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No. 30.

Lost in the Wilds. A Sequel to "Up the Tapajos." By ROLLO ROBBINS, Jr.

CHAPTER VII.

WE have said that the captive Arara Indian was separated from the lad who was guarding him by a distance, perhaps, of twelve feet.

in the first instance, seemed to be entirely absorbed by the hurt on his arm. He scrutinized the linen bandage, stained with his own blood and the crushed berries, as though it were the greatest curiosity on which he had ever gazed.

Then, with his hand, he tenderly lifted one corner of the bandage and peered under. The action seemed to give him pain, and, screwing up his lips, he quickly put the linen back in place.

Ned laughed to himself.

"He is as big a baby as Harry or I was when we were little fellows. The next thing I suppose he will do will be to put his hands to his face and begin blubbering-that reems

The last exclamation was caused by a strange impression indeed. When Ned looked at the Indian, it seemed to him the space separating the two had become slightly less than it was a few minutes before!

He had carefully measured the distance with his eye, else he might not have noticed it. But he became convinced he was mistaken, for he failed to understand how such a phenomenon could occur.

"Now, if he could only talk English, I would open a conversation with him," thought the lad; "but his tongue doesn't sound any more like ours than the grunting of pigs does. He has a wicked face, and I believe, if he could get the chance, he would murder every one of us. I wonder what is the matter with my

He rubbed them vigorously for an instant, then glanced toward the stream, on which he could hear the slight sound made by Ardara's paddle in

taking his friend across. The boat was little more different individual. The Indian very often is as the boy sat it was impossible for him to suspect the than half way to the other side, and the lad caught a passing glimpse of it for a moment through the vegetation.

It must not be supposed that, during this interval, brief as it was, Ned Livingston forgot his duty. All the time the captive was in his field of vision, and he could not have made any motion without its being instantly detected by his guard.

The latter still grasped his gun in both hands, the muzzle being pointed toward the savage, but the hammer was not raised.

However, that could be done with great quickness, and, where the separating distance was so slight, no aim was necessary. Without bringing the rifle to his shoulder, the youth had only to point the muzzle toward the savage and pull the trigger: the aim could not fail.

Young Livingston did not expect any demonstration on the part of the Arara, and he hoped none would be attempted. If the lad should be assailed by the dusky captive, he could do nothing less than shoot him in self-defence.

Besides his dislike of doing such a thing, he felt

that it would be almost equally fatal to Harry Nor- less than at first, but it was being steadily diminwood. Deprived of the vast advantage of holding | ished. an important prisoner with which to open negotiations, and with a true knowledge of the situation in the possession of the Araras, there would be very slender hope for Harry.

"The South American Indian is like his northern brother," was the sensible conclusion of Ned; "that is, in many respects. The story books tell you how noble and generous he is, and how he never forgets When Ned looked at Oogrooh his attention, as anything about him paints him as altogether a sidelong glimpse toward the stream, so as to keep

When the treacherous redskin leaned his head forward and nursed the wound in his arm, covered by the stained bandage, he seemed to be looking at and giving his whole attention to it; but had any one been able to see his black, restless eyes just then, he would have discovered that he was not examining his arm at all.

He was looking askance at the boy, occasionally an insult or kindness, but every one who knows letting his gaze fall to his arm, and then darting a

> in his mind the movements and whereabouts of mostwholesome

trick, he ran much risk of being detected. He could not shift his body without working his powerful muscles, and his clothing was too scanty to conceal such action from the scrutiny of a suspicious person.

But the savage must have felt he had no time to throw away. Ardara, who had subdued him so quickly and completely, would not take long to land his friend on the other side of the stream and to return for his prisoner; when he should reach the shore, from which he started, it would be too late to accomplish anything.

By and by, Ned Livingston appeared to become weary of looking so intently at his captive, and allowed his gaze to follow the movements of a crimson-hued bird, flitting among the branches over-

As the boy did so, he did not relax his vigilance, for the savage was in his field of vision, and he

> After a brief spell, Ned looked at his man again, and he was startled beyond expression.

They were actually within six feet of each other!

More than that, Ned observed the guarded action of the muscles of his legs, and it came upon him, with the suddenness of the lightning flash, that the Arara was in the very act of gathering himself for a leap, intending to strangle him to death before he could defend himself or his friend could rush to his assistance!



NED LIVINGSTON did not detect the subtle trick of the Arara Indian an instant too

Looking at his dusky legs, he observed the twitching of the muscles, accompanied by an almost imperceptible motion of the body toward the youth, who was astounded beyond expression.

The warrior, after all his professions of friendship and gratitude, was stealing forward with the intention of suddenly leaping upon the boy and throttling him to death.

Ned possessed enough selfcommand to avoid showing the amazement he felt, but he saw distinctly that the wild man was at the point where he was about ready to make the side leap that would land him on his prey, as the lion bounds down upon the unsuspecting Hottentot.

Without any manifestation of astonishment, therefore, Ned quickly moved back a yard or more. As he did so, he kept his eye on his captive, and cocked his rifle.

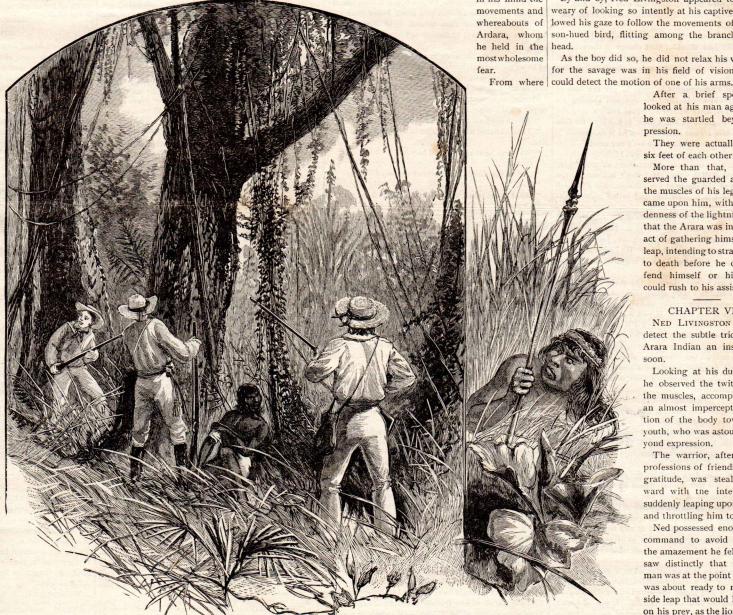
The soft click of the hammer, as it was lifted, could not fail to be heard by the Indian, who also showed a marvelous command of his emotions, for as though it were a burn he was seeking to charm

His hope must have been followed by intense disappointment; but, if such was the fact, he gave not the slightest evidence of it.

"That's just as close as I want you," said Ned, addressing him in a loud voice, as we are all inclined to do when talking with a foreigner who doesn't understand what we say.

Oogrooh looked up, as if puzzled, and probably he did not know the full import of the words. His repulsive face had such a quizzical, wondering

expression that Ned was amused for the moment. "Oh, you are a sly dog! but I happened to discover your trick in time; do you understand? No



"'LISTEN AND WATCH,' HE ADDED; 'IF YOU CATCH SIGHT OF ANY WARRIOR, FIRE!"

quick to scalp his friend as his enemy. Well, it savage was doing anything except gazing at his must be that I have been watching him so closely I bandaged arm, screwing up his lips, and uttering have lost the power to see things as they are."

That which troubled Ned just then was the conviction that the distance between him and his charge was not only less than what it first was, but less than when he looked at Oogrooh a few minutes be-

He could not help feeling bothered and perplexed, for there was a mystery about the whole business beyond his comprehension.

The space originally separating the two had been diminished fully one-fifth, if not more, within the last few minutes, or else the eyes of the lad were playing him false.

"There's one thing certain, I am sitting exactly where I was when Ardara left, but that Indian has approached me.

Had the lad been more experienced in the ways of the wood, he would have become aware of a strange and alarming fact.

In truth, his eyes were not deceiving him: the distance between him and the Arara was not only the extraordinary skill with which he played the more trifling, or I'll-"

soft expressions of his suffering.

But the treacherous warrior was engaged in a much more wonderful exploit: without seeming to change the muscle of an arm or leg, he held the lower limbs rigid, and worked the moccasined feet he continued patting and nursing the bandaged arm, in such a guarded fashion that, while it could not be seen, yet it effectually moved his body toward the spot where the boy sat.

With a skill that was astonishing he was "inching along," toward the youth who might well suspect that his eyes were at fault, when he had never seen or heard of such a performance.

"It must be I am wrong," he muttered, after studying the matter several minutes. "I would like to be further away from him, but he would be apt to think I am afraid if I make such a movement, or else he won't understand it at all."

When the Arara saw that the youth was scrutinizing him unusually close, he must have suspected the cause, and he ceased his efforts; for, despite

The youth made clear what he would do, under certain contingencies, by raising his cocked rifle, and pointing it at the savage, sitting close at hand.

Oogrooh might reasonably suppose that his guard had decided on general principles to shoot, but, be that as it may, he displayed a nerve that was amazing, when it is remembered his slight wound threw him into such a panic of terror only a short while before.

He fixed his snakish eyes upon the face of the lad and never stirred a muscle, until Ned lowered his weapon, while still keeping the hammer raised.

The Oogrooh softly passed his free hand over the bandage on his wounded arm, and gently blew upon it, as though it were becoming feverish!

"You're a queer customer," exclaimed Ned, who could not help feeling an admiration for his coolness; "but Ardara was right when he warned me against your treachery. It isn't safe to trust you for a moment.

Just then the sound of the guide's paddle was heard, and the next moment he stepped ashore. He had carried Jack Blockley across, and now returned for the cap-

As soon as he approached, Ned told him of his stirring experience, saying he had escaped death, as he believed by a very narrow chance.

"There can be no doubt of that," was the prompt response of Ardara; "he meant to get nigh enough to make a sudden jump, which would have ended your career then and there.'

"You are going to have hard work to arrange an exchange, when all three are as treacherous as he.

"That is what I saw from the first. The shot by which you wounded the rascal was the most fortunate that could have been made. Had you killed him, the body wouldn't have been of any use for purposes of barter, and, if you had missed him altogether, he would have finished you very soon."

Nothing could have been more docile and meek than the captive when Ardara told him to enter the canoe. He did so, as though the highest ambition of his life was to please the man who at that moment happened to be his master.

Ardara warned Ned to keep his wits about him, for there was no calculating the turn the enmity of the Araras would take.

The voyage across the stream was effected without difficulty, and Jack Blockley took charge of the captive. The guide told of the singular experience of the boy, and added that the savage was one of the most cunning of all animals.

"He's got to be mighty cunning to get the best of said Jack, compressing his tips and shaking his head; "that is, after all you have told me."

"You know, Jack, we don't want to kill him, for that would spoil him for our purpose; but he is dangerous.

"I won't kill him, 'cause there isn't any need.'

"What will you do if he attacks you?"

"He hasn't got any weapons but them as natur' give him, and that's all I want. If I don't lambast all the ugliness out of him inside of five minutes, then I'll climb to the top of the highest tree and resign my commis-

Ardara laughed at the earnestness of the honest fellow and put off from shore to bring over the last passenger.

Finding himself alone with his captive, Jack surveyed him with more than usual interest. He had studied him quite closely at first, but he had acquired new impor-

"There must be something of the snake natur' about him, else he couldn't slide along the ground as he did, when Ned was looking right at him, and couldn't understand how it was done. If you want to move down by me, old chap, just try it, and I'll give you a sidewinder that will knock you through next week."

Rather curiously, the Arara assumed almost the same position he held on the other side of the river-that is, with his feet gathered up and his arms folded loosely around his knees, his bandaged limb seeming to engage most of his attention.

But he made no attempt to "inch" up to his captor; it would have been foolish for him to do so. His sharp eyes must have told him that all three of his enemies understood the stratagem that had come so near success, beside which, he might very well doubt his ability to handle the sturdy, muscular sailor in a rough and tumble struggle on the ground.

But for all that, Jack Blockley did not trust him. He took a seat a few feet distant, where he could watch the slightest movement made by the savage, and he never lost sight of him during the absence of the guide.

The seaman did not hold his gun or pistol at command, so that it could be fired at any moment, for he did not look upon such precaution as necessary; but his muscles were braced for the assault whenever he chose

Matters were in this situation when a sound like the soft whistling of a bird trembled through the forest arches. Jack had heard the sound many times before, and had seen the bird which made it. It was of brown. mottled plumage, and generally flew and perched among the highest branches.

It uttered its notes several times, and then all became still; but Jack, who was looking straight into the countenance of the Arara at that moment, observed that the sound interested the Indian very much. He started visibly, and looked about in his quick, restless way. Then he glanced at lack, and, observing his gaze centered upon him, affected an indifference, which could not deceive the old sailor.

CHAPTER IX.

HAD not the Arara forgotten himself for the moment, Jack Blockley never would have suspected that the tremulous note among the trees was not made by the bird which he had often observed.

"It's the signal of one of his friends," was the correct conclusion of Jack; "these scoundrels can talk in half a dozen different languages, and this is one of them."

By and by the same soft, vibratory sound was heard again. It was of that low, musical character that it was hard to locate, but the sailor was confident it was considerably closer than when it first sounded on his ear.

"The lubber is stealing this way, and all the weather indications p'int to a first-class smash up in this latitude

afore many weeks go round. Hilloa!' He had taken a glance at his weapons, so as to be ready for any sort of assault, when, to his unspeakable amazement, Oogrooh deliberately raised his head and

made precisely the same signal which had first reached the ears of his captor.

This was a daring proceeding, inasmuch as the savage must have known it would be understood at once by his captor. The prisoner was communicating with his comrades, who were stealing up to camp.
"Shiver my timbers!" muttered the astounded sailor,

when he was able to recover his breath, "but that beats all the imperdence I ever heard of. If you hadn't been hurt pretty bad already, I'd knock you over for not axing my permission afore you done that."

Fortunately, Ardara did not remain away long. He had only to cross the stream, take in Ned, and return, a proceeding which occupied such a brief time that the two joined Jack immediately after the captive replied to the signal of his friends.

The Portuguese was not greatly surprised, but he was angered, for he felt that the Indian was presuming too much on his forbearance. He concluded the time had come when the fellow should be taught his precise standing."

He held a rather vicorous conversation with him which may be translated rather liberally:

"When you were on the other side of the stream, Oogrooh, you tried to steal up close to the lad, that you might throttle him. You need not shake your head and deny it, for you lie, That was after you had promised to be a friend to us. You have just answered the signal of one of your people who is near at hand: why was

"Did you not tell me you wished to give me back to my people, for the boy whom my brothers have? I am willing to do that."

"Can it be done until you and my people talk together, inasmuch as you will not trust me to go to them.

"Of course we must meet; but how could we do so when I was on the other side of the stream? Why did you not wait until I came back?"

"Have I not waited? Are my people here?" were the very pertinent questions of the Arara, who immediately clinched what he said by adding: "Your time is worth so much that I wished to save all I could for you."

"That is quite ingenious, Oogrooh, but it does not deceive me; we have treated you much better than you deserve, and you must know we shall do so no more. The first time you attempt to deceive or betray us, I shall kill you!

This statement was made in language almost as pointed as we have given, so there was no room for misunderstanding. Oogrooh signified that he rose to the occasion by nodding his head quite vigorously.

Having impressed the situation upon their man, Ardara put a few plain questions to him.

Where are your two warriors with the boy?"

"That I cannot say, for we have been separated some

"Who was he that signalled to you?"

"Oomooh."

"One of the three who captured the boy?" "Yes."

"What is the other warrior's name?"

" Oolooh." "Are you brothers-that is, was your mother the

ame woman?"

"She was not." "Your names couldn't be much more alike if you were triplets; but tell me how you recognize which war ior it is when the only sound he makes resembles the note of a bird.

