

AND AROUND

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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HELPING HIMSELF;

OR GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Heitor's Inheritance," "The Store Boy," "Work and Win," "The Ragged Dick Series," and "Fattorel Tom Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

"I WILL save her if I can," said Grant to himself.

The task, however, was not an easy one. The drunken man was tall and strongly made, and his condition did not appear to interfere with his locomotion. He was evidently half-crazed with drink and his pursuit of the young girl rose probably from a blind impulse, but it was likely to be none the less serious for her. Grant saw at once that he was far from being a match for the drunkard in physical strength. If he had been timid, a regard for his personal safety would have led him to keep aloof. But he would have despised himself if he had not done what he could for the girl—stranger though she was—who was in such peril.

It chanced that Grant had cut a stout stick to help him on his way. This suggested his plan of campaign. He ran sideways toward the pursuer, and thrust his stick between his legs, tripping him up. The man fell violently forward, and lay as if stunned, breathing heavily. Grant was alarmed at first, fearing that he might be seriously hurt, but a glance assured him that his strop was chiefly the result of his potations.

There he hurried to overtake the girl, who, seeing what had taken place, had paused in her flight.

"Don't be frightened!" said Grant. "The man can't get up at present. I will see you home if you will tell me where you live."

"I am boarding at Mrs. Grant's, quarter of a mile back, mamma and I," answered the girl, the color temporarily banished by fright returning to her cheeks.

"Where did you fall in with this man?" inquired Grant.

"I was taking a walk," answered the girl, "and overtook him. I did not take much notice of him at first, and was not aware of his condition till he began to run after me. Then I was almost frightened to death, and don't think I ever ran so fast in my life."

"You were in serious danger. He was fast overtaking you."

"I saw that he was, and I believe I should have dropped if you had not come up and saved me. How brave you were!"

Grant colored with pleasure, though he disclaimed the praise.

"Oh, it was nothing," he said, modestly. "But we had better start at once, for he may revive."

"Oh, let us go then!" exclaimed the girl in terror, and hardly knowing what she did seized Grant's arm. "See, he is beginning to stir. Do come quickly!"

Clinging to Grant's arm, the two hastened away, leaving the inebriate on the ground.

Grant now had leisure to view more closely the girl he had rescued. She was a very pretty girl, a year or two younger than himself, of a bright, vivacious manner, and her rescuer thought her very attractive.

"Do you live round here?" she asked.

"I live in Colebrook, the village close by. I was talking from Somerset."

"I should like to know the name of one who has done me so great a service."

"We will exchange names, if you like," said Grant, smiling. "My name is Grant Thornton. I am the son of Rev. John Thornton, who is minister in Colebrook."

"So you are a minister's son. I have always heard that ministers' sons are apt to be wild," said the girl, smiling mischievously.

"I am an exception," said Grant, demurely.

"I am ready to believe it," returned his companion. "My name is Carrie Clifton;

my mother is a minister's daughter, so I have a right to think well of ministers' families."

"How long have you been boarding in this neighborhood, Miss Carrie?"

"Only a week. I am afraid I shan't dare to stay here any longer."

"It is not often you would meet with such an adventure as this. I hope you won't allow it to frighten you away."

"Do you know that drunken man? Does he live near by?"

"I think he is a stranger—a tramp. I never saw him before, and I know almost everybody who lives about here."

"I am glad he doesn't live here."

"I will probably push on his way and not come this way again during the summer."

"I hope you are right. He might try to revenge himself on you for tripping him up."

"I don't think he saw me to recognize me. He was so drunk that he didn't know what he was about. When he gets over his intoxication he probably won't remember anything that has happened."

By this time they had reached the gate of the farmhouse where Carrie was boarding, and Grant prepared to leave her.

"I think you are safe now," he said.

"Oh, but I shan't let you go yet," said the girl. "You must come in and see mother."

Grant hesitated, but he felt that he should like to meet the mother of a young lady who seemed so much so attractive, and he allowed himself to be

led into the yard. Mrs. Clifton was sitting in a rustic chair under a tree behind the house. There Grant and his companion found her. Carrie poured forth her story impetuously, and then drawing Grant forward indicated him as her rescuer.

Her mother listened with natural alarm, shuddering at the peril from which her daughter had so happily escaped.

"I cannot tell how grateful I am to you for the service you have done my daughter," she said, warmly. "You are a very brave boy. There is not one in ten who would have had the courage to act as you did."

"You praise me more than I deserve, Mrs. Clifton. I saw the man was drunk, and I did not really run much risk in what I did. I am very thankful that I was able to be of service to Miss Carrie."

"It is most fortunate that you were at hand. My daughter might have been killed."

"What do you think, mother? He is a minister's son," said Carrie, vivaciously.

"That certainly is no objection in my eyes," said Mrs. Clifton, smiling. "For I am a minister's daughter. Where does your father preach?"

"His church is only a mile distant, in the village."

"I shall hear him, then, next Sunday. Last Sunday Carrie and I were both tired, and remained at home, but I have always been accustomed to go to church somewhere."

"Papa will be here next Sunday," said Carrie. "He can only come Saturday night on account of his business."

"Does he do business in New York?" asked Grant.

"Yes, his store is on Broadway."

"We live on Madison Avenue, and whenever you are in the city we shall be very glad to have you call," said Mrs. Clifton, graciously.

"Thank you; I should like to call very much," answered Grant, who was quite sincere in what he said. "But I don't often go to New York."

"Perhaps you will get a place there sometime," suggested Carrie.

"I should like to," replied Grant.

"Then your father does not propose to send you to college?"

It was Mrs. Clifton who said this.

"He wishes me

tain the money. Part of it was paid on account to Mr. Tudor, and silenced his importunities for a time. As to his own plans, there was nothing for Grant to do except to continue his studies, as he might enter college after all. If any employment should offer of a remunerative character, he felt that it would be his duty to accept it in spite of his uncle's objections, but such chances were not very likely to happen while he remained in the country, for obvious reasons.

Three weeks passed, and again not only Mr. Tudor but another creditor began to be troublesome.

"How soon is your father going to pay up his bill?" asked Tudor, when Grant called at the store for a gallon of molasses.

"Very soon, I hope," faltered Grant.

"I hope so too," answered the grocer, grimly.

"Only three weeks ago I paid you thirty-three dollars," said Grant.

"And you have been increasing the balance ever since," said Tudor, frowning.

"If your father could get his salary regularly—commenced Grant.

"That's his affair, not mine," rejoined the grocer.

"I have to pay my bills regular, and I can't afford to wait months for my pay."

Grant looked uncomfortable, but did not know what to say.

"The short and the long of it is, that for this week your father must either pay up his bill, or pay cash for what articles he gets hereafter."

"Very well," said Grant, coldly. He was too proud to remonstrate. Moreover, though he felt angry, he was constrained to admit that the grocer had some reason for his course.

"Something must be done," he said to himself, but he was not wise enough to decide what that something should be.

Though he regretted to pain his mother, he felt obliged to report to her what the grocer had said.

"Don't be troubled, mother," he said, as he noticed the shade of anxiety which came over her face. "Something will turn up."

Mrs. Thornton shook her head.

"It isn't safe to trust that, Grant," she said; "we must be on our selves."

"I wish I knew how," said Grant perplexed.

"I am afraid I shall have to make a sacrifice," said Mrs. Thornton, not addressing Grant, but rather in soliloquy.

Grant looked at his mother in surprise. What sacrifice could she refer to? Did she mean that they must move into a smaller house, and retrench generally? That was all that occurred to him.

"V. night, perhaps, move into a smaller house, mother," said he, "but we have none too much room here, and the difference in rent wouldn't be much."

"I didn't mean that," Grant. Listen, and I will tell you what I do mean. You know that I was named after a rich lady, the friend of my mother?"

"I have heard you say so."

"When she died, she left me by will a pearl necklace, and two bracelets, both of very considerable value."

"I have never seen you wear them, mother."

"No; I have not thought they would be suitable for the wife of a poor minister. My wearing them would excite unfavorable comment in the parish."

"I don't see whose business it would be," said Grant, indignantly.

"At any rate, just or not, I knew what would be said," Mrs. Thornton replied.

"How is it you have never shown the pearl ornaments to me, mother?"

"You were only five years old when they came to me, and I put them away at once, and have seldom thought of them since. I have been thinking that, as they are of no use to me, I should be justified in selling them for what I can get, and appropriating the proceeds toward paying your father's debts."

"How much do you think they are worth, mother?"

"A lady to whom I showed them once said



to go, but I think I ought to go to work to help him. He has two other children besides me."

"Is either one a girl?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, I have a sister of thirteen, named Mary."

"I wish you would bring her here to see me," said Carrie. "I haven't got acquainted with any girls yet."

Mrs. Clifton seconded the invitation, and Grant promised that he would do so. In fact, he was pleased at the opportunity it would give him of improving his acquaintance with the young lady from New York. He returned home very well pleased with his trip to Somerset, though he had failed in the object of his expedition.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. THORNTON'S PEARLS.

The next Sunday Mrs. Clifton and her daughter appeared at church, and Grant had the pleasure of greeting them. He was invited with his sister to take supper with them on the next Monday afternoon, and accepted the invitation. About sunset he met his new friends walking, with the addition of the husband and father, who, coming Saturday evening from New York, had felt too fatigued to attend church. Mr. Clifton, to whom he was introduced, was a portly man in middle life, who received Grant quite graciously, and made for himself acknowledgement of the service which our hero had rendered his daughter.

"If I ever have the opportunity of doing you a favor, Master Thornton, you may call upon me with confidence," he said.

Grant thanked him, and was better pleased than if he had received an immediate gift. Meanwhile Deacon Gridley kept his promise, and advanced the minister fifty dollars, deducting a month's interest. Even with this deduction Mrs. Thornton was very glad to ob-

tain the money. Part of it was paid on account to Mr. Tudor, and silenced his importunities for a time. As to his own plans, there was nothing for Grant to do except to continue his studies, as he might enter college after all. If any employment should offer of a remunerative character, he felt that it would be his duty to accept it in spite of his uncle's objections, but such chances were not very likely to happen while he remained in the country, for obvious reasons.

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"How much do you think they are worth, mother?"

"A lady to whom I showed them once said

they must have cost five hundred dollars or more."

Grant whistled. "Do you mind showing them to me, mother?" he asked Tom.

Mrs. Thornton went up stairs, and brought down the pearl necklace and bracelets. They were very handsome, and Grant gazed at them with admiration.

"I wonder what the ladies would say if you should wear them to the sewing circle," he said humorously.

"They would think I was going over to the vanities of this world," responded his mother, smiling.

"They can be of no possible use to me now, or hereafter, and I believe it will be the best thing I can do to sell them."

"Where can you sell them? No one here can afford to buy them."

"They must be sold in New York, and I must depend upon you to attend to the business for me."

"Can you trust me, mother? Wouldn't father—"

"Your father has no head for business, Grant. He is a learned man, and knows a great deal about books, but of practical matters he knows very little. You are only a boy, but you are a very sensible and trustworthy boy, and I shall have to depend upon you."

"I will do the best I can, mother. Only tell me what you want me to do."

"I wish you to take these pearls, and go to New York. You can find a purchaser there, if anywhere. I suppose it will be best to take them to some jewelry store, and drive the best bargain you can."

"When do you wish me to go, mother?"

"There can be no advantage in delay. If to-morrow is pleasant, you may as well go then."

"Shall you tell father your plan?"

"No, Grant, it might make him feel bad to think I was compelled to make a sacrifice, and that after all it was only a little of a sacrifice to me. Years since I decided to trouble him as little as possible with matters of business. It could do no good, and by making him anxious unfitted him for his professional work."

Mrs. Thornton's course may not be considered wise by some, but she knew her husband's peculiar mental constitution, and her object at least was praiseworthy, to screen him from undue anxiety, though it involved an extra share for herself.

The next morning Grant took an early breakfast, and walked briskly toward the depot to take the first train for New York.

The fare would be a dollar and a quarter each way, for the distance was fifty miles, and this, both he and his mother felt to be a large outlay. If, however, he succeeded in his errand it would be wisely spent, and this was their hope.

At the depot Grant found Tom Calder, a youth of eighteen, who had the reputation of being wild, and had been suspected of dishonesty. He had been employed in the city, so that Grant was not surprised to meet him at the depot.

"Hello, Grant! where are you bound?" he asked.

"I am going to New York."

"What for?"

"A little business," Grant answered evasively. Tom was the last person he felt inclined to take into his confidence.

"Goin' to try to get a place?"

"If any good chance offers, I shall accept it—that is, if father and mother are willing."

"Let's take a seat together—that's what I'm going for myself."

CHAPTER VI.

GRANT GETS INTO UNEXPECTED TROUBLE.

TOM CALDER was not the companion Grant would have chosen, but there seemed no good excuse for declining his company. He belonged to a rather disreputable family living in the borders of the village. If this had been all, it would not have been fair to object to him, but Tom himself bore not a very high reputation. He had been suspected more than once of stealing from his school companions, and when employed for a time by Mr. Tudor in the village store, the latter began to miss money from the till, but Tom was so shy that he had been unable to bring the theft home to him. However, he thought it best to dispense with his services.

"What kind of a situation are you going to try for?" asked Grant, when they were fairly on their way.

"I don't know. They say that beggars mustn't be choosers."

"I want to get into a broker's office if I can," said Tom.

"Do you consider that a very good business?" asked Grant.

"I should say so," responded Tom, emphatically.

"Do they pay high wages?"

"Not extra, but a feller can get points, and make something of a promise market."

"What's that?" asked Grant, puzzled.

"Oh, I forgot. You ain't used to the city," responded Tom, complacently. "I mean, you find out when a stock is going up, and you buy for a rise."

"But doesn't that take considerable money?" asked Grant, wondering how Tom could raise money to buy stocks.

"Oh, you can go to the bucket-shops," answered Tom.

"But what have bucket-shops to do with stocks?" asked Grant, more than ever puzzled.

"Tom burst into a loud laugh. "Ain't you jolly green, though?" he ejaculated.

Grant was rather nettled at this.

"I don't see how I could be expected to understand such talk," he said, with some asperity.

"That's where it is—you can't," said Tom. "If I like A. B. C., to me, and I forget that you didn't know anything about Wall Street. A bucket-shop is where you can buy stock in small lots, putting down a dollar a share as margin. If stocks go up, you sell out on the rise, and get back your dollar minus the interest."

"Suppose you go down?"

"Then you lose what you put up."

"Isn't it rather risky?"

"Of course there's some risk, but if you have a good point there isn't much."

"This is Tom Calder's view of the matter. As a matter of fact, the great majority of those who visit the bucket-shops lose all they put in, and are likely sooner or later to get into difficulty; so that many employers will at once discharge a clerk or boy known to speculate in this way."

"If I had any money I'd buy some stock to-day, that is, as soon as I get to the city," continued Tom. "You couldn't lend me five dollars, could you?"

"No, I can't," answered Grant, shortly.

"I'd give you half the profits."

"I haven't got the money," Grant explained.

"That's a pity. The fact is, I'm rather short. However, I know plenty of fellows in the city, and I can raise a fanner or so."

"They won't credit much to be better in New York than in Colebrook," thought Grant, but he forbore to say so.

Grant was rather glad the little package of pearls was in the pocket farthest away from him, for his opinion of his companion's honesty was not the highest.

When half an hour had passed, Tom vacated his seat.

"I'm going into the smoking car," he said, "to have a smoke. Won't you come with me?"

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"Then it's time you began. I've got a cigarette for you, if you'll try it."

"Much obliged, but I am better off without it."

"You'll soon get over that little boy feeling. Why, boys in the city of half your size smoke."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Well, ta, ta! I'll be back soon."

Grant was not sorry to have Tom leave him. He didn't care to guess if Tom would be so far from what it would be rather embarrassing if Tom should take a fancy to remain with him in the city. He didn't care to have any one, certainly not Tom, learn on what errand he had come to the city.

Two or three minutes more elapsed after Tom vacated his seat, when a pleasant-looking gentleman of middle age, who had been sitting just behind them, rose and took the seat beside Grant.

"I will sit with you if you don't object," said he.

"I should be glad of your company," said Grant, politely.

"You live in the country, I infer?"

"Yes, sir."

"I overheard your conversation with the young man who has just left you. I suspect you are not very much alike."

"I hope not, sir. Perhaps Tom would say the same, for he thinks me green."

"There is such a thing as knowing too much—that isn't desirable to know. So you don't smile at last?"

"No, sir."

"I wish more boys of your age could say as much. Do I understand that you are going to the city in search of employment?"

"That is not my chief errand," answered Grant, with some hesitation. "Still, if I could hear of a good chance, I might induce my parents to let me accept it."

"Where do you live, my young friend?"

"In Colebrook. My father is the minister there."

"That ought to be a recommendation, for it is to be supposed you have been carefully trained. Some of our most successful business men have been minister's sons."

"Are you in business in New York, sir?" asked Grant, thinking he had a right by this time to ask a question.

"Yes, here is my card."

Taking the card, Grant learned that his companion was Mr. Henry Reynolds, and was a broker, with an office in New Street.

"Can you see you are a broker, sir," said Grant.

"Tom Calder wants to get a place in a broker's office."

"I should prefer that he would try some other broker," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling.

"I don't want a boy who deals with the bucket-shops."

"This is what Tom re-entered the car, having finished his cigarette. Observing that his place had been taken, he sat down at a little distance.

"When you get ready to take a place," said the broker, "call at my office, and though I won't promise you a place, I shall feel well disposed if I can make room for you."

"Thank you, sir," said Grant, gratefully. "I hope if I ever do enter your employment, I shall merit your confidence."

"I have good hopes of it. By the way, you may as well give me your name."

"I am Grant Thornton, of Colebrook," said our hero.

Mr. Reynolds entered the name in a little pocket diary, and left the seat, which Tom Calder immediately took.

"Who's that old codger?" he asked.

"The gentleman who has just left me is a New York business man."

"You got pretty thick with him, eh?"

"We talked a little."

Grant took care not to mention that Mr. Reynolds was a broker, as he knew that Tom would press for an introduction in that case. After a few more remarks New York, Tom showed a disposition to remain with Grant, but the latter said, "We'd better separate, and we can meet again after we have attended to our business."

A meeting place was agreed upon, and Tom went on his way.

Now came the difficult part of Grant's task. Where should he go to dispose of his pearls? He walked along undecided, till he came to a large jewelry store. It struck him that this would be a good place for his purpose, and he entered.

"What can I do for you, young man?" asked a man of thirty behind the counter.

"I have some pearl ornaments I would like to sell," said Grant.

"I'll send the clerk, fixing a suspicious glance upon Grant, "let me see them."

Grant took out the necklace and bracelets, and passed them over. No sooner had he done so, than a shrewdly dressed lady advanced to the place where he was standing, and held out her hand for the ornaments.

"I forbid you to buy those articles, sir. They are mine. The boy stole them from me, and I have followed him here, suspecting that he intended to dispose of them."

"That is false!" exclaimed Grant, indignantly. "I never saw that woman before in my life."

"So you are a liar and a thief!" said the woman. "You will please give those pearls, sir."

The clerk looked at the two contestants in confusion. He was disposed to believe the lady's statement.

(To be continued.)

"Helping Himself" commenced in No. one *Hand and Foot*. Book numbers of the *Argosy* can be had at any time. Ask your newswriter for them, or order them of the publisher.

CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A GENTLEMAN who lives in Brooklyn has had for years a "double" who has given him much trouble. He never saw his "double," and his "double," so far as he himself knows, has never seen him. But there is a continual game of cross-purposes. Calling the original A, he finds that B has been mistaken for him time and again, and vice versa—as, for example, when A was reproached by a lady friend for having passed her in the street without recognition, although she had bowed to him and spoken his name, he was able to satisfy her that at that particular hour of that particular day, instead of being in New York, he was in Philadelphia.

A similar story is told by an English writer, in a humorous vein, in one of the October periodicals. He says:

My name is Withers—Richard Withers, of Jeremy Street, London, ostensibly an importer. I am not Bloobs of Wadhams; that is what I wish to be clearly understood. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty, or thereabouts, the great firm of Nature and Company, falling short, I suppose in their original material, issued a couple of duplicates—*fac-similes*, and I had the misfortune to be one of them. We were not twins; there was no mystic sympathy of being between us to whisper to each other, "Thou hast a double;" nothing in the slightest degree to suggest that there was a ditto somewhere.

My first introduction to a knowledge of the other twin was some few years ago. As I was walking along the street, on my way to business, I was saluted from behind with a most tremendous thwack across the shoulders. I turned round, angry, and an utter stranger, with outstretched hand and beautiful smile, confronted me.

"Delighted to see you, old boy," said he. "How is the wife and the picanninies?"

"Sir," I replied, rubbing my back as well as I was able, "I am a bachelor."

"D'ye mean to say you are not Bloobs?" said he.

"Certainly I do, sir," answered I, with warmth.

"Well, then, it's nothing more nor less than a coincidence," said he.

"Sir," said I, "it's a blister." And it was a blister.

The very next day, and almost at the same place, I received two thwacks across the shoulders from that identical cane, and in the same unmistakable Hibernal accents, I heard it shouted: "I got you another man for you yesterday; but bedad, I've got you to-day!"

I happened to have a nephew at college at that time; and I went down to stay with him for a week.

"What was that last?" exclaimed one of the Fellows did surprise me to a very considerable extent.

"Well, how are you, old boy? So you are come down to see us at last?" exclaimed one, at the very gate, as he shook my hand most heartily.

"But you are getting bald, and you're shorter than you were, too, a good deal."

"Really?" But my nephew came up just at that moment and prevented any explanation. I was placed next to the sub-warden after dinner, and was treated with all imaginable kindness.

"Blobs, you used to be had at chapels, had at lectures, but always good-tempered and ready to take a joke."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed I, "I am not Blobs!"

"Alas, it was but little good for me to say it. I went out to breakfast at another college, and got my name introduced to every body as Richard Withers; but the association of ideas proved almost as bad as the confusion of persons, for I was asked about six times whether I knew Blobs. The principal disadvantages of my resemblance to this person have been counterbalanced by no benefits; nobody has ever paid me money for Blobs."

or asked me to dinner, or given me so much as a lift in his carriage.

After a few more of these kind had happened, I learned to take them quietly enough; if I was arrested for debt, or even got lodged in prison for murder, it would not much distress me. "It's Bibles," I should say; "that's all." I never saw the parody upon myself in all my life, although occasionally I must have been very nearly coming across him. What a shocking business it will be when one of us dies! Perhaps we shall expire simultaneously.

A MAN WHO FOUND HIS VOCATION.

THERE died in Egypt, two years ago, foully murdered, a young Englishman of varied accomplishments, who, like Buckle, had attained eminence at an age when the majority of men are but just beginning their career. He was Edward Henry Palmer, one of the most distinguished linguists of his time, a traveler, a geographer, an author, and Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. The Arabs murdered him in Egypt when he was forty-two years old—August, 1881.

The story of this young man's life is as interesting as a romance. Born in Cambridge in 1840, he was left an orphan at a very early age, and was adopted by an aunt. At school, he was not in the least a brilliant student, but suddenly he developed an exceptional talent for the acquisition of languages, and the study of the Romany tongue of the Gypsies fascinated him. He speedily mastered the difficult vocabulary of that language; devoting to that end all his spare time and his pocket-money, fraternizing with the Romanies in their encampments, and talking freely with the traveling tinkers in order to add a few words to his store. His biographer, Mr. Walter Besant, in a volume just published in England, tells some interesting stories of the life led among the Gypsies by Mr. Palmer; and Charles Godfrey Leland, the well-known American author, who is himself an authority on Gypsy lore, adds some interesting facts. Leland once said of a trip that he and Palmer made: "What with our speaking Romany down to the uttermost crust, and Palmer's incredible proficiency at every kind of log-grammar, these honest people never could quite make up their minds whether we were a kind of Brahmins, to which they were as Sudras, or what."

So perfect was Palmer's accent when he had acquired a new language, that the natives who had spoken it were often deceived. On one occasion, in Paris, he entered into conversation with a Turco—a native Arab. The man was completely deceived, and abused him roundly for that he, being a Muslim, should debase himself by wearing the garments of the infidel! He spoke ten languages, not to mention dialects, and it is said that in all his accent and idiom were equally perfect—in fact, his power of imbibing language was marvellous. An Englishman, who had been in the East for a couple of days to Cambridge, Palmer was so much in his company, and during that time acquired so much Chinese that it was justly regarded as a feat. One day, when he had remained a day longer the Professor would have mastered the language completely, and added it to his course of lectures.

Tiring of the Arabic Professorship at Cambridge, Palmer turned his attention to journalism, and this brought him to the notice of the British Government, and in July, 1879, he was appointed interpreter-chief to Her Majesty's forces in Egypt, and it was while engaged in his official duties during the war with the Arabs that he and his escort were set upon and cruelly murdered.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S JOKE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a favorite contributor to the *Atlantic*, and one of the brightest of American magazine writers, once determined to play a joke upon the popular monthly. He wrote a long, clever article, which he called "The Essence of American Humor," employed some one to copy it, and sign it, "W. Perry Paine," and send it to the *Atlantic*, with the request that it be mailed effort, the editor, who gave his opinion in writing. In the evening, he fortnight, but heard nothing, when, being in Boston, he dropped into the office of the *Atlantic*, and meeting James T. Fields, admirably turned the conversation upon humor, and remarked that it was singular so little was written on the subject. Fields replied: "We get a good deal of manuscript on humor, but it is so poor we cannot use it. I threw into the waste-basket the other day a long article christened 'The Essence of American Humor,' which should have been styled 'The Essence of Nonsense,' for a more absurd farrago of stuff I have never seen." Lowell, much to the surprise of the editor, burst into a roar of laughter, and informed Mr. Fields that he had given the name of Perry Paine to the editor turned all colors, and declared it was one of Lowell's jokes. "Indeed it is," responded Lowell, "and the best one I ever played."

DIFFICULTIES OF PROOF-READING.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, a number of Professors of the Edinburgh University attempted to publish a work which should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to secure the desired result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of one page; and after it was thought perfect, it was posted in the hall of the university with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who would discover an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been posted before the work was printed, and the Professors thought they had attained the object for which they had been striving. When the work was issued it was discovered that there had been some errors committed. The "Vinegar Bible" and the "Breeches Bible" are also cases in point.

SALK-NEWS IN WINTER TIME.

I WALKED beside a dark gray sea,
And said, "O, world, how cold thou art!
Thou poor and warm from this depart.
For joy and warmth from their depart.
"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
Winter sits cowering on the world,
And I, beside the sparkling sea,
Am no less lonely, also cold."
I spoke, and drew toward a rock,
Where many waves made twilight sweet;
Their wings upraised in the springing foam,
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.
Joy companied with every cry,
In their food, in that keen wind,
The leaving sea, the sparkling foam,
And in themselves, and in their kind.
The phantoms of the deep at play!
What lids grace the twittering things,
Luxuriant padding in the springing foam,
And delicate lifting up of wings.
Then all at once a flight, and fast;
The lovely crowd flew out to sea;
If mine own life has been changed,
Earth had not looked more changed to me.
With that I felt the gloom depart,
And thought within me did unfold,
Warm smothering in the springing foam,
I walked in joy, and was not cold.

CAMP-FIRE AND WIGWAM.

By EDWARDS S. ELLIS.
Author of "The Lost Trail," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nightingale and the Poet," "Young Pioneer Series," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRAPPERS.

THE NEW arrivals resembled Burt Hawkins in their dress and accoutrements. They wore coonskin caps, hunting dress leggings, coarse shoes, etc., and each carried a long knife and a hunting knife as his weapons. They were rugged, powerful fellows, whose long experience in the wilderness had given them the means of hunting and mysteries, beyond that of ordinary men. They were hardy and active, with the faculties of hearing, seeing and smelling cultivated to a point almost incredible. They were all white men, in one respect - both were their faces smooth. Although far removed from civilization, they kept themselves provided with the means of shaving their cheeks. Perhaps through indifference, their beards were sometimes allowed to grow for weeks, but they made sure they were in presentable shape when they rode animals, or long distances, with their peltries, and, receiving pay therefor, joined their families in that frontier town.

The three men had been hunters and trappers for many years. Sometimes they worked alone, and sometimes in the company of others. They trapped principally for beavers and otters, though they trapped also a few foxes and other fur-bearing animals. A hundred years ago, there were numerous beaver runs in the central portions of our country, and, for a long time almost every man had a beaver run. The valuable furs, hundreds and thousands of which were brought from the mountain streams and solitudes of the West to the plains, whence they were sent eastward and distributed.

The trapper's pursuit has always been a severe one, for, aside from the fierce storms, sudden changes and violent winds, the trapper and his wife were exposed to the rifles of lurking Indians, who resented the intrusion of any one into their territory. And yet there was an attraction about the solitary life, far beyond the confines of civilization, which took men from their families and buried them in the wilderness frequently for years at a time. It is not surprising, therefore, that men like which kept Daniel Boone wandering for months through the woods and cane-brakes of Kentucky, without a single companion and with the Indians almost closing upon him.

When Burt Hawkins and his two friends left St. Louis, late in summer or early in the fall, each rode a mule or horse, besides having two pack animals to carry their supplies. They followed some faintly marked trail, made perhaps by the hoofs of their own animals, and did not reach their destination until the middle of the winter. It was among the tributaries of the Missouri, which have their rise in the Ozark range in the present State of Missouri.

The traps and animals which from time to time were taken westward, were not, as a matter of course, brought back, for that would have endangered their animals and the purpose of the warm weather approached and the fur bearers began shedding their hair, the traps were gathered and stowed away until needed again in the autumn. Then the skins that had been taken from time to time through the winter, were brought forth and strapped on the backs of the animals, and the journey homeward was begun. There was no trouble for the trappers to "foot their sticks," as the expression went; for the Northwest Fur Company and other wealthy corporations had their agents in St. Louis, and the trappers were glad to buy at liberal prices all the peltries within reach.

No trapper was likely to accumulate wealth by this method, and, indeed, when they returned home and frequently during the summer he found some other employment that brought return for his labors.

Hawkins, Kellogg and Crummet were on their way home, having started a little later than their custom, and they had reached the point referred to in the preceding paragraph, when they were taken into camp. In the morning, when they began to reload their animals, it was found that a rifle belonging to Kit Kellogg was missing. It had been strapped on the mule, and when the mule was carried, but had worked loose and fallen unnoticed to the ground. It was too valuable to be abandoned, and Kit Kellogg went back to look for it. They went on foot, leaving the animals cropping some succulent grass a short distance away.

The quadrupeds underwent a hard time during the winter, when grass was scanty, so that such halts were appreciated by them. The spot where they were grazing was far enough removed to prevent them from being taken, and when they were reconnoitering the camp. While two of the company were hunting for the weapon, the third remained behind, and when they returned, at the time came, preparing dinner against the return of the other ones. The meat was good, but not so delicate as the beaver-tails on which they frequently feasted, and they were glad to get it. It has been said more than once that the Indians along the western bank of the Mississippi were less

aggressive than those who so often crimsoned the soil of Kentucky and Ohio with the blood of Simon Kenton. It was the truth, but those who were found on the very outermost fringe of civilization, from far up toward the headwaters of the Yellowstone down to the Gulf, were anything but harmless creatures. As the more warlike tribes in the East were pushed over into that region, they carried their vindictive natures with them, and it was not until the history of the Shawnee was told. We require anything further to be said in that direction.

When Hawkins went to the beaver-run with his rifle, he did not expect to find anything with Deerfoot. He had his companions, besides the two named, a third—Albert Rushton, who, like the others, was a veteran trapper. One snowy day, while the trapper was out, the weather was unusually severe, he started on his round of his division of the traps and never came back. His prolonged absence led to a search, and his dead body was found beside one of the demolished traps. The bullet hole through his forehead and the missing scalp that had been torn from his crown, told plainly enough the manner of his death.

This was a shocking occurrence, but the fate of Rushton was that to which every one of his friends was liable, and they did not sit down and say that they could not be helped. The saddest thought connected with the matter was that one of the three must break the news to the invalid wife, and that would be a fearful thing. On one of the frontier settlements through which they passed on their way to St. Louis.

When Deerfoot told Hawkins the others were returning, the trapper turned his head and saw that Kellogg had found the missing rifle. The couple looked sharply at the warrior as they advanced, and he said nothing, but was greatly relieved, while Hawkins gave a snarl of disgust.

"Some folks are very free with their tongues, but when it comes to business, they ain't there; hoversmover, let that go; we've got our extra rifle, and I s'pose we might as well keep the tramp toward St. Louis. Deerfoot, can't you go with us?" He shook his head, and said: "Heerfoot is hunting for two friends who are lost; he must not sleep nor tarry on the way."

"But he ain't hunting for no friends, he's hunting for game or his enemies." "And therein is wise," added Kellogg, shrewd enough to see the situation in all its bearings. "You said nothing, but was greatly relieved, while Hawkins gave a snarl of disgust."

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"One thing is sartin," remarked Burt Hawkins, when the story was fully told, "them boys ain't dead." "I agree with you," said Kellogg, with an emphatic nod of the head, in which even the shrewd Crummet joined. Deerfoot was surprised at this remark, and inquired of Hawkins his reason for his belief.

"Cause it's agin common sense; when two young men go out in the woods to hunt game, both of 'em is bound to be killed; if one of 'em is killed, the other is bound to be hurt, but if that was so, and the other couldn't get away, the Julius would be bound to be killed; if he didn't, he wouldn't be the varmints carried away both, and if you make a good hunt for three or four thousand miles around, you'll get track of 'em."

"But you know a better way than that," said Kellogg, and the others looked inquiringly toward him, he said, "both of them chaps have been took by Injuns who'll keep them awhile. One of 'em is bound to be killed; if he didn't, he wouldn't be the varmints carried away both, and if you make a good hunt for three or four thousand miles around, you'll get track of 'em."

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"If you doubt the skill of Deerfoot, I'll make you a wager that he can outshoot you, you using your Six-shooter, he his bow and arrow, or you can both use a gun."

"He might do all that or that," said Kellogg, with a twinkle of the eye, and it wouldn't prove that for a while. Crummet was able to catch the meaning of this remark, and it goaded him almost to the striking point, and he said nothing, but was greatly relieved, while Hawkins gave a snarl of disgust.

CHAPTER XIX. DEERFOOT'S WOODCRAFT.

NEITHER DEERFOOT nor the trapper wished to engage in the trial of skill suggested by Burt Hawkins, but he felt that the best place he would be worsted, in which event he would never hear the last of it from his friends. He might well shrink, therefore, from such a contest. He said nothing, but was greatly relieved, while Hawkins gave a snarl of disgust.

"Some folks are very free with their tongues, but when it comes to business, they ain't there; hoversmover, let that go; we've got our extra rifle, and I s'pose we might as well keep the tramp toward St. Louis. Deerfoot, can't you go with us?" He shook his head, and said: "Heerfoot is hunting for two friends who are lost; he must not sleep nor tarry on the way."

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ances of the trapper: "Deerfoot will not forget what he has said; he will carry his words with him until he shall be his guard; Deerfoot says good-bye."

"And with a courteous salute to the three, your young warrior walked three or four steps, broke into a light run, and was out of sight before his intention was fairly understood. The trappers looked in each others' faces, laughed, made some characteristic remarks, and then turned to their own business.

Deerfoot the Shawnee had determined to follow the advice given by Burt Hawkins the trapper. It certainly was a bold step, and one which a woodman as the Indian should profit by the council of a white man, even though he was a veteran; but Deerfoot had studied the problem so long that he was not so much concerned, and having formed his own line of conduct, he only needed the endorsement of some sturdy character like the hunter. He had received that endorsement, and now he could not use too much haste.

His intention was to journey rapidly southward, in the direction of the present State of Arkansas, until he should reach some of the Indian villages that were there a hundred years ago. He would push his inquiries among them, just as Burt Hawkins had suggested, pressing the search in other directions, until he should find some clue. After that, it would be an easy matter to determine the line of policy that would lead to success.

Any one engaged in such a task as that on which the young Shawnee had entered, needs to take all the observations he can, for the knowledge thus gained is sure to be of great help. The Indian seemed to have no objection to pick up some clue. After that, it would be an easy matter to determine the line of policy that would lead to success.

The elevation was similar to those with which the reader became familiar long ago, and the sun had not yet reached the horizon when the lithe trapper had climbed some of the Indian villages that were there a hundred years ago. He would push his inquiries among them, just as Burt Hawkins had suggested, pressing the search in other directions, until he should find some clue.

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A charming serial story by Mrs. Mary A. Denison, will be published in the Argosy in a few weeks, just as soon as we can make room for it.

THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

There was, when the lecturer, in swallow-tailed coat and immaculate white necktie, was a refulgent figure. There were various comicallities incident to his appearances before the public:—as, for example, when Deacon Zebediah Jenkins introduced a distinguished missionary who had passed twenty-five years of his life in Ceylon, in the following terms:

"Gentlemen and ladies," (he got the cart before the horse) "I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Reverend Mr. Brown, who has spent the greater part of his life in the ministry in a land which is made familiar to you by the well-known missionary hymn:

"—where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile."

The Rev. Mr. Brown didn't quite appreciate the force of the simile, but he accepted the situation.

Moral:—Always be sure of the aptness of your quotations.

TALL OAKS FROM ACORNS.

It is a curious fact in human history that some of the greatest people have risen from very small beginnings. Take the great singers of the present day for example: Christine Nilsson was a ragged street-singer; Jenny Lind, a Swedish peasant's child; Campanini, the famous tenor, a servant; Nicolini, the husband of Adeline Patti, a bar-tender; Balfe, composer of "The Bohemian Girl," the son of a Irish cottager. Beethoven's mother was a cook's daughter; Haydn's father was a wheelwright; Gungl learned to sing while his father wore stockings; Madame Lucca is the daughter of a Vienna Hebrew, originally of low estate; Paganini nearly starved to death in his boyhood; and Schumann's early years were passed in a print-shop. But genius will always make its way.

PROMPTNESS IN AFFAIRS.

It was the sound advice of a literary man who accomplished an incredible amount of work, to do whatever was to be done at the proper moment, and to take his recreation afterward. This involved rising at four o'clock in the summer, and at five o'clock in the winter. His best work was performed before breakfast; after luncheon at two o'clock in the afternoon he held himself free to receive his friends and to go out to see what the world was doing. At ten o'clock he was in bed, to be up again at four—and so his work was done in a way that mankind liked, and that brought him all the reward he hoped for. Promptness and assiduity, coupled with capacity, win the goal that men aim at.

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A PLEASANT AND USEFUL CUSTOM.

It was a hobby of the late William Cullen Bryant to plant trees. He had a habit, when he walked abroad, of dropping into the ground an acorn, a hickory nut, an apple-seed, or a peach-pit; and the groves and orchards of his summer residences at Cummington and Roslyn bear witness to the loving care with which he cultivated this beautiful fancy. Carrying out the grand idea expressed in one of his finest poems, that "the groves were God's first temples," he was, during the whole course of his long life, the exact antithesis of Horace Greeley and Mr. Gladstone, who found their chief diversion in wielding the axe and hewing down the monarchs of the forest.

And now comes a wail from Europe, and another from Asia, that the demolition of the woods, in view of their preservation, has become the rule. Sir John Lubbock writes in one of the English October magazines that the demand of woodlands in the New Forest alone, during the past few years, has reduced forty-nine thousand acres to the condition of a barren heath; and that, while the great influence exercised by forests on climate is generally admitted, the work of destruction is still going on.

This is peculiarly the case in the United States, where vast quantities of timber are annually cut down; hence a diminution of the general water-supply and consequent depreciation in the produce of crops. In Japan, according to the latest accounts, the same conditions are beginning to appear. It has long been a law of that country that for every tree destroyed, two others shall be planted; but this law has fallen into disuse, and there is a well-founded apprehension that disaster will follow.

The custom of dropping a seed into the ground, or setting out a young shoot, at the proper season, is a good one to be revived and continued; and a generation hence our roadways in the country and our streets in the cities would show masses of greenery pleasant to the eye, refreshing from the shade they would give, and useful in years to come for the timber they would produce.

Plant trees!

A BIT OF PARISIAN LIFE.

In Paris, besides the regular bread-bakeries, there are boulangeries en vrac, or second-hand bakers, who trade in the broken scraps which daily accumulate in all large establishments—such as hotels and colleges—where bread is consumed on a great scale. This refuse is bought by weight; the best bits are picked out and sold to the cheap restaurants, which turn them to account in various ways. The "potage au pain," "croûte au pot," and other culinary concoctions on which customers are regaled in the cheap restaurants, where a dinner of three courses is to be had for a few cents, are indebted for a portion of their ingredients to this source of supply. The smaller and less presentable morsels are baked a second time and ground in a mortar. The powder is then sold to the pork butchers, who use it to garnish the hams and cutlets which present an appetizing appearance in the shop windows.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

TRANSVINGING DAY has come and gone, with all its wealth of friendly greetings, cheerful family reunions, and the inexpressible charm of human fellowship that sometimes comes athwart our human lives like glints of sunlight among bosky woods—and the Christmas time approaches. Already there is anticipation of the delights of the joyous time, and it is none too early to cast about for what will be pleasantest as tokens of regard for those we love.

AN IDYLL OF LAUGHTER.

A REALLY musical laugh is perhaps more rare than a really musical voice. The giggle, the snigger, the half-croaked laugh are common enough. But seldom do we hear that melodious sound, the laugh in its perfection. It should not be shrill, nor too loud, nor too low. It should not bear any double meaning, any hidden sarcasm in its mirth. It should not be so boisterous as to exhaust the laughter and deafen the listeners. There is the loud guffaw of the vulgar, and the laughter which appears likely to tear the listener in pieces, causing him to wipe his eyes after the explosion is over. There is the laugh of embarrassment, when a shy person at a loss what to say next "remarks to be," as Artemus Ward describes it. There is the school girl's giggle; and the schoolboy's snigger, as he reflects on some recently perpetrated, but still recollected, prank. There is the chuckle of the successful man. All these laughs bear some family resemblance to each other; they all, in their degree, express sensations of pleasure. There are darker descriptions of laughter. There are laughs more cutting than the bitterest speeches, more alarming than the cruellest threats. Satirical laughter is most offensive. A laugh can convey contempt which words would fail to express. Every one of us has been annoyed by ridicule. Even a dog is sensible when he is laughed at.

"MARK TWAIN."

THE FACETIOUS CAREER OF SAMUEL L. CLEMENS—RIVER PILOT, TRAVELLER, JOURNALIST, LECTURER, AUTHOR AND HUMORIST. BY AUGUSTUS MAVERICK.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS—"Mark Twain"—came into life with a bee in his bonnet. He can no more help being funny than water can help running down hill when it breaks loose, or steam to mingle with the clouds. He is so arranged by Nature that he looks at things through a refracting medium of his own which no other man of his time possesses, and which is a lasting joy to the thousands whom he has moved to innocent mirth. He titillates the human diaphragm—and so performs a useful function by improving men's physical and moral digestion.

"Mark" is still on the sunny side of fifty, and therefore, taking the average of human life and endurance, has a good many years for observation and sharp "prods" yet before him. Originally of English stock, which was transplanted to Virginia soil, he was born in Florida, Missouri, on the 30th of November, 1835; but his father removed soon afterward to the town of Hannibal, in the same State, where the boyhood years of the famous humorist were passed. Hannibal lay on the bank of the Mississippi river; hence the lad's early addiction to pilotage and river life, which he has described so comically (with a certain proper amount of exaggeration) in his delightful series of papers published in the Atlantic Monthly eight or nine years ago, and subsequently in his volume entitled "Life on the Mississippi," printed in Boston. His father became bankrupt, and died when "Mark" was twelve years old, and the boy, who, of course, had had but few chances of education, was forced out into the world to compass his own living. By a sort of natural instinct, he gravitated to a local printing office, and at the cases of the Hannibal Courier learned the trade at which he could make his living to-day if all other channels should happen to get clogged up—which they are not likely to be. These years of his life, however, made him uneasy. He longed to see something more of the world, perhaps with an innate sense that he had something to do in it more potent than the "sticking" of type in a country newspaper office. Setting out upon his travels, he passed a year in tramping from town to town as a journeyman printer, finding enough to do to keep the wolf from the door; but returned to his home while still under age, and in 1855 set himself to the task of "learning the river," as the study of Mississippi pilotage was then called. There were carved-in-banks on that extraordinary stream to be studied daily, because they shifted daily; and unexpected and abominable snags to be encountered; and "bends" and eddies and swift currents to be watched—but "Mark" was equal to the occasion, not only blossoming out as a trustworthy pilot, but also laying the foundation of his future literary reputation.

In 1861, the expansion of the railway system and the outbreak of the Civil War interfered with Mississippi navigation, and young Clemens, then but twenty-six years old, went to Nevada, to serve as private secretary to his brother, who had been appointed to a federal office in that territory. Tiring of that function, he tried his luck in the mines. He failed. Then he went to Virginia City (1862), and became local editor of the Enterprise; presently undertaking to make reports of legislative proceedings at Carson, in weekly letters signed "Mark Twain"—a term used by leadmen on the Mississippi to signify two fathoms of water. This was the origin of the nom de plume which he has since clung. In 1864, he accepted a place in the San Francisco Morning Call office similar to that he had filled in the Virginia City Enterprise; and two years later was sent to the Sandwich Islands as special correspondent of a Sacramento paper. His humorous sketches had by this time become popular—and remunerative. He thought he could afford to enjoy a few months of relaxation, and accordingly in 1867 made in Captain Duncan's steamship, the Quaker City, the excursion to Europe and the East which he has commemorated in "The Innocents Abroad," one of the most delightful books of travel in the English language.

"The Innocents Abroad" fairly bubbles over with fun—fun pure and simple, never coarse, and perennially delightful. The quaint conceits, the shrewd observation, the quick perception of the oddities and quiddities of time, place, and people, are characteristic. He moralizes among the ruins

of Pompeii, lamenting that the Street Commissioners of that luckless city "never altered their business, and that if they never mended the pavements they never changed them." He has but scant respect for what he calls "the snuffy anti-queer" who beg history; and in Constantinople he finds that "mosques are plenty, churches are plenty, but morals and whiskey are scarce." The sacred relics in the Holy Land do not inspire him with overpowering veneration—but his asprophete to "a long-lost relative," uttered over the veritable tomb of Adam in Jerusalem, is at once pathetic and unique:

"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of any filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaped upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see his child. And I—alas, I did not see him. Weighed down by sorrow and despair—born—six thousand

point ment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born."

This is "exquisite foetry"—but it is of the foamy, creamy sort that runs through all of "Mark Twain's" writings; foetry, if you please, but foetry that has a twang in it.

The world is always debtor to him who makes men laugh.

And John T. Raymond has helped the laughing crowd by his inimitable personation of the character of Mulberry Sellers, which Clemens has drawn so cleverly in "The Gilded Age."

The humor of the two is inseparable—and both have made, as they deserve, ample fortunes through their delicate and innoxious humor.

"Mark's" latest enterprise, begun in this city on the evening of November 18, is a joint-stock production of the humorous and the romantic, in which he is aided and abetted by Mr. George W. Cable, the well-known Southern novelist. The effect of the combination is wonderfully entertaining.

SYMPATHY.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sound; And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased With melting airs, which vibrate on the grave; Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

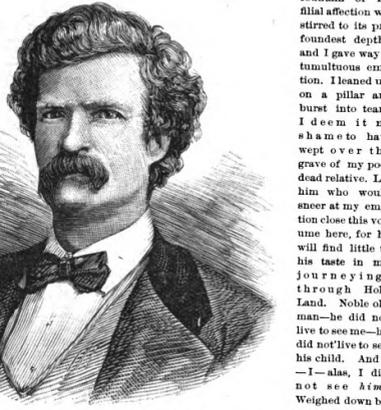
"You Americans," said an Englishman to a young lady, "have no ancestry to which you can point with pride."—"That is very true," she answered, "but our ancestors came from England, you know."

A NEW reporter was sent to investigate a rumor that a well-known citizen had become insane. The next morning the following paragraph appeared in the paper: "There was a report yesterday that something was the matter with Mr. Sander's head. It is as sound as a bell, and he is getting to be an important branch of the barber business. Fashionable dames have their pet poodles regularly shampooed and combed every day."

LORD MALMESBURY, in his recently published memoirs, gives an amusing illustration of Lord Palmerston's stolid way of comprehension. The Queen, he said, had been presenting medals to the Crimean heroes, many of whom were maimed or suffering from wounds. "Has the Queen touched?" Mrs. Norton asked. "Bless my soul, no!" replied Lord Palmerston. "She had a brass railing round her, and no one could touch her." "I mean was she moved?" "Moved! She had no occasion to be moved."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

- WASTE not—want not. MAKE A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY. LEARN THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD. THINGS ILL GOT HAD EVER TOO SUCCESS. CALAMITY IS A MAN'S TRUE TOUCHSTONE. HE JESTS AT SCARS THAT NEVER FUL A WOUND. EARLY AND PROVIDENT FEAR, SAYS BURKE, IS THE MOTHER OF SAFETY. MANNERS ADORN KNOWLEDGE, AND SMOOTH ITS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD. IF GOOD PEOPLE WOULD BUT MAKE GOODNESS AGREEABLE, AND SMILE INSTEAD OF FROWN IN THEIR VIRTUE, HOW MANY WOULD THEY GAIN TO THE GOOD CAUSE! FANCY, LIKE THE FINGER OF CLOCK. BEHOLD THE GREAT CIRCUIT, AND IS STILL AT HOME. THE BEST OF MEN ACCOMPLISH NOT MERELY IN LOOKING UP TO WHAT IS ABOVE HIM, BUT IN LIFTING UP HIS HEART BELOW HIM; THE NOBLEST AND MOST EXALTED CHARACTER IS ALSO THE TENDEREST AND MOST HUMAN. WHEN ALL THE BANISHMENTS OF LIFE ARE GONE, THE COWARD SNEAKS TO DEATH, THE BRAVE LIVES ON. DO NOT LAY OUT FOR YOURSELF FOR ANY DAY, MORE THAN YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH. DO WHAT YOU DO FOR PURPOSE, OR ACCENT THAT IT CANNOT BE DONE, AND DISMISS IT, AND TURN TO THE NEXT BEST THING, FINISHING AS YOU GO.



CONTENT.

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fane and fret was all my fare,
I got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought;
Physic and food in soul and sweet;
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccoughs from the heart.

With good and gentle-humored hearts,
I choose to chat whenever I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the gnomes,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If waited welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint;
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "Barbara's Triumph," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's King," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SURPRISE GIFT OF DIAMONDS.

AND Mrs. Lewes continued to improve. His eye grew brighter, his voice stronger, and his strength physically more assured. The doctor did not hesitate to say to Beck, that though the precedents were exceedingly rare, yet in this particular case he saw a decided improvement. Beck's spirits rose at this cheerful news. "If only the dear Father would spare him!" had been her constant cry, and now perhaps He would hear her prayer. She went singing about the house with a smile on her lips, greeted everybody with a cheerful countenance, and looked forward to the evening with an untroubled heart. It would be so much pleasure to think that while she was enjoying herself he was resting.

Mrs. May was called in to help decide about the dress, and counselled her to wear a pale pink, under black, with black sash, black gloves and rose-buds.

"How came you to know exactly what I had decided upon, or almost decided upon?" queried Beck, laughing. "That's the combination papa liked, and I never wore it but once, and that was at a reception in Paris, given by one of the Hoods who married a French lady. I remember that night because patriotism was under ban, and when they asked me to play, I, not aware that there was treason in it, commenced to play *La Marseillaise*. My patience, what a stir it made! and there I sat banging in my finest style, for I do love that hymn—when all at once a sallow Frenchman, with magnificent eyes, and with that intangible manner belonging to his nation, politely informed me that they were all delighted, and grateful to the heart's core, but must ask me to desist for fear of the *gens d'armes*, who would certainly break up the party if they should overhear. Why, as we say sometimes, 'I was struck all of a heap.' I felt so queer, even after it was explained."

"Wasn't that strange!" said Mrs. May, who was busy smoothing out ribbons creased by long folding.

"But Mr. Hood enjoyed it. He was, I believe, a son of the author of 'The Song of the Shirt.' You've certainly heard of that."

"Oh yes, and read it."

"He had a bit of his father's humor, I suppose," continued Beck, smiling at the recollection, "for afterward he got me by myself, and it was dull enough to hear him tell what they said, and how they acted when I first began."

"The first bar struck to their hearts of course," he said; "the second, they thought of their pockets, and what fines they might possibly have to pay; the third brought the jail before them so vividly that they *sarred* and shrugged their shoulders, and begged me to put an end to it—but I didn't care, you know; I was having my fun. There were the diamonds and feathers and laces all trembling, and women hid their faces behind their fans, and some seemed really terrified, while you played on, sublime in your innocence—or ignorance—which was it?"

"Either or neither," I said, laughing; "at all events I enjoyed it."

"It was better than the theatre," he went

on, laughing all over his face. "I should like to see it painted. Good subject, sure as you live!—*playing the Marseillaise under ban!* Upon my word, I wish I was an artist. Who will do justice to the picture?"

"And did you like the French people?" asked Mrs. May, busy now in tucking some stray gray locks under her cap before the mirror. "I always thought they were so frivolous."

"You are mistaken; they are thoughtful and kind-hearted. I saw some of the best type when I was abroad, and have loved and respected them ever since. Indeed, I wish we only had a Channel between us and France. I'd go there often. I'd take papa to Bordenax right away. Ah, that is such a charming place!—so many bright people there! I really think if papa could go, he'd get quite well."

"Don't flatter yourself, Miss Beck, dear, your papa will never be quite well."

"But if he should live on for years, comfortable, out of pain!"

The house-keeper shook her head. "Oh, but surely he is better!" said Beck, letting fall the string she was drawing in her party dress. "The doctor says so."

"Doctors don't always know," said Mrs. May, sententiously. "Now you are cruel, for you must see I am building all my hopes on what Dr. Emery tells me."

"Well, don't mind what I say—I don't know."



BECK ABARRATED FOR THE PARTY.

said Mrs. May. "Only don't be too much in hope. It makes me feel, only in a different way to be sure, as badly as when Mr. Arty and Mr. Sep are more merry than usual. Says I, look out! there's some mischief up."

"Is that the opinion you have of them?" asked Beck, thoughtfully.

"Yes, dear child," said the housekeeper, looking at her sadly. "And let me advise you, if anything happens—not that anything may be going to happen—to take the reins in your own hands, and don't let them boys rule you! They'll try it; oh, I can see it in the whites of their eyes and the joints of their fingers. Says you 'I'm mistress here!'"

"Yes," said Beck, "I promise to, if you'll only stay."

"Not for nothing," said Mrs. May, sententiously. "I've got no temper that's fit, and I'd boil over. I've been addicted to boiling over ever since I was born, when things didn't suit me. There'd be quarrel, quarrel, every time we sat down to table. Oh! there's something in them boys I can't abide, and if you sure they'll put you down every time, if you don't stand up for your rights. I'm only the housekeeper; you're the mistress, and you've a right to boil over; I haven't. Still, in course of nature, I should. Besides, my daughter is tired of staying alone, and I've promised her I'd come."

Beck sighed; the world had suddenly grown

dark to her again. The vision of a desolate house, and Sep and Arty coming home to dinner with the skeleton that after all was doomed to follow her to the entertainment, and possibly stay there.

She looked perfectly bewitching when at last she came, and she stood before the mirror, finished. The rich, gleaming silk under the soft, filmy lace, the few but perfect ornaments, the flowers at her corsage, the trim little figure, so rounded and symmetrical, the liquid, dark eyes that could not help seeing how lovely she was in that delicious costume, all filled her with a certain dreamy pleasure. And when she went in to her father, and he clapped his thin hands together, and it seemed as if he never, never could take his eyes off, and he made her walk back and forth and up and down the room before him, she was almost childishly happy.

"Have the boys seen you?" he asked. "No; Sep and Arty were gone, she thought. 'What selfish fellows! and how did they expect you were going?'" he said.

"Oh, Mrs. May has seen to that. They're not used to thinking of me, you know," she said. "Mrs. May went out herself, and en-

tered time, and I think I should like to see them on you. I have your mother's diamonds, but they are too pronounced."

He directed her where to go, in a little room leading out of his, where stood her piano, a small upright, an antique secretary, and a couch in a Gothic recess, over which hung heavy satin curtains, hiding a large window that looked out upon the street.

Beck brought the dark red Turkey morocco case, and put it into her father's hands. Her eyes were shining with anticipation; she had never come so near being a beauty in all her life, and the thought crossed his mind and illumined his pale face, as he opened the box.

Beck uttered a cry of delight. The ornaments were unique and costly, yet quite suited to her age and costume. They consisted of a locket, a brooch, earrings, and one superb solitary ring, that burned in the dim light, a globe of white fire. But the best of it to Beck was his sweet and thoughtful kindness, for it had all the beauty and novelty of an utterly unexpected gift.

"Exactly what you needed!" said her father, when she had arranged the lovely ornaments, and stood before him, the one jewel in all his heart. "You were dressed for it, and I don't think you will find anything like it in this country. The little fat jeweler told me about the design, which was got up for him by an artist in Paris, a very great genius, who was a little insane and supposed he saw these wonderful patterns in visions from the Creator Himself. It was a curious story. This was the last of them, he said, for the poor artist finally went hopelessly mad, had been carried to a public asylum, and he had forever lost his wonderful fancies."

"I don't know that I like to wear them now," said Beck, whose sympathy went traveling to that broken mind.

"Nonsense," her father said, and she noted that there seemed the same power in his voice as of old, before sickness had aged it. "I don't even know as that fat, fantastic jeweler was telling me the truth, or served the story on me for the purpose of winning my ducats. How can one tell? They are wonderfully imaginative, those French, and will do almost anything for effect. Now kiss me, daughter—I hear your carriage. Enjoy yourself for us both. I wish I could take you there, little lonely thing! Your brothers shall hear from me. Sweetheart or not, no brother is half a man that neglects his sister."

Beck could not tell him how glad she was to go without them. Many a time she had, as she thought, screwed her courage up to give the version of their coldness and apparent dislike, their coarseness even, but she never had yet been able to speak. A commoner nature would have reasoned that they were no kin to him, and he could not naturally care so much for their misdeansors, but Beck's temperament was not common. She was delicate even to fastidiousness, and so, alas! her lips were sealed for that time, never to be opened on that subject forever more.

On the way her thoughts reverted with innocent pleasure to her splendid outfit that had come to her as if by magic, and she knew that the eyes of many would be upon it.

"Oh, Beck! we've been expecting you so long!" cried Elise, who looked like a close copy of one of her favorite Greek damsels, in her clinging white robes, brightened with ribbons in many shades, and a few flowers tucked in her belt. "Do you see how splendidly they're coming in! and now we're only afraid of a crush! Lucky there are so many rooms on the ground floor. We have had to open papa's study, the *sanctum sanctorum!* Come right up stairs—I'll be your dressing maid. I won't let one of the hired girls touch you. Oh, Beck!" she cried in new astonishment, as the wraps fell off; "you look like a burst of moonlight—you are perfectly adorable! Where did you get that set? I look in Bellamy's windows almost every day, and I never saw anything half so beautiful there. Do you want me to sink down and die of envy before you?"

"I'm not a bit afraid of it," said Beck, into whose cheeks the words of Elise had brought

gaged a carriage for the evening. Perhaps I'd better not stay only till twelve o'clock."

"If it's through by twelve o'clock, all the better," said her father, "but you're not to come till the rest do. It's a long time since you have had a pleasant evening, and I want you to enjoy yourself. Stop a minute—what are your jewels, pearls?"

"Yes, papa; don't you remember the set you bought me in Paris, of that fat old jeweler, and how his sides shook when he laughed? I shall never forget him."

"Yes, yes, I remember—suitable for a child as you were then," he said. "How would you look in diamonds, I wonder?"

"Oh, papa! the idea!" said Beck laughing.

"Why, don't you like diamonds?" he asked.

"Now you know I think they're just lovely! and I've almost been longing for them, but then ought one to wear diamonds till one comes of age?"

"That's a question that requires some thought," said her father, "but we haven't time to think. I believe I have seen them on babes of six or seven, at hotel hops. Do you remember I went out into a little back room in that same shop, and stayed some time?"

"Yes, and I stood at the window as that splendid company of Zouaves went marching by with the best band I ever heard—they were going to war, and I remember reading afterward they were cut all to pieces. Oh dear, yes. I couldn't help remembering that," said Beck, thoughtfully.

"Well, dear, I bought you a modest set of diamonds, then, to be given you at some fu-

ture time, and I think I should like to see them on you. I have your mother's diamonds, but they are too pronounced."

