cæsar built a portion of the Tower, and to this Gray alludes, saying:

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, With many a foul and midnight murder fed!" but there is no real basis for such a supposition.

but there is no real basis for such a supposition.

S. T. M. (Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.) r. Probably in a few weeks. Cannot fix the date. 2. "Partridges" are often found in evergreen thickets, especially of low pines intermingled with spruce and fir; but they also frequent various hard-wood growths, and in the winter season may be found, just before dark, "budding" upon birches—the yellow birch being a favorite. They build nests upon the ground. 3. There is no real partridge in America; but the name is applied to both the ruffed grouse of New England (called pheasant in the Middle States), and more rarely to the American quail. 4. Write to any large publishing house. 5. Yes; quails always light upon the ground, frequently in stubble-fields. Their flights are nocturnal, and when they first arrive in Southern Europe from America, they are so weary that they can be readily taken by hand for several days, 6. Fair. Care and practice would improve it.

PUZZLEDOM.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Obsolete words not allowable. Write on one side of the paper only, and apart from all other communications. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," The Golden Argger, to Barclay Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 18.



Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 18 were correctly solved by:
Sam I. Am, Will A. Mette, Myself, H. B. Allen,
Alcibiades, May B., Will B., Shadow, G. U. N.,
Geo. I. An, Mormo, Nang Porte Key, Madcap,
Momus, Addie Rockafellow.
Complete lists.—None.
Best incomplete lists.—Addie Rockafellow, Nang
Porte Key.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. DIAMOND.

r. A letter. 2. To smear. 3. A male name. 4. Bags containing a thousand dollars. 5. A genus of gallinaceous birds. 6. In a kingly manner. 7. Large pills. 8. Mischievous. 9. A letter. Lancelot.

No. 2. OCTAGON.

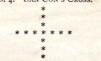
r. A household article. 2. An Oriental salutation. 2. Pertaining to a husband. 4. An olive-colored mineral 5. A passive recipient. 6. A sweetish secretion from many trees. 7. To hinder. CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

No. 3. LETTER REBUS.

BOSTON, Mass

M its

No. 4. SAN CON'S CROSS.



From the centre—Up:—An oblique view. Right:—Ugly. (Prov. Eng.) Down:—A vessel used to receive the washings of ores of metals. Left:—To fasten.
To the centre—Top:—A lively dance. Right:—An instrument for measuring time. Bottom:—A vessel used

to receive the washings of ores of metals. Left:—A commercial venture in which several persons unite., Harrisburg, Pa. O. Liver.

No. 5. CROSSWORD ENIGMA

No. 5. CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

In Arkansas, but not in Wyoming; in Connecticut, but not in Dakota; in Nebraska, but not in Nevada; in Louisiana, but not in Maine; in Wisconsin, but not in Texas; in Rhode Island, but not in Minnesota; in Virginia but not in Vermont; in Alabama, but not in California; in Georgia, but not in Arizona: in Florida, but not in Colorado; in Idaho, but not in Delaware; in Maryland, but not in Massachusetts; in Oregon, but not in District of Columbia; in Ohio, but not in Utah; in Illinois, but not in Iowa; in Indiana, but not in Kansas; in Kentucky, but not in Michigan; in Montana, but not in Mississippi; in New Hampshire, but not in Mississippi; in New Hampshire, but not in Mushington, but not in New York; in North Carolina, but not in Tennessee; in Pennsylvania, but not in Brooklyn; in New York City, but not in Philadelphia. My whole, thousands in the above-named States, Cities, and Territories, have decided to do.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Sam I. Am.

No. 6. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Pertaining to an ancient mariner. 2. An article easy to get, but difficult to keep. 3. To tear. 4. Thin. 5. An ore of a bright green or yellow color. 6. A contrivance like a large pair of pliers. Primals and Finals, A great warrior and general.

HARRISBURG, Pa. LEONIDAS.

No. 7. PROGRESSIVE REVERSIBLE NUMERICAL. No. 7. Progressive Reversible Numericals.

1. 2. A word signifying river. (Lipp. Gaz.) 2. 3. A Latin preposition. 3. 4. To hoax 4. 5. An abbreviation. (Web. Abbr.) 5. 6. A musical note. 6. 7. A relation of degree. 7. 8. Accompaniment. 8. 7. An abbreviation. (Web. Abbr.) 7. 6. A prefix signifying "Great." (Web. Prefixes and Suffixes.) 6. 5. An inseperable prefix. 5. 4. Observe. 4. 3. A force on natural power. 3. 2. An Italian preposition, used in music. 2. 1. The eleventh month of the Jewish civil year. Whole, A town of Naples.

Philadelphia, Pa. England.

No. 8. CIPHER.

"A aik on yhema ye epm nsnwbte op nhkes." Ola LAND OF NOD.

No. 9. Anagram.

Till aim well.

The whole, transpised, is a warrior bold,
Who won a name in ye days of old.

New York City. Monte Cristo.

Answers, solvers, and prize-winners, in four

CONTRIBUTIONS

Accepted.—Ol. I. Vette, Falcon, Punch, H. B. Allen, Alciblades, O. Liver, Gayberd, Lyon Hart. Rejected.—O. Liver, Ol. I. Vette.

PRIZES.

For the first complete list of answers to puzzles in this issue, one year's subscription to The Golden Argosy. For second and third complete lists, or the two best incomplete lists, six months' and three months' subscription to The Golden Argosy.

ALL.—Do not be impatient, friends, if your contribu-tions do not appear when you expect them. We wish to give every one an equal chance, so far as quality will allow, but as there are to-day one hundred and eighteen contributors on our list, of course all cannot appear in

OUR GREAT WORD HUNT.

2. Words containing less than three letters will not be allowed.

3. No letter can be used more than once in a word.

4. Abbreviations, biographical, geographical, proper names, nicknames, and plurals, are not allowed.

5. All lists of words must be arranged in alphabetical order, and in vertical lines.

6. Lists should be written on one side of the paper only. With each list should be sent a statement of how many words it contains; also full name and address.

7. In case of a tie between two or more contestants, other matter shall be taken into consideration—such as the fewest mistakes, clearness, neatness and order in arranging lists.

EXCHANGES.

eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange. Exchanges must be made as brief as possible. HENRRY LOVEJOY, Jackson, Mich. Coin cabinet for coins

coins, C, F. Myers, Hedge City, Mo, Photo outfit and

C. F. Myers, Hedge City, Mo. Photo outfit and books for books.

Arthur D. Cochrane, 811 Jefferson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Printing-press for magic lantern.

Geo. P. Donnbelty, Bergen Street cor. Boerum Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Cash for printing-press.

Paul Hochart, 250 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Books by Alger and Optic for steam-engine.

K. Obenshain, McKinney, Collin Co., Tex, Telegraph outfit and magazines for steam-engine.

W. H. Korn, Davenport, Ia., care of Doe, Bus. Col, Phonography and base-ball for skates and Indian clubs.

Edwin F. Edgett, 353 Pearl Street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Reading matter, post-marks, and stamps for printing-press.

Printing-press.

Roy Phillips, Hotel Pleasant, Worcester, Mass.

Magic lantern and roller skates for books or magazines

ROBERT BELE, 31 Paterson Ave., Paterson, N. J. Photo camera for wet or dry-plate; view lens for lathe or steam-engine.

Our exchange column is so crowded that we are obliged to condense as above. The addresses being furnished, parties can write to arrange matters, as, indeed, they are generally obliged to do, if exchanges are inserted

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KING RICHARD AND BLONDEL.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON

Blondel was a celebrated French minstrel of the 12th century, and the favorite of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, whom he accompanied to Palestine. When Richard, on his return, was imprisoned in a secret place by the Duke of Austria, Blondel resolved to find where his master was confined. He wandered through Germany in disguise till hereached the castle of Löwenstein, where he heard some illustrious captive was held. He tried, a long time, to get a sight of the prisoner, but in vain, and finally, going outside the tower, he began to sing a Proven, al song, which he and Richard composed together—the what result the subjoined poem will tell.

VITHIN a dungeon's sullen gloom,
King Richard of the Lion Heart,
A restless, chafing captive paced,
The while he burned with wrong's fierce smart.

"Oh, England! my beloved realm,
Was it for this," the monarch cried,
"I saw thy Saow-white cliffs grow dim,
As thence I sailed on swelling tide?

Are galling chains a fit reward, For him who through thick dangers bore The holy standard of the cross, And set it on a pagan shore?

"The hand which thrust me in this cell Was guided by a jealous hate, And here, unknown, my life shall rust. Or meet, mayhap, a sharp, quick fate.

"Unless within my broad domain,
There beats one heart so true, so brave,
'Twill seek me through this alien land,
And risk, to find its liege, a grave.

"But hark! oh hear! a song of old, Thrills sweet upon my eager ear; It flows from dear, familiar voice— Ah, Heaven! my Blondel, art thou here?"

Up flashed the red to pallid cheek, Up sprang hope's light to sunken eye, "I'll give response," then sang the king Refrain which bore a glad reply. The weary minstrel heard the strain,
For which his heart was hungering,
And cried aloud in transport wild,
"At last I find thee, oh, my king!"

Once more he sang the well-loved song, Then bore in haste o'er land and sea the joyous word to waiting hearts, And soon proud England's king was free.

THE "GINERAL'S" LAD.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

FORTUNE HEIGHTS was a town, or mining camp, far up the barren, gray side of a desolate mountain in the Rocky range. It was a dreary place, so different from the towns in the far-away valleys below, with their long, wide streets and pretty homes. There was just one street in this mountain townone narrow, rocky, rough street, with cabins of pine logs or slabs on either side. This street crept up the barren slope in a winding, zig-zag way, and the end that terminated so abruptly against an immense bowlder was high above the other end that commenced in the low, green pines in the narrow valley at the mountain base. How the wind did go roaring, moaning, and whirling in scornful blasts down that winding street in the mid-winter nights!

There were about five hundred men in the camp, and less than a dozen women. It was no place for "wimmin folks," the men said, and they left their wives and little ones at home in the pleasant Eastern States, while they came to this dreary spot to search for the hidden treasures of gold and silver, known to exist in the heart of the snow-covered mountain summits.

One cold spring day the "gineral's lad" and his father came over the stormy range, down the rough trail, and into the camp. They arrived before a hospitable miner's cabin just as the sun went down, a great ball of scarlet, behind the snow-white summits. The father was ill, very ill. He had contracted a severe cold while crossing the range, pneumonia set in, and in twenty-four hours poor little David was left all alone to fight his way through an unfriendly world. The feeble strength of his ten years of life was his sole capital.

The fates had not been kind to the little fellow. He had known so few of the joys that come to many more favored lads. He had "knocked around" in gray mountain-side for the precious ore veins there tunnel. There were the tools and the wheelbarrow these desolate mountains all his life, and now he was an orphan on their dreary summit. The men called him the "gineral's lad" from the first (for reasons soon to be given), not heeding his stout declaration that his name was David Roy Berton, "so it was."

"No matter, Bub, what yer front name reely is," laughed the "gineral" himself. "My name's Sam, but it's years since airy man called me that. I'm the 'gineral' now and evermore. You jest make yerself useful a fetchin' water an' a rustlin' 'round gittin' wood for the boys, an' wash their dishes an' skillets, an' so on, an' they'll see to it that yer little stummick don't go empty. Yer look kinder holler now; come up to my cabin an' help yerself to the Boston baked beans an' cold flapjacks; yer welcome; an' yer can bunk along of me, if yer like. A midget like you won't take up no room."

David heard these words the morning his father was buried, as he stood in the snow by the side of the grave, and looked around him in a confused, helpless, pitiful way. Friends he had none. He struggled manfully with tears that would come, and tried hard to keep back the lump that came again and again into his throat.

The "gineral" saw the tears and noted how the thin lips quivered. He saw, for the first time, how old, and thin, and ragged, the little fellow's jacket and trousers were. Two bare toes were peeping out from a gaping old boot. The wind came sharp and keen from the heights above and blew back the buttonless jacket, striking cold and keen against the boy's heaving breast through the rents in a faded cotton shirt.

The "gineral" saw all this, his heart had a ten-

der spot in spite of the fierce-looking face of the ef things don't brighten up in a day or two. They're man. He stooped, caught the shivering boy up in his arms, hid him away under his great overcoat, and strode down the icy trail to his own cabin, on the hearth of which a fire of pine knots was blazing, filling the little room with a cheerful light.

David was deposited on a buffalo robe by the fire, and told to "warm up;" a plate of beans and bread and a cup of hot coffee, were put before him, with the injunction to "fill up, too."

So David stayed with the "gineral," and became his lad; washing dishes, carrying wood and water, and doing all that such a little fellow could do, while the "gineral" went, day after day, into a long, dark tunnel, and dug and dug for the vein of silver he might never find.

One or two of the few women in the camp had caught sight of the solitary boy on the street, and had called him into their homes, and put his ragged garments in repair.

