THE GOLDEN ARGOSY
FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
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Lost in the Wilds,

A Sequel to "Up the Tapajos."

By ROLLO ROBBINS, Jr.

CHAPTER IV.

As it was indispensable that the pursuers should keep their presence unknown to the fierce Araras, the pursuers began moving down stream, until they reached a bend, where the ferrying place of the Indians was invisible.

It was considered important that they should cross without delay, but, as one of the wild men had taken the back trail a short time before, there was the possibility that he might do the same again, and discover the whites near him.

All unnecessary risk was to be avoided, and the wise precaution was, therefore, adopted.

The stream was deep, swift, and almost of inky blackness.

"Here' we'll make our raft," said Ardara, coming to a stop close to the water; "it won't take us long to get enough timber together to float us over—hallo!"

To his astonishment, the guide at that moment discovered a canoe precisely similar to the one which the Araras had used a brief while before. It was lying close against the bank, well drawn up, to prevent its being carried away by the current, and a long, double paddle lay within it.

This was a fortunate discovery indeed, though it was alarmingly suggestive to the pursuers of a dangerous neighborhood, where they were liable to come in collision with the ferocious Araras at any moment.

The boat was so small that, like the one to which the guide referred, it would carry only two of them. As the further shore appeared to be the more perilous, Ardara decided to take Jack Blockley across first, and then to return for Ned.

A careful scrutiny of the two banks failed to show anything amiss, and Jack Blockley stepped carefully into the craft and sank down in the stern. The boat was made of the bark of some tree, and was so buoyant and narrow that the utmost care was necessary to avoid turning it over.

Ardara deposited his gun and bundle in the middle of the canoe, caught up the paddle, and shot out from the shore. He managed the boat with great skill, and speedily placed Jack on the other bank, at a point nearly opposite that from which they started.

Ned stood watching his manipulations with no little admiration, for, beyond question, the Portuguese was master of the art of managing such a delicate craft.

At the moment the guide was on the point of setting out on his return, he stopped and, looking across to Ned, hurriedly motioned him to step back. He did not call, but gesticulated with every evidence of excitement. The youth instantly obeyed, wondering what it could all mean, since he had not seen or heard anything unusual.

He noticed also that Jack Blockley withdrew, so that he could not be observed, although Ardara remained standing by his canoe, with the long paddle in his grasp.

It was useless to conjecture what it all signified, since Ned could do nothing but wait for the explanation.

A few minutes later the bark structure left the other shore, and headed toward the bank where Ned Livingston, seated on the ground, awaited it. Ardara gave no evidence of excitement or agitation, but advanced steadily across the dark, swift stream, as though he were seeking the simple exercise it gave his limbs.

Ned Livingston was idly watching him with the same admiration he felt before, when he was startled by a rustling just below him, and he caught a dim glimpse of some moving body.

He turned like a flash and made a most alarming discovery; a large, brawny Indian was stealing forward toward the bank, with his gaze fixed upon the white man in the canoe. The Indian was watching him so closely that he had failed to observe the youth, who, it may be said, was almost at his elbow.

The savage was a frightful looking creature. He was naked, except at the loins and the feet, the latter being covered with a rude kind of moccasin. His swarthy skin looked as if it were oiled, and Ned believed, from the way it shone, that it was. His hair was long, kinky, and matted about his head, his chin was painted crimson with achote or anatto, and a black, tattooed streak ran down each side of his repulsive face. His features were irregular and hideous almost beyond description.

Ned Livingston had scarcely time to take in these characteristics, when he observed that the wild man carried a long reed in one hand, while a bunch of arrows was slung over his shoulder. He was one of the savages who used the poisoned weapons, which had been so fatal to the rubber-gatherer some days before.

The action of the Arara showed that he was preparing to launch the terrible missile against the Portuguese, who was rapidly approaching the shore upon which the savage was concealed.

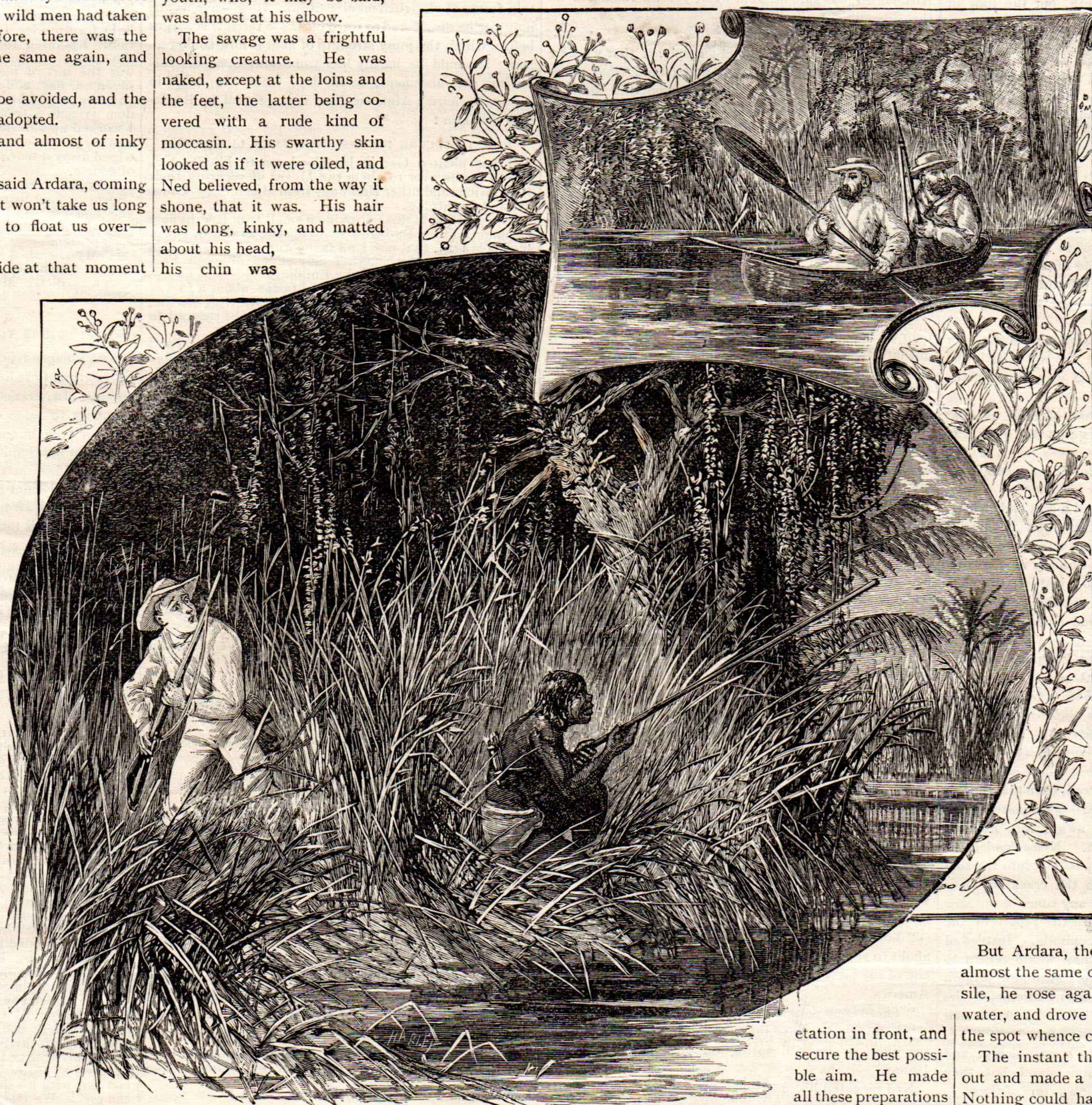
The foe was only a few rods below Ned, but somewhat closer to the stream, so that the youth could watch his movements with little danger of being detected, unless some noise should lead the Indian to turn his head.

The position could not have been more favorable for shooting the Portuguese, who was sitting in the middle of the canoe, with his chest and front offering the fairest kind of a target for the treacherous foe.

The latter halted, when to go any further would reveal him to his victim, and prepared to shoot the needle-like weapon into his body.

He carefully reached his right hand over his left shoulder and drew one of the long arrows from the bunch tied there. This was pushed into the hollow reed, grasped in his other hand, and then the Indian, gathering himself together in a squatting position, pointed the weapon through the bushes at the man in the canoe.

He was able thus to rest it upon some of the vegetation in front, and secure the best possible aim. He made all these preparations with a deliberation which showed he felt certain no obstacle to his success could intervene.



"LOOK OUT, ARDARA! THERE'S AN INDIAN AIMING AT YOU!"

Ned Livingston was transfixed. It was as if he were smothering in the grasp of some horrible vision of sleep. He could not move or speak while the first part of the dreadful preparations was going on. He realized the awful horror of the situation and the frightful death which menaced Ardara, but he was unable to raise a finger or his voice in his behalf.

But, by a supreme effort of the will, he regained mastery of himself at the end of a few seconds, and pointed his gun in turn toward the wild savage, just as the latter brought the end of the reed to his mouth for the purpose of blowing the poisoned missile into the body of the guide, who at that moment was no more than fifty feet distant.

"*Look out, Ardara! there's an Indian aiming at you!*"

These were the words which escaped the agonized Ned Livingston, at the very instant the Arara puffed out the deadly arrow with incredible force, and the youth himself pulled the trigger of his rifle.

But the Indian missed his mark, and the boy didn't!

CHAPTER V.

THE aim of the Arara, with the poisoned arrow, was better than that of Ned Livingston, with an American rifle, and yet the wild man failed and the boy succeeded in hitting his target.

The words of warning were yet in the mouth of the youth, when Ardara suspected the nature of his peril, and dropped to the bottom of the canoe, like the loon, which dodges the bullet of the hunter the instant he sees the flash.

The guide could not know the point whence the missile would come, nor had he the time to stop and inquire. He knew it was aimed at his body, and he took that body out of its path with a quickness so great that the eye scarcely could have followed it.

At the second of doing so, a slight thud was heard. He raised his head and saw tiny orifices on corresponding sides of the canoe; these marked the track of the poisoned arrow, which had gone through the craft as though the latter were made of card-board, and lost itself in the water beyond.

The sharp explosion of Ned Livingston's rifle broke the stillness at the same moment. The youth fired to kill, for, dreadful as it was, he felt that self-protection demanded it; but, in his excitement, his aim was poor and his bullet passed through the fleshy part of the wild man's fore arm.

Unquestionably the twinge was painful, but the fright of the recipient was tenfold greater. He uttered a shriek, like that of a wounded tiger, and sprang straight up in the air, falling back and rolling over in a perfect frenzy of terror.

Ned Livingston stood still, with the smoking gun in his hand, petrified for the moment, and appalled by the belief that he had actually slain a human being. He forgot that the wounded Arara was likely to prove a far more dangerous foe in his last moments, or when infuriated by pain, and the youth made no attempt to withdraw, or reload his weapon.

But Ardara, the guide, did not forget it. With almost the same quickness that he dodged the missile, he rose again, plunged the paddle into the water, and drove the canoe, like an arrow, toward the spot whence came the shriek.

The instant the nose struck the bank he leaped out and made a plunge for the struggling savage. Nothing could have proven the personal courage of the Portuguese more than this. He suspected there were several savages on the spot, and a most desperate encounter was necessary to save the boy.

Catching sight of the dark, writhing body on the ground, Ardara threw himself upon it with such violence that it was borne irresistibly backward; the long, hollow reed which answered for a gun was wrenched from his grasp, and the formidable knife, thrust in the girdle which bound his breech-cloth in place, was withdrawn before the frantic savage could resist. He was disarmed and made helpless in a twinkling.

The sight of the two figures on the ground brought Ned Livingston to his senses, and he ran forward to see whether he could give any help to his friend. He saw at once that Ardara was master of the situation.

The continued vigor of the Indian proved to the guide that he could not be severely hurt, but the sight of blood on his arm explained why he was so terrified.

"Be quiet, and I will not hurt you!" commanded Ardara, in the lingua of the savage.

The latter made no answer except to struggle harder, but a minute or two was enough to show

him his captor was stronger than he, and able to work his will.

"If you do not keep quiet," added the Portuguese, becoming angry; "I will kill you."

The threat was accompanied by a gesture with the knife, which subdued the captive at once. He ceased his struggles, and, when released by Ardara, rose to his feet.

"If you try to run away, I will shoot you," added the white man, who shoved the knife into his own girdle and snatched up his gun from the ground.

Still the savage made no answer, and Ned ventured to suggest that he might not understand the words said to him.

"Yes he does, the rascal," replied Ardara; "he is sullen and furious because we turned the tables on him. You can see he is dreadfully frightened."

Such was the fact; the wound in his fore-arm was bleeding profusely, and the Indian watched it with a scared, hapless look, which was almost ludicrous, when the trifling nature of the hurt is remembered.

"Do you see those berries?" suddenly asked Ardara, pointing to some crimson fruit no larger than cherries, which grew on a bush a few feet away.

Ned looked at them and nodded, to signify they were visible.

"Gather a handful and crush them between your hands, nothing is better to bind on a fresh wound."

The youth lost no time in doing as requested. When the fruit was mashed, it gave forth a pungent, spicy smell, not at all unpleasant to the senses. The interior was filled with innumerable small seeds, which were easily crushed to a pulpy consistency.

While Ned was thus engaged, Ardara had torn a strip from his shirt. The poultice was placed on it, and then he advanced to tie it around the wound. The Arara understood that his former enemies were now playing the part of good Samaritans, and he gladly submitted to their wishes. Ardara fastened the bandage around the hurt with no little skill. The linen immediately showed a bright red stain through the cloth, but the flow of blood almost ceased the next minute.

Everything possible had been done for the hurt, and, if undisturbed, it would heal in a few days.

The captive now showed, for the first time, some sign of appreciation of the kindness done him. It was manifest, from the expression of his countenance, that the stinging pain had abated very much under the soothing application. He held his arm partly raised for a full minute, then slowly lowered it, and, looking at Ardara, spoke for the first time.

Ardara replied, and turned to the lad.

"He asked me whether it would kill him; I told him no, and he said he thanked me for what I had done."

"Then the dog has some gratitude after all."

"He has—just now," was the significant answer of the guide; "but there is no telling how long it will last. It will never do to trust him—hallo!"

The guide turned like a flash toward the stream, for both he and Ned heard a splash in the water, followed by the sound of some one forcing his way through the undergrowth.

The suspicion of both was, that one of their enemies was advancing upon them, and the guide did not mean to be caught unprepared.

But to their amazement, Jack Blockley appeared, his clothing dripping with water.

"Hallo!" he called out; "I heerd a gun and a first-class howl, and seen Ardara put in his best licks with the canoe, so I made up my mind that an old-fashioned row had opened, and I must take a hand in it. Nobody would come after me with a boat, so I just left my pack on the ground, tied my gun over my back, and swum over; but I shouldn't wonder if I had made a miss of it after all."

"There isn't any need of you now," replied Ardara; "unless the Araras come back to attack us."

While Ned told the sailor what had taken place, the guide opened a conversation with the prisoner. The latter was disposed to be sullen at first, but he soon became communicative, and the curious interview lasted several minutes.

Jack picked up the long, hollow reed, from the ground, and examined it with great interest. The poisoned arrows, which had also been flung away, were handled gingerly, but with no less attention. Ned reloaded his gun, and the two peered, so far as possible, into the surrounding vegetation and out upon the creek for their foes, who were likely to turn up at any time.

The other Araras must have heard the report of the gun and the cry of their wounded comrade. Instead of hastening away, it seemed likely they would return to the help of the captured savage, for, although Ardara had declared that the three Araras had crossed the stream with Harry Norwood, yet Ned and Jack felt confident that their captive was one of the trio.

How he had managed to get back so quickly, and without discovery, was hard to understand, but they were none the less confident that he was one of them.

