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Vol. I.

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The glorious monsoon was blowing on the quarter, and there was no call to start sheet or brace. Indeed, the ship had more wind than she really

all the royals, and all the lower and topmast studding-sails were doing full duty.

Next morning the lan! had been long out of sight, and still the good sh p was going off at a prodigious rate, rolling deeply, and slatting her fore topsail back against the mast, as the after sails took the wind from it.

needed, so that the sky-sails and top-gallant studding-

sails were not yet set, though all the top-gallant sails,

"Give her the sky-sails, Mr. Olney," said the captain; "we must make the most of the monsoon, Feeling and calculation were at variance; for on and if we can have it all the way as strong as this the night-heads to one of the other watch, when a

" How gallantly, how merrily, We ride along the sea! The morning is all sunshine, The wind is blowing free. Strange sights are all around us, Strange birds about us sweep,

Strange things come up to look at us,

No. 37.

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All that day, before the unvarying monsoon, and most of the next night, the noble ship swept on. It was eight bells, or four o'clock, in the twelve-tofour watch, the men of which were upon the point of going below, while those of the morning watch had just come on deck. The man who had been last on the lookout was yielding his position between

The masters of the deep!"

sail was discovered close off tue port bow, heading athwart the course of the ship. The Ganges was standing southby-west, and the stranger west-by-north; the courses of the two vessels fast closing up a triangle, to the apex of which they were equally near.

Captain Tillinghast, who had just come up from the cabin, as he frequently did at the changing of the night watches, ordered the helm aport; taking it as a matter of course that the other vessel would put her wheel a-starboard. Had she done so, no harm would have ensued. But her officer of the deck, no doubt confused, acting upon the supposition that the Ganges would keep her course, ported his own helm also, in hopes of luffing across her

His vessel almost instantly struck the Canton ship, cutting the Ganges' planking both above and below the waterline, and carrying away her mizzen-mast.

Captain Tillinghast ordered the sails on the main-mast laid aback, the yawl cleared away, and the long-boat hoisted out. Bread, meat and water were hastily tumbled into them, and all hands followed, saving no clothing but such as they stood in, and a thousand dollars in silver, which the ship had on board for incidental expenses or use in case of accident.

The alternative of thus putting out from a sinking ship, sad as it appeared, was far less discouraging than it would have been had it taken place during a storm; for the monsoon, although fresh, was steady, and the swell regular.

In about fifteen minutes after they had pushed off from her side, the Ganges sank,

down their tears as the last vestige of the stout old ship which had borne them so many thousand miles disappeared ! eneath the waves. Still, it was not a shipwreck like that of Don Juan, for there was no 'solitary shriek," no "bubbling cry." It was only a case where eighteen men and two boys were surprised by the sudden dropping out of the bottom of their floating world!

Captain Tillinghast said that the vessel which had struck them was a ship-of-war, a conclusion made her decks; and he thought it likely that she was bound for the Gulf of Tonquin, on the west side of the China Sea.

All were in hopes that she would lie by for them; but when the light had broadened, two hours after the accident, sufficiently to reveal the horizon, she was nowhere to be seen. It was possible that she heroes felt all the spirit the scene described in his had sunk, but more probable that she had continued her course.

# The Boys in the Forecastle. A Tale of Real Ships and Real Sailors.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WEIGHT OF A SHIP.

THE sincerity of the boys' grief was unmistakable. We would all lament unaffectedly the death of any human being if the chance were good of his taking us with him.

But Ching-Chow revived very quickly-like a cat

which has fallen from a barn or been curled up by a brickbat in the side. The opening of his narrow eyes gave Bob and Tom more delight than they had ever expected to feel at the convalescence of any injured Chinamen; and they stooped by his side with an earnestness which made Captain Tillinghast laugh.

The "old man," as the sailors always called their good commander, suspected the feeling most at work in these young hearts, for he knew it to be one of the most natural things imaginable. And, indeed, he himself saw in the pilot's resuscitation a happy deliverance from an otherwise almost inevitable trouble.

"Somee he hittee-hittee!" said the Chinaman. "Gettee vellee bellee soonee. No gettee Foo-Fou, no gettee Chee-Wow, no gettee Low-Cow pilot shippee. Vellee quick he Ching-Chow gettee standee, tellee - tellee Melican man howee steeree. No gettee more he Chinaman pilot. Ching-Chow most vellee-vel-

The apprehension of losing his job thus seeming the most momentous consideration which dawned on the mind of the reviving Celestial, Bob and Tom were placed comparatively at ease; for they thought that did he intend to die immediately he would show less anxiety in regard to the possible competition of Low-Cow and the others for the pilotage of the " 'Melican " ship.

By the time the Ganges had fairly begun to gather way, Ching-Chow was able to sit on a hen-coop, whence he faintly issued his commands. For my boy readers must understand that from the moment a pilot reaches the deck

responsibility of her management remains in his hands till he goes away. Should the captain interfere, the insurance, in case of disaster, could not be recovered. And thus, while going down Canton River, Captain Tillinghast might have busied himself with a book in the cabin, or turned into his berth, without incurring the least blame from any ordinary construction of marine law. He became, so far as the sailing of the ship was concerned, simply a passenger.

It was Ching-Chow who directed the mate to give a "smallee pullee on le lee blacee," or "putee le leelee lon pointee a-portee." It was Ching-Chow who watched the weather leach of the top-sails; and it was Ching-Chow who knew that if she got ashore, Ching-Chow must be accountable.

The monsoon being fresh and the tide fair, in six or seven hours the Ganges was abreast of Hong Kong; and now, taking leave of the ship, the pilot stepped into his boat, which had all the while been always inspires.

towing astern. It was not until they saw him well off, and standing away under his bamboo sail, that Bob and Ton' felt really at ease, and ceased to ponder upon the possible contingency of a lot drawing.

The feelings of the boys at this moment can be fully appreciated only by one who has himself at some time from a far-off foreign shore set sail for home.

They revolved in their minds the probable number of days which the passage would occupy, and thought of making a corresponding number of marks on the bulkhead of the forecastle, so that by rubbing out one each day they would be the better able to realize the gradual diminution of the long interval before them.



"AND THE BOY, SPRINGING UP, GAVE THE UMINOUS BLUE BODY THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE WEAPON.

of the vessel of which he is to have charge, the entire this first evening out, they felt home to be close we shall be down to Java Head in six or seven and our two little youngsters could scarcely keep ahead of the ship's bowsprit, while knowing it to be immensely far away. It seemed as if every mile which the Ganges was now making counted more than a week's sailing had done on the passage out; yet reason told them that the entire length of her run for the next twenty-four hours, even with the most favorable wind, would be almost imperceptible on the chart; a mere nothing as compared with the vast expanse she must traverse.

> The sun had grown low when Hong Kong was left on the quarter; and of all the dog-watches the boys had known since leaving home, the two in which they now took part were the happiest. From four to six and from six to eight all hands, except the silent tar at the wheel, sat or lay or paced in their accustomed places with nothing to do save to eat their supper from the rude tin pans, and talk with each other under that exhilaration of spirit which the first evening of the homeward passage

Bob and Tom ran aloft to loose the sky-sails. There was an indescribable fullness in their young, hopeful hearts. The sky was clear, the sea sweeping strongly in the course of the ship, the breeze piping with just the requisite power. Porpoises leaped blowing from the sides of the waves; white gulls, that thus far seaward had soared from the viewless land, were seen here and there upon the swells like specks of foam; and more than all this to the boys was the feeling that at last they were probable by the sound of a boatswain's whistle on homeward bound!

"Isn't she walking along!" cried Tom, from the fore sky-sail yard.

"She is that!" answered Bob from the main "I'm glad the old main isn't afraid to crack on

Barry Cornwall had not then written, yet our "Return of the Admiral":

not far from the city of Hue, on the south side of the Gulf of Tonquin. The distances were about equal, each being some three hundred miles; but while the former course would bring the wind forward of the beam, the latter would give it on the quarter. Captain Tillinghast decided in favor of the last.

This voyage upon the China Sea in an open boat was a wonderful novelty to the two boys. Each secretly thought of his mother, and wondered how she would feel could she see him now, affoat three hundred miles from land, in a mere shell, and obliged to look up to see the top of a wave, as if it were a barn-roof!

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE VOYAGE TO LAND

THE long-boat had twelve hands, and the yawl eight ; and each craft hoisted a sail. The boys were in the first named, where also were the captain and the second and third mates, as also Jack Bruce and Calico Dick. The yawl was in charge of Mr. Olney, and among the others on board of it were Ben Day and Davy Dorn.

The hardy sailors were by no means despondent, for, as we may have before remarked, they took things as they came. Captain Tillinghast had with him his nautical instruments, so that he could get his position; and it was a saying of his that if he were to be headed up in a cask and carried ten thousand miles, and they would only give him the tools when they let him out, it wouldn't take him long to tell where he was.

The boys loved him. He was as thorough a sailor as ever trod a deck, and a noble-hearted man besides.

The boats kept near each other, and, after a time, old Davy Dorn, who wished to say something to pass away time, hailed the two boys,

"You younkers, dere," he said, "vat you dinks now? Sheer ub, unt nefer say die! Ve is pound for der Cochineal Shina, unt you'll haf more do dell ven you gets home! You'll pe shoost so salt ash nefer vash!

Captain Tillinghast's stern, embrowned face put on a

smile.
"When I was in the Lion," he said, "ten or twelve years ago, and old Derrick Schemmelpennick was chiefmate with me, when putting down 'same weather' in the log, he would always write it 'Sam Wedder;" and when I got home, and the owners were poking about, one of them, looking over Derrick's work, asked me who that 'Sam Wedder' was that figured so much in the logbook! I guess Davy would keep pretty much such a

Thus the weather-beaten men who had so lately handled the old Ganges, beguiled the time while the boats went tumbling along toward the coast of Cochin China,

The China Sea abounds with snakes of all colors and sizes, exactly, as far as I have ever been able to judge, like serpents upon the land; and now the boys had excellent opportunities of seeing the loathsome, scaly reptiles, and even of catching them, had not the thought of touching those cold snaky folds thrilled the two young sailors with horror.

On the second day a shark of such enormous size that even Captain Tillinghast, Mr. Olney, and Jack Bruce were astonished at it, paid a visit to each of the boats. The yawl was sixteen feet long, and this monster was nearly twice her length. He was much longer than the long-boat, in which the boys were, and they shuddered as he came near her side.

"That fellow," said Jack Bruce, "could swallow a man whole! It was such a chap that picked up the darkey we had aboard the Asia, when he fell overboard. Why, that fellow was no more to him than a slice of smoked ham!"

With what feelings the boys watched the three-cornered fin of this fearful visitant as it moved silently along, telling them, even when at many fathoms distance, that their terrible consort was not yet gone.

What if he should rise under the boat, and upset it! There existed probably little danger of this, but it was The captain and Mr. Olney both had not impossible. their pistols, but they were, of course, the old flint-locks, and, their charges being wet, they would not go off. A single musket, with its fixed bayonet, had somehow been put into the boat, but it was unloaded, and there was no ammunition.

Again the monster came close to the long-boat, swimming slowly in the way she was going, and looking like a

long dull streak of lead fashioned into a fish.
"Twenty feet at least!" said the captain. "The long-boat is that, and you see he reaches from stem to

stern of her,
"I could hit him with this bayonet, sir!" said Tom Dear, taking up the gun from under his feet. "He isn't more than six feet off,"

As Tom spoke, the shark came even nearer than that; and the boy, springing up, gave the ominous blue body

the whole length of the weapon. There was a splash in the water, and shark, gun, Tom,

and all were missing. "Down your helm, quick!" cried the captain to the third mate, who was steering, "The boy's overboard! Haul aft your sheet, there!

Another splash, and Bob Allen, too, was gone, with his sheath knife in his mouth! The shark, big as he was, should not eat Tom without having his right to such a

But the captain, the mate, and all the old sailors knew that there was no longer any danger, for the monster, pierced with so formidable a lance, would instantly make off: and indeed, the breech of the gun was seen in a moment or two to rise above the water, and move rapidly away as if it had been the mast of a boat.

"The old fellow has got his clearance-papers," said Captain Tillinghast, as the boys were pulled on board. You did well, Tom, only you shouldn't have tried to pull the bayonet out. I suppose it went through his back-bone.

Vat you vants do go see det zhark for, hey, Dom?" sang out Davy from the other boat. "Vash you in lofe mit him? He schlight you unt durn stern do ven you shoost dry do schbeak do him! Unt you, Pob, vash you sheahlous, unt go vloppin ofer der zide, unt dells him do help hiszelf? Unt den he durns away mitout his preakfast!

Next morning, some Malay proas were seen, heading toward the boats, and our shipwrecked mariners would

Two directions now lay open to the boats; the one they came alongside, and, bringing the strangers to, toward Luzon on the east, and the other toward Cochin-China on the west; the nearest point of the latter being worth stealing. They took the watches of the captain and mate, his chronometer and two quadrants, but stumbled over the keg of silver, which lay among some dunnage in the bottom of the long-boat, without discover ing that it contained anything of value. They were savage-looking fellows, and Bob and Tom were very glad to see the last of them.

As, after the loss of his quadrants, the captain could no longer get observations, he steered by the monsoon; and, knowing that the harbor of Hue must be directly ahead, he had only to keep the boats with the wind well on the quarter.

At length, just at dusk, after a sail of two days and a half, there was discovered a dark line to leeward which the sailors knew to be land.

The boats ran along shore all night, heading up the Gulf of Tonquin, and at sunrise, the mouth of the Hue River, in Cochin-China, was discovered, bearing directly under their lee, and not more than six miles off. The coast presented a most beautiful appearance, and the boys stood up in the boat to look at it. A line of bright hills and valleys lay before them like an army, its wings becoming gradually dusky till lost in the horizon upon either hand.

When the two boats entered the river, the monsoon was still bearing them along. The city of Hue is situated ten miles up the broad stream; and the wondering eyes of the boys lost no object of interest on the shores, as the dull sailing long-boat made head against the ebbtide. Full of expectation, it was with great earnestness that they watched for the first sight of the old fortified capital before them, and presently its sombre structures upon the river banks, and large fleet of galleys upon the water, opened very plainly around a point of the land.

Soon our two heroes, who saw everything first-because, in their young and wondering simplicity, they looked almost with spirit eyes-made out, among the numerous smaller craft, the shapes of two stately frigates riding at anchor, each with the French ensign at her peak. The sight of that bright flag was electrical; for, in a harbor where no American vessel was to be seen from one year's end to another, the gleam of a European banner, and especially that of France, became to a Yankee sailor almost like a glimpse of home.

For a few minutes the boys continued to scrutinize these two vessels; then Bob Allen exclaimed, joyously: "I know them; I know them! They are the same ships that fought the Englishman, and picked us up

Hurrah! I'm glad they are here!"
"Yes," said Tom Dean," the starboard one is the La Vendée, that we were aboard of, and the other is La

"Vell," said Davy Dorn, "vat's der use, poys? Dat Capitaine Le Prune, he don't dalks no English so petter as minezelf! It's strange der Vrenchmans gant get der hang of dings shoost so queek ash der Dutchmans, but zay 'vid' ven dey should zay 'mit'! I never gould ket der durns out of dot Vrench dalks!"

Our youngsters grew so impatient as to be almost ready to leap overboard and swim. But more and more plainly the great frigates showed their port-holed sides, and soon the two boats were close to the La Vendée.

# CHAPTER XV.

HUE-MANILLA-A NEW VENTURE, AND TROUBLE. CAPTAIN LE BRUNE, in the midst of his officers, stood ooking over the quarter-rail.

"Ah! ze Capitaine Deeleeng-hast!" he exclaimed, recognizing the American shipmaster at a glance-for his memory of names and faces seemed excellent-" how is zis? You have come in one two small boat, sair! You been sheepwreck! You have one grand misfortune, sair!-one vat you call him, unluck-ee! Come up ze

gangway, sair. I have ze grand sorrow, sair."

Never was a reception more cordial. The Gallic commander kindly patted our two little sailor boys on the shoulder, talking with them of the English seventy-four and their brief experience on board of her.

It was his intention, as he informed Captain Tillinghast, to remain at Hue a few days longer, when he would sail for the coast of Luzon, whither, should the captain and his men desire it, the La Vendée would convey them. He could not, he said, enter the harbor of Manilla, as that Spanish colonial city was in rebellion against King Joseph, "ze brother of ze grand Napoleon;" but he would land them at "one short distance from ze place."

For three days the boys made the most of their opportunities of seeing Cochin-China, or Anam, as it is otherwise called; and then the two frigates set sail for Luzon. hauling, as sharply as possible, on the monsoon. They could not, however, with the northeast wind, head up sufficiently to make the island while on the port-tack; so, having run across the China Sea to Palawan, which lies to the south of Luzon, the Frenchmen raised tacks and sheets, went about, and stood off to the north-northwest, upon a stretch of several hundred miles, until they were again ready to go in stays, haul upon an eastsoutheast course, and stand directly for Manilia.

My boy readers, unaccustomed to the sea, will hence perceive what distances ships must sometimes traverse o reach ports which, in a direct line, are not far away.

The vessels were upon the point of once more putting about, when several sail were discovered ahead, and the French commander continued his course in order to asin their character. He presently made them out to be a seventy-four and three frigates, and, it being almost certain that they were English, the La Vendée and Victoire were put upon the tack towards Luzon without further delay

One of the enemy's vessels, apparently a fifty-gun ship, gained upon the two fugitives, while the others failed to hold their own; and, after a chase of eight hours, she was up within pistol shot.

Should the frigates engage her with their big guns, in a battle of any considerable duration, they would probably, even if successful, become so much damaged in their rigging as to make a final escape impossible. Therefore Captain Le Brune, quick to decide upon the best manner of profiting by the Briton's rashness, determined to board. His intention was signalled to Captain Du Temple, and both ships, suddenly shifting their helms, ran handsomely afou' of their antagonist.

Of course each received a tremendous broadside from the sturdy Englishman, and many of the sailors were killed: but in a moment Monsieur Le Brune, sabre in have been glad to have given them a wide berth; but hand, was on the deck of his foe. Captain Du Temple an old shirt.

boarded upon the other side, and in twelve minutes the British frigate had the ensign of the French empire flying from her gaff.

All three vessels, the captors and the captured, now stood off in the direction of Manilla; night set in, and when day once more appeared, nothing was to be seen of the pursuing squadron. Thus the English lost a noble frigate, which, had her captain's prudence equalled his daring, or had Monsieur Le Brune been a less able commander, might have so annoyed the French ships as to wholly have prevented their escape.

The crew of the Ganges, at Captain Le Brune's request, had at first retired below; but after the Englishman's broadside, they one and all ran up to the deck and, such was the ardor of our two youngsters, that Captain Tillinghast could hardly restrain them from joining the French boarders, who, with their fierce Gallic courage, were pouring over the enemy's bulwarks.

Off the mouth of Manilla Bay, the small squadror hove to, and the French commander, taking a characteristic leave of his American passengers, set them on shore upon one of the several islands which divide the wide entrance into channels. Bob and Tom looked musingly after the tall ships as they filled away, and felt sad at parting with the brave Frenchmen.

Their previous view of Manilla had been very brief, but now, upon going up to the large and stirring city, which they did in one of the native boats, it seemed to them one of the most interesting of all the places they had seen. Ships from almost every nation upon earth except France, lay in the broad bay; and on shore, at every turn, they met English, Dutch, Spanish, or American sailors,

The permanent pogulation was Malay, with a strong intermingling of Span sh.

The money which Captain Tillinghast had saved from

the wreck of the Gang is, and with which he generously assisted his crew, now served an excellent purpose in preserving the boys from a wretched dependence upon that dumb figure-head, a government consul, so despised by the sons of the sea.

They wandered everywhere; and especially were they delighted with a remarkable street, which the Spaniards call the Escolta, and in which the immense number of shops and endless multitude of people, struck them with even more bewilderment than anything they had witnessed while in Canton.

Standing upon a bridge which crosses the Pasig River. upon both banks of which Manilla is situated, they could behold no end to the swarming junks that had come from China, the Malay boats from all the neighboring shores, or the more sightly shipping from Europe.

In the meantime, Captain Tillinghast and Mr. Olney both of whom felt an interest in the boys' welfare. kept upon our young heroes as sharp eyes as possible lest they should fall wholly into the ways of their older shipmates, every one of whom got three sheets in the wind the moment he stepped on shore.

Jack Bruce and Dayy Dorn could always keep their legs, but the others would get aback and go aground by the stern. Jack, when well "set up," would take the bearings of some object ahead, steady his helm, and steer directly for the given point : and as to Davy, as he himself said, he could "dake somedings efery pell in der vatch, unt den haul out a vedder earring mit der pest able zeaman avloat!"

These two men, both perfect specimens of the old time sailor, got into many difficulties at Manilla from their unhesitating praises of that French nautical courage which they had so lately seen manifested. Spaniards met with, among whom were keepers of liquor stalls and other places of resort for sailors, could some of them understand English enough to know how the wind set with our tars, and would become violently angry at any mention of the name of Frenchman not coupled with execration; while the hundreds of Engish blue-jackets were always ready to fight at the least intimation that one stout Briton was not a match for half a dozen "Wee-wees."

The two brilliant exploits of Captain Le Brune, both of which our youngsters had witnessed, had been, indeed, exceptional affairs, as no one will deny the general superiority of the British on the water; but for this very reason they took on a kind of romance. Jack Bruce himself, thoroughly acquainted with English prowess, well knew that in each of the late instances the French tars, brave as they were, had owed their success solely to the energy and masterly seamanship of their com-Nevertheless, be would not admit this to the mander. John Bulls, and, as a consequence, there took place many passes at arms, in all of which the British found reason to wish that they had left the hard-fisted salt to himself

The crew of the Ganges soon found opportunities of shipping for various ports; Jack Bruce and Davy Dorn entering themselves for Calcutta, and the others going one way and another.

Captain Tillinghast and Mr. Olney engaged passages to New York; but the vessel in which they were to sail did not require any addition to her hands before the mast, and therefore the good commander, with whom our youngsters had so long sailed, but whose control of them was now simply advisory, acquiesced in a decision to which they had arrived the moment they learned the destination of Jack and Davy, and were told that the Calcutta ship wanted more men

This ship was an American, of three hundred and ninety tons, and the lads put their names on her papers Her company consisted of the captain, two mates, and cook, with twelve-boys and all-before the mast.

It was now the middle of March; and as the ship Oolong went out of Manilla the northeast monsoon was still blowing a steady breeze, so that in a single week she was off the beautiful island of Singapore, at the southern point of Varther India, whence, hauling upon the starboard tack, she stood into the Strait of Malacca, a most lonesome and dangerous passageway five hundred miles in length.

Already the boys had discovered that the Oolong was by no means the Ganges. Her captain was a tyrant, her mate a savage; and as to her forecastle hands, with the exception of Jack and Dayy, they were low runaways, picked up at Manilla, after all the original crew had left the vessel through ill treatment. The second mate was a timid man, a slave to his superiors; and the cook, a Malay, who would have murdered his grandfather for

The mate would strike the hands while they were at their work, and one day he knocked the man at the wheel insensible upon the deck. But when he threateningly approached Jack Bruce, there were only six

"Don't you strike me, Mr. Wiggins!"

And Mr. Wiggins did not strike. He turned furiously towards Davy Dorn.

"Unt you nefer don't schtrikes me, too, Mr. Viggin!" said Davy. "Unt you nefer don't schtrikes dot leedle poy, dot you pese looging at," he added, as he saw the owardly ruffian turn to vent his baffled fury upon Bob Allen.

All others the mate could fell to the deck at his pleasure, but he dared not lay a hand on Jack or Davy or either of the two boys.

One of the crew, a Welshman, named Owen Ap-Jones, was a very giant in stature and strength; yet this man suffered even more abuse than the rest, and dared resent it only by sullen words, which he was careful that the officers should not hear.

But the fellows could plot if they could not fight; and after the Oolong had entered the strait, a plan was broached in the forecastle to seize upon the ship, throw the captain and mate overboard, and run her ashore on the coast of Malacca, where, with the cook as interpreter, the crew would take up their abode among the natives, joining the latter in all their depredations upon passing vessels,

Owen Ap-Jones, by virtue of his great physical powers, occupied the position of leader among the mutinous spirits, although it was plain that they would have preferred for their captain Jack Bruce or Davy Dorn, had not these two utterly refused to countenance the piratical design.

"Then, if you'll keep dark," said Owen, "you two, and not go to leaking out to the old man what's been said, we'll give it up."
"I'm no telltale," said Jack; "but I'm no pirate,

either; and you don't get possession of any ship that Jack Bruce is aboard of till he goes to the sharks!'

No high words followed, nothing but sullen secrecy, yet a terrible scene was at hand for our two youngsters. (To be continued.)

"The Boys in the Forecastle," commenced in No. 33. Back numbers of the ARGOSV can be had at any time Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the Ask your ; bublishers.

#### ARTEMUS WARD.

Most of you have read something from the pen of this funny fellow, and perhaps did not know that he had any other name. He was known to his old neighbors as Charles Farrar Browne, and was born among the hills of Oxford County, in Waterford, Maine, in 1836. Most of his books are written with the worst possible spelling, such as employed by Josh Billings and two or three other humorists, and of which Artemus is said to have been the inventor. We say ventor," for he could spell as well as anybody, and could write in a pleasant vein without putting a "t" in "whitch," as the following letter to a little girl eight years old will testify:

SALEM, Mass., June 18, 1864. My DEAR AMELIA:

SALEM, Mass., June 18, 1864.

My Dear Amelia:
I cannot tell you how much I miss you.
It seems as though I had lost all my relatives, including my grandmother and the cooking-stove.
Why didn't I put you in a bottle and bring you down here with me?
But I am always forgetting something. The other day I went off and forgot your Aunt Sarah, and she's a good deal bigger than you are. Mr. Ramsay is also a very forgetful man. He frequently goes off and forgets his washerwoman. Mr. Ramsey is a very fine-looking man. He reminds me of Mr. Green, the Malden murderer. When Mr. Ramsey goes to the peniitentiary, which will be very soon, we must send him doughnuts, magazines, and other literary documents. Mr. Ramsey can read print very well.
I like you very much. I should like you just as much if you were twelve years older. I am very singular about some things.
You spoke to me about a boy who is my rival. I should feel very sorry to kill that boy, but he may drive me to it. I am in hopes that he may take himself into a premature tomb—that he may take himself into a premature tomb—that he may take himself with a large slice of pudding, but if he does neither, I shall be forced to load him with chains and read all my lectures to him. That will finish him. His boots may remain, but the rest of him will have perished miserably long ere I have got through.
You must be a good little girl, and always mind your mother. Never let your excellent mother feel sorry that she is acquainted with you. If it hadn't been for her, you might have got drowned in a soup plate long ago. And if you hadn't any mother, you might now be in Turkey with the other Turkeys. In fact, my dear Amelia, so conduct yourself that on dark and rainy days the bright sun may shine wherever you are, and that the stars—which are next to the sun in brightness—may never flash so brilliantly but that you can always look hopefully and steadily towards them. Faithfully, your friend,

# IS FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY?

PERHAPS the world will never get over the idea that Friday is an unlucky day. There have been many events occurring on this unlucky day that were decidedly the reverse of unlucky. Of course a long list might be given, but a few connected chiefly with American history will do. We published an editorial on this subject in an early number of the present volume, but the following facts will be interesting:

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos on his memorable voyage of discovery, and on Friday, October 12, he discovered the first land, the island which he called San Salvador. On Friday, March Friday, October 12, he discovered the first land, the island which he called San Salvador. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII. commissioned John Cabot, and this commission is the first English State paper on record concerning America. On Friday, September 7, 1505, St. Augustine, Fla., was founded—the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower made land at Provincetown, and on the same day the Pilgrims signed the compact which was the forerunner of our Constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, Washington was born. On Friday, Dune 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 8, 1771, occurred the surrender at Saratoga. On Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was discovered. On Friday, October 16, 1781, Cornwalls surrendered at Yorktown, and the war of independence ended in complete victory. Other events might be named. In the war with Mexico the battle of Palo Alto began on Friday. The northwestern boundary question, which threatened war with England, was settled on Friday of the same year. On Friday the Confederates captured Fort Sumter, and precipitated the war for the Union. The Port Royal forts were taken by the Union forces on Friday; the battle of Pea Ridge closed on Friday; slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia on Friday; Fort Pulaski was taken, Memphis was taken, Fredericksburg bombarded, the battle of Gettysburg was ended, Lee defeated at Five Forks, the Union flag restored to Fort Sumter, all on Fridays.

#### THE WINDS

BY HENRY BENNIS:

Across the fields with dew-drops strewn,
The sunrise breeze doth gently creep,
Like the fresh waking of a child,
To happy life, to peaceful sleep.

Across the fields with verdure clad,
The morning breeze moves swift and strong,
As treads the earnest step of youth,
In life's long battle with the wrong.

Across the fields of ripened grain,
The mid-day breeze in waves doth creep.
Where manhood's arm doth swiftly urge
The sickle with its gathering sweep.

Across the fields, disrobed and dead, The sunset breeze would linger here, As age would rest beside the grave, To breathe a sigh or drop a tear.

Across the fields with midnight draped, The whispering night-winds gently sigh, O'er the dead past, but watt our thoughts To the long day which he'er shall die.

# Lost in the Wilds.

# A Sequel to "Up the Tapajos." By ROLLO ROBBINS, Jr.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

JACK BLOCKLEY, Ned Livingston, and Harry Norwood found themselves in an unpleasant situation, to use the very mildest term. They were half famished for food, and were in such proximity to their deadly foes, that they scarcely dared to stir, and could only converse in guarded whispers.

They held their peace until some tell of fifteen minutes after the departure of Ardara, when they were sure he had got some distance away. As they expected to stay where they were some time longer, they assumed easy postures, keeping close together, so as to avoid speaking above a very low whisper.

"I don't believe the Indians are anywhere near us!" ventured Ned Livingston; "and all the time we spent In waiting is lost,'

"There is a strong chance that it is the other way," said Jack; Who had come to have a high opinion of the sagacity and acuteness of the Portuguese; "and, if we should once get out on the river, so far that we couldn't return, the jig would be up."

"I wonder why the Araras are so much braver at night than in the daytime," remarked Harry, who saw that the sailor was right on the other matter; "Ardara holds them in great fear.'

"Darkness is the favorite time for such people to work," observed Ned;" you know our Indians are birds of the night."

"You can say that of any evil-doers," replied Harry " but I believe Ardara explained it when he said they would get so nigh they could use their weapons better than we can ours. If they had only screwed up their courage to the point of charging at any hour to-day, nothing could have saved us."

"There's where discipline shows up so well-halfo what does that mean?'

This turn to the conversation was caused by the whistle-like signal across the water, to which I have already referred.

"Why, that's Ardara?" said Harry Norwood "what can he mean by calling to us?"

It is hard to locate a faint sound like the one referred to, when heard in the stillness of night, but Jack Blockley was equal to the task of doing so.

'I've heerd the Portuguese play that tune; but for all

that, it ain't him." " How can you know that?".

"'Cause it comes out from on the river-there!"

It was the response which caught their attention, and all three were quick enough to translate everything aright. They heard the sound of paddles, and knew the other boat was returning, that the Araras might hold a council of war.

"That proves that Ardara, as usual, was right," Jack took occasion to say; "the lubbers are waiting for us to come out that they may pounce on us."

"I don't understand why they hold back," said Harry, "when the little slip of Ardara most likely let them know where we are."

"Can't you see how much better it would be for them if we should go out on the river? Here it is all dark; they would have to feel their way; while on the water, where they could rush up and pour it into us on all sides, the advantage would be ten times against us.

"That seems to be how the matter stands, and Ardara cannot fail to see it very soon."

"Then we have nothing to do but to leave the canoe. climb or wade ashore, and cross the river at some other point, without the help of the boat,"

The conclusion of those in the dug-out agreeing so well with that of the guide on land, it would seem that the scheme should have been carried out with little

Such would have been the case, but for the reluctance of Ardara to give up the canoe, which led him to wait, in the hope that his enemies would shift their

This was the situation when Harry Norwood, who was nearest the stern (or the part turned down stream), made the unexpected proposition:

"Let's try and work one end of the boat close to the bank, so we can step out on land. It will save wading through the mud and water, and I don't think the wardrobe of any of us will stand much more strain.

"That won't do just yet," the sailor was quick to in-

"Why not?"

"'Cause if it would, Ardara would have worked it."

"It isn't likely we cou'd do it," whispered Ned, "for there are so many limbs around that we would make a noise that would betray us, and you know Ardara was careful to warn us against that."

"I tell you," said Harry Norwood, leaning forward toward the middle of the boat, "there's something going on here which I don't understand."

The others, as a matter of course, were alarmed, and

asked, in no little excitement, for him to explain. "There's somebody in the water close to the canoe!" ness was the silence with which everything went on.

wentured the remark that his friend was mistaken.

"Let's stop talking and listen, and be ready for what-

A few minutes only were needed to satisfy all three

that something unusual was going on. The faint dis-

turbance of the water showed that a fish or reptile or

By and by the canoe suffered a jar, as though some

floating object had struck it, and then everything be-

came quiet. Both inside and outside the cance the par-

Jack Blockley strongly suspected that the person was

some signal by which to communicate with each other,

was afraid to make the attempt when the wild men

In the gloom he could not locate the cance without

groping about, and it was this which so disturbed his

friend. But, it would seem, he had no cause to fear

Jack Blockley was only half convinced when he pro-

Instantly something swept by the face of the sailor, as

if it were the wing of a bat, and he caught the faint off-

Jack Blockley knew what it meant: a wild Arara In-

dian had been groping among the overhanging vegeta-

tion for the fugitives. He had located the canoe, but

it was necessary for him to know exactly where the oc-

The whispered inquiry of Jack gave him the knowl-

edge, and, straightening up, he struck at him with his

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEFORE the treacherous wild man could recover him-

elf. Jack Blockley concentrated his strength in his good

right arm and delivered a blow with his fire on the

And Jack was a muscular fellow, who could strike a

blow sent in with the force of a battering ram. Had the

recipient of the emphatic compliment been standing in

an open space on bare ground, it is impossible to guess

how far he would have receded before checking him-

As it was, he was stopped by coming in contact with a

limb, with a violence that must have caused a shock

"It won't do to stay here, boys," said the sailor

The seaman had caught up his own rifle and that of

It mattered not whether it was deep or shallow, the act

must be completed without delay. Even in their desperate haste, they used some sort of caution, and strug-

gled to land with less noise than would have been sup-

At the moment of doing so, the wild man, who had

received such a tremendous blow from the sailor, must

have rallied from the shock, for he gave utterance to a

prodigious whoop, which, in the stillness of the night,

It was of that character that it announced to the score

of warriors near at hand the crouching fugitives had

been discovered, and the moment for their massacre had

At the same instant, Ardara, the guide, who was near

by, read aright the signal, and hastened to the relief of

his friends, fearing, as he had good reason for fearing,

that they would run into the danger they were seeking

The intense darkness under the trees was both favor-

able and unfavorable; it prevented the whites com-municating readily with each other, while, at the same

time, it screened them from the attacks of the Araras,

Despite the darkness, Ardara was able to locate his

friends with surprising accuracy. He made straight for

the edge of the river at the moment they reached dry

But, unfortunately, several of the Araras did the same

thing. Here and there, enough of the increasing star-

light penetrated the vegetation to permit shadowy

glimpses of flying figures, but it was impossible to iden-

tify any except the boys, whose stature enabled the

"Here! this way!" he exclaimed, in a low voice;

rate as possible. Jack Blockley just then was a few feet

Suddenly the sailor described a form immediately in

The individual addressed began approaching him, in

the same circumspect fashion, but he made no response. "Speak, or I'll lam you!" was the energetic warning

of Jack, who was in no mood to trifle; "is it you, Ar-

Still no answer came, but the figure was plainly ad-

"Well, if that ain't you, here's me!" observed the

ailor, who sent it another of his terrific blows, with such

directness and effect that the wild man went down as if

smitten by a thunderbolt. "It seems to me I've got to

run my muscle to-night, for my gun ain't of any use,

One of the most impressive features about this busi-

to the rear, and other figures were all around them.

front, which he was almost certain was his friend, "Hallo! is that you, Ardara?" he asked, in a quick

sagacious Portuguese to recognize them at once.

both of whose canoes ran into shore and emptied them-

selves of the warriors with incredible quickness,

penetrated a distance of many miles.

Ardara, and the three were in the water the next min-

hardly less than that of the direct blow itself.

knife, missing his face by only a hair's breadth.

lines of the head and shoulders of a man of great size.

nounced the name of the guide in a low voice:
"Ardara, is that you?"

calling to them in a guarded whisper.

upants crouched within.

razen frontispiece of the savage.

urpassed himself.

overboard with you!"

osed possible.

to escape.

land.

keep close to me.'

vancing

He made an abrupt turn, and

undertone, moving gently toward it.

and the Injins will get in my way.

self.

ever may turn up," was the sensible suggestion of the

of that nature moving through the water."

one of those horrid water boas disturb us."

person was moving stealthily close to the boat.

sailor, which was acted on.

ties seemed waiting.

were so near.

heard it twice."

The three listened but could hear nothing. Jack There were four loaded rifles ready for use, but not one Ned and Harry were eager to do all in their power, and was discharged. No whoops or outcries, nothing but a "I heard some one moving," insisted the lad; "I hurried dashing hither and thither, a rustling of moccasined feet over the leaves, and the dull thumping of the You know we are in a climate where animals and

draggling boots of the others.

reptiles are in order everywhere, and it was something Ardara understood that he and his friends must keep together or escape was out of the question. Jack Block Well, that's about as bad; I would as lief have a ley was not far off, but the abrupt turn made by the full blown Arara Indian creep into the boat as to have Portugese had separated them for the moment, and, in the hurry and confusion, they were lost to each other.

Ardara did not dare shout or call, for it would be taken advantage of by his enemies, who were running back and forth like bloodhounds searching for the scent. The wonder was that so many minutes had passed without detection, when friends and foes were at each other's elbows.

Ardara was quite certain of Jack's locality, and he turned in that direction, keeping the boys close to him The change, of course, was so abrupt that it carried them away from the centre of danger, as it may be called on the instant, and lessened their peril with every

Ardara, who, having left them without first agreeing on The Portuguese's self possession and readiness of resource were never brought into finer play than on the present occasion. He placed himself in front of the two lads, and so impressed them with the necessity of keeping directly behind him and as nigh as possible. that he was obliged to give them no further thought.

He advanced in a crouching posture, eyes and ears on the alert, and as watchful as a ferret. He knew where the Araras were prosecuting their search, and he stealth ify drew away from the spot, certain, while doing so. that he was approaching his friend lack Blockley.

But some of the wild men were moving to and fro very nigh him, and, the moment one of the savages should discover him, his outcry would bring others to the spot.

Meantime, Jack himself was doing his utmost to find his companions. He was too sensible not to know the peril of attempting any signal which would be recognized by enemies as quickly as by friends.

Having settled the first presumptuous Arara who crossed his path, and who was knocked senseless, the sailor hastened onward in quest of his companions, who he knew must be somewhere close at hand.

Within a few yards of where he disposed of his oppo nent, he caught the shadowy outlines of another form, and the sailor proceeded to "go for" him with the same ardor as in the first instance.

"If you ain't Ardara, say so mighty quick or I'll lay you out so you won't know who you are for a

"Sh! It happens to be Ardara this time," were tremendous blow in an urgent case. If there ever was ergency, this was the time, and it is safe to say the sailor the thrilling words which checked the charge of Jack Never was a person, standing just above his knees in

"Shake!" exclaimed the delighted fellow, thrusting water, driven with greater momentum backward by a his horny hand forward.

All this was said and done with great caution, but, although Ardara took the proffered hand, and shook it warmly, he felt they were not yet "out of the woods," and this effusiveness was dangerous.

"Don't wait here," he whispered; "they are close upon us; we must move fast and keep close to each other

Ardara instantly made another sharp angle in the course he had been following, for he was not without fear that his location was suspected

When he first joined the boys, he plunged directly into the woods, with a view of getting as far as possible from the spot; but, before going many yards he turned, so as to proceed parallel with and up the river. This was continued until he encountered Jack Blockley only a short distance away.

Now he wheeled and went further back in the woods again, for he could not feel any degree of safety so long as the Araras were close to him.

All went well for a brief distance, when the forest became so dense that progress was stopped. It was impossible to go further without using some implement to clear the way.

As there were no facilities for doing this, the fugitives were compelled to return, to a certain extent, over their own trail, and approach the river once more.

But all felt safe, for the wild men were no longer at their heels, and they could talk freely.

"What's to be done?" asked Ned Livingston, as the group paused by the side of an immense trunk, where they could scarcely catch a glimpse of each other.

"I know of only one thing," answered Ardara, "and that is what has already been considered; we must swim the river and push on afoot."

"How close are we to the river?" asked Henry Norwood.

"It is near by; I did not go very far into the woods, only far enough to shake off the Araras.

"We must reach the stream some distance from where

the boats are," observed Jack Blockley. "Of course," replied Ardara; "we must keep out of

the way of these Araras, now that we know where they are. It makes little difference whether we go up or down stream, but which ever it is, we have no time to

There could be no questioning this declaration, when the guide moved off once more through the woods, approaching the river in a diagonal direction, his companions were c'ose beside or after him, knowing that the Portuguese had entered upon the last and almost

# CHAPTER XXIX.

THE condition of the fugitives was pitiable in the ex-Twenty-four hours had passed since a mouthful of food was swallowed; their clothing had beer and injured in their desperate flight through the woods, and they were saturated with water to their waists. The rubber boots, which the boys had been wearing

for several days, were heavy, burdensome, and exceedingly uncomfortable to their feet and legs. Had they dared to do so, they would have cast them aside and tramped in their stocking feet, In their hurry from the vicinity of the Arara village,

the boys were pushed to the utmost limit of endurance. Then, when they entered the canoe, the mental strain became great and was continued all day. The consequence was that now, when this tension was loosened they were in a state of physical and mental prostration that can scarcely be described.

it may be said they accomplished it. Their muscles were not so toughened by hardship and exposure as those of the sailor and guide, and though they had gone through a great deal like young heroes, yet the limit was reached, and nature remorselessly "drew the line."

While the tramp was going on, neither of the boys said a word, but both strove to the utmost to do their duty. Now and then one would stagger like a drunken man, for in truth he was half asleep. Ardara observed and understood the signs, and they caused him no little

Finally, they paused on the bank of the Abacaxis, fully a fourth of a mile below the point where they had abandoned the canoe.

think you can do it?'

"If you mean me," replied Jack Blockley, "I kin say that I once swum eight miles in the Indian Ocean to the Sunderbunds of India, when I expected every minute a shark would bite me in two, and was certain that, after I landed, the tigers and alligators wouldn't let me live

"I didn't mean you," said Ardara, with a laugh, "but

we may as well own up that there isn't much left of us,'

"Let us gather timber, then, for a raft?"

Ardara was sorry for the boys, and it was his purpose to put together a structure buoyant enough to float them, so they could stretch out upon it and sleep, while

This, of course, compelled them to gather much more wood than would have been needed under other circumstances, and all set about it at once. Jack and the guide got hold of several huge, rotten limbs that were buoyant as cork and answered their purpose admirably. When these were placed side by side, small withes were used to bind them together, and thus the raft was finally

"Where are the boys?" suddenly asked Jack Block-

Ardara looked up in astonishment

"I hadn't missed them. I wonder whether anything

They listened, but everything was still. It was impossible that any molestation from the Araras had taken place, for they would have been certain to give their attention to the men, instead of the lads, whom they could attend to afterwards.

when he called out:

"Ned! I say, Ned!"

No response came back.

"Harry! Where are you? Come; we're ready to set sail on our new clipper ship."

These jocular words were uttered in a voice loud enough to be heard a hundred feet away, and, when the listening ear failed to catch any answer, both Ardara and Jack experienced a woful sinking of their hearts.

Let us look for them-hark!"

A moment's listening, and the mystery was explained; the deep, regular breathing of the youths was heard near at hand. While doing their best to help, in the task of gathering material to build the raft, they were overome by fatigue, and had fallen over in a sound sleep on the ground.

What shall be done?" asked Jack, in a more despairing voice than he had yet used; "we must rouse them up. "Yes," replied Ardara, "much as they and all of us

need rest, it would be a sin for us to take it now. We are in the neighborhood of the Araras, and it won't take them long to find us to-morrow, if we stay here.'

The boys were roused with much difficulty, for the sleep which follows exhaustion is one of the most relentless of masters, and a person of himself cannot resist

But, after a vigorous shaking, their senses came back, and they exerted themselves to meet the demands of the

According to previous arrangement, the guns and pistols were placed on board the raft, and then the boys carefully stowed themselves alongside. As there was really no work for them to do, they at once curled up, and almost immediately sank into slumber again.
"It is a good thing," said Ardara; "it will take us a

long time to work the raft across, and they may as well sleep while they can."

The men removed their clothing, leaving their persons totally devoid of any artificial covering. The clothes and boots were also placed on the support, and then they waded out a short distance, pushing the raft and its load

Within twenty feet of shore, they were beyond their

depth, and began swimming,
My readers know they both were experts at this, and they went about the curious task without hesitation or delay. Resting their hands upon the logs, they used their feet silently and powerfully, advancing into the stream, whose current was quite rapid, away from the shore.

They were not free from a misgiving that the Araras might have dropped further down the river. If such were the fact and they should detect the fucitives would be entirely at the mercy of the savages. On this account, they permitted the craft to float idly down stream, while they gradually edged toward the other

stream, while they gradually edged toward the other shore, still invisible in the gloom beyond.

It must have been near the middle of the Abacaxis that the raft came in collision with a large tree. The course of the two was nearly at right angles, and the shock was so great that both of the boys were rolled over on their sides, and Harry giving utterance to some exclamation in his sleep.

The logs and branches composing the float were wrenched somewhat, but it was too skillfully put together to be permanently injured and freeing it from

The logs and branches composing the noat were wrenched somewhat, but it was too skillfully put together to be permanently injured, and freeing it from the obstruction, the advance was continued.

At the end of a full hour, the other shore loomed to view through the gloom. A few minutes later, the raft was shoved under the overhanging limbs and a landing

And then Ardara and Jack Blockley made a woful scovery; every one of the rifles and pistols was irre-

discovery; eve coverably lust. (To be continued.)

the mere in a state of physical and mental prostration hat can scarcely be described.

The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. Both

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

"Here we must swim the river," said Ardara, "do you

five minutes. If you can show me any livelier music than that, I'm ready to face it?"

I see that Ned and Harry are about worn out."
"We'll do the best we can," answered Harry, "but

he added with a weary voice.

Jack and himself swam behind and pushed it across.

completed.

ley when the structure was ready to be launched.

has happened to them?"

There was a slight tremor in the voice of the sailor



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#### AN OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUE.

THIS is a time of great extravagance, and our youngsters are too generally growing up with a taste for it. There is probably no country in the world where so many people are living beyond their means as our own. There is probably no country where such a large ratio of the people are in debt as the United States. For all this, the country is in a state of prosperity, for opportunities to make a living are abundant, and the most of our people work desperately hard. So the debts, or a good part of them, get paid in some way.

But the result of so much extravagance is that many families come to want and ruin. One can hardly pass along the streets of our largest cities without meeting on every hand miserable brokendown sufferers asking for aid. One great cause of this is the lack of economy. Whether the weekly wages be large or small, when Saturday night comes and the money is drawn it all goes-none is saved for the contingencies that may arise-consequently when these people are thrown out of work or get sick, they are obliged to ask charity. Many others, who do not suffer to that extent, are yet continually distressed by the effort to "make both ends meet." The pleasure of spending money in display is a poor compensation for this sort of suffering.

Now there is a good old-fashioned word which our boys and girls ought to know the meaning of. If they do not learn it, this country is going to be in a bad way before very many years. This word is the homely one "thrift," Thrift is the art of doing the most with money, or making a dollar go the farthest possible. It is not meanness, nor stinginess. It is merely practical prudence. It leads one not to spend a dollar before he has earned it; and even not to spend quite a dollar for every dollar earned. It means that no part of the hard earned dollar shall go out without something worth showing in return for it.

Our grandfathers and grandmothers used to think a great deal of thrift. But we are richer now-a-days than they were, and we are beginning to despise it. Yet the thrift of our ancestors is at the foundation of our nation's industrial success. If the prosperity of the country is to be maintained, its children must not despise the wholesome practices of those who lived in the earlier years.

# UNDERSTANDING AS WE GO.

IT is an excellent plan to pick the sticks and stones out of our path as we go onward. Little children are not always capable of doing this for themselves. Their parents and teachers must do it for them. But after the years of infancy young folks should be careful and not leave these stumbling blocks in the way.

What do we mean? Why, just this-understand about matters as you go along. For example: in one of the schools recently the children were asked the latitude of New York. They knew that well enough. But the next question was, "What is latitude?" To this question the following answers were given: "Latitude means lines running straight "Latitude means zones or climates." "Latitude is measured by multiplying the length by the breath." In this case, it is easy to see that "latitude" was the stone in the path.

In an English school "custom's duties," meaning the taxes on goods paid the government at the custom houses, were thus explained by the pupils: "Customs are ways; duties are things that we have to do, and we ought to do them." Again, "Customers' duties are to go in the places and buy what they want, not stopping about, but go out when

Now these youngsters displayed a very correct knowledge of some things, to be sure, but not of imports, about which they had been studying at school. Their instructors should have explained as they went along, but if they failed to do so the pupils should have asked questions. It is of 40 use for one to get headaches learning words which have no meaning to him. That is not the way to acquire knowledge. Boys and girls should not be afraid to ask proper questions. If they are sometimes rebuffed, it will not hurt them. It requires patience to gain knowledge.

A failure to pick out these stones of ignorance from the path sometimes leads to embarrassment. Such was the case with the good man who addressed been a grocer I am certain I should never have suca company of little children once on a time. He | ceeded in discovering Troy and Mycenæ."

told them a curious story of how a whale was captured in the shallows near where he lived. The children did not seem to enjoy the story much, and the reason was that they did not know the meaning of "shallows." They thought it was some kind of machine. The good man did not once think of saying that shallows meant water that was not deep. Consequently the children stumbled over this stone in the path, and were unhappy.

#### +++ ALL OCCUPATIONS HONORABLE.

An old proverb says, "There is no foolish trade; only men are foolish." There are several applications of this saying. One of the most common causes of ill success in life is imperfect knowledge of one's occupation. The country is full of halflearned craftsmen, and poor work they make of it. There are also many people who look upon their trades or occupations as mere makeshifts. They follow them only to gain a living. They have no pride in their business. Indeed, they often seem to despise it, or to be bored by it. This is just as bad as half-knowing, for in both cases such people fail of doing their best. It is not the trade, then, that is to blame, if this class of men do not gain a living. It is the men who are foolish.

Nothing in this world is done in the best manner, unless pride is taken in the performance. No matter how humble may be the business or occupation, it needs to be done with interest and spirit, or it will not be well done. Experienced business men are quick to notice in what manner beginners perform the simple duties which are first assigned them. The boy who sweeps out the store in a listless or careless manner may be expected to be just so listless and careless when he grows equal to higher duties. If he has that false pride which makes him feel degraded by his humble task, he shows that he feels his business to be superior to himself, and not he above his business. It is not the trade which makes the true man; it is the man who makes and dignifies his trade.

But people may busy themselves in what seems foolish for them. That is true enough; and it happens from various causes. The Jack-at-all-trades, to whom everything comes easy, and who takes no pains to be perfect in anything, usually ends by not working well at any trade. Hence in the end he is driven to gain his living by toiling in something much lower than what he might have mastered. It would seem a strange and foolish occupation for a judge-that of driving a rubbish cart. Yet men sometimes so pervert their abilities by laziness, or dissipation, or other bad habits, that they bring up in a situation as absurd as that. Here, again, it is not the trade that is foolish, but the man,

This proverb is not intended to apply to any but honest and useful occupations. Professional thieving and other base trades are certainly foolish, and worse. But the work which has to be done in the world is various, and much of it a lowly and common-place sort. It is no dishonor to any one to work faithfully in any of these occupations. Only this-except he is filling an obscure position by his own fault, when he might have well filled a more

As an illustration of how all trades are honorable when faithfully pursued, and how diligence in one pursuit fits a person for a higher and more desirable one, we may quote from Dr. Schliemann, the distinguished explorer. He was recently a guest at a banquet given by the Grocer's Company of London, and in replying to the toast of his health, spoke

"Master, Wardens, and Gentlemen: In returning my warmest thanks for the signal honor you have conferred upon me by your kind invitation to this hospitable banquet, I feel an infinite pleasure in thinking that I am myself a grocer, and that in praising here the grocer's business I praise a trade which I have followed up with unremitting zeal for a period of twenty-eight years. I was hardly twelve years of age when I became a grocer's apprentice in a small country shop in Mecklenburg, where, during five years and a half, I was engaged in selling herrings, butter, salt, whisky, sugar, and coffee by halfpennyworths, and my master thought it a very lucky chance if we sold £2 sterling worth of groceries in one day. By a great misfortune, which afterwards turned out to be the most lucky event in my life, I was raised from that honorable situation and became a porter to the wholesale grocer, Mr. F. C. Quien, of Amsterdam. In that new capacity I succeeded in two years in making up for my neglected education, and became correspondent and ever, were published without illustration, except that bookkeeper with the wholesale grocers, B. H. Schroder & Co., of Amsterdam, who, after an interval of two years, sent me out to St. Petersburg as their agent to sell groceries on commission. A year later I established myself in the same place as a wholesale grocer on my own account, and have conducted there an extensive trade for eighteen years and a half. But my business has never prevented me from continuing my studies, and when, in April, 1864, I thought I had money enough to retire from business, I found myself in possession of sufficient theoretical knowledge to devote the remainder of my life to Homeric archæology. The habit I had acquired as a grocer, not to do anything superficially, has been of immense advantage to me in my archæological explorations, and had I not

#### BIOGRAPHICAL BREVITIES. JOHNS HOPKINS.

In Battimore, Md., there is a hospital free to persons of every color or condition, an orphanage for colored children, and one of the leading literary and scientific universities of the United States, all founded within ten years by the benevolence of one man-the subject of our sketch-and endowed with a capital of more than \$8,000,-000. In the university instruction is given in ancient and modern languages, in higher English and the highest mathematics, far beyond the extent taught in ordinary colleges. Four scientific journals, devoted to mathematics, chemistry, biology, and philology, are is-

sued by the university. Its President is D. C. Gilman.

Johns Hopkins was born in Maryland in 1795. He was a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, made a large fortune in trade, and became, in advanced life, a bank president and railroad director. It has been said that Mr. Hopkins entered Baltimore penniless and friendless, but it is not necessary for a boy to be poor and without friends in order to become good, and great, and rich, though many such examples have occurred. But the truth of the matter is thus given by the wealthy philanthropist himself, according to a writer in the Baltimore American: "When I was a boy," said Mr. Hopkins, "my uncle, Gerard T. Hopkins, often came to South River to visit my parents, and, noticing I was an active boy on the farm, asked my mother to let me come to Baltimore to live with him, and said that he would bring me up a merchant. At the age of seventeen I came, and stayed in my uncle's store, who was a wholesale grocer and commission merchant, and lived in his family. He was an eminent minister in the Society of Friends, and when I was but nineteen he was appointed to go out to Ohio to the first yearly meeting, to be held at Mt. Pleasant. My aunt accompanied him, with three They all tra eled on horseback, a great part of the way through a wi.derness with no other roads but Indian paths. But they returned after an absence of several months in safety. Previous to leaving, my uncle arranged his business affairs, and, calling me to him, said: 'As thee has been faithful to my interests since thee has been with me, I am going to leave everything in thy hands. Here are checks which I have signed my name to; there are upward of five hundred of them. Thee will deposit the money as it is received, and as thee wants money, thee will fill up the checks which I leave with thee. Buy the goods and do the best thee can. I felt my responsibility to be very great. But on his return, on looking over his affairs, he was surprised to find I had done much better than he had expected. I had increased his business considerably, and it is with pride and pleasure I look back to that time, and to the great confidence Uncle Gerard reposed in me. I lived with my uncle until I was twenty-four years of age, and one day he took me aside and asked me if I would like to go into business for myself. I answered: 'Yes; but, uncle, I have no capital. I have only \$800 which I have saved up.' He said: 'That will make no difference. I will indorse for thee, and this will give thee good credit, and in a short time thee will make a capital; thee has been faithful to my interests, and I will start thee in business.' So I took a warehouse near his, and, with his indorsements and assistance, the first year I sold \$200, ooo worth of goods, and soon made the capital which my uncle said I would make. I succeeded in business, realized largely, and often think of my early days, and like to talk of them and Uncle Gerard's kindness to me.'

# TOM HOOD.

ALTHOUGH the name of Hood seems inseperably connected with pun and jest, and a rich, rare humor, such as few writers ever surpassed, it is a curious fact that his poems which manifest most genius are all serious or pathetic—"Eugene Aram's Dream," "The Bridge of Sighs," " The Song of the Shirt."

The latter production had a curious history, which should be an encouragement to those whose manuscripts are returned to them by inappreciative editors, for it was only, as we may say, by accident that it was ever published.

It was not Hood's first production by any means, He had written more or less for twenty-two years, had published several books and magazines, and one at least of his best poems—" Eugene Aram's Dream"—so he was not an unknown author working his way from obscurity. One morning, as Mark Lemon, the editor of Punch, the great London comic paper, then about two years old, was looking over his letters, he opened an envelope inclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for Punch, he begged the editor, whom he knew but slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was "sick at the sight of it." The poem was signed "Tom Hood," and the lines were entitled "The Song of the Shirt." The work was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in Punch, and was so much out of keeping with the spirit of the periodical, that at the weekly meeting its publication was opposed by several members of the staff.

Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed, not only with the beauty of the work, but even with its suitability for the paper, that he stood by his first decision and published it. By a letter written by Tom Hood to Mark Lemon, it appears that the question of illustrating the oem was entertained and discussed. The lines, howhumorous border of grotesque figures which made up "Punch's Procession" on December 16, 1843. "The Song of the Shirt "trebled the sale of the paper, and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain.

# MRS. SIDDONS.

As a tragic actress Mrs. Sarah Siddons has never been surpassed. As a woman she was of unblemished reputation and enjoyed the respect of all who knew her. She was an ornament of society wherever she went, and such was the estimation in which she was held that she had access to the best. But her genius was confined to the stage. Apart from that she was nothing remarkable But she carried her stage manners into private life, and Scott says that at his home he was once amused to hear her find fault with one of his servants in stately blankverse thus:

"I asked for water, boy! you've brought me beer." And Sidney Smith said it used to make him feel awestruck to see her stab the potatoes at dinner.

Her greatest character was Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's well-known tragedy. In this part she was then and always unequalled; but one time, contrary to all precedent, Mrs. Siddons and the play were forgotten, while the audience was convulsed with laughter.

It was in Dublin, and Lady Macbeth had just reached the part where a drum sounds, and she exclaims,

"A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come!" There was some difficulty or neglect in obtaining the necessary instrument, and to her amazement a trumpet sounded.

She immediately saw how absurd it would be to say drum," while the well-known sound of the other met the ears of the vast audience; so she said: "A trumpet! a trumpet!" and stopped short amid breathless silence, not knowing how to rhyme it, when a voice from the gallery cried out, "Macbeth doth stump it!" at which the house broke into one peal of laughter and applause, and the tragedienne advanced to the footlights and bowed her acknowledgement for the relief. She afterwards tried to find out who it was, but failed to do so, and never forgot what she considered the most genuine piece of wit she had ever met with in all her experience.

#### JOHN P. HALE.

JOHN PARKER HALE, for many years a leading member of the United States Senate, was a native of the "Granite State," and born in 1806. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1827, and settled in Dover, N. H., where he always claimed his residence. He was admitted to the bar in 1830, and in 1843 was elected to Congress. He was chosen Senator in 1846, and next year was one of the candidates for President, chosen by the "liberty party." On leaving the Senate he began to practice law in New York, but was again chosen United States Senator, and remained such from 1855 to 1865, when he was appointed minister to Spain. He was recalled by President Grant in 1870. He soon afterwards suffered an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered. In 1873 his hip was dislocated by a fall, which hastened his death.

While in college he was not so much noted for his cholarship as for his wit. Some of his old jokes yet linger upon the Bowdoin campus. One of them has a classic flavor, albeit it is somewhat barbarous. He had come to the famous saying of Horace: "Dimidiam facti, qui capit, habet," which is the equivalent of the English expression, "Well begun, half done." Hale had forgotten the literal rendering or the Latin, but had the leading idea well in mind, and astonished everybody by blurting out: "He that is well lathered is half shaved."

#### LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

"Our lives are albums, written through With good or ill, with false or true; And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears."—Whitter.

### PERSONAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

THE administration of an oath in judicial proceedings as introduced into England by the Saxons in 600.

THE first Thanksgiving Day was in 1621, and was apointed by Governor Bradford, in gratitude for the sea-on's harvest.

THE compass was invented in the twelfth or thirteenth century; no one knows by whom. Before its discovery ships crept about close to land.

THE Great Wall of China is 1,200 miles long, twenty feet high, twenty-five feet thick at the base, and fifteen feet wide at the top. Towers are set at intervals of one hundred feet, or rather were set, for now the greater part of the structure is but a heap of mouldering rubbish.

CTIZENS of Bermuda have petitioned the Legislature to rid the Bermuda Islands of English sparrows. The sparrows have nearly destroyed the beautiful native red and blue birds. Twenty-five years ago crows were imported into the Bermudas as scavengers. They proved so destructive to the grain that twenty-five cents a head was paid by Government for their extermination.

was paid by Government for their extermination.

A DEVICE has been introduced at a Chicago hotel for the purpose of circumventing swindlers. Each guest receives a small round piece of cardboard on which the number of the room he is to occupy is plainly marked. This he is obliged to present at the office whenever he desires his key. Another card, on which the name of the bearer is written, is a pass for the elevator, and it is essential for a ride. Both these checks have to be returned to the cashier when the departing visitor pays his bill.

A GENTIEMAN of this city, says the Bridgeton Eventual cards.

cashier when the departing visitor pays his bill.

A GENTLEMAN of this city, says the Bridgeton Evening News, while riding along the Vineland road, in the vicinity of Garrison's Pond, witnessed the remarkable sight of a cat killing a snake. He noticed the feline strike at something in the road, and on going near, discovered that it was killing a snake, and did not flee when the man approached them. The reptile was about three feet long, and known as a pied-wamper. The cat would strike at it with its paws in quick succession until the snake was entirely dead. The cat seemed to have perfect control over its snakeship after the first strike it gave it.

# GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THINK twice before you accuse once.

TRUTH is the highest thing that man may keep .-

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.— Sir Philip Sidney.

HE who wrongs his neighbor, might just as well robhim of his possessions.

Im of his possessions.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not ood nature for its foundation.—Bulwer.

Of all bad things with which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

-Menander.

Religion is the human mind standing in reverence and inspiration before the infinite energy of the universe, asking to be lifted into it, opening itself to inspiration.—Luthardt.

The holiest of all holidays are those Kept by ourselves in silence and a The secret anniversaries of the he

-Longfellow. Never sacrifice a right principle to obtain a favor. The cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it by all odds. A little self-denial is better than dishonor

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead, kindly Light, aline the change Lead thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me,
—John Henry Newman.

—John Henry Newman.

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful, and yet salutary to think of, for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in the field of life, without sentinels or watchfulness\_and camp-fires of prayer.—Chapin.

#### ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

- In its green pastures sporting, A lamb, in heedless glee, Tore from a thorny twig Its fresh, green drapery.
- The twig, in its sharp fingers,
  Snatched from the tender ewe
  A little tuft of fleece
  To clothe itself anew.
- A nightingale came seeking Soft things to line her nest, And thought this snowy fleece Was prettiest and best.
- "Oh! give to me the fleece,
  To line my nest," said she;
  "And, when I've finished it,
  I'll sing my thanks to thee."
- It gave ; the nest was finished ; And, as the sweet bird sang, Out of the bush for joy The lovely rosebud sprang.

### ONE SUMMER.

BY IDA D. MONROE.

"NELLIE, you are looking really ill this morning," said Mrs. Howard to the pale, heavy-eyed girl, who was languidly crumbing the food upon her plate, apparently with no appetite to eat.

"Pray, do give up going with the Lesters, and go down to Aunt Mary's, instead."

"Don't talk any more about Aunt Mary's, mamma. I should die shut up in that poky country place, with no company but a lot of low-bred farmers. You told me yesterday that I should go to Saratoga, and I don't think you ought to withdraw your promise now.'

"I shall not take back my word, Nellie, but the pure country air is just what you need. You are worn out already with balls and parties, and a fashionable summer resort, with its constant whirl of excitement, is no suitable place for you."

The above conversation had an attentive listener in the person of Mrs. Ives. The lady was an old friend of Mrs. Howard. She had no children of her own, and Nellie was very dear to her.

She knew that Mrs. Howard feared the effect of the proposed trip upon her daughter's health, and would far rather she should go to her aunt's.

Suddenly she thought of a plan which she determined to execute at once.

"Nellie," said she, "I wish you would take a drive with me this afternoon to visit a young girl, in whom I am very much interested."

"She doesn't live in one of those horrid tenement houses you are always visiting, does she, Mrs. Ives?" inquired Nellie.

"Yes, my dear; she lives in a tenement house, and a very poor one at that. But never mind the house, the girl herself is very sweet and pretty."

As Mrs. Ives, in her velvet-lined phaeton, drove through the crowded streets, more than one pair of eyes glanced admiringly at the pretty girl beside her.

Presently they left the principal streets, and, turning into a narrow alley, stopped before a house which seemed to swarm with dirty-faced children.

"O, how dreadful!" exclaimed Nellie, as she followed Mrs. Ives up the narrow stairs.

Mrs. Ives knocked at the door of a room on the third story. It was opened by a kind faced woman who wiped her water-soaked hands upon her apron as she invited them in.

The room was stifling with the steam and smell of soap-suds which rose from a tub of clothes and from a boiler upon the stove.

"How is Alice to-day?" inquired Mrs. Ives.

"About the same," answered the woman. "The doctor says it's no use his doing anything for her unless she gets out of the city; she never can live through the next two months' heat. O, ma'am, it's a dreadful thing to be poor! to see those we love die before our eyes, just for lack of means to take them where they can breathe fresh air. Alice was hoping you would come, ma'am. Step right in." And she threw open the door of a small bed-

Propped up in an old rocking-chair, Nellie saw a pale, fragile looking girl, so small and slender that she could scarcely believe her nearly as old as herself, although Mrs. Ives had said she was almost seventeen.

The girl colored painfully as she caught sight of the tall, elegantly dressed figure behind Mrs. Ives; but shyly extended her thin little hand, when that lady said:

"I have brought a friend of mine to see you, Alice!"

Presently Mrs. Ives, saying she wanted to speak with Alice's aunt for a few moments, left the two girls alone together.

Nellie felt very ill at ease, but, thinking she must say something, inquired mechanically:

"Have you been sick long?"

"Nearly two months, miss," replied the girl. "I was clerk in Barrett & Smith's. The work was too hard for me, I suppose; I had to stand so many hours. O, I used to get so tired! If I had given up sooner it might have been better for me. But I felt as if I must not. For Aunt Sarah is very poor, with three children of her own to support, and I could not bear to add to her burden."

"Are you no better?" inquired Nellie, feeling even while she spoke that to get better in such a place was next to impossible.

The girl sighed wearily. "I can't get any strength, some way; I try to get better, but sometimes I think I never shall!"

Nellie knew not what to reply, and, after a little pause, Alice said wistfully:

"Were you ever in the country, miss? It must be like heaven there, I think. O, if I could only go just once, where I could see the beautiful green fields, and hear the birds sing, and smell the clover!" And the girl clasped her thin hands in an intensity of longing.

Nellie's heart smote her as she looked at the longing, pathetic face.

What a mockery of fate! It seemed that this poor child whose very life depended upon her going away from the city, should be debarred the privilege, while she, who could go to-morrow if she liked, detested the very thought of it.

Nellie was very silent as they drove slowly homeward. Stopping only at a fruit store, where Mrs. Ives filled a basket with tempting delicacies, which she ordered sent to Alice's street and number.

The Lester girls came in that evening to talk over the proposed trip to Saratoga, but Nellie's enthusiasm seemed to have deserted her entirely, and they departed at an early hour.

As Nellie entered her chamber, the contrast be-

Quite a procession was at the station to meet them when they arrived at Greenville. Tom, Uncle Ebens' hired man, was there with the light farm wagon to take Nellie and the trunks, and Uncle Eben himself beamed smilingly out upon them from the depths of the old chaise.

"It's easy as a cradle, and I come a purpus to carry this little gal!" said Uncle Eben, as he lifted Alice's light form to the soft cushions Aunt Mary had placed within.

Tom and Nellie drove off briskly, but Uncle Eben followed more slowly, for the face beside him looked very pale and tired.

But as they left the little village behind them and drove out into the open country, Alice forgot her weariness in the wonders she saw around.

"O, what is that I smell so sweet?" she cried, as a waft of delicious perfume blew across their way.

"Well, I reckon it's Squire Tompkins's clover field; clover does smell pretty sweet, that's a fact! And Alice, leaning far out of the chaise, feasted her eyes upon the nodding purple heads over which golden butterflies and humming bees flitted to and fro.

When at last she lay upon the soft lavender-



NELLIE VISITING THE SICK GIRL

tween the dainty apartment and Alice's forlorn little closet, struck her more forcibly than ever; and, as she laid her head upon the downy pillows, the thought of the hard straw pallet where the sick girl must toss all night in sleepless misery brought the tears to her eyes.

Alice's wan face followed her in her dreams, and was still before her when she arose next morning.

She surprised her mother at the breakfast-table by inquiring if she thought Aunt Mary would be willing for her to bring a companion, if she accepted her invitation to spend the summer.

With much delight, Mrs. Howard replied, "Certainly, dear, I know Aunt Mary would gladly welcome any one you choose to take.'

"I want to take the sick girl Mrs. Ives took me to see vesterday. I cannot put her out of my thoughts, and, if I should go with the Lesters, and she should die there in that dreadful place, I should never forgive myself."

Mrs. Howard, well pleased with the turn affairs wrote immediately to Aunt Mary, and dropped a of the beauties for which she had longed all her life, note to Mrs. Ives.

Highly gratified that her bit of strategy had proved so successful, that lady drove over immediately. Alice was visited, and arrangements made for their departure the following week.

To picture Alice's enthusiasm would be impossible. The week was spent in needful preparations, and many were the boxes and bundles that found their way to the girl's room-the last of these containing a dainty traveling suit, with boots, hat, and gloves to match.

Some anxiety was felt as to whether the invalid's strength was sufficient for the journey. But Mrs. Ives carried her to the depot in her carriage, and, once on board the cars, all fatigue was forgotten in watching the novel sights which presented themselves to her unaccustomed eyes.

scented pillows in the pretty room where Uncle Eben had carried her, she realized the fact that she was extremely tirea.

But what mattered that? Did not the balmy air waft to her the scent of the honeysuckle which twined the porch below, and the green trees wave their branches before the window, and the doves coo and patter upon the roof-while one, more venturesome than the rest, alighted and plumed its snowy feathers upon the very sill?

Nellie did not find the country so "poky" as she had anticipated. The people made up in kindness of heart what they lacked in culture. And one family at least, that of Dr. Goff, who lived in the white house on the hill, she found to be as refined as any of her city friends.

There were two daughters and a son, and in their company Nellie spent many happy hours.

After the first month, Alice had so far regained her strength as to be able to join them sometimes in their excursions. But the girl loved best to stray had taken, encouraged Nellie in her project. She off by herself to the shady orchard. She never tired and which now surrounded her in lavish profusion.

> Weeks passed happily by-so happily in fact, that it was the middle of September instead of the last of August before Mrs. Howard received a letter notifying her of Nellie's intention to return the following week.

Alice heard the decision announced at the break-It sounded like a knell of doom to the girl, she had been so happy. Of course she had known all along that it must come to an end, yet she had put the hought away from her as long as possible. But it add come at last. In another week she would have o leave all beauty behind her, and go back into the ittle stifling, steamy room, and the drudgery of the shop.

She was pale and silent all day. Aunt Mary nofast table the morning the letter was dispatched. It sounded like a knell of doom to the girl, she had been so happy. Of course she had known all along that it must come to an end, yet she had put the thought away from her as long as possible. But it had come at last. In another week she would have to leave all beauty behind her, and go back into the little stifling, steamy room, and the drudgery of the shop.

ticed it and guessed the cause, and, that night, after the rest were in bed, she went up to Alice's room. The girl was still awake, and Aunt Mary saw that she had been crying.

Sitting down by the bedside, the good woman took the slender fingers in her own kind hand, saying: "Now, deary, tell me all the trouble!"

"O, Mrs. Harper," sobbed Alice, "it is very wrong, very selfish. You have all done so much for me! But the city is so dreadful, I can't help showing how I hate to go back!"

Aunt Mary drew the weeping girl to her motherly bosom, saying, softly: "My dear, why need you go back at all? Eben and I have talked it over. We have grown to love you dearly, and the Lord has given us enough, and to spare, of this world's goods. If you'll stay and take the place of the little daughter we laid in the church-yard, more than twenty years ago, we'll gladly keep you!"

Alice's answer was to clasp her arms about Aunt Mary's neck, in a burst of thankfulness too deep for utterance.

A letter was sent to the girl's aunt, asking her sanction to the new arrangement.

This was gladly given, and Nellie, on leaving for home, bore away in her mind the picture of Alice, her once pale cheeks now growing round and tinted with health, standing in the vine-covered porch with Aunt Mary's arm about her, and Uncle Eben, smiling and happy, waiving his hat in farewell upon the doorstep.

Mrs. Howard could scarcely believe that the rosycheeked girl who sprang from the car and hastened to her side was the Nellie who had left her two months before.

"I need not ask if you have had a pleasant visit, your face tells me so," said the mother, as they rode homeward.

"O, mamma! I have had a delightful time, and the best of all is that Alice is going to stay! It makes me so happy to think I have been the means of giving her friends who will be almost like father and mother to her."

"My dear," said Mrs. Howard, "I am glad you have found thus early that by giving happiness to others, we secure our own. Many live a lifetime without discovering the fact."

"I would have gone into the country, too," said Maud Lester, that evening, "had I known it would make one look so rosy and happy. I feel completely worn out! Fashionable summer resorts are tiresome places, after all."

And Nellie, looking at Maud's jaded face, thought it bore ample testimony to the truth of her state-

# ROPE WALKING AT SEA.

M. BLONDIN was one of the most skilful tight-rope performers that ever appeared in public. He seemed to be utterly ignorant of fear. He had either no "nerves," or was all nerve. Some years since he performed the astonishing feat of walking a rope upon a steamship while in motion, the rope being stretched from the mainmast to the mizzen-mast. The steamer was the Poonah, 431 feet long, plying between Aden and Galle in the Indian Ocean.

A stout seven-inch hawser was made fast to the miz-n-top, and hauled taut by the steam-winch on deck.

A stout seven-inch hawser was made fast to the mizzen-top, and hauled taut by the steam-winch on deck. Lateral motion was prevented, as far as possible, by guys made fast to the sides of the ship, but the motion of the vessel herself could not be avoided, and the chief difficulty was the long, slow, confused swell, which, at the change of the monsoon, seems in those seas to come from different quarters at once.

When M. Blondin stood in the main-top, pole in hand, he hesitated long enough with one foot on the rope to make many people think he had repented. The task was one to try even his nerves. The mizzen-top is of course lower than the main, and the steadying guys had pulled the rope down in the center, so that he had to start down a rather sharp incline. Then M. Blondin is accustomed to guide and steady himself by fixing his eyes on the rope about twenty feet ahead of him; but what with the rolling of the ship and the vibrations of the powerful engines—the ship was then running between twelve and thirteen knots—the rope he had now to walk on was drawn into such sintous wayes, that he described it as looking more like a snake than a rope.

Before he had gone five yards he was forced to sit down to steady himself, and avoid two or three rollers, which came in succession. He rose on one leg, and it was worth much to see the great muscles on the outside of his thigh spring into bold relief as they lifted him and his heavy pole.

s worth much to see the great muscles on the outside his thigh spring into bold relief as they lifted him and his heavy po Twice again he sat down, and then reached the miz-

Twice again he sat down, and then reached the mizzen-mast amid hearty applause, and that kind of sign which marks the relief of a crowd from anxiety. This part of his journey was made more difficult by the sun being directly in his eyes. His return was quick and easy till he had passed over about three-fourths of the distance, when the swell caught the ship, and he had to stop and sway from side to side, till he seemed quite out of the perpendicular, the real fact being that the masts and funnel, by which the eye was guided, were themselves out of the perpendicular.

The pole waved violently, and once or twice appeared to be held almost straight up and down, and much anxiety was felt, not only by the passengers, but by Captain Angove and the officers of the ship. M. Blondin never lost his nerve, but coolly waiting till the troublesome rollers had passed, walked on, and reached the mainmast in safety. He says that his task was a most diffi-

rollers had passed, walked on, and reached the main-mast in safety. He says that his task was a most difficult one, and that he could not have gone through any of his usual performances on a rope such as that. Captain Angove, who had eased down the engines and skillfully varied the course of the ship from time to time, so as to keep her as steady as possible, congratulated warmly M. Blondin upon his safe descent.

# AN ALTERNATIVE

Not every well-dressed fellow is a dude, for it is coneded that the latter has but little brains; but in the folowing instance the quick repartee showed that if the fellow were a fop at least he wasn't a fool:

#### SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea:
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a

tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe his early yows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath the demonse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet I music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way, amid the grass and A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men

might turn; He walled it in and hung with care a ladle at the He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil

He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never

Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues, and saved a

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new; A simple faney of the brain, but strong in being true, it shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame; The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the bill:

The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill; It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart, Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the

heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.

Germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at rangement of the district of the distric

Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

# THE CHILD THAT BUILT A CHURCH.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

WHEN Mr. John Wannamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant, announced that he wanted all the boys and girls of his Sunday-school to assist in building the magnificent building at Twenty-second and Bainbridge, they took his words too literally. This great school is made up mostly of the ragamuffins of the streets; the boot-blacks; the hewspaper sellers, the match girls, and the sweeps, over two thousand; it is said, being enrolled upon the list. Mr. Wannamaker said in his earnest, impulsive way, "Every boy and girl can do something. None of you must stand back, because you have nothing to give. Ten cents, yes, even a single penny, will help! If you can do nothing better you can bring a single brick—the new school will be made up of many bricks, and if every boy here today will but put his brick in the house, it will not be long until we have a new school."

Mr. Wannamaker's surprise may be better imagined than described when, on the following Sabbath, four or five hundred of the boys came marching into the room each with a brick under his arm. While he did not expect the boys to take his words so exactly, he could not find it in his heart to refuse the donation, and he had the bricks neatly piled outside, ready for the workmen on Monday. He spoke in praise of the practical aid they had given, and urged them to persevere, and see how many pennies they could bring for the next time, telling them he would buy bricks with the money.

Mr. Wannamaker was to have a still greater surprise, and one which was not nearly so pleasant. The Monday following the presentation of the bricks a strange gentleman introduced himself, and handed the astonished superintendent a bill for five hundred Philadelphia pressed bricks.

"But, Mr. Martin, I did not order these bricks. There must be some mistake!"

"Dere is no misdake, Mr. Vannaermaker. Dose poys, las' Shunday, just picked up mine bricks just as if dey pelonged mit dem. Dey tooked dem off to der school. Dey was mine fur der doo houses I's buildin' close py de school. I seed dem bricks all piled up fernenst der school. Yaw, yaw, dis ish all

Then Mr. Wannamaker understood it all. The little rascals had actually stolen the bricks which were to be placed in the new building. Of course, Mr. Wannamaker paid the bill, and next Sunday had to explain how wrong it was to take the property of other people even to build a Sunday-school

korrect. De poys dake de bricks; shust you bay fer dem, and I say nodings 'bout der stealing."

room. This story is said to be true. The one which follows is fact beyond a doubt.

Some years ago, a little girl named Fannie Smith lay dying. She was far from being beautiful, and during the six years of her life I doubt if she always had as much as she wanted to eat. Certainly she seldom had a chance to exchange pennies for candy or the sweets she saw exposed for sale in the confectioner's window. Fannie's life lacked many of the comforts, but she had been a faithful attendant at Sunday-school and church. She learned to live and to follow the teachings of the compassionate Saviour, who was so tender and kind with the little

Fannie knew she was soon to pass into the dark valley, was soon to close her eyes upon this beautiful world, and soon to touch for the last time her mother's lips. About the bed-side her friends were gathered; she saw their eyes streaming with tears while the good clergyman's voice was quivering with sympathy.

Fannie asked for the little tin savings-bank into which she had been in the habit of dropping copper When the and nickel coins-there was no silver.

cents was the sum total of the contents. She placed tempt to deny the theft. He said he was very sorry be devoted toward building a church where poor have elegant dresses, fine bonnets, or kid gloves, could meet to hear the gospel, and not be ashamed because their clothing was worn and patched:

Was, not that a singular request for one so voung ?

experienced more than once the pain of going to a fashionable church in her cheap, well-worn frock, May be the pew-door had been closed against her by some petted child of wealth gorgeous in velvets and silk, and she longed to have a church where the poor might have the gospel preached to them regardless of the cut and quality of their attire.

In the month of January, 1883, the Memorial Presbyterian Church, on Montgomery Avenue, in the city of Philadelphia, was dedicated by the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore. The church and lot cost \$70,000; and there is not one cent of debt upon it. This splendid structure is the church of the poor, and is the practical realization of Fannie Smith's desire.

Fannie is not here to see the dream of her life fulfilled, but who shall say that it is forbidden her to view it from the portals of that grand church beyond the clouds not builded with hands? Dr. Mutchmore, who was the executor of the little maid, is installed as its rector, and so long as it stands he can never lack a text for a sermon. Fannie Smith's Memorial Church is indeed a sermon complete in itself. It is doubtful if there is another building in the world with a similar history.

Little Fannie had no idea that her \$4.21 would in a few years increase to more than fourteen thousand times that amount, and we, who look at the result of her work, can hardly believe that the small, weak hands of a little six-year-old girl could erect such a magnificent pile.

It teaches the philosophy of "little things;" little things so mighty in their littleness. There is a lesson in it also for those who, wishing to do good, excuse themselves for lack of means. All may do some good in this world:

#### THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM. BY P. j. C.

THE following story of a little bootblack we know to be true, and it proves that the ambition of the lowly to rise above their station may lead them to work out a respectable destiny, notwithstanding the pernicious influences of early associations:

During the spring and summer of 1874, a boy of about twelve years of age was seen day after day, at pier 26, East River, with box and brushes, awaiting the arrival of passengers by the ferry-boats. His oright, pleasant face won him many customers, but there was none who so much interested the child as an elderly gentleman who came on the Long Island boat. He was always served first, and rarely a day passed but that the bootblack received his nickel and cheery from the gentleman.

One morning early in July, this gentleman and his wife arrived in New York on their way to Saratoga. The boy met him as usual, and carried his parcels to the stage. On the way the gentleman playfully asked his wife if she would not like such a smart boy to live with them and be their boy, to which she replied in the affirmative. The child understood the talk to be in earnest, and gave his consent, inquiring when they would be back to take him. They answered the first of September, and thought no more of the talk until on the day named they arrived at the pier to take the boat, and were confronted by the boy with the salutation, "Hallo, sir, here's your boy already; sold out to Tom yesterday;" and sure enough, he had sold out and dressed himself the best his slender means admitted, and was ready for a new life. After a hurried consultation they decided to take the child; so the gentleman took him to the nearest clothing store, and had him dressed in a good suit, and so changed was his appearance that the lady scarcely recognized the ragged bootblack in the bright pretty child that returned.

The home to which he was taken was a beautiful Christian home. The two little ones who had once brightened it had gone out into the world men, and he, the poor friendless bootblack, was now to fill the empty niche. He little realized the situation but tears of happiness would fill his eyes, and many times he would say, "It is so nice to have a home; may I stay always?" Poor little waif, he had never had a home, and he seemed to fear now that it was only a dream, from which he might awake. himself he said his name was Ed; that he had no friend except the "boys;" had always lived at the lodging-house; could read a little; had never been at school.

The lady kept him at home and with her, for four or five weeks; then he was sent to the village school. He was quick to learn, and so ready to imitate the manners of those around him, that no one imagined this bright boy had ever been a street Arab, with no home but a lodging-house, and no friends but street boys

Everything went well for three months. Eddie's sunny face and merry laughter did much to brighten that home, and he seemed perfectly happy. Then, in a moment of weakness, he was tempted and fell He took a trinket belonging to the lady, and to avoid detection, gave it to a schoolmate. The act was box was broken open, four dollars and twenty-one quickly traced to the guilty boy, who made no at withstanding his ingenuity.

it in the hands of the clergyman and asked that it and would never, never do so again, if they would only forgive this once. The gentleman thought, people might worship; where people who did not although he appeared so penite t, yet a little disclpline was necessary to help him keep his good promises, and not thinking the child who had always appeared so docile would resist in the least took him to chastise him; but as soon as he saw the rod, all that was evil in his nature was aroused Doubtless Fannie Smith, young as she was, had He declared with an oath he would never be licked by any man, and started off through the garden on a run. When at a safe distance he stopped and tried to compromise the matter, but the gentleman was resolute, and the boy saw he could gain nothing by talk, so became very abusive. He divested himself of every unnecessary garment, and all his trinkets, even to a gold ring which the lady had given him, and threw them toward the gentleman, saying he could earn his own clothes and live without him; then ran out the gate, down the street out of sight.

Thinking he would soon get over his foolish anger, they waited for his return; but night came, and no Eddie. Search was made, but no trace of him could be found. So days, weeks, and months passed. His old haunts were visited, but his companion either could not or would not give any information concerning him, and his friends gave him up as lost, thinking some fatal accident had happened to him the day he left in such a desperate mood, But one cold, stormy night in March, a timid knock was heard at the kitchen door. V her opened, there stood Eddie, his clothes tattered and soaked with the rain, and he shivering and crying. When asked to come in, he said, "No!" He had come back for his licking, and nothing cor d induce him to cross the threshold until the ger Jeman himself came to the door and promised to unish him in the

He had grown very thin, and the deep lines of his face showed that he had lived a miserable life those months. He begged them never to ask him where he had been, or how he had lived, but only help him to forget how ungrateful he had been. In the morning he received the promised punishment, which seemed to relieve him, but the traces of what he had suffered while gone remained many months; in fact, from that time he became a thoughtful; obedient child, and has never brought an unnecessary care to that household; and his friends have every hope of his becoming a true and useful man.

#### BOY'S AMBITION.

WHEN a boy has ceased to wish to be a clown he desires to drive an engine; and when that ambition has passed, his next want is to go to sea. It is curious to observe the uniformity of opinion among boys on these matters. We never hear of a lad passionately anxious to be a lawyer, and hiding himself in corners in order to read about the law; nor probably is a lad-a small ladoften found who devotes his days and nights to thinking how delightful it must be to be a clergyman.

To be a stock broker, a banker, a farmer, to be even a member of Congress, is not among the ambitions of boys. They would be willing to shine as actors, indeed, but on condition that they appear with whitened cheeks, and with a leg of mutton and a hot poker in their pockets. Of engineering they have few ideas outside the notion that an engineer, civil or otherwise, is an individual with a grimy face—a distinct advantage to boys, most of whom abhor soap—who stands behind a locomotive and makes it go along as fast as he pleases, not to mention whistling whenever he takes it into his head to euter a

whistling whenever he takes it into his head to enter a tunnel.

The sea, however, is usually the boy's longest and most earnest dream. And it is not a little extraordinary that the hardest, the roughest, and having regard to the routine of its discipline and the characters of its members, the most prosaic of all callings, should stand at the very head of the professions as an inspiration of sentiment, of poetry, and of romantic fancies. The sea has a charm for the young which men can only understand by becoming boys again in fancy, and thinking out of the minds they had when boys.

Were it possible exactly to determine all that a lad dreams about the sea, the impulses which move him toward it, his ideas of life on board ship and the wonders of the world into which the mariner sails, we should find the picture wanting neither in humor nor in pathos—humor in the utter unchild-like imagination which flings its wonderful light over one of the harshest and most unsympathetic of human facts, enriching it to such a degree that even the mature mind is captivated by the boyish fancy, and regards the sea from the standpoint of the dreaming enting settings and the degree was an enting and the standpoint of the dreaming enting settings and the standpoint of the dreaming entings entings and the standpoint of boyish fancy, and regards the sea from the standpoint of the dreaming, enthusiastic lad.

# IRISH INGENUITY.

A good story is told of an Irishman who very adroitly showed his tact in trying to avoid the payment of a bill At Quarter-Sessions, in Mayo, a doctor had summoned him for the sum of one guinea due for attendance on his wife. The medico proved his case, and was about to retire, triumphant, when the defendant humbly begged leave to ask him a few questions. Permission was granted, and the following dialogue took place:

Defendant—" Doctor, you remember when I called on

Doctor—"I do,"
Doctor—"What did I say? Defendant—"What did I say?"
Doctor—"You said your wife was sick, and you wished ne to go and see her.

e to go and see ner.
Defendant—"What did you say?"
Doctor—"I said I would if you'd pay me my fee."
Defendant—"What did I say then?" Doctor—"I said I would it you Defendant—"What did I say then?"
Defendant—"You said you'd pay the fee, if so be you

Doctor—"You said you'd pay the fee, if so be you knew what it was."

Defendant—"What did you say?"

Doctor—"I said I'd take the guinea first, and may be more at the end, according to the sickness."

Defendant—"Now, dochter, by vartue of your oath, didn't J say, 'Kill or cure, I'll give you a guinea?' And didn't you say, 'Kill or cure, I'll take it?'"

Doctor—"You did, and I agreed to the bargain. And I want the guinea accordingly."

Defendant—"Now, dochter, by vartue of your oath, answer this. Did you cure my wife?"

Doctor—"No, she's dead, you know."

Defendant—"Then, dochter, by vartue of your oath, answer this. Did you kill my wife?"

Doctor—"No; she died of her illness."

Defendant, to the bench—"Your worship, see this. You heard him tell our bargain. It was to kill or cure. By vartue of his oath, he done neither!—and he axes the fee!"

The verdict, however, went against near Peter wat.

The verdict, however, went against poor Pat, not-

THE BOYS AND THE CIRCUS.

PROBABLY there is nothing in the world that attracts a poy as much as a circus, with its wild animals, fine horses, clowns, tumblers, and gay trappings. We would like to see the boy who could resist such an array of attractions. Of course, if he had no money, couldn't dodge by the gate-keeper, or crawl under the canvas. he would have to remain on the outside, but this wouldn't be resistance. We recently read an item, however, that ran like this:

A circus had come to town, and a little boy was een looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity. .... Halloa, Johnny!" said a man who knew him, "go-

"No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like em."
"Oh, well, I'll give you the money to go," said the

man, "Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny:
"Well, go for once, and I'll pay for you."
"No, sir," said Johnny. "My father would give me
the money if he thought it were best; besides, live got twenty-five cents in my bank—twice enough to go."
"I'd go, Johnny, for once; it is wonderful the way
the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't

"I shan't," said the boy.
"I shan't," said the boy.
"Now, why?" asked the man.
"Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been! I could not look my father right in the eye, and I can now."

This boy certainly should be commended for the posi= tion he took-if he ever took it-but it is a question with us which is the more unnatural for a boy--a bare-footed boy, too-to have accepted such an opinion of a circus as the correct one and to have acted upon it; or for the man to have offered and even urged him to take the money and go. We will grant that boys are apt to think pretty much as their fathers do on many subjects, and this will hold true so far as circuses go, providing the seniors hold a favorable opinion, but, if unfavorable, you may be sure that the boys do their own thinking upon the subject.

The following, told of a boy of older growth, more nearly represents human nature as we have observed it, for it shows that the attractions of the circus were too strong for him to resist:

strong for him to resist:

An aged couple who had driven thirteen miles to see the circus, hitched their team in the suburbs, and moved across to the big tent, and the woman said:

"Now, Perry, don't get excited. A circus is a circus the world over. We'll go slow, see everything on the outside, and then jog back hum."

"Mebbe we'll go in," replied the old man.

"Mebbe we won't! You solemnly promised me over and over again before we left hum that you wouldn't go in, and I shall hold you to it. We'd look purty in a circus, wouldn't we?

"I didn't promise nuthin' about side-shows," observed Perry, as they edged along with the crowd. "Here's them wild men of Bunkio or Barney-oh, or some such place in Europe. I've allus heard and read of 'em, and I've allus said I'd see 'em if I ever get a chance."

"Perry Baker, are you demented?" she asked. "You let me catch you sneakin' into a side-show and I'll never live with you another day!"

The dulcet tones of the keeper of a lemonade, stand now fell upon their ears, and the old man was licking his chops and bearing off in that direction when his wife cheeked him with:

"What you after now!" 'Taint five minutes since you

now ten upon.

his chops and bearing off in that direction when his wife checked him with:

"What you after now! 'Taint five minutes since you swallowed a pint of cold tea, and you ain't a bit thirsty!

Perry, don't you undertake to sneak out of your solemn promise!"

remy, to the your and promise!"

The couple got along down to where the living skeleton and the fat woman and great contortionist held out, and the man at the door called out:

"Right this way, old man! This is your only chance to see a living man weighing only twenty-two pounds!"

"I'm a comin!" shouted Perry, in reply.

"Not a rod—not a foot!" said his wife, as she seized his arm.

his atm.

"I'm a goin' to see that skeleton if it takes a leg!
It's the fust chance I ever had, and it may be the last!"
But he didn't go in. She walked him aside, dodged two peanut stands, crawled under three wagons, just missed a snake exhibition, and held him up on the outskirts of the crowd and calmly remarked:

"You promised and promised, and now you want to break it. Perry Baker, we're goin' back hum, and when we get out past the toll-gate you'n I will have a settlement."

we get out past the toll-gate you'n I will have a settlement."

"Say, let's go clear around the tent."

"Not a rod."

"Not a rod."

"Not a swaller, Perry. You come hence."

"He crossed to the wagon with her, and she climbed in. While she was lifting herself up, he bolted, and when she turned around he was gone—mixed up with the circus crowd. She stood up and called him by name as loud as she could yell until a policeman ordered her to stop, and then she got down and said to a boy about sixteen years old:

"Bub, I want you to come with me, My old man has cut loose, and he'll never stop seeing wild men and living skeletons and fat women and red lemonade as long as he's got a cent left. I'll give ye a quarter if we find him. I want to steal up on him before he knows it. I want to find him in front of the only boa constrictor on the North American continent, and I want to open a performance which will discount the circus all holler."

She was last heard of at the door of the circus. Having failed to find him elsewhere, she was about to pass in, when the ticket taker objected.

"But I'm looking for Perry."

"Can't help it, ma'am."

"Won't you find out if Perry is in there?" she per-

Can't help it, ma'am."
Won't you find out if Perry is in there?" she per-

"Can't leave the door, ma'am—better get a club and wait for him! Fall back—fall back—tickets on this side!"

# CURIOUS SPRINGS.

One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Barhin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to exist there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving.

sea. The fresh water is got by diving.

The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goat skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up in the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some 500 or 600 miles dis-

# MRS. GRUNDY'S BELT.

In Morton's comedy of "Speed the Plough," Dame Ashfield is continually wondering "what Mrs. Grundy will say," and this anxiety in regard to one person's opinion has been generalized and applied to society at large; so that "Mrs. Grundy's opinion now means the verdict of the public," or "what people will say."

A little school-girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterward the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation, this little girl brightened up, and replied, "I know; it's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

### NEVER MIND WHAT "THEY" SAY.

Dont' worty nor fret
About what people think
Of your ways or your means,
Of your food or your drink.
If you know you are doing
Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say.

Lay out in the morning
Your plans for each hour,
And never forget
That old time is a power;
This also remember,
'Mong truths old and new,
The world is too busy
To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes
That make up the hours,
And pluck in your pilgrimag
Honor's bright flowers.
Should gamblers assure you
Your course will not pay,
With your conscience at rest,
Never mind what "they"

Then let us, forgetting The insensate throng
That jostles us daily
While marching along
Press onward and upwar
And make no delay— And though people talk,
Never mind what "they" say.

# CARMIE'S OLD PIANO.

BY JENNIE K. LUDLUM,

"'Tis better to work than live idle; 'Tis better to sing than to grieve;"

sang Carmie Grey, her clear, young voice ringing down the wide, old-fashioned staircase, and floating into the tiny study, where her father sat at work among a pile of musty old papers, his brow wrinkled in a troubled form, one hand pressed despairingly against his tired head.

"Dear child!" murmured Mr, Grey, his face lighting with a smile. "What would I do without her? But," and the troubled look deepened in his face, " what will she say," he soliliquized, "when I tell her my riches have wings? Ever since her mother died the place has seemed fated. First, that dreadful disease fell on the cattle, and hundreds of dollars were lost with those that died. Then," and a suspicious dimness clouded his sight, "my wife's beautiful chestnut horse that, during her life, followed her like a dog, had to be shot. And now," taking a letter from the midst of account books and dusty papers, "my brother Alfred, writes that I must lend him five hundred dollars to pay his debts and keep him from prison.

" How am I to do it and keep the dear old place, also? Carmie must keep on with her studies at the seminary, and her music and painting at home. I could not let Laura's daughter grow up uneducated.

"Last year I had to draw out the money I had put in the bank for Carmie's trip to Europe. This year some of the stock must go to pay the expenses, and how am I to help Alfred? But it must be done for honor's sake.

Down the polished oaken stairs sounded the click of boot-heels, and the merry voice hummed over the tune of that wise old song with which this story opens. The old pet dogs that lay around on the rugs in the hall sprang up to greet the girl, as had been their custom since she was a tiny child.

"Good morning, Dash! Carlo, be careful how you tread on your long ears, or you'll break your neck! Thanks, Rol; but you needn't bring the mat another time! Pink, poor fellow, did I step on your tail! Oh, Scot, you're not half awake! For shame, Ponto! Give me my handkerchief!"

There was a merry mingling of silvery laughter and confused barking when Mr. Grey opened the door.

It seemed to him, as he heard her step in the hall, that she had come in answer to his call for help. Should he take her into his confidence or not? If she could help him in no other way, she could at least cheer him; but to cloud her pretty light-heartedness-

"Carmie, dear!

She turned instantly at sound of his voice. A fair picture she made that beautiful summer morning, standing in the center of the old-fashioned hall, her brown hair tumbled, the dimples coming and going in her flushed cheeks; the great dogs in a group around her.

"Good morning, papa! What do you want? Can I

"Yes, child; come in here."

And the dogs went back to their nap on the rugs when

the study door had closed behind her.

"Carmie," and Mr. Grey smoothed the soft hair of his daughter, as she sat on a low stool at his feet, "I am in trouble, dear, with no one to help me unless my little girl will. For the past two years I have lost s much money that I will have to sacrifice some of the stock on the farm to meet my expenses. And now, your uncle, Alfred, has written for five hundred dollars to pay his debts. I don't know where the money will come from," said he, despondently.

"Dear papa don't look so discouraged. Perhaps I can help you. Let me see!" leaning her head on her hand, thoughtfully. "You will let me do as I like, papa? You will know that, whatever it is, I do for you.

And after his assuring her he knew she would do what she thought was best, she got up, and kissing him softly left the room, while her father murmured, as he leaned back in his chair:
"Bless the child! how her bright face cheered me!

She would like to help me, I know; but it isn't likely she can-mere child as she is-except by cheering me! But Carmie was not idle.

On leaving her father's study, she went out into the garden to gather flowers for the breakfast table.

"The sight of these velvety pansies and fragrant violets will do him a little good, anyhow !" she thought. "I've been very careless of his comfort lately; but now I'll begin to set things right."

In through the open windows floated the words of her song, together with the fragrance from the garden-

"Tis better to work than live idle;" Tis better to sing than to grieve."

Mr. Grey went into breakfast that morning with a brighter face, and the load of care somehow lifted.

Afterwards Carmie went about dusting the rooms, opening the windows and darkening the blinds so that only the coolest airs could steal in laden with sweet scents and hum of bees and trill of birds. So that when

around his mouth, as he said aloud :

'Carmie's work, God bless her!"

While she, passing softly through the hall, heard it, and a happy glow spread over her face as she thought, "I can help him—and I will!"

On the way to the seminary that morning, she stopped at the post-office.

"When ought this letter to reach New York city?" she asked of the clerk at the window,

"Three o'clock this afternoon," was the reply.

And with a soft "Thank you," Carmie went out, her

brown eyes rather misty for all her brave face. Two or three evenings afterwards she entered her

father's study, her face very bright. "Papa," she said, sitting down at his feet, "I've come to confess!"

"What new mischief have you been up to now child?" he asked, smiling lovingly down at the sweet face at his knee.

"You remember what you told me the other morning, papa? I have thought and thought for ways and means to help you; and at last a way was found. You know that old-fashioned piano that old Mrs. Thomson gave me before she died?"

"The one she gave you to remember her, and how kind you had been to her? Yes, I remember. it, child?"

"She said it had been in her family a long time; and was one of the first made," went on Carmie. der legs and curious drawers with glass knobs, together with the faded keys and tin-pan tone, proclaim that without any telling. Well, you know how Cousin Charlie admired it last winter when he was here for the holidays-and offered me a thousand dollars for it, because it was so old? I laughed at him at the time; but when I was thinking what to do, his offer came back to my mind, and I wrote to him directly,"

But, Carmie, my dear child! I cannot allow you to make such a sacrifice!" interrupted her father. "Mrs. Thomson gave it to you as a token."

"Well, papa," interrupted the daughter, "I wanted to do it! Dear Mrs. Thomson would be only too glad for it to do some good. Please don't be angry, for it has already gone. Charlie came to-day while you were in town and took it away with him. He paid me the thousand dollars down; and I never have or shall feel so rich in my life!

"Five hundred of it went to uncle this afternoon Charlie sent it for me, and helped me so much! There is the rest, papa. If you don't take it," as he shook his bowed head, "I'll do something desperate! Mamma would have done it!" she added, in a whisper, as she stooped to kiss the hands clasped over his face. Then she went softly out of the room, her cheeks wet, but her heart so light and happy.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive!" she said, as she stooped to pat Rollo's black head. And the great Newfoundland dog looked up at her with very wise, brown eyes, and wagged his tail in assent.

At first Mr. Grey refused to take the money; but see ing how it pained his daughter, when he spoke of it, he at last took it; though the next time he went to town it was put safely in a bank for her use some time in the fu-; while one of his thorough-bred cows went from the farm, and Carmie never knew it till years afterwards.
"The dear child!" her father thought. "How much

she is like her mother! After all there is something for me to live and work for, and things shall improve if it is in my power to make them!"

Carmie seemed very busy that summer and fall, though when her father asked what it was about, she only laughed and shook her bright head merrily.

But Christmas Day she told him her little secret, You had so much trouble, papa," she said, "that I felt as though it was but right that I should help you if I could. You had spent dollars and dollars on my music and painting, and I determined to repay you in some way. Yes, papa, dear, I know you were only too glad to do it, but children ought to help their parents if they can!" smiling. "So, while you were busy on the farm, several girls came to me for lessons in those two arts. I had awful hard work to keep it quiet so you wouldn't know; but they all seemed to enter into my little scheme, though they thought it was only for a Christmas present to you that I was doing it. And so it was," she added, laying down a roll of bills on the table beside him. "Now, papa, I shall feel dreadfully hurt if you don't take it! It has been such a pleasure to me; now that I have begun it will be impossible to

"My dear child, it isn't necessary. I have risen greatly this last half-year, owing to my little girl's generous hands and heart, and now am entirely beyond the reach of need. Use it for yourself, and I will not scold, only you mustn't work any more."

"But, papa, I love to teach them! Why, it's almost like play—and I'm so happy in doing it! Say I may keep on with it, please, papa?"

It took a good deal of coaxing on Carmie's part, but the last she won a reluctant consent.

However, the money all went where the unused five undred had gone, and Carmie was none the viser in regard to it, until long years afterwards. But she was anght self-dependence and patience, even as she taught there music and painting. And her father was a different man after she sold her old piano, and showed him the will that sprang from love; while she learned to the will that sprang from love; while she learned fully understand the meaning of her favorite song: while she learned to

"'Tis better to work than live idle; 'Tis better to sing than to grieve."

# THE ORIENTALS AND THEIR DEAD.

A WRITER in the Contemporary Review gives a very interesting account of the customs of the Orientals, and in speaking of their dead says:

During our travels in India I had abundant opportunities of witnessing the process of cremation as practiced by the Hindus, more especially at Benares, that most holy city of the Brahmins, the bourne which every pious Hindu craves to reach, in times to die there, on the banks of the sacred river Ganges. Many a time I have seen the dying laid down to breathe their last breath alone on the hallowed shore while their friends went off to bargain with the neighboring timber merchant for as much wood as their limited means could procure.

Often in the case of the very poor this sum was so small that the humble fire has barely sufficed to char the Mr. Grey re-entered his study to find the blinding sun- body, which was then thrown into the river and suffered

light and dreary dust had disappeared to make room for to float seaward, in company with many another, in every cool shadows and quiet, a smile stole into his eves and stage of putrefaction, spreading the seed of pestilence on the sultry air, and poisoning the stream in which myriads hourly bathe, and from which they drink.

the sultry air, and poisoning the stream in which myriads hourly bathe, and from which they drink.

In the case of the wealthier Hindu the funeral pyre is carefully built, and when the corpse has been washed in the river it is swathed in fine linen, white or scarlet, or, still more often, the shroud is of the sacred saffron color, on which is showered a handful of vermilion paint, to symbolize the blood of sprinkling as the atonement for sin. Sometimes the body is wrapped in cloth of silver or of gold, and is laid upon the funeral pyre. Dry sweet grass is then laid over it, and precious anointing oil, which shall make the flame burn more brightly, and more wood is heaped on, till the pyre is very high. A Brahmin then brings sacred fire, and gives a lighted torch to the chief mourner, who bears it thrice or nine times, sun-wise, round the body. He touches the lips of the dead with the holy fire, then ignites the pyre. Other torches are applied, simultaneously, and in a very few moments the body is burned, though the fire smoulders long. Then the ashes are collected and sprinkled on the sacred river, which carries them away to the ocean.

Night and day this work goes on without ceasing, and many a weird funeral scene I have witnessed, sometimes beneath the burning rays of the noon-day sun, while my house-boat lay moored in mid-stream, to enable me better to witness all the strange phases of religious and social life enacted on its shores. Sometimes in the course of our night journeyings, when the pale moonbeams mingled with the dim blue flames, casting a lurid light on the withered, witch-like forms of the mourners, often a group of gray-haired women, whose shrill wails and piercing cries rang through the air as they circled round the pyre in solemn procession, suggesting some spirit dance of death.

When a body has been consumed all the mourners repair to the river, beating their breasts and howling, and proceed to wash themselves and their clothes, and perform divers ceremonies of purification necessary after t

touch ng a dead body.

#### NATIONAL MODES OF SA UTATION.

Mo r of us say, "How-de-do?" and think we have said, 'How do you do?" "How are you?" is more elegar , perhaps; and "Hope I see you well?" is the habit of some people. Then we shake hands, and women very frequently kiss. In olden times Englishspeaking people said, "Save you, sir," or "madam," and "God save you;" and long ago men as well as women "kissed for courtesy." .Englishmen now consider such salutation as absurd between persons of their

own sex

Frenchmen, however, are not ashamed to kiss as they ask, "How do you carry yoursel?" and the Germans crush each other, bear-fashion, as they cry, "How do you find yoursel?" The Italian gives both airy clasp and kiss, after he has flourished his fingers in the air and cried, "How do you stand?" But the Dutchman's "How do you fare?" is generally only followed by a clap on the shoulder. When two Swedes fall into each other's arms, and look over each other's shoulders, they ask, "How can you?" And the Polander, who has lived in the land of sadness, inquires, in a melancholy tone, "Art thou gay?" In Turkey, the people cross their arms, bow low, and say, "I will request of Allah that thy prosperity be increased." The Quaker regards his approaching friend without smile or nod, and quietly remarks, "How is thee?"

### THE DOLLAR SIGN.

THE origin of the sign (\$) is not certainly known. The best theory is, that the two upright marks may be traced back to the pillars of Hercules and the S-like figure is the serpents entwined around them.

figure is the serpents entwined around them.

According to tradition, when the Tyrian colony landed on the Atlantic coast of Spain and founded the ancient city of Gades, no. Zadiz, Melcarthus, the leader of the expedition, set up two stone pillars as memorials, over which he built a temple of Hercules. As the temple increased in wealth the stone pillars were replaced by others, made of an alloy of gold and silver, and these two pillars became in time the emblem of the city, as a horse's head became that of Carthage. Centuries later, when Charles V. became Emperor of Germany, he adopted a new coat-of-arms, in which the pillars of

MUSI

Gades or Cadiz occupied a prominent position in the de-Gades or Cadiz occupied a prominent position in the device. Hence, when a new coin was struck at the imperial mint, it bore the new device—two pillars with a scroll entwined around them. This coin became a standard of value on the Mediterranean, and the pillars and scroll became its accepted symbol in writing. The symbolic origin of the pillars of Hercules is traced far back into the remote era prior to the dispersion of the human race from its Asiatic birth-place. Another theory is that it is a modification of the figures 88, formerly used to denote a "piece of eight," i.e., eight reals—an used to denote a "piece of eight," i.e., eight reals—an used to denote a "piece of eight," i.e., old Spanish coin of the value of a dollar. e., eight reals-an

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

K. M. (Wortendyke, N. J.) The *Poultry World* is no of the best. It is published at Hartford, Conn.

one of the best. It is published at Hartford, Conn.

J. W. H. (Algona, Ia.) We do not know of the firm.

It may be reliable, but if it were a large house we would,
undoubtedly, know something of it.

T. O. B. (Holly Springs, Miss.) It is probable that
Columbus first introduced tobacco into Spain, as it is
known that he found it in use among the natives of the
West Indies, but Sir Walter Raleigh had the honor, or
dishenor, of introducing it into England.

H. H. (Windester Va.) The wars of the roses

dishonor, of introducing it into England.

H. H. H. (Winchester, Va.) The wars of the roses lasted from 1455 to 1485, and in them perished twelve princes of the blood, 200 nobles and 100,000 gentry and common soldiers; closing at the marriage of Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV., with Heury VII.

HECTOR ROSCOE (Trenton, N. J.) 1. Probably. 2. In September. 3. In September also. 4. We expect so. 5. Yes. 6. Uncertain; we will if there is sufficient demand. 7. Worth Bros., 726 Sixth street, New York. Stevens Bros., Northford, Conn., is the largest firm in the country.

the country.

J. K. S. (Phila., Pa.) We believe Frank H. Converse's stories have not yet been put into books. His writings, however, are so popular that they will, doubtless, appear in that form ere long.—Yes, Edward S. Ellis, the author of "Nick and Nellie," is still living, and is now writing a serial story for The Argosy, the publication of which will commence in September, You and your friends may expect a feast.

friends may expect a feast.

Syntax (Johnstown, Pa.) Many sentences can be written which will make sense when read word by word, either backward or forward. We give you the following examples: Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God. She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone. Man is noble and generous often, sometimes vain and cowardly. Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.

D. C. W. (Chicago, Ill.) We recommend the following recipe, which you will find useful in cleaning and restoring color to wooden floors: One part calcinated soda allowed to stand three-quarters of an hour in one part slacked lime, then add fifteen parts water, and boil. Spread the solution thus obtained upon the floor with a rag, and after drying, rub with hard brush and fine sand and water. A solution of one part concentrated sulpluric acid and eight parts water will enliven the wood after above application. When dry, wash and wax the floor.

phuric acid and eight parts water will enliven the wood after above application. When dry, wash and wax the floor.

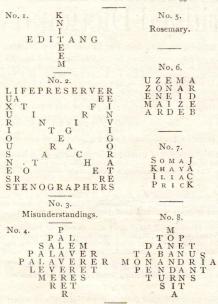
S. M. P. (Millerville, Pa.) Joseph Walker, of Massachusetts, was the inventor of the shoe peg. Previous to the year 1818 its use had not been known, and the invention gave a new start to the manufacture of boots and shoes. Up to that date they had been sewed, and the peg, made at first by hand, came in to revolutionize the trade. It was the custom of shoemakers who lived away from the manufacturing centers to make their own pegs by hand even down to recent times, but the machine-manufactured peg has now superseded all such slow work, as the horseshoe nail manufacture is now almost wholly in the hands of establishments that make them by machinery. As late as 1851, when the World's Fair was held at London, shoe pegs were a curiosity in England, and it was said that a member of the royal family, who saw a barrel of them in the Crystal Palace, asked what kind of American grain it was.

G. S. (Saratoga, N. Y..) wishes to know if the Saratoga Springs are not the greatest and most remarkable in the world. If greatness as applied to Springs is to be measured by the number of visitors, we should say they are. But they are not the most remarkable. The Geysers of Iceland and of California are much more remarkable, So are the hot sulphur springs of Arkansas, and so far as size is concerned, Silver Spring, in Georgia, is said to be the largest spring in the world. It is the source of the Oklawaha River, which is sixty feet wide at the start, ten feet deep, and with a current flowing two miles an hour. All this vast quantity of water comes from the spring, whose only inlets are at the bottom. It is about two acres in size, and its mysterious depths have never been explored. There is an Indian legend about Silver Spring, of course. Wenonah, the beauty of the tribe that inhabited the neighborhood, won the love of Chullootah, a hostile chief. Her wrathful father slew the lover, and then Wenonah drowned herself in

# PUZZLEDOM No. 37.

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, to Barclay Street, New York City.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 33.



Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 33 were correctly solved by: Puzzler, Dic T. Ionary, Myself, Madcap, Cyrus, Fort Sumfter, Know Nothing, Simon Ease, King Arthur, Tray, Paul Pry, Conqueror, Sportive, Will A. Mette, Scout at Proposition, John H. Sholl, May B., Houston, 19080, Albion, Momus, Ned Hazel, Shadow, Alcibrabes, and Newob.

Pirst complete list.—Ned Hazel.

Second complete list.—Scout.

Ret invented in Strong Fase

Best incomplete list .- SIMON EASE.

Answwers to Puzzledom No. 32 were received from W. Alvah, James E. Hanna, and Alcibiades too late for insertion last week.

#### NEW PUZZLES

No. 1. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND.

r. A letter. 2. A river of England. 3. An island of the Pacific, Gilolo Passage. 4. A group of small, uninhabited islands in the Caribbean Sea. 5. A county of California. 6. A post village of Wayne County, N. Y. 7. A fertile island of the Grecian Archipelago. 8. A river of Styria. 9. A letter.

Hudson, Mass. Gaylord.

No. 2. HALF SQUARE.

r. Delayed. 2. Restrain by force. 3. Made certain.
4. Suspensions of hostilities. 5. Takes off in slices. 6.
18. indebted to. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. Abbreviation for a professional title. 9. In Puzzledom. BANDIT

> No. 3. LETTER REBUS. (Medical.) V G T S I

NEW YORK CITY. CONQUEROR

> No. 4. LETTER REBUS. (Architectural.)

GP NEW YORK CITY.

No. 5. DIAMOND.
(To "Sieepyhead.")

1. In "Sleepyhead." 2. Insane. 3. Discharges. 4. A male name. 5. A mock sun. 6. Distributing. 7. A department of France. 8. A fallen tree. 9. A letter.
NEW YORK CITY.

KING ARTHUR.

No. 6. Compound Square.

Upper right-hand square.—1. Sustain. 2. The cali-ber. 3. Sea-eagles (Scotland). 4. Trial. Upper left-hand square.—1. The god of the Asiatic Tartars. 2. A native of Arabia. 3. To establish. 4.

Assist.

Lower right-hand square.—1, Trial. 2. A title of dignity among the Turks. 3. A small stream. 4. A

fish spear.

Lower left-hand square.—1. Assist. 2. The popular name of the sesamum orientale, or oil-plant. 3. Limits.

PAUL PRY.

No. 7. CHARADE. Two boxers met one night,
To first with muscles vast;
But soon a muss arose,
Which ended in a last.

4. Trial. GRANBY, CONN.

On trees and bushes here,
The total twits all day,
Come, puzzlers all, pray tell to me,
The subject of this lay.
ELIZABETH, N. J. SPOI

No. 8. CRYPTOGRAM. (To "Adonis.")

"Tm ghlw sty ns l btwqi qnph ymnx,
Lsi ymtz xmzqy pstb hwhqtsp,
Pstb mtb xzkqnrh l ymnsf ny nx,
Yt xzgghw lsi kh xywtsf."—Long fellow. NEWARK, N. J.

No. 9. SKELETON SQUARE. (To "Puzzler." \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Top.—Small, insignificant fellows (Collog.)
Bottom.—Firmness.
Left side down.—Unprosperous conclusion (Rare).
Right side down.—The state of being in the highest

degree.

Left diagonal down.—Managers.

Right diagonal down.—Officers who execute the demands of a body in preserving order and punishing officers. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

No. 10. CHARADE.

To a cross whole first last the cuss,
Then we'll have peace, and he'll have fuss.
Washington, D. C.
Nyas.

No. 11. CHARADE. A man stood on the coast of Norway With a *primal* in his hand, And slowly to himself did say, I wonder if he'll reach the land?

The primal shed its gleaming last Far over the foaming waves, And there a boat is coming fast, That mountain billows braves.

The sailor is trying his best to reach
The place where the whole is gleaming,
He safely lands on the rocky beach,
That so dangerous was seeming.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ROYAL TARR.

No. 12. DIAMOND. (To "Hyacinthus.")

r. A letter. 2. A foolish fellow (*Prov. Eng.*) 3. Chattels distrained 4. Free from the payment of taxes. 5. Comfort 6. A large vessel. 7. A kind of vessel. 8. A poetical contraction. 9. A letter.

NEWARK, N. J.

ADONIS.

Answers, solvers, and prize-winners, in four

# PRIZES.

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# CHAT.

JAS MINE wishes us to inform our puzzlers that he has abandoned that nom and taken a new one—Prospero. We sincerely wish it may prove a presperous nom. Nyas has been before a puzzled public for the last few weeks with a "love lorn swain," who evidently is trying hard to get "spliced." Cannot some of our puzzlers assist in getting this spooney chap out of his trouble? This is the way W. Alvah answers a charade—No. 10, in Puzzledom No. 32—which was inscribed to him by Nyas. We regret that it was too late for last week.

[He raves.]

Eye of sunlight, Hair of midnight, Cheek of peachblow, Bust of Juno, Has the sweetheart whom I know.

Love's emotion,
Passion's ocean
Of commotion,
Has the sweetheart whom I know.

[He's snubbed.] Looks up so sweet, Each one to greet;
But, zounds! to meet
Such pond'rous feet!
Cross-eyed sauerkraut whom I know,

Merry Mack, of Compton, Cal., sends us three rebuses, which will be reported with others next week. He says, after carefully examining about twenty good papers that contain puzzle departments, he has come to the conclusion that the Argosy is far ahead of them all. Such testimonials are very gratifying, and we are equally ready to hear criticisms. We will publish an "Omnibus" next week.

### 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. H. C. Burger, New Lisbon, O., wishes to exchange

H. C. Burger, New Lisbon, O., wishes to exchange certain papers.
O. B. Jamison, Cadiz, O. A bound book for certain papers. Write.
L. F. Coons, Ellenville, Nestor Co., N. Y. Reading matter for reading matter. Write.
Frank J. Newelle, Milbury, Mass. A micrograph, with three hundred pictures, for best offer.
J. L. Ilibbard, Monroeville, Ala., has several valuable books and papers that he wishes to exchange for Indian relies.

books and papers that he wishes to exchange for Indian relics.

GLEN MILLER, White Cloud, Kansas, wishes to exchange a hand bracket saw and a lot of other things. Write him.

SIMON WERNER, 9 Essex St., New York, wishes to exchange back numbers of Golden Days for a carpenter's tool-chest.

O. O. SMITH, Ysleta, El Paso Co., Tex., wishes to exchange a pook and eash for the first twelve numbers of

change a book and cash for the first twelve numbers of The Golden Argosy.

M. Joice, Tonawanda, N. Y. Books, magic lantern, printing press, foreign coins, for air gun, and match or

M. Joice, Tonawanda, N. Y. Books, magic lantern, printing press, foreign coins, for air gun, and match or medicine stamps.

JOSEPH H. CLARK, 77 William St., Newark, N. J. too picture advertising cards, no two alike, for offers. Write before sending.

H. W. Beatty, Henderson, Minn. "Gaskell's Compendium and Book of Instruction" for first twelve numbers of The Golden Argosy.

O. M. Redfield, Cisco, Texas, wants a good printing press and type. Will give any one a good trade. Give description of type and press.

H. V. Avery, P. O. Box 3359, New Orleans, La. Wishes to exchange a lot of back numbers of certain papers for others. Write him.

HARRY COBLENTZ, 1238 Main St., Richmond, Ind. Back numbers of various different papers for best offer of books by Castlemon or Alge.

E. E. Witherell, Warwick, Mass. Twelve minerals, four ores, thirty kinds of tare foreign woods, pebbles, etc., for Indian relics, United States and foreign coins.

EUGENE THOMAS, Gilman, Ill. Two books, "Robinson Crusce" and "Good Old Times," by Kellog, for first twelve numbers of Golden Argosy. Write to him. J. S. Schmucker, 35 South 5th St., Reading Pa. A Waterbury watch, Gaskell's Compendium, a lot of books and papers, for a good scroll saw and lathe combined. Write.

#### HOW TO BECOME A PROOF-READER.

A PROOF-SHEET is an impression taken from type. A proof-reader is one who reads proof-sheets, and marks all errors, so that the compositor or type-setter may correct his work accordingly. Perhaps some of the readers of THE ARGOSY are looking forward to the time when they shall be rated as first-class proof-readers. If so, they would do well to read the following satirical article from the Chicago Tribune, which gives a few hints to ambitious aspirants:

tious aspirants:

To become a first-class proof-reader is a very easy task—so easy that the wonder is that more young people don't take it up instead of clerking or copying. The first step is to serve an apprenticeship at printing which enables the student to discern typographical irregularities. A general acquaintance with history, biography, poetry, fiction, music, geography, the drama, etc., is important. Politics should have earnest attention, for you must be able to identify every man who has followed the business from Cain down to the present day. No matter where his residence or what his calibre—whether he is or was the Premier of England or the Caliph of Bagdad, you should have a minute knowledge of his public matter where his residence or what his calibre—whether he is or was the Premier of England or the Caliph of Bagdad, you should have a minute knowledge of his public and private life and be able to select the proper spelling from the half-dozen ways which the author is sure to employ. Read, ponder, assimilate Webster, the Bible, Shakespeare, "Anthon's Classical Dictionary," Rogers's Thesaurus," "Lippincott's Gazetteer," "Hayden's Dictionary of Dates," the Cyclopædias of Appleton, Zell, Johnson and others, "Bremisch-Neidersachsisches Worterbuch," "Brandtke's Slownik dokiadny Jezyka Polskiego Neimieckigo," and any other works of solid nature that happen to be at hand. During the long winter evenings you might scoop in a few languages, say Greek, Latin, French, Hebrew, Russian, German, Chinese, Bohemian, and Choctaw. You will need them in the fashion articles and the mayor's speeches.

The foregoing are a few of the acquirements of a "rst-class proof-reader. The business is learned in a si, "tt time by any young man with a little perseverance, and affords constant employment (twelve hours seven days a week) at a liberal compensation (\$20), with frequent honorable mention. When you have picked up the rudiments mentioned, if you don't conclude to become a college professor at \$5,000 a year call at the Tribune office and we will give you a desk. Our present proof-readers are hardly up to the standard.

# SCOTTISH LAKE DWELLERS

SCOTLAND can boast of its ancient lake dwellers though these seem to have lived at a later date than their brethren in Switzerland. In Wigtownshire the lake dwellers, or crannogues, were especially numerous. the lakes being literally studded with these curious habitations. Of the tools, etc., found near these crannogues, stone objects are comparatively few, while those of bone, only feebly represented by a few iron daggers and spearheads, one or two doubtful arrow points, and a quantity of so-called pebbles and sling stones

of so-called pebbles and sling stones.

On the other hand, a very large percentage of the articles consists of querns, hammer stones, polishers, fint-flakes, and scrapers, stone and clay spindle-whorls, pins, needles, and bodkins, knife handles of red-deer horn, together with many other implements of the same materials; bowls, ladles, and other vessels of wood, some of which were turned on the lathe; knives, axes, saws, hammers, chisels, and gouges of iron; several crucibles, lumps of iron slag and other remains of metal, etc. From all these, not to mention the great variety of armaments, there can be no ambiguity as to the testimony they afford of the peaceful prosecution of various arts and industries by the lake dwellers.

Of the food used by these ancient lake dwellers, an examination of the osseous remains taken from the lake dwelling of Dowalton, Lochlees, and Buston, shows shows that Celtic short-horn (Bos longifrons), the so-called goat-horned sheep (Oris aries, var brachyura), and a domestic breed of pigs, were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red-deer and roe-buck, showed that venison was by no means a rare addition to their dietary. Among birds, only the goose has been identified, but this is no criterion of the extent of their encroachment.

on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones were collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare the occupants of Lochspouts Crannog, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shell fish. In all the lake dwellings the broken shells of hazel-nuts were in profuse abundance.

#### A LITTLE GRACE DARLING.

A young girl but fourteen years old, the daughter of David Atkinson, of Communipaw, N. J., recently did a brave act in rescuing a drowning boy. She showed herself cool-headed and prompt to act, unlike many girls who, under similar circumstances, would probably have covered their eyes and cried, with no better effort to make themselves useful. This girl, though young, already knows something of the practical side of life, for she has been her father's housekeeper since the death of her mother, a year and a half ago. She has bright, brown eyes, dark auburn hair, and rosy cheeks.

mother, a year and a half ago. She has bright, brown eyes, dark auburn hair, and rosy cheeks.

Many young ladies of Jersey City, says the New York San, practice rowing daily in the basin south of Communipaw. After attending to her household duties, Miss Atkinson would hasten to the basin and go rowing with the girls, who took considerable interest in her, and soon taught her the use of the oars. She soon became so expert that she could distance her teachers in boat races. She is also a good swimmer, and with these two accomplishments the waters of the basin had no terrors for her.

One day, as she was about to step into her boat, she was attracted by the shouts of four small boys in a rowboat about 100 yards from the bank. Only one of the boys appeared to be able to handle the oars. He was about twelve years old. He finally got up to shift his position, and in doing so fell overboard.

The boys were paralyzed with terror, and could render no assistance. Miss Atkinson, springing into her boat, pulled with vigorous strokes to the drowning boy. He sank twice before she reached him, and as she threw down her oars to grasp him he was sinking the third time. At this moment the brave little girl made a supreme effort, and, leaning over the side of the boat, caught the drowning boy's hand. With a few vigorous pulls she landed the senseless form of the boy in her boat, and rowed to the shore.

A crowd had collected meanwhile, and experienced hands resuscitated the boy. His name was Thomas Koslow, Miss Atkinson did not forget the frightened boys left in the boat, but rowing back, she towed their boat ashore.

Mr. Atkinson is justly proud of his daughter, and now

boys ashore.

Mr. Atkinson is justly proud of his daughter, and now says he is glad she learned to row.

A FEW summers ago a great fire raged in Michigan that consumed vast tracts of woods and swept at a fearful speed over the prarie-grass to the farm houses and villages, from which the people had to flee for their lives. One farmer saw the fire coming, and knew he must leave his home at once or be lost. He quickly placed his wife and two little girls in the wagon, but where were Willie and Johnnie? Nowhere to be seen. He shouted and shouted, but there was no answer. And so in great terror and sorrow he had to drive away and leave the dear boys, and driving as fast as he could, he barely reached the lake in time to escape the fire.

Willie and Johnnie were out in the fields playing, more than a mile from home. They too saw the fire coming, and ran as fast as their nimble feet could carry them; but when they reached home, father and mother were gone, and the fire sweeping on apace. The air was already so hot they could scarcely breathe. What were they to do? In a few minutes the house would be in flames.

'The well, the well!" shouled Willie, "we must go

flames.

"The well, the well!" shouted Willie, "we must go down in the well."

"We shall drown," cried Johnnie.

"Better drown than burn," replied Willie, as he threw some pieces of board down in the water and got the bucket ready. Then quickly getting in, he dragged Johnnie after him, and down they went. The water was cold, but they were glad to be in it. The boards kept them from going down very deep.

The fire came on. Smoke rolled across the mouth of the well. Soon the curb was on fire, and some burning pieces fell in, which fell on the boys' heads and bruised and burned them, but not very badly. They never knew how long they were there, but it seemed to be a very long time; probably several hours. When the smoke had cleared away sufficiently for them to see blue sky above their heads at last, they knew the fire had passed on, and that they were safe. They had some trouble in getting out, but boys of ten and twelve years can climb, and finally got out of the well; and made their way as quickly as they could to the lake-shore, where they found their father and mother.

# GOOD MOTTOES.

An anecdote is told of a clockmaker who, being employed to construct a new clock for the Temple, London, was desirous of a suitable motto to be placed under the clock. One day he applied to the benchers of the Temple for the motto, while they were at dinner, and one of them, annoyed at the unseasonable interruption, testily replied, "Go about your business." Understanding this to be the selected motto, the clockmaster inscribed it under the clock, where it still remains to admonish all to attend to business.

monish all to attend to business.

The Continental cent, usually known as the Franklin cent because its legend was proposed by him, gives the same advice in the words: "Mind your business." This is frequently misquoted and corrupted to "Mind your own business," which instead of a counsel to diligence is a rebuke to meddling. Franklin's advice was an admonition to perform duty and to care for the concerns which make life successful. It contains the very kernel of all business wisdom. A homely adage is that "It is better to drive your business than to let your business than to be its slave and victim. This is the essence of the Franklin cent motto, and, whether acknowledged in so many words or not, it is the actuating principle and the underlying cause of all business management and business success.

MR. GLADSTONE is fully aware of the influence which a personal courtesy from the prime minister exercises over the ordinary British mind, and he never loses a chance of using that personal influence to win a friend

for his party.

Not long ago a small Westminster schoolboy was standing by the refreshment bar in the House of Commons, when Mr. Gladstone walked up to him and asked him his name. Having satisfied himself on this momentous question, the premier next inquired as to his politics. The small boy had no politics; but he knew who his interlocutor was, and what his politics was, so he replied promptly enough! "I'm a liberal, sir." "And what progress do liberal ideas make in your school?" continued the great man. "They are flourishing repidly, sir," replied the diplomatic boy, though in truth he had not the least idea what "liberal ideas" were. On hearing this Mr. Gladstone grew more benignant than before, and "Would you like my autogroph?" he suggested. On hearing that his small acquaintance would like it very much he took out a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote on the refreshment bar: "Yours, with best wishes for your future, William E. Gladstone." And from that day to this the boy has been a stanch Gladstonian liberal.