

GOLDEN ARCADE

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No. 106.

HELPING HIMSELF;

OR GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Hector's Fishbait," "The Store Boy," "Work and Win," "The Ragged Dick Series," and "Tattered Tom Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. SIMPSON COMES TO GRIEF.

"STRAIGHTLY I have a right to my own property," said the showily dressed lady in a tone of authority, which quite imposed upon the weak-minded salesman.

"I dare say you are right, ma'am," said he, hesitatingly.

"Of course I am," said she.

"If you give her those pearls, which belong to my mother, I will have you arrested," said Grant, plucking up spirit.

"Hotly, to be sure," said the lady, contemptuously. "I hope you won't pay any regard to what that young thief says."

The clerk looked undecided. He beckoned an older salesman, and laid the matter before him. The latter looked searchingly at the two. Grant was flushed and excited, and the lady had a brazen front.

"Do you claim these pearls, madam?" he said.

"I do," she answered, promptly.

"How did you come by them?"

"They were a wedding present from my husband."

"May I ask your name?"

The lady hesitated a moment, then answered: "Mrs. Simpson."

"Where do you live?"

There was another slight hesitation. Then came the answer:

"No. — 176 Madison Avenue."

Now Madison Avenue is a fashionable street, and the name produced an impression on the first clerk.

"I think the pearls belong to the lady," he whispered.

"I have some further questions to ask," returned the elder salesman in a low voice.

"Do you know this boy whom you charge with stealing your property?"

"Yes," answered the lady, to Grant's exceeding surprise. "He is a poor boy whom I have employed to do errands."

"Has he had the run of your house?"

"Yes, that's the way of it. He must have managed to find his way to the second floor, and opened the bureau drawer where I kept the pearls."

"What have you to say to this?" asked the elder salesman.

"Please ask the lady my name," suggested Grant.

"Don't you know your own name?" demanded the lady, sharply.

"Yes, but I don't think you do."

"Can you answer the boy's question, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Of course I can. His name is John Cavanaugh, and the very suit he has on I gave him."

Grant was thunderstruck at the lady's brazen front. She was outwardly a fine lady, but he began to suspect that she was an impostor.

"I am getting tired of this," said the so-called Mrs. Simpson, impatiently. "Will you, or will you not, restore my pearls?"

"When we are satisfied that they belong to you, madam," said the elder salesman, coolly.

"I don't feel like taking the responsibility, but will send for my employer, and leave the matter to him to decide."

"I hope I won't have long to wait, sir."

"I will send at once."

"It's a pretty state of things when a lady has her own property kept from her," said Mrs. Simpson, while the elder clerk was at the other end of the store, giving some instructions to a boy.

cles, and the lady will probably let you off this time."

"Yes, I will let him off this time," chimed in the lady. "I don't want to send him to prison."

"If you can prove that I am a thief, I am willing to go," said Grant, hotly.

By this time the elder salesman had come back.

"Is your name John Cavanaugh, my boy?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Did you ever see this lady before?"

"No, sir."

The lady threw up her hands in feigned amazement.

"I wouldn't have believed the boy would lie so," she said.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Grant Thornton. I live in Colebrook, and my father is Rev. John Thornton."

"I know there is such a minister there. To whom do these pearls belong?"

"To my mother."

"A likely story that a country minister's wife should own such valuable pearls," said Mrs. Simpson, in a tone of sarcasm.

"How do you account for it?" asked the clerk.

"They were given to my mother years since, by a rich lady who was a good friend of hers. She has never had occasion to wear them."

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"How about the boy, madam?" asked the elder clerk.

"He is the very image of my errand boy, but if Mr. Clifton knows him, I must be mistaken. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble. I have an engagement to meet, and must go."

"Stop, madam!" said Mr. Clifton, sternly, interposing an obstacle to her departure, "we can't spare you yet."

"I really must go, sir. I give up all claim to the pearls."

"That is not sufficient. You have laid claim to them, knowing that they were not yours. Officer, have you ever seen this woman before?"

"Yes, sir, I know her well."

"How dare you insult me?" demanded Mrs. Simpson, but there was a tremor in her voice.

"I give her in charge for an attempted swindle," said Mr. Clifton.

"You will have to come with me, madam," said the policeman.

"You may as well go quietly."

"Well, the game is up," said the woman, with a careless laugh.

"It came near succeeding though."

"Now, my boy," said the jeweler, "I will attend to your business. You want to sell these pearls?"

"Yes, sir; they are of no use to mother, and she needs the money."

"At what do you value them?"

"I leave that to you, sir. I shall be satisfied with what you think them worth."

The jeweler examined them attentively. After his examination was concluded, he said, "I am willing to give four hundred dollars for them. Of course they cost more, but I shall have to re-set them."

"That is more than I expected," said Grant, joyfully. "It will pay all our debts, and give us a little fund to help us in future."

"Do you wish the money now? There might be some risk in a boy like you carrying so much with you."

"What would you advise, Mr. Clifton?"

"That you take perhaps a hundred dollars, and let me bring the balance next Saturday night, when I come to pass Sunday at Colebrook."

"Thank you, sir; if it won't be too much trouble for you."

CHAPTER VIII.

GRANT TAKES A DECISIVE STEP.

GRANT came home a messenger of good tidings as his beaming face plainly showed. His mother could hardly believe in her good fortune, when Grant informed her that he had sold the pearls for four hundred dollars.

"Why, that will pay up all our father's debts," she said, "and we shall once more feel independent."

"And with a good reserve fund besides," suggested Grant.

On Saturday evening he called on Mr. Clifton, and received the balance of the purchase money. On Monday with a little list of creditors, and his pocket full of money, he made a round of calls, and paid up everybody, including Mr. Tudor.

"I told you the bill would be paid, Mr. Tudor," he said, quietly to the grocer.

"You mustn't feel hard to me on account of my pressing you, Grant," said the grocer, well pleased, in a conciliatory tone. "You see I needed money to pay my bills."

"You seemed to think my father didn't mean to pay you," said Grant, who could not so easily get over what he had considered unfriendly conduct on the part of Mr. Tudor.

"No, I didn't. Of course I knew he was honest, but all the same I needed the money. I wish all my customers was as honest as your folks."

With this Grant thought it best to be contented. The time might come again, when they would require the forbearance of the grocer, but he did not mean that it should be so if he could help it. For he was more than ever resolved to give up the project of going to college. The one hundred and fifty dollars which remained after paying the debts, would tide them over a year, but his college course would occupy four, and then there would be three years more of study to fit him for entering a profession, and so there would be plenty of time for the old difficulties to return. If the parish would increase his father's salary by even a hundred dollars, they might get along; but there was such a self-complacent feeling in the village that Mr. Thornton was liberally paid, that he well knew there was no chance of that.

Upon this subject he had more than one earnest conversation with his mother.

"I should be sorry to have you leave home," she said, "but I acknowledge the force of your reasons."

"I shouldn't be happy at college, mother," responded Grant, "if I thought you were pinched at home."

"If you were our only child, Grant, it would be different."

"That is true, but there are Frank and Mary who would suffer. If I go to work I shall soon be able to help you take care of them."

"You are a good and unselfish boy, Grant," said his mother.

"I don't know about that, mother; I am consulting my own happiness as well as yours."

"Yet you would like to go to college?"

"If we had plenty of money, or otherwise. I don't want to enjoy advantages at the expense of you all."

"Your Uncle Godfrey will be very angry," said Mrs. Thornton, thoughtfully.

"I suppose he will, and I shall be sorry for it. I am grateful to him for his good intentions toward me, and I have no right to expect that he will feel as I do about the matter. If he is angry I shall be sorry, but I don't think it ought to influence me."

"You must do as you decide to be best, Grant. It is you who are most interested. But suppose you make up your mind to enter upon a business career, what chance have you of obtaining a place?"

"I shall call upon Mr. Reynolds, and see if he has any place for me."

"Who is Mr. Reynolds?" asked his mother in some surprise.

"I forgot that I didn't tell you of the gentleman whose acquaintance I made on my way up to the city. He is a Wall Street broker."

"His attention was drawn to me by something that he heard, and he offered to help me if he could to get employment."

"It would cost something to go to New York, and after that there is no certainty that he could help you," said Mrs. Thornton cautiously.

"That is true, mother, but I think he would do something for me."

However, Grant received a summons to New York on other business. Mrs. Simpson, as she called herself, though she had no right to the name, was brought up for trial, and Grant was needed as a witness. Of course his expenses were to be paid. He resolved to take this opportunity to call at the office of Mr. Reynolds.



I do not propose to speak of Mrs. Simpson's trial. I will merely say that she was found guilty of the charge upon which she had been indicted, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

When Grant was released from his duties as witness, he made his way to Wall Street, or rather New Street, which branches out from the great financial thoroughfare, and had no difficulty in finding the office of Mr. Reynolds.

"Can I see Mr. Reynolds?" he asked of a young man who was writing at a desk. "Have you come to deliver stock? If so, I will take charge of it."

"No," answered Grant, "I wish to see him personally."

"He is at the Stock Exchange just at present. If you will take a seat, he will be back in twenty minutes probably."

Grant sat down, and in less than the time mentioned, Mr. Reynolds entered the office. The broker, who had a good memory for faces, at once recognized our hero.

"Ha, my young friend from the country!" he said, "would you like to see me?"

"When you are at leisure, sir," answered Grant, well pleased at the prompt recognition.

"You will not have to wait long. Amuse yourself as well as you can for a few minutes."

Promptness was the rule in Mr. Reynolds's office. Another characteristic of the broker was that he was just as polite to a boy as to his best customer. This is, I am quite aware, an unusual trait, and, therefore, the more to be appreciated when we meet with it.

Presently Mr. Reynolds appeared at the door of his inner office, and beckoned to Grant to enter.

"Take a seat, my young friend, he said, "and now let me know what I can do for you."

"When I met you in the cars," said Grant, "you invited me, if I ever wanted a position, to call upon you, and you would see if you could help me."

"Very true, I did. Have you made up your mind to seek a place?"

"Are your parents willing you should come to New York?"

"Yes, sir. That is, my mother is willing, and my father will agree to whatever she decides to do best."

"So far so good. I wouldn't engage any boy who came against his parents' wishes. Now let me tell you that you have come at a very favorable time. I have had in my employ for two years the son of an old friend, who has suited me very well, but now he is to go abroad with his father for a year, and I must supply his place. You shall have the place if you want it."

"Nothing would suit me better," said Grant, joyfully. "You think I would be competent to fulfil the duties?"

"Harry Becker does not leave me for two weeks. He will initiate you into your duties, and if you are as quick as I think you are at learning, that will be sufficient."

"When shall I come, sir?"

"Next Monday morning. It is now Thursday, and that will give you time to remove to the city."

"Perhaps I had better come Saturday," so as to get settled in a boarding-house before going to work. "Can you recommend some moderate priced boarding-place, Mr. Reynolds?"

"For the first week you may come to my house as my guest. That will give you a chance to look about you. I live at 58 West 3-4th Street. You had better, but now he is on paper. You can come any time Monday. That will give you a chance to spend Sunday at home, and you need not go to work till Tuesday."

Grant expressed his gratitude in suitable terms, and left the office as elated as his good fortune. A surprise awaited him. At the junction of Wall and New Streets, he came suddenly upon a large-sized boot-black, whose face looked familiar.

"Tom Calder!" he exclaimed, "Is that you?"

Tom Calder, hurriedly. "A feller got into my room in the night, and picked my pocket. I couldn't help that, now, could I?"

"Suppose not."

"So he had to get something to do, or go back to Colebrook. I say, Grant—"

"Well?"

"Don't you tell any of the fellers at home what business I'm in, that's a good feller."

"I won't if you don't want me to," said Grant.

"You see it's only for a few days till I can get something else to do."

"It's a great deal better blacking boots than being idle, in my opinion," said Grant.

"You can go to enter the office of Mr. Reynolds, a stock broker. There is his sign."

"You don't say so! Why, that's just the sort of a place I wanted. How did you get the chance?"

"I got acquainted with Mr. Reynolds on board the cars that day we came to New York together."

"And you asked him for the place?"

"I asked him this morning."

"You might have given me the chance," grumbled Tom, enviously. "You knew it was the sort of a place I was after."

"I don't think I was called upon to do that," said Grant, smiling. "Besides, he wouldn't have accepted you."

"Why not? Ain't I as smart as you, I'd like to know?" Tom Calder, angrily.

"He heard us talking in the cars, and didn't like what you said."

"What did I say?"

"He doesn't approve of boys smoking cigarettes and going to bucket-shops. You spoke of both."

"How did he hear?"

"He was sitting just behind us."

"Was it that old chap that was sittin' with you when I came back from the smoking-car?"

"Yes."

"Just my luck!" said Tom, ruefully.

"When are you goin' to work?" asked Tom, after a pause.

"Next Monday."

"Where are you going to board? We might take a room together, you know. It would be kind of social, as we both come from the same place."

It did not occur to Grant that the arrangement would suit him at all, but he did not think it necessary to say so. He only said, "I am going to Mr. Reynolds's house, just at first."

"You don't say so! Why, he's taken a regular fancy to you."

"If he has, I hope he won't get over it."

"I'd like to see him live in a handsome brownstone house up town."

"Very likely; I've never seen the house."

"Well, some folks has luck, but I ain't one of 'em," grumbled Tom.

"Your luck is coming, I hope, Tom."

"I wish it would come pretty soon, then. I say, suppose your folks won't let you take the place?" he asked suddenly, brightening up.

"They won't oppose it."

"I thought they wanted you to go to college."

"I can't afford it. It would take too long before I could earn anything, and I ought to be helping the family."

"I'm goin' to look out for Number One."

"That's all, Tom, shrugging his shoulders. "That's all I can say for myself."

Tom's mother was a hard-working woman, and had taken in washing for years. But for her the family would often have lacked for food. His father was a lazy, intemperate man, who had no pride of manhood, and cared only for himself. He was a miser, and was like him, though the son had not as yet become intemperate.

"I don't think there is any chance of my giving up the place," answered Grant. "If I do, I'll mention your name."

"That's a good fellow."

Grant did not volunteer to recommend Tom, for he could not have done so with a clear conscience. This omission, however, Tom did not notice.

"Well, Tom, I must be going. Good-by, and good luck!"

Grant went home with a cheerful face, and announced his good luck to his mother.

"I am glad you are going to your employer's house," she said. "I wish you could remain there permanently."

"So do I, mother; but I hope at any rate to get a comfortable boarding-place. Tom Calder wants to room with me."

"I hope you won't think of it," said Mrs. Thornton, alarmed.

"Not for a moment. I wish Tom well, but I shouldn't like to be too intimate with him. And now, mother, I think I ought to write to Uncle Godfrey, and tell him what I have decided upon."

"Grant wrote the following letter, and mailed it at once:

DEAR UNCLE GODFREY: I am afraid you won't like what I have to tell you, but I think it is my duty to tell you. I have just given up the college course you so kindly offered me, in view of father's small salary and narrow means. I have been offered a place in the office of a broker in New York, and have accepted it. I enter upon my duties next Monday morning. I hope to come near paying my own way, and before very long I shall be able to give you a little help. I have written Uncle Godfrey, and I hope you won't think I don't appreciate your kind offer, but I think it would be selfish of me to accept it. Please to forgive me, and believe me to be
Your affectionate nephew,
GRANT THORNTON.

In twenty-four hours an answer came to this letter. It ran thus:

NEPHEW GRANT: I would not have believed you would act so foolishly and ungratefully. It is not often that such an offer as mine is made to a boy did think you were sensible enough to understand the advantages of a professional education. I hoped you would do credit to the name of Thornton, and keep up the family reputation as a man of learning and a gentleman. But you have a foolish fancy for going into a broker's office, and I suppose you must be satisfied. But you needn't think I will renew my offer. I wash my hands of you from this time forth, and leave you to your own foolish course. The time will come when you will see your folly. GODFREY THORNTON.

Grant sighed as he finished reading this missive. He felt that his uncle had done him injustice. It was no foolish fancy, but a conviction of the utility of a trade, which had led him to sacrifice his educational prospects.

On Monday morning he took the earliest train for New York.

(To be continued.)

"Helping Himself" commenced in No. One Hundred and Four. Back numbers of the ARGOSY can be had at any of our newsdealer for them, or order them of the Publisher.

WEBSTER AND HIS WIFE.

Mrs. WEBSTER, whose maiden name was Caroline Le Roy, says the Philadelphia Times, belonged to one of the old New York families, and was in many respects a remarkable woman, although like the wives of many men of great attainments, she was never noted for any literary talents. She was tall and fine looking, very erect in figure and had a complexion which a Philadelphia belle might be proud of. She was very particular about her dress and disliked anything not in the prevailing style, not wishing to adhere to by-gone fashions, as so many old ladies do, though her inherent good taste was always seen in a desire to have suitable toilets for every occasion.

As she told her numerous and simple experiences of life, we always were interested listening to the things that pleased her most—how Mr. Webster used to call her the "Lady Caroline," of their evening walks, and, indeed, many of her reminiscences were very entertaining, were they less frequently or more coherently carried out.

Mrs. Webster always read the newspapers, and though it is doubtful if she ever fully realized that she was almost alone in her generation, some of the best and most interesting news articles she recalled persons vividly. At the time Caleb Cushing was appointed Minister to Spain she remarked: "He was a very agreeable man; I knew him well." She also added: "I wonder why he never married?" The old lady was a great advocate of matrimony.

"Once asked her what she thought of Henry Clay."

"Oh, she replied, "Mr. Clay was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a great man and a magnificent speaker—not equal to my husband, of course."

Mrs. Webster sometimes related various little incidents of her travels abroad, but though they were of an anecdotal and amusing nature, she made no assumption of dignity on her part; she merely took the attention paid her as her due, being the wife of a great man, the Secretary of State of a great nation. She mentioned one day in a barouche with the queen, and driving with her merely as she would had she done the same with any acquaintance in her own rank of life. She said: "Queen Victoria is a very plain looking person, but an excellent woman and very sensible. I have seldom met an American lady at a dinner party dressed as plainly and with as little taste."

The Hon. Alexander Stephens once said of Daniel Webster: "I think Webster was the worst slanderer I ever knew. He told me straight up in the country today that Webster was a great drunkard. You hear it spoken of even now whenever his name is mentioned, but it is an out-throw. As far as I am concerned, he never drank in Congress I lived next door to him. His house was as familiar to me as my own garden. I was in there a great deal and he was as often in mine, and in all the time of my acquaintance with him never saw Webster when he was in the least affected by liquor or under the influence of it in any way. I have dined with him at his house and he never met him but he never met him at any side, and I never saw him in the least inebriated. I never heard of his being intoxicated but twice, and those were as he was once at dinner—he made a speech that was grandly eloquent."

USE COMMON SENSE.

WHEN A man knows nothing about a certain subject, he generally believes anything and everything he is told about it, if he is a generally ignorant person. Not so with the man who has a thinking mind; though he knows nothing about the subject, can so put it to the test of logic and common sense as to conclude whether there is a reason for not believing what is said. Not so, the inhabitants of a town in Italy, during the recent plague. A man was a joke placed two days in a white one and a blackened one—before daybreak at the door of a house, and then roused the inhabitants, and told them they had the cholera at the door—the cholera was the terror of the poor people was there. The justice of the peace was immediately summoned, and he ordered the carabinieri to surround the house, while the authorities took counsel what they should do. It was at length decided that a long pole with a net attached to it should be prepared; and with every precaution, was placed under the eaves, which were then carried in full procession of judge, carabinieri and citizens, and increased ground, where the eggs were solemnly interred under a thick layer of quicklime. The next day the cholera broke out, and the judge and soldiers breathed freely once more, and judge and soldiers returned to their quarters in peace.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

How many of us like to follow the prevailing fashions especially in dress. Mrs. Jones, New York, U. S. A., traveling in Europe, goes of course to M. Worth of Paris, for a new model of a dress. This gentleman has a fund of originality never

exhausted, and so he sends Mrs. Jones back to her country with a charming costume, having one or two features entirely new to her neighbors. In a month, these have all done Mrs. J. the honor of following her style, which is a source of much satisfaction. This senseless imitation is not flattering to the imitators. It shows a lack of individual taste, and weakness of character that permits a man to blindly follow the example of another. A fashion is very often ridiculous, so ridiculous in fact that even a child may note the fact. But still that fashion is the fashion.

The other day a little cherub of but a very few years sat at the window when a genuine duke was passing by. He had long legs, wore plain shoes, his shoes were long and pointed, his dress plain, he wore a single eye-glass and carried a diminutive rattle can. As he stared idiotically, the little one said:

"Mamma, did Dad make that man?"

"Yes, my darling."

The little one looked angry and giggled, and with a merry twinkle in her eye, said:

"Mamma, Dad likes to have fun des' as much as anybody, don't he?"

MINUTIAE.

The greatest care, and a minute attention to every detail by itself, is necessary to a satisfactory performance of any work. Often, if the smallest detail is not absolutely correct, the whole work suffers materially. We most often see this in connection with what we read in books or papers, and the proof-reader is the man who is responsible for the consequences, and deservingly. For instance:

Prof. Bush, at one time proof-reader of the American Bible Society, though, for the greater part, very careful about his work, permitted one edition of the Bible to go to press with the expression, "The desolate hath many more children than she which hath a hundred," instead of "hath a husband."

Of an office-seeker a friendly editor wrote, "He has secured a position in the custom house, as his well-known capacity convinced us he would." We venture to say the aspirant for political preferment was not gratified when he perceived that, according to the paper, his success was due to his "well-known capacity."

"What should have been 'The lumber men in this vicinity are busy skidding their logs,' appeared in the heading of an article in this vicinity after busy skinning their dogs."

In a certain discourse Rev. Dr. Bethune said, "When sleep the devil sowed tares." The Christian Era reviewer reported him as having said "sawed tares."

Somewhat closely allied to these typographical perversities is the far from perspicuous language in which papers, newspapers, and convey intelligence. Several years since, in a sheet published at Belfast, Me., we saw, in an account of a riot, "Two shots were fired at"; the first killed him, but the second was not fatal."

A CHRISTIAN RAILROADER.

MR. FAIRWEATHER, formerly an employee of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, tells this characteristic anecdote of Col. C. G. Hammond:

"A director and one of the largest stockholders of the road and I were stopping at the Tremont House, Chicago, one Sunday. He said to me: 'Go and tell Col. Hammond I want to see him this morning.'"

"Why, it is Sunday, and I don't think he'll come."

"Yes, he will; of course he'll come; if you tell him for me."

"I went reluctantly. The Colonel met me at the door, and friends told my errand he straightened up till he seemed about eight feet high, and replied: 'Give my respects to Mr. —, and tell him that six days in the week I am superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, at his service, but this is my Sabbath. Good morning!'"

AFTER THE PLAY.

MR. HENRY LAVINO, the eminent tragedian of England, is with us again, commanding our admiration for his great talent. If we know him at all, it is only in some assumed character, where he takes for himself an excursion into the world. He is always glad to know how our public men look at home. The Boston Courier, going behind the scenes, tells us that Mr. Irving is very simple in his habits, usually breakfasting on fruit, and taking a plain dinner in his room at four o'clock. Coffee and bread after the theatre is all he takes, holding that any other way of living is for him incompatible with perfect health. Art of any kind, no matter how humble, finds an ardent admirer in him. His appreciation of humor is acute, and he relates a joke with keen enjoyment. For society, in the general acceptance of the term, he cares little, but likes to entertain his own. He is a man who is always glad to know how our public men look at home. The Boston Courier, going behind the scenes, tells us that Mr. Irving is very simple in his habits, usually breakfasting on fruit, and taking a plain dinner in his room at four o'clock. Coffee and bread after the theatre is all he takes, holding that any other way of living is for him incompatible with perfect health. Art of any kind, no matter how humble, finds an ardent admirer in him. His appreciation of humor is acute, and he relates a joke with keen enjoyment. For society, in the general acceptance of the term, he cares little, but likes to entertain his own. He is a man who is always glad to know how our public men look at home.

OFF FOR A SAIL.

IN New York there are many thousands of shop girls and factory girls who, like all of us, like their freedom and enjoyment after a week of the hardest labor. For them, there is no enjoyment like a Sunday excursion to the ocean or on the Sound. Change of scene, freedom, the dance, the company, all combine to make it the most enjoyable thing in the world for them. But it is hard to meet one of these excursion "tows" that does not have a great deal of the rowdy element with it; and seldom is it that the "excursion" does not return without a fight having occurred. A number of our friends are on an excursion on the Sound, in view of which a certain New York undertaker certainly has a great eye to business.

"When you got up at ten last Sunday?" said a gentleman to the coffin man.

"I didn't go to church at all," said the latter. "I went by the coffin man's office."

"Why, how can you mix with those horrid crowds? You don't mean to tell me you enjoy it?"

"Why, of course not, but a man must go where his business calls him, and I'm a right undertaker."

ONLY TIME REMEMBERS.

ONLY TIME REMEMBERS. When the World was young...

We may be forgetting. Now the World is old...

Useless—Retrospection. Life is all before—

Life is all before! Life has its beginning...

CAMP-FIRE AND WIGWAM.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Author of "The Lost Trail," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nellie," "Lost in the Pacific," "Young Pioneer Series," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

SAUK AND SHAWANOE.

At the instant the almost inaudible rustling struck the ear of Deerfoot the Shawanoe, he caught sight of a rifle barrel among the undergrowth and aimed at him.

The warrior was in a desperate mood to send the bullet through the chest of the youth, whose approach, stealthily as it was, he had detected.

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seeking to clear his throat. The Indian turned like a flash, and saw the dusky youth a rod distant, holding his rifle in his right hand, and with each other. He saw that he was wrong, but he was too late.

The warrior, who was dressed with red, black and yellow paint, was literally struck dumb. He had been engaged in many an encounter with strange Indians, but never had the affray been interrupted by a more ludicrous incident.

He saw that the youth was merely holding his tomahawk; the very second it was needed, he could drive it into his chest or brain. He was too proud to ask for mercy, for he had no thought it would be granted. He could only face his master and await his doom.

These words were uttered in the mongrel tongue of the Sauk, for Deerfoot, after a careful inspection of the man, was quite sure that he belonged to that restless and warlike tribe. He had encountered the people before, though at rare intervals, and he had hunted with a pioneer who was familiar with the slightest dialect of the tongue.

The Sauk is a wolf; he steals behind the hunter that he may leap on his shoulders when he is least expected. He has the heart and the soul of his class on the lower end turned upon him.

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It was a curious fact that while this wrathful conversation was going on, the couple had been talking in the same way. Each had said what he showed that in spite of the token of comity that had just passed between them, they were mutually so suspicious as to be ready to fly at each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN.

The North American Indian is treacherous by nature, and will take any advantage over a foe, no matter how small. The Sauk had failed to bring down Deerfoot by the means of his tomahawk, and he had employed in other instances, but he was on the watch to repeat his tactics.

Nothing could have attested the Shawanoe's mischievous activity and quickness of eye so clearly as did the ease with which he dodged the weapon. He had been dodging Tecumseh's arrows, and he dodged away from the bullet after it sees the flash of the gun.

The Sauk is a wolf; he steals behind the hunter that he may leap on his shoulders when he is least expected. He has the heart and the soul of his class on the lower end turned upon him.

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rights like the buffalo when his foe is stronger and braver than he. He was aware of the knife of the warrior to him. "The Shawanoe will fight as a buffalo no more; he will now use his knife; let the Sauk do what he can."

The brave warrior could take no exception to this declaration, accompanied as it was by such significant action; but it cannot be conceived that the Sauk was free from misgiving, when knowing, as he did, that he had just seen the first of his kind only through the grace of his youthful antagonist, who a moment before had pierced his heart with his hunting knife.

The Sauk was assured of that. He dare not attack him until he stumbles; Deerfoot's heart was oppressed with the thought that he saw the first of his kind only through the grace of his youthful antagonist, who a moment before had pierced his heart with his hunting knife.

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"Camp-Fire and Wigwam" commenced in No. Ninety-eight. Buck and Numbers of the ASSOCIATE can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publisher.

TWO WAYS OF EXAMINING A WITNESS.

Two famous lawyers, Jeffrey and Cockburn, were once engaged together in a case in Scotland. Jeffrey began by asking one of the witnesses, a plain, staid-looking countryman: "Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?"



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BACK NUMBERS. If back numbers of Volume II. are wanted by our readers they should be ordered at once. We shall have a number of volumes bound and the balance of papers on hand will be disposed of to make room for the coming numbers.

A MINIATURE ARGOSY. We have had a full first page of the ARGOSY reduced to the very small size of a card, and yet everything about it is distinct.

THE ART OF DRINKING MILK. Milk should not be taken in copious draughts, like beer or any other fluids which differ from it chemically. If we consider the use of milk in infancy, the physiological ingestion—that is, of food provided for it—each small mouthful is forced by effort and slowly presented to the gastric mucous surface for the primal digestive stages.

THE RIGHT OF WAY AT SEA. It may amuse non-sea-going readers to know that "Jack" has dropped into poetry to aid his memory in doubtful situations.

"When both side-lights you see ahead, Port you helm and show your RED, GREEN to GREEN, or RED to RED, Perfect safety Go-ahead."

Mr. Thomas Gray is credited with the authorship of these verses, having edited into presentable English the crude shapings in which they first came into being before the mast.

ten per cent., the situation is still further complicated. The lookout sees what he takes for a red light, "close aboard, dead ahead," and reports it; the mate orders the helm to port, and jumps to the quarter-lark, only to see that it is a green light.

The existing rules are probably the best that can be enforced at present. Possibly better ones may be devised with improved systems of lights; but this is a matter for future experiment, and can only be generally adopted by international consent.

UPSETTING OLD TRADITIONS.

We are told by expert explorers into the mysteries of the world that many of the old traditions which were nursed upon in earlier years have no foundation in fact. Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare—Lord Bacon was the man; nor whom Pope described as "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind"; and Miss Delia Bacon and Mr. Nathaniel Holmes have written and published portly volumes to prove that William Shakespeare was a delusion and a snare—not exactly a myth, but a humbug. So be it! Saying so does not make it so, and generations yet to come will worship the Bard of Avon as we of the nineteenth century do.

And if there were not enough, now pops up an English archaeologist who vigorously contends that there was no such person as the historical King Arthur of England, of whom Tennyson has sung so musically, and in regard to whom historians themselves have become almost poetic. In short, if Professor Sayre is to be believed, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table were all myths.

"His existence rests ultimately upon the supposed evidence of the old Welsh poems. We have no proof that these, as we have them, are older than the twelfth century. And the allusions they contain to Arthur strike me as belonging to a period when Arthur had become the national hero of the Cymry, so that his name would naturally be interpolated into poems which recounted the struggles of the Britons against their barbarian foes."

After all this, what are we to believe among the mass of romantic and beautiful traditions that have had for so many centuries a halo of romance and poetry about them?

CANADA'S GREAT LAKE.

F. H. BIGNELL of Quebec, who left in June last in command of the transport expedition to Lake Mistassini, has reached the northern with great difficulty, and crossed the province's northern boundary. He then crossed into Rupert's Land, and at a distance of 360 miles from Lake St. John he reached the southwestern extremity of the great Lake Mistassini.

The Indians used to say that there was more water than land on the peninsula of Labrador. There is reason to believe that Lake Mistassini is not the only great lake in this region, for reports of one other great body of water have been received that are as definite as those that led to this recent discovery.

ONLY ONE MORE STONE.

This tall shaft of white marble that is to perpetuate the memory of the immortal first President has reached its stipulated 520 feet, and the capstone is about to drop upon the tapering column. The Washington monument will then be completed. It is the highest artificial structure in the world—a fact to which patriotic Americans will point with pride.

FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.

FRENCH SCULPTOR, AND DESIGNER OF THE COLossal STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

M. Bartholdi's colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the world" is a free gift to us from the French people, intended as a token of their continued good will, and an earnest of their desire to keep fresh the memories of the days when Lafayette and Rochambeau and many of their fellow countrymen were timely and effective supporters of our fathers in the Revolutionary struggle.

The design for the statue having been conceived by M. Bartholdi, it was enthusiastically approved by a company of patriotic Frenchmen, who formed themselves into a society called the "Union Franco-Americaine de France," and at a banquet given in Paris on the 6th of November, 1875, the new project was formally inaugurated. It pleased the popular fancy, and subscriptions came in rapidly—the city of Paris leading off with 10,000 francs. The total sum required for the construction of the statue in bronze was \$250,000, and within the space of five years the whole of this amount was subscribed by the French people.

The site for the pedestal has been provided for, by order of our Government, on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor, but the sum of \$148,000 is still required to finish the pedestal. Appeal after appeal has been made to the American people to come up to the work (now become necessary) of building a proper foundation for the great work of art, but the responses have been very slow.

A meeting of the citizens of New York was held on the 2d of January, 1877, to respond to the generous gift of the French, and measures were taken to procure the necessary legislation—among the rest, an admirably drawn law, prepared by William M. Everts, which was passed by Congress without dissent. This law, which defines the manner in which the public property is to be devoted to a new use, is a literary and political curiosity, for its aptness and its originality, and therefore we subjoin it:

WHEREAS, It is proper to provide for the care and preservation of this grand monument of art, and of its abiding friendship of our ancients; and, therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized and directed to accept the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," when presented by citizens of the French Republic, and to designate and set apart for the erection thereof a suitable space upon said island, known as Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York; and upon the completion thereof shall cause the same to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people for this expressive and felicitous memorial of the sympathy of the citizens of our sister Republic, and be it hereby authorized to cause suitable regulations to be made for its future maintenance as a beacon, and for the permanent care and preservation thereof as a monument of art, and of the continued good-will of the great nation which aided us in our struggle for freedom.

The purpose here indicated that the statue shall be a perpetual beacon, reveals the grand idea born in the mind of the sculptor. He contemplated a star-crowned figure of Liberty, holding a torch in her hand, as a pedestal of one hundred and fifty feet, poised upon a height of nearly equal height. The design so far the statue is concerned, has been perfectly carried out. The points of the star, and the raised flambeau, to be lighted by electricity, will therefore stand in our harbor as a perpetual and imposing beacon. The height will be considerably greater than that of Trinity Church spire.

The Hon. Levi P. Morton, American Minister to Paris, formally accepted the statue, on behalf of this Government, on the 4th of July, 1884, and the

incidents attendant upon this official ceremony were singularly impressive. The statue was then nearly completed. It already indicated the breadth and force of the artist's conception, and although its component parts lay in separate parcels, and some of them still remained in the mould, the work was received with unanimous encomiums. When it comes to stand in our harbor, its light will shine out upon the ocean highway of the nations with wonderful beauty.

It is interesting to compare this statue with the only work of the sculptor's art of similar character which has ever before existed—the Colossus of Rhodes. That work was a brazen statue of Apollo, erected at the entrance to the harbor of the island of Rhodes, and it stood for fifty-six years, until overturned by an earthquake in the year 224 B. C. Its height was only 105 feet—about one-third that of the Bartholdi statue—and its weight 720,000 pounds. In the seventh century of the Christian era, the remains of it were removed.

The life of the sculptor of the Statue of Liberty has been comparatively uneventful. We sum up the main facts of his personal history: Frederic Auguste Bartholdi has hardly yet reached the prime of life. He is but fifty years of age. He is an Alsatian by birth, became a pupil of Ary Scheffer, and early found his way to Paris. In 1852, he made a hit by producing a bas-relief of Francesca di Rimini; and a few years later made the statue of Lafayette which now stands in Union Square in this city. In 1876, he was one of the

French Commissioners to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, where he was awarded a medal for bronze statues of "Peace" and "The Young 'Tine-Grower," and "Genius in the Grasp of Misery." One of the extraordinary things he has done is the figure of a lion eighty feet long and thirty feet high, cut out of solid rock at Belfort, France, in commemoration of the heroic defence of that city during a state of siege. Mr. Bartholdi is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and his home is in Paris. His portrait shows him to be a man of large idealism and sensibility—with faculty equal to any probable emergency.

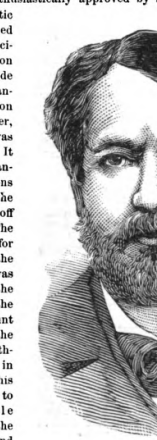
LIFE'S STAGE. Gray hairs do not prophesy make, Nor wrinkled brow a sign, The innocence as such may take These signs upon life's stage.

THE FUNNY SIDE. "Do you call that a real outfit, waiter?" said an old gentleman dining at a restaurant. "Why, it's an insult to every calf in the country." "Well, sir, I didn't mean to insult you," returned the waiter. Says a fashion-virt: "It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to infuse any picturesque quality into boys' clothes." And that is all the fashion-virt knows about it. Just dress a boy in even the most common plain elegance and undertake him for a half-hour, and see when he comes back if he hasn't succeeded in infusing picturesqueness into his clothes. Said a hotel-keeper: "If you are satisfied with the place, why don't you come, my dear madam? I will keep the rooms for you a week, and give you an afraid you would not like to receive the whole family." Hotel-keeper: "Well, of course, that depends." Applicant: "The fact is I have the wife of a publican, a cat, and a mocking-bird." Hotel-keeper: "They shall all be welcome." Applicant: "Oh, thank you, thank you. Then you don't object to dogs and other animals?" Hotel-keeper: "No, indeed, madam. We draw the line at children."

In Brisbane, Australia, there was a firm of solicitors, Little and Brown, and it fell to the lot of these gentlemen to send in a bill of costs which the Government had to pay. At the time the vote for the bill was before the House, a bill for the protection of wild birds was also under discussion. In committee room, with much solemnity, a member who proposed that in the bill the "lawyer bird" be included. The House not following the honorable member, he was asked to explain what this bird might be, which he replied, amid roars of laughter: "It's little and brown—and it has a very long bill."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

ILL blows the wind that profits nobody, Nor to give life, is somewhat to advance. A LITTLE bird often braves a great soul, VIRTUE is bold, and goodness never fears. A SMOOTH sea never makes a skillful mariner. THERE are no tricks in plain and simple faith. A GOOD name is better than precious ointment. THEY who have light in themselves, will not revolve as satellites. HOPE for the best, get ready for the worst, and take what God sends. LET your eye be like a snowflake, which leaves a mark, but to not stain the sky. OUR lives are all around, in gloom or glow. HUES of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart. OUR greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. EVERY hour comes to us charged with duty, and the moment it is past, returns to Heaven to register itself how spent. LET a deed of kindness, done in a quiet way, Reach both deep and wide, and always bring thy pay. If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your counsel, caution your older brother, and hope your guardian genius. It has been beautifully said: The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter; and those sentiments which flow from the heart cannot be chilled by adversity.



AGE AND YOUTH.

How gently now. The widening stream
Glides on with murmur low,
The scenes of youth, as in a dream,
Before me come and go.
The mossy bank, the tiny rill,
The path along the shore,
The rustic bridge, the quaint old mill,
I see them all once more.
The memory of their brightness cheