THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A WONDERFUL CAPTIVITY.

A True Sketch.

BY CAPTAIN R. M. HAWTHORNE.

AMONG the multitude of incidents which mark the history of the settlements of this country, we are confident there is none more extraordinary and impressive than the captivity of the little Quaker girl, Frances Slocum, who, for more than half a century, remained unknown to her friends.

As my readers know, the great massacre in Wyoming Valley, by the Indians and tories, took place in July, 1778. For many months after, the settlements were exposed to danger. Marauding bands of Indians skulked into the valley, like so many wolves, shot one or more persons, as the case might be, and hurried back into the wilderness, before the pioneers could rally to punish them.

Just four months after the great massacre, a party of Delaware Indians stealthily entered the valley and made their way toward the residence of Jonathan Slocum, where some of his children were at play in the yard. One of the dusky savages caught up a crippled son, when Mrs. Slocum ran out and begged him not to take the child, as he would be unable to keep up with them. Rather singularly, the Indian dropped the little fellow and caught up his sister, little Frances, only five years old, who was trying to hide under the stairs.

The mother begged, in the most piteous tones, that little Frances might be spared, but the captors were unmoved, and hurried off. The last sight which Mrs. Slocum had of the baby girl was when she was in the arms of the brawny warrior, reaching out her chubby hands toward her, and crying, "Mamma! mamma!"

That sorrowful picture never faded from the memory of the mother through all the years that followed.

There were three Indians who committed this outrage. The fort was near at hand, and an alarm was quickly given, but the captors made such haste to the mountains, that a vigorous and persistent pursuit resulted in nothing.

Could the parents have been assured that their darling child was dead, it would have been an unspeakable relief, for all anxiety would then have ended. But the belief that she was alive, that she was a captive among the savages, that she was pining for her mother, to whom she stretched out her arms so appealingly when carried away, kept the grief of her father and mother as fresh and poignant, almost, as on the dreadful day when she was snatched from them.

About a month later, Mr. Slocum himself, while at work with a couple of relatives, was shot dead by another band of Indians, who killed his father-in-law and wounded his nephew. The latter succeeded in running to the fort, where he gave the alarm, but the redmen were beyond reach before any pursuit could be made.

Thus it came about that Mrs. Slocum, in the space of a few weeks, lost her father and husband, beside the other friends. She was almost heart-broken over her afflictions. She mourned her husband, who was one of the best of men, but she knew he was gone to his reward, and that, all in due time, she would join him.

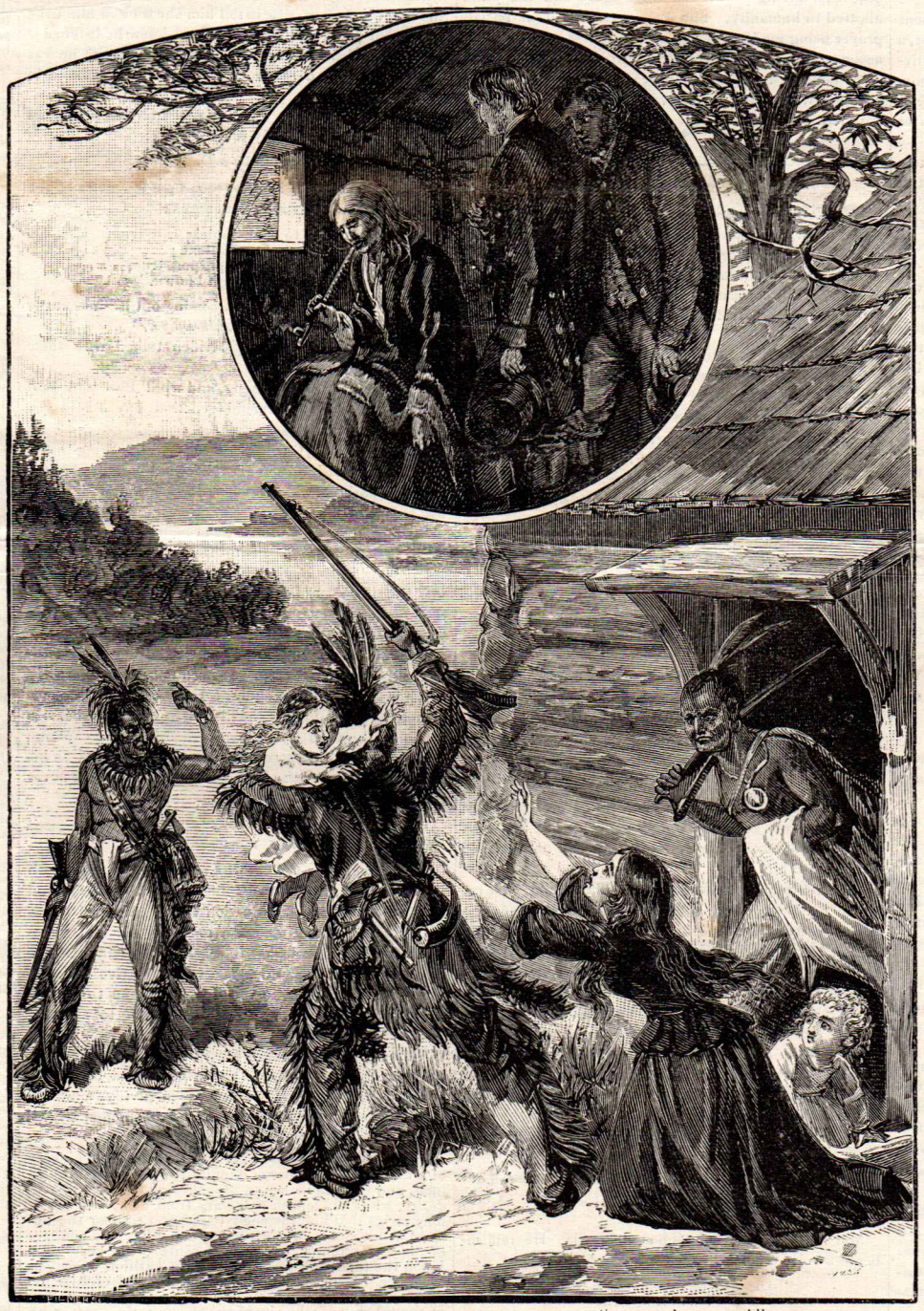
Time reconciled her to her widowhood, but time could not reconcile her to the loss of little Frances. As the weeks, months, and years passed, the wound still bled and refused to heal. In her sleep, she saw the painted warrior, dashing away toward the mountains, while her darling Frances still stretched out her arms over his shoulder, and, with terrified looks, called, "Mamma! mamma!"

That piteous, pleading voice, was ever ringing in her ears, and that supplicating figure was ever before her. Somewhere and within reach, she knew Frances was living, and across the unknown space, through the long miles of wilderness and gloom, came the infantile voice begging mamma to come and take her in her arms.

Mrs. Slocum was blessed with dutiful and affectionate children, and her sons became prosperous business men. They shared in the sorrow of their mother, though it is not to be supposed their grief was as deep as hers. But they were tenderly attached to her, and more than anxious to do all they could to lift the burden of grief which was weighing her to the earth.

In 1784, peace having been fully established, two of the sons visited Niagara, and instituted inquiries among the Indians gathered there, offering liberal rewards for any information of the lost child.

These investigations were so thorough, that at the end of several weeks the brothers started back home, almost convinced that the girl was dead. Seven years had passed since she was taken off, and not the slightest trace was gained of her. It would seem that if she were still among the Indians, the reward would be certain to bring forth the desired knowledge. And yet, despite their failure, Frances was alive at the time, and, beyond a doubt, many of the Indians who denied all knowledge of her, could have taken the brothers directly to her Indian home.



LITTLE FRANCES STRETCHED OUT HER ARMS AND CRIED, "MAMMA! MAMMA!"

But the mother sadly shook her head when her sons assured her that Frances must be dead. She would not believe her darling had left the earth until she received unquestionable proof of the fact.

In 1788, ten years after the capture of the little girl, the Slocums spent several months among the traders and agents in the West, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for any information of their sister's whereabouts. Not the slightest information was obtained. The following year, Mrs. Slocum, now an old woman, went to Tioga Point, where a large number of Indians were assembled to make a treaty of peace with Colonel Proctor. Many white prisoners were brought in; and one may imagine the sorrowing mother anxiously scanning the faces of these captives, in quest of her little Frances, as she remembered her. Days were spent in this sad work, and among them all, the cherished and mourned child was not found.

It is not unlikely that at this very time, Frances was at no great distance from her mother, and could have been produced within a few hours.

The grief of the parent was such that her affectionate sons were more than willing to do the utmost in their power. In 1797 the four brothers spent the entire summer in traveling among the western settlements, offering liberal rewards, and enlisting many hunters, scouts, and Indian agents in their service. Wherever they heard of a white female captive (and, unfortunately, they were not lacking), they examined into her history minutely, but without gaining the first particle of knowledge of the lost sister.

About this time, a young lady learning of the search for the girl, and believing she might be the missing one, made her way to Wyoming, and presented herself before Mrs. Slocum. She said she was taken by the Indians, when a very small child, from some place along the Susquehanna. She could not recall her name, but she hoped she might be the one who was wanted.

One searching look of the mother told her that this unfortunate was a stranger; but her heart went out in sympathy to the poor girl, whom she told to stay with her as long as she pleased.

"Thee is welcome," said Mrs. Slocum, "and perhaps some one may be as kind to my poor little Frances."

The waif staid several weeks, but finally went away, and no more was seen or heard of her.

At last the weary search of the mother came to an end. She and her devoted sons had spent thousands of dollars, and had traveled hundreds of miles in quest of the loved and lost one, and now the sorrowing parent succumbed to her grief and years. She lay down on her bed, and, surrounded by her weeping relatives, quietly breathed her last.

It was in 1807 that she died, twenty-nine years after her child was torn from her arms, and carried away by the Indians.

"We shall meet by and by," said the good woman, as the shadows of death gathered around her; "my baby shall be restored to me, but she is not yet ready. She is still on the earth, and, my dear boys, never give up the search until you learn her fate."

The pledge was made by the sons, and, a few days later, the body of their cherished parent was placed in the grave.

Nineteen years later, that is, in 1826, Mr. Joseph Slocum and his nephew made a long and expensive journey to Upper Sandusky, led to do so by learning that a converted chief had a white wife, who they had some reason to suspect was Frances. They were received and treated with great hospitality, but quickly learned that the woman was not their sister.

It was now forty-eight years since Frances was taken away, and during that time the hunt had gone on. It would seem certain that, if the woman were living, some trace must have been gained of her. On the contrary, not a single clew had been discovered. The brothers were therefore fully warranted in coming to the conclusion that their sister was, and had been, dead for many years. They had certainly kept their promise to their dying mother, and had spared neither money nor labor in prosecuting the search, which was without the first shadow of success.

The anxious hunt was ended; they decided that it was utterly useless to hope for tidings of the lost one, and the mystery was left to the last great day, when everything shall be made known.

Nine years more passed, and the captivity of Frances took its place among the legends of the sanguinary history of Wyoming, which is marked by more extraordinary incidents than any episode in the settlement of our country.

And yet Frances Slocum was alive, and, as we have stated, was several times in the very neighborhood in which the search was pushed so persistently for her. More than likely she knew of these efforts, but chose to keep out of the way, for her long residence among the Indians had transformed her into one of those people in every respect except that of blood. Perhaps, after all, it was fortunate that the weary, sorrowing parent and her child never met, the circumstances being as they were. With all her affection going out to the lost Frances, the poor mother could never have borne the shock it would have cost her to find the sweet child changed to an Indian squaw, with the strongest dislike for her own race and everything pertaining to civilization.

In the month of January, 1835, Colonel George W. Ewing, in the employ of the Government, was dispatched to the West on business connected with the Indians in that section. While thus engaged, he approached one of their villages on a branch of the Wabash, and, as night was closing in, and he felt somewhat ill, he applied for hospitality, which was cheerfully granted. He was sent to an Indian dwelling, the most respectable in the village. Eating a slight meal, he lay down in the corner of the room on some blankets. He was somewhat restless, and, after all the family had withdrawn excepting the old woman who was the head of the family, he closely studied her countenance.

The more he did so, the more he became convinced, that, despite her surroundings and dress, she was a white woman. The colonel spoke the Indian tongue fluently, and finally put the question directly to her.

She answered him readily, and he was not surprised when she admitted that she was of white

blood. She added that she was carried away by the Indians when very small, and that her parents' name was Slocum. This was the first time she had ever revealed this important fact in her history, through fear that her white relatives would claim her. But she was now old and feeble, and believing she had not much longer to live, she was willing that her relatives, if alive, should learn the truth, and should come and see her.

The colonel knew nothing about the history of Frances Slocum; but accepting the statement given him, decided to make the matter public, whereupon he wrote to the post-master at Lancaster, Pa., stating what he had learned from her.

This letter, in due time, reached the post-master at Lancaster, who read it carefully, and came to the conclusion that it was a hoax. Instead of taking measures to make its important contents known, he threw it aside, and never referred to it. Two years later he died.

In overhauling his papers, his wife came upon the letter, and carefully reading it, was so impressed with its truthfulness that she sent it to the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, in which it was published.

Rev. Samuel Bowman, a native of Wilkesbarre, and an intimate acquaintance of the Slocum family, who knew the whole story of Frances, on seeing the article immediately mailed a copy of the paper to the brother, then living in Wilkesbarre.

The whole community was thrown into excitement. The information was so minute and accurate that no one doubted the identity of the old woman living in Indian Territory among the Miamis. The mother had gone to her rest long before; but there were brothers, and nieces, and nephews, who were anxious to go to the distant Frances, and see her before she died.

But two years and a half had passed since the letter of Colonel Ewing was written. He stated that the woman was feeble, and did not expect to live long. It seemed more than probable that she was dead, besides which it was doubtful whether the colonel himself was still in that part of the country.

But, without delay, J. J. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, sent a letter of inquiry to Colonel Ewing. To their delight, a prompt reply came, stating that the woman was still living at the Indian village, and would give them welcome. The officer was much interested in the case, and wrote at length, giving minute directions how to proceed after reaching the vicinity of the village.

Immediately upon receipt of this letter, the two brothers, Isaac and J. J. Slocum, and their sister, Mrs. Mary Town, set out to see the lost Frances. On arriving at the rendezvous, they took with them an interpreter, and hurried forward to the residence of the old woman.

When they walked into the house, they looked at the figure of the woman sitting in the chair, with an intensity of interest which can scarcely be pictured. They saw nothing to remind them of the prattling little Frances, who was carried away nearly sixty years before. They took her by the hand and greeted her warmly, though the old woman showed no feeling, and spoke few words.

What strange emotions must have thrilled the three aged persons, when they stood in the presence of the sister whom they had not seen for fifty-nine years! There sat the little Frances of the long, long ago, who stretched out her hands so imploringly to the agonized mother when the dusky Delaware caught her in his arms, and dashed away to the mountains with her; there was the innocent, prattling child, for whom the parent searched up and down the earth for more than twenty-nine years, and found her not; there was Frances Slocum, who, after baffling the most patient and minute search for more than half a century, now voluntarily revealed herself to a United States officer, who was the means of making known the fact that she still lived.

And could this be the lost sister?

It was hard to realize that the stolid, wrinkled old woman, sitting in the chair with her bare feet, her ears filled with rings, her square jaws, and heavy, sodden expression, was the fairy-like Frances as the surviving relatives remembered her.

Yes, it was she. She gave such straightforward answers to the questions, that her identity was proven beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt. When asked her childhood name, she shook her head—she had forgotten it.

"Was it *Frances?*" asked her sister.

Then, for the first time, she showed something like emotion. Her leathern countenance brightened up, and, with a strange smile, she answered:

"*Franca, Franca; yes, yes, yes, Franca!*"

She was a widow with two daughters. The younger had lost her husband, and the husband of the elder was a half-breed. All showed the utmost respect and veneration for the old lady. She treated the visitors hospitably, but when she had answered their questions, rose to her feet and went about her work. After a time, however, she appeared to feel more interest, and a long interview was arranged. She listened attentively to Mrs. Town, who told her of the death of her father a few months after, and the long, long but vain, search her mother and brothers had made for her. But it was manifest that she felt no sympathy for the sorrowing relatives who had suffered for so many years in vain.

The visitors remained three days and then departed for their homes. Mr. Joseph Slocum was not quite satisfied with his journey, and, in the autumn of 1839, he took with him his two married daughters, and made a second visit. Frances seemed to have lost her uneasiness, and declared herself greatly pleased to meet her brother again, especially as he brought his daughters with him.

This visit was a long and memorable one. Frances gave a full and minute account of her history from the date of her captivity. This would not be especially interesting, as the outline has already been made known. It required but a short time for her to become a thorough Indian, and while yet a girl, she dreaded above all things a forced return to her relatives. Thus, as we have already said, it was fortunate that the sorrowing mother, after the lapse of a few years, failed to find any trace of her.

She was adopted by the Indians, and treated with great kindness. She lived near the Genesee awhile, then at Niagara, at Detroit, at Fort Wayne, and many other points. She developed a strong affection for her relatives, and offered her brother half her land if he would move his family to the village and live with her. He could not do this, and tried his utmost to persuade her go back home with him.

But this could not be done either, and finally, with more emotion than she had yet displayed, she bade her relatives good-by. The son-in-law of Frances assured them, before their departure, that he would take affectionate care of the old lady as long as she lived.

The Miami Indians moved West, as arranged by the Government, and Frances Slocum found herself with white settlers on every side of her. Though she was assured that none of these should molest her or trespass on her land, she was in anything but a pleasant situation.