All the men knew him, and made him the butt of jokes and jests, some of which he did not mind; and cutting to his sensitive heart. or which went sharp

The "gineral" was kind in his way to the homeless boy, and was glad to turn over the dish-washing and other work of the cabin to him. By so doing, the "gineral" got more time for digging in the

makin' big strikes in other places. Guess we'll pull up 'bout Saturday. Here I've dug, 'n dug, 'n dug, in that there old tunnel, an' nothin's come of it. Yit it's hard ter go off 'n leave it, when, mebbe, another wheelbarrer o' dirt would show up the vein I've worked a year fer. Then, again, I might yank out a million wheelbarrers o' dirt an' not be nigher the vein than I am now. It's broad as it's long, hain't it? It's all luck in minin' anyhow—all pure luck!

"Well, I've give the old tunnel up anyhow. I'm goin' ter take a jant over the hills ter-morrer, an' see ef I kin find a good place ter begin agin. Mebbe I'll be gone two days. Then I'll go up and git the tools in the tunnel, an" we'll git out o' this, 'fore winter comes on."

The "gineral" started on his prospecting tour early the next morning, leaving David alone in the cabin.

The day was fine. David suddenly felt an inspiration to climb again to the summit of the high peak, in which the "gineral's" mine, the "Mary Jane," was located. He had often visited the place, and

He closed the cabin, locked the door, and begand climbing the steep, rough trail that led to the "Mary Jane." It was a hard road, and the boy was tired when the end was reached. But he went into the

THE "GINERAL'S" LAD MAKES A BIG STRIKE IN THE

hidden. He was always digging for that treasure, and all the other men in camp were digging too.

The hopes of "striking it rich" some glad day, kept all these men here in this dreary place. Rich veins of silver had been found a few miles distant. Nothing very rich had yet been found on Fortune Heights, but all the indications of rich veins were seen. Every man hoped, some prayed, that he might be the lucky finder of the rich vein.

"Yer a good boy, my lad," said the "gineral" one evening, coming home in a blinding snowstorm, and finding his dingy little cabin all aglow with the roaring fire made by David, and his coffee boiling briskly in the black and smoky pot. Rough and dirt-begrimed as everything was, the room seemed inviting to the tired miner. "Ef I should chance ter strike it, boy, I'll do the fair thing by you. I'll send ye East ter school, an' git ye some smart duds, an' all that."

The child glanced down at his patched and baggy trousers, his ill-fitting coat, and ragged boots. "Smart duds!" How he would rejoice in them As for going to school-that was too much to ex-

But the "gineral" failed to "strike it." No one struck it. The men worked hard, buoyed up by hope; but hope grew faint and fainter still as the months wore away and their dreams were unful-

The short summer came and was half gone. The "gineral" came home heart-sick at the close of a July day.

"I'm derned, my lad," he said, "ef I don't think we've been fooled bout this camp bein' any good, dered boy in his arms, and was dancing all over the Lots o' the men's goin' ter pull up stakes an' move on room with him.

just where the "gineral" had left them. David had brought a candle with him; he lighted it and looked around.

"It's too bad," he mused, "after the 'gineral's worked so long and hard, to have to give it all up, an' make nothin'. He says one more wheelbarrow o' dirt might show the vein," and the boy seized the pick and began to dig. He put as much earth in the barrow as he could wheel, then slowly and laboriously trundled it out to the dump.

He worked bravely all the afternoon. With the last few loads some particles of rock-like substance appeared, different from the rest. They shone, and looked pretty in the sunlight. David had made a great collection of pretty rocks and ores. He would add a few bits of this rocks to his store, and keep them in remembrance of the "Mary Jane."

The "gineral" came home the next night, weary and more despondent than ever.

David sat before the fire of pine logs with his box of specimens, assorting and counting them. The 'gineral" sat and smoked his pipe in silence. Suddenly his eye caught sight of something in the boy's hand. In a moment he had snatched the rock from David, and was examining it closely.

"Boy!" he cried, "where did that come from Tell me quick! speak low, and tell only me! Where did you get it? If I can find the spot our fortunes are made!"

"That?" said David. "I got that yesterday afternoon in the 'Mary Jane,' and—"
"The 'Mary Jane!'" fairly roared the "gineral,

and in another moment he had caught the bewil-

Putting him down at last, and lighting his lantern, he said

"Go to bed and to sleep, my boy. Dream dreams that shall come true, if you reely found them little rocks in the 'Mary Jane.' I'm goin' up ter see if there's any more of 'em."

There were more, many more. David's afternoon of labor had revealed the vein for which the "gineral" had worked a year and found not.

All Fortune Heights rang next day with the news of the "big strike in the 'Mary Jane,'" and David was a hero.

The "gineral" was full of gratitude. The smart duds" became a reality to David, and in another week he was a neat and tidy passenger on the outward bound coach, bound for the school of his visions and dreams, with an amount of pocket money that would make him the envy of all other

But David was a sensible little fellow, and knew the value of money. He knew it was not made to waste, and when he is older he will be frugal and sensible, with the handsome sum placed to his credit in a certain bank—put there by the honest, grateful old. "cineral" as David's share of the sum realized

JAPANESE COOKERY.

Even Delmonico, and all his coterie of cooks, do not know how to prepare eels most palatably, according to Maroki, a Japanese official who calls them, as served in that palatial restaurant, "soft, flavorless morsels, enclosed in a quivering jelly."

Edward Greey, in the Golden Lotus, tells how he went with Maroki to partake of eels in Tokio. He found them "delicious, rich, tender, delicately-flavored, and boneless." His curiosity was excited to know how they were dressed and cooked, and, as a special favor, he was admitted to the kitchen to behold a part of the mystic

We rose, quitted the room, and descending the ladder-

admitted to the kitchen to behold a part of the mystic rites.

We rose, quitted the room, and descending the ladder-like stairway, the steps of which were polished as smooth as glass, slipped on our foot-coverings and entered the kitchen. On the hard earthen floor were rows of little charcoal furnaces, provided with iron rods, that served as rests for the skewered eels.

Maroki, whose only failing was a weakness for bowing, and politely sucking in his breath between his speeches, led the way, and was exceedingly attentive. Pointing to a range of tubs containing fine specimens of anguilla tenuirostrii, he remarked: "These were caught this morning; they were the most expensive fish in the Nippon Bashi market. Are they not worth looking at?" "How do you contrive to so completely extract their bones?" I demanded. "Our cooks cannot accomplish that feat." Motioning a lightly-clad servant to approach him, he said: "Some customers have just come in Prepare an eel in the presence of these gentlemen."

The man, who evidently took great pride in his work, selected a vigorously squirming fish, struck its head smartly on a wooden block placed upon the floor, and, kneeling by it, grasped the creature's neck, inserted a knife in the left side of the vertebræ, and dexterously ran it down to the tail; then rapidly applied his instrument to the other side of the backbone, and repeated the process, leaving the eei split open. Holding up the head, to which was attached the vertebræ and lateral bones inclosing the intestines, he bowed and said, "There is not a splinter left in the fish."

"That is so," proudly remarked the proprietor; "I only employ the most skillful men and cooks." The operator washed down the block, chopped the flattened eel into three-inch lengths, and shouted to a cook, who advanced and removed it on a dish.

The next process was a mysterious one, and was performed behind a screen, from whence the platter of eels was presently handed out to one of the broilers. My opinion is that the fish had simply been plunge

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

SHAKESPEARE not only represented all the human nature that he had seen, but he was remarkably prophetic in his genius. It has been claimed that no incident ever occurred, however strange, that may not be aptly illustrated by scenes or quotations from the great poet.

One of his plays, the "Comedy of Errors," is likely to

seem considerably overdrawn to one who reads it for the first time, but some of its situations were almost literally fulfilled in the following case, which proves that fact may, indeed, be equally strange with fiction :

fulfilled in the following case, which proves that fact may, indeed, be equally strange with fiction:

A ludicrous incident recently took place in Liverpool. There are two brothers, who parted many years ago when boys, one of them going to America to seek his fortune, and the other remaining in Liverpool to make it. They have both been eminently successful in this respect, and, not long ago, the brother in America determined to visit the brother in England. The time of the visit was settled by correspondence, and the American set sail. The Englishman is a notorious wag, and arranged that an acquaintance should meet the American set sail. The Englishman is a notorious wag, and arranged that an acquaintance should meet the American, who was also a great wag, on the trip decided to play exactly the same joke on his brother, asking an acquaintance, whom he had met on the ship, to impersonate him for a few hours. The acquaintance entered into the spirit of the joke, and, when the vessel arrived at Liverpool, was found by the personator of the English brother followed more leisurely, chuckling over his joke. In the meanwhile, the English brother had also gone to the hotel, bursting with merriment over his joke. In happened that the two real brothers met in the lobby of the hotel, and though they had been parted so many years, they knew each other. At first, with blank amazement, they greeted each other, and then, as they explained their mutual jokes, laughed long and heartily. But the climax was not yet reached. An explanation in regard to the gentlemen who had personated them, and who were now, as they imagined, playing a huge joke on each other, showed that they were also brothers who had been separated from boyhood, but who did not know each other when they met. The first pair of brothers hurried up to their parlor, and, after the situation had been explained all around, the comedy of errors was pleasantly ended by an old-fashioned English dinner.