"The ear of Oogrooh can tell the difference between the signal of Oomooh and Oolooh.

"Possibly you are right out I don't believe itthere!

The same tremulous signal sounded among the forest trees, and it was unquestionably near at hand. Before Ardara could interpose, the captive answered it, adding with a grin:

"That is Oomooh, and he is not far away."

The eye of the guide flashed with anger, and he grasped his knife, as if about to spring upon the treache ous captive; but he restrained himself, and spoke

quietly: "Let him come close, and we will talk to him." Then, turning to Ned and Jack, who, as may be sup

posed, were deeply interested in the business, he said : "One, if not both, of the other Araras is close at hand; keep a bright look out for treachery, but don't fire unless to save your own life, and leave everything

"It seems to me more than likely we have made mistake.'

"In what way?"

"We talk and act as though we had but three Indians to deal with, when there may be many more." But Ardara shook his head.

"We are in the heart of their country, but there are no others in the immediate neighborhood, because, if there were, they would have attacked us before this

The situation of our friends was a most trying one. They were in the midst of the wood, where the dense vegetation effered a favorable concealment for enemies. and they were certain those enemies were very near

"Listen and watch," he added: "don't interfere with Oogrooh, but if you catch sight of any warrior stealing upon you, raise your gun, and if he doesn't change his is any double dealing, I'll finish him in short order,

Ardara thought it best to translate this conversation to Oogrooh, who could not help being impressed by it. Several minutes of painful silence and inaction followed. The nerves of all were on a strain, and the slightest rustling of a leaf caused each to start.

Oogrooh, notify them to approach," said Ardara, a few minutes later. "If you can put so much information in a signal, say that we want to talk, and will treat them honorably; but if they prefer to fight, we are Oogrooh made the astonishing statement that all this

knowledge could be conveyed through the medium of several musical notes, which he proceeded to warble from his brazen throat The others awaited the response, but none was made.

Then, provided a part of what the captive said was true, they listened and watched for the approaching foot-

Ardara became more convinced than ever that treach-

he could not divine its nature, and naturally, therefore, it seemed the more terrible in character.

As nothing could be seen or heard which would give him the clue, he carefully watched the countenance of the captive, striving to conceal from him the fact while doing so. Ardara more than suspected that the dusky face would prove the needed index.

By a curious coincidence, Ned Livingston was engaged in precisely the same experiment.

Thus it was that Jack Blockley, the sailor, was the only one who kept close watch of the wood immediately surrounding them, with a view of instantly detecting the approach of their foes.

backs against the trunks of large trees, so as to screen their bodies; and they depended on their sense of hearing scarcely less than on that of sight. It so happened that the position of Ned was such that

At the suggestion of Ardara, all three placed their

he gained a Letter view of the face of Oogrooh than did Ardara. He studied its expression closely, taking extreme care that he was not detected in the attempt.

More than likely his experience on the other side the stream stood him well in his singular, self-appointed task.

A few minutes' scrutiny of Oogrooh's dusky countenance confirmed Ardara in his suspicion that the fellow, despite the warnings he had received, still meditated treachery. Furthermore, he knew the precise movements of his

comrades, even if his captors were still in the dark. He was aware where one or both of them were at that mo-The head of the Arara shifted slightly with the quick.

nervous movement of a bird who is searching for the point from which danger is approaching. Both Ardara and Ned followed the direction of his gaze, but could detect nothing.

The Portuguese was confident of two facts, which taken in conjunction, were of the most exasperating nature.

His power of vision was equal to that of the captive and yet he himself could detect no sign of the immediate presence of their enemies, while Oogrooh did.

"He sees one of his comrades this very second, and that comrade observes him. There is a full understanding between the two, and yet, for the life of me, I cannot tell where the warrior is crouching!"

Ardara was absolutely right in his supposition (To be continued)

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

HOW THE INDIANS CAPTURE WHALES.

AROUND Cape Flattery live various tribes of Indians who are bold and daring hunters both by sea and land Formerly they drew their whole subsistence from the ccean, living upon fish, and clothing themselves in seal-But their favorite occupation in which they found both pastime and profit was whaling. Their boats were "dug-outs" made from some great cedar their lines were twisted from the inner bark of the same tree, and their harpoons were bone-pointed spears.

In addition to the above, a whaling outfit usually comprised some lances with copper points, short coils of extra rope, and several sealskins inside out with, every aperture tied up, and filled with air.

They have not yet abandoned their pursuit of this exciting sport, and a writer in the Washington Territory Chronicle thus describes an adventure in which he took part:

We were standing on a hill in the neighborhood of the

We were standing on a hill in the neighborhood of the Indian village, when a sudden commotion among the Indian village, when a sudden commotion among the Indians attracted our attention. A shouting boy rushing wildly past was hailed, but simply uttering some wild yells and pointing toward the ocean, he rushed on. Following the direction of his finger, we saw the foamy spray from the nostrils of a blowing whale thrown into the air, and a moment later a brief glimpse of his broad black back.

We rushed toward the beach and jumped hurriedly into one of the larger canoes, and in a few moments, mixed up in the bottom of the canoe with a collection of harpoons, sealskin bladders, lances, ropes, etc., and amid a chorus of yells and whoops that would have made the incurable ward of an insane asylum seem as quiet as a church social before supper, we were off.

Four other canoes accompanied us, but the fifth, through some mishap, was capsized in the surf, and was delayed too late for the first of the sport. The dozen or more paddles in each canoe flashed like lightning, as each one strained every nerve to distance its competitor for the glory and profit of getting the first harpoon.

Soon we were upon the monster, who, lolling lazily along, paid no attention to the demonstrations of his puny assailants. But he was rudely awakened. The foremost canoe darted forward and "thud" went the heavy harpoon into his broad back, buried nearly to the shaft. The canoe was stopped and suddenly backed, and none too soon, for with a sudden and terrific smash of his flukes on the water, barely missing the nearest canoe, he sounded.

A number of sealskin bladders, fast to the harpoon lines were thexum ever and each canoe are in the search of the search of the sponded.

and none too soon, for with a sudden and certific solutions of his flukes on the water, barely missing the nearest cance, he sounded.

A number of sealskin bladders, fast to the harpoon line, were thrown over, and each cance, in turn as it came up, made fast with a line to the foremost cance. Up came the monster, and, with a fearful lurch, all four cances were dragged through the water at a fearful rate as he started for the ocean.

Four or five miles were run at this rate, when his pace slackened, and the hindmost cance was hauled cautiously past the others, and another harpoon was dexterously planted, and this cance assumed the front cace in the procession, with the others bringing up the rear.

Another wild rush, but shorter than the first, and a repetition of the performance, until there were half a dozen harpoons affixed and double as many sealskin obladders drifting around the now exhausted monster, preventing his sinking or sounding. Finally, after hours of a prolonged fight for his life against his relentless foes, the coup de grace was given with the lance, a final plunge, and he was ours.

of a prolonged fight for his life against his relentless foes, the coup de grace was given with the lance, a final plunge, and he was ours.

On the beach the entire remaining population of the village were awaiting around huge bonfires the return of the hunters. The canoes were safely beached, the whale hauled up as far as strong hands could drag him, and left till the outgoing tide exposed his full proportions on the beach, when knife and ax and saw did their work, till of the huge animal naught was left but a few well stripped bones, on and over which the village dogs fed and fought and snarled till the incoming tide covered them with a layer of sand. The carcass is divided equally among all concerned in the capture, except that the honor piece, extending entirely around the animal and including the dorsal fin, is the property of him whose lucky harpoon was the first to strike the whale.

A MESSENGER OF DARKNESS.

THERE is a vast difference between patriots and politicians. The former are too rare, the latter are by far too common; a politician trims his sails to catch the breath of popular applause—the patriot seeks not what winds may blow, but keeps on one unvarying course which he believes is right; one yields to principle alone ery was afoot. It was in such a subtle form, too, that the other is swayed by policy; one always hoists the

colors of the ruling power, the other nails his standard to the staff and there it ever floats-true blue.

The following story, condensed from the Rural Record, well illustrates the unprincipled turncoat in the person of the old lady who was ready to disclaim allegi-

person of the old lady who was ready to disclaim allegiance to any but present powers:

Bill Sykes kept a crow in his whiskey saloon on a Texas turnpike which had picked up the words "darn you" from the conversation of Bill's customers so that he could say it quite plainly. One day, in a knock down and drag out at the groggery, the crow became so frightened that he flew away from home, and took up quarters in a tumble-down and dilapidated settlement meeting-house, which was only opened twice or three times a year on the visit of the "circuit rider."

Two days after the crow's occupancy, the church was thrown open for preaching and a large crowd assembled, among whom was a very old lady who was compelled to use crutches in walking, and who took her seat in the "front pew" and was soon deeply absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman, however, had scarcely got under full headway, when a hoarse, croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words:

"Days you!"

words: "Darn you!" "Darn you!"

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profamity, and each peered into his neighbor's face in vain, to detect some signs of guilt. Quiet was at length restored and the sermon proceeded, but before ten minutes had elapsed the ominous "Darn you!" again locatified the audience and just as the preacher cast. minutes had clapsed the ominous "Darn you!" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upward to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch and, alighting on the open Bible, calmly surveyed the terrified crowd and gave another doleful croak:

Darn you! The effect was simultaneous. Giving one startled and terrified glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang through the window, carrying sash, glass, and all with him, and set off at a break-neck pace through the woods,

closely followed by his panie struck congregation, who piled out of the building pell mell after him.

In the general scramble, the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she lay, unable to rise, and on observing her, the crow, who was after something to eat, flew down beside her and very http://doi.org/10.1003/j.j. knowingly cocking his eye up at her again croaked:

"Darn you!"

The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and then burst forth in a tone of reckless defiance:

"Yes; and darn you too! I had nothing to do with getting up this pesky old meeting, and you know it!"

The poor old soul had mistaken the crow for a messenger of the devil, if not himself in an assumed shape, and concluded to try, and propriate; if possible the and concluded to try and propitiate, if possible, the wrath of his satanic majesty, by denying all complicity

in the affair.

WE have heard men say that they didn't believe in heaping coals upon their enemies' heads, for they had tried it and they wouldn't burn.

This very admission shows that if they had really tried the experiment, it was with a motive of vengeance which the verse preceding the command (Rom. 12, 19 expressly forbids. But the following incident recorded by the Little Sower shows how coals of kindness may prove surprisingly effective, and produce the best results:

A Quaker, having been disturbed by footsteps around his dwelling one night, arose from his bed and cautiously opened the back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another man in the cellar. The Quaker approached, and the man on the outside fled. He stepped up to the window and received the pork from the thief within, who, after a little time, asked his supposed accomplice in a whisper, "Shall we take it all," The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes, take it all," and the thief handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation, when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he confronted the Quaker. Both were astonished, for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged him not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully not to steal again.

If thou hadst asked me for meat it would have been

"If thou hadst asked me for meat it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the Quaker said:
"Take the pork, neighbor."
"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want the pork."
"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal. One-half of the pork thou must take with thee."
The thief insisted that he could never eat a morsel of it. The thought of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the Quaker was inflexible, and furnished the man with a bag, and put half the pork therein, and laying it upon bag, and put half the pork therein, and laying it his back sent him home with it. He met his nei his back sent him home with it. He met his neighbor daily for several years afterward, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret, and though in after years the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never made known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably his first—it was certainly his last attempt to steal.

FROG FATING.

IF a person does not regulate his diet according to the Jewish code, or the still stricter requirements of a weak digestion, it seems difficult to say what kinds of animals shall not be eaten. Instead of deciding by the prejudice of a name or the appearance when living, a great many people are governed by the taste of a dish when served. If they like it, they eat it without question-and why not? A clergyman thus relates his experience in the Adirondacks:

We went for frogs and got them. When we got back to camp, John skinned the legs, washed them off, and sprinkled some salt on them, and then laid them away

sprinkled some salt on them, and then laid them away until the next morning.

I gave John a word of caution, in this wise: "Now, John, you know I don't eat frogs, and you had better cook some fish for me."

"All right," he said; "if you want fish I'll cook it for you"—but he had a cunning twinkle in his eyes that made me suspicious (it was my first trip with him—now I know him so well that I understand that twinkle better)

However, breakfast time came, and we were tout to fall in. I acked a blessing on our morning meal, but it was with sundry and divers misgivings as to what I was to be thankful for; but I reasoned thus: "Now, John has cooked those frogs, and nothing else, and I don't want any; however, I can make my breakfast on a cup of coffee and some bread and butter." Being at the head of the table. I had read she but the frogs. However, breakfast time came, and we were told to

of conce and some bread and butter. Being at the nead of the table, I had to dish out the frogs.
"George, have some?"
"Yes, sir, please."
This did not surprise me, for he always was a great hand at tasting everything and anything new; sampling medicines and drugs with apparent unconcern. "John, have some?"

'Oh ves'

This was so hearty that no one doubted his fondness for them. Then, after supplying them, I laid down my tools and began on bread and butter for myself, and watched them. I saw that George took to them at once, and John was doing his pretitest, polishing off the bones handsomely, and, as neither of them showed any signs of weakening, I thought I would try "a very small piece, you know, for I'm sure I shan't like it," but that very small piece did the business for me. I chewed it very daintily—in fact, I was ill-mannered enough to smell it first; it smelled good, and it tasted good, and I was a convert. Frogs were good; and many a time since then have I had a good feed of Adirondack frogs, and hope to live long enough to have a good many more. This was so hearty that no one doubted his fondness

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts which never falter
In the battle for the right;
There are ranks which never alter
Watching through the darkest night;
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife
Only gives a noble daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary
Bearing suffering and wrong;
Though their way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song;
While their spirits in God's furnace,
Bending to his gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mold,
By his loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission "Tis to bind the bleeding heart, And to teach the calm submission When pain and sorrow smart; There are angels bearing to us Love's rich ministry of peace; While the night is nearing to us, And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy, and hate;
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
No earthly power can crush them,
They dread not the tyrant's frown,
No fear, nor favor hush them,
Nor bind their spirits down.

These, these alone are truly great;
These are the conquerors of fate;
These truly live—they never die;
But, clothed with immortality,
When they shall lay their armor down
Shall enter and receive the crown.

THE YOUNG TRAITOR'S DOOM.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY W. H. W. CAMPBELL,

During the last war between France and Germany, when the great French armies had suffered several defeats, and the German forces began to overrun the country, the rural people undertook the formation of companies of local militia, for home defence,

These independent soldiers were called franc-tireurs, or literally in English, free-shooters. They were regarded by the Prussians very much as the Union troops in our civil war looked upon the guerrillas. They did no severe damage to the enemy, but as their assaults were mostly made from secret ambuscades, they succeeded in killing many straggling German soldiers, and in picking off some of the officers.

Their motives were in the highest degree patriotic.

Their country was in a sad condition, and these brave fellows, half disciplined, and many of them mere boys, rallied purely for the defence of their homes and their government. Still, as they were not regular soldiers, and war is now conducted on strictly scientific principles, the German troops hated these franc-tireurs, and shot them down without mercy at every opportunity,

The little French hamlet of Garrande shared the general excitement of the rural districts. The every day occupations of its inhabitants were hurried through, and the whole village was occupied with the events, the rumors, and the speculations of the war. A large number of the able-bodied men and boys had formed themselves into a company of franc-tireurs. Drilling in the manual was going on everywhere. A few old veterans were putting awkward squads through their manœuvres

They were a motley lot, these village militiamenhardy, sunburned fellows, with eyes flashing fire, but as classey with their weapons, and in their movements, as baight be expected of any raw gang of agricultural innocents.

A group of these recruits was under exercise one morning in a grove near the village. There were grizzly haired men of sixty, and beardless youth of sixteen. All were full of the fever of patriotism, and burning to punish the audacious foe that had invaded their beloved France.

Gray fustian jackets and broad-visored caps were all they had in the way of uniform, except the blue knotted necktie which half concealed the bosom of their woolen shirts. But here was also at the drill a squad of the Garibaldian volunteers, fantastic and ferocious in flaming red jackets, and fancy scarfs crossed upon their breast. These volunteers gave something of life and theatrical aspect to the sombre assembly.

The drill had been going on briskly for some time, and the company were dismissed. The young men strolled in various directions, in the village street, or among the lonely farm cabins, according to their bent, or their daily occupation. Suddenly from a squalid little hovel was heard a volley of angry screams, proceeding from a female throat.

A gray-jacketed tireur scampered away over the field, grasping by the neck a struggling and squawking chicken. This knavish forager was a nephew of the keeper of the wretched village inn. He belonged in a neighboring hamlet, but the bustle of the franc-tiveur movement had drawn him to Garrande

After him raved the furious peasant woman, brandishing a pitchfork in her rage. "Stop thief! stop thief!" she shricked. "We are not Prussians here, to be robbed by rascals in French jackets!"

But the young scamp was deaf to her outcries, and continued his flight to e, endeavoring to wring the neck of the unlucky fowl as he ran.

His progress was, however, soon interrupted. A young fellow of about seventeen witnessed this scene with flashing eyes. "Old mother Morgon is right," he muttered. "Thieving is out of place with honest francdireters.

So saying, the young lad, who wore the gray jacket, bestirred himself to intercept the marander. were his movements that he speedily descended upon the flank of the chicken robber. "Halt, comrade!" cried, "what have you to do with that fowl?"

Don't meddle, friend," was the laughing response. 64 Precious little pay we'll get, besides broken heads, if we don't apply the rule of war. Come on, and we'll split the plunder in company !"

"Not so!" replied the youth hotly. "Honest franctireurs do not pilfer from their friends and country folk! Let the bird go, and don't disgrace the bat-

"That for your nonsense!" scornfully retorted the fugitive, snapping his fingers at his interlocutor.

"And that for your impertinence!" answered back his head. He marched in silence, repeating to his base the angry franc-tireur, letting fly his fist against the heart; "He will be killed, and I shall be revenged." cheek of the young thief, with such force as to send him sprawling.

A clamor of approving shouts greeted this exploit, The chicken, whose neck luckily had not been twisted, limped away uttering agitated lamentations. The young fellow picked himself up, and leaped furiously at his assailant.

But before the combat was fairly joined, several of the village volunteers ran up, "You are right, Jean!" they cried. "It is a disgrace! Off with his uniform. We want men to fight Prussians, and not poultry." So saying, the reinforcement pounced upon the chicken stealer, and, quickly stripping him of his jacket and cap, drove him with cuffs and jeers out of the field, The discomfited vagabond made the best of his way, with all speed possible, toward his uncle's abode, muttering threats of vengeance.

"Brave boy, Jean!" exclaimed his comrades, as they laughed at the precipitate flight of the scapegrace Vincent Beaupaire-for that was the delinquent's name. "You have the right sense of honor. We do not want our ranks disgraced by such worthless fellows!" And the party hurried away to their various occupation.

The little village of Garrande felt a change in its atmosphere before night-fall. Outlying scouts came hurrying in, with the alarming report that the Uhlans were coming, and were close at hand. A wave of excitement immediately swept over the hamlet. The old men looked grim, and compressed their grizzled lips. The women crept timidly in and out of their hovels, secreting their little trinkets and valuables. The horses and cattle were hurried away to the forest. The franctireurs and Garibaldians gave ear one by one to a whispered message from their commander, and stole away in little squads out of the village to a rendezvous on the wooded crest a few miles distant.

The village, as night came on, seemed dead or deserted. Nobody appeared in its solitary street. Not a glimmer of light anywhere greeted the gathering dusk. An oppressive sense of apprehension and alarm brooded over the entire hamlet.

At the inn, no person was visible, except the landlord, who had been hiding the choicest of his provisions and miserable wines. Ah, yes! Vincent Beaupaire, the disgraced nephew, appears from some remote chamber where he had been hiding. His face bears a surly and vindictive expression. His cheek yet burns where Jean's fist justly smote it. He glowers out of the dingy window into the dirty street.

A shadow comes between him and the dim daylight, The form of a Uhlan appears, half hidden beneath the folds of his ample cloak. And now a trampling follows, and a squad of his comrades dismount at the door, The landlord presents himself, cap in hand, angry but ob-

Where is the mayor?" is the stern demand. The landlord points the way, and the Prussians gallop after that functionary. He is soon found, and to the stern de-mand for the franc-tircurs who waylaid and shot a handful of the enemy, he haughtily refuses to reply. He is seized, and shut up in his own home under guard.

"Unless the culprits are given up, we shall burn the village," is the sentence which issues savagely from the lips of the Uhlan captain. The ominous word passes quickly from mouth to mouth of the villagers. A tremor seizes upon all. The brave mayor is firm. None will betray their own towns-folk. The fate of the little hamlet is scaled. A deep despair settles, with the darkness, upon the hearts of the poor villagers.

The horsemen repair to the tavern. And now the infantry come marching in-battalion after battalion, a strong column. They bivouac on all sides, swarming over the village and in the fields. The camp fires, fed from the planks of the tumble-down sheds and barns of the peasants, begin to glare ominously on the night.

The soldiery fill the inn, They demand wine and meat. The landlord responds with pretended eagerness, but the stock is soon exhausted. "Bring more," is the ravenous cry.

"But, gentlemen, I assure you there is no more, the grimacing reply of the host, whose heart sinks at the rapacity of his Prussian guests.

"He is a liar!" shout some of the bolder spirits. A ransacking begins, and with shouts of triumph the concealed stores are brought to light.

The landlord turns pale; he is ruined. Having detected his duplicity, his ruthless foes will plunder him

without mercy. "Spare me, good gentlemen!" he implores

"Show us to the franc-tireurs; and it will be money in your pocket," hisses a trooper in his ear.

The landlord recovered his manhood in a flash. Spiting angrily toward the tempter, he turns his back and stalks away, amid shouts of derisive laughter. The feasting grows fast and furious, till everything is con-

"I would give something handsome to get at those scoundrels," mutters a fierce-looking Uhlan, "Ha! Who is this?"

"Only Vincent Beaupaire,"-his eyes blazing with re venge, and his breath thick with fumes of brandy-"A poor village boy at your service. What did you say, if

The trooper gazed at him a moment with piercing glances. Then hauling him to one side, he exchanged a few low sentences with the half drunken wretch. As he concluded, he said in a louder voice, "You will do it then? Remember! Your life depends!"

The traitor murmured something in reply, and his hand closed upon some pieces of gold. The trooper gave him a contemptuous push, and cried: "Begone then, and get ready to start at once. Follow him, Fritz," he added, turning to a soldier of the squad. 'We have found a guide,"

Every sound in the room ceased, and all eyes turned with disgust toward the retreating figure, as if it reeked with pestilence. An audible sniff filled the apartment, and a muttered execration, "miserable scoundrel," issued from many lips.

But now all was bustle and preparation, and in a quarter of an hour, a column of infantry filed silently out of the hamlet. At the head was Vincent, carefully guarded by two soldiers with drawn pistols.

"Remember, your life pays the forfeit, if you deceive

us," they muttered in his ears,

The miserable youth only drooped his eyes and hung

But now, as the last soldier left the inn, a frightened little girl crept out from a small cupboard, in the corner where the traitor had made his bargain with the German officer. She was trembling in every limb, and her bosom heaved with intense excitement.

She fell upon her knees in the darkened corner. Good God," she cried piteously, "help me to save them!

Hastily wrapping an old shawl upon her head, she peered cautiously from the back door of the inn, and darted out into the night. "If I run for my life across the fields," she murmured-this brave gir. of fourteen-'I can get there first."

"Now then scoundrel, they are not here," growled his guards in Vincent's ears, as they reached the wood where he had promised to find the franc-tireurs. "What do you say, scum of the earth? Have you sent a warning?" And the wretch was viciously punched And the wretch was viciously punched by the butts of several muskets.

"I told the truth. I do not betray you!" was Vincent's reply, but his heart sank within him.

A halt was called for consultation. Vincent was vigorously questioned, and it was determined to proceed with caution. Yet the commander said: "I doubt that villain. Keep a strict watch, and shoot hlm if there is treachery."

The column advanced slowly and silently through the forest till it reached a narrow defile. Here it halted again; but on the instant the slopes on either side broke into rattling volleys of flame and death. The Prussians fell fast on every hand. They were in an ambuscade. The little heroine had reached the lines in time to warn

e franc-tireurs to fall back.
"Right about!" shouted the captain. "We can do nothing here. We are in a net. There is nothing but to withdraw. The devils know the country, and they are bold in the darkness. The surprise has failed Where is the guide?"

At these ominous words, Vincent felt the choking fingers of one of his guides closing upon his throat. "Revenge is sweet" was hissed into his ear. Merciful heavens! That was his own vile thought only an hour before.

The Prussians hastily retreated from the ravine in which they had been entrapped. The franc-tireurs, content wi h their own escape from Vincent's treacher-ous plot, did not follow. The tramp of the retiring my died away in the distance.

Then a sudden explosion of musketry echoed on the night.

"What can be the firing for now," asked Jean of one of his comrades; "a salute for their victory

Not long afterwards the heavens were lighted up by the flames of the burning village.

The next morning news came from Garrande that the enemy had retired, They were never again seen in that neighborhood while the war lasted: but the poor peaants had lost their all.

As the battalion of franc-tireurs marched back from the place of their ambuscade, they found the body of the traitor Vincent, lying where the enraged Prussians had shot him while retreating.

They gave him decent burial, but there were averted faces and pitiless eyes around his grave.

"Ah well," said a gray-moustached old veteran to our young friend Jean, "the heart that is full of petty meanness will not stickle at a great crime when the tempta-

The grave of the traitor is neglected and forgotten, but the story of his baseness is yet repeated by the country folk, as a dreadful warning to the new generation of boys, who are to be the future soldiers of France.

A BURIED CITY.

THE work of exploration which has been steadily going on in Pompeli for over a century, from the day when estavations first began on the site of what was then vaguely called "La Civita," in 1748, has led to most interesting results. It has enabled a fairly accurate notion to be formed of the nature and extent of the catastrophe. We know, for instance, that the lava stream did not reach Pompeii, and that the city was not destroyed by fire. We know, also, that the eruption was accompanied by one or more shocks of earthquake, which threw down houses here and there and buried men and women under their ruins. From the fact that skeletons have been found at the entrance to the public bath, which was quitted hastily by the few grand ladies who were not present at the gladiatorial performance in the amphi theatre, the time of the catastrophe can be fixed with

approximate accuracy at or about noon. Above all, the discoveries of skeletons, every one of which has been carefully recorded for at least a century, enable some conclusion to be drawn as to the total number of victims of the eatastrophe. It would be a mistake to suppose that the majority, or even a very large portion, of the inhabitants of Pompeii perished. The effect of the ashen shower was not instantaneous, and every one who could get away from the city on the first alarm probably saved his life. The bulk of the people were in the amphitheatre, which was situated near one of the city gates on the side remote from Vesuvius, and there was nothing to hinder every one in the great audience from getting away in time. Those who perished were those who deliberately put off their flight to save wife and child, or, still more often, valuables.

Of such victims, 450 have been already found. From the year when the excavations began, in 1748, to the year 1826, the total number of human remains discovered was 160; from 1827 to 1845 it was 63; from 1846 to 1860 it was 60; from 1861 to 1872 it was 87, and from 1873 to 1881 about 100. But it must be remembered that only two-fifths of the buried surface has been brought to light. On the whole, there appears good reason for putting the total number of human beings who perished in the eruption at least as high as 1,100. To these should be added the skeletons of three dogs, seven horses, eleven hens, two tortoises, fifteen pigs, ten oxen, and the bones of fifteen other animals. The remains of one of these dogs were found in the porch of the "House of Orpheus," and the cast which Signor Florelli has taken brings before us with a painful vividness one of the minor tragedies of that awful day.

The poor beast was chained at his post, and in the

general panic and confusion no one remembered to let him loose. The chain lay by the remains when they were found, and it was evident that the creature had strained his tether to the utmost in the effort to keep himself above the masses of ash and pumice stone that rapidly accumulated around and over him. The cast is to be seen in the little museum at Pompeii. The dog lies half on his side, half on his back, his slender head and open muzzles, gaping for a little air, buried between the hind legs, which have been convulsively brought forward in the last agony of death. But the process which has been so successful in reproducing the very form and likeness of this creature as he lived and died has produced a result no less extraordinary in the case of the human victims of the catastrophe. The idea of pouring plaster of Paris in a liquid state into the moulds left by the bodies in the soft ash did not occur to any one till it suddenly flashed across Florelli about twenty years ago. Of the remains of 180 human beings discovered in Pompeii in the first hundred years of the excavations, there is consequently only a written record.

It is only from the Journal of Excavations, for the year 1831, that we know of the touching and famous sight which greeted the eyes of the first discovers of the "House of the Faun." On the floor of the banqueting hall lay the body of a woman, probably the mistress of the house, with her jewels scattered where she had thrown them in despair of rescue or escape. had been crushed in by the weight of falling ash and pumice stone, and the hands of the dying woman were upstretched in a vain effort to keep off, the impending weight. Parts of the body and clothing could still be made out, and a drawing could still be made of one foot. But such records are lifeless and tame, indeed, besides the extraordinary portrait statues which are now to be seen in a little museum at Pompeii. There are nine of were a snort time like seeing the men and women themselves of eighteen centuries ago. Florelli's method is as simple as possible. A small opening is made, the plaster is delicately poured in, and when it has time to harden, the surface crust of ash is peeled off, and the man or woman comes back to life again. The details of clothing and feature have all left their mark on the soft ash, and are faithfully preserved in the plaster cast. The results achieved by Florelli are striking and complete. Take the cast of the elderly slave, for instance, probably a man of some sixty years old, who appears to have been taking his siesta when the eruption began, and to have been painlessly suffocated in his sleep. He lieson his right side, the knees a little bent, the left leg drawn up, and the cheek resting on the right hand. The crarse, strongly marked features and peaceful expression of the sleeper have all been perfectly preserved. A hardly less easy death must have been the lot of the four persons foundlying on their backs in the street. Three of these were men, one of them a negro of the most pronounced type. The fourth was a woman of unusual stature. The three persons found lying on their faces do not appear to have found so quick a death. Two of them are women. One of these, an elderly woman with a thin figure, lies by herself, her face buried in her arms, as if to protect herself from the fatal rain. The other lies side by side with a man, in whose company she appears to have taken flight. She has covered her face with a fold of her dress, and the hands are tight clenched in the last death agony. left their mark on the soft ash, and are faithfully pre-

CAMEOS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Cameos are figures cut in relief upon precious stones, having two layers of different colors. The carving is made in the upper layer, while the lower one is left to form the background, A modern invention imitates the cameo on shells having different layers, and produces work rivaling that done upon gems. The stone most commonly employed in cameo cutting is the onyx, which is by no means fare, for on the Uraguay river, in Brazil, it is found in such abundance that ships often take it for ballast. Louis Zællner, of Broadway, gave some interesting details of his art recently to a reporter of the Catholic Standard, which we have reproduced:

Catholic Standard, which we have reproduced:

The market is flooded with cheap and imperfect cameos, the work of apprentices, yet there is a fair demand for new work at good prices, especially for portraits. The art of cameo cutting is very old, and some of the specimens of Roman work done 2,000 years ago are exquisite in tracery and design. They are produced by an extraordinary amount of labor, unaided by the modern improvement in tools, Such work was then done for monarchs or very wealthy persons, and a cutting requiring a year was a common thing. The same quality of work is now within the reach of persons of moderate means. Three fair looking cameo cuttings, suitable for mounting as breastpin and earrings, may be bought for \$8. But cameo portraits cost from \$50 to \$250, according to size, and the stone for the latter would be worth about \$70.

But cameo portriits cost from \$50 to \$250, according to size, and the stone for the latter would be worth about \$70.

A raised cutting on any stone is called a cameo; when the device is sunk it is called an intaglio. The onyx is preferred for cameos above all stones, because it comes in layers of two colors. The combinations are black and white, black and cream, red and white, and dark brown, called the sardonyx. One advantage of a cameo portrait is that it will last forever. The stone is so hard that it can be cut only with diamond dust. The process of citting consists of holding the stone up to revolving drills whose soft steel ends are covered with diamond dust. The utmost patience, and caution, and delicate manipulation are required to grind off the upper layer of stone. A mistake is fatal to the work. No steel can be made hard enough to drill the onyx. Even chrome steel will not do it, and that is so hard that a drill made from it will cut through an ordinary file. No acid will affect the onyx, and it will stand the greatest heat of the furnace if the heat is applied gradually, so as to prevent cracking. Some cuttings went through the great Bond street fire and were found in the ruins unharmed.

Among the portraits in Mr. Zeellner's collection are those of the late President Garfield, William Cullen Bryant, Mrs. Scott Siddons, and the Rabbi Gottheil. He has one cutting of the unveiling of Cleopatra before Cæsar, which shows exquisite drapery, and even the figuring of drapery on the walls. Although the faces of the figuring of drapery on the walls. Although the faces of the figuring of drapery on the walls. Although the faces of the figuring of drapery on the walls. Although the faces of the figuring of drapery on the walls. Although the faces of the figuring of drapery on the walls.

figuring of drapery on the walls. Although the faces of the figures are almost infinitesimal, the expression put into them is striking. The aid of a powerful magnifying glass is required to see the beauty of the work, which has been done in the odd hours of years. The cutting is valued at \$1,000.

THE MOST PRECIOUS DIAMONDS.

THE Princess Eugenie, sister of Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, has not only found "sermons in stones," which she applied in a very practical and Christian manner, but she has discovered diamonds in tears.

tian manner, but she has discovered diamonds in tears. It is known that she not only gives out of her abundant wealth, but she also makes personal sacrifices in order to insure the success of charitable schemes she sets on foot. One of her designs was a hospital for the sick. This was of so extensive a character that her present resources were exhausted before the building was completed. But, in order that no delay should take place, she sold her diamonds to raise the necessary funds. Since the hospital was completed and in working order, the princess has paid it a visit, and talked with many of the sick. One man, overcome with the intensity of his emotions, wept as the princess approached his bed. The scene was one of deep solemnity; and the princess, standing by his side, said, "Ah i now I see my diamonds again."



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GENUINE GRATITUDE.

Towards the close of a pleasant afternoon in the summer of 1854, a gentleman, of fine personal appearance, who seemed to be the cynosure of all eyes, was strolling in the Champs-Elysees, Paris. As he threaded his way through the vast concourse of people, he saw an aged man playing a violin. Hastening to the side of the violinist, he inquired: "Am I mistaken, or are you Giacomo?" asking

the question in Italian.

"That is my name," was the reply, in the same

language,
'You once had a pupil, Borsari, whom you assisted in various ways, particularly by your kindly encouragement, when others sneered at his idea of ever becoming a distinguished singer."

"Yes. But my predictions were verified with respect to his success," said the old man, earnestly. "He is reputed to be one of the finest tenors living."

"And he willingly allows that his splendid career is largely due to you. How happens it that you are reduced to the necessity of playing here-for the means of subsistence, I conjecture?"

"Several years since I traveled through the isles of Greece as an impressario, but the tour was, in every way, an unfortunate one for me, and, by it, I lost my entire property, never very large. Then I was stricken with paralysis. Partially cured, I came to this city, whither I was invited by a lady, a former pupil, who kindly cared for me until her death. Next I secured a position in the orchestra of a small theatre, which I was soon compelled to give up. As a last resort, I began to play in the Champs-Elysees for the few sous I could pick up-and few they are, I assure you. But who are you that manifest such an interest in me?"

"Do you remember the air of 'La Colonna'?" asked the gentleman, disregarding the violinist's question.

" Yes."

"Can you play an accompaniment to it?"

"I think so."

"Begin, please."

Simultaneously with the first notes of the instrument, the gentleman commenced singing the piece, in a clear, full, rich voice. To hear, a crowd gathered around him, men leaving the cafes and women descending from their carriages for that purpose.

Giacomo, inspired by such an audience, drew his bow with a firm hand, not hesitatingly, as at first, and called forth from his violin the most delicious sounds. The listeners were breathless with admiration. The rays of the setting sun lighted up a scene that words would fail to depict.

Finishing the piece, the singer passed his hat around, and into it gold as well as silver was poured, no one refusing to contribute. Having added his own well-filled purse, he handed the contents of the hat to Giacomo, saying:

"You asked my name. I am Borsari."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Giacomo, with quivering lips, while the tears coursed down his withered cheeks.

"What I have done in no wise expresses my appreciation of what you did for me, years ago. Indeed, it is only a trifle on account, and before I leave Paris I will see you again and make such provision for your future comfort that you will not need to depend upon your violin therefor, particularly as a street musician. The knowledge that you were so doing would constantly shadow the happiness resultant to me from my prosperity."

With these words the two clasped hands and sep-

We will only add that Borsari fulfilled his promise; that the prestige afforded Giacomo by the rapidly-spreading rumor of Borsari's friendship for him opened to him various desirable positions, all of which, with the advice of the latter, he refused, on the ground of his age.

KEEPING UP ONE'S STUDIES.

THE late President Garfield modestly said that when he entered college at the age of twenty-three, he "probably knew less of Shakespeare than any other student." Whatever may have been his deficiencies in literary culture at this time, he subsequently became one of the best read and most scholarly public men of the times. It is pleasant to read that his fondness for the Latin poet, Horace, amounted to a passion; that he carried this favorite author in a pocket edition with him upon his cam-

paigns, and that his collection of the editions of this famous poet was one of the largest and finest in the country. He had a memory, it is said, of uncommon power, and it was stored with treasures of English poetry which he could quote at will and with telling effect, as occasion demanded. In fact, in his literary studies, as in statesmanship, he lived up to the spirit of his words-that "if hard work is not another name for talent, it is the best possible substitute for it." The wonder is that a man in mature life could have accomplished so much outside of his ordinary work and this, too, before he had reached his fiftieth year. Herein, General Garfield was unlike most men in public life. Such men, generally, absorbed in the duties of an active career, have little inclination or find little leisure to keep up the studies of earlier years. The same is equally true of those in almost every vocation of life. Hard pushed in business, harassed by cares and responsibilities, distracted by the petty annoyances of daily living, oftentimes physically exhausted by severe toil, men are little disposed to endure the strain of an extra amount of mental labor.

And yet, if we could pry into the secrets of the workshops of famous and successful men, especially in the more intellectual pursuits, we should find there earnest and determined workers outside of the mere routine duties of their lives. Far-sighted and wise men are constantly accumulating a revenue fund from which to draw in unexpected crises. For this they spend their years in patient and severe training, drilling and exercising their intellectual forces by all the improved methods of discipline. one way or another. Whether they devote their best energies to a severe and critical study of the great classical authors, as did General Garfield, or spend years to gain a mastery of language by translating Cicero's orations into English and retranslating them into Latin, as did the famous English lawyer, the "silver-tongued" Mansfield, or imitate Henry Clay in the practice, continued for years, of reading and speaking offhand upon the contents of some historical or scientific work, the idea is one and the same thing, namely: to lay in abundant stores of knowledge and fortify one's self for the emergencies of life by a broad and liberal culture. We may learn a lesson from the English statesmen in thus keeping up the habit of study in after years. Pitt, like his great contemporary, Fox, studied with delight the Greek and Latin classics all his life long. Canning was a critical student of Homer, and it was said that his passion for literature gave a color to his whole life. We read of Burke, notwithstanding his great fondness for ancient classical literature, that Shakespeare was his daily study; that he read the essays of Bacon again and again, and that of all authors, Milton commanded his highest reverence. The splendid diction of Erskine-England's greatest advocate—blossomed out of many years' severe study of Shakespeare. We may well imagine that Gladstone owes much of his wonderful vocabulary and matchless oratory to his life-long study of Homer.

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.

When Marie Antoinette asked her minister if a certain project could be accomplished, he made answer: "Madam, if impossible, it shall be done." This was, of course, an extravagant assertion: though to one who lends his every energy to the attainment of any object, few things seem impos-

Many, possessed of no inconsiderable ability, never accomplish anything worthy of note, because they have no definite end in view. They labor diligently for a season in one direction, then, not deeming their advancement sufficiently rapid, start in another which appears to offer fewer obstacles to their progress. But a person will not reach the summit of any mountain who, having partly ascended one, leaps from it to a neighboring mountain, and so on.

Some endeavor to prosecute various undertakings simultaneously; as does the itinerant musician who, at the same time, blows a bag-pipe suspended from his neck, beats a drum with sticks attached to his elbows, jingles bells hanging from his hat, strikes cymbals together with his knees. Would such a one be selected to play in a first-class band?

There have been those whose genius enabled them to do excellent work in more than one field. Cæsar was eminent as a general, a statesman, an orator, an author; Michael Anglo, as a painter and a sculptor. The "foremost man of all the world," however, made everything he did contribute to his renown as a ruler, and Angelo acquainted himself with the use of the graver that he might do better work with the brush.

The instances are very rare in which versatility of genius has led to great results. According to his biographers, James Crichton, surnamed the "admirable," before reaching his twentieth year "had run through the whole circle of the sciences, mastered ten different languages, perfected himself in every knightly accomplishment, become a proficient in music, the arts and poetry." To-day, no work of his hands attests his pre-eminence, and only the words of his eulogists save his name from total oblivion.

Young friends, select some noble end for your ambition, and persistently strive to reach it, not discouraged by the thorns which you will be certain to find in your way.

BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES.

THEODOSIA BURR.

ALMOST every school-boy has read something of Aaron Burr, a man of great intellect, of fine appearance, and a most eloquent speaker, but utterly without principle. Yet he was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, one of the purest men that New England ever produced. Burr was chosen Vice-President of the United States in 1800 Four years later he aspired to be Governor of New York but was defeated. Thinking his defeat was due largely to Alexander Hamilton, he challenged the latter and killed him in a duel. The indignation of the people was so great that he had to flee from the State for some

Finally he was suspected of plotting treason against the Union, and was arrested and tried, but being acquitted he went to Europe, where he remained till 1812.

He had an only daughter Theodosia, a most beautiful and intelligent child, but her father, with his depraved nature, is said to have tried to make a skeptic of her from her cradle. Tradition declares that when she could scarcely lisp he taught her to utter the most frightful oaths, although there is reason to believe that she recoiled from such instruction with advancing age. Her beauty was always remarkable, and when she had grown to womanhood she married Governor Allston, of South Carolina.

When Burr returned from Europe in 1812 he settled again in New York in the practice of his profession (law). and on December 20th of that year Theodosia Allstor sailed in the ship Patriot, from Charleston to New York to visit her father.

The ship was never heard from afterwards, and great doubt has always hung over its mysterious disappearance. It has been thought, however, for various reasons, that the vessel was seized by pirates; and a late article in the Alexandria Enterprise seems to confirm that impression:

"An o'd sailor named Benjamin F. Burdick died re cently a pauper in a Michigan poor-house. On his death-bed he made the startling confession that he was one of the piratical crew that captured a vessel named the Patriot, and participated in the murder of Theodosia Allston at sea; indeed, he declared that it fell to his lot to pull the plank from under her. She came forth arrayed in white, holding a Bible in one hand, and with heroic mien took her place on the sle..der instrument of death, and without a shudder or quiver of a muscle was precipitated into the waves. The noble, unblanched face, erect and airy form, he said, had haunted him all his subsequent life. The date of the vessel's loss, January, 1813, was correctly given by Burdick, and the name Odessa' Burr Allston was his only error; and yet this was not an error, for the name of both father and husband are sufficient identification. The corruption of Theodosia into 'Odessa' would be natural to an ignorant sailor, and, if anything, tend to prove that he had not been reading up to make himself sort of a death-bed hero At any rate the confession is plausible, for the reason

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A CORRESPONDENT of a San Francisco paper recently attended Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, and gives the following impressions and incident of the great divine: The last time I saw him here was in 1863, and he looked not much younger then. The expression of the man has gained since, however, a bold and defiant character-a certain bravado, as if he feared and cared for very little now. There is the same aggressive featuring with which two continents have been so long familiar; the same smooth-shaven, priest-like face, red-flushed and sensuous-lipped, but every emotion and passion of it plainly dominated by the intellectual power expressed by the great, broad forehead and clear, shining eyes, whose look never lowered from the faces of the vast congregation. It is impossible to resist this man. From the time when he began to read notices to the last fine, strange sentence that ended his final prayer, he gathered and contained us all in his hand. There is something so large and human, even cosmic, about him, I kept thinking of Terence's line in the comedy of "The Brothers" Homo sum, et nihil humani procul a me, " I am a man, and nothing human is far from me."

No antipathy-not mine at least-could live amid the wise, genial atmosphere that swept all over the people from that pulpit. The man is an unfailing and bounteous well-spring of imagination, wit, poetry, and sound horse-sense, and so magnetic that he corrals every sympathy. He gently reprimanded a deacon because a particular notice he wanted to read did not appear in the pile on his desk. Fifteen minutes after, when he did find it, he apologized in such a half-humorous, half-sad way: "Why, here is this notice. It was under my hand all the time. Ah!"-shaking his long hair-it is old age." The audience laughed all over the room, but it was a laughter very nigh to tears.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mr. Horace B. Claffin, the great dry goods merchant of New York City, was sitting alone in his private office, late one afternoon, when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Claffin," said he, "I am in need of assistance. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because have not done as they agreed by me; and I would like to have ten thousand dollars. I come to you because you were a friend to my father and might

"Come in," said Claffin. "Come in and have a glass of wine.'

'No," said the young man. "I don't drink."

" Have a cigar, then?'

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommo-

date you; but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought, perhaps, you might.

Good day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claffin. "You don't drink?"

" No.' "Nor smoke?"

" No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir."
"Well," said Mr, Claffin, with tears in his eyes too. you shall have it, and three times the amount if you

wish. Your father let me have five thousand once and asked me the same questions. He trusted me and I will trust you. No thanks. I owe it to you for your father's

THE GRENADIER AND THE TURKEY.

A STORY is told of Charles XII. of Sweden, which well illustrates the eccentric hero's peculiarities. During a forced march toward the foe, a grenadier of the king's guard stole a spitted turkey from the hut of a poor peasant. The latter sought audience of the king and made a complaint of theft. Sending for the soldier, a huge fellow six feet and several inches in height, Charles sternly regarded him for a moment, and then asked: "Is it true, comrade, that you have stolen this poor man's dinner, you a great brute big enough to eat him and his whole family, body and bones?" The grenadier, probably thinking that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a goat, rudely made answer: "Sire, I have done him less harm than you did his master, Augustus. You took a kingdom from him, while I have only taken a turkey from this fellow." "But, my friend," returned the king, "I perceive a difference between us. I can hang you for stealing a turkey, but you have not the power to punish me for seizing and giving away an empire "-a fine and forcible illustration of regal authority. It is added that the grenadier was granted a pardon in view of his spirit and wit, upon making payment to the peasant of his exorbitant price for the turkey.

THE PRINCESS AND THE NEGRESS.

IT seems that Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise, is fond of a little joke. Not long since she was tendered a reception at the Bermuda Islands, and the day before it was to take place she strolled along the shore without any attendants. At length she came to the hut of a negro fisherman, and entering, asked for a drink of

The person to whom she applied was an old woman bending over a rough table, and ironing a shirt for her "ole man" to wear next day at the grand reception. Her usually hospitable heart was hardened by the dreams of splendor and festivity, and to the princess' request she said testily:
"I'se no time to bodder getting water fo' you. I'se

fea'ful busy, for I'se bound to see de Queen's chile to-

"But, if you'll get me a drink, I'll iron while you do so," said the thirsty Princess.

The offer was accepted, the Princess finished the shirt, and got her drink, and then revealed her identity.
"Fo' de Lo'd, honey!" exclaimed "auntie," when

she recovered from her surprise. "Ole man no' no one else ever wear dat shirt agin, nohow."

BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

BE still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary.

PERSONAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

WH≅N a man attains the age of ninety, he may be termed XC-dingly old.

termed XC-dingly old.

It is claimed that Dr. A. L. Childs, by cutting down trees whose age was known, has found that the popular theory as to rings in trees as a sign of age, is false. In damp years a tree makes a number of these rings.

A LADY has a lap-dog named Perchance. "What a singular name for a dog!" said a friend. "Where did a singular name for a dog!" said a friend. "Where did here."

A LADY has a lap-dog named Perchance. "What a singular name for a dog!" said a friend. "Where did you find it, madam?" "Oh, in Byron," drawled the lady. "Don't you remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will how!!"

A Law student at Lafayette, Ind., was surprised in the midst of an impassioned address before a sawhorse and twelve sticks of cord-wood set on end. This laudable attempt at innocent practice was laughed at so much that he left town to escape the ridicule.

In the left town to escape the ridicule.

In his eloquent funeral oration on the late Peter Cooper, the Rev. Mr. Collyer said that the founder of the Cooper Institute "stands alone, so far as I know, among the men who would do some great work for the help and blessing of the whole nation, and have lived to see that work perfected in their own life and time."

The practice of heaping with lights in ability of the standard of the standard or th

The practice of keeping night lights in children's bedrooms is pronounced very injurious by Dr. R. H. Bakewell. Instead of allowing the optic nerves the perfect rest afforded by darkness, the light keeps them in perpetual stimulation, with the result of causing the brain and the rest of the nervous system to suffer.

Among the exquisite regimes given for avoiding the

and the rest of the nervous system to suffer.

Among the exquisite recipes given for avoiding the plague during the prevalence in London in the seventeenth century, was this: Take three or four great toads, seven or eight spiders, and as many scorpions, put them into a pot well stopped, and let them lye some time; then add virgin-wax, make a good fire till all become a liquor; then mingle them all with a spatula, and make an ointment, and put it into a silver box well stopped, being well assured that while you carry it about you, you will never be infected with the plague.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched,—Feltham.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.—Lord Greville.

I know not whether the dictionary defines gossip better than he that said, "Gossip is putting two and two together and making it five.—Ivan Panin.

THERE is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them takes the best places,—

'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be A spirit songful, lucid, poised, and whole; Second in order of felicity
I hold it, to have walked with such a sout.

The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds. . . The common sense which does not meddle with the absolute, but take things at their word—things as they appear.—Emerson.

Things as they appear.—*Different*Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior.
Uncertain and unsettled still remains
Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself.
—*Mili*

MENTAL emotions are as real as physical saations. A thought is as real as a star, a sorrow is as real as a thunderstorm. Our joys and griefs are great revelations. Man has a spiritual perception whereby he apprehends the Almighty. "The pure in heart shall see God."—Y. P. Newman.

Go. wing thy flight from star to star.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From werld to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all.—Moore.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

TRUST.

FROM THE GERMAN

CHEER up! Thus call the sun's gay beams, Throughout this world of God: Their glow o'er field and mountain streams, And wanders all abroad.

The trusting stream slips by its shore, And rushes on apace. Hear ye the brisk wind's joyous roar? It sweeps from place to place.

By trust the moon goes near and wide, The sun goes wide and near, Peeps o'er the mount and sinks in tide, Nor tire in their career.

Good people, ye who sit at home And never gaze abroad,
Rouse up and through the greensward roam,
Seek tracks by you untrod.

Who knows where bliss for you may bloom? Go you and seek the place, Or morning flees, and evening's gloom Soon hides from you the trace,

Let sorrow and forboding go; The heavens yet are blue; Joy ever alternates with woe, Yet know that joy is true.

So far as all the skies enzone, Love's wondrous blessings thrive, And cv'ry heart obtains its own, If it sincerely strive.

HECTOR'S INHERITANCE;

OR,

The Boys of Smith Institute. By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Ragged Dick," "Tat-tered Tom," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

It was generally after vespers that Mr. Smith communicated to the school anything which he desired to call to their attention. This was to be the occasion of bringing our hero into disgrace.

The boys assembled, most of them quite ignorant that anything exceptional was to occur. Hector himself, the person chiefly interested, was entirely unconscious that he was to be made "a shining mark" for the arrows of suspicion and obloquy. If he had noticed the peculiar and triumphantly malicious looks with which Jim Smith, the bully and tyrant, whom he had humiliated and deposed, regarded him, he might have been led to infer that some misfortune was in store for him. But these looks he did not chance to notice.

There were two other boys, however, who did notice them. These were Ben Platt and Wilkins, who had very good reasons, as we know, for doing

"I believe Old Sock is going to pitch into Roscoe at vespers," said Ben in a whisper to his roommate.

"So do I. There's a look about him like that of a tiger about to pounce on his prey."

- "Or a cat with murderous designs on a mouse."
- "We must expose the whole thing."
- "Of course."
- "Won't Jim be mad?"

"Let him! He won't dare to thrash us while Roscoe is round."

There was, indeed, about Socrates Smith an air of mystery, portentous and suggestive. He looked like one meditating a coup d'etat, or, perhaps it might better be said, a coup de main, as the hand is with school-masters, generally, the instrument of attack.

When the proper time arrived Mr. Smith cleared his throat, as he always did before beginning to speak.

"Boys," he said, "I have an important, and I may say a painful, communication to make to you."

All the boys looked at each other in curiosity except the three who were already in the secret.

"You know, boys," continued Socrates, "how proud I am of this Institute, how zealous I am for its good reputation, how unwearied I am in my efforts for your progress and welfare."

Mr. Smith's unwearied efforts were largely in the line of making out and receipting bills for tuition, and it may be said that this was to him by far the most agreeable of the duties he undertook to perform.

"I have been proud of my pupils," continued the principal, "and it has given me pleasure to reflect that you all reflected credit, more or less, upon my teaching. I have, also, sought to form your manners, to train you to fill the positions which Providence may have in store for you. In a word, while from time to time you may have indulged in little escapades, slightly culpable, I have felt that you were all gentlemen."

"What in the world does he mean?" thought more than one puzzled boy. "What is all this

Among those to whom this thought occurred, was Hector Roscoe, who was very far from conjecturing that all this long preamble was to introduce an attack upon him.

"But," proceeded Socrates, after a pause, "I have this afternoon been painfully undeceived. I have learned with inexpressible pain that Smith Institute has received an ineffaceable stigma."

"Old Sock is getting eloquent!" whispered Ben

"I have learned," continued Socrates, with tragic intensity, "that I have nourished a viper in my bosom! I have learned that we have a thief among us !"

This declaration was greeted with a buzz of asneighbor as if to inquire, "Is it you?" Each one, except the three who were behind the scenes. Of him. these, Jim Smith, with an air of supreme satisfaction, looked in a sidelong way at Hector, unconscious the while that two pairs of eyes-those of Wilkins and Ben Platt-were fixed upon him.

"I thought you would be surprised," said the principal, "except, of course, the miserable criminal. But I will not keep you in suspense. To-day, by inadvertence, I left my wallet, containing a considerable sum of money, on the bureau in my chamber. An hour later, discovering my loss, I went up stairs, but the wallet was gone. It had mysteriously disappeared. I was at a loss to understand this at first, but I soon found a clue. I ascertained that a boy-a boy who is present, one of the pupils of Smith Institute-had entered my chamber, had appropriated the wallet, had carried it to his dormitory, and there had slyly concealed it in the pocket of a pair of pants. Doubtless, he thought his theft would not be discovered, but it was, and I myself discovered the missing wallet in its place of concealment."

session. He sprang to his feet, and not only that, tonishment. Each boy looked at his next door but he strode forward, blazing with passion, till he stood before Mr. Smith's desk and confronted

> "Mr. Smith!" he said, in a ringing tone, "do I understand you to charge me with stealing a wallet of yours containing money?"

> "I do so charge you, and I have complete evidence of the truth of my charge. What have you to say?"

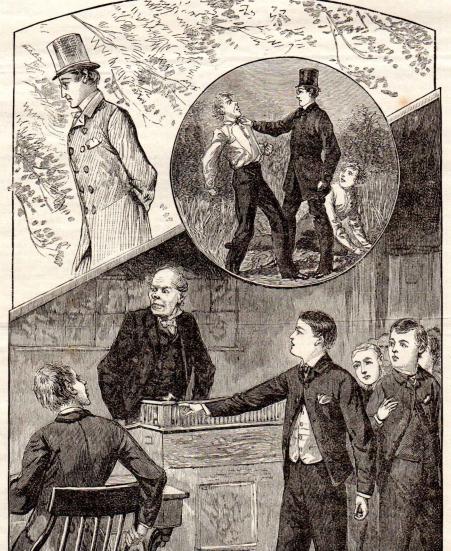
"What have I to say?" repeated Hector, looking around him proudly and scornfully. "I have to say that it is an infamous lie!"

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Socrates, angrily. "Shameless boy, do you intend to brazen it out? Did I not tell you that I had complete proof of the truth of the charge?"

"I don't care what fancied proof you have. I denounce the charge as a lie."

"That won't do, sir! I myself took the wallet from the pocket of your pantaloons, hanging in the chamber. Mrs. Smith was with me, and witnessed my discovery, and-there was another present, one of the pupils of this Institute, who also can testify to the fact. It is useless for you to deny it!"

prove to be provided for himself. to recover himself from his surprise. "This is a very extraordingary statement, Platt," cence?" "Yes sir," answered Platt, firmly. pocket.' there." "You knew it was there!" repeated Socrates. "How did you know it was there?" "Because I saw it put in." Here Jim Smith's face turned from red to pale,



"SOCRATES WAS CLEARLY PERPLEXED."

Here Mr. Smith paused, and it is needless to say that the school-room was a scene of great excitement. His tone was so impressive, and his statement so detailed, that no one could doubt that he had most convincing evidence of the absolute accuracy of what he said.

"What was it?" every boy had it on his lips to inquire.

"Three hours have elapsed since my discovery," continued Mr. Smith. "During that time I have felt quite unnerved. I have, however, written and posted an account of this terrible discovery to the friends of the pupil who has so disgraced himself and the school.

Ben Platt and Wilkins exchanged glances of indignation. They felt that Mr. Smith had been guilty of a piece of outrageous injustice in acting thus before he had apprised the supposed offender of the charge against him, and heard his defence. Both boys decided that they would not spare Jim Smith, but at all hazards expose the contemptible plot which he had contrived against his school-

"I waited, however, till I was somewhat more calm before laying the matter before you. I know you will all be anxious to know the name of the boy who has brought disgrace upon the school to which you belong, and I am prepared to reveal it to you. Hector Roscoe, stand up!"

If a flash of lightning had struck him where he sat, Hector could not have been more astonished. For a moment he was struck dumb, and did not move.

"Stand up, Hector Roscoe!" repeated the principal. "No wonder you sit there as if paralyzed! You did not expect that so soon your sin would find

"You found the wallet in the pocket of my pantaloons?" asked Hector, slowly.

"Yes. There can be do doubt about that."

" Who put it there?" demanded Hector, quickly. Socrates Smith was staggered, for he had not expected this query from the accused.

"Who put it there?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir," continued Hector, firmly. "If the matter is as you state it, some one has been mean enough to put the wallet into my pocket in order to implicate me in a theft."

"Of course you put it there yourself, Roscoe. Your defence is very lame."

Hector turned round to his fellow-scholars.

"Boys," he said, "you have heard the charge that has been made against me. You know me pretty well by this time. Is there any one of you that believes it to be true?"

"No! No!" shouted the boys, with one exception. Jim Smith was heard to say distinctly "I believe it."

"Silence in the school!" shouted Socrates. "This is altogether irregular, and I won't have it."

Hector turned to the principal, and said, calmly: "You see, Mr. Smith, that, in spite of your

proof, these boys will not believe that your charge is well founded."

"That is neither here nor there, Roscoe. Will any one step up and prove your innocence?' There was another sensation. In the second row

back a boy was seen to rise. "Mr. Smith," said Ben Platt, "I can prove Roscoe's innocence!"

CHAPTER XX.

HECTOR GAINS A VICTORY.

There were two persons on whom Ben Platt's Then Hector recovered completely his self-pos- declaration made a profound impression. These even stronger.

were Jim Smith and his uncle, the learned Socrates-The latter was surprised, for he was fully persuaded that the charge he had made was a true one, and Herbert was a thief. As for Jim, his surprise was of a very disagreeable nature. Knowing as he did that he himself had taken the money, he was alarmed lest his offence was to be made known, and that the pit which he had digged for another should Socrates was the first to speak after taking time

he said. "You say you can prove Roscoe's inno-

"I wish no trifling here sir," said the principal, sharply. "I myself found the wallet in Roscoe's

"Yes, sir," answered Ben Platt, "I know it was

and he moved about uneasily in his seat. Could Ben Platt have been hidden somewhere in the room he asked himself; if so, what was he to do? There was but one answer to this question. He must brazen it out, and boldly contradict the witness. But he would bide his time. He would wait to hear what Ben had to say.

"Did you put it in yourself?" asked Socrates, savagely.

"No, Mr. Smith, I didn't put it in," answered Ben, indignantly.

"None of your impudence, sir!" said the schoolmaster, irritated. "I merely answered your questions and defended

myself," answered Ben. There was a little murmur among the pupils, showing that their sympathy was with the boy who

had been so causelessly accused by the principal. "Silence!" exclaimed Socrates, annoyed. "Now," he continued, turning to Ben, "since you know who put the wallet into Roscoe's pocket-a very remarkable statement, by the way-will you deign to inform me who did it?"

"James Smith did it!" said Ben, looking over to the principal's nephew, who was half expecting such an attack.

"It's a base lie!" cried Jim, but his face was blanched, his manner was nervous and confused, and he looked guilty if he were not so.

"My nephew?" asked Socrates, flurried.

"Yes sir."

"It isn't so, Uncle Socrates," said Jim, excited. "I'll lick you, Ben Platt, when we get out of school." "You forget yourself, James," said Socrates, with

a mildness he would not have employed with any other pupil. "I beg your pardon, Uncle Socrates," said Jim, with contrition, "but I can't be silent when I am

accused of things I don't do." "To be sure, you have some excuse, but you should remember the respect you owe to me. Then

you did not do it." "Certainly not, sir."

"So it appears, Platt, that you have brought a false charge against your fellow-pupil," said Mr. Smith, severely. "I can conceive of nothing meaner.'

"Mr. Smith," said Hector, "what right have you to say that the charge is false? Is it the denial of your nephew? If he took the wallet he would, of course, deny it."

"So would you!" retorted Socrates.

"No one saw me conceal it," said Hector, significantly.

Then Wilkins rose.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "I have some evidence to offer."

"Out with it, sir," said the principal, angrily, for he was fighting against an inward conviction that his nephew was really the guilty party.

"I was walking along the corridor about the time Platt speaks of Smith's visit to Roscoe's room, and I met your nephew walking in the opposite direction. When I entered the room Platt told me that, half-concealed by the closet door, he had seen Jim Smith enter and thrust the wallet into Roscoe's pocket. Soon after, you and Mrs. Smith came into the room, guided by your nephew, who let you know just where the wallet was hidden. He had very good reasons for knowing," added Wilkins.

If a look would have annihilated Wilkins, the look directed towards him by Jim Smith would have had that effect.

"It's a conspiracy against me, Uncle Socrates," said Jim, intent upon brazening it out. "They're all in league together."

"The testimony of Wilkins doesn't amount to much!" said Mr. Smith. "He may have seen James in the corridor, but that is by no means a part of his complicity in this affair."

"Just so!" said Jim, eagerly.

"Ben Platt's evidence ought to count for something," said Hector. "He saw your nephew putting the wallet into the pocket of my pants."

Socrates was clearly perplexed. In spite of his partiality for his nephew, the case against him certainly looked very strong.

Hector, however, determined to make his defence

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

- "I would like to ask Platt," he said, "at what time this took place?
- "At three o'clock."
- "How do you know it was three?" asked the principal, sharply.
- "Because I heard the clock on the village church strike three.'
- 'I would like to ask another boy-Frank Lewis-if he heard the clock strike three?"
- Lewis answered in the affirmative, Where were you all the time?
- " In the play-ground."
- "What were you doing?"
 "Playing ball."

- "Was I in the game?"
- "Yes" "How long had the game been going on?"
- " Half an hour." "How much longer did it last?"
- "From half to three-quarters of an hour."
- "Can you remember whether I was with you all the time?"
 - "You were."
- "Now, Platt, will you tell me how long after the wallet was put into my pocket before Mr. Smith appeared in search of it?"
- " Not over half an hour."
- "I submit, then," said Hector, in a matter-of-fact manner, "that I was absent in the play-ground during the entire time in which the wallet could have been removed from Mr. Smith's chamber and the time when it was found in my room. I believe this is what lawyers
- call an *alibi* that I have, fortunately, been able to prove."
 "You are a very smart lawyer!" sneered the principal.
- The boys were by this time so incensed at Mr. Smith's evident effort to clear his nephew at the expense of Roscoe, that there was a very audible hiss, in which at least half a dozen joined.
- "Is this rebellion?" asked Socrates, furiously.
- "No, sir," said Ben Platt, firmly. "We want justice done; that is all."
- "You shall have justice-all of you!" exclaimed Soc-
- rates, carried beyond the limits of prudence.
 "I am glad to hear that, sir," said Hector. "If you do not at once exonerate me from this charge, which you now know to be false, and write to my guardian retracting it, I will bring the matter before the nearest magis-

This was more than Socrates had bargained for. He saw that he had gone too far, and was likely to wreck his prospects and those of the school.

"I will look into the matter," he said, hurriedly and report to the school hereafter. You may now apply yourself to your studies.'

CHAPTER XXI.

THE USHER IS DISCHARGED.

Among the boys of Smith Institute there was but one opinion on the subject of the principal's wallet. All acquitted Roscoe of having any part in the theft, and they were equally unanimous in the belief that Jim Smith had contrived a mean plot against the boy whom he could not conquer by fair means. There was a little informal consultation as to how Jim should be treated. It was finally decided to "send him to Coventry."

As this phrase, which is well understood in English schools, may not be so clear to my readers, I will explain that Jim was to be refused notice by his schoolfellows, unless he should become aggressive, when he was to be noticed in a manner that would not be agree-

Jim could not help observing the cold looks of the boys, who but lately were glad enough to receive notice from him, and he became very angry. As to being ashamed of the exposure, he was not sensitive, nor did he often have any feeling of that kind. Naturally vindictive, he felt especially angry with the two boys, Ben Platt and Wilkins, whose testimony had proved so uncomfortable for him.

"I'll thrash those boys if I never thrash another," he said to himself. "So they have turned against me, have they? They're only fit to black my boots anyway. I'll give 'em a lesson.'

Platt and Wilkins were expecting an attack. They knew that Jim would seize the opportunity of attacking them singly, and in the absence of Hector, of whom he was afraid, and with good reason. They concerted measures accordingly for defeating the common enemy.

Jim was stalking about the next day, looking sullen and feeling ugly. He could not help observing that whenever he approached a group of boys they immediately scattered and walked away in various directions. This naturally chafed him, for, having no intellectual resources, he found solitude oppressive. Besides, he had been accustomed to the rôle of boss, and where is a boss without followers?

Tired of the schoolroom precincts, Jim went to walk. In a rustic lane, much to his delight, he saw approaching him one of the boys who had so seriously offended

It was Ben Platt.

Ben was sauntering along in idle mood when he came face to face with the dethroned boss.
"So it's you, Platt, is it?" said Jim, grimly.

- "I believe it is," answered Ben, coolly.
 "I've got a word or two to say to you," said Jim, significantly
- "Say them quick, then," said Ben, "for I'm in a
- "I'm not," said Jim in his old tone, "and it makes no
- difference whether you are or not.
- "Indeed! you are as polite as usual," returned Ben.
 "Look here, you young whelp!" Jim broke forth,
 unable any longer to restrain his wrath, "what did you mean by lying about me last evening?"
- "I didn't lie about you," said Ben, boldly.
- "Yes, you did. What made you say you saw me put that wallet into Roscoe's pocket?"
- "I can't think of any reason unless because it was
- true," said Ben. "Even if it were, how dared you turn against me?
- First you played the spy, and then informer. Faugh!"
 "I see you admit it," said Ben. "Well, if you want an answer I will give you one. You laid a plot for Hector Roscoe-one of the meanest, dirtiest plots I ever heard of, and I wasn't going to see you lie him into a scrape while I could prevent it,"

- "That's enough, Platt!" exclaimed Jim, furiously.
- 'Now do you know what I am going to do? "I don't feel particularly interested in the matter."
- "You will be, then, I'm going to thrash you,"
- "You wouldn't if Hector Roscoe were here," Ben, not appearing to be very much frightened.
- Well, he isn't here, though if he were it wouldn't make any difference. I'll whip you so you can't stand.

Ben's reply was to call "Wilkins."
From a clump of bushes, where he had lurked, unobserved hitherto, sprang Wilkins, and joined his friend.

"There are two of us, Smith!" said Ben Platt.
"I can thrash you both," answered Jim, whose blood

was up.

Before the advent of Hector no two boys would have ventured to engage Jim in combat, but his defeat by a boy considerably smaller had lost him his prestige, and the boys had become more independent. He still fancied himself a match for both, however, and the conflict began. But both of his antagonists were in earnest, and Jim had a hard time.

Now it so happened that Mr. Crabb, the usher, was taking a solitary walk, and had approached the scene of conflict unobserved by any of the participants. He arrived at an opportune time. Jim had managed to draw Wilkins away, and by a quick movement threw him. He was about to deal his prostrate foe a savage kick which might have hurt him seriously when the usher, quiet and peaceful as he was by nature, could restrain himself no longer. He rushed up, seized him by the collar, dragged him back and shook him with a strength he did not suppose he possessed, saying, "Leave that boy alone, you brute!"

Jim turned quickly, and was very much surprised when he saw the meek usher, whom he had always despised, because he looked upon him as a Miss Nancy.

- "So it's you, is it?" he said, with a wicked glance.
- "Yes, it is I," answered the usher, manfully; "come up just in time to stop your brutality."
- 'Is it any of your business?" demanded Jim, looking as if he would like to thrash the usher. "I have made it my business, Platt and Wilkins, I
- advise you to join me, and leave this fellow, who has so disgraced himself as to be beneath your notice." We will accompany you with pleasure, sir," said the

They regarded the usher with new respect for the dis-

play of courage for which they had not given him credit. I'll fix you, Crabb," said Jim Smith, insolently, " and don't you forget it!" Mr. Crabb did not deign to answer him.

Jim Smith was as good as his word. An hour later Mr. Crabb was summoned to the pres-

ence of the principal. Socrates received him with marked coldness.

"Mr. Crabb, 'he said, "I cannot conceal the amaze

- ment which I feel at a complaint which has just been made by my nephew." Mr. Crabb had nerved himself for the worst, and did
- not cower or show signs of fear, as Socrates expected he " James tells me that you attacked him savagely this
- afternoon when he was having a little sport with two of his school-fellows?"
- "Is that what he says, Mr. Smith?"
- "Yes, sir, and I require an explanation."
 "You shall have it. The sport in which your nephew was engaged was attempting to thrash Wilkins, He had him down, and was about to deal him a savage kick when
- I fortunately came up." And joined in the fight," sneered Socrates.
- "Yes, if you choose to put it so. Would you have had me stand by, and see Wilkins brutally used?"
- "Of course, you color the affair to suit yourself," said Socrates, coldly. "The fact is that you, an usher, have lowered yourself by taking part in a playful school-boy
- "Playful!" repeated Mr. Crabb.
- "Yes, and I shall show how I regard it by giving you notice that I no longer require your services in my school. I shall pay you up at the end of the week and then dis-
- charge you. "Mr. Smith;" said the usher, "permit me to say that anything more disgraceful than your own conduct within the last twenty-four hours I have never witnessed. You have joined your nephew in a plot to disgrace an inno cent boy, declining to do justice, and now you have capped the climax by censuring me for stopping an act of brutality, merely because your nephew was implicated
- "This to me?" exclaimed Socrates Smith, hardly
- crediting the testimony of his ears. "Yes, sir, and more! I predict that the stupid folly which has characterized your course will within six months drive from you every scholar you have in your school!"
- "Mr. Crabb," gasped Socrates, never more surprised in his life than he was at the sudden spirit exhibited by the usher, "I will not be so insulted. Leave me, and to
- morrow morning leave my service."
 "I will, sir. I have no desire to remain here longer. But when Mr, Crabb had walked away his spirit sank within him. How was he to obtain another situation? He must consult immediately with Hector Roscoe, in whose judgment, boy as he was, he reposed great confiden

(To be continued.)

"Hector's Inheritance" commenced in No. 24. Bac, umbers of the Argosy can be had at any time. As, our newsdealer for them, or order them of the pub

BY EXPRESS.

ALL sorts of queer things are sent by mail and ex press, but one of the queerest, fairest, and most valuable went through Roanoke, Va., the other day, as we see by the papers, in charge of an agent of the Southern Express Company, for some fortunate mortal in this

city.

It was a beautiful girl, about 19 years old, well dressed, and billed from Selma, Ala., to New York with a tag marked "C. O. D. \$45," fastened with a blue ribbon around her neck. The young lady was very quiet and modest in her demeanor. The first-class passenger fare from Selma to New York is only \$33, but, this being the first time she had been sent far from home, she elected to go as an express package, thinking she could travel more sately. Her express receipt showed that her value had been placed at \$5,000.

A TACK is a very simple little thing, except when standing on its head; but did you ever think how one is made? If they were to be formed by hand it would be a tedious process, but one tack machine will turn out, say 150,000 in an ordinary working day.

tedious process, but one tack machine will turn out, say 150,000 in an ordinary working day.

The iron is received from the rolling mills in sheets from three inches to twelve inches wide, and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the kind of work into which it is to be made, from one-eighth to one-thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut in about thirty-inch pieces, and, by immersion in acid, cleaned of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required. Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight-ounce carpet tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch wide and thirty inches long. This piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance-wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head of the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies, coming together, form the body of the tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and, while held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece.

These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe-nail machines, for cutting headless shoe nails, are run at about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each expelition.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

On the field of battle it is often customary for the ontending foes to vie with each other in their care for the wounded, for, the moment a man is hors de combat. the dictates of humanity prevail, and the very person who has cut him down may use every means to save his life. It was on something of this plan that a South Brooklyn physician acted the other day, according to the New York Star, but he also introduced a professional feature that made the whole matter a laughable one.

The physician alluded to is a constitutionally impulsive and fidgety person. Going down Fourth Place one evening some time since, he heard a female voice shrilly screaming for help. Guided by the sound, he rushed up to the top story of a tenement house and found a big, hulking fellow belaboring his wife with a bed-slat. The woman was almost unconscious. A rapid glance showed the doctor a stout bludgeon in the corner close to his hand. Ere yet his presence had not been detected, he seized the stick and felled the wife-beater with a sledge-hammer blow that laid four inches of the scalp open. Peace being thus restored in the household, the doctor coolly knelt down, pulled out a surgical needle, and proceeded to stitch the wound of the man he laid prostrate and insensible. Finishing that task, he dashed cold water in his face until he revived him, and then sternly said:

"Two dollars, my man!"

"What for? Wasn't it you that cut my head?"

"No, nonsense! Two dollars, or I'll cut out those stitches."

"Here's the meney doctor" exclaimed the wife pro-The physician alluded to is a constitutionally impul-

"No, nonsense! Iwo dollars, or I'll cut out those stitches."
"Here's the money, doctor," exclaimed the wife, producing her purse;" he gave me his wages and wouldn't have been cross, only that he took a drop too much. If he ever does it again, it is for you, and not for the police, I'll send."

HOW TO DEAL WITH PRUSSIC ACID.

THERE are some persons never at loss for an answer, whatever the question may be, and rather than acknowledge ignorance of a subject, they will give the most absurd replies. Something of this sort was the medical

student in the following instance:

"Pray, sir," said the professor, "what is a poisonous dose of prussic acid?"

After thinking some time—"Half an ounce," replied the student.

After thinking some time— train an observed the student.

"Half an ounce!" exclaimed the examiner; "why, that would poison a whole town!"

"I only thought I'd be on the safe side," responded the student, imperturbably.

"But," continued the professor, "suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what would you do?"

I would ride home after the stomach-pump," said "Ride home after the stomach-pump? Are you aware, sir, that prussic acid is a poison that acts with

"Ride home area, aware, sir, that prussic acid is a poison that acts with great rapidity?"

"Oh, yes, I knew it," replied the student.

"Well, but," continued the professor, "what would you do, then, if you found your patient dead when you got back?"
"Do?" said the student, "why, I'd hold a postmortem.

SEARCHING FOR PHARAOH'S CHARIOTS.

ONE of the most startling projects of modern times, is that of the Abbé Moigno, who has formed a joint stock company of \$150,000 and has seriously commenced preliminaries for the scraping of the bed of the Red Sea and the adjacent Bitter Lake. The result of these labors will be awaited with great interest, for, while no discovery would prove or disprove nothing, a single chariot wheel would speak to many in more convincing tones than the whole book of Exodus.

tones than the whole book of Exodus.

The object of the search is to recover the chariots and treasures that were ingulfed with Pharaoh when the children of Israel escaped the Egyptians by the miracle of the waters. The only details the divers will have to guide them is the history of the flight of the Israeliets given in the Bible. The scientific data is all digested, and the abbé counts that the dredges will have to break through reefs of salt which have preserved not only the army equipments, chariots, and golden treasures, but even the bodies of the victims themselves. The recovery of the chariots will, it is estimated, compensate the company. But if, in addition, all the gold with which Pharaoh loaded his train be recovered, the company will be enormously enriched.

A HAND IN IT.

THE difference between literal and figurative language s sometimes difficult to explain; but the following incident, in which the figurative teacher was misapprehended by the too literal boy, may make the matter

Some bad boys put mud on the banisters leading up a statirway in a certain public school in Baltimore. When the teacher went up he soiled his hand. Entering the school-room in an angry manner, he said:
"Who put that mud on the stair-rail?"
The boys preserved an eloquent silence, and every mether's son of them looked as innocent as lambs.
"I want to know what boy was guilty of that dirty rick? I'll thrash him within an inch of his life!" said he deeply incensed teacher. But the silence was absoutely golden.
"Does any boy in this school know who had a hand in hat mud?"

"Does any boy in this school know who had a hand in that mud?"

A little chap away back in the corner piped out:

"Yes, thir!"

"Well, who, sir?"

"You, thir!"

THE MORTIFIED CONDUCTOR.

THE true gentleman never treats any one with discourtesy. It is cruel to patronize those whose station may be nominally below your own, but whose sensibilities are keen to appreciate the fact. Man looketh upon the outward appearance, it is true, and often founds false estimates of heart and worth therefrom. The following incident shows how a snobbish official was once taught a mortifying lesson by mistaking his man:

lowing incident shows how a snobbish official was once taught a mortifying lesson by mistaking his man:

"Get aboard, old limp," said a pert conductor to an aged, plainly dressed lame man, standing on the platform, waiting for the signal to depart; "get aboard, old limpy, or you'll be left."

At the signal, the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and took a seat by himself. When the conductor, in taking up the tickets, came to him, and demanded his fare, he replied:

"I do not pay fare on this road."

"Then I will put you off at the next station."

The conductor passed on, and a passenger who had seen the transaction, said to him:

"No, I did not."

"Well, it is Mr. —, the president of this road."

The conductor changed color and bit his lips, but went on and finished taking up tickets. As soon as he had done, he returned to "old limpy," and said:

"Sir, I resign my position as conductor."

"Sit down here, young man. I do not wish to harm you; but we run this road for profit, and to accommodate the public; and we make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility, whatever garb he wears, or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperative on every one of our employes. I shall not remove you for what you have done, but it must not be repeated."

This is a true story. The "old limpy" was the Hon. Erastus Corning, of New York, who has been dead now over ten years. He was a member of Congress for eight years, and one of the leading railroad capitalists of the United States.

The conductor never addressed another passenger as "old limpy."

CATCHING THE PROWLERS.

POACHERS are men who hunt in forests where they have no right. In many parts of Europe, the noblemer have private parks and hunting grounds, in which they keep deer, hares, pheasants and various other game, either for ornament or for the pleasure of hunting there themselves. But the temptation is so great that now and then a "poacher" steals in during the night and bags some game for himself. The Germans have invented an ingenious dark lantern to enable the forester to catch such prowlers, as well as to shoot any wild animals that may be destructive of the birds, etc.:

animals that may be destructive of the birds, etc.:

This lantern, which has a magnesium and petroleum light, is fastened and carried by an epaulet on the left shoulder, and when it is desired to throw the light on an object it is done by pulling a string, which is fixed to the lantern and held in the left hand. This causes the door to fly open, while the magnesium and petroleum is kinded instantly by the action of the opening door, and the ground is lit up like daylight for several yards in front. The petroleum light burns on afterward, and can be used as an ordinary lantern. To the person using the lantern the glaring magnesium light is not blinding at all, as the door opens to the right, and thus thoroughly protects the eye. The gun, and the left hand of the shooter being only lighted up, while the person is invisible to the animals, the latter become bewildered, and stand staring into the light in a half-dazed manner. The little lamp inside the lantern is provided with a sponge, which is only saturated with oil, so that the lantern may be kept in any position. in any position.

FRAUDULENT FREAKS OF NATURE.

It may be interesting to know that all lusus natura that accompany the traveling circus shows are not what they are advertised to be. Some of them are made to order, and while they amuse the public, they enrich the exhibitors and the artists who prepare them. A certain showman said recently:

showman said recently:

"There is a fellow named Patterson, in New York, that can turn out more artificial freaks of nature than would fill every side-show and circus in the country. Patterson can make anything, from a stuffed mermaid or a section of a sea serpent to a five-horned ox or a winged mule. Speaking about Patterson and mules reminds me that just after the war he got an order from one of the Lipmans in Cincinnati to make ten zebras out of mules. Lipman sent on the mules and Patterson proceeded to stencil them in black and cream colored stripes. Patterson finished the job in six weeks and got \$500. The artificial zebras were sent on and advertised as a feature in the street parades of the circus. Everything was lovely for eight or ten days, and then a rain storm washed the stripes all out and made the brutes look so frightful that they had to be sent back to Cincinnati. Patterson can take an ordinary cow and transform her into a beast with four horns, two of which are apparently growing out of her eyes. The truth is, the horns are glued over her eyes. The horns are taken off at night, but the cow generally becomes blind after a short time, the can set glass in the middle of a bull's forehead or in his hips so naturally that almost any one would be deceived."

PROFITABLE MANUFACTURES.

ACCORDING to the Saturday Evening Post the students of the Michigan State Agricultural College are combining utility with instruction, and are analyzing, in the laboratory, various nostrums with which quacks and speculators are flooding the country. The following have been analyzed:

have been analyzed:

Ozone—A package of about one-half pound weight, consisting of pulverized sulphur, colored with lamp black and scented with oil of cinnamon. Costs four cents; retail price, two dollars.

Silver-plating Fluid—An ounce vial of solution of nitrate of mercury, which will form a temporary silvery coating when rubbed on brass, copper, or silver, which speedily tarnishes when exposed to the air. Costs three cents; retail price, forty cents.

Moth and Freckle Cure—"For external use only. Put the contents of this package into an eight ounce bottle, and then fill with rain water." The package contains thirty-two grains corrosive sublimate, or mercuric ch'oride. Costs one-half cent; retail price, fifty cents.

A STRANGE COMPARISON.

WE have often seen an old shoe lying in the gutter without that touch of feeling which we shall hereafter experience, for we did not know how much humanity dwelt in such cast-off soles until we read the following from the Chicago Tribune .

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance: Both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are soled,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're mended new;
When both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath,
Both have their ties and both incline
When polished in the world to shine;
And both peg out—and would you choose And both peg out—and would you choose To be a man or be his shoes?



CORRESPONDENCE.

Ann Maria (Jasper, Fla.) 1. In 1611. 2. July 1,

J. K. S. (Phila, Pa.) Probably separation is all that will avail.

Hugh McK. (Atlanta, Ga.) The motto of Nevada is olens et potens. It signifies willing and able.

E E. P. (Weddington, Ga.) Your exchange is not ermissible, as it partakes of the character of an adver-

SOLON (San Francisco, Cal.) 1. We have not contemplated it as yet. 2. We are well supplied with manuscript at present.

F. G. A. (Weedsport, N. Y.) 1. Boston. 2. W. F. Greany, 827 Brannan Street, San Francisco. 3. We

F. M. G. (San Francisco, Cal.) We presume it would depend upon the courtesy of the various postmasters. Inquire of yours for special directions.

Inquire of yours for special directions.

WARREN K. MOOREHEAD (Xenia, O.), wishes to purchase mound-builders' relies. If any one can furnish information of such, it will be gladly received.

PAUL PRY (Granby, Conn) 1. We think not. 2. Inquire of J. T. Handford, P. O. Box 1870, New York City.

3. Undoubtedly. 4. Eight completed—others projected.

M. M. S. (Latrobe, Pa.) The initials S. P. Q. R. in the place referred to, are used instead of the words Senatus Populusque Romani—the Senate and the People of Rome.

ple of Rome.

C. A. D. (Manchester, N. H.) r. Your handwriting, while legible, is only fair. You can improve it by careful practice. 2. The regular retail price of a young gray parrot is about \$15. Trained talkers cost more.

ABIEL (Mortonsville, Ky.) The symbol indicates Hebe, one of the asteroids. It is intended to represent a cup, as Hebe was fabled to be at one time the cup-bearer to Jupiter and the other gods on Mount Olympus.

J. F. S. (Norwalk, Coun) For burns, when not severe enough to demand medical attention, or before a physician can be called, apply the white of an egg and flour, or common baking soda covered with a moist cloth, with a dry bandage outside of all.

W. R. (Ash Grove, Neb.) Several such places exist.

a dry bandage outside of all.

W. R. (Ash Grove, Neb.) Several such places exist, but no school of that name to our knowledge. Similar institutions to the one mentioned are Highland Mil. Acad., Worcester, Mass.; Penn. Mil. Acad., Chester, Pa.; Peekskill Mil. Acad., Peekskill, N. Y., and Summit Mil. Acad., Summit, N. J. By addressing any of the above, you could obtain full particulars.

X. Y. (Royalton, N. V.). Ozone is considered to be

X. X. (Royalton, N. Y.) Ozone is considered to be one of the peculiar forms of oxygen, although chemists do not even yet know everything concerning it. Its name is derived from a Greek word signifying to smell, and ozone was called by Van Marum "the smell of electricity," because when the electric sparks were passed through a tube containing oxygen, the peculiar odor of ozone was developed. It is also noticed in the working of electrical machines.

or electrical machines.

C. M. W. (Corning, Ark.) asks the very old question, "If a squirrel is on the opposite side of a tree, and a man walks around the tree—the squirrel keeping on the opposite side of the tree continually—does the man walk around the squirrel?" We say Yes. He may not get behind him, but he goes around him. 2. There is no truth in what you have heard, for it has been done. A glutton in this city eat a brace a day, on a wager, last winter, for thirty successive days. 3. Write as you would speak, asking the question in good, straightforward, manly English.

HARDY (Germantown Pa) There are more recommended.

ward, manly English.

HARDY (Germantown, Pa.) There are many reasons why it is better not to use tobacco. It is an expensive luxury, as everybody knows. It is offensive to every one who does not use it, which includes the majority of ladies, although they may have so much mistaken kindness of heart as to profess indifference. It is plainly injurious in many cases, and really so in most. Lastly, ask every man of your acquaintance, who has used it twenty years, if he would learn over again were he a boy. Then do yourself, as the most of them would do, were they in your position with their experience.

A CORRESPONDENT who gives neither name nor address

were they in your position with their experience.

A CORRESPONDENT who gives neither name nor address says: "Could you print the following in 'Talks with Correspondents?"

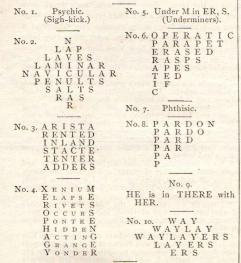
"Squeeze the juice of an orange into a small bottle, and place five or six seeds in the vial also. Let the whole rest in a cup of water for a few days, after which take it out and let it stand in a cool place for two or three days, till a thick substance forms in the bottle. Then enough gas will be evolved to press the cork out of the bottle to a good distance. The longer the bottle is kept the better."

We must confess that we find nothing very important in the above. If the object be to make a noise, a fire cracker or a hand torpedo would do better—if to extract the cork we would suggest a corkscrew. There is also a little obscurity concerning the time of keeping the bottle, and the advantage to be derived from so doing. It appears from correspondent's language that it would be best to cherish the bottle after the cork had flown, but for what reasons may forever remain an unsolved riddle.

PUZZLEDOM No. 30.

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. 26.



Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 26 were correctly solved by: Eskimo, King Arthur, Dic T. Ionary, Edward A. Farbrother, Conqueror, Albion, Myself, Nemo, May B., Sold, Momus, Sleepyhead, Madcap, H. Florence, Mormo, Shadow, Falcon, Nang Porte

Key, Rinaldo, Fort Sumter, Happy Thought, Know Nothing, and Dame Trot. Complete lists.—None. Best incomplete lists.—Happy Thought, H. Flor-

Answers to Puzzledom No. 25 were received from Fire Proof and Damon too late for insertion last week.

NEW PUZZLES.

(To " Sleepyhead."
No. 1. SAN CON'S CROSS. *****

To centre. Top—An argillaceous limestone. Right—sediment. Bottom—quick blows. Left—mammiferous animals, having a body resembling that of a mouse. From centre. Top—To swim. Right—to close the eyes. Bottom—To dispute. Left—to pierce with a pointed weapon.

weapon. Granby, Conn.

No. 2. ANAGRAM. SETH, MORE GREAT HELP.

Lyon HART. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NN. 3. REVERSED RHOMBOID. ross.—1. Modern. 2. To incline to one side. 3 in Palestine. 4. One who saves. 5. Slender.

Tardiest.

Down.—1. A letter, 2. A note in music, 3. To rest.

4. A girl's name. 5. Bays. 6. Something used to catch
wild horses. 7. Warmth. 8. To rage. 9. A number.

10. A prefix and suffix. 11. A letter.

NEW YORK CIPY. NEW YORK CITY. ALCIBIADES.

No. 4. NUMERICAL.

My whole of 5 letters is a register (Rare);
My 1, 2, 3, is a petition (China);
My 4, 5, is to inquire of.
WEST POINT, N. Y.
Sco

No. 5. Compound Double Acrostic. (Eight-letter words.)

(Eight-letter words.)

1. A country in southeast Minnesota. 2. A genus of nollusks. 3. A vessel found in sepulchres of the anients. 4. The first land discovered after a voyage (Naut.). Marks by which anything is known. 6. Belonging to the school of Plato. 7. To blur.

1 Primals.—The name of three kings of the Netherlands.

Finals.—Post-office of Harrison County, Va. Contected. A hero and patriot,

BRACEVILLE, O. H. B. ALLEN.

No. 6. TRIPLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

No. 6. TRIPLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

In "butterfly" upon a flower;
In "pioneers" of the West;
In "crab apples" which are quite sour;
In "dove" upon a hidden nest;
In "balky horse" that will not go;
In "fountains" right before the door;
In "springs" that in the summer flow;
In "dashing breakers" on the shore:
A bird's three names I here conceal,
I ask you now them to reveal.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FALCE

No. 7. HALF-SQUARE.

1. Furnished with a hollow moulding, used principally in cornices. 2. Pertaining to a continent. 3. Having leaves or divisions of the calyx. 4. One who obliterates. 5. Linear measures. 6. A genus of trees. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. A measure of type. 9. A letter. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALBION.

No. 8. RIDDLE.

No. 8. Riddle.

Here I stand like one nothing can tire,
And nobody says, "Take a seat;"
If I only keep stirring the fire,
None would care if I burnt off my feet.
There! I've done it! One foot is destroyed!
Why, it makes me the catch of a buckle,
And a tongue, too! Pray don't be annoyed
If I indulge myself in a mild chuckle.
Amputation again? Have compassion!
I've hardly a foot left to stand on.
O! now I'm the prevalent fashion
And I gladly my last form abandon.
But style has its pullbacks and cares,
That oppress like a ponderous weight;
I have done with such weighty affairs,
And have changed, too, I may as well state.
Now, it's hardly worth while to divide me,
For, oddly, any halves are unequal;
Well, since my last wish you've denied me,
May you get the worse half in the sequel.
'Tis nothing, you find, on possession,
And I'm stronger than ever without;
Still, I feel forced to make a confession:
My complexion is spoiled, without doubt,
I am wrinkled, and shriveled, and black,
And sometimes I grow fairly green!
Now that all claim to beauty I lack,
I'd better cease grumbling, I ween.
That truth has proved stranger than fiction,
You have heard, and you all will agree;
For, spite of my dreadful affliction,
Friends and lovers now throng about me.
I am greeted by welcoming hand,
And the pressure of sweet, rosy lips;
My good fortune I can't understand,
My desert it so greatly outstrips!

Freeport, Ill.

No. 9. Greek Cross.

No. 9. GREEK CROSS.

No. 9. GREEK CROSS.

Top square—1. To expel, 2, To. 3, A heavenly body.

4. Rent asunder.

Left-hand square—1. To hearken. 2. Denoting entrance. 3. A theatrical performer. 4. Burst asunder.

Centre square—1. Burst asunder. 2. A medley. 3. A breach. 4. Obligation without seal.

Right-hand square—1. To set down. 2. What belongs to us. 3. To err. 4. To see at a distance.

Lovuer square—1. Short writing. 2. Delivered by the mouth. 3. What seamen are sometimes called. 4. Othwise.

wise.
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. HOUSTON.

Answers, solvers, and prize-winners, in four

CONTRIBUTIONS.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Accepted.—EDWARD A. FAIRBROTHER, BANDIT, LYON
HEART, SCOUT, SELIM, HAPPY THOUGHT, FALCON,
SCOUT, H. B. ALLEN, TOM A. HAWK, SOLON, ALCIBIADES, PAUL PRY.
Rejected.—EDWARD A. FAIRBROTHER. LYON HAPPY.

BIADES, PAUL PRY.

Rejected.—EDWARD A. FAIRBROTHER, LYON HART.

LOST ANGEL, TOM A. HAWK, PAUL PRY.

CHAT.

BANDIT.—Rather too easy. Send harder ones next time. Some were very good, however. Several have detected the error in No. 3, which was not the fault of the printer but of Thorn, and overlooked by the Puzzle Editor. Scour obtained the correct answer, in spite of this added difficulty, and addresses one of the fraternity as follows concerning the omission:

ws concerning the omission:
Adonis, did you find the error
Before you tired your brain,
While searching words in Webster
With meanings all in vain?
You "had ought" to add the TENTER,
As then it works all right;
You might, too, whale the printer,
Who keeps you up all night.

HAPPY THOUGHT gives some amusing speculations on No. 1, for which we have not space. NANG PORTE KEY comes nearer to the correct answer than any other, as

He sigh-ed, "We must part," yet he hung upon the gate
With a sigh-away expression in his eye;
When the father's brisk "Away!" put the notion in his

pate, 'Twere the better part of valor for to fly.

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

allowed.

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

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

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

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

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

EXCHANGES.

WE cannot insert exchanges of fire-arms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange. Exchanges must be made as brief as possible.

exchange. Exchanges must be made as brief as possible.

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E. F. LAWLER, Bristol Mills, Me. Foreign coins for rubber printing outfit or stereoscopic views.

W. A. BROOMSTRUP, Santa Clara, Cal. Printing-press and complete outfit for card printing, for offers.

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ARTHUR M. HENRY, Grenada, Miss. Demas scroll

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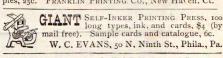
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THE RADIANT WEST.

ADDISON F. BROWNE,

Behind yon dusky hills
The sun has disappeared;
And every vision thrills
With shadings sweetly weird.
For now the western sky
Is spread before our sight, rrayed in rich supply, Of colors pure and bright.

Where earth and heaven meet,
A sea of amber flame
Throbs with the brilliant heat:
And tints too fine for name,
Move softly o'er the clouds
That down this shining way,
Are hung as flitting shrouds
For sprites of passing day.

Upon the quiet plains
The streams and waveless lakes, And distant mountain chains, This mystic glory wakes;
A lustre that imbues
Each shape in twilight seen,
And roughness all subdues
Beneath its mellow sheen.

How like this radiant west
Appears the evening time,
Of one whose day was blessed
By joys, of faith sublime!
His sun but disappears
To leave reflection fair;
That sanctifies and cheers,
Through mem'ry's twilight air.

NATURE'S SAFEGUARDS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

In one of his papers, Dr. Gunther, the wellknown and eminent English naturalist, states that the gecko, the curious lizards that have the faculty of walking upon walls, and are found in various countries, have the remarkable power of dropping off their tails at the slightest warning, and that that organ will, as if astonished at this unceremonious desertion, jump about in a frantic manner for some time, and perhaps finally be gobbled up by some other lizard. He suggests that this curious proceeding may be one of nature's methods of protecting her own; and that Dr. Gunther's theory is the right one in at least one case, has been proven by the experience of a careful observer in the East.

The witness of this strange operation was returning from a hunting trip, and being fatigued with the day's tramp, his heavy rifle, and bag of game, he took advantage of a shady nook among some huge rocks, and was soon enjoying a noonday siesta. How long he slept he does not know, but he was awakened suddenly by a rough body rushing across his face, and starting up saw that the disturbance was a leaf-tailed gecko that was darting away over the rocks at full speed. Knowing their harmless nature, he lay still to watch its movements. It was about six inches long, seemingly covered with rough excrescences, with a long, slender body, and wide, staring, stony eyes. Its tail, instead of being long and shapely, like many of the lizards, was leafshaped and almost as large as its body, so that if the gecko were clinging close to a limb and the tail hanging down or extending upward, it might easily be taken for a leaf of the tree.

The little fellow darted away swiftly, scrambling over the rocks, and a moment later appeared the object of its alarm in the shape of a small hawk that soared down, and but for a most remarkable proceeding, would have caught it. The gecko was making for a high rock, and crossing an open space about thirty feet distant, the hawk close behind and over it, when two geckos seemed to appear; one stopping and leaping about in a ludicrous manner, clearing the ground, now on one end, now on another, straightening out, curling up, bounding around here and there in such a lively dance, and performing such strange feats of gymnastics that the little hawk seemed at first alarmed as it whirled around and then dropped to the ground in apparent amazement.

In the meantime the other gecko had reached the wall, darted up its precipitous sides with its hairy feet that are adapted for such climbing, and disappeared in a crevice. Here the observer, overcome with curiosity, rose up, and putting the bird to flight, found that what had appeared to be a second and dancing gecko, was actually the curious leaf-like tail of the wily lizard that had been thrown off to distract the attention of the hawk, and with what success we have seen. For several moments the tail continued its gyrations, then finally subsided.

A very natural question now occurs, What does the now tailless gecko do when attacked again? Having no lure to throw out as a delay, for some time it remains concealed in the rocks to recover its fright, and nature now comes to the rescue. Another gins to appear, like a bud, where the old one fell off; it grows quite rapidly, and after a while is as large and leaf-like as ever, and quite as ready for just such an emergency again.

This second growth or renewal is not always. however, as satisfactory as we might suppose. Nature is sometimes too bountiful, and two tails appear instead of one, or the one assumes such strange proportions and forms that the gecko must feel that it would be good riddance to utilize it in a second narrow escape.

Some of the geckos at night gleam with a vivid phosphorescent light, as if they had caught fire, and might easily be taken for a mass of fox-fire as they cling upon the trees; and as few animals approach fire, we may assume that this is another case of protection.

The geckos are not alone in their habit of throwing off their tails. In the Philippine Islands a snail

Prof. Semper, when collecting, found great difficulty in securing them on this account. As soon as taken by the long tail, or more properly, foot, off it came in his hands-a squirming bit of flesh, while the animal itself dropped off into the grass and made off as fast as it could, leaving the rejected portion to tell the tail in more senses than one. In relieving themselves of the attacked portion, they whisk the member up and down and from side to side with great rapidity, showing muscular force that would hardly be expected in so small an animal. If held upon the hand, the little creature will raise itself up in the air, and obtain its release by a regular

A West India snail called stenopus, has the same habit, and, like the geckos, the tail afterwards grows again. That the hehcarion throws off its tail when attacked by other enemies than man, is shown by the specimens collected by Prof. Semper in Luzon, a large number having either no tail or partly healed stumps, showing that they had but recently deluded some bird or other enemy.

In the ocean, a shell related to the beautiful harp shell, has a similar means of escaping from its enemies. Who among our readers has not congratulated him or herself upon disarming some war-

to be over does it suddenly come to life and dart away. This is shown in a great variety of animals. Even alligators have been seen to feign death, a nervous trembling of the eye alone telling of the life within. Crocodiles are said to thus to dissemble, to disarm suspicion on the part of wandering game that is thus brought within reach of their powerful

Animals without special means of aggressive defence, when pursued by a more powerful opponent, endeavor to seek shelter of some kind, and the snug harbors they find are often very remarkable. The great lophius or fishing-frog, that uses one of its dorsal fins as a fishing-rod, gives protection in its gills to several kinds of small fishes, that rush in and out, well knowing that the hideous appearance of their friend is a sure protection.

The curious sucking fish remora, attaches itself to sharks, turtles, and various small fishes, and is thus carried about. But perhaps the strangest protector is an anemone, one of the flower-like animals so common on rocky shores. In one that lives in Eastern seas has been found a small fish. It was thought at first that the occurrence might be accidental, or that the great actinia, as it is called by naturalists, had overpowered it with its armament of like crab or lobster by holding it by the claws, only darts that cover its tentacles and even stomach;

ESCAPING THE HAWK

to see the captive of a moment, by a dexterous jerk but careful examination showed that whenever the or twist, disarm itself, and drop into the water with a derisive splash, satisfied to escape knowing that the biters will soon grow again?

Some of the most beautiful of the deep water star fishes are extremely difficult to capture on this account. When brought up in the net they do not make any demonstration until taken from the water, and then, as if frightened out of their senses, their arms break up into myriads of pieces-a veritable shower of dismembered parts falling through the meshes, leaving only the oval and worthless body that we are almost persuaded to think is aware that shorn of its beauties will be tossed back and allowed to reproduce its limbs again.

Many insects throw off their limbs or wings when seized, and dart away, leaving the empty prize with the victor: and a volume could be written on the various methods of some of these cunning creatures. One of the beetles is called the bombardier, from its curious manner of ensuring escape. When pursued it at first takes to flight or runs swiftly away through the grass, but if the enemy gains, the beetle comes to a sudden halt, and from certain glands is ejected with an audible report a liquid with so pungent an odor that the pursuer is, for the time, completely discomfited, and before it recovers the nimble artillerist is, perhaps, far out of reach.

One of the commonest defences among insects is 'playing 'possum." As soon as touched many beetles will drop as if dead; the legs become rigid, the roughest handling fails to produce the least signs of

little fish was alarmed, it dashed at its curious friend and darted fair and square into its open mouth, while the victim to this enforced visitation in alarm rapidly drew in its tentacles, and in a moment the fish was a prisoner. Those who first saw the act had doubts as to the survival of the rash intruder, but slowly the anemone unfolded, and soon out darted the little fish as lively and frisky as ever. Now, if a shrimp or an animal of any other kind attempts such an undertaking, it is at once penetrated with myriads of darts that spring out like so many explosives, and with such force that they e the hardest cuticle of the human as the fish seems exempt from such a fate, we are tempted to imagine that there must be some queer fellowship between the two, some mutual uuderstanding. Perhaps the fish carries food into the stomach of the anemone; be it as it may, he escapes all harm, and woe to the pursuer that attempts to take him from among the richly colored tentacles.

MATCH MAKING.

In 1832 the first friction match was made, and it was ickingly called a lucifer. Lucifers were substantially the same as our present matches, pulled through a piece of sand-paper. The only change since then has been in altering it from a silent to a noisy match, and the invention of the safety fusee, which will ignite only when rubbed upon chemically-prepared paper. The safety match was patented in England in 1856. There is one match-making firm in Manchester, England, that makes called the hehcarion, has a similar propensity, and life, and only when the insect supposes the danger 9,000,000 matches a day, and there are several firms in

London making 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 a day each. From the consumption of matches in France and England it is seen that about 250,000,000,000 are made in those two countries every year. In the United States about 40,-000,000,000 a year are made, yielding to the Government a revenue of about \$3,500,000. Lucius C. Allen, foreman of the Springfield armory, claims to have been the inventor of the original "lucifers," according to the Springfield Republican who quotes Mr. Allen's own

words:

"Did I ever tell you what Charles Sumner once said to me about the manufacture of matches?" he inquired.
"It was about fifty years ago now, when I was in doubt whether it would pay to go into the business, and asked Mr. Sumner what he thought about it. He turned around quick as a flash and said, 'Mr. Allen, how many pins do you suppose are made in a year?' I thought there must be a good many millions. 'And how many times,' he continued, 'is a pin used?' Perhaps twenty on the average,' I replied. 'Then at least twenty times as many matches will be needed as pins,' he concluded, 'and, of course, it will pay.' Now, did even Charles Sumner ever size up anything neater than that? I made matches several years, and not only that, but I invented them. It was away back in the '30s, when I was a boy. It was always fooling with the ingredients—brimstone and the like—till finally I struck an idea. Then I went to work and made a few matches—rather crude, of course—and showed them to a few friends, but they didn't think it would amount to anything, and I didn't either at first, so I minded nothing about it till 1834, I think it was, when a friend persuaded me to apply for a patent. It was quite a trip to Washington in those days, but in a few weeks I got word that a Chicopee man had filed a similar application a short time before mine arrived. I was satisfied that I could get the patent by fighting for it, but I didn't think then that it would pay, and so I made an arrazgement with the Chicopee man, by which I was to offer no opposition to his getting the patent, but could have the privilege of manufacturing matches on my own hook. He got the patent and I went into the business. I sold matches all through this country, but there was a good deal of opposition to their manufacture. The papers said it was a bid for incendiarism, and many shop-keepers wouldn't sell them. The railroads had got as far as Worcester then, but they wouldn't carry matches, and I had to hire me to drive clear through to Boston." "Did I ever tell you what Charles Sumner once said

DOES STRONG DRINK STRENGTHEN?

Now that the hot days are fairly upon us, there are many thousands in our land, especially among the laboring classes, who will endeavor to keep up their strength and courage by some one or more of the various forms of alcohol. Will they be aided by its use? If there were no danger of intoxication with its attendant evils which are so black that no paint is dark enough to represent them-would they gain strength and endurance from alcoholic drinks?

This is the testimony of Dr. Andrew Clark, a physician in the London Hospital, and a man of authority among the doctors. Hear him:

This is the testimony of Dr. Andrew Clark, a physician in the London Hospital, and a man of authority among the doctors. Hear him:

I have some experience to speak from, for I am a workingman myself. I take it I work as hard as most, for I have eighteen hours a day at my work, working in a hurry, with very anxious subjects to work upon, and work that goes over Sunday as well. I have also the experience of the ten thousand people that pass before me every year. I will risk all on the statement that, however pleasant alcohol is for the moment, it is not a helper of work, but it is a certain hindrance of work.

The late Dr. Parkes, of Netley, was the most loyal, careful, faithful, and truthful of observers whom it was ever my good fortune to meet. He was an earnest lover of truth, and he performed the following experiment:

He got a number of soldiers of the same age and of the same type of constitution, living under the same circumstances, eating the same food, breathing the same atmosphere, and he did this that the experiment might be fair, and he divided the soldiers into two gangs—an alcoholic gang and a non-alcoholic gang—and he engaged these two gangs in certain work, for which they were to be paid extra.

He watched these gangs, and took the result of their work, and it turned out that the alcoholic gang were far alhead at first.

They had buckets of beer by their side, and, as they got a little tired, they took beer, and the non-alcoholic gang were, in an hour or two, left nowhere; but he watched, as I told you, and, as the experiment went on, the energies of the beer-drinkers speedily began to flag, and, do what they might get into the non-alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang that they might earn a little more money; but Dr. Parkes, in order to make the experiment clinching and conclusive, transposed the gangs. He made the alcoholic gang the non-alcoholic gang and

SWORD-FISH.

DID any of the readers of the Argosy ever eat a sword-fish steak? Undoubtedly many have done so, and those who have not have a pleasant experience before them somewhere in the future, The meat is white and attractive in its appearance, and very delicious in the taste. Sword-fish sometimes weigh over four hundred pounds, and may do great damage to shipping with their long, sharp sword. The skipper of a fishing schooner recently gave some interesting facts about these fellows to a New York Sun reporter:

"The New England coast is the best place for them, especially around the south of the Cape, and to give you an idea of the importance of the business, about 1,500,000 pounds are caught every year, worth about \$200,000 in round numbers. In the Mediterranean, around about

in round numbers. In the Mediterranean, around about Greece and Italy, the business is nearly as good."
"We were browsing along one day off the Bay of Biscay, and I was leaning on the weather cat-head when I felt a shock—just the kind you feel when a ferry-boat strikes a piece of ice, only sharper—and the next minute there was something thrashing about near the cutwater that I took to be a whale, but before the skipper got for and it was gone. got for ard it was gone.
"We sounded the well that night, and the bark had

"We sounded the well that night, and the bark had made about six inches of water, and we kept the pumps a-going off and on, thinking we had started a plank. Finally, we put into Tynemouth, in the North of England, and went into dry dock.

"There they found, under the bilge, about ten inches of the sword of one of these fellows. It had gone through the copper, oak-planking, and all, and broken off short.

"I heard of another case where a ship was struck in

off short.

"I heard of another case, where a ship was struck in the Indian Ocean, and was damaged so that the owners came down on the insurance companies, who tried to get out of it by saying it was a put-up job; but they got Prof. Owen, the great English scientific man, into court, and he swore that not only did the sword-fish do it, but they were as dangerous as a shot from a cannon.

"I don't remember the exact words of his testimony, but he said the force of the blow was equal to so many hundred blows from a heavy sledge, or a twenty-four-pound shot. Anyhow, they got the insurance."