Despite the pledges given her, and in accordance with the invariable policy of the whites, they encroached upon her land. She became alarmed, and believed they would succeed in taking her house and all her property from her. At a loss what to do, she begged her brother in Wilkesbarre to come to her protection.

By this time, Mr. Slocum was so aged and feeble that he felt himself unequal to undertake the journey. However, he was not the one to close his ears against such an appeal, and the son of Isaac Slocum was dispatched westward to take charge of her business.

Mr. Slocum's heart was moved with pity when he found her. She was like a stranger in a strange land. Her people had moved on toward the setting sun, and the whites shut her in, like the sea encroaching on some small island.

Though belonging to her race, they were strangers, between whom and herself there was nothing in common. They looked upon her as simply an old woman, who, through the sentimental legislation of Congress, had been granted some peculiar privileges to which, in justice, she had no valid claim.

The result was sure, and not long delayed. Like her mother, who had gone on before, she drooped and soon took to her bed, from which she never rose again. She resolutely declined medical assistance, saying pathetically that all her friends had left her. She died March 9th, 1847, having passed the three score and ten years allotted to humanity. She was given Christian burial, prayer being made at her house, and her remains were accompanied to the grave by a clergyman, where they were deposited in the earth near the junction of the Missisinewa and the Wabash, beside her loved chief and children.

DANIEL'S DISCIPLE.

BY KENNETH.

HALF-A-DOZEN schoolboys, down in the corner of the school-yard, were talking in as low tones as are very easily possible for half a dozen boys, and laughing very loudly, to make up for unwonted quiet in conversation.

Another boy came up the walk toward them.

"There is Mat," said one "Let's have him go. He's game."

"Hallo, Mat!" called another. "Want some fun?"

"Hurrah for fun!" said Mat, jumping over the fence into their midst. "What's going on?"

"Oh, we're going to have some fun with 'Silly Billy.' He goes over the west hills after the cows every night, just at dusk, and you know he believes in hobgoblins, and fairies, and ghosts, 'en all that, and is awfully afraid of offending 'em; so we're going to appear to him in the deep hollow over in the woods when he brings home the cows, and make him think we're the ghosts of his grandmothers', or a hobgoblin committee, or something. We'll have acres of fun, and make him steal us some of Biddy Dolan's peaches," said one boy.

"Dan Stone's got five face masks," said another. "We're going to have them. Won't we be a jolly Daniel's band?"

Mat listened with interest. He had had a part in many such "sprees," as the boys called them, and enjoyed them as much as any one. He did remember how, once, when he had been teasing Billy, coming home from school, Billy's little sister ran to meet them.

"Oh, have you boys been plaguing Billy again?" she said. "You wouldn't, if you knew how it makes mother cry. Willy was so bright and pretty before he had that dreadful fall, mother says. It *is* so mean and cruel of you to tease him so."

Mat promised then never to tease Billy again. He remembered it now; and he knew, too, that Biddy Dolan depended upon the sale of her fruit to provide for the winter, but in the excitement of the moment, and with his eager love of fun, he was not ready to listen to conscience, and was willing to join in the plan, when one of the boy's last words, "Won't we be a jolly Daniel's band?" brought him a new thought.

"Phil said he admired Daniel more than any other hero of history, and Mist said Daniel was the kind of a boy she liked," he said to himself, and then the resolution flashed through his mind not to go.

"I won't go to-night, boys," he said. "I'm going to work out those examples."

"Oh, hear him, boys! He never studied a lesson out of school hours in his life—that don't go, Mat. Come along, and don't be a goose."

Mat found his excuse was not accepted. He remembered a voice singing:

"Dare to have a purpose true,
Dare to make it known."

"I'll do that, too," he said to himself; and then to the boys he said: "I'll tell you boys *why* I won't go. I think it's a mean thing to do. I've done such things as often as you have, but I'm going to quit."

There was a moment's silence, and then Dan Stone took off his cap, and bowing low, "Parson Mat Dillon, boys," he said. Then the other boys began in a chorus to cheer and shout.

"Let us leave him alone," said one; "he wants to meditate."

Then they trooped off, calling back, one after another, "Baby!" "Sissy!" "Parson Dillon!" "St. Mat!" and other things, till they were out of sight and hearing.

All this was torture to Mat. He had been a leader among the boys, and to lose their admiration and good will was a hard thing for him to bear.

He walked away alone with his cheeks hot and tingling. He was too proud to cry, but there was a disagreeable choking in his throat.

"I don't care," he said, switching the heads off the mulleins by the way; "I won't give up, if they never speak to me. I'll let 'em know they can't laugh me down. I know I'm right, and Phil and Mist would be glad."

A few months before, Mat had passed his vacation with Phil Meriden, at the home of Phil's grandfather.

One Sunday night, as they all—Grandpa Meriden, Phil, Bess, Mist, Mat and little Ben—sat around the big fire-place, Grandpa Meriden asked Mat what the lesson at Sabbath-school had been that day.

"Oh, about Daniel and those other fellows," Mat answered, carelessly.

It did not sound very well for Mat to say "those other fellows;" but like some other boys, he was quite apt to say things that did not sound very well.

"And what about 'Daniel and those other fellows?'" said Grandpa Meriden.

"I know about Danyel," said Benny, from the rug where he lay curled up, with his arms around dog Roque's neck. "I know 'bout Danyel. He had lots of brovers an' his brovers went off, som'er's, to salt the sheep, an' Danyel's father sent 'im to see why vey didn't come home, an' vey see 'im coming, an' vey say, 'le's kill 'im,' cos vey was mad cos he dreamed dreams about 'em, and had nicer clo'es 'n vey did."

"No, Benny; that isn't it," said Bess.

"'Es, 'tis! An' vey was all mean but one real good brover, an' he put Danyel in a pit, an' when it got dark he went to get him out, but ve ugly brovers had sold 'im to peddlers when ve good brover was gone over ve hills after a lamb 'at got lost—'at's *it*, Bess."

"No; that was Joseph, Ben," said Phil.

"'Es—Joses," consented Benny, quite content with the change of names.

"Daniel was a hero," said Phil, with emphasis. "I admire him more than I do any other hero of history."

Mist knew that Mat was not a very good boy sometimes. She knew that, too often, others' influence led him to do things that he knew to be wrong.

But Mat's mother was dead, and his father, the captain of an ocean steamer, spent the most of his life on the seas. Mat's home was a boy's school.

Mist knew the difference between such a home and one watched over by a good mother. She was sorry for Mat. She was too woman-wise to tell him she wanted him to be a different boy; but she said—and knew he listened—"that Daniel was the kind of a boy she liked; he was not a coward—he dared do right in little things and in great ones."

Bess, striking a few tinkling notes on the piano just then, began singing softly to herself:

"Dare to be a Daniel."

First one, and then another took up a few notes of the song, and at last all sang in a chorus:

"Dare to be a Daniel;
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose true,
Dare to make it known."

Benny's little pipe of a voice coming out behind, at the end of every line with "be a Da-a-n*yel*."

After the song, Grandpa Meriden talked with them about daring to do right.

It was that night, the song, and what Phil and Mist had said, that Mat remembered that day I told you about.

Perhaps you boys think this a very little thing that I have told you of Mat. Well, that would be true, if Mat's lesson in daring to do right had ended there; but that was only a beginning.

It is not in boys' nature to be at enmity long with each other; and, though for a while the boys were as tormenting as boys know how to be, they really liked Mat too well not to want to be friends with him, and after a time they became as friendly as ever. But they never could persuade Mat into doing what he thought wrong.

"I toughed it through once when they were all against me, and I can do it again," he used to say to himself.

When Mist sees Mat again, I think she will find he is nearer the kind of a boy she likes than he used to be. He is going soon with his father to learn to be a captain; and I know, that if sometime you cross the sea in his ship, you will feel safer than you would if he had never learned to dare to do right.

THE TOBOGGAN.

THE toboggan is the favorite article for coasting with the Canadians, and tobogganing was one of the grand amusements and chief attraction at the Montreal carnival last winter. But the sober-minded, who are not carried away with everything that is foreign or unusual, declare that the curious thing is a very primitive means of conveyance, and can no more be compared to a New England "bob" than a log "dug-out" to a paper "shell."

A toboggan was brought from Canada last February, and placed on exhibition in the window of a drug-store in this city, where it may still be seen, giving, amid the occasional sultry foretaste of the coming summer's heat, a refreshing memory of ice and snow.

The toboggan is made from long, flat strips of hickory of a thickness of from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch, and from 18 inches to 39 inches wide, according to desire, while the length may vary from 3 to 7 feet. The long strips that are fastened together to make the desired width, are turned up at one end, after the manner of the old Dutch or "turn up" skate of 20 years ago. Upon the toboggan may be placed a cushion or not, as to choice. Generally there is a very good cushion on each. The steering is done by the gentleman in charge of the toboggan, who sits in the stern of the craft, with his cargo of fair ladies in front of him. Some toboggans will hold five or six adults very comfortably. All who make the trip get upon the toboggan, just on the brow of the hill, or slide. The steersman is the last to embark. He is supplied with sharp pointed hickory sticks, about four inches long, one held in each hand. He is gently pushed over the top of the slide with his freight of ladies. If he finds his craft veer to one side, he strikes hard with one of the sticks into the snow to bring her straight again. All the time he and his toboggan are careering toward the foot of the hill like the wind, and he must be clever if he would not miss an upset.

His bevy of fair damsels do not like to be upset and rolled unceremoniously over the generally frozen surface of the hillside. Thus he exerts all his energies, and if he is strong and clever, brings his craft safely to the hill bottom. Then there is a walk back in the moonlight, or the torchlight, to the summit of the hill, and the ride is repeated. But while the steersman must know his business in regard to the safety of his craft, he must also be accomplished in the knowledge of how to upset the toboggan into a soft snow-bank. Some of the jolliest of the parties rather like to be suddenly hurled into each other's arms in that manner, and have their stout beaux pull them out again. The advantage of the toboggan over the bob-sled is, that on the former a spill means only a shake or two. As the tobogganer skims along with only an inch between his body and the snow, he has not far to fall when the upset comes. Woe betide him, though, should he run into a tree. A few lives have been lost in this way by reckless and venturesome gentlemen.

INDIAN POISONS.

IT may be said to be almost an instinct among savages of various tribes to employ poisoned arrows in war, and in hunting beasts other than those used for food. But the mode of preparing these poisons is not always known, and the investigations of a correspondent of the Reading (Pa.) *Eagle*, among various Indian tribes, contains many interesting details.

The first group to which reference will be made, consists of three poisons prepared by the Moqui, of Arizona. The first of these is called Ti-ki-le-li-wi—poison ointment. Poison given internally to cause death, whether in powder or liquid, has no definite name beyond its being "bad medicine." The "poison ointment" is prepared in this wise: A rattlesnake is tormented until it bites itself, when the priest of the "Snake Order" dips the arrow-point, as well as a short portion of the shaft into the blood obtained from the serpent. It is stated, that a wound from such an arrow will cause death in from three to four days under ordinary circumstances.

The second variety is prepared from the bumble-bee, which, after being maddened by being disturbed in the nest, and struck at by withes and branches, is killed. The insects are then crushed in a stone mortar, where the mass is thoroughly macerated, after which the arrows are anointed in a manner similar to the preceding. Wounds made by such arrows are not liable to cause dangerous results, although they become exceedingly inflamed and very painful.

The third variety is prepared by crushing a number of large red ants. This poison is not necessarily a fatal one, though instances have been given on "Indian authority." The present writer has treated wounds caused by this insect, in several instances, when great constitutional disturbances resulted in a short time, followed by inflammation of an aggravated form, and sometimes accompanied by delirium. The Indians state that if a man be wounded with an arrow freshly poisoned, he will be debilitated (after the first symptoms of excitement are over), from which he may not recover for several weeks, or perhaps a month. The last two substances may be prepared by any one of the tribe, as they are used in hunting, but the first named is prepared only, as has been stated, by the priest of the Snake Order, and is used in warfare with neighboring Indians only.

The writer has witnessed the ceremony of preparing rattlesnake poison among the Dakotas, as follows: A rattlesnake was secured to the ground by means of a forked stick, so as to prevent its escape, and yet not to injure it. An assistant then pierced a deer's liver, which had been procured for the purpose, and upon inserting a short pole, thrust it toward the serpent, who repeatedly buried its fangs therein. In this manner the venom was secured, and when the snake refused to bite again it was destroyed. The liver was then placed upon a tall, upright pole, where it was allowed to decompose, after which it was crushed, and the arrows were dipped into the mass and allowed to dry. Poisoned arrows are carried in double quivers, and tied together with a black band or piece of cloth to distinguish them from harmless ones.

Apache arrows which have been properly besmeared with poisons, are readily distinguished from the ordinary weapons by the dark reddish brown coating over the anterior portion of the shaft, immediately back of the arrow-head. The latter also presents the same appearance at times, though were this the only portion to which poison had been applied, there would be difficulty in identification, as the arrow points are generally secured to the end of the shaft by the liberal application of mesquite gum, after which the sinew threads are applied for greater security. The Shoshone and Banak Indian, of western Nevada, prepare poison in the following manner: An antelope or a deer is entrapped or caught by wounding it, when a rattlesnake is brought and made to bite it. The animal is immediately killed, and the blood collected in a vessel procured for the purpose. Into this the arrows are dipped and afterward allowed to dry, when they are ready for use. The Pah-Utes, just south of the Shoshones, remove the heart of a large mammal, and place it into a corresponding cavity in the ground. Rattlesnake fangs with the poison sacs, are then ground into a pulp, with a horned toad or two, which mass is then emptied into the cavity of the heart and allowed to decompose. The whole mass is said to dry into a tough mass resembling caoutchouc. This is finally cut into small pieces. In poisons prepared by the combination of serpent venom and decomposed organic matter, it is not positively known which, if not both, of the substances, acts as the toxic agent. Cases thus far observed or recorded, have resulted in septicæmia and death. One in particular, a mere scratch upon the shoulder-blade, died in great misery in less than a week, though not before the flesh had literally dropped from the back as far down as the hips.

An intelligent Sisseton Dakota informed me that his father had been a great Shaman in his time, and knew all the "secrets of the plants." He had a poison which, if rubbed upon a bullet, would cause the bullet to strike the desired object, if the gun was merely held in the direction, without regard to accurate aim. Though, if the hunter had once raised his weapon and failed to shoot, the bullet would be worthless, unless again handed to the Shaman.

Another mode of preparing bullets is by drilling small holes into them with the point of a knife, into which has been spread a paste made of the bark scrapings of the cactus.

The Pitt River Indians prepare, at times, a mixture of the juice of the wild parsnip and the decomposed liver of a dead dog. This was also practiced by neighboring tribes in California, although the custom appears to have originated with the former, as far as can be ascertained at this day.

Among the Southern Esquimaux, the body of a dead whaler is cut into small pieces and distributed among his friends who are of the same profession, each of whom, after rubbing the point of his lance upon it, dries and preserves his piece as a sort of talisman. The Kiateramut, a tribe of the same stock, believe that to be successful in whale-hunting, the body of a whaler must be procured by murdering him, when the fatty portions are removed from the body and boiled, carefully skimming off such fragments as may form a scum, which are then allowed to become putrid. The points of the weapons are greased with this substance, which is considered to give them unfalling success in hunting, both afloat and on shore.

EVAPORATED MILK.

CONDENSED milk has been before the public for many years. It is unattractive in form, but convenient for many purposes, and has had a large sale. Some city grocers have been in the habit of buying it, and after adding more or less water (usually more), selling it as the fresh commodity to those not over particular. An article of that sort is called "pearl milk" from its peculiar lustre, varying of course, as it may be of the first, second, or third water.

But "pearl milk" produces little, if any, cream, and the taste is very inferior. To make the condensed milk, a heat of 230 degrees is employed, which is considerably above boiling, and kills the life of it, so to speak. But by a new process the heat is only about 130 degrees, and the product is called *evaporated milk*.

When the time of exposure to that moderate heat is sufficiently prolonged, all the watery part of the milk is driven off, and the remnant is a tough, solid mass, creamy white in color, and much resembling a dried chunk of wheat flour dough. This is granulated by artificial means; a little fine sugar is added to make it keep, and then it looks like corn-meal, and is called granulated milk. The evaporated milk is only about half as near solid as the condensed milk, but is very rich, and so little affected by the process through which it has passed, that, when water is added, the most delicate taste cannot detect a difference between it and pure, natural milk; cream rises on it, and butter can be made from it. The same desirable peculiarities belong to the granulated milk. The evaporated milk is used in the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and on most of the steamship lines. The granulated is made to keep in all climates, for any desired length of time.

NEPENTHE.

THE north wind follows free and fills
Our rounding sail, and overhead
Deepens the rainless blue, and red
The sunset burns on quarried hills;

And peace is over all, as deep
As where, amid the silent gloom
Of some far-reaching, rock-built tomb,
The nameless generations sleep;

While, undecayed as on the day
That saw them first, the kings of old,
In sculptured calm serene, behold
The slow milleniums pass away.

Still, far behind us, as we cleave
Smooth-flowing Nile, the din of life
And passionate voices of the strife
Are hushed to silence, and we leave

The cares that haunt us, dark regret
For wasted years, and wild unrest,
Yearning for praise or pleasure, blest
With life's last blessing—to forget.

For still in Egypt's kindly air,
Strong antidote of mortal woes,
The painless herb, Nepenthe, grows,
Which she whom fair-haired Leda bare

Mixed in the wine, and stilled their pain
Who wept in Spartan hills for sire
Or brother wrapped in funeral fire,
Or wandering o'er the boundless main.

A Voyage to the Gold Coast;

OR,

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 XXII.