If such were the fact, was there not strong ground for hoping the other two would be glad to exchange the boy for the full-grown warrior?

CHAPTER VI.

When Ardara had concluded his conversation with the captive, he turned, laughingly, toward his friends.

"This is a most curious state of affairs. We have caught a prize."

"Who is he?"

"He is an Arara; his red chin and tatooed face prove that."

"What does he know about the party who have Harry?" asked Ned.

"He is one of the original three that captured him. He says he is the one who fired the arrow into the hut, which killed the rubber-gatherer, but I doubt that."

"I did not notice that they were ornamented like this fellow," remarked Ned.

"Several of them were, but some were not, though I'm convinced they all belonged to the Arara tribe."

"Then he is one of those who ran off with Harry?" repeated Ned, forgetting that the question had been answered a few minutes before.

"He is."

"That 'ere leaves only two of 'em running the boy," suggested Jack Blockley.

"Such is the fact, of course."

"And, as we have one of their men, and they have the boy, why not arrange an exchange?" asked Ned.

"This fellow, who calls himself Oogrooh, has made the proposition."

"You told him we would be only too glad to do it, of course?"

"No; I did not, for it won't do to show too much anxiety. I'm satisfied that they would be anxious, if they thought they could get their comrade in no other way; but there is more than one obstacle. They mistrust us, and do not believe we will keep our part of the agreement."

"We can convince them by our acts, that they are mistaken."

"There can be no question as to that; but what are we to do concerning *them*, when I know they are among the most treacherous Indians in all South America?"

"Then it wouldn't do to trust 'em," was the sensible comment of Jack Blockley.

"How shall we avoid it?"

"Aye, that's the point, as I can well see."

It was a more serious question than would have been supposed, since it is almost an impossibility to arrange the exchange, or ransom of a prisoner without trusting to the honor of the opposing parties.

"What is his proposition?" inquired Ned.

"He says that if I will let him go back to his friends, he will bring the boy to me without delay."

"Suppose you should give permission, what would be the result?"

"I have no more belief he would ever be seen again, or that he would allow the lad to come, than I have that a wounded jaguar would come back and cringe at our feet."

"Then I wouldn't try the plan."

"I don't propose to, but," added Ardara, with animation; "we must hit upon some scheme."

"How was it he got back to this side of the stream without our seeing him?"

"He did not cross; there's where I was mistaken. Although I was sure he went over, yet he remained on this side all the while."

"Why did he do that?"

"He says the Araras formed a suspicion that we were following them (though I don't understand what cause they had for doing so), and he stayed on this shore to find out. His intention was to kill me, and then signal to his comrades to attack Jack, whom I had placed on the other side."

"But what about *me*?"

"Strange as it may seem, he had no suspicion that you were in the party, though I cannot understand why he failed to detect you before you discovered him. He and his friends thought there were only two who were tracking them."

"What did they propose to do with Harry?" asked Ned Livingston, with a tremulous voice.

"He tells me their intention was to hold him a prisoner all his life, among their people. After they once got into their own country, they didn't believe it possible for any company of men, no matter how strong, to follow and rescue him; nor did they fear he would ever be able to escape himself, and I quite agree with them in their conclusion."

"But suppose we had pressed them so close that they saw they could not get away with Harry?"

"It is useless to ask *that* question; they would have killed him without an instant's hesitation."

"Then, if we had not captured *this* warrior, we would have found ourselves in a pretty bad shape?"

"There can be no doubt about that. But I presume everything is understood, and it is hardly worth while to talk about it now. I consider the first important step is, to place ourselves on the other side of the stream."

Such being the conclusion, it remained to decide how it was to be done.

Had the boat been a little larger, so as to carry three, Jack Blockley would have proposed that the others should take it while he swam, but that would not have helped matters.

It was finally agreed that Ardara should first ferry the sailor over, then return for Oogrooh, the Arara, and, lastly, transport Ned Livingston to the other side. This, it will be seen, would leave the lad and the captive alone for a short time, on one shore. But there was no way of avoiding it, since the captive would have to be guarded on each side, and there was likely to be less danger where they then stood, than where the other two savages were known to be.

"You will not forget one thing," said Ardara, when about to shove off with Jack; "this Indian belongs to one of the most villainous and degraded tribes in South America."

"There is no danger of my forgetting it."

"Keep your eye on him, and don't allow him to come too close, or he will spring on you like a wounded jaguar."

Ned repeated his assurance that he would not give him the least "lee way," and Ardara pushed out into the stream, the sailor being seated near the bow.

There was fear of being fired upon from the other side, but the risk was unavoidable, and the brave guide did not hesitate when the start was once made.

Oogrooh, as he was called, seated himself on the ground, so far back from the water that he could not be seen from the other shore, and seemed patiently to wait for the return of his captor. His knife, reed, and poisoned arrows had been removed, so that he possessed no weapons except such as nature gave him.

As he sat, his knees were drawn up close to his chin, his feet being near his body, while his arms, in a loose way, were clasped around his knees. His whole attention seemed to be centered on the bandage which covered his injured arm.

Ned Livingston was seated probably twelve feet distant, in an easy attitude, with his gun resting in such position that he could raise and fire it on a second's notice.

"Mr. Oogrooh," he said to himself; "your intentions may be honorable, but I don't mean to trust you. You are as near as I want you, and I don't propose to take any nonsense."

(*To be continued.*)

"Lost in the Wilds" commenced in No. 28. Back numbers of the Argosy *can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publishers.*

THE SECRET OUT.

Nothing is more commendable, in this age of progress and invention, than to try and keep abreast of the times, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge. Such a spirit was that which influenced an Evansville (Ind.) negro to make some inquiries of an electrician, and behold how he was rewarded!

A colored gentleman, who, from his domesticated appearance might be regarded as a member in good standing in the Lime Kiln Club, walked timidly into the electric light station a few evenings since, and, after his surroundings had been courteously taken in, timidly ventured to ask:

"Boss, would you please, sah, tell me what makes dat light?"

"Yes, uncle; that light is produced by electricity."

"What is dat, boss?"

"What? Electricity you mean?"

"Yes sah."

"Electricity, according to the modern theory of the conservation and correlation of forces, is a mode of motion of the molecules of matter."

"Yes, sah."

The old gentleman seemed paralyzed with amazement, and assuming a still humbler attitude, asked:

"Boss, what makes dat light git brighter sometimes?"

"The gravitation of the upper carbon, retarded by magnetic influence."

"Dat's what I thought made it do dat way; now, how does you squirt de kerosene through de wires?"

"That is not kerosene; it is the manifestation of friction that is offered by the resistance of an imperfect conductor to a highly excited electric condition of the metal in the apparatus, caused by the molecular disturbance induced by motion and magnetism."

The old gentleman wore a broke-up expression, and, after collecting his scattered thoughts, he wiped the perspiration off the end of his nose, and, completely subdued, asked if he could have a drink of water. After refreshing himself and thanking his informant, he was heard to remark in passing out:

"Dey hain't none of dese niggahs knows how de white folks makes dat light but me. Hey! Hey! Yow!"

FRANKLIN'S RECIPE FOR A LIGHTNING ROD.

It is not yet 150 years since the lightning was caught and tamed and trained for man's use, so that, instead of being simply a destroyer, it is man's most useful servant. Many consider the terrible cyclones of the West as certain forms of electrical manifestation. If so, some means may yet be discovered to ward off those terrible scourges before which the puny strength of man is now so powerless. It would be hardly less wonderful than the following announcement, in its day, which appeared in "Poor Richard's Almanac" for 1753, printed by Benjamin Franklin:

HOW TO SECURE HOUSES, ETC., FROM LIGHTNING.

It has pleased God in his Goodness to Mankind, at length to discover to them the Means of securing their Habitations and other Buildings from Mischief by Thunder and Lightning.

The Method is this: Provide a small Iron Rod (it may be made of the Rod-iron used by the Nailers), but of such a length, that one End being three or four Feet in the moist Ground, the other may be six or eight Feet above the highest part of the Building.

To the upper End of the Rod fasten about a foot of Brass Wire, the size of a common Knitting-needle, Sharpened to a fine Point; the Rod may be secured to the House by a few small Staples.

If the House or Barn be long, there may be a rod and Point at each end, and a middling Wire along the Ridge from one to the other.

A House thus furnished will not be damaged by Lightning, it being attracted by the Points, and passing thro' the Metal into the Ground without hurting any Thing.

Vessels also having a sharp pointed Rod fix'd on the top of their Masts, with a Wire from the Foot of the Rod reaching down, round one of the Shrouds, to the Water, will not be hurt by Lightning.

LIVING AND DYEING.

A great many puns have been perpetrated upon the word *to dye*, such as the saying that barbers "curl up and dye," etc., but the wittiest use to which we ever knew the word to be applied, in its double sense, is given by the *New York News* in an anecdote of Col. W. B. Snowhook, an Irish lawyer in Chicago.

Col. Snowhook, though of advanced years, never showed gray hair, nor confessed to being an old man.

Some years ago, Mr. Chas. McDonnell, an old lawyer, was counsel in a case of trial in which Col. Snowhook was counsel on the other side. In the closing arguments, before giving the case to the jury, Col. Snowhook spoke:

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," said the Colonel, "I am surprised that the counsel on the other side, whose gray hairs indicate his age, and ought to indicate his wisdom, should make the statement he has made," and then proceeded with his argument.

Mr. McDonnell followed: "Your honor and gentlemen of the jury," he said; "I acknowledge the reference of the counsel on the other side to my gray hairs. My hair is gray, and will be as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black, and will continue to be black as long as he dyes."

FORTY APOSTLES.

Those men who are ambitious to out-do everyone else, sometimes make curious blunders. It is said that when Salmi Morse was preparing to present the Passion Play at New York, John Stetson came to make arrangements for producing it in Boston. He sat down and made Morse give him what he called the "plot" of the play.

"Well," said Morse; "there is the massacre of the innocents, where we have a number of infants on the stage."

"How many will you have in New York?"

"About fifteen."

"We'll have twenty, then, in Boston."

"Then there is the scene at the boat——"

"How many boats?"

"One."

"We'll have two, then, in Boston."

"Then there is the scene of the Last Night, when the Apostles——"

"How many Apostles will you have?"

"Twelve Apostles," said Morse.

"We'll have Forty Apostles, then, in Boston!"

SELF-BETRAYED.

It has often been remarked in jest that nobody can find a man in certain States of the West who does not rejoice in some military title. A story is now going the rounds that the Governor of Arkansas a short time since offered a reward of $200 to any native adult male who is neither judge, colonel, major, or captain. The next day a plain, unassuming man called upon the governor and said:

"I have the honor, sir, to claim the reward you offered for a man who is neither a judge, colonel, major, nor captain. I am neither of these."

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said the governor. "Just sit down a moment until I attend to a little matter of business."

The man took a seat, and the governor went into an adjoining room, and, after a moment, called:

"Colonel!"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, arising.

"That's all right," remarked the governor. "Porter, please show the military gentleman to the door, and admit the next man."

CONVINCING A JURY.

None know better than the lawyers that a jury is often more affected by eloquence than evidence. The celebrated criminal pleader, Rufus Choate, owed his astonishing successes to recognizing this principle and acting upon it. He is said to have talked for hours to a single juror, in whose eye he saw a trace of opposition, but when at last, carried beyond his sober reason by the fiery orator's appeal, the grim visage of the juror softened, the wily lawyer closed his argument and won his case.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* relates an incident in which Justice did not seem quite so blind as she is represented by the poets:

A distinguished company of lawyers sat in the Supreme Court-room talking of old times. Among them was Colonel Charles S. Spencer. He was in his usual happy vein, and told a new story.

"I was retained," said he, "by an ex-soldier of the war to sue for the recovery of some $1,800, which he had loaned to a friend. The late Edwin James was counsel for the defendant. I went to work zealously for my client. James cross-examined the plaintiff in his usual forcible way.

"'You loaned him $1,800?' Mr. James asked.

"'I did, sir,' was the reply.

"'It was your own money?' continued Mr. James.

"'It was, sir,' my client responded.

"'When did you lend him the money?' was the next question.

"'In July, 1866,' was the answer.

"'Where did you get that money?' Mr. James demanded, sternly.

"'I earned it, sir.' The words were said in a meek tone.

"'You earned it, eh? When did you earn it?'

"'During the war, sir,' was the reply, still in a very humble tone.

"'You earned it during the war. Boy, what was your occupation during the war?' Mr. James inquired.

"'Fighting, sir,' the man replied, modestly.

"'Oh, fighting,' Mr. James said, somewhat taken down and instantly changing his manner.

"I smiled triumphantly and even snickered a little. James was half mad. Well, we went to the jury, and I, of course, had the last say. I sailed up to glory. I spoke of the war; of the lives and treasures it cost us; of the awful battles which decided the fate of the Union; of the self-denial and the bravery of our men who left home, and wife and children and father and mother and everything that was dear to them, and went forth to fight for firesides, freedom, and the salvation of the nation. I pointed to the plaintiff as he sat there, still in the same air of humility and even sadness, and said that was the sort of men who had fought our battles, and saved our flag, and shed his life-blood that we and our children might enjoy uncurtailed the blessings of freedom wrenched from the hands of despots by our sires. I worked up that jury, I can tell you, and the plaintiff himself drew forth an unpretentious handkerchief and wiped away a tear. I got a verdict for the full amount, of course.

"As we were quiting the court-room, James said, 'Spencer, your war speech gained you the verdict. If you had not discovered through my cross-examination that the man had fought in the war, you would have been beaten.'

"'My friend,' I replied, 'if you had only asked the man on which side he fought, you might be going home with a verdict.' My client had been in the Confederate service."

SHE TOOK CARE OF HERSELF.

The independence of American girls who travel upon the continent of Europe has been the theme of many a remark. In France and Italy especially, and in other countries to some extent, it is not considered in good taste, or even in good repute, for a lady to go out upon the street unattended by a male escort. But Americans set such ideas at defiance, and, as a consequence, are much talked about and sometimes insulted. A writer in the Toronto *Mail* tells how a modest but spirited American girl in Paris taught an insolent Frenchman a lesson:

"For weeks past, whenever she ventured out alone, she was followed and accosted by a stylishly dressed individual, about forty-five years old, wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. This person would not only follow her, but would address her in language of the fulsome, complimentary style, would thrust his face under her bonnet, would go a few steps in front of her, and would then look back and leer at her, and, in fact, he conducted himself in the manner that a well-bred Parisian gentleman usually considers proper to assume when he meets an unprotected young girl.

"This went on for some time, to the infinite annoyance of the young lady. Her tormentor never made his appearance when her brother was with her, or when there was a policeman within hailing distance—on these occasions he kept discreetly out of the way.

"Finally, the other day the affair came to a climax. The young lady was returning to her hotel about three o'clock in the afternoon when her persecutor made his appearance, and began tormenting her as usual. The hunted girl, worried, wearied, and exasperated, was at last wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation and nervous excitement.

"Chancing to pass a cab stand, by a sudden impulse she snatched one of the driver's whips from its socket, and, turning on her tormentor, she cut him across the face with the lash. Being taken by surprise he started back, and let fall his hat.

"As he stooped to pick it up, she followed up her advantage, raining blow after blow upon his head and shoulders, so stunning and bewildering him that he was some time in discovering his lost headgear, every moment of which she employed to the best advantage. At last, catching his rescued hat, he fled from the scene as fast as his legs would carry him, followed by the laughter and jeers of the whole crowd of cabmen, who heartily sympathized with the brave young heroine of the scene.

"And so one of the women insulters of Paris has at last met with his deserts, and at the hands of an American girl! We feel inclined to cry with the jolly old cabman, when he received back his useful whip, 'Bravo, mademoiselle! That was well done!'"

HE HAD SHOT BEFORE.