A SORT of misty vapor covered the surface of the Logos River, through which the sun, now nearly overhead, shone with an intense heat, like a great ball of fire. The heat was intense—almost unendurable.

An unearthly, brooding silence seemed to possess river and shore alike.

Smith glanced out from beneath the awning, as Gunflint's canoe disappeared in the mist wreaths.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had a tornado, before its through," he said, carelessly; but neither Jack nor Dick paid much attention to his words, they were too much absorbed in the novel scene which was taking place on deck.

Brady had resumed the trafficking with the natives, which had apparently been interrupted by the appearance of the two strangers.

Piled up on the after-house, was a marvelous variety of what New Englanders sometimes term "notions." There were red woolen nightcaps, bright-colored prints of the coarsest texture, boxes of tobacco, pipes, packages of many-hued beads, rolls of brass wire, looking-glasses in fancy frames, crimson umbrellas and yellow silk handkerchiefs, shaky-looking flintlock muskets, and cans of coarse gunpowder—dear me, I can't begin to enumerate the curious conglomeration of articles for this practical exposition of the "Exchange and Barter" system.

And for them, half-naked Kroos, men from Ashantee and Dahomey, Mandingoes, and a few of the strange Fan tribe, were bartering bunches of palm-nuts, elephants' tusks, sticks of ebony and cam-wood, lumps of beeswax, antelope horns, leopard skins, and fruit.

Others had gray parrots, monkeys, a mongoose, or a ground-pig, while one enterprising gentleman had two large snakes in a long, covered wicker basket. And all of them showed the unmistakable result of contact with civilization, in that they invariably began by asking just about double the value of the article offered for sale, coming down to a price which would net the factors about a hundred per cent. profit, by gradual stages, punctuated by pathos.

The scene was, indeed, a strange one; and for a time, Jack and his friend found sufficient occupation in watching the strange gestures, and listening to the barbarous dialect, which Brady and Smith both understood and spoke fluently.

Highly amused were they with the antics of a big, blue-faced baboon which, chained to the rail, was making strenuous efforts to grasp the tail of a melancholy-looking monkey, whose fur was of a golden-reddish hue, which species, Smith told them, was a remarkably rare one, as they are said to live and die in the tree tops, never descending to the ground on any pretext whatever.

Poor monkeys! As a race, they certainly must come to look upon men as their natural enemies. They are mutilated in monkey-traps, mangled by dogs trained to hunt them while they are nut-hunting on the ground, shot with poisonous arrows and death-dealing bullets, and captured alive, to be carried far away from their native home. I really don't see how they can be so light-hearted.

But while our friends had been thus employed, it seemed to be growing gradually darker, and Brady, glancing up, suddenly gave some quick, sharp orders to two or three powerful Kroomen.

In a twinkling, the hatches were off, and the merchandise hurried below, while at a peremptory command from Smith, the natives threw their undisposed articles into their several dug-outs, and paddled toward the shore.

The awning was hurriedly unlashed and placed in a place of safety, tarred tarpaulins spread over the hatches, and everything "made snug," as though for a gale at sea.

Dick and his companions gazed with awe at the strange aspect of the sky. Against the western horizon was a dense cloud-bank, arching in shape, and rising with terrible rapidity, while with it came a chilling blast of wind, strangely contrasting with the stifling sultriness of a few moments previous.

The surface of the river seemed to grow as black as ink, from the reflection of the over-arching sky of gloom. The muttering of thunder along the horizon grew louder and nearer. Flashes of lightning, of strange lividity—rose-colored, blue, and, I had almost said, crimson—shot from cloud to cloud, growing more and more intense.

Dick jumped into the boat, and hurriedly passed up the guns, blankets, and provisions, which were handed down into the cabin, whither Dick himself, half-stunned by the crashing thunder, quickly followed.

But the scene had a strange fascination for Jack. He lingered a moment, with his hand on the open companionway slide, when, with a roar, to which the thunder peals were as nothing, the tornado was upon them!

The air was filled with driving branches, leaves, dry grass, bits of bark, and, it is an actual fact, that for four or five minutes, the crashing of thunder, directly overhead, was utterly drowned by the rush and roar of this mighty wind!

The lightning itself streamed in every direction. It hustled *sideways* through the air, or in terrible zigzags across the black, arching dome; and, not unfrequently, seemed to rise from the earth itself, with crackling detonations!

And then the rain drove Jack below. And such rain. The down-pour on deck was deafening. Dick attempted to make his friend hear, but it was impossible.

And so the four sat dumbly in the close cabin, their pale faces looking ghastly enough by the continual flashes of electricity which lit up the dark interior with a continuous glare.

The slaver tugged and groaned at her anchors, but they had too long been bedded in the soft mud of the river to yield. The strange noises produced by the grinding and working of the chain in the iron hawse-pipes, might have been the cries and groans of the tortured souls and bodies which formerly had known the agonizing torments of the slaver's hold.

But after some half hour of this new experience, there began a marked cessation of the thunder and wind, while a few minutes later, it was evident that the rain was growing less violent, finally, ceasing altogether.

"Thank goodness, that's over, till the next time," ejaculated Smith, drawing his sleeve across his face, which was covered with perspiration, as he followed Brady on deck, Jack and Dick coming up directly afterward.

"Why, you don't have such things very often, I hope," exclaimed Dick, looking about him at the changed face of the landscape with wonder, not unmixed with awe.

Great broken masses of cloud were driving across the sky, admitting the broken streams of golden light from the setting sun to penetrate here and there, tinging the edges with crimson and gold. The face of the river was strewn with the floating limbs of trees and similar *débris* from the shore. On the river banks, massive palm trees were prostrated—torn up by the roots, or twisted round like immense corkscrews.

"Often?" replied Smith, in answer to his questioner; "well, it's about this way—the rainy season begins toward the last of July, and ends in October, and in that time we generally have two or three little blows of this kind, sometimes more."

Which gave both his hearers the impression that there might be safer and pleasanter places in the world to live in than on the Guinea coast.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHILE the awning was being re-spread over the deck by the Kroomen, who had remained sheltered in the forecastle during the tempest, Dick proceeded to bail out their boat, which was nearly full of rain-water.

"No matter how soon Gunflint comes back from the Sea Witch now," said Jack, regretfully; "we shall have to stop on board here all night, but we will arrange to get off the first thing in the morning."

"Well, boys," Brady said, in a tone of affected heartiness; "now, we'll go below and get some supper—what do you say?"

Both being very hungry, there was but one answer to make, and they unhesitatingly followed their entertainers into the forward cabin, where a table, covered by a not overclean cloth, was spread for four. The dishes were all of the cheap, heavy china-ware peculiar to a ship's pantry; but neither Jack or his companion were disposed to be fastidious. Particularly, as when they had seated themselves, a slender Krooboy entered, bringing from the galley a large, covered tureen, from which issued a most appetizing odor.

"I never tasted anything so good in all my life," enthusiastically exclaimed Dick, as, after a brief silence, only broken by the clatter of spoons and dishes, he passed his plate for another installment of the rich stew, which was composed of some deliciously flavored game, slightly seasoned with garlics and red peppers.

Mr. Smith helped Dick bountifully. But what caused the youth, as he prepared to plunge his spoon into the stew, to give vent to a sudden exclamation of horror, and with a terror-stricken face, to spring from his seat?

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Brady, with his mouth full; "what's up—stung by white ants, eh?"

But Dick's trembling lips could frame no answer. With a face of marble pallor, he pointed his shaking finger toward his untasted food.

Well, it *was* a startling sight. If it were not the denuded skull of a very small child which lay in the rich gravy, it bore so close a resemblance to it as to cause Jack himself to echo his friend's exclamation, and drop his spoon into his plate very suddenly.

"Cannibals!" exclaimed poor Dick, with a hollow groan, pressing his hand on the pit of his stomach, as he remembered Skipper Lombard's reference to some of the peculiar characteristics of the people inhabiting this part of the world.

Smith and his partner stared for a moment at the horror-stricken youth, glanced at his plate, and then simultaneously indulged in such an outburst of laughter, that Bung-starter, the Krooboy cook, who was preparing the coffee in the galley, clapped his hands to his ears.

"Dey drunk berry early," muttered Bung-starter, whose melodious name—as in the case of all Kroomen or Krooboys employed by whites—had been substituted for his native cognomen—that being hard to pronounce. Thus, in a crew connected with the lighter which brought our cargo alongside a bark in which I made a voyage to Cape Salmas, there were respectively Messrs. Stove-pipe, Beeswax, Victoria, State House, Mulligatawney Soup, and Tooth-brush—eccentricity rather than appropriateness, being used in the bestowal of these sweet-sounding appellations.

"You—you—never ate any monkey-stew before, young man, did you?" faintly gasped Brady, whose face, between uproarious laughter and the fact of a spoonful of soup having gone down the wrong way, was of a lively purple.

And Dick, whose pallor now changed to the hue of a boiled lobster, dropped into his seat muttering something inaudible, while Jack resolutely choked down his mirth and a very slight shudder, and then passed his plate for more stew, for, in reality, there is no more delicious game stew (particularly when one is very hungry) than that prepared from a young and tender monkey.

Pending the bringing in of coffee (grown within twenty miles of the river), Mr. Smith and his partner plied both Jack and Dick with artfully-put questions, hoping to draw from them the information which they sought.

I need hardly say that they met with no success, though the evasive replies which were given, satisfied the inquisitive questioners that their two guests *had* a secret of some kind, regarding their errand to the Logos River.

"Confound that boy—why don't he bring in coffee!" exclaimed Brady, starting up from the table and making his way to the galley.

He was gone some time, and, during his absence, Mr. Smith urged both Jack and Dick to refresh themselves with a glass or two of palm wine from a bottle which stood on the table.

Jack steadfastly refused. "I never touch liquor in *any* form, Mr. Smith," he answered, firmly.

Simply from motives of curiosity, Dick put his lips to his glass. The taste, as he afterward described it, was something like raw turnips steeped in sweet oil, and strained through a chair-bottom. But as he has a somewhat vivid imagination, this must be taken with a grain of allowance, though to the foreigner it has by no means an agreeable taste. Its preparation is very simple. A naked Krooman swarms up the smooth palm trunk by means of a circular bark withe and his own monkey-like hands and feet. At the proper height he taps the tree, secures a gourd in position to receive the fluid, leaves it, and calls again next morning to find a gourd full. It is allowed to ferment, and is ready for use.

In a short time, Brady returned to the cabin with a tray, on which was a coffee-pot and some cups.

"That confounded Krooboy has laid down for'ard and gone to sleep, and left *me* to get the coffee ready," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. Which Jack and Dick thought was really very kind in Mr. Brady, who had by no means the appearance of geniality or good nature.

Mr. Brady excused himself from coffee. Palm wine, he said, was good enough for him; but the frequency with which he emptied and filled his glass, led his two guests to secretly doubt whether it *was* good for him or not. Smith, after receiving a sly touch from his partner's boot remarked that coffee always made him nervous, and he himself would try a little cape brandy, which he was obliged to sometimes use, medicinally, to ward off the coast and intermittent fevers, which were so prevalent in those parts

The coffee was delicious, slightly bitter, it is true, but that, as Mr. Brady elaborately explained, was due to the absence of milk.

"Of course, Gunflint will be back before long, with our 'credentials,' remarked Jack, lightly, as he arose from the table; "and I suppose we can get away as early as we like in the morning." And Mr. Brady apologetically assured them that there would be no trouble on that score—he was only sorry that his duty, etc., etc.

"Well," said Dick, with a prodigious yawn; "I move that we turn in, for I'm getting tremendously sleepy."

Jack was of the same opinion, being also similarly somnolent. Likewise acquiesced Messrs. Brady and Smith, and preparations were made accordingly.

The air, though cooled by the rain, was far too sultry to admit of sleeping in the close cabin. A drowsy-looking Krooman was summoned, who proceeded to sling four hammocks, each with its appropriate mosquito netting, under the awning aft, in which the four severally bestowed themselves.

Hardly had Dick and Jack touched their own hammocks, before both were fast asleep. For the thoughtful Mr. Brady, fearing perhaps, that the strangeness of their surroundings might keep them awake, had mingled with the coffee a few drops of a liquid expressed from the *fayar* root, which has the effect of producing a sleep almost as profound as the sleep of death, for an hour or two, without any ill effects arising from its use.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As soon as the heavy breathing of Jack and his companion betokened the soundness of their sleep, Brady slipped from his hammock, while Smith sat upright in his own.

"That Bond chap has some papers in a pocket on the inside of his shirt—I saw the ends of them when he unfastened his shirt-collar in the cabin because it was so warm," said Brady, in a low tone, as he thrust his naked feet into a pair of well-worn slippers which he had kicked off on retiring.

"Well?"

"Well," impatiently repeated the other; "don't it stand to reason that they wouldn't be starting out this way without some written directions, or instructions, or description of the place where they're going to hunt for dust—and isn't it likely that these instructions or whatever they are, would be in the papers I saw?"

Mr. Smith feebly scratched his head, and admitted the possibility of this, "but what—"

An angry gesture silenced him. Stealing to the side of Jack's hammock, Brady lifted the mosquito-bar, and stood motionless by his side for a moment listening to his breathing.

The surface of the river glowed like molten silver under the rays of the tropical moon, rendering everything plainly visible upon the slaver's deck.

Jack lay with his head pillowed on one arm, his broad chest rising and falling in regular, though unusually long, and deep inspirations.

Softly unfastening the bosom of his rough, woolen shirt, Brady took from an inside pocket, where he had placed them before leaving the Sea Witch, Captain Bond's letter and the rough chart of the Logos River, on which were written the brief instructions already known to our readers.

Stepping to the rail, he beckoned to Smith, who hurried to his side.

Unfolding the letter, Brady read it in an undertone. Its contents are, of course, familiar to our readers.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed Smith, under his breath, as Brady, with a triumphant look, asked him what he thought *now*, and carefully proceeded to examine the chart, the contents of which he carefully fixed in his mind.

Then returning to the hammock, he replaced the papers, rebuttoned the unconscious youth's shirt-collar, readjusted the mosquito-bar, and, accompanied by his wondering partner, went forward, and taking his seat on the heel of the bowsprit, prepared for a smoke.

"Smith," said Brady, applying a match to the bowl of his pipe; "you're a pretty smart sort of chap, but you'll never set the river afire, when it comes to studying up the whys and wherefores."

Smith was heard to utter an apologetic murmur.

"Directly I saw the shovel and pick in the boat," continued Brady; "I knew that something was up, and then, when they came to tell their story, I was sure of it. I've always known that somewhere in the vicinity, there's gold dust by the quantity—old Gunflint said as much once when he was drunk; but if a nigger knows of such a place, he's so afraid of old King Njabi, that he don't dare take only so much, lest the king put the *fetich* on him. And so, putting one thing and another together, I somehow got the idea that Bond, who used to come down here in an old Boston bark, had managed to get on the track of something of the kind, and sent the boy down, or, if he's dead, left directions for him how to find it, and I guess by the look of these papers, that I'm about right."

"You *are* a sharp one, and no mistake, Jim," exclaimed Smith, taking his pipe from his mouth, with a look of admiration at his companion, and Mr. Brady's expressive silence seemed to give a modest assent to this involuntary tribute of praise.

"But, Jim; how do you mean to manage it?" asked Smith, after a short silence; "their vessel lays below, and I suppose it wouldn't do to--"

He did not complete his speech in words, but with a quick gesture, touched his bare throat with the side of his hand.

"Of course it wouldn't," was the quick reply; "I've thought out an easier and safer way. You see," Brady continued, with a grin; "I told old Gunflint, on the sly, that he needn't come back till I sent him word. Well, in the morning—not having heard anything from my young friends' vessel, don't you see—my duty won't allow me to let them go till I *do* hear. Of course I'm very sorry, but I can't run the risk of losing my position, and all that sort of thing—see?"

Mr. Smith *did* see, and smiled his approval.

"And then, what?" he asked, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Well," returned Brady, tugging thoughtfully at his bushy whiskers; "I think I shall borrow their boat, for a while, and then have a couple of the Krooboys row me up to the forks of the river, and see what there *is* there, anyway."

"But then the Yankee chaps will know that the whole thing is a put-up job, when they see you going off with the boat," suggested Smith, dubiously; "and if there *should* be any more complaints against us carried to headquarters, it would be pack and go—you know what old Drummond said the last time when—"

"You just leave it to me," confidently interrupted his partner, and there the colloquy ended, both soon after returning to their hammocks.

By early dawn, Jack and his friend were stirring. A slight dizziness in the head of each being the only effect of the narcotic which they had unconsciously swallowed the evening previous, and this they attributed to the strength of the coffee itself.

Taking it for granted that Gunflint had returned with the required message, they brought their guns, blankets, and provisions from the cabin, and placed them in the boat which was towing astern, just as Messrs. Brady and Smith turned out of their hammocks.

"Oh, I say, Bond," called the former; "I'm sorry, but I've heard nothing from your vessel yet, and of course it won't do to let you leave until I *do* hear something, you know."

But Jack, though generally unsuspicious of evil, was not so easily duped. Despite the speaker's apparent frankness, there was a false note to his voice, and, added to this, was a half-malicious leer on Smith's sallow face, as he stood beside his partner.

The same thought seemed to strike Jack and Dick simultaneously.

"Any one would think you wanted to detain us here for some purpose of your own," Dick cried, hotly.

"And if it *is* so," exclaimed Jack, in his haste making use of a vulgar but expressive figure of speech; "you'll find that you've got the wrong pig by the ear—cast off the boat's painter, Dick, and haul her up!"

His companion sprang to obey. Smith shouted something in a barbarous tongue which brought four Kroomen, who had been asleep on deck, to their feet, and Brady seized Jack roughly by the shoulder, all at one and the same time.

But Jim Brady had mistaken his man. In times of excitement Jack Bond's muscles were like flexible steel, and his strength in due proportion. Turning sharply, he shook his opponent off with the utmost ease, sending him staggering against Smith.

"Quick with the boat, Dick!" he shouted, now thoroughly aroused; but alas, the knot by which the painter was made fast in the ringbolt, had become swollen by the rain, and, while Dick madly tore at it, a big Krooman, at a sign from Brady, pulled him away.

Almost beside himself with rage and excitement, Jack drew his sheath-knife, intending to cut the boat's painter, when Brady, with an oath, grasped his arm.

"You *will* have it, will you?" muttered Jack, between his clenched teeth, and, suddenly changing his knife to his left hand, he dealt Mr. James Brady such a straight-out blow with his right, that the party in question went backward on deck with the worst attack of nose-bleed that he ever had in his whole life.

"I never struck any one in anger, before or since, for I don't believe in fighting," parenthesized Jack, in telling me the story long afterward; "but, do you know, I think at that time I could have held my own against the whole lot of them, if they had given me fair play—why, I felt as if I had the strength of Samson for a little while!"

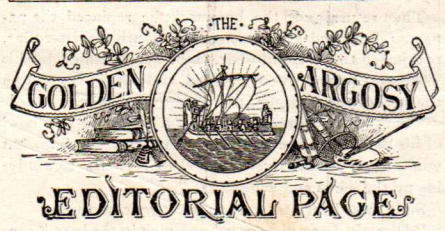
Whether he could have done so or not is uncertain, for they didn't give him fair play.

While Dick was struggling with the Krooman, who held him in his powerful grasp with the utmost ease, another of them stole up from behind, and suddenly pinned Jack's arms to his side, with the grip of a giant.

"Shove 'em down under hatches!" shouted Brady, in a voice hoarse with wrath, as he held on to his nose with both hands, and pranced round the deck using language of the strongest description; "I'll learn 'em to insult a—an official in her Majesty's service!"

And almost before they could realize what had happened, Dick and Jack, overpowered by numbers, were hurried amidships and dropped into the hold, the clang of the iron hatch-bar pushed in place across the hatches overhead, sounding in their ears with ominous suggestiveness.

(To be continued.)



EDITORIAL PAGE.

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FRANK A. MUNSEY, Editor.

THE DYNAMITE CRIMES.

THE discoveries of modern science have been of great advantage to labor. They have furnished it with tools and materials, which relieve the burdens of toil and vastly increase its products. But these very useful discoveries have also brought their evils. They have put new and dangerous weapons into the hands of the ignorant and the vicious. They have exposed human society to fresh dangers. With electric lights and motors, and talking apparatus, come increased peril of conflagrations and new hazards to human life. After the improved explosives, like dynamite, follow the secret and fatal mines of leagues of cut-throats and robbers.

Four of the great civilized countries of the world —England, France, Russia, and Italy—have recently suffered from dynamite panics. Buildings have been blown up, railway trains assaulted, and lives, as well as property, destroyed. Queen Victoria, of England, like the more despotic Czar of Russia, has been made the object of murderous threats. Public men and public offices, as well as persons of wealth, have been assailed by the deadly weapons provided by science. The whole world has waked up to the fact that the safety of society is in peril.

It is not a pleasant reflection that the fruits of human skill are thus perverted to serve human villainy. It seems to be one of the stubborn facts in life that increase of knowledge makes it easier for men to ruin themselves if they will. That has been true ever since Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit. Young people soon discover that the more they learn the more capable they are of mischief. But here the restraints of religion and conscience come in. It is to these that Christian nations owe their superiority to the heathen. With the increase of power that knowledge gives, every true-hearted person will more carefully watch and guide his actions.

But the dynamite outrages are the work of persons of little conscience. Many of these plotters act on the theory that they are oppressed by their governments, and must resist. Our forefathers believed in such resistance, but it was open and manly. They did not make use of the plots and engines of the secret assassin. But most of these dynamite users are thorough-going vagabonds—men whose theory is "good pay and no work," persons who hate such of their fellows as are more industrious and successful than themselves. Against these, and their new and dangerous weapons, society must take severe measures.

POLITENESS IN THE STREET.

A GOOD story is told of Governor Lincoln, of Massachusetts. Some seventy or eighty years ago he was crossing Boston Common, when he met a flock of geese. The old gentleman was very near-sighted, and made a comical mistake. He saluted the geese very gravely and courteously, with the remark: "Thank you, my children; very polite of you to bow, I'm sure."

Perhaps in those times, children were trained to be more polite in the streets than they are at present. There is too much rudeness on the part of young people now-a-days. The fault, however, may not be altogether with them. We know a gentleman in a certain town, who takes great pains to bow to all the boys and girls whom he meets. The result is that all the youngsters have a salute for him. If he happens not to see any of the little folks, they shout out their "good mornings," to attract his attention. All grown-up people are not so considerate. The boys and girls would do well to give some of them a lesson in manners.

WHAT TO IMITATE.

THERE is no man living who should be imitated in everything. If he have no open sins or apparent faults, there will at least be some oddity of action which, by itself, is petty, however great the actor. Notable instances of this may be found in the life of Samuel Johnson, by his admirer, Boswell. Among others, when he passed several posts or slats in a fence, he was in the habit of striking each with his cane. If he missed one he would go back and hit it. Now, Dr. Johnson was a great man, and deserved to be imitated in some things, but if one should wish to write a great dictionary (as he did), and should begin to lay his foundation by pounding fence posts, what would you expect? What we imitate in those whom we take for patterns, should not be their littleness of action but their greatness of purpose.

TRYING TO HELP OURSELVES.

THE mother of Saint-Simon, a famous Frenchman, foreseeing the death of his father, labored to develop her son's force of character. She used to say to him continually, "Be good for something!" Her design was to make him feel a sense of personal responsibility, and to be capable of something on his own account. This is the true method of education. Many young people grow up in comparative helplessness because they have always leaned upon their parents. They have never thought for themselves nor acted for themselves. It would be a surprising thing in many families, if the children began to assume little tasks and duties without the express command of their elders.

Happily, it is not always so. There are some boys and girls who begin very early to say to themselves: "Well, I am not placed in this world just to be waited upon and told what to do. There are some duties which belong to me, and some things that I ought to think out for myself." If they do not precisely say all this to themselves, they act on this principle. Much is said about "self-made men," and in our country such men are held in great esteem and honor. Now these men, it will always be found, began very young to think, and decide, and act for themselves. Their sense of responsibility was thus awakened, and they became resolute and capable. That was the secret of their success.

Every well-trained child should be put upon his own resources as fast as is prudent. Young people will find themselves improving rapidly as soon as they begin to try getting on without constant help. When a scholar says he did so and so in arithmetic "because the rule says so," or "to get the answer," it is easy to see he is not thinking for himself. When a lad replies that he is doing such and such a thing "because mother told me to," when he ought to have thought of it himself, we say he is far from being a little man. It is in the power of all to "be good for something" themselves if they try.

NOT LEARNING FROM EXPERIENCE.

How strange it is, when we think it over coolly, that people are so indifferent to the experience of others. It is often provoking to the older folks to see how carelessly the boys and girls receive their advice. "Now, boys, you ought to do that thing thus and so," some anxious father will say, and then he will add that he used to do it so when he was a boy, and that was the best way. But, just as likely as not, when the father is out of sight, the boys will do it after their own fashion though it be the wrong way, and some mishap may grow out of it. It is especially true in respect to bad habits, and it is unfortunate that it is so, for we might save ourselves much trouble by heeding the experiences of those who have gone before us.

A remarkable accident happened in the Alps last summer, which is very much to our point. Early in the season a man was walking from one town to another in Upper Savoy, on a path which skirted the side of a fearful precipice. At one spot which commanded a fine view, his curiosity took him too near the edge. He fell into the abyss and was killed. Whereupon, in accordance with the native custom, a wooden cross was erected at the place in memory of the victim, and as a warning to others. Some weeks later a Turin merchant was walking along the path in company with two monks. Arriving at the cross, he exclaimed: "I don't see how poor Lansard lost his footing here, and still less, how he could have fallen over. Did he not see that rocky point beyond the cross?" As he spoke, he advanced toward the point to show the monks how easy it was, when, suddenly, over he went headlong down the precipice, before a hand could be extended by his companions to save him. Half an hour later, the monks found him, just expiring in great agony, at the bottom of the gorge.

SLANG.

WITHOUT careful consideration, one cannot gain a realizing sense of the extent to which ordinary conversation is interlarded with vulgarisms of speech. Expressions are continually heard that indicate a sad ignorance of the dictionary or a preference for uncouth phraseology, nor are they confined to the illiterate. That this vitiated taste is not innate, the fact that children, for the greater part, are correct in their language, sufficiently attests.

Charles Mackay, in his "History of Popular Delusions," devotes a chapter to these vulgarisms. Today, their number is such that a volume would be necessary to the mere mention of them; for the vocabulary of slang is almost illimitable. And what recommends it to favorable regard? Is it especially forcible, clear, witty?

An attractive young woman is a "stunner," and one's father is the "governor." When a person pays a bill, he "shells out;" he "tumbles" if he comprehends a remark; he "squeals" if he discloses a secret; he "shouts" if he stands a treat. That which is super-excellent is "boss" or "takes the cake," and whatever appears improbable to the hearer is "taffy." With what "I should smile" and "I should snicker"—in frequent use—are supposed to be synonymous, we have been unable to discover.

The above are as slightly objectionable as any colloquialisms; are they more expressive than the terms which they represent?

Nothing more strongly evidences that refinement and delicacy of feeling which are so admirable in man or woman, which it is eminently desirable that the young should cultivate, than a chaste diction. We trust the time is not far distant when the use of slang will brand one "low," and shut him, or her, out from association with the, really, higher classes.

BITING OFF ONE'S NOSE.

WHAT pains some people take to have their own way! They will even put themselves to great inconvenience, and sometimes to no little cost and suffering, just to carry a point. This is often very ridiculous, and such displays have given rise to the old saying about a man's "biting off his nose to spite his face."

The popular story-teller, Jules Verne, has taken this weakness of human nature for the theme of his latest romance. He represents his hero, who is a Turk, traveling by carriage all around the Black Sea, at great expense and amid prodigious hardships, just to escape paying a government tax of a penny for crossing the Bosphorus from Constantinople to Scutari, where he has his residence.

Of course Mr. Verne's hero is presented in a comical light. But in common life, this absurd sort of obstinacy is often far from laughable to all who are affected by it. Mere spectators may shake their sides over it, but not so the victims. Reasonable people should be ashamed of such injurious and silly displays of temper.

FROM SLAVE TO SOVEREIGN.

BY FRED. F. FOSTER.

AT Ringen, a small village of Livonia, Russia, on the 27th of January, 1689, a girl was born, named Martha Rabe, whose history is so wonderful it seems ideal rather than real.

When she was between four and five years of age, her parents died, leaving her in so destitute a condition that the parish clerk, out of pity, provided her with a home in his family.

Soon afterwards, Dr. Gluck, a Lutheran minister of Marienburg, near Ringen, on his way through the latter place, chanced to see the child, and was so pleased with her appearance that he volunteered to take her under his own protection.

As the expense necessary to her support was quite an item to one receiving his small income, and, besides, knowing that her advantages would be greater at Marienberg than at Ringen, the clerk willingly committed Martha to the minister's care.

Bright, active, amiable, she shortly endeared herself to every member of Dr. Gluck's household, and, manifesting a great desire to be useful, she was inducted into the mysteries of housekeeping, and rendered his wife notable assistance.

In 1702, she was sought in marriage by a brave and honorable officer of the Swedish garrison of Marienburg —then under the government of Sweden—and, with the approval of her foster-father, consented to become his wife.

Just prior to her marriage, the struggle between Russia and Sweden began, and some authors affirm that on her wedding day, others, that on the next day after, Marienburg was taken by the Russian army. What became of the husband is not known, though it is certain that his bride never saw him again.

At this time, less than fourteen years old, she had a womanly appearance, and, of slight figure, regular features, fair complexion, dark eyes, was really handsome.

Aware that the Russians were wont to sell their female prisoners, if young and good-looking, as slaves in Turkey, she, dreading such a fate, concealed herself in an oven, where she was discovered by the soldiers.

General Bauer, lieutenant of Sheremetief, who commanded the victorious army, seeing her among the captives, was smitten with her beauty, and sent her to his tent, where she was given the superintendence of his domestic affairs.

She had been in his service but a short time, when Prince Menchikoff saw, and expressed a desire to purchase her. Bauer made a present of his fair servant to the Prince, into whose service she at once passed.

About this time, 1703, she joined the Greek church, taking the name of Catharine Alexiewna.

Peter the Great enjoyed nothing better than to dine with his favorites quite informally. One day, while seated at the table of Prince Menchikoff, a vision of loveliness in the guise of a young woman who had poured wine into his cup, caused the laugh on his lips to die away, and, when she went from the room,

"Who is she?" he asked, tremulously.

"My slave," was the response.

"I desire to purchase her, and will pay any price for her that you may ask."

"I shall be pleased if your Majesty will accept her," said the Prince, deferentially, however averse to parting with his "slave" he may have been.

That very day, Catharine went to Moscow with the Czar. By her cheerfulness, gentleness, and mental vigor, she acquired great influence over him, and finally, he transacted all business with his ministers in her presence, frequently asking her advice with reference to important matters.

In 1707, he privately married her. For several years the marriage was not made public, but her position and power were well understood.

Peter was subject to attacks of despondency, which amounted almost to insanity, and caused him the most acute physical suffering. While they lasted, he was absolutely dangerous, but, even then, Catharine hesitated not to approach him, and found that her voice and touch calmed his mind and soothed his pain. So she accompanied him on all his journeys and expeditions, deeming her presence essential to his comfort if not to his very existence.

In March, 1711, he publicly avowed his marriage with Catharine, and called upon Russia to acknowledge her as Czarina.

A few months later, hostilities were begun against him by the Sultan of Turkey, and he set forth to meet the Turks. Near the Pruth, a river that forms the boundary between the Russian and Turkish dominions, the two armies encountered each other. The position was an unfortunate one for Peter, and he found himself completely surrounded by troops numbering five times as many as his own.

For three days the Turks endeavored to force a passage through the Russian lines, unsuccessfully. Then the Grand Vizier, commanding the Sultan's army, resolved to starve out the enemy or compel it to surrender.

Several thousand Russians had fallen on the battlefield; their ammunition and provisions were almost exhausted; they suffered terribly from thirst. Further resistance seemed both foolish and useless, and Peter, in despair retired to his tent.

Despite his orders that no one be admitted to his presence, Catharine went to him, and, by her tact and energy, effected the salvation of his honor. At her dictation, Sheremetief wrote a letter to the Grand Vizier, which led to a declaration of peace. The story that she gave her jewels, and money collected from the soldiers, to the Vizier, as a bribe, is without foundation.

On the 19th of February, 1712, she was regularly proclaimed Czarina, with considerable pomp and splendor, though the ceremony was less magnificent than it would have been save for the disasters of the recent war.

For many years Peter and Catharine lived together happily, but, in 1724, there was an unpleasantness which led to their separation, caused by certain rumors affecting her integrity. However, when he died, January 28th, 1725, it was in her arms.

Immediately after Peter's death, Catharine was proclaimed Empress of all the Russias. The beginning of her reign was marked by numerous acts of clemency. She freed many prisoners, recalled some who had been exiled, prevented the execution of not a few who had been condemned to death. Nor were her friends of former days forgotten. She pensioned the widow of Dr. Gluck, who had died a prisoner at Moscow; made his son a page; settled a large annuity upon each of his two eldest daughters, and advanced the youngest to be one of her maids of honor.

Her reign was of short duration. She died May 27th, 1727, of a cancer, aggravated by her irregular habits and an excessive use of wine. It has been asserted that her death was caused by poison, administered in a cup of wine. But there is no reason for believing such a report.

Some writers have claimed that a desire that one of her own children should succeed to the throne influenced her to embitter the Czar's feelings against Alexis—his son by a wife from whom he was divorced; that this son was committed to prison, where he died, at her instigation. She has also been charged with causing her husband's death by poisoning him. Both imputations are false.

It is not to be presumed that her character was wholly free from defects. But, all in all, she was one of the noblest, most extraordinary women that ever lived. So uneducated that she could not write her name, she possessed traits which would have enabled her to achieve distinction, whatever her sphere in life.

LOVE.

YES, Love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul.—*Byron.*

PERSONAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

BARBAROUS.—The Shah of Persia pays his tonsorial artist $5,000 a year.

A PASTE diamond worth $2 was picked up in the Vanderbilt mansion after the great costume ball.

THERE are five thousand five hundred lawyers in New York, and business enough for about one-third of them.

STATISTICIANS say that there are over 2,000,000 "Williams" in the United States, without counting the little bills.

WHEN Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell, and stone. When they saw iron nails they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and, desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

ACCORDING to *Electricitè*, spiders, which are very numerous in Japan, spin their webs during the night between the telegraph wires and their supports. As the dews are very abundant, the webs become conductors of electricity and give rise to great disturbance in the transmission of messages.

WENDELL PHILLIPS' wife has been an invalid for over thirty years, and, during all this time, the great orator has been untiring in his attention to her. "No one but you can know what it has been to care for her," was remarked to him recently. "Ah! No one but me knows how good she is," was his heartsome answer.