It is not always safe to challenge an unknown adversary to a trial of skill. It is impossible to tell from a man's looks whether he can run, jump, shoot, lift, row, wrestle, or fight, and an apparent reluctance to contest may arise, not from inability, but from disinclination or excess of modesty. That is how some Western young men were thrown off their guard.

When Senator Logan was at Hot Springs, Ark., getting rid of rheumatism, he one day saw a dozen young men pistol-shooting at a bottle near the hotel. Their luck wasn't good, and he began making sarcastic remarks. Pretty soon they challenged him to try his hand at it. No, he didn't care to. Then they said he was afraid. "Well, now," said he, at last, "I'll tell you what I'll do. There are twelve of you and only one of me, but I'll give each of you a box of cigars every time he hits the bottle, if you'll give me a box every time I hit it." They accepted the offer, and thought they had "a mighty soft thing." "I'll shoot first," added he, "and if I hit I'm to shoot again and again until I miss." They agreed to this also. Then he loaded a brace of six-shooters and emptied them again, breaking twelve bottles as he did so. "Want any more?" he inquired. "No, I guess not," was the chopfallen reply. "Then you can send those twelve boxes to my room whenever you're ready," said he, adding, in a pensive, reflective tone, as he limped away: "There's a kind of knack in these things, and I've shot at bottles before I ever saw Hot Springs."

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the day be dark;
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gayly sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

It was a dozen or more years ago, when there was no railroad to the base of Mount Washington, much less to the summit, and if one wished to see the grandest localities of the White Mountains, he must either foot it or ride over the rough roads in the big, jolting stage-coach which often carried more outside than in, and occasionally tipped its passengers out upon the moss-banks beside the road. Bears, too, were more abundant than now, and that's saying considerable; for in many of the little New Hampshire towns of Coos County, farmers are to-day prevented from keeping sheep by the inroads of Bruin, who loves a dainty shoulder of mutton for supper only too well. I saw by the papers recently that the selectmen of one township during last year paid bounties on eleven bears and two wolves!

We were stopping at the fine, new Profile House, Joe Blackford and I, with our fathers and mothers. Joe and I were cousins, and, being of nearly the same age, were always planning some sort of excursion together. One day we had begged to be allowed to ascend Mount Lafayette, a peak about twenty miles southwest of Mount Washington, and only second to the latter in point of interest. The guide-book told of a fine house on the summit, we said, and we would just stop there long enough to cool off after our walk, before coming down (as we should ascend), by the "well-worn bridle-path." We were sturdy little fellows, and though we had never yet accomplished such a feat as the ascent of a 5,000-foot mountain, felt quite equal to the task.

I never knew how it was that they gave us permission so easily, or without a more careful perusal of the guide-book. As it was, we started off at about two o'clock in the afternoon, with many injunctions to be back by tea-time, and on no account to linger by the way.

It was in the highest of spirits, therefore, that we strode away on the level road, up the valley, toward the peak that lay so softly brown against the blue sky just beyond. Before long we struck into the bridle path, which was exceedingly muddy near the base, and became constantly more steep and slippery as we ascended. Boy-like, we were quite heedless of the lapse of time, and often stopped to gather birch-bark, climb after squirrels' nests, or take a bite of the sandwiches we had stuffed into our pockets at the last moment. The forest, I remember, was singularly silent; no breeze among the stiff tops of the hemlocks, no merry singing of birds; only now and then the muffled gurgle of a brook among the mossy stones beside the path, or the single, plaintive whistle of a thrush, far away on the mountain-side.

When we had stopped for breath, about half-way up, a descending horseback-party passed us. We asked them about the house on the summit, but they only laughed, and said it had good walls and a high roof. This disturbed us a little, but we soon forgot our apprehensions, and pressed forward. Half a mile beyond this point we came to that strange, nameless pool of water, seeming half cloud, half dream, hanging like a dew-drop on the slope of the mountain. As we stamped our feet on the moss which composed its banks, the whole surface of the ground, for rods away, trembled as if with an earthquake, and made us feel as if we were walking in a nightmare. It occurred to us that it would add to the glory of our exploit if we could catch some dream-fish out of this strange, unreal pond among the clouds; so we spent an hour or more in useless angling in its clear depths.

Then Joe looked up at the sky, and uttered an exclamation. I followed his glance—and dropped my pole. The sun was almost resting on the edge of the mountains in the west, and it was plain that it would be dark in less than an hour.

Now, if I had been as old as I am now, I should have said, "Joe, we're caught this time by our own thoughtlessness. We can go down in half or quarter of the time it took us to climb up; and once on the main road in the valley, we shall be all right." But a boy of fourteen doesn't reason in that way. We were tired and hungry. We thought of the welcome we should receive from the people on the summit, and of the good things they would doubtless have for supper.

"Besides," said Joe, "we must be nearly up now. The trees don't last much longer—they aren't higher than our heads here. It'll be all rocks pretty soon, and then we shall be right at the top, just like Mt. Washington."

So we started up again, with, we afterward confessed to each other, uncomfortable misgivings in our breasts. It was really my fault, though, for I was the older of the two, and ought to have known better.

Well, in ten minutes the sun was out of sight behind the hills, and I tell you, boys, the shadows felt cold. It was like walking into a running brook in the middle of a hot day, and we shivered and buttoned our jackets tight around our throats as we clambered along over the rocks, panting in the thin air, and stopping for breath every few rods.

It was tough work, especially as the wind began to rise and dodge at us from behind great bowlders, cutting like knives with its chilling breath. Darker and darker it grew, so that we could hardly distinguish the path, that was now a mere series of scratches over the rocks. In vain we strained our eyes for a friendly twinkle of light from the windows ahead. All was still, silent, dark.

We were just thinking, Joe and I, of curling up for shelter under some overhanging ledge, and so spending the night, when a queer object caught our eyes. It was like a tree, stripped of every branch, and standing grimly alone there in the rocky desert, like a solitary Arab. A few steps more showed us what it was, and, at the same time, the tremendous mistake we had made, from the very outset of our plan, flashed upon us. It was clear that we were at last standing upon the very tip-top of Mount Lafayette, lifted in the air nearly a mile straight up, above the level of our home by the sea-shore. But alas, where was the inn, with its longed-for fires, its well-spread table, its comfortable beds and friendly hosts? The little weather-beaten flag-pole (for such was our naked tree), stood stiffly erect beside a blackened and crumbling stone wall, which enclosed a small space partially floored with charred boards, partially choked with rubbish that had fallen in long ago.

"Seems to me I remember something about its being burned up once," said Joe, faintly. "I s'posed of course they built it again!"

Yes, there were the openings, where windows and door had been set, and which now looked out into the dreary night like eyeless sockets.

There was no time to be lost. The air was growing colder every moment, and the bitter wind was driving up a huge bank of clouds from the east. Although it was early in September, we afterward learned that ice formed in many places through the mountains that night. Such cases are by no means rare, and, indeed, in some of the ravines and gorges of the White Mountain group, snow and ice may be found the whole year round.

Entering the roofless walls, and placing our sandwiches in a small niche which probably had once served for a cupboard, we set vigorously to work, ripping up the pieces of boards that still remained, and piling them in one corner where the wall was highest. In five minutes we had a roaring fire, by the light and warmth of which we constructed a rude shelter in the form of a "lean-to," against the rocks, and crept under it to sup off our scanty provisions, and reflect.

I suppose there was no great danger imminent; but to boys who had spent their lives in comfortable homes, surrounded by care, and gentle, watchful attentions from those they loved most, it was a thrilling experience. There, alone on the mountain-top, high in air, far above any trace of vegetation save a few frightened Alpine flowers that huddle together under the rocks for a few weeks in summer, the darkness about them like a shroud, the wind rising and moaning over the bare ledges, and a storm creeping up through the valleys to assault their fortress at any moment. At last it came. Like a tornado, an icy blast rushed upon us with a howl and a roar, blowing our fire out in a moment, while the red flames leaped back to the glowing brands only to be hurled off into the darkness again and again.

And the rain! In less time than it takes to tell it, we were drenched to the skin, and pinched and pulled by the fingers of the storm that were thrust in through a hundred little crannies in our almost useless shelter. The thunder crashed, the rain rattled on the loose boards, the fire hissed feebly and turned black in the face, and the night closed in about us colder and drearier than ever. All we could do was to lie still, and shiver, and hope for morning.

A little after midnight the tempest abated; and, tired, healthy boys as we were, we dropped into a troubled sleep. At the first glimmer of daylight, however, we stretched ourselves with groans and moans, and crawled stiffly out into the open air. It was bitter, bitter cold; so that I remember it was a long while before I could manage my fingers well enough to light a match.

What did we do for kindling? Why, I forgot to say that when it first began to rain, I took out all the birch bark I had gathered on my way up, and tucked it under my shoulder; so that for the most part the inner strips were pretty dry, and sputtered cheerily when I touched them off. I believe nothing ever did me so much good as that fire. Under its influence, we were so much cheered that we actually walked out to see the sunrise, which was glorious.

It didn't take us long to descend that mountain, I can tell you; and we reached the Profile House in season to tell the whole story to the family (who, in truth, had slept little more than we) over the breakfast table.

A STATE SECRET.

Who can explain the almost universal passion for relics? Travelers East and travelers West return to their firesides loaded down with shells, and stones, and leaves, and twigs, and minerals. Sand from the shore of the Red Sea, olive wood from the Mount of Olives, a fragment of the Coliseum, a chip from Shakespeare's chair—all have not merely an æsthetic but a market value. One enterprising Belgian firm is said to derive a fair income by burying brass buttons in the earth for a year or two and then selling them as relics from the field of Waterloo.

Captain Bassett, the Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, is the only person living who knows which are the desks formerly occupied by Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. If it were known, they would soon be carried away by relic-hunting admirers, a splinter at a time. Captain Bassett keeps the numbers of the seats in which these statesmen sat, under lock and key, and changes their position every now and then. He will transmit his secret to some one when he leaves the Chamber, whither he was taken by Webster when a boy. A Washington correspondent says:

"There are three other desks in the Senate Chamber which curiosity hunters would like to be able to see and know that they were the right ones. These are the desks of Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Stephen A. Douglass, of Illinois, and Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. Mr. Davis's desk occupied the same position in the C amber that Mr. Beck's does now, but it is not known to any one except Captain Bassett whether or not it is the same one. Mr. Douglass was in the same place as that occupied by Mr. Pendleton, and Mr. Sumner was in the place now occupied by Mr. Dawes. In 1862, when the New York Zouaves were in the city, about twenty of them went into the Senate Chamber early in the morning to destroy the chair and desk that had been occupied by Jefferson Davis. Just as they were in the act, Captain Bassett put in his appearance, and asked them what they were about. They quickly told him that they were going to destroy the seat and desk because they were the ones used by Jeff. Davis. Captain Bassett suggested to them that their mission in Washington was to protect public property and not destroy it. They saw the point, and Captain Bassett proceeded to so change the numbers of the desks as to be able to say to all who might inquire that the desks that were used by the Senators were not now in the same places, as they had been changed around for the express purpose of preventing them from being mutilated by relic and curiosity hunters.

AN ORDERLY'S INVENTION.

Western papers claim that the Pah-Utes of Nevada catch quail by the simple process of soaking wheat in cheap whiskey, and scattering it at dawn in places frequented by them. Later on in the day the singular spectacle is presented of several hundred quail, profoundly intoxicated, lying in imbecile postures in the grass, and feebly gesticulating with their legs. In this disreputable picnic condition they may be gathered in without resistance, and if killed and eaten before the flavor of the feast has entirely departed, are, in the language of the simple-hearted Indians, "heap good." An equally ingenious scheme is used in New Mexico to rid back yards of the immense ants found in that section.

The underground works of these insects are frequently ten feet in depth, with tunnels, adits, drifts, up-casts, and levels ramifying in all directions, and their numbers run up to hundreds of thousands. In 1873, a scientific orderly in attendance upon Major Price, at Fort Wingate, deviced a scheme for their destruction which came at once into popular favor, and is used in the Territory at the present day. He borrowed several large empty bottles from the hospital steward and buried them vertically in the very centre of the nest, with their mouths flush with the ground. Meantime the excited ants, that had poured out by thousands while their haunt was being unroofed, proceeded to investigate the three curious holes with smooth sides now in the centre of their disturbed home. One inquisitive young ant went down to find out what was at the bottom of the singular pit. He did not return. A committee followed. Nothing was heard from them. Then the immediate relatives of these insects dropped in. Then more ants. Finally the whole colony was moved to inquiry, and the rush into the bottles was tremendous until the last ant had disappeared over the rim, and desolation reigned. Then the scientific orderly proceeded at his leisure to unearth the bottles. A more general or enthusiastic free fight could scarcely be imagined than was going on in those glassy jails, each ant chewing satisfaction out of his neighbor's hind leg for having decoyed him in, until the entire community was involved. Then the orderly built a bonfire and committed three quarts of inseparable belligerents to perdition.

KILLING A GRIZZLY.

The California grizzly is justly esteemed an ugly customer, but it seems a small domestic animal has proved itself more than a match for the shaggy giant in a strange duel recorded by the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

A fight is on record in the courts at Pescadero, between a jack weighing 750 pounds, and a grizzly bear of the same weight.

The jack is owned by a man named Ipse, and is a vicious brute. A man named Black, a raiser of blooded cattle in that neighborhood, had been troubled for several weeks by the visits of a grizzly, which killed and carried off a calf, and all his efforts to capture the bear had been unavailing. Finally he advertised in several papers of the State, offering $50 to any person who would kill the bear.

Ipse read the offer, and resolved to take his jack to the *corral* and see what the results would be. Accordingly, the jack was duly installed.

In the night, along came the grizzly, and seeing the jack and fancying a change of diet, he made an attack upon him, but as no one saw the fight, it is only supposed that bruin made the first overture. Any way, next morning when the *corral* was visited, bruin lay stark and dead, and the jack was quietly feeding off the pile of hay.

An inspection of him disclosed the fact that his breast and sides were fearfully lacerated by the bear's claws, and one of his fore feet was dislocated. But bruin was "all broke up." He had his lower jaw smashed to pieces; all of his ribs on the port side were stove in, and one of his fore-legs was fractured at the shoulder. He was generally smashed all over.

Ipse naturally claimed the reward of $50, but Black refused to pay it, claiming that the jack was not a person, and, therefore, not entitled to the reward. All Ipse's arguments failing, he resolved to have recourse to law, and, accordingly, suit has been brought.

A NOVEL WOLF TRAP.

An ingenious but barbarous method of killing wolves is said to be employed among the Esquimaux which outvies in cruelty the figure-of-4 trap, that crushes the animal to the earth.

The Esquimau takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass, like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reindeer sinew, and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze, and form a building cement sufficiently strong to hold the sinew string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking baits of meat and blubber, is scattered over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and, when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach, it elongates and has the well-known effect of whalebone on the system; but, having the military advantage of interior lines, its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days.

SOMETHING ABOUT STAMPS.

As we are so soon to enjoy the luxury of two-cent postage for our letters, and a new stamp will be issued in consequence, not only philatelists, but the general public, will be interested in the following history of postage stamps in this country, as given by the Boston *Advertiser:*

The first issue of adhesive postage stamps, used by the government, appeared in 1851, and consisted of two denominations, a five-cent stamp bearing the face of Franklin, whose zeal and ability laid the foundation of our postal system, and a ten-cent stamp with the head of Washington upon it. Not long after, a second series of five denominations was issued. The one-cent stamp bore Franklin's image, the three Washington's, the five Jefferson's, and the ten and twelve a varied picture of Washington.

In 1857, the series was increased by the issue of a twenty-four, a thirty, and a ninety-cent stamp, and of these, two different portraits of Washington monopolized the twenty-four and ninety, while a second view of the Franklin filled the frame of the thirty.

The third issue appeared in 1861, Washington still appearing on five of the denominations, Franklin on two, and Jefferson on one.

In 1863, the first two-cent stamp was printed. It was black, and bore the face of Jackson very conspicuously placed.

In 1866, the fifteen-cent stamp was introduced for foreign postage, and had placed upon it the portrait of Lincoln.

These remained in use without change till 1870, when a series of ten square stamps, of various designs, appeared, three of them portraits. The one cent was still reserved for Franklin. Washington was placed on the six-cent, and Lincoln on the ninety-cent.

The other designs were fanciful and unpopular, and a new issue, the one now in use, was brought out a month later. In this, Franklin is on the one-cent, Jackson on the two, Washington on the three, Lincoln on the six, Jefferson on the ten, Clay on the twelve, Webster on the fifteen, Scott on the twenty-four, Hamilton on the thirty, and Commodore O. H. Perry on the ninety. The seven was later given to Stanton, and the five to Garfield.

Thus it will be seen that, from the first, the denomination in commonest use has borne the head of Washington. As the three-cent stamp will now go almost entirely out of use, and the two-cent become universal, it is very proper that the Postmaster-General should place the image of Washington on a newly designed two-cent stamp, as he intends to do.

A SURPRISED SUITOR.

It is refreshing to find here and there an illustration of the sometimes neglected maxim that "Honesty is the best policy." The Philadelphia *Press* gives an anecdote showing that a young man, whose conscience forbade his marrying on false pretences, was himself saved from being the dupe of appearances. We presume the marriage occurred just the same, but there was the added bliss of a fair understanding all round:

A young man with a glass eye was engaged to be married, but he did not like to inform his betrothed of his ocular defect. A week previous to the day named for the wedding, he confided in his future father-in-law, who, to his surprise, received the information in a highly amused manner.

"I'll make it all right for you, my boy; you imitate me exactly in anything I do after supper to-night, and see how good-naturedly Maria (that was the lady's name) will take it." Accordingly, as soon as the evening meal was concluded, the father looked at the young man and began to sing:

Oh, do you know the glass-eye man,
The glass-eye man, the glass-eye man?
Oh, do you know the glass-eye man
Who lives down our way?

and, as he concluded the last line, he took out his left eye and placed it on a plate in front of him. The young man was very much astonished to find his Maria's father as unfortunate as himself, while at the same time it gave him courage to reply:

Oh, yes; I know the glass-eye man
Who lives down our way,

and he deposited his crystal optic on the table. Maria was convulsed with laughter at the proceedings, but her future husband was ready to believe all humanity one-eyed when she trebled forth:

I also know the glass-eye man
Who lives down our way,

and dropped her eye into a glass of water by her side.

GHASTLY RELICS.

The Parisians seem to have a curious fondness for what may be termed historical anatomy. Some years since, while wandering through the Musée de Cluny, we noticed an *inferior maxilla* labeled in French, "Jawbone of Molière;" but, according to the following account in *The Academy*, the Great Cardinal was treated rather worse than the great comedian:

Cardinal Richelieu was buried in the vaults of the Sorbonne. At the Revolution, the Sorbonne was pillaged for five days. The magnificent mausoleum of Richelieu was saved with difficulty by the intervention of Lenoir; but a certain M. Cheval contrived to possess himself of the embalmed face of Richelieu, which seems to have been severed from the back part of the head. For a while he boasted of his relic, but a time came when he was afraid it might compromise him, and he begged an abbé called Armez to relieve him of it. The abbè carried it with him into Brittany, and gave it to his brother, who, finding that the skin which covered the face was likely to decay, had it varnished with a yellow varnish used in bird-stuffing. So it remained until about sixteen years ago, when one day, a man arrived at the Tuileries with a small casket under his arm, which he presented to Napoleon III., who found that it contained the mask of the great cardinal. Finally, after so many vicissitudes, it was restored to its place in the mausoleum of the Sorbonne. Before this, however, a drawing was made from it, which is reproduced in the *Gazette*. Very ghastly it looks, but still, strangely lifelike, with the long white mustache falling over compressed lips, and the shaggy eyebrows over empty eye-sockets, and the Roman nose still giving an imposing character to the face.

STRANGE MOVEMENTS EXPLAINED.

Small circular bodies, called "eye-stones," are sometimes used to remove "a grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair," or some other "annoyance in that precious sense"—the sight. Before using eye-stones it is customary to drop them into a saucer of vinegar to see if they are "alive." Presently you will see them move and send a bubble or two up to the top. But there is no life there.

The eye-stone is simply a little lump of carbonate of lime formed in the stomach of the cray-fish—a creature resembling the lobster, but living in fresh-water brooks. The movement is caused by the sudden formation of gas from the contact of the lime with dilute acid (vinegar), and the bubbles are caused by this same gas rising to the surface.

A similar movement is observed in the leaves of the *Schinus molle*, or "insect plant," a specimen of which has lately been added to the conservatory of Cornell University. It is a pretty shrub, that grows in the warmer parts of South America. It resembles our native sumac, but has aromatic leaves. When some of the leaflets are placed in water they begin to dart about upon the surface like so many aquatic insects. The explanation of this is that the leaves contain numerous sacs of volatile oil, which explode when brought into contact with water. The oil is then expelled with such violence as to cause the insect-like movement.

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STATE AND FREE CHURCHES.

OUR forefathers came to this country, while it was yet a wilderness, in search of civil and religious liberty. Their wants were well expressed in that familiar phrase, "A church without a bishop, and a state without a king." Thanks to their labors and sufferings, we live to-day under a free government. We have no official church, and we have no reigning family. All are at liberty to vote for their favorite candidates for office, and all may worship God in the way which seems to them best.

While we live under this system, however, the older countries go on in the old way. In Europe the official state church is yet maintained in some countries. Other churches are either put down or obstructed, or are left to shift for themselves, without help from the government. But there has been a great progress in religious toleration during the past hundred years. People have learned to respect the consciences of others more than formerly. Hence, in some of the European countries there is freedom of religious worship. In England, while the state church goes on as before, all sects have full liberty. In Germany and France a similar freedom exists, but there is a difference. In these countries there is no state church, strictly speaking. That is, while in Germany there are more Protestants than Catholics, and in France more Catholics than Protestants, in neither of these countries is there a government church. But, on the other hand, all the churches receive support from the state on certain conditions.

It would seem strange in the United States if a clergyman received part of his salary from the general government and part from the town in which he preaches. Yet this is the way they have been managing in France. It would astonish any of our town or city governments to have a body of Christian people ask them to build a church, or to keep a church in repair. Yet this is expected, and has been required by law in France.

They are changing the system now. A new French law permits the towns to pay salaries, and repair churches, or to refuse all aid, as they choose. As the French churches have not been accustomed to help themselves, like ours, they are in a great panic. They feel like children turned from home to shift for themselves. The new system will cause great suffering at first. But when we see how much better churches flourish in America than in France, we may hope the change will prove a good one in the end.

WORKING FOR OTHERS.

A SISTER of Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, who died recently in London, once received this precept from the lips of her mother: "Remember, Mary, your lot in life is to sow that others may reap!" How different is this from the ordinary teaching and example. If the general tenor of the advice to many young people could be given in a phrase, it would be this: "Take care of number one." Drive and push if you wish for success; elbow the weaker out of the way; be first best if possible—this is about the practical bearing of it. And this is too often the actual way of it in this bustling world.

A great deal of the misery of life is the result of such selfish effort. The young lady referred to above became one of those whose service for others does so much to make the world happy and worth living in. During the Crimean war she served as a nurse in the army hospitals, and many a poor soldier blessed her with his dying breath.

RARE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

IT is too often the case that people do not look as sharply after the property of others, when it happens to be in their charge, as they would after their own. Yet fidelity to just that extent is what is demanded of thorough service. It is only the "golden rule" applied to business. Now and then, however, there is an instance of wonderful faithfulness of this sort. Such is that recently reported of a Dakota boy. About six years ago, when he was twelve years of age, he was herding some cattle, when they were destroyed by a prairie fire. As nothing could be found of the lad, he was supposed to have perished also. But a short time ago he astonished his former employer by appearing to him safe and sound, and provided with a check to pay for the stock. He feared that he might have been considered careless, and was so conscientious about it that he could not rest till he had earned the price of the cattle.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

THE two terms are frequently used as having the same meaning, but they widely differ from each other in significance. A person's character depends upon what he really is; his reputation, upon what he seems to be. We must judge others, largely, from appearance, and, hence, are liable to err in our estimate of them. Many are reputed generous when their donations are actuated by the most selfish motives; and as many have a reputation for niggardliness at the same time that they are contributing liberally to noble enterprises, but in so unostentatious a manner that few know what they are doing. Occasionally, an "embezzlement" acquaints us with the fact that the "character" of some trusted official did not warrant his "reputation." To be favorably regarded by others is eminently gratifying; not to be appreciated is vexatious. To deserve the approval of one's conscience is, however, better than to enjoy an excellent but unmerited reputation among men.

ERRORS OF SPEECH.

VI.

> ONE hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
> In foolcap uniforms turned up with ink,
> So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
> One don't know what to say to them, or think.
> —*Byron*.

We saw the above stray floating about in some newspaper a short time since, and clipped it for criticism. It doesn't occur to us just now in what part of Byron's works we could find the verse, or we would look the matter up to see if he were really guilty of all the absurdities crowded into that small space. There are violations of rhetoric, rhyme, and reason. "An author" is spoken of as "fellows" in the first line, and called "them" in the fourth; "foolcap" is written for *foolscap*; "jealous" and "fellows" are paired off, which implies that the *fellows* are *jellows*, or else they are *jealous fellers*; and, in the last line, what is the syntax of "think?"

As "think" cannot be a noun, we presume it is intended to correspond with "say," in the same line, and the ellipsis, when completed, would read, "what to say to them or think to them." To get any meaning from such a jumble, we must change the last "to," and "think *of* them," which seems to make the last statement an absurdity, as one *does* know what to think of them, viz., that they are "anxious, clever, fine, and jealous."

And, lastly, "don't!"

What is "don't," but a contraction for *do not?* And yet the poet says, "One don't." Is *one do not* good English? Never, unless preceded by some conditional particle which demands the subjunctive mode.

We constantly hear the words "don't" and "a'n't" misemployed. "He don't" and "she a'n't" are both incorrect. Fill up the vacancies indicated by apostrophes, and what do you find? *He do not—she am not.*

Now, contractions are good enough in their places. In these days when steam, electricity, and phonography, are giving us several lives in one, it is natural that we should endeavor to abridge our speech likewise; but let us make the contractions with some care.

He's not is as readily spoken as *he a'n't*, and has the advantage of being correct; *we aren't* or *we're not*, are grammatical expressions, but *we a'n't* means *we am not* if it means anything. We cannot quite agree with Webster, however presumptuous our dissent may seem, that *a'n't* should be spelled with one apostrophe, and be considered as a contraction for *are not* and *is not*, as well as for *am not*. That it is *used* instead of *are not* and *is not* we readily admit, but we believe it is no more contracted from them than *don't* is from *does not*, or *can't* from *could not*. We contend that *a'n't* is a contraction for *am not*, and if used at all should only be employed with the pronoun *I*, and, if written, should have two apostrophes to take the place of omitted letters. But *I a'n't* is awkward and colloquial, and an expression equally brief and in better taste is, *I'm not*.

Most unfortunate errors, indeed, and yet far too common, are the pronunciation of *does*, as though spelled *dooz*, the use of *done* for *did*, in such expressions as "he done it," "I done it," "we done it," and the employment of "you was," when addressing a single person, instead of "you were." All three errors savor of ignorance, lack of culture, almost of vulgarity. We have heard some persons attempt the defence of the expression "you was," under certain circumstances, but the analogy of languages is against their argument. In both French and German we have corresponding forms to the English "you were," used in addressing a single person, and in both languages the verb is plural, and such should be the case in English, grammatically, logically, and analogically. For "you" is the plural form, whether used to denote one or more than one, and the verb should agree with the form rather than the sense. Be careful, therefore, and on no occasion say "you was" or "was you?"

One more topic, and then we close this series of informal articles, hoping that some may have been helped and others stimulated to a use of correct language, which desirable end may be attained, not alone by observing one's own faults, but by noting (charitably, of course, and, usually, in strict confidence with one's self), the faults of others.

But to our final point.

Shall we say a "three-year-old colt" and a "two-foot rule," as farmers and carpenters do, or shall we use *year* and *foot* in the plural, in such instances?

We noticed, only a few weeks since, in a journal that assumes to be an authority on matters of good English, the expression a "twenty-feet tunnel." True, it may have been a slip of the types, but, taking the words as we find them, is the phrase correct? We think not, and for the following reasons.

Plainly, if we use a plural in one case, we must be consistent, and use plurals in all similar cases, and then we shall not only speak of "twenty-feet tunnels," but of *three-stories houses, four-horses coaches, five-gallons kegs, six-quarts pails, eight-pages journals*, and *ten-acres fields*. As nobody ever talks that way, and as probably nobody ever will, it seems reasonable to say *twenty-foot tunnel, two-foot rule*, and *three-year-old colt*.

BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES.

CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

ALTHOUGH this unfortunate king was, according to Macaulay, "a scholar and a gentleman, a man of exquisite taste in the fine arts and of strict morals in private life," still he was undeniably a tyrant in respect to his public acts, and was led by a fanatic devotion to the principle of what some one has termed the "'Divine Right of Kings' to govern wrong." When he first came to the throne of England, in 1625, he began a series of squabbles with Parliament because the latter body would not grant him as much money as he required. He dissolved it, called it together again, redissolved it, again recalled it, and finally, before he had been upon the throne four years, he sent the third Parliament home, resolved to do all the governing himself. For eleven years he did about as he pleased, since the law makers could not assemble unless he called them together, and the English people were thus powerless in his hands. He imposed taxes and fines wherever he wished, imprisoned those subjects whom he feared, and violated his most sacred promises. At length he endeavored to change the Scotch Presbyterians into Episcopalians, and just there the ship of state, which he had thus far succeeded in sailing over a stormy sea, struck upon a rock and split asunder.

The Scots rebelled, drove the Episcopal priest from the cathedral amid cries of "Antichrist!" "Stone him!" and took up arms against the government.

The king could not extort illegal taxes enough to carry on a war, so he was obliged to summon the dreaded Parliament to vote him supplies.

In April, 1640, the Lords and Commons came together and began to consider the evil deeds of King Charles instead of providing him with money. Carried away by his anger, the monarch dissolved this Parliament in May; but the members had hardly reached their homes before he was obliged to summon them again, and, in November, began the Long Parliament, which did not rise for more than thirteen years, and outlasted the king himself.

Finally, there came the great Civil War, culminating in the battle of Naseby, and, in 1647, Charles became a prisoner to Cromwell's party.

Instead of depriving him of his throne, which would have been just, since he had violated his Coronation Oath, a few members of Parliament took the responsibility to declare the king a traitor and sentence him to death.

This act was as unjust as any the king himself had ever committed; his death was not an execution but a murder. He met his fate with great bravery, and declared, with almost his last words, that "the people had no right to any part in the government." Upon the scaffold he bestowed his watch upon John Ashburnham, a faithful follower, and to this same man were given his silk drawers and the shirt in which he was beheaded, as well as the sheet in which the body was wrapped. These garments, stained with Charles's blood, were handed down in the family until the Countess of Ashburnham, the wife of John's grandson, in a fit of cleanliness, sent the linen to the laundry and had it washed. A recent writer, in commenting on this singular freak, says:

"I wonder how the old lord liked that when he came to hear of it. It was a Scotch lady who performed this feat—a daughter of George Baillie, of Jerviswood—and the Scotch, as we all know, are a remarkably clean race. Yet one may be pardoned for wishing that the king's shirt and drawers had been allowed to remain in the state in which John Ashburnham received them from the hands of the executioner on the 30th of January, 1649."

"OLD BILLY GRAY."

"As rich as Old Billy Gray," has passed into a proverb, but few people know certainly whether to regard him as a myth or reality. He was most decidedly the latter.

He was born in Lynn, Mass., in 1751, and died in Boston in 1825. Just how much he was worth in his wealthiest moments, perhaps no one can tell; but at one time he had more than sixty ships "coming in" from various ports, and all "square-riggers," too.

He did not inherit his wealth, he earned it; and, in twenty-five years from the day he commenced business for himself, he was reckoned the richest man in Salem, where he then lived.

Many pithy sayings are attributed to him. A gentleman said to him once:

"Mr. Gray, how much money would a man need in order to be satisfied?"

"A little more," said the old merchant, grimly.

Although a sharp bargain-driver, he was by no means devoid of principle. He several times aided the Government with his vast wealth, and steadily refused to speculate in its securities, when he might have done so at immense profit.

In his elegant house at Boston there was one room set apart from the others and containing a curious relic. It was a shoemaker's bench, on which he had toiled early in his career, before, by his untiring industry, he had come so near to the attainment of the "little more" that he craved, in common with the rest of us. He took a pardonable pride in showing this scarred and dingy bench in suggestive contrast with its surroundings.

Mr. Gray stood high in the esteem of the community, and held various public offices, among them those of State Senator and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

Though he lost much money at various times during his long life, he was, in the main, successful in his business ventures, and died wealthy and respected.

BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS.

AN Episcopal clergyman, now living in Virginia, relates the following anecdote of an encounter which he had with General Butler during the Civil War.

Butler had just captured New Orleans, in which city the said clergyman was established, and some of the Union soldiers attended the Episcopal church. The divine was in no wise daunted by their presence, however, and, according to his previous custom, prayed "that God would bless the President of these Confederate States." Next day this was reported to General Butler, who sent an orderly summoning the minister to his presence. The latter came at once, and was ordered to change the wording of his prayer in future. Being a most conscientious man, he admitted that his principles would prohibit a prayer for Lincoln and the Union, but that, as he was a friend of peace and ready to submit in all proper humility to the powers, he would agree to omit in the future Mr. Davis and the Confederacy.

General Butler rose to his feet, with stern command in his face and language, and said:

"Do you see those war vessels out yonder in the harbor and those armed soldiers around my door?"

"Yes, sir," replied the divine with due humility, expecting the next moment to be sent aboard ship by the conquering tyrant as a captive slave. But his fears were at once dispelled, as the general, grasping him by the hand, with a broad grin upon his face, said:

"Well, Brother P., you go on and preach and pray for whom you please, and these big guns and brave soldiers will take care of President Lincoln and the United States."

The two afterward became good friends. The general frequently attended the services of the minister while commanding in New Orleans.

GARFIELD AND THE NURSE.

A MAN named Crump, who now keeps a restaurant in Washington, was steward of the White House during Garfield's brief administration, and after the fatal bullet was fired he took his place by the stricken martyr's bedside as one of the most faithful nurses.

One day, it seems, the physicians had forbidden the President to partake of water—for what reason it is difficult to say, but so the story goes—and soon the pangs of thirst began to torment the sufferer, and he prayed Crump to relieve them. A Western paper thus gives the story in the steward's own words:

"The poor man begged so hard and so pitiful like, that I had frequently to leave the room to keep from violating the doctors' orders. When he found that pleading would not serve his ends, then he assumed an authoritative tone, and I instantly became deaf. Then he tried persuasion and cajoling; but I wouldn't weaken until he suddenly called me to him in a low voice, and, with tears in his eyes, said:

"'Crump, would you refuse a dying man a drink of water?'

"'No, Mr. President,' I answered; 'but you are not dying.'

"'But, Crump,' he added, feebly, 'if you do not give me some, I will die,' and he closed his eyes.

"I couldn't stand that, and I couldn't disobey the doctors. But, somehow or another, I just set a glass of spring water on the table by his bed, and went to the window; and, hang me, when I returned if that glass wasn't empty, and the President wanted to know, with a smile, 'what I meant by tantalizing him by placing a glass with no water in it within his reach, and he thirsty?'

"However, he never asked for any more that day, and I am certain that if he did drink that water it did him no harm."

NIGHT.

> How beautiful is night!
> A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
> No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
> Breaks the serene of heaven;
> In full-orbed glory, yonder moon, divine,
> Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
> Beneath her steady ray
> The desert-circle spreads,
> Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
> How beautiful is night!—*Southey*.

PERSONAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

PLATINUM has been discovered in California.

A LOT at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, New York, recently changed hands at the rate of $16,000,000 per acre.

CHICORY has advanced so much in price, in consequence of its great use in adulterating coffee, that the Germans now use beets to adulterate the chicory.

IT is said that wasp nests sometimes take fire spontaneously, ignition taking place from the chemical action of the wax of the cells upon the paper covering of the nests.

GENERAL GRANT'S mother persisted in calling him Hiram, which was his real name, Ulysses having been curiously put on him by a clerk's blunder at West Point. His middle name, Simpson, was her maiden name.

JUDGE not by appearances. "What a fine looking man that is," said one gentleman to another. "Yes," was the reply; "he looks like an encyclopedia, but he talks like a primer." And so it is the world over. The ass is often taken for a lion until he opens his mouth.

LONG-TOED shoes were invented by Fulk, Count of Anjou, to hide an excrescence on one of his feet. These toes were so long as to be fastened to the knees with gold chains, and carved at the extreme point with a representation of a church window, a bird, or some fantastic device.

A NUMBER of residents of North Grinnell, Ia., along the track of last year's cyclone, have prepared underground caves, to which they can flee for protection in case of a repetition of the disastrous storm. Professor H. W. Parker, of Iowa College, is said to be one who has thus prepared for an emergency.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

COWARDS are ever cruel; the brave only are magnanimous.

THOSE who can command themselves, command others. —*Hazlitt*.

A ROOM hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

WHEN there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—*Lavater*.

THERE is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf mute of literature.—*Holmes*.

> FATE steals along with silent tread,
> Found oftenest in what least we dread;
> Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
> But in the sunshine strikes the blow.—*Cowper*.

No man in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry.—*Quixote*.

> 'Tis a litttle thing,
> To give a cup of water; yet its draught
> Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
> May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
> More exquisite than when nectarean juice
> Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
> —*Talfourd*.

BEAUTIFUL it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth at a visible perennial well.

THE HIDALGO'S GLASSES.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

A POOR Hidalgo lived in Spain;
So says Gil Blas, who ought to know.
And when it rained, he let it rain;
They say that Spaniards all do so.

He lived sometimes on scanty fare;
Small dishes on his board grew great,
For on his nose a wondrous pair
Of glasses sat whene'er he ate.

Green peas to pickled olives turned,
And "quail on toast" to turkey grew;
The smallest cherries that he earned
From oranges he hardly knew.

When through his magic glasses seen,
Dry biscuits rose to loaves of bread;
And little fish in his tureen
Showed wondrous length from tail to head.

So, day by day, he magnified
Each crumb of comfort sent to him,
And grew more free from sinful pride,
As eyesight grew more faint and dim.

Who had his glasses when he died?
Gil doesn't tell: he had no heirs;
So where they went when laid aside
God only knows and no man cares.

But lucky he, should they be found,
Who could trace back his pedigree
To that Hidalgo under ground,
And, with his glasses, learn to see

In smallest blessings—ample store;
In darkest clouds—a streak of light;
In every man that sought his door,
A brother, with a brother's right.

HECTOR'S INHERITANCE;

OR,

The Boys of Smith Institute.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOSSED IN A BLANKET.

THE last new boy was a little fellow only eleven years old. His name was Tommy Cooper, as he was called at home. It was his first absence from the sheltering care of his mother, and he felt lonesome in the great dreary school-building, where he was called "Cooper," and "you little chap." He missed the atmosphere of home, and the tenderness of his mother and sister. In fact, the poor boy was suffering from that most distressing malady, homesickness.

Had Mrs. Socrates Smith been a kind, motherly woman, she might have done much to reconcile the boy to his new home; but she was a tall, gaunt, bony woman, more masculine than feminine, not unlike Miss Sally Brass, whom all readers of Dickens will remember.

I am sorry to say that a home-sick boy in a boarding-school does not meet with much sympathy. Even those boys who have once experienced the same malady are half ashamed of it, and, if they remember it at all, remember it as a mark of weakness. There was but one boy who made friendly approaches to Tommy, and this was Hector Roscoe.

Hector had seen the little fellow sitting by himself with a sad face, and he had gone up to him, and asked him in a pleasant tone some questions about himself and his home.

"So you have never been away from home before, Tommy," he said.

"No, sir," answered the boy, timidly.

"Don't call me sir. I am only a boy like you. Call me Hector."

"That is a strange name. I never heard it before."

"No, it is not a common name. I suppose you don't like school very much."

"I never shall be happy here," sighed Tommy.

"You think so now, but you will get used to it."

"I don't think I shall."

"Oh yes, you will. It will never seem like home, of course, but you will get acquainted with some of the boys, and will join in their games, and then time will pass more pleasantly."

"I think the boys are very rough," said the little boy.

"Yes, they are rough, but they don't mean unkindly. Some of them were home-sick when they came here, just like you."

"Were you home-sick?" asked Tommy, looking up with interest.

"I didn't like the school very well; but I was much older than you when I came here, and besides I didn't leave behind me so pleasant a home. I am not so rich as you, Tommy. I have no father nor mother," and for the moment Hector, too, looked sad.

The little fellow became more cheerful under the influence of Hector's kind and sympathetic words. Our hero, however, was catechised about his sudden intimacy with the new scholar.

"I see you've got a new situation, Roscoe," said Bates, when Hector was walking away.

"What do you mean?"

"You've secured the position of nurse to that little cry-baby."

"You mean Tommy Cooper?"

"Yes, if that's his name."

"I was cheering up the little fellow a bit. He's made rather a bad exchange in leaving a happy home for Smith Institute."

"That's so. This is a dreary hole, but there's no need of crying about it."

"You might if you were as young as Tommy, and had just come."

"Shall you take him under your wing?"

"Yes, if he needs it."

We now come to the few minutes preceding the return of Hector from his walk, as indicated in the last chapter.

Tommy Cooper was sitting in the school-yard, with a disconsolate look, when Jim Smith, who was never happier than when he was bullying other boys, espied him.

"What's the matter with you, young one?" he said roughly, "Is your grandmother dead?"

"No," answered Tommy, briefly.

"Come here and play."

"I would rather not."

"I am not going to have you sulking round here. Do you hear me?"

"Are you one of the teachers?" asked Tommy, innocently.

"You'll find out who I am," answered Jim, roughly. "Here, Palmer, do you want a little fun with this young one?"

Palmer and Bates were Jim Smith's most devoted adherents.

"What are you going to do, Jim?" questioned Palmer.

"I'm going to stir him up a little," said Jim, with a malicious smile. "Go and get a blanket."

"All right!" said Palmer.

JIM'S PLANS ARE THWARTED.

"We'll toss him in a blanket. He won't look so sulky after we get through with him."

There were two or three other boys standing by, who heard these words:

"It's a shame!" said one in a low voice. "See the poor little chap, how sad he looks! I felt just as he does when I first came to school."

"Jim ought not to do it," said the second. "It's a mean thing to do."

"Tell him so."

"No, thank you. He'd treat me the same way."

The two speakers were among the smaller boys, neither being over fourteen, and though they sympathized with Tommy, their sympathy was not likely to do him any good.

Out came Palmer with the blanket.

"Are there any teachers about?" asked Jim.

"No."

"That's good. We shan't be interfered with. Here, young one, come here."

"What for?" asked Tommy, looking frightened.

"Come here, and you'll find out."

But Tommy had already guessed. He had read a story of English school life, in which a boy had been tossed in a blanket, and he was not slow in comprehending the situation.

"O, don't toss me in a blanket!" said the poor boy, clasping his hands.

"Sorry to disturb you, but it's got to be done, young one," said Jim. "Here, jump in. It'll do you good."

"O, don't!" sobbed the poor boy. "It'll hurt me."

"No, it won't! Don't be a cry-baby. We'll make a man of you."

But Tommy was not persuaded. He jumped up, and tried to make his escape. But, of course, there was no chance at all for him. Jim Smith overtook him in a couple of strides, and seizing him roughly by the collar dragged him to the blanket, which by this time Palmer and one of the other boys, who had been impressed into the service reluctantly, were holding.

Jim Smith, taking up Tommy bodily, threw him into the blanket, and then seizing one end, gave it a violent toss. Up went the boy into the air, and tumbling back again into the blanket was raised again.

"Raise him, boys!" shouted Jim. "Give him a hoist!"

Then it was that Tommy screamed, and Hector heard his cry for help.

He came rushing round the corner of the building, and comprehended at a glance what was going on.

Naturally his hot indignation was stirred.

"For shame, you brutes!" he cried. "Stop that!"

If there was any one whom Jim Smith did not want to see at that moment, it was Hector Roscoe. He would much rather have seen one of the ushers. He saw that he was in a scrape, but his pride would not allow him to back out.

"Keep on, boys!" he cried. "It's none of Roscoe's business. He'd better clear out, or we'll toss him."

As he spoke he gave another toss.

"Save me, Hector!" cried Tommy, espying his friend's arrival with joy.

Hector was not the boy to let such an appeal go unheeded. He sprang forward, dealt Jim Smith a powerful blow, that made him stagger, and let go the blanket, and then helped Tommy to his feet.

"Run into the house, Tommy!" he said. "There may be some rough work here."

He faced round just in time to fend off partially a blow from the angry bully.

"Take that for your impudence!" shouted Jim Smith. "I'll teach you to meddle with me."

But Jim reckoned without his host. The blow was returned with interest, and, in the heat of his indignation, Hector followed it up with such a volley that the bully retreated in discomfiture, and was glad to withdraw from the contest.

"I'll pay you for this, you scoundrel!" he said, venomously.

"Whenever you please, you big brute!" returned Hector, contemptuously. "It is just like you to tease small boys. If you annoy Tommy Cooper again, you'll hear from me."

"I'd like to choke that fellow!" muttered Jim. "Either he or I will have to leave this school."

CHAPTER XVII.

JIM SMITH'S REVENGE.

IT would be natural to suppose that Jim Smith, relying upon his influence with his uncle, would have reported this last "outrage," as he chose to consider it, to the principal, thus securing the punishment of Hector. But he was crafty, and considered that no punishment Hector was likely to receive would satisfy him. Corporal punishment for taking the part of an ill-used boy, Hector was probably too spirited to submit to, and, under these circumstances, it would hardly have been inflicted. Besides, Jim was aware that the offense for which Hector had attacked him was not likely, if made known, to secure sympathy. Even his uncle would be against him, for he was fond of money, and had no wish to lose the new pupil, whose friends were well able to pay for him.

No! He decided that what he wanted was to bring Hector into disgrace. The method did not immediately occur to him, but after a while he saw his way clear.

His uncle's bedchamber was on the second floor, and Jim's directly over it on the third story. Some of the other boys, including Hector, had rooms also on the third floor.

Jim was going upstairs one day when, through the door of his uncle's chamber, which chanced to be open, he saw a wallet lying on the bureau. On the impulse of the moment, he walked in on tip-toe, secured the wallet, and slipped it hurriedly into his pocket. Then he made all haste upstairs, and bolted himself into his own room. Two other boys slept there, but both were downstairs in the play-ground.

Jim took the wallet from his pocket and eagerly scanned the contents. There were eight five-dollar bills and ten dollars in small bills, besides a few papers, which may be accurately described of no value to any one but the owner.

The boy's face assumed a covetous look. He, as well as his uncle, was fond of money—a taste which, unfortunately, as he regarded it, he was unable to gratify. His family was poor, and he was received at half price by Socrates Smith on the score of relationship, but his allowance of pocket-money was less than that of many of the small boys. He made up the deficiency, in part, by compelling them to contribute to his pleasures. If any boy purchased candy, or any other delicacy, Jim, if he learned the fact, required him to give him a portion, just as the feudal lords exacted tribute from their serfs and dependents. Still, this was not wholly satisfactory, and Jim longed, instead, for a supply of money to spend as he chose.

So the thought came to him, as he scanned the contents of the wallet: "Why shouldn't I take out one or two of these bills before disposing of it? No one will lay it to me."

The temptation proved too strong for Jim's power of resistance. He selected a five-dollar bill and five dollars in small bills, and reluctantly replaced the rest of the money in the wallet.

"So far, so good!" he thought. "That's a good idea."

Then, unlocking the door, he passed along the entry till he came to the room occupied by Hector. As he or one of the two boys who roomed with him might be in the room, he looked first through the key-hole.

"The coast is clear!" he said to himself, in a tone of satisfaction.

Still he opened the door cautiously, and stepped with cat-like tread into the room. Then he looked about the room. Hanging on nails were several garments belonging to the inmates of the room. Jim selected a pair of pants which he knew belonged to Hector, and hurrying forward thrust the wallet into one of the side pockets. Then, with a look of satisfaction, he left the room, shutting the door carefully behind him.

"There," he said to himself, with exultation. "That'll fix him! Perhaps he'll wish he hadn't put on quite so many airs."

He was rather annoyed as he was walking along the corridor, back to his own room, to encounter Wilkins. He had artfully chosen a time when he thought all the boys would be out, and he heartily wished that some untoward chance had not brought Wilkins in.

"Where are you going, Jim?" asked Wilkins.

"I went to Bates' room, thinking he might be in, but he wasn't."

"Do you want him? I left him out on the play-ground."

"O, it's no matter! It'll keep!" said Jim, indifferently.

"I got out of that pretty well!" he reflected complacently.

Perhaps Jim Smith would not have felt quite so complacent, if he had known that at the time he entered Hector's room it was occupied, though he could not see the occupant. It so chanced that Ben Platt, one of Hector's room-mates, was in the closet, concealed from the view of any one entering the room, yet so placed that he could see through the partially open door what was passing in the room.

When he saw Jim Smith enter he was surprised, for he knew that that young man was not on visiting terms with the boy who had discomfited and humiliated him.

"What on earth can Jim want?" he asked himself.

He did not have long to wait for an answer, though not a real one; but actions, as men have often heard, speak louder than words.

When he saw Jim steal up to Hector's pants, and producing a wallet, hastily thrust it into one of the pockets, he could hardly believe the testimony of his eyes.

"Well!" he ejaculated inwardly, "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it. I knew Jim Smith was a bully and a tyrant, but I didn't think he was as contemptible as all that."

The wallet he recognized at once, for he had more than once seen Socrates take it out of his pocket.

"It's old Sock's wallet!" he said to himself. "It's clear that Jim has taken it, and means to have it found in Roscoe's possession. That's as mean a trick as I ever heard of."

Just then Wilkins entered the room. Wilkins and Ben Platt were Hector's two room-mates.

"Hallo, Wilkins! I'm glad you've come just as you have."

"What for, Platt? Do you want to borrow some money?"

"No; there is more money in this room now than there has been for a long time."

"What do you mean? The governor hasn't sent you a remittance, has he?"

"No."

"Expound your meaning, then, most learned and mysterious chum?"

"I will. Within five minutes Jim Smith has been here and left a wallet of money."

"Jim been here? I met him in the corridor."

"I warrant he didn't say he had been here."

"No; he said he had been to Bates's room, but didn't find him there."

"That's all gammon! Wilkins, what will you say when I tell you that old Sock's wallet is in this very room!"

"I won't believe it!"

"Look here, then!"

As he spoke, Ben went to Hector's pants and drew out the wallet.

Wilkins started in surprise and dismay.

"How did Roscoe come by that?" he asked; "surely he didn't take it?"

"Of course he didn't. You might know Roscoe better. Didn't you hear me say just now that Jim brought it here?"

"And put it in Roscoe's pocket?"

"Yes."

"In your presence?"

"Yes; only he didn't know that I was present," said Platt.

"Where were you?"

"In the closet. The door was partly open, and I saw everything."

"What does it all mean?"

"Can't you see? It's Jim's way of coming up with Roscoe. You know he threatened that he'd fix him."

"All I can say is, that it's a very mean way," said Wilkins, in disgust.

He was not a model boy—far from it, indeed!—but he had a sentiment of honor that made him dislike and denounce a conspiracy like this.

"It's a dirty trick," he said, warmly.

"I agree with you on that point."

"What shall we do about it?"

"Lay low, and wait till the whole thing comes out. When Sock discovers his loss, Jim will be on hand to tell him where his wallet is. Then we can up and tell all we know."

"Good! There's a jolly row coming!" said Wilkins, smacking his lips.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSING WALLET IS FOUND.

SOCRATES SMITH was, ordinarily, so careful of his money, that it was a very remarkable inadvertence to leave it on the bureau. Nor was it long before he ascertained his loss. He was sitting at his desk when his wife looked in at the door, and called for a small sum for some domestic expenditure.

With an ill grace—for Socrates hated to part with his money—he put his hand into the pocket where he usually kept his wallet.

"Really, Mrs. Smith," he was saying; "it seems to me you are always wanting money—why, bless my soul!" and such an expression of consternation and dismay swept over his face, that his wife hurriedly inquired:

"What is the matter, Mr. Smith?"

"Matter enough!" he gasped. "My wallet is gone!"

"Gone!" echoed his wife in alarm. "Where can you have left it?"

Mr. Smith pressed his hand to his head in painful reflection.

"How much money was there in it, Socrates?" asked his wife.

"Between forty and fifty dollars!" groaned Mr. Smith, "If I don't find it, Sophronia, I am a ruined man!"

This was, of course, an exaggeration, but it showed the poignancy of the loser's regret.

"Can't you think where you left it?"

Suddenly Mr. Smith's face lighted up.

"I remember where I left it, now," he said; "I was up in the chamber an hour since, and, while changing my coat, took out my wallet, and laid it on the bureau. I'll go right up and look for it."

"Do, Socrates."

Mr. Smith bounded up the staircase with the agility of a man of half his years, and hopefully opened the door of his chamber, which Jim had carefully closed after him. His first glance was directed at the bureau, but despair again settled down sadly upon his heart when he saw that it was bare. There was no trace of the missing wallet.

"It may have fallen on the carpet," said Socrates, hope reviving faintly.

There was not a square inch of the cheap Kidderminster carpet that he did not scan earnestly, greedily, but alas! the wallet, if it had ever been there, had mysteriously taken to itself locomotive powers, and wandered away into the realm of the unknown and the inaccessible.

Yet, searching in the chambers of his memory, Mr. Smith felt sure that he had left the wallet on the bureau. He could recall the exact moment when he laid it down, and he recollected that he had not taken it again.

"Some one has taken it!" he decided; and wrath arose in his heart. He snapped his teeth together in stern anger, as he determined that he would ferret out the miserable thief, and subject him to condign punishment.

Mrs. Smith, tired of waiting for the appearance of her husband, ascended the stairs and entered his presence.

"Well?" she said.

"I haven't found it," answered Socrates, tragically. "Mrs. Smith, the wallet has been stolen!"

"Are you sure that you left it here?" asked his wife.

"Sure!" he repeated in a hollow tone. "I am as sure as that the sun rose to-morrow—I mean yesterday."

"Was the door open?"

"No; but that signifies nothing. It wasn't locked, and any one could enter."

"Is it possible that we have a thief in the Institute?" said Mrs. Smith, nervously. "Socrates, I shan't sleep nights. Think of the spoons!"

"They're only plated."

"And my ear-rings."

"You could live without ear-rings. Think, rather, of the wallet, with nearly fifty dollars in bills."

"Who do you think took it, Socrates?"

"I have no idea; but I will find out. Yes, I will find out. Come down stairs, Mrs. Smith; we will institute inquiries."

When Mr. Smith had descended to the lower floor, and was about entering the office, it chanced that his nephew was just entering the house.

"What's the matter, Uncle Socrates?" he asked; "you look troubled."

"And a good reason why, James; I've met with a loss."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Jim, in innocent wonder; "What is it?"

"A wallet, with a large amount or money in it!"

"Perhaps there is a hole in your pocket," suggested Jim.

"A hole—large enough for my big wallet to fall through! Don't be such a fool!"

"Excuse me, uncle," said Jim, meekly; "of course that is impossible. When do you remember having it last?"

Of course Socrates told the story, now familiar to us, and already familiar to his nephew, though he did not suspect that.

Jim struck his forehead, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him.

"Could it be?" he said, slowly, as if to himself; "no, I can't believe it."

"Can't believe what?" demanded Socrates, impatiently; "if you have any clue, out with it!"

"I hardly like to tell, Uncle Socrates, for it implicates one of the boys."

"Which?" asked Mr. Smith, eagerly.

"I will tell you, though I don't like to. Half an hour since, I was coming up stairs, when I heard a door close, as I thought, and, directly afterwards, saw Hector Roscoe hurrying up the stairs to the third floor. I was going up there myself, and followed him. Five minutes later, he came out of his room, looking nervous and excited. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but I now think that he entered your room, took the wallet, and then carried it up to his own chamber and secreted it."

"Hector Roscoe!" repeated Mr. Smith, in amazement. "I wouldn't have supposed that he was a thief."

"Nor I; and perhaps he isn't. It might be well, however, to search his room."

"I will!" answered Socrates, with eagerness. "Come up, James, and you, Mrs. Smith, come up too!"

The trio went up stairs, and entered poor Hector's room. It was not unoccupied, for Ben Platt and Wilkins were there. They anticipated a visit, and awaited it with curious interest. They rose to their feet when the distinguished visitors arrived.

"Business of importance brings us here," said Socrates. "Platt and Wilkins, you may leave the room."

The boys exchanged glances, and obeyed.

"Wilkins," said Ben, when they were in the corridor; "it is just as I thought. Jim has set a trap for Roscoe."

"He may get caught himself," said Wilkins. "I ain't over-squeamish, but that is too confounded mean! Of course you'll tell all you know."

"Yes; and I fancy it will rather surprise Mr. Jim. I wish they had let us stay in there."

Meanwhile, Jim skillfuly directed the search.

"He may have put it under the mattress," suggested Jim.

Socrates darted to the bed, and lifted up the mattress, but no wallet revealed itself to his searching eyes.

"No; it is not here!" he said, in a tone of disappointment; "the boy may have it about him. I will send for him."

"Wait a moment, Uncle Socrates," said Jim; "there is a pair of pant's which I recognize as his."

Mr. Smith immediately thrust his hand into one of the pockets—and drew out the wallet!"

"Here it is!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Here it is."

"Then Roscoe is a thief! I wouldn't have thought it!" said Jim.

"Nor I. I thought the boy was of too good family to stoop to such a thing. But now I remember, Mr. Allan Roscoe told me he was only adopted by his brother. He is, perhaps, the son of a criminal."

"Very likely!" answered Jim, who was glad to believe anything derogatory to Hector. "What are you going to do about it, uncle?"

"I shall bring the matter before the school. I will disgrace the boy publicly," answered Socrates, sternly. "He deserves the exposure."

"Aha, Master Roscoe!" said Jim, gleefully, to himself; "I rather think I shall get even with you, and that very soon."

(*To be continued.*)

"*Hector's Inheritance*" *commenced in No. 24. Back numbers of the* ARGOSY *can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publishers.*

THE DANGERS THAT SURROUND US.

THE terrific cyclones which have recently spread so much desolation through the South and West, are only hints of what the powers of Nature would produce, were they not governed by Him who hath bound the waters in a garment and gathered the wind in his fists. They lend new force to the eloquence of Thomas Starr King, who said:

"If I were in danger of becoming skeptical, I believe that a fresh and vivid appreciation of the scientific revelations concerning our globe would appall me into faith.

"To think of this ball whirling and spinning about the sun, and to be an atheist! its covering less in comparative thickness than a peach-skin, and its pulp a seething fire, and to feel that we are at the mercy of the forces that lash it like a top around the ecliptic, and of the raving flames that heave and beat for vent; not more than an eighth of its surface inhabitable by man, seas roaring around him, tropic heats smiting his brain, polar frosts threatening his blood, inland airs laden with fever, sea winds charged with consumption, hurricanes hovering in the sky, earthquakes slumbering under our feet, the conditions of life dependent on the most delicate oscillations of savage powers, over which the wisest man is as powerless as a worm; to think of these and not have any confidence or belief in a power superior to these pitiless forces, not to have an inspiring faith that the land was made for human habitations and experience, and is sheltered by a ceaseless love from the hunger of the elements!

"Why, I could as easily conceive of a person making his home unconcerned in an uncaged menagerie, as of a man at rest in nature, seeing what it is, and not feeling that it is embosomed in God!"

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

IN large cities it is desired to make the buildings as nearly fire-proof as possible, and brick and stone are generally employed for the outer walls. Still, wood is needed for inner walls, partitions, and roofs, and upon these, a fire once started, feeds with terrible eagerness. A recent invention promises to be of value in rendering a large part of the inside of our dwellings incombustible. A kind of spongy terra-cotta, or baked clay, is prepared by an ingenious process, which is entirely free from grit or sand, and may be sawed, planed, or worked upon with carpenters' tools, as if it were wood. It will hold nails, and is very light, but will not burn any more than a brick. This is what the Chicago *Tribune* says of it:

"The process of making the new terra-cotta may be briefly described from an inspection of the works. The raw clay is brought directly from the clay bank and mixed, by the aid of machinery, with fine sawdust. Just enough fresh water is added to make the mixture work well, and it is then formed in an ordinary steam-press into slabs or pipes. The slabs are then placed in sheds, exposed to sun and wind till dry. The peculiar texture of the material seems to prevent its warping, and in a few days it is ready for firing.

"The kilns are of the common 'bee-hive' form, and, as soon as the water is driven out, the fires are urged till the sawdust, mixed with the clay, takes fire and is destroyed.

"The burning occupies about thirty hours, and the kilns are opened and the slabs, as soon as cool, are taken to the saw-mill and cut up into the dimensions required for floor-beams, between iron beams, roofing-boards, partition-blocks, and slabs for lining filters. Each piece is planed smooth on each side, and is squared at the edges, tongued and grooved, or cut to any shape desired.

"For roofing, the slabs are laid on the iron rafters and the slates are nailed down upon the slabs. For partitions, the slabs are set on edge and nailed together at the corners.

"The material is so spongy that no lathing is required, and, as the slabs are planed smooth and trimmed square, no plaster is needed, and only a thin finishing coat is put on, which dries hard and smooth in a few hours.

"If a door is to be cut in such a partition after it has been built, the opening is simply cut out with a saw and the trimmings nailed directly to the wall. For protecting iron columns and for covering steam boilers and pipes, the material is formed into pipes, that may be sawn in two and fitted to the pipes, columns, or other curved surfaces.

"For chimneys, the slabs are molded or cut into the form of long bricks, that may be laid one over the other and nailed down; or, if the bricks are long as the chimney is wide, they may be dovetailed and fitted together, nails being fitted at the joints.

"The finished material examined was fitted into floor-beams, laid upon an iron roof and used as a partition, having a facing of plaster (last coat only), and, as plank laid on a floor and in the rough, ready for re-sawing into any shape, and it appeared to be admirably adapted to the work. It also makes an excellent lining for filters."

SAVE THE STAMPS.

THE value of an article depends largely upon its rarity. Gold is useful, but were it to become suddenly as common as iron, and iron as scarce as gold, there would be a swift interchange of values, a terrible time in the stock market. Diamonds are beautiful, but if they could be picked up in the streets like ordinary pebbles they would be placed in rockeries instead of being set in rings, and would be readily exchanged for garnets.

Just now the stamp-collecting mania has infected so many thousands that what would otherwise be worthless bits of paper command really startling prices.

"Stamp collecting is the most alluring of hobbies," said a dealer to a New York *Sun* reporter. "There are 6,500 different stamps known. The value of certain single stamps is equal to many a person's yearly income. A leading banker, whose residence is on Madison Avenue, has an album of stamps worth at the lowest estimate $30,000. Another album, owned by a lady, is valued at $25,000. I could name several more varying in value from $20,000 to $5,000.

"Are corners in the stamp market possible?"

"Certainly; many collectors are at present buying up all the match box and medicine revenue stamps which pass out of use in July. They hope in a few years to create a corner in the market, and get them off their hands at immense prices. We sold a match-box stamp yesterday for $15."

"What collections have been sold at notably large prices?"

"There was one sold in London in 1876 for £8,000. Another sold in Paris last fall for 40,000 francs. We ourselves have sold several $5,000 collections. This may surprise you, but remember that some of these little stamps sell for more than $200. There is one of the old local stamps issued by the Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office in 1846. We would not sell it to-day for less than $200. We have many others of equal value. The stamps which are most in demand and bring the highest prices are the provisional stamps issued from 1844 to 1846 by the postmasters of Baltimore, St. Louis, and Brattleboro. Here is the Brattleboro stamp—a simple frame of single lines inclosing a *fac-simile* of the autograph of James Buchanan. The St. Louis stamp displays the arms of the State of Missouri, with 'St. Louis' and the large numeral of value above, and P. O.' below. The Brattleboro stamp consists of the autographic initials 'T. N. P.' in an octagon ground of vertical lines, with 'Brattleboro' above and 'P. O.' at the sides. Any of these can be sold for $200."

"When and where did this mania for stamp collecting begin?"

"It may be said to have originated in London in 1862, when Mount Brown, Esq., published the first list of postage stamps. Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, followed with a similar and more complete work in the same year. These works were widely read, excited much curiosity, and caused thousands to become stamp collectors. The mania went on increasing until at present I can safely say there are more than a million persons seriously devoted to collecting stamps."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THE tardy justice at last meted out to John Howard Payne by an admiring countryman has revived many stories of the poet's immortal song, among which is the following:

Just twenty years ago, or in the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock, one dressed in blue, the other in gray. As twilight fell, the bands on the Union side began to play the patriotic notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and that challenge of music was taken up by those on the other side, and they responded with the equally patriotic strains of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie."

At length it was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music, to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played it there joined, in a sort of chorus, the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army, for the soul inspiring notes of "Home, Sweet Home" floated in the air.

When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon the other shore had joined the strain, so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God.

When they had finished, from the boys in gray came a shout, "Three cheers for home," and they went up, resounding to the skies, from both sides of the river; for the time being the two armies forgot grim war and only thought of their loved ones at home, and

"Something upon the soldiers' cheeks
Washed off the stains of powder,"

DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVES.

DYNAMITE is a mixture of three parts nitro-glycerine and one part fuller's earth. Sometimes the diluent is mica, magnesia, or even ordinary gunpowder, these substitutes being used by various manufacturers to evade the patents of Nobel, a Swedish chemist. In its various forms it also has various names, such as Jupiter powder, giant powder, rend-rock, etc. An explosive gum of the same nature has recently been invented, which is formed by the addition of gun-cotton and camphor to nitro-glycerine.

The name *dynamite* is from a Greek word *dunamis*, which signifies power. That it is worthy the name no one will dispute, for it is considered seven times as strong as gunpowder. On the other hand, pure nitro-glycerine has at least thirteen times the force of ordinary powder.

In 1865, a prisoner who was condemned to hard labor in a German mine, managed to effect his escape. He had held a position of some little confidence in the mine, and when he decamped he succeeded in taking with him a small tin can, containing about three pounds of nitro-glycerine.

Profoundly ignorant of the nature and fell destructiveness of the explosive, and believing from the care with which he had always seen it served out in the mines that it was of considerable value, he clung to his treasure with tenacity, and eventually embarked for the United States, carrying the can with him, and using it on his long sea voyage as a pillow.

Arriving in this city, he sought accommodations in a Greenwich Street sailors' boarding-house. There, pending his search for a purchaser, he put the can in the public bar-room, where it was used by the boarders as a foot-rest when they blacked their boots. This went on for fully two weeks, and probably the little can was knocked about all that time by careless mariners, who little knew the danger that they were incurring.

One day there was a fight in the bar-room, and the can was kicked by a stalwart German in his effort to reach his opponent.

That fight ended instantly.

Simultaneously with the kick there was a general scattering of all the inmates of the room, a crashing of falling bricks and splintering timbers, and a report like a seventy-four's broadside. A horse that was passing in the street was struck by some of the bricks hurled from the building and pieces of an iron pillar that had been shattered, and instantly killed; but strangely enough, the men in the bar-room escaped with slight bruises, the kicker, even, being only stunned by the shock.

JUST AS HE INTENDED.

IT is the custom in New York, for gentlemen to call upon such of their lady friends as favor them with invitations upon New Year's day. At each house they are usually invited to partake of cake and wine, and, if they comply with the numerous requests, when the list of acquaintances is large, the result may easily be imagined.

The famous Eli Perkins wrote volumes when he signed his name to an article which he had prepared for the press at the close of a supposed experience of this sort, "Uli Perk(hic)ins."

A New York correspondent tells the following story of James Gordon Bennett:

One New Year's day, young Bennett arrived at the Union Club toward night, having made many calls. He sat down in a chair, and, observing that some members of the club were presenting Peter, the venerable porter of the club, with $5 bills as New Year's presents, he called him over, and, fishing down into one of his pockets, brought up a bill.

"Peter, my friend," he said, without looking at the bill; "take that."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter, his eyes glistening at the sight of a $20 bill.

Bennett gazed at him for a second, said sleepily, "wait, Peter," and, diving down into another pocket, brought up another bill.

"Take that, Peter."

This performance went on for fully five minutes. Every time that the astonished Peter attempted to retire, he was called back, and the presentation of every kind of bill, from $1 to $50, went on, to the amusement of the spectators. When no more bills came forth, Bennett stopped and went away. Peter asked some of the members what he had best do with his hat full of money. He was advised to ask Mr. Bennett, the next time he came, whether he had not given him, by mistake, more than he had intended. So the next day, when Bennett appeared, Peter said to him:

"Mr. Bennett, I think you gave me more of a New Year's present than you intended, last night."

Bennett looked at him for a few seconds, not having the glimmer of an idea how much he had given, or whether he had given anything at all.

"How much did I give you, Peter?"

"Eight hundred dollars, sir."

The position was a delicate one, but not so much so to a man with an income of a million a year, as to an ordinary mortal. "That was the amount I intended for you, Peter," said Bennett, without a sign of annoyance.

SHREWD BARGAIN-DRIVERS.

MANY have probably heard of the sharp Yankee who bartered an egg for a darning-needle, and then asked the storekeeper to "stand treat" on the trade. Fearful of losing a customer, the latter poured out a glass of grog, when the Yankee suggested that he "gen'ly took an aig in his when he was to hum." So the identical egg he had just brought was broken into his glass, and lo! it was double-yolked. Calling the notice of the trader to this fact, he cried, "Now, old feller, I say, give us another darn-needle!"

Similar to this, is a story once told by Henry Clay and related in the *Boston Budget*:

Two farmers had two orchards, one on the north and one on the south side of a hill. On one occasion, when the fruit failed on the northern side, the farmer on the south offered his neighbor the privilege of coming into his orchard and making there what cider he needed.

"That is very well," said the northern man; "but I have no hands to make it."

The southern man replied that he would make him a barrel then.

"But I have no one to bring it home," said the northern man.

"Well, I will send you a barrel," was the reply.

"That is all well," said his neighbor; "and when I have drunk the cider, what will you give me for the barrel?"

"RUN, YOU BEGGAR!"

IT is a generous nature that takes the part of the oppressed, and the following incident shows that, while the sailor's head was wrong his heart was in the right place, so we trust the "big chap" forgave him.

Strolling leisurely about a shipyard in Pembroke one day, a gentleman saw a regular hard-weather tar from a man-of-war, who was watching two men dragging a seven-foot saw through a huge oak log.

The saw was dull, the log was tough, and the men were hard at work—pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who could get the saw; and, as one was a big chap while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and, giving it to the small man, he sang out, "Now run, you beggar!"

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS AND PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

F. B. S. (Germantown, Pa.) Accent the first syllable—*Argosy*.

T. B. M. We were glad to receive your nice letter, and to know that you were so well pleased.

S. M. H. (Ball Play, Ala.) Address Puzzle Editor, GOLDEN ARGOSY, 10 Barclay Street, New York.

F. F. V. (Norfolk, Va.) 1. No. 2. If it should prove available. 3. Between May and August. 4. Horticulture.

STAR-GAZER (Concord, N. H.) The moons of Mars were discovered in 1877 by Professor Asaph Hall, of Washington, D. C.

F. M. G. (San Francisco, Cal.) If you win a subscription you can have the copy mailed to some friend, since you are already a subscriber.

M. M. (Savannah, Mo.) 1. Kepler is considered one of the greatest astronomers that ever lived. 2. He died in 1630. 3. Copernicus died in 1543.

E. S. (Bucyrus, O.) The Copts are Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They are about one fourteenth of the present population of Egypt.

L. G. C. (Georgetown, Ky.) The title of "King-maker" was applied to the Earl of Warwick (Richard Neville), the eldest son of Richard, Earl of Salisbury.

SEYMOUR (Waterville, Me.) North Park is the most northerly of the great natural parks of Colorado. Its area is about 2,500 square miles. Game of all kinds is abundant in this region.

MONALLO (St. James, N. Y.) 1. Early in the autumn. 2. Probably the *Rudbeckia hirsuta*, sometimes called the "yellow whiteweed." The real whiteweed, or "oxeye daisy," is termed by botanists *Leucanthemum vulgare*.

G. G. C. (Paris, Ky.) 1. The Punic wars were between Carthage and Rome. There were three, and they ended in the destruction of the former city. 2. The name is derived from Pœnicus, and this from Phœnicius, in allusion to the fact that the Phœnicians were the founders of Carthage.

ALEX. (Paterson, N. J.) Astrology was certainly the parent of astronomy, and there is little difference in the meaning of the terms, so far as etymology goes—the former signifying the "science of the stars," of the latter the "laws of the stars." Technically, however, there is a wide distinction, for astronomy is a science and astrology a superstition.

MONITOR (Washington, D. C.) Some of the most famous of the California big trees are "Mother of the Forest," "Hercules," "Hermit," "Pride of the Forest," "Three Graces," "Husband and Wife," "Burnt Tree," "Old Maid," "Old Bachelor," "Siamese Twins," "Mother and Sons," and "Two Guardians." The above vary from 250 to 330 feet in height, and from 60 to nearly 100 feet in circumference.

S. T. M. (Dansville, N. Y.) 1. The area of Kansas is about 81,000 square miles—of Germany, about 212,000. The latter is, therefore, nearly three times as large as the former. 2. They are land birds, and are found in nearly all parts of Europe and America, and in some countries of Asia. 3. We think not. 4. Yes; the common hare, or *Lepus timidus*, is widely distributed in America. 5. No; it is a native of North America. 6. (*a*) A fresh-water fish resembling the sucker; (*b*) a fish of the same genus with the chub; (*c*) see reply to Harry D. in Nos. 24. 7 and 10. For information concerning these periodicals address H. D. Noyes & Co., 13 1-2 Bromfield Street, Boston, or a postal addressed to either of them at the N. Y. Post office would probably procure you a specimen copy. 8. The rabbit lives in burrows. 9. The ptarmigan closely resembles the grouse, and is a native of northern climes in mountain regions of America, Europe, and Asia.

FRANC (Burlington, Iowa). The lines—

> "Venient annis sæcula seris
> Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
> Laxet, et ingens pateat Tellus
> Tiphysque novos detegat orbes;
> Nec sit terris Ultima Thule,"

were written by the Latin poet Seneca. They may be rendered quite literally thus:

There will be a time in future years when Oceanus shall loose the bonds of things, and a mighty land shall be exposed, and Tiphys shall discover a new earth, and Thule shall no longer be the boundary of the world.

Although Seneca was coeval with Christ, his prediction was singularly fulfilled if we call Tellus, America, and Tiphys, Columbus. 2. If you will read the "Argosy Yarns" you will understand the allusion to Tiphys. 3. Thule is pronounced in two syllables—*Thu-le*. It was an island in the German Ocean or the extreme part of the Scandinavian peninsula, and believed by the ancients to be the most northern point, and one of the ends of the earth, hence called *Ultima*, or Farthest Thule.

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. 25.

No. 1. Boatman.

No. 2.

```
P A R A S O L E T T E
  P A R A D I S E A
    N E R I S S A
      S T O T E
        O U S
          S
```

No. 3. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

The key is the first paragraph under Puzzledom. The semicolons separate words. The first number indicates a word in the paragraph, and the second number a letter in that word, and so on alternately—thus: 3 is the third word, "are," 1 is the first letter, "a"; 4 is the fourth word, "solicited," 1 is the first letter, "s"; etc.

No. 4.

```
      P
    M U M
  M A Z E D
P U Z Z L E R
  M E L O N
    D E N
      R
```

No. 5. Take *second* letter of every word and you have the answer: *May the Argosy be forever*.

No. 6. 30 x 6767 x 50 = 10150-500 = XILD (exiled).

No. 7. Economy is wealth.

No. 8.

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S O L A R
O L I V E
L I K E N
A V E R T
R E N T S
```

No. 9.

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A B A N G A
D E M A N D
A B O L L A
M A I H E M
S A N D Y S
```

No. 10. Bard, hero, sage.

Puzzles in PUZZLEDOM No. 25 were correctly solved by: NANG PORTE KEY, SCOUT, NEMO, ALBION, CONQUEROR, FORT SUMTER, SLEEPYHEAD, KNOW NOTHING, PUZZLER, ALCIBIADES.

Complete lists.—None.

Best incomplete lists.—SCOUT, PUZZLER.

PUZZLER, please send last name in full.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. SQUARE.

1. The aperture in a mold. 2. A short bar. 3. Wreaths. 4. A female name. 5. A captain. 6. Ensiform.

NEWARK, N. J. ADONIS.

No. 2. CHARADE.

> My *second* on a quiet sea,
> With gentle breeze to fan my brow;
> Said I: "O sea! sweet friend to me,
> Dost cheer my desolation now."
>
> The scene is changed—the wild winds rave,
> My bark is lost beneath the sea;
> I grasp my *first*, perchance to save
> My life—that dearest boon to me.
>
> I'm washed upon a sandy bed,
> "I'll trust thee not, O treacherous thing!
> Thou base, deceiving sea!" I said,
> And then I heard my *total* sing.

PITTSFIELD, ME. JUNIPER.

No. 3. PROGRESSIVE HALF-SQUARE.

1. A letter. 2. By way of example. 3. One of several species of poplar. 4. A town of Spain in Valencia. 5. In Greek grammar, the rough breathing, importing that the letter over which it is placed ought to be pronounced as if the letter *h* preceded it. 6. Turkish coins, worth about one cent each. 7. To bespatter with foul reports. 8. One that vilifies another. 9. Slanderers.

NEW YORK CITY. ALCIBIADES.

No. 4. REBUS. (An animal.)

M
E

NEW YORK CITY. SOLD.

No. 5. HEXAGON.

Across.—1. A light blow with the fingers. 2. Household gods of the ancient Romans. 3. Brief. 4. To fix again. 5. To go down below the horizon.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A household god of the ancient Romans. 3. Steps. 4. Mounted. 5. An opinion. 6. To rest. 7. A letter.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. ALBION.

No. 6. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Portion. 3. To mingle by rubbing in some fluid or soft substance. 4. An ornament formed in imitation of curved and bent foliage (Arch). 5. Almost choked or suffocated. 6. A light cake or muffin (Prov. Eng.). 7. The first bishop of Paris. 8. A number. 9. A letter.

GIBSON, PA. ODOACER.

No. 7. QUINTUPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

> In "pale green shrubs" in forests found;
> In "flaring torches" used at night;
> In "poisonous flowers" along the ground;
> In "mewing kittens" in a fight;
> In "rosebuds" bred with tender care;
> In "arrows large" by Indians used;
> In "watchful lions" in their lair;
> In "wooden playthings" much abused;
> Five *flowers* to you the answer will show,
> I'm sure that one of the puzzlers will know.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. FALCON.

No. 8. HALF-SQUARE.

1. A hurricane squall (Eng.). 2. Fixes and holds in the mind (*Rare*). 3. Allured with smiles. 4. An alarm. 5. An article. 6. To marry. 7. A Roman coin. 8. A letter.

NEW LISBON, O. SAM SLICK.

No. 9. RIDDLE.

I come like a conqueror heralded by horns and bells. My complexion varies, and I am sometimes decked with a rainbow-colored ribbon. I travel to all quarters of the globe, over land and sea, on earth and in air. I have saved life and have destroyed it. I often attract attention to the exclusion of all things else; yet, though my absence may be noticed, I am never missed except when present.

LAND OF NOD. SLEEPY HEAD.

No. 10. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An outcast. 2. To bring forward. 3. Froth. 4. The first rudiments of plant life. 5. Gazed. 6. A city of Ohio. 7. An outrage. 8. A town of Sumatra. 9. A book of the Bible.

Primals.—A country upon the Mediterranean Sea.

Finals.—A Greek historian.

CHICAGO, ILL. M. A. Y. BELL.

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

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Accepted.—O. LIVER, SLEEPY HEAD, NYAS, HOUSTON, ALCIBIADES.

Rejected.—HARRY MOWBRAY, HOUSTON.

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CHAT.

NYAS.—Correct. It *was* a compliment. Your *O fight* is a capital side issue. NANG.—You found the right answer to No. 3 by the wrong method. How you ever "struck ile" with such an augur is wonderful. ALBION.—See reply to U. No. in chat No. 21. PUZZLER.—Perhaps not according to custom, but hardly "against rules." PUZZLER was the only one who solved No. 6. NANG PORTE KEY the only one who obtained the cipher.

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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.

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THE KING'S RING.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king,
Who, upon his signet-ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel, at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance—
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not as gain
Treasures of the mine or main,
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests,
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Lady fairest ever seen
Chose he for his bride and queen,
Couched upon the marriage bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said:
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent,
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;
"But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of Gold,
Spake he with his dying breath.
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

ZERI NODDY'S BEAR.

BY DEXTER GIFFORD.

"ZERI! Zeri Noddy! For patience sake come here! There! Do you see old Peak-nose? Somethin's been a clawin' of her; an' I'm much mistaken, if 'taint the bear Sol Peabody see on Overset last week!" And Aunt Keziah Noddy adjusted the spectacles on her nose, and critically surveyed the unlucky ewe which had just then run into the yard bleating pitifully.

"More likely 'tis dogs' work," said Zeri, a boy of fourteen, now coming forward from the kitchen where he had been pounding away diligently at an old dash churn.

"Oh, 'taint, neither! The wool's all scratched off her back an' a-draggin' on the ground. An' where'n natur's her lambs? Go right off into the parster, Zeri, an' hunt 'em up—ef they ain't eat a'ready!"

"An' stop churnin'!" queried Zeri, amazed at his good luck in escaping for once the weekly affliction.

"Ye can't kerry the churn with ye, kan ye?" cried the old lady with asperity. "There's no need o' bein' gone all day. I'll waggle at the dasher till ye get back. Hurry, now!—an' look sharp—but don't get nabbed yerself," she screamed after Zeri, as, snatching his tattered hat from its peg in the shed, he darted off down the lane toward the pasture.

Zeri was only a nephew of Aunt Keziah's, which, doubtless, accounts for the little anxiety with which she sent the boy off to a possible encounter with so formidable a creature as a bear. But Zeri thought, as he ran along with blistered hands and aching shoulders, that he would rather meet a bear and run the risk of getting scratched as badly as was old Peak-nose, than face the dash churn, filled to the brim with stiff, sticky cream, again that day.

The forenoon was well-nigh spent when at last Zeri made his appearance, finding Aunt Keziah still struggling with the dash churn, panting and out of patience.

He had found one lamb floundering in a bog-hole, into which, in its fright it had run, and from which it could not make its way out; the other was missing.

"What *will* yer Uncle Jefferson say?" cried Aunt Keziah, subsiding into a kitchen chair and wiping her sweaty, cream-spattered face with her check apron. "It does seem as though confusion breaks loose as soon as ever he stirs off the primisis."

It was in late September, and Uncle Jefferson had gone to spend a week with his brother John up in New Hampshire. Since his departure, the foxes had caught half the turkeys, the big chimney had "burnt out," setting fire to the weathered and dry house-roof, burning entirely through before the fire could be put out; and now one of old Peak-nose's twins was gone. Aunt Keziah was dismayed. Such a "string of misfortins hadn't fell onto 'em since she an' Jefferson had settled down."

Zeri thought something ought to be done, and persuaded Aunt Keziah to let him borrow Sol Peabody's bear-trap. The next morning, getting his friend Philander Damon, a big, red-headed boy of about his own age, Zeri set off for the pasture with the heavy trap carried on a pole between them.

After a good deal of trouble and many futile attempts, the two sturdy boys got the great strong jaws of the trap open, and set the rather dangerous-looking thing amid some beeches at the foot of "Overset," a jagged, precipitous mountain covered with spruces and firs, just beyond the hedge fence, separating the pasture from the mountain; for Zeri did not care to add anything to Aunt Keziah's stock of calamities by running the risk of the Durham heifer's putting her foot in its ponderous jaws.

One week passed, then two. The trap was daily visited, yet no sign of any creature's having been about it was perceptible. Zeri concluded that the bear had gone foraging in some other neighborhood.

One afternoon, the last of October, Aunt Keziah sent him into the woods to get some hazel bark for coloring yarn, and as usual Zeri called for Philander to go with him. They took along a bag to gather beech-nuts in, and an ax to pound the limbs to rattle off the nuts.

They soon peeled the bark, then went on up to the beeches under "Overset" to get their nuts, and also to take up the trap if they found it still undisturbed.

But the trap was gone, big clog and all. And there was every indication of there having been a very lively scuffle amongst the brush and small evergreens.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

"Here's his tracks! Fresh, too!" cried Zeri, excitedly. "Let's put on after him! It won't do to stop now an' let him carry off Sol's trap!"

And the two boys eagerly set off on the trail, ax and club in hand.

The bear, finding it too difficult to climb up the way he had come down, had turned aside and gone around the base of the mountain toward a swampy tract to the westward. Here the thick underbrush had so interfered with the heavy clog that his progress had been very slow, and the boys had not gone more than half a mile when they came plump upon the animal hung up between a pine log and a big bowlder.

Zeri ran on around him, and in the heat of excitement darted up to the creature, and struck at him with the ax. Quick as a flash it was struck from his grasp by a blow from the bear's paw, and went whirling off into the underbrush; and grappling the boy's arm, the great brute began chewing it in a most savage manner.

"Beat him off, Phi! Beat him off!" shrieked Zeri in great alarm. "Hit him! Quick! Quick! He'll kill me!"

Philander rushed to the rescue, and with his club belabored the bear vigorously till the old fellow, finding himself so beset from behind, left off chewing Zeri and turned his attention to that quarter.

Instantly, Philander took to his heels. But the bear had, somehow, in the *melee*, got the clog loosed, and, instead of being fast, as Philander had calculated, to his horror he gave very lively chase, almost clutching the lad's long blue frock at each leap.

A fallen spruce lay in their way, and into it Philander plunged; the bear pursuing him, still dragging trap and clog, and mad with rage and the pain of his injured foot. The lad crawled as far as he could get into the brushy top of the spruce, the bear floundering on after him, when the clog once more caught in the limbs, bringing the angry creature up with a jerk not two yards from the head of the terrified Philander, where he growled and gnashed his teeth hideously.

Suddenly something gave away with a grating snap, and with a terrible hoot the bear bounded out of the spruce and hobbled off into the woods.

Philander soon recovered from his fright, and crawling out of the tree-top, went to hunt up Zeri. That terrified and miserable lad had taken refuge under a big shelving rock, where Philander found him groaning softly and quite used up. Indeed, his arm was badly bitten, and his jacket torn nearly off him.

On examination, the clog was found among the spruce-boughs, trap and all; the bear, in his exertions to reach Philander, having jerked his foot out of it, leaving two toes with their long nails in its grim jaws.

"No wonder the old fellow hooted so!" exclaimed Philander. "It must 'a' hurt awfully. I thought sure his next leap would be on top o' my head!"

"He'd 'a' skelped ye, sure enough," said Zeri, regarding his arm ruefully.

The boys did not stay for beech-nuts, but gathering up the trap and ax, started for home. No more was seen of the bear that year; but the next spring he was again in the neighborhood, doing mischief in the sheep flocks.

It was in planting time, and very warm weather. The pigs had been turned out of their winter quarters in the sty into a yard on one side.

One Sunday morning, before light, the whole house was aroused by most piercing squeals from the yard. Aunt Keziah rushed to the stairway.

"Zeri! Zeri Noddy! Get up quick! Don't ye hear the shoats squealin'? Massy sakes, he's dumb's the Poles, an' Jefferson rarin' round with cramp knots! Dear! dear! The pigs 'll be eat 'fore that boy'll rub his eyes open."

But just then Zeri stumbled down-stairs, with his gun. There was a big dark creature running around the yard fence, whose hoarse growl could be heard above the squeals of the terrified "shoats." Zeri thought it was the bear, and, with the kinks now well out of his eyes, crept along in the shadow of the shed and pig-sty till within a few feet of the disturber, and fired. The creature fell back off the fence with a great snarling. Zeri did not stop to see what followed, but dodged deftly into the pigsty and shut the door fast, and, a few minutes after, when he emerged at the anxious call of Aunt Keziah, the beast was gone.

Early that morning, Zeri was sent down to the spring to fetch water for breakfast. As he went along, he took a look at the pigs. Their backs were well furrowed with long, deep scratches, where the animal had reached over the low fence and raked them with its sharp nails as they raced around the yard.

"Must 'a' been the bear," said Zeri to himself, as he hurried along. "Nothing but a bear could claw like that. Great guns! That's him now!" and Zeri stopped short as he caught sight of a gaunt black animal by a great pine stump.

Thinking himself undiscovered, Zeri quickly backed off, and, running to the house, loaded the gun, and noiselessly made his way back. The creature was still there, and Zeri, determined, if there was any efficiency in buck-shot, to bring him down this time. But the bear did not *come down*, nor did he seem to notice the boy. Zeri began to suspect something, and, getting around to the front, he found that the bear was dead. He had given him the fatal shot at the pig-yard.

UNDER THE SEA.

DIVERS generally seek employment from ship-owners, and descend into the depths of ocean to repair and bring up sunken craft, though they sometimes make independent ventures in search for lost treasure. They rarely go down more than a hundred feet, as the pressure of the water becomes too great for comfort. Air is supplied by an air-pump, worked by one or two companions, and communicating by means of a hose with the back of the diver's helmet.

There is a code of signals, by means of which the submarine worker calls for more or less air, tools, signals, etc. When he has anything especial to communicate, he sends up for a slate and pencil, and writes a letter.

It is as easy to read and write under water as out of it. One can see very plainly, for all objects are greatly magnified.

A diver, who has had twenty years experience, has given some interesting details to a Philadelphia reporter. He said:

There are no unpleasant sensations while at work, save a drumming in the ears, and this will sometimes destroy the hearing if the diver remains too long below. Four hours—two in the morning and two in the afternoon—constitute a day's work, and if the diver restricts himself to this limit, there is little or no danger of his becoming deaf; but if he goes much beyond it, he is pretty sure to injure his hearing.

I once remained under water for nine hours, and, as a consequence, completely lost the use of my left ear for three months, during which time I suffered agony with earache. Eventually, however, my hearing became normal again. Aside from this, the sensations are delightful, and I feel just as well, happy, and contented, at the bottom of the sea, as I can under any circumstances.

While engaged in raising the sunken schooner Dauntless, in Kingston, Jamaica, on the 18th of August, 1880, I became so disgusted at the stupidity of the men above in answering my signals, that I took a book which I found in the captain's cabin, and, sitting down, read it for nearly an hour.

I once knew a diver, Tom Brintley by name, who, though a thoroughly competent man and a good fellow, was a little too fond of stimulants. On one occasion, he went down with a pretty good cargo of spirits aboard, and the men above not knowing his condition, became seriously alarmed when several hours passed by without their receiving any signals from him, or any response to those they made to him. Another diver was sent down to look for him, and found him lying on his back on the bottom of the ocean, sixty feet below the surface, fast asleep.

A FIGHT WITH A DEER.

IT is a well known fact that many animals, usually timid and harmless, will, if brought to bay, fight desperately for their lives; and when their blood is once up they may in turn prove the attacking party. An occurrence of this sort happened to Charles Chick, a hunter and woodsman of Michigan, during the latter part of last winter, as related in *American Sports:*

Hearing his dog barking furiously at something quite a distance away and across the river from where he was, he went over the stream, and on snow-shoes went to investigate the cause of the racket. He had noticed lynx-tracks several times during the afternoon, and thought the dog had treed a lynx.

Owing to the peculiar nature of the ground, he could not see the disturbance until fairly upon them. Instead of a lynx, his dog had brought to bay a very large buck deer. The crust of the snow was strong enough to hold the dog, but not the deer, and they were having a lively time of it.

Not wishing to kill the animal at this season of the year, he broke off a limb from a dry hemlock and struck the dog two or three times and made him loosen his hold, the dog having a solid hold of the buck. No sooner had the dog loosened his grip than the ungrateful deer turned upon Chick with great fury and made a fierce charge upon him.

He was armed with a hunting knife and revolver. He determined to run, but made such poor headway upon his snow-shoes that the enraged buck soon overtook him. In the onset the deer's foot struck the rawhide network of the snow-shoe and broke it. Any person who has ever tried walking on snow-shoes knows what a predicament that puts a man in.

The dog came to the rescue of the master, and for a time it was a badly mixed up mess of man, dog, and deer. Finally, getting his foot free from the broken snow-shoe, he drew his revolver and put a ball in the deer's head. The next instant the buck knocked him down and made a vigorous effort to stamp him under the snow. The dog seized the deer, and that animal turned upon him. Chick had lost his revolver in the onslaughts. Before the deer again turned to Chick he had time to draw his knife, a long-bladed dirk. This time he grappled the deer and hung on to his head and neck with one arm while he plied the knife with the other, finally succeeding in killing the buck.

Chick arrived home in a badly battered condition, with his clothes torn and damaged. His whole life has been spent in the woods, and he says that this was the most exciting adventure that he ever had.

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

IN our boyhood we used to have an especial dislike to the small sermon that was always tacked to every fable and labeled "Moral." We also made the serious mistake of considering it an adjective, and came near imbibing an aversion to things moral in consequence. We accordingly clip the appendix from the following parable, and will let each reader make his own application:

A wolf who had a dispute with a hyena determined to destroy him, and, therefore, went to the lion for advice. "Set a trap for him," was the reply, "and when you have caught him eat him." The wolf went away and laid a snare beside the path often traversed by his enemy, but just as he was cackling with satisfaction he blundered into the trap himself and was held fast. In this emergency along came the lion, who called out: "By George! what's all this?" "I'm fast in my own trap," humbly replied the wolf. "So I see. I came out here expecting to help you eat the hyena; but, as the case stands now, I shall help the hyena eat you." "But I set this trap by your advice," protested the wolf. "True, you did, and I advised your enemy to set one for you as well. Odds is the difference to me whether I eat wolf or hyena."