THERE are in the United States 44 prisons with an average of 1,000 prisoners, making 44,000 criminals, with an average of ten relatives afflicted by each; making 440,000 who suffer from this source. The long line of sorrow may, in many cases, be directly traced to one of three causes, viz., idleness, licentiousness, or intemperance.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

A GOOD man is the warm life-throb in a city's soul.

A CONTENTED spirit is the sweetness of existence.—*Dickens.*

THARE iz a grate deal ov larning in this world which iz nothing more than trying to prove what we doan't understand.—*Josh Billings.*

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
—*Scott.*

EACH heart is a world. You find all within yourself that you find without. The world that surrounds you is the magic glass of the world within you.

A GOOD poem draws to it the wise and generous souls, confirming their secret thoughts, and, through their sympathy, really publishing itself.—*Emerson.*

THE primal duties shine aloft, l'ke stars:
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of men, like flowers.
—*Wordsworth.*

HE who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.—*Coleridge.*

TRY to repress thought, and it is like trying to fasten down steam—an explosion is sure to follow. Let thought be free to work in its own appropriate way, and it turns the machine, drives the wheels, does the work.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail,
As he piped across the meadows, sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in the days gone by!

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer—in the days gone by!

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.
For life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

Don Gordon's Shooting-Box.*

By HARRY CASTLEMON.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

"SQUAD, halt! No. 4."

It was Thursday afternoon, and the relief was going its rounds. When his number was called, Bert Gordon stepped forward, and, holding his musket at "arms port," prepared to receive the orders which the sentry, whom he was about to relieve, had to pass, while the two corporals stood by and listened.

"My instructions are to stop anybody who may attempt to go out of the lines without a pass, and to keep a good look-out for prowlers," said the sentry.

"For prowlers!" echoed Bert. "What is the meaning of that order?"

"I give it up," replied the sentry. "I pass the command to you just as it was given to me. If you see anybody prowling about on the other side of the creek, call the corporal."

The sentry fell into place in the rear of the squad, and the relief passed on, leaving Bert alone on his post.

"Prowlers," he repeated, over and over again. "I don't understand it. Why should there be any more danger from prowlers now than at any other time? O!" he added, an idea suddenly occurring to him. "Perhaps they think that Don and Egan will try to work their way back to camp this afternoon. Well, if they do, they'll not get by *me*."

So saying, Bert settled his musket firmly on his shoulder and began pacing his beat, casting suspicious and searching glances now and then toward the bushes on the opposite side of the creek.

When Bert first learned that his brother and Egan had deserted the camp, he was almost overwhelmed with surprise and mortification. He supposed they had committed a serious offense—one that would be sure to bring disgrace and punishment upon them, and took it so much to heart that the boys were obliged to explain matters to him. They assured him that the deserters had not lowered their standing or forfeited the good-will of the teachers, and that all they had to do to make heroes of themselves was to outrun or outwit the parties that were sent in pursuit of them, and make their way back to camp without being caught.

"They are heroes already," said one of the students, with great enthusiasm, "for, didn't they swim the creek during their flight? That's something that none of the fellows ever did before. I wish they might get back all right; but the superintendent has sent Mack after them, and he's a bad one. He's bound to catch them."

This seemed to be the opinion of all the students; and, consequently, when Corporal Mack returned to camp and reported that he had found Don Gordon at the show, disguised as a country boy, and had actually had his hand on his collar, and Don had broken away and beaten him in a fair race, notwithstanding the fact that he was incumbered by heavy boots, that were many sizes too large for him—when the corporal reported all this, the boys were not a little surprised.

"It would have made you laugh to see him," said the corporal, who had the greatest respect for the boy who had so neatly outwitted him. "He looked and acted so much like a born simpleton that I couldn't make up my mind that it was Don Gordon until he revealed his identity by walking like a field negro. Then I knew in a moment that he was the fellow I wanted, and I—well, I didn't get him, but I *would* have got him if I hadn't been recalled. He had a suit of Asa Peter's clothes on, and I had Asa's house guarded so that he couldn't get his uniform."

Why he had been recalled so soon, and at a time, too, when he had the deserters "just where he wanted them," the corporal could not imagine; and neither could the rest of the students understand why their liberty had been stopped so suddenly. On the day following that on which the seven-elephant railroad show had pitched its tent in Bridgeport all passes had been refused, and, since that time, no one had been outside the gates except the mess-cooks. They were permitted to go to the spring three times every day, and they always went under guard, too. Such a regulation had never been established before, and the students were at a loss to know the meaning of it.

"It's all Gordon's fault and Egan's," said one of the boys. "They have shown that a fellow can desert under the eye of a sentry, if he sees fit to do so, and the superintendent is afraid that some of us will follow their example. That's the reason he sends a guard with the mess-cooks when they go to the spring after water."

"There's where you are mistaken," said one of the first-class sergeants, in reply. "We are in the enemy's country——"

The boys who were standing around laughed uproariously, and, turning on their heels, walked away. They had heard quite enough of such talk as that, and wanted to know some good reason for the stopping of their liberty.

While Bert Gordon paced his beat on this particular afternoon, he kept one eye directed toward the bushes on the opposite side of the creek and the other turned toward the camp. The huge tent that had been erected the day before for the accommodation of visitors was already pretty well filled; and, from his lofty perch on the embankment, Bert could see his schoolfellows strolling about in company with their parents, or with their brothers and sisters, who had come hundreds of miles to see the students in their summer quarters. Every now and then, one of the village hacks would drive in at the south gate and deposit a load of ladies and gentlemen before the door of the superintendent's marquee. Every train that steamed up to the station brought a fresh influx of visitors, and finally the camp began to present quite a holiday appearance.

"Don't I wish that my father and mother were among them!" thought Bert, who began to feel lonely when he saw that almost every boy who was off duty had hastened to the tent receive some relative or friend who had come there to see him. "If they didn't live so far away they would certainly be here; but, as it is——"

Bert suddenly stopped, and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked intently at something on the other side of the creek. He was certain that the bushes toward which he directed his gaze were suddenly and violently agitated, as if some heavy body were working its way through them. A moment later, something that looked like a head crowned with feathers was thrust cautiously into view; then a dark brown face appeared, and a pair of glittering eyes looked straight at him.

"What in the world is that?" muttered Bert, after he had winked hard and looked again to make sure that he had not been deceived. "It can't be a head, and yet—it *is* a head and nothing else. Corporal of the guard No. 4!"

The head, or whatever it was, bobbed down out of sight in an instant, and presently the corporal came hurrying up.

"There's something or other over there in the bushes," began Bert, in response to the non-commissioned officer's inquiries.

"And it looked like a head with feathers on it, I suppose," interrupted the corporal, with some impatience in his tones. "I don't see what is the matter with everybody this afternoon. You are the third one who has called me out for nothing."

"But I didn't call you out for nothing," protested Bert. "My eyes never went back on me yet, and I know that there is somebody over there in the bushes."

"I don't dispute that. It is probably your brother or Egan who is watching for a chance to creep by some of you sentries."

"But they wouldn't have feathers on their heads, would they?" demanded Bert.

"O, get out!" exclaimed the corporal. "You didn't see any feathers. You only dreamed it."

"Do you suppose that I have been asleep?" cried Bert.

"It looks like it, for I declare I don't see how any boy who is wide awake—Well, well, have it your own way," said the corporal, who noticed that Bert's cheek began to blush and his eye to sparkle as if if he were growing indignant. "Just keep your eye on him, and see that he doesn't get into camp; that's all you've got to do. But I say, Gordon, we are in for a good time to-night, are we not? Did you ever see so many visitors before?"

"I never did," answered Bert. "This is my first camp, you know."

"Well, fellows who have been here during four camps say that they never saw such a crowd at this stage of the proceedings," continued the corporal. "Our friends generally put in an appearance a day or two before we break camp, and stay with us during the examination, and over commencement; and what it was that brought them here so early in the day this year, I can't imagine. But we are glad to see them all the same, and we're going to have a swashing hop to-night. Some of the fellows have sent to town for the music."

"You didn't hear anybody inquiring for me, did you?" asked Bert, with some hesitation.

"I did not. In fact, I didn't hear anybody asked for. I took time to kiss my mother and say 'hallo' to my big brother, and that's all the visiting I can do until I go off duty. Good-by, but don't call me out to look at any more feathers unless you can show them to me."

"I saw them, I know I did," said Bert, to himself, as the sentry walked away. "No one can make me believe that I could be so badly fooled in broad daylight. I wish I could have another look at them."

Once more Bert turned his eyes toward the opposite bank of the stream; but the head with the crown of feathers did not again show itself, and he finally resumed his walk, feeling very lonely and homesick. Almost every boy in camp had company—in fact he could not see a single student wandering about alone—but no one had been heard to ask for him. He would have been glad to see anybody from Rochdale. Even the sight of Dan Evans's tan-colored face would have been most welcome.

Bert stood his time out without seeing anything more of the feathers, and finally the relief came around. Having stacked their muskets in the guard-tent, the sentries, some of whom had received notice of the arrival of their friends, scattered in all directions, leaving Bert alone. He strolled slowly along the street, lifting his cap whenever he met a fellow-student accompanied by his mother or sister, and finally reached the door of his own tent, which was crowded with the relatives and friends of his mess-mates. He was about to pass on, with a word of apology, when a lady, whom he did not see until that moment, arose from the camp-chair in which she was sitting, and a second later Bert was clasped in the arms of his mother. General Gordon was there, too. He had been visiting with his old friend and preceptor, the superintendent, and was now looking over the fortifications in company with Mr. Egan, Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. Curtis, all of whom were veteran soldiers. He came into the tent in a few minutes, and, when he had greeted Bert warmly, he asked for Don.

"I'm sorry to say that I don't know where he is," replied Bert, who then went on to give a hurried history of Don's exploits at the show, as reported be Corporal Mack. Mrs. Gordon listened with a shady of anxiety on her face, but the general laughed heartily.

"Boys will be boys," said he. "And, so long as Don doesn't break any of the rules of the school, or carry his fun too far, where is the harm? The superintendent thinks that he and Egan have played their parts as deserters very well, and I think so, too. I should like very much to see him, but I suppose I shall have to wait until he gets ready to come in."

"You will not go home until you do see him, will you?" said Bert.

"O, no. We shall not return to Mississippi until you and Don can go with us, and then we shall have company. Young Egan, Hopkins, and Curtis are to spend a month at our house. I have just been talking with their fathers about it."

Bert was delighted to hear that this matter had been definitely settled, and he wished that Don had been there to hear it too. He little dreamed that his brother and Egan, who were at that very moment laying their plans for getting into camp, were destined to be waylaid and taken captive by those who had every reason for holding fast to them; but such was the fact.

As Bert was to be off duty until midnight he had ample opportunity to visit with his father and mother. He walked about the fortifications with them, told them amusing and interesting stories of his life at the academy, and ate supper with them in the big tent. When all had satisfied their appetites with the good things that had been provided for them, the tables were taken out, the Chinese lanterns that hung suspended from the wires overhead were lighted, the music struck up, and the dancing began. Everybody, young and old, seemed bent on having a good time, and the fun grew fast and furious. For an hour everything passed of smoothly, and then there came a most unexpected and alarming interruption—the ringing report of a musket followed by a yell so loud and unearthly that it made the cold chills creep over every one who heard it. The music ceased, and the dancers stood still in their places and looked at one another. There was a moment's hush, and then a whole chorus of blood-curdling yells, such as no one in that company had ever heard before, rang out on the still air. They seemed to come from all sides of the camp, and their effect was most startling. The ladies screamed and ran to their husbands for protection; the gentlemen stood irresolute, each one gazing inquiringly into the face of his neighbor, and the students were thrown into a stupor from which they were quickly aroused by the roll of the drum, and loud cries of "Fall in! Fall in!"

"O, my boy, you mustn't go out there," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as Bert dashed forward to obey the order. Her face was very white, and she clung to her husband for support.

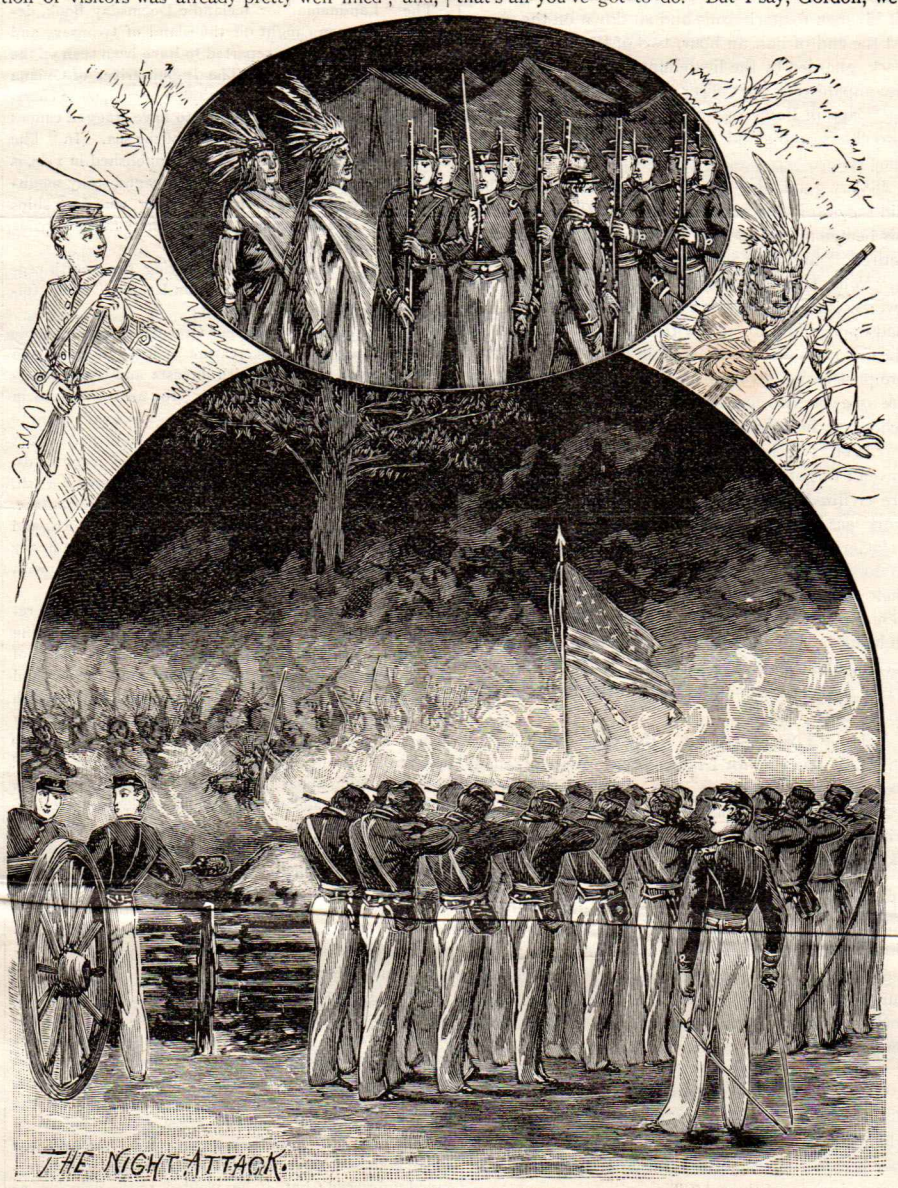
"Let him go," said the general. "If he has any pluck at all, now is the time for him to show it."

He did not know what the matter was—there were few in the camp who did—but he was a soldier. When he was in the service he had yielded prompt and willing obedience to every order given him by his superiors, no matter how great the danger he might incur by so doing, and he wanted his boys to do the same thing. Bert proved that he had inherited a goodly share of his father's courage, for, although he was badly frightened, he lost not a moment in obeying the order to fall in. He ran into the guard-tent and seized his musket; but, to his great surprise, he found that the bayonet that belonged to it was gone. In fact the bayonets were all gone, and the pieces were stacked by the ramrods. Utterly at a loss how to account for this, Bert caught up the weapon and ran to join his company, which was forming on the street in front of its own tents.

"Fall in!" commanded the boy captain. "Right dress!—Front! Order arms!—Fix bayonets!"

These orders were promptly obeyed—all except the last. When the young soldiers came to feel for their bayonets, they discovered that their scabbards were empty. Before anybody could ask the meaning of this, an orderly hurried up with instructions for the captain to move his company by the left flank, and take up a position in reserve, so as to protect the big tent and its occupants.

All this while those hideous yells had been arising on all sides, and now they were accompanied by the discharge of fire-arms. These discharges rapidly increased in number and frequency until it seemed



AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

as if the camp were surrounded by a wall of flame; and still nobody knew what was the matter. As Bert's company wheeled into position the first company went by, moving at double time, and disappeared in the darkness; and, a few moments later, rapid platoon firing sounded in the direction of the bridge. Then the students began to understand the matter.

"It's a sham fight," said the boy who stood at Bert's elbow.

"But who are our assailants?" asked the latter, who was greatly relieved.

That was a question the boy could not answer, but Bert was able to answer it for himself a few minutes later. The fight at the bridge increased in fury, and the first company, finding its position there untenable, was ordered to fall back so that the artillery could have a chance to come into play. Encouraged by this retrograde movement the enemy rushed across the bridge in overwhelming numbers, pressing the young soldiers so closely that the retreat, which was begun in good order, very speedily became a rout. The old German professor, highly excited, ran up, sword in hand, and made frantic appeals to them to stand their ground and defend the gate; but the ranks were hopelessly broken. They came pell-mell through the tents and took refuge behind Bert's company, the members of which were thunderstruck. What kind of an enemy was it, anyhow, they asked themselves, that could throw the well-drilled boys of the first class into such confusion as this?

"Young shentlemens," exclaimed the professor, flourishing his sword angrily over his head; "I been ashamed of you. Such fighting is von grand disgrace to the Pridgebort Military Academy. Captain Bumroy," he added, turning to the commander of Bert's company; "go ahead, and sweep the enemy from the face of the earth. Make good piziness now."

Captain Pomeroy and his men went about this work as if they were in earnest. Holding their muskets at "arms port" they advanced in good order, and when they reached the end of their company street, they found out who the enemy were. They were Indians—veritable Indians, hideously painted and dressed in all sorts of odd costumes. They had gained a footing inside the works, and were engaged in pulling down the tents preparatory to carrying them off. Excited as Bert was, he could, nevertheless, calmly recall some of the incidents of the afternoon.

"Now I know the meaning of that order regarding prowlers," said he to himself. "I *did* see somebody in the bushes with feathers on his head, and it was one of these Indians who was reconnoitering our position."

Being interrupted in the work of stealing the tents, the Indians advanced in a body, brandishing their weapons and yelling with all the power of their lungs. They hoped, no doubt, to frighten Captain Pomeroy and his men, create a panic among them, and, having scattered them, to take some of them prisoners; but in this they failed. The boys were so very much in earnest, and so fully determined to save their tents, that they came very near changing the sham fight into a real fight. Now, Captain Pomeroy saw why it was that the teachers had taken the precaution to remove the bayonets. If his men had been provided with these dangerous weapons, he would have charged the Indians without an instant's hesitation, and there was no telling what the young soldiers might have done in their excitement.

"Steady!" commanded the boy captain. "Butts to the front! Strike!"

The order was obeyed with the greatest alacrity. Raising a yell, the boys rushed upon the Indians, and if the latter had stood their ground, there would have been a fight, sure. But fortunately they broke and ran. The captain followed them as far as the gate, and then drawing his men up in platoon front, opened a hot fire of blank cartridges on the bridge.

"Vell done, Captain Bumroy," said the German professor, who had kept a sharp eye on the whole proceeding. "Vell done. Ven you been in my good Brussia and fights like dot in a true pattle, you gets a decoration from the Emperor. Aha! Now stay here, and don't let them red fellows come in some more."

Meanwhile the rest of the battalion had not been idle. The battery had been in almost constant use; the first platoon of the second company had sucessfully defended the south gate; and the second platoon, assisted by the third company, had held the rest of the works, repulsing every charge that had been made upon them. The artillery roared, small arms popped, the threatening war-whoops of the Indians were answered by yells of defiance from the boy soldiers—in short, there was nothing wanting to make a real fight of it except bullets and bayonets. This state of affairs continued for half an hour, during which the different companies were handled just as they would have been in action, and then the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The battle was over. Just then an orderly from headquarters stepped up and saluted Captain Pomeroy.

"The superintendent presents his compliments, and requests that you will keep a lookout for a delegation from the Indian camp," said he. "Should any appear, you will receive it and send it to the big tent under guard,"

The young captain at once detailed a corporal's guard to wait at the bridge and escort the expected delegation inside the lines; and scarcely had the squad disappeared before it came in again, accompanied by half a dozen stately Indians, who were closely wrapped up in their blankets. They were fine-looking fellows, in spite of their feathers and paint, and if they had been entering a hostile camp they could not have behaved with more dignity and seriousness.

"What do you want?" demanded Captain Pomeroy.

"Want to see big chief," grunted one of the Indians, in reply.

"Have you any weapons about you?" inquired the captain, recalling the stratagem to which Pontiac resorted when he tried to capture Detroit.

The Indians shook their heads, but the captain, as in duty bound, ordered them to be searched; after which he told his first lieutenant to take command of the squad, and conduct the visitors to the big tent. Then, as there was no danger to be apprehended so long as the delegation was in camp, he placed a guard at the gate, and allowed the rest of his men to stack arms and sit down on the grass. At the end of half an hour, two of the Indians came back, guarded by the lieutenant and his squad, and accompanied by the officer of the day.

"Captain Pomeroy," said the latter; "pass these two chiefs, and stand ready to receive them when they return."

"Very good, sir," replied the captain. "What did they do in the big tent, Perkins?" he asked of his lieuteuant, as soon as the officer of the day had retired; "and who are they, anyway?"

"Why, they are Mount Pleasant Indians," answered the lieutenant, who, during his absence, had had opportunity to talk with some of the boys in the first class who knew all about the matter. "They are principally farmers and mechanics; but there are one or two professional men among them—school teachers and the like."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the captain. "They haven't forgotten how to give the war-whoop if they are civilized, have they? Of course this night's work was a put-up job?"

"Certainly it was. The superintendent wanted to do something to amuse us, so he went out to their reservation, which is about twenty miles from here, and easily induced the head chief to promise to bring in three hundred of his young men on a certain night and make an attack on us. Then he wrote to our parents; and that's what brought this crowd here to-day."

"Ah! That explains it. But they didn't know anything about it, for I noticed that some of them were as frightened as we were. Didn't you hear the women scream? I thought the girl I was dancing with was going to faint, she turned so white. What did they do in the big tent?"

"O, they held a pow-wow there in the presence of all our guests, smoking a pipe and going through all the motions of a regular Indian peace commission. The chief made a speech (I tell you it was a good one, and completely astonished everybody), during which he said that his young men had taken some prisoners whom he would be happy to surrender——"

"Prisoners!" repeated the captain, incredulously.

"Yes. Eight of the first-class boys are missing. You see this company was thrown into confusion when they fell back from the bridge, and as soon as they became separated, the Indians jumped in and dragged some of them off."

"Well, they didn't serve me that way," said Captain Pomeroy, with an air of triumph. "They had the impudence to try to steal my boys' tents; but when we turned butts to the front, didn't they dig out in a hurry?"

Lieutenant Perkins, who had borne his full part in that gallant charge, said he thought they did.

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTE OF ARTHUR.

In ancient times, and among savage races, the chief, or king, was quite generally chosen because of his physical development, his strength, endurance, and courage. Hereditary kingship, of course, places those qualifications at the disposal of circumstances, while republics choose their ruler with more reference to his brain than to his body. But the chief Magistrate of our nation, at present, happens to have many of the *chiefly* attributes. Mr. Francis Endicott says of him: "Gen. Arthur is, I think, one of the coolest, most courageous, and self-contained men that I know." In illustration of this belief, he tells the following story, which he calls perfectly characteristic of the General, of an incident which occurred while Arthur was in the New York Custom house.

We were crossing South Street, going to the James slip ferry, when our attention was called by a loud shouting, and, looking up, I saw a big, truculent-looking fellow, driving a pair of horses attached to a large truck, dashing furiously toward us, while he shouted for us to get out of his way. I did so, skipped across the street as quickly as I could, and turned to look back. There stood General Arthur just where he was when the truckman's yells were first heard by us. The pole of the truck almost touched his breast, but there he stood, firm and placid, looking steadily between the horses' heads into the eyes of their driver, who was exerting his utmost strength to rein in the animals. When they had come to a full stop, the General calmly continued on his way, without a word to the driver, but when he reached my side he said to me: "I'd give twenty-five dollars if I were not Collector of the Port for about five minutes." I have no doubt that events about that time would have been unpleasant for the truckman if the General had not been Collector of the Port.

LEGENDS OF THE MERMAID

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

The superstitious belief in mermaids and mermen was at one time universal, and dates from a very early period. The upper part of a mermaid was said to resemble that of a female, while the body terminated in a tail like that of a fish. In some legends, she is represented as a horrible object, while in others she is described as possessing rare charms of person.

At Nimroud, a gigantic image, half fish and half man, was found by Layard. On the coins of Ascalon is figured a goddess, at whose feet reclines a woman with lower extremities like a fish. The mermaid is not unfrequently a heraldic bearing. In the heraldry of France she is called a siren, and in Germany she is generally furnished with two fishy tails. The story of the bishop-fish was considered so authentic, that a learned Jesuit wrote a book about it. It was declared that the fish was crowned with a mitre, and wore a rich dalmatica.

In "The Natural History of Norway," the account of the appearance of a merman is testified to under oath. The mermaid had a prominent place in Russian mythology. In one of the popular ballads of Russia, is woven a legend of a marriage beneath the waves, which may have suggested to Mathew Arnold his exquisite romaunt of "The Forsaken Merman."

The "Landnama," or Icelandic Doomsday Book, describes a merman caught off the island of Grimsey, and numbers of them were reported to have been seen on the coast in 1305 and in 1329. The Indian tribes of Guiana believe the mermaid to be a veritable person, more capricious than malignant, yet known to have dragged canoes and their occupants to the bottom of the sea. In "The Eastern Travels of John of Hesse," published in 1389, is the following: "We came to a smoky and stony mountain, where we heard meermaids singing, who draw ships into danger by their songs. We saw there many horrible monsters, and were in great fear."

In a work written in Iceland, during the twefth century, and entitled, "The Speculum Regale," is the following description of a mermaid:

"A monster is also seen near Greenland, which people call the Margyzr. This creature appears like a woman as far down as her waist, with breasts and bosom like a woman, long hands and soft hair; the neck and head in all respects like a human being. The hands seem to people to be long, and the fingers not to be parted, but united by a web, like that on the feet of water birds. From the waist downwards, this monster resembles a fish, with scales, tail, and fin. It has a very horrible face, with broad brow and piercing eyes, a wide mouth, and double chin. It shows itself more especially before heavy storms, dives frequently, and rises to the surface with fish in its hands."

In his "Polynesian Mythology," Sir George Grey remarks that the New Zealanders learned the art of netting mackerel from the mermaids or water fairies. One of their chiefs, in passing a spot where some people had been cleaning mackerel, said to himself: "These fish were caught and cleaned during the night. Spirits must have done this. Had they been men, some of the reeds and grass, which they sit upon in their canoe, would have been lying about." He returned to the spot on the following night, and caught the mermaids and mermen at work. "The net here! The net here!" they kept shouting. In the darkness, he helped them to draw in the nets, and managed to delay the work until the daylight broke. When the mermaids saw that their assistant was a man, they dispersed in great confusion, leaving their nets and fish behind them. He studied the construction of the nets at his leisure, and taught his children how to make them.

From "Credulities: Past and Present," we learn that the fishermen of Dieppe had a tradition that the mermaids, or *keepies*, at a certain season of the year, held a bazaar on the cliffs overhanging the sea, where rare and beautiful articles were offered for sale. The passing fisherman, on these occasions, was accosted by the strange beings, who employed every art of fascination to draw his attention to their wares. If he had sufficient firmness to turn away from the brilliant spectacle, he escaped uninjured; but, if he yielded to the delusion, or listened to the delicious music that swelled around, he would lose his self-control, and tumble from the precipice into the sea beneath.

A belief existed among the people of the Shetland Islands, that each mermaid carried a seal-skin which possessed supernatural powers, and enabled her to live under the water. A legend exists among them that on a certain occasion, the mermaids and mermen held a ball upon the beach by moonlight. They had thrown aside their seal-skins, to give themselves entirely over to the enjoyment of the hour.

A Shetlander suddenly coming upon them, they seized their seal-skins and plunged into the sea. He succeeded, however, in getting possession of one of the skins. The mermaid who was thus deprived of her talisman, came to him, and begged him to return it. She was exceedingly lovely, and she implored in vain. He offered her his hand, and they were married. The children born to them were like other children, except that their fingers were slightly flattened. She was restless and unhappy, and would often wander to the beach, where she talked with her unseen friends in an unknown tongue. One day, one of her children found a seal-skin under the wheel of an old mill. The mother seized it with a cry of delight, regretfully kissed her youngest boy, fled swiftly across the sands, plunged into the sea, and disappeared forever.

The probability is, that the stories about the mermaids have originated in the appearance of seals and walruses, in regions where they are rare, or to persons unaccustomed to seeing them. Large allowance must always be made for the workings of an excited imagination.

Scoresby, in his account of the arctic regions, says that when seen at a distance, the front part of the head of a young walrus without tusks is not unlike a human face. As this animal is in the habit of rearing its head above water to look at ships and other passing objects, it is not at all improbable that it may have afforded some foundation for the stories of mermaids. "I have, myself," he says, "seen a sea-horse in such a position, and under such circumstances, that it required very little stretch of imagination to mistake it for a human being."

In writing about a sea fish called the dugong, Sir James Emerson Tennent says: "The rude approach to the human outline observed in the shape of the head of this creature, and the attitude of the mother while suckling her young—holding it to her breast with one flipper while swimming with the other—probably gave rise to the fable of the mermaid."

AESTHETIC COLORS.

Fairer than the fairest star
V. I. B. G. Y. O. R.
Seven colors there you see,
R. O. Y. G. B. I. V.

It does not take long to solve the above riddle, and to commit the jingle in which the colors of the rainbow (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet) are initialized, but an attempt to recollect all the shades formed from these primaries by modern art would be bold indeed.

Nowadays, when we are told that Miss So-and-so was at the reception, and wore a "blue dress," we are almost as much in the dark as to what that dress was like, as if we had not been informed that it was "blue." Violets are blue, and fair maidens eyes are blue. So are turquoise, opals, and sapphires; and sometimes the sea, in its mildest moods, and the sky in a September or a June day. But these objects produce very different tints of that popular color, which have totally different effects on the complexion and appearance of the wearers. It is no easy task to define and group together all the shades that spring from the seven standard colors, and which are employed in dress fabrics, ribbons, and flowers this season.

From the original red we have crushed strawberry, jacque rose, terra-cotta, blood-stone, lobster pinks, shrimp, peach-blossom, and coral pinks, copper color, crushed raspberry, mahogany, scarlet, crimson, cardinal ruby, garnet, and claret—all of which shades are declared *au fait*.

The old royal purple is making itself conspicuous again, bringing along in its train a most charming variety of new shades, among which are pansy purple, in three different tints—dark, medium and pale; two shades of heliotrope, lilac, mauve, lavender, amethyst and dove color, which latter is a revival of the antique, and a very fashionable tint a century ago, as well as in the sixteenth century. The shades of brown are: seal-brown, bronze, chocolate, olive fruit, violet wood, oak, olive wood, amber, tan, fawn, ecru, and cream.

It is difficult to give correct names to many of the shadings which originate from the antique emerald. The darker tints are myrtle, hunters, Egyptian, olive, and ivy, and then follow the delicate tints, embracing emerald (the original color), jasper, pomegranate, pale olive, and sea-foam.

Yellow commences in the deepest bronze, followed next by orange, old gold, Etruscan gold, sunlight amber flame, maize, lemon, and cream. Gray, too, a shade itself—a combination of white and black, of dark and light—has its shades likewise, such as slate, steel, cadet, twilight, and pearl.

Last, but by no means least, we come to the almost innumerable shades of blue—that color expressive of truth and constancy, and a hue around which the muses have entwined their fairest garland. It may be because the sea, and sky, and the sweetest of all spring flowers—violets—are blue, that we so adore this simple, unpretentious color. Be that as it may, there is never a time when any of its numerous shades are ignored by the devotees of fashion. This season, the more delicate tints of blue are difficult to define. Any name which can be applied to them seems harsh; looking upon them, one almost expects to see the exquisite fabric or flower dissolve and float away into vapor. But names they must have, as well as flowers, and birds, and all beautiful things; therefore, the designers have softened them down and made them as ethereal as possible. The precious stones are represented in sapphire, opal and turquoise, the flowers in violet, the fruits in blueberry and plum. The elements in azure, frost, moon-on-the-lake and electric blues.

Among the latest effects in shading which cannot be directly traced to their source in any of the standard colors, we may include the oxide of iron, crushed watermelon, crushed peach, mulberry juice, pineapple skin, and mignonette—which last named shade was introduced two years ago, but is now just as popular as then. The crushed strawberry and mahogany shades are effected by uniting the dyes which produce purple and red, while the difference in the two is secured by adding some chemical preparation to vary the tint. Terra-cotta is a cross between yellow and red, and combines the two in warp and woof. Copper color is another of the same class, and considered the latest agony for dinner dress trimmings and kid gloves.

A CHECKERED LIFE.

One of the many hundreds who profited by Peter Cooper's free school of science, was Mrs. Mary L. Relyea, of Brooklyn. This lady had a most unusual and painfully romantic history. In her youth, endowed with such remarkable beauty that she was considered the belle of her native city; twice married to men of wealth, she was twice reduced to poverty, and died a teacher in a public school.

She was a sister of General Hugh McNeil, and her first husband was a Mr. Rockafeller, who resided in Montana, where he held a State office and lived in luxury. The N. Y. *Sun* gives the following incidents of her life after the first marriage:

They had a costly home and abundant means, and life was most happy with them until his health broke down. He felt that if he could breathe the air of his native place, Bound Brook, N. J., he would be better, and he and his wife started across the plains. He died in a stage. She carried his body for several days with her in the stage, but at length, at the request of the passengers, she left it to be shipped East. Her husband possessed a large estate when he died, but his Western agent is said to have despoiled the widow of all of it, and she was left so poor that she became a pupil in Peter Cooper's school of telegraphy.

When she was a girl, she had a most ardent lover in Mr. Relyea, whose life was almost blighted by the disappointment occasioned by her first marriage, and he broke into a prosperous career in New York, to go into stock-raising business in Montana. When he heard that she was a widow he started East, and renewed his suit, with poor success at first, but his persistence ended in her second marriage.

She experienced then a transition from poverty to affluence, and went again to Montana. She came East, after a time, for her health, and, after the birth of her child, her husband sold his ranch, pocketed the proceeds, amounting to over $20,000 in cash, and started East. He has never been heard from since, and she believed, as do her friends, that he was murdered and robbed on the way East. William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, became much interested in her, and as she could telegraph herself, he placed all of the Western Union lines at her disposal, and she searched by wire everywhere for some trace of her husband, but in vain. She was then given a position as a telegraph operator, and, until Mr. William Orton's death, he provided pleasant positions for her, but her health succumbed to arduous work when her protector died. At length, through Mr. John Williams, President of the Fulton Bank in Brooklyn, she procured a position as teacher in Public School 32, at President and Hoyt Streets, where she taught until a few weeks ago. She died of pneumonia.

A written criticism of the following play, would furnish a fine history exercise. A prize was offered in Paris, in 1875, for the best drama on the theme of the American Revolution, and the successful piece has lately been put on the stage. In it Washington is represented as driving the English out of Virginia, with the help of the French, at the outbreak of the war; then he chases them to Rhode Island, where the armies have another great battle; and, finally, there is a terrific contest in the streets of Boston, on the morning of July 4, 1776, which results in the immediate proclamation there of the independence of the United States. Victor Hugo, and other members of the French Academy, fixed on this as the best of the 100 plays offered.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS AND PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROBERT (Charlotte, Mich.) I. See answer to C. M. in No. 13. 2. Every third year.

P. B P. 1. Under old logs and by brooks. 2. The dog's tooth violet. 3. In June. 4. Not often.

ATLAS (St. James, N. Y.) Huy is a town in Belgium, on the river Meuse.

D. J. M. (Canton, Mass.) Direct letters, containing word-hunt lists, to the Puzzle Editor.

R. M. (35 Goerck Street, New York). See reply to ARGO, in No. 18.

NATURALIST (Greeley, Col.) Only by careful inspection with a magnifying glass or microscope of small power.

MACK (Keene, N. H.) The mines of Potosi were discovered in 1545. During the next 250 years they yielded about $100,000,000.

GESENIO (Taunton, Mass.) The "bird of Jove" is the eagle. Jove is only another name for Jupiter—the vocative case, while Jupiter is nominative.

R. W. M. (41 Water Street, New York). You can see to whom the "Bankrupt" prizes were awarded by referring to No. 17 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

JOHN TROWBRIDGE TIMMENS, Box 332, Cadiz, O., says: "We are organizing a society for the benefit of the blind. We wish a great many members. Those who wish to join, please send three-cent stamp for full particulars."

RIALTO (Paola, Kan.) The virtues of Peruvian bark were discovered by a Jesuit, in 1535, and it was used by members of the Society of Jesus from that time. In 1649 it was introduced into France, and Sir Hans Sloane carried it to England in 1700.

SOME ONE asks: "How early should I send answers to Puzzledom?" Send just as soon as possible. That is the only sure way. Sometimes a number goes to press a few hours earlier than usual, and a delay may cost you a prize. We can give you no *absolute* date for sending. Get THE ARGOSY as soon as possible, and then set to work with a will.

G. W. 1. A morning walk is not beneficial, as a rule, while the stomach is empty. A raw egg, a glass of milk, or a sandwich, had better be taken before the "constitutional." 2. Sarsaparilla was formerly supposed to have great virtues as a "blood purifier," and all that; but it is now considered, by those who should know best, as nearly useless.

I. M. G. (So. Portsmouth, R. I.) The company you mention bear every appearance of respectability, and are located at the number given. Very possibly you made some error in sending the money—either forgot to give full address or neglected to register the letter. If you enclose a stamped envelope to the firm for a reply, they will doubtless look up the matter.

JESSIE (Manchester, Tenn.) We cannot tell who made the first doll, unless it were the first little girl. We suspect that is the real truth, although some think they were first used in puppet shows. The Esquimaux girls double up one fist, and paint eyes, nose, and mouth, on the back of it with soot. They then dress it up with a hood and long clothes, and have a very life-like baby, that never is broken or lost. The practice of sending dolls from France to foreign countries was of very early date. In the royal expenses for 1391, figures so many "livres" for a doll sent to the Queen of England; in 1496, another sent to the Queen of Spain, and in 1577 a third sent to the Duchess of Bavaria. Henry IV. writes, in 1600, before his marriage to Marie de Medicis: "Frontenac tells me that you desire patterns of our fashions in dress. I send you, therefore, some model dolls."

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 ARGOSY, 10 Barclay Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 19.

No. 1. Cracker.

No. 2. Key.

D A	U N
F B	W O
C C	P P
N D	Q Q
O E	B R
R F	Y S
A G	I T
E H	L U
G I	V V
J J	T W
K K	X X
H L	S Y
M M	Z Z

Answer.—THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, freighted with treasures for boys and girls.

No. 3. Gold-fish.

No. 4.
S I M O N I A C
I T A L I C S
M A R I N E
O L I V E
N I N E
I C E
A S
C

No. 5.
A N A B A S
O R A T O R
T I L L O T
L A E T U S
S T A N E S
O L E A T E

No. 6. S-in-C-I put.

No. 7.
S O U T H C L I M A X
T A B L A T U R E
E A R T H E N
R Y A D O
E L D
O
C O M
H O C H E
I N C H A N T
U N W R E A T H E
M A R B L E P A P E R

No. 8.
1. P(LAUD)IT.
2. P(LEAS)ANTRY.
3. PAST(ILL)E.
4. PA(ROD)Y.
5. PAR(APE)T.
6. MA(JEST)Y.

Puzzles in PUZZLEDOM No. 19 were correctly solved by: ALCIBIADES, MOMUS, SHADOW, NEMO, SLEEPYHEAD, MADCAP, WILL. A. METTE, MYSELF, SCOUT, MAY B., MORMO, HAPPY THOUGHT, KNOW NOTHING, FORT SUMTER,

Complete lists.—None.

Best incomplete lists.—SCOUT, ALCIBIADES,

Answers to Puzzledom No. 18 were received from HAPPY THOUGHT too late for mention last week.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Eight letter words.)

Across.—1. An order of plants which bear cones. 2. A change. 3. To surpass in excellence. 4. A river of Brazil, tributary to the Rio Negro. 5. Disposition. 6. An alkaloid obtained from *Datura stramonium*, now supposed to be identical with atropine. 7. Poor. 8. A town of Prussia, fourteen miles N. N. W. of Gnesen. 9. One who manages engines or artillery.

Primals.—An amphibious animal of Africa and Asia.

Finals—An American amphibious animal, resembling *the primals*.

NEW YORK CITY. ALCIBIADES.

No. 2. REBUS.

R——

On a ship
I'm found,
Stretching all
Around.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. ENGLAND.

No. 3. DIAMOND CROSS.

Upper left.—1. A letter. 2. A rook's cry. 3. A kind of molding. 4. The principle of heat. 5. A native, acting as the head of a revenue department (*Ind.*). 6. Diligent (*Rare*). 7. A nest. 8. Wolfram. 9. A letter.

Upper right.—1. A letter. 2. A genius of ruminant quadrupeds. 3. Melancholy. 4. A plunger. 5. A Puritan. 6. A Flemish flower-painter (1590—1661). 7. A Turkish name of Servia (*Lippincott*). 8. A captain (*Sup.*). 9. A letter.

Lower left.—1. A letter. 2. A genus of small rodent quadrupeds. 3. An ancient city of Cephalonia 4. A sailor. 5. Meditated. 6. Extended compositions for one or two instruments. 7. Bristles. 8. Certain coins. 9. A letter.

Lower right.—1. A letter. 2. To kiss. 3. A village of the United States of Colombia. 4. A kind of writ. 5. A genus of plants. 6. The shell of a nut. 7. A highland of Nedjed, in Arabia. 8. A certain metal. 9. A letter.

Central.—1. A letter. 2. A group of islands off the west coast of Africa. 3. Sixes. 4. A friar licensed to beg within certain bounds. 5. The compass-plant (*Sup.*). 6. A certain plant. 7. A township of Faribault Co., Minn. 8. An abbreviation. 9. A letter.

HUDSON, MASS. GAYBERD.

No. 4. COMPOUND SQUARE.

(*To "Cy N. Tist."*)

Left-hand square.—1. An old woman—in contempt. 2. A watering-place in the Isle of Wight. 3. Lyric poems. 4. Means of trial.

Upper right-hand square.—1. Means of trial. 2. At all times. 3. A bristle. 4. A name given to coal-wagons in some parts of England.

Lower left-hand square.—1. Means of trial. 2. A title of dignity among the Turks, denoting a prince. 3. The wife of Rama. 4. A name given to coal-wagons in some parts of England.

Lower right-hand square.—1. A name given to coal-wagons in some parts of England. 2. A French Jesuit missionary to the Abenaki Indians. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A boundary.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. U. NO.

No. 5. NUMERICAL.

My 1, 6, 4, is part of a piano;
My 10, 2, 6, follows war;
My 5, 2, 9, 8, is what my whole was not;
My 7, 2, 3, 6, was Adam's first condition,
My whole wrote—

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

SPRINGFIELD, VT. GRAMP.

No. 6. DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

In the "merry summer days,"
In the "humming of glad lays,"
In the "sighing of the sea,"
In the "hearts of you and me."
Freely masticate the apple,
And devour the melon sweet,
But oh! pray be very certain,
'T is the *real whole* you eat.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. PHŒNIX.

No. 7. CHARADE.

A jolly and rollicking fellow was he,
Whom I have in mind as I sing;
The first in a frolic, the first in a spree,
The first in everything.

He was ready to wrestle, or ready to fight,
Wherever celebrity beckoned;
And all surrendered and owned his might,
He was so terribly second.

And while he danced and capered around
As light as a humming-bird,
He would deftly deal with scarcely a sound,
A wound like that of my third.

And still it ripples and roams along
Through two of our Southern States—
I refer to the subject of my song,
A total to worry your pates.

NEW ORLEANS, LA. H. H. FLOWER.

No. 8. PARAPHRASED PROVERB.

One part of my body declares another part of my body fastens a plant. Hesitate in speaking "not this," oh, fish's paddle! Let out myself besides.

NEW YORK CITY. SOLD.

No. 9. SQUARE.

1. The fat. 2. Haul to. 3. Eulogy. 4. Floors. 5. At grub. 6. Toys be.

LAND OF NOD. SLEEPY HEAD.

No. 10. RHOMBOID.

Down.—1. A consonant. 2. A bone. 3. A color. 4. A weed. 5. Heavenly bodies. 6. A parent. 7. A snare. 8. To perform. 9. A consonant.

Across.—1. Havens. 2. Mansions. 3. To exhaust. 4. Wandered. 5. A cord.

BRYANT'S POND, ME. CYRIL DEANS.

☞ Answers, solvers, and prize-winners, in four weeks.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Accepted.—ESKIMO, ENGLAND, ALCIBIADES, ALBION, SCOUT, HAPPY THOUGHT.

Rejected.—ESKIMO, ENGLAND, BERT.

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.

CHAT.

HAPPY THOUGHT. Thrice welcome.—SCOUT replies to No. 6 thus: *S* (see you) *LL—SCULL*.

In Webster, "C" is placed for "K,"
Were it not so, I could not say
What your Rebus tells;
But we've "S" and two "L's."
Which, rightly placed, "see ycu" well,
Scull will always spell,
SCULL or SKULL.

He also detected a typographical error in No. 7. N.M. (for New Mexico, in the 4th) was printed N. *Y*.

OUR GREAT WORD HUNT.

(*Open to yearly subscribers only*).

For the three largest lists of words formed by *yearly subscribers* from the word

"ZYMOTIC,"

and received at this office on or before June 30, 1883, we will award the following prizes:

For the largest list	$5 00
" 2d " "	3 00
" 3d " "	2 00

CONDITIONS.

1. Only words found in the body of recent editions of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" will be allowed.

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.

☞ WE cannot insert exchanges of fire-arms, birds' 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.

L. YERROT, 41 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Lawn tennis for microscope.

W. A. HOONER, Millsboro, Pa. Books, games, and coins for *Golden Days*.

FRED GREISER, Box 256, Hamilton, O. Reading matter for printing-press.

W. P. BORLAND, JR., 125 James Street, Kansas City, Kan. Stamps for stamps.

H. L. BAILEY, Box 538, Amesbury, Mass. Magazines, for stamps or Indian relics.

CHARLES SCHILDROTH, De Land, Fla. Adv. cards for coins; sea beans for cents.

EVERETT F. LAWLER, Bristol Mills, Me. Reading matter for books and papers.

R. W. MUNS, 119 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Various articles for old coins.

GEO. B. WALTER, Box 94, Greeley, Col. Microscope for natural history specimens.

C. W. GOOCH, Box 218, Lynchburg, Va. A watch for best offers.

W. M. WAKON, 34 Wall Street, Trenton, N. J. Books for books.

J. F. JOHNSON, 3 Malbon Place, Boston, Mass. Coins for stamps.

JOSEPH WIGGLESWORTH, Wilmington, Del. Petrified clams for minerals.

H. S. WINGERT, 50 South Dake Street, Lancaster, Pa. Harmonica for Nos. 1–15 GOLDEN ARGOSY.

F. H. PRESCOTT, Peabody, Kansas. Half-cent of 1804 for coins.

E. E. WITHERELL, Warwick, Mass. Woods, minerals, etc., for shells and curiosities.

WILL S. KNOX, Marietta, O. Printing material for same or coins; scroll-saw for photo outfit or offers.

JOHN C. WHITNEY, Jamestown, N. Y. Concertina and spy-glass for books.

TOM HARDING, Box 1057, Jamestown, N. Y. Telegraphic outfit for books.

GEO. ANDREWS, 100 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reading matter for printing-press or scroll-saw.

L. F. COONS, Ellenville, N. Y. Reading matter for same.

M. LE GOFF, 14 Peck Court, Chicago, Ill. Scroll-saw, ocerina, concertina, jewelry-box and inkstand made from minerals, for printing-press.

HOW ROADS ARE MACADAMIZED.

No one who has traveled over English turnpikes has ever after felt quite contented with roads of sand, and dust, and mud, and cobble-stones. We sincerely hope the time will come when all of our American highways, in even the remotely settled communities, will partake of the same attractive smoothness with those of our British friends, though even they must yield the palm to the military roads of France.

England owes much to the Scotchman, John Loudon McAdam, who was born in Ayrshire, in 1756, emigrated to America in early life, but afterwards returned to Scotland, at the age of 27.

When he revisited his native land, the Scotch turnpike acts had been about twenty years in operation, and roads were still being made everywhere. He got appointed a commissioner of roads, and afterward removed to Bristol, where he obtained a similar post, and was made a magistrate. Gifted with a mania on the subject, he began about 1794 to travel over the country at his own cost; and these labors he continued from Inverness to the Land's End for six-and-twenty years, apparently to search for a well-made road.

McAdam s plan of road-making differed as much from the old way which he found in operation, as a bridge does from a ford. His leading principle was that a road ought to be considered as an artificial flooring, so strong and even as to let the heaviest vehicle pass over it without that a better and more lasting road could be made than the naked surface of a morass than over solid rock. Another of his first principles was that soil was more resistant when dry than when wet, and that, as it had to carry not alone the traffic but the road also, it ought to be kept in a condition of the greatest resistance; that the best way to keep it dry was to put over it a covering impervious to rain—the road, in fact. Impermeability he obtained by the discovery that stones broken small, and shaken and pressed together, as by the traffic on a road, rapidly settled down face to face and angle to angle, and made as close a mass as a wall.

Mankind in general, now believe that this last is all that McAdam invented, the rest is forgotten. That important fraction of his discovery is what has given to us the verb, to macadamize ("To pave a road with small broken stones"—Skeat.)

Surprise followed surprise. Roads, which were mere layers of broken stone, six, four, and even as little as three inches in thickness, passed through the worst winters without breaking up, while, as the coachman used to say, they "ran true." Commissioners could not believe their eyes when they saw new roads made for much less than it had cost them yearly to repair their old ones.

When an old road was given into McAdam's charge, he often made a new one of it for £88 a mile. For he knew that the roads—such has been the ignorant waste—generally contained materials enough for their use for several years if properly applied. For the repairs of this road, when once made, he always chose wet weather, and "loosened the hardened surface with a pick before putting on the fresh, broken stone." In this way he had the greatest success on a road out of Bristol toward Old Down, where everybody had always said a good road never would be made with the materials available. This impossible road of eleven miles, which the Postmaster-General, as a last resource, was about to indict, he perfected in two months, in 1816, for £35 a mile.

Indeed, as to materials, they were, to some extent, a matter of indifference to him, provided they were stones, and stones only. Even in the breaking of stones McAdam made a revolution. He saw that able-bodied men, standing up with heavy hammers, wasted the greater portion of their strength. He made his stone-breakers sit, so that all the force of the blows took direct effect on the stone, and the result was that he found small hammers did the work perfectly well, and thus was able to confine it to old men, women, and boys, which reduced the cost of the broken stone by one-half. In practice, he found it simplest to fix a weight of six ounces, and his surveyors carried about scales to test the largest stones in each heap. He would allow no large stones even for the foundation of his roads, for he found they constantly worked upward. The whole road was small, broken stone, even over swampy ground.

A SEA DREAM.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

He never brought one back again;
Now did not he do well,
This Mister Lee, who went to sea,
His orchard fruits to sell?

The Dolphin had a pippin red,
The Shark a pippin green;
The Lobster ate, by way of bait,
Of pears full seventeen.

The beauteous Mermaid she took one,
The Porpoise he took two;
The sportive Whale then shook his tail,
And said, "A peck will do."

The Jelly-fish his russets took,
His greenings took the Hake,
And for a week he had to seek
Aid for the stomach-ache.

The Herring thought that "Plums were good,"
The Crab cried, "Grapes for me!"
The Pike said, "I a peach will buy
For the Sea Anemone."

The Eel he chose a gilliflower,
The Sunfish took a quince,
And though they seek with him to speak,
No fish has seen him since.

The Cod, he saw the spitzenbergs,
And quickly bought the lot;
And then the Shad was made quite glad
With one small apricot.

And, having sold his fragrant store,
This Mister Lee then thought,
That fishes made the stir in trade,
For which he long had sought.

DULA'S ORGAN.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

In the United States census book, the date of which I do not now recall, this entry may be found among other data: "*Randolph County—musical instruments*, 1." The history of that musical unit I propose to relate.

Among the trackless forests of West Virginia reside many strange characters; many are the romances which have been written of them, and still more numerous are those untold. There are miles upon miles of Virginia woodland, where the mountain cat and the bear hold undisputed control, and where the scenery is of the grandest type.

The traveler, who has been whirled through the famous Cheat River region on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, catches glimpses of the wonderful fastnesses from the car window, but can have little idea of the primitive condition of life among the hardy mountaineers, who live and die surrounded by the grandeur of their native peaks and valleys.

Dick Marsden, or, as he was best known among the very few neighbors, "Trapper Dick," lived on a plateau about half way up the east side of Rich Mountain. (By neighbors is meant the score of people who were scattered within a radius of twenty or thirty miles.) The plateau was a level spot, not over a fourth of a mile square. It was heavily timbered, with the exception of a small plot, swathed in the most luxuriant grass, and a yet smaller patch upon which a trifle of corn and a few potatoes were grown. A few rods from the rude log hut a spring of the purest water issued from a rock, and thence trickled through the plateau and down the mountain.

Trapper Dick lived there with his tall, gaunt, "gangling" son Tom, and his daughter Dula. The wife was dead—died when Dula was but three or four years old—and Dula Marsden grew up in the solitude, something vastly different from the idealized maiden of the nineteenth century.

It is not known what influenced the father to such an unusual action, but that Dula was sent to a Baltimore boarding school is a fact. Trapper Dick was well-to-do. Every year he sold scores of cattle to the stockmen, who scour the country twice every year. Besides the cattle, he and Tom every spring shipped great bales of pelts to Buckhannon, where they were taken to Clarksburg, and railed to market. In his way, Trapper Dick was a miser, since the sums of money obtained from these sources was hoarded from year to year. What idea possessed the trapper's mind is not known; in fact, it is doubtful if he had any other than the general delight he experienced in seeing it grow.

There was very little outlay: the rifle and trap supplied the finest meats, the brooks the most delicate mountain-trout, the bee-tree the richest honey, the cow, milk and butter, and, in their season, berries, nuts, and maple-sugar, were easy to be had. An occasional visit to the cross-roads store, more than thirty miles away, was equal to the few demands the trapper made.

Dula was seventeen when she returned, after an absence of four years, during which time the trapper and his son saw her but once, the visit to Baltimore being the event in their lives. She burst upon them like a vision, for, during the last three years, she had passed from girlhood to womanhood, and acquired the habits, thoughts, and speech of civilization, as opposed to the ruder backwoods life. At first father and brother were almost afraid to touch her, but the honest heart and deep affection of the true daughter and noble woman bridged the chasm by throwing herself into her father's arms, and bestowing upon his bronzed cheeks a shower of kisses, whose sincerity was unquestioned.

For the first time the parent realized the full meaning of the three years' "larnin'," as he saw the stylishly-dressed girl before him. The revelation conveyed in the matter of dress alone was enough to awaken a train of ideas, the first of which was, "How would such an elegant creature exist in Trapper Dick's log cabin?" The question, "What shall I do with her?" came upon him with stunning force. "Can I have done wrong? Have I made a mistake?" he asked himself. Tom, with honest bashfulness, felt afraid of his own sister, and shared with his father the surprise and perplexity of the moment.

Dula was undeniably handsome, both in figure and in face. She was full of spirit and life, but, for all her grace and all her education, there was not lacking one iota of filial respect and filial love.

"Come," she exclaimed, "let us be off! I want to see my home. Do you know, daddy, I can hardly wait until I am under the dear old roof again!"

The three mounted their horses and galloped away. It is not the purpose of this story to enter into the history of all the changes wrought by Dula Marsden's education, but simply to relate one of the episodes growing out of it. Like the true woman she was, she rapidly accommodated herself to the changed condition of her life. That she should part with some of the superficial refinements, was as natural as that her father and brother should gradually lose some of their rudeness and wild habits.

In their every-day life, the feeling which nearly approached awe, disappeared, and they settled down into a condition which was a manifest improvement on their former estate. The greatest trial Dula experienced was being deprived of music. She had learned to play the cabinet-organ, and had devoted herself with the deepest enthusiasm to its mastery. It had become part of her being. In thinking over the revolution—for it was little, if anything, less than a revolution—that was the sorest trial of all. Indeed, so sound and true was her nature, that one loss comprised the only source of regret. She confided this to Trapper Dick. He was willing, nay, he was anxious, to do everything to please his bonnie daughter, who was doubly dear to him because she returned to his humble roof with a contented heart. The result of the confidence was the purchase of an instrument, Dula's intense longing surmounting the difficulties of transportation, and their distance from a musical depot. Trapper Dick's ideas of music were limited to such sounds as were produced from a fiddle, unskillfully handled by a mountain genius at the infrequent frolics.

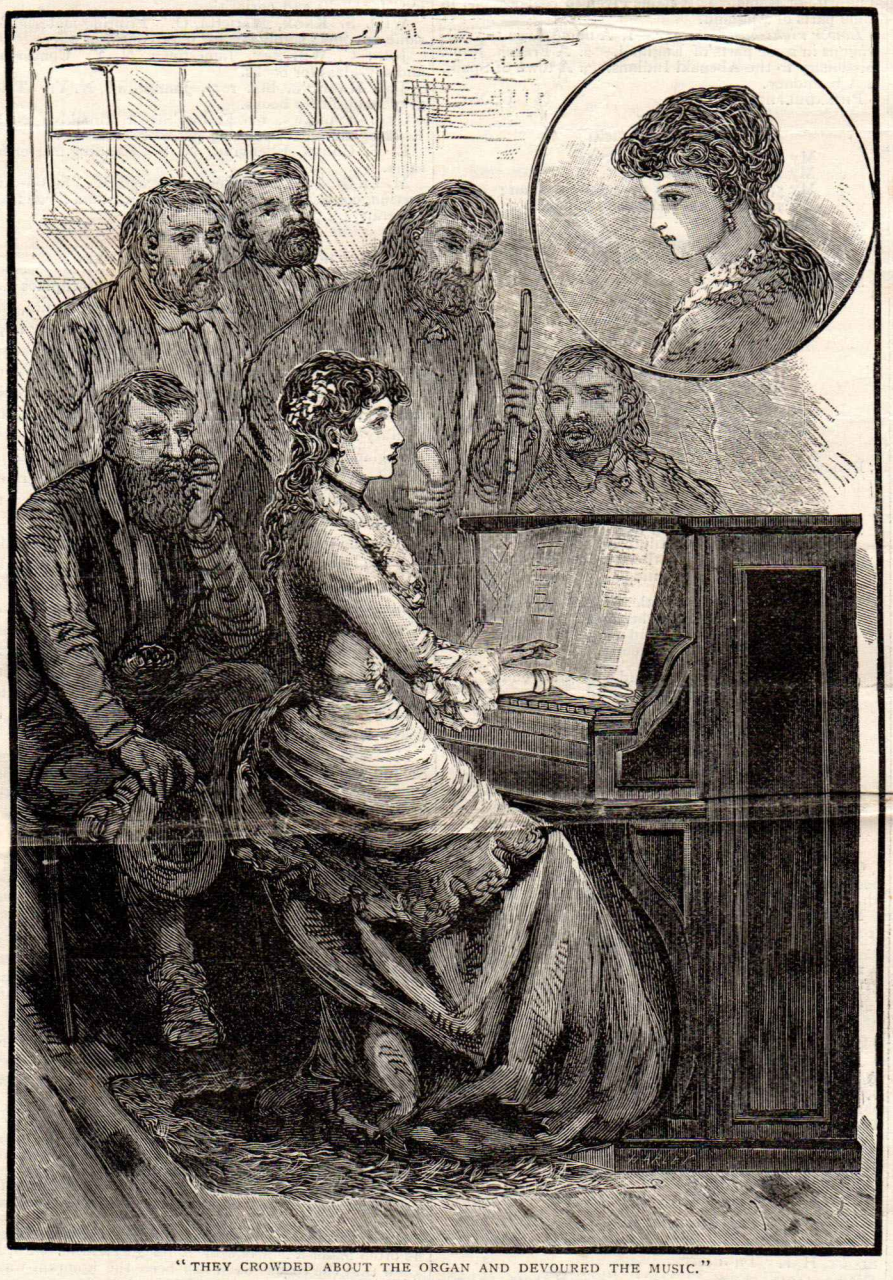
It was possible to bring the wonderful instrument in a wagon to a point within ten miles of Dula's home. From that point the only means of approach was a bridle-path. However, this was surmounted, and, late one October night, the organ was landed at Dula's door.

The fact of the transportation of some unwieldy concern up the mountain, to Trapper Dick's cabin, spread like wildfire among the mountaineers, and ludicrous beyond measure were the stories afloat in regard to it. Among those deeply interested was a certain "Big Hamish," the leader of a gang of outlaws, who joined the profession of moonshiners with a general guerilla's warfare on live-stock, or "plunder" of any character. They reasoned that the "consarn" was nothing more or less than a strong box, in which Trapper Dick meant to store his gold. Since Dula's return there were numberless tales afloat about his wealth, and Dula's modish appearance, aside from the fact of her being sent away to school, suggested extravagant visions of hoards of money. "Big Hamish" and his band resolved to "raid Trapper Dick's ranche."

Aside from the fact of his wholesale violation of the ethics of mountain society, Trapper Dick must also be a declared criminal, because "he was rich as flugins," *i. e.*, wealthy beyond compare.

The night selected for this raid was the second after the organ was housed in the trapper's cabin. Beside "Big Hamish," there were some eight or ten men, all alive with anticipation of a rich haul. They rode in single file to within a half mile of the cabin, where they dismounted, lariated their horses, and stole along the path to the cabin. It was about ten o'clock when they surrounded the cabin, and hid themselves in the deep grass.

They were a murderous looking company, having made some rude attempts at disguise. Every man was armed with a rifle, and in his belt, or suspended about his neck by a strap, was the deadly knife without which few mountaineers travel. They were nearly all tall, powerfully framed fellows, many marked with ugly gashes, the memento of other desperate forays. Crime, vile spirits, and an affinity for dirt added to the dread their appearance must produce.



"THEY CROWDED ABOUT THE ORGAN AND DEVOURED THE MUSIC."

"Now, fellers," whispered Big Hamish, "there mustn't be no blunders. Don't let a single whelp of ye stir until I guv ye th' sign. Then ye all close on the sheebang. None uv ye mus' tech the gal, if he don't want a hole in his head. Ef ye can't help it, ye will hev to slug the men, but I'd raythur git 'long without thet, but, ef ye mus', ye mus'; but no harmin' the gal, mind ye!"

It was evident the doomed family had not yet retired, for there was a bright light in the cabin. This was a matter of surprise, for mountaineers, it is well known, seek their rest early.

"I'll creep up an' see what's goin' on," said the leader, as he moved stealthily toward the cabin.

The night was a lovely one, and there were few sounds to break the stillness of the solitude of the mountain peaks. The moon was not yet risen, but the sky was an azure field studded with stars whose brilliancy in that pure air was transcendently beautiful.

Who can describe the feelings of those concealed cut-throats when the stillness of the nightwas broken by the full tones of a majestic march; the wondrous beauty of the music was as marvelous as if the heavens had opened and an orchestra of angels should have swept the earth with a floodtide of harmony. They knew nothing of music, none of them had heard so much as a brass band or hand-organ. Was it wonderful that all thoughts of their bloody errand should have been chased away by this amazing sound?

Their innermost senses were ravished; they feared to move lest something of its glory should be lost; they did not stop to reason about it, so enraptured were they. When the march was ended, there was a new feeling in their hearts whose meaning they could not understand. Once more they experienced a sensation which was nearly akin to pain, when a sweet and clear young voice floated amid a sea of harmony, and sung "Home, Sweet Home."

"Big Hamish" crept back, and, when the song was ended, gathered his men together and retreated. When they had reached the horses he swore a mighty oath, and, with characteristic idiocrasy, declared his intention of retracing his steps to hear once more that wonderful music.

"The fust man as does any damage gits this;" and he pointed significantly to his knife. Back again rode they, then, to the cabin, and, in peaceful tones, requested permission to enter. They crowded about the organ and devoured the music which Dula gave in answer to their subdued request. There was no rude speech or conduct. Whenever she played they seemed to hold their breath, and, when she ceased a moment, some one was heard to whisper "more." It was only when they saw the fair young girl was wearied beyond reason that they stole silently out, one by one. It was months after, that "Trapper Dick" and his family knew how near they had been to death's door, and that Dula's organ had magnetized murder from the outlaw's heart.

The legend of Dula's organ has passed into a favorite legend. Nor is it much to be wondered at, for it was the very first musical instrument of its kind that penetrated the region of the Cheat.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

A writer in the *Christian Union* has been visiting some of the English public schools—Rugby, of Tom Brown fame, and Eton. Both his descriptions and his reflections are interesting. The former being matters of fact, are undoubtedly true to the letter; the latter being, partially, at least, matters of opinion, should only be accepted, as the writer himself says, "for what they are worth." Every boy should begin, early in life, to do a portion of his own thinking. One cannot walk alone at first, it is true, but he who always clings to some one for support, or steps with carefulness just where some other foot has trod, will never have that independence which is true manhood's charm. With these hints, we leave the following extracts to perform their mission.

There is one relic of ancient times at Eton, which strikes the modern American as somewhat singular; this is the whipping-block. This ancient instrument stands in the corner of the yard. When a culprit is to be chastised, he is brought hither, and a call is made for the first form boys. The two who come last at the scene pay the penalty for their tardiness by being required to hold the offender down over the block, while the head master administers the switching. The extent to which the habit of fees and perquisites is carried in England, receives a curious illustration from this ceremony. The head master makes a special charge for his service, of five shillings ($1.25), which is duly transmitted to the parent with the other extras at the end of the term, in the school bills. Whether the fact that the head master of Eton has thus a direct pecuniary interest to switch offenders as often as is consistent with the interests of justice, has anything to do with the frequency of the administering of the birch, I do not know; but in Eton, where he is paid for it "by the job," the birching occurs two or three times a week, while at Rugby, where it is purely a labor of love, it has not been administered more than five or six times in ten years.

Each pupil has his own room. Rooming together, and studying together, are unknown in England. The whole herding process, so common in America, from the nursery up, is abhorrent to an Englishman. In Rugby, there are dormitories in which the boys sleep, and sitting-rooms in which they gather for social life; but each boy has his room for study, usually without even a single room-mate. In Eton, at least in the "college," the study-room and bedroom are all one, each boy having his own solitary apartment. The boy, from his entrance on public school life, begins to shift for himself. His "house" gives him a breakfast of tea, and bread and butter; he markets for himself for what else he wants—eggs, marmalade, jam, potted meats. In school, as out of it, the American breakfast of fish, beefsteak, hot cakes, or what not, is unknown. The boys breakfast in small rooms, twenty or twenty-five together, each eating such breakfast as his means, his tastes, his skill in marketing, or the liberality of a wealthier friend may afford him. The school is divided into classes or "forms." The sixth-form boys breakfast in their own rooms, as they do afterwards, when they enter the universities. In the university they have a steward to get the breakfast for them, run necessary errands, keep the room in order, and the like. In the public schools, this service is rendered for the senior, or sixth form boy, by a boy in the first form, who blacks his boots, brushes his clothes, runs his errands, does his shopping, prepares his breakfast of tea and toast, and makes himself generally useful. This is a "fag." The sixth form boy may be a tailor's son, the first fag the scion of a duke; school distinctions take precedence of all others.

Originally, Eton was an endowed school, for about seventy boys; it was founded as a feeder to Cambridge. The boys inherited a right to the school, which descended in the favored families, from generation to generation. Finally, the hereditary privilege of going to Eton for nothing was abolished, and the seventy scholarships were thrown open to competitive examination. There were every year a great number of applicants, some sixty or seventy, out of which, by examination, ten or twelve are selected for the entering class. This is an illustrative and typical fact. English schools and universities abound with similar scholarships. To get a scholarship, is to get in England no mere empty honor, but a very tangible pecuniary aid; sometimes, a respectable income. It is not uncommon for a father to tell his son: "If you can get a scholarship, you can go to school and the university; if not, you can go into business." It serves as a method of natural selection. The boys who are capable of utilizing a higher education, are the ones who have the best chance of getting it. We educate all men much better than England; England educates some men much better than we do. Our education averages far better; her higher education reaches a considerably higher high-water mark. In the institutions of learning we have learned men; but outside of them we have developed no popular scientists equal to Tyndall and Huxley, no philosophic thinkers comparable to Herbert Spencer, no critics equal to Matthew Arnold, and no Biblical scholars the peers of Alford and Ellicott.

Perhaps one who has had only a glimpse at English schools, and little more than a glimpse at the analogous institutions in the United States, ought not to institute a comparison between the two. My deductions may, however, go for what they are worth, and I judge that while in adaptation of studies to the needs of modern life, our best public schools are quite equal to the best in England, and in direct personal moral supervision over the pupils by the teacher are superior—in wealth of equipment, in liberal compensation to the teacher, in provision for physical development, and in wise scholarships serving as real and healthful stimulants to excellence in study, we have nothing in the United States to compare with Rugby, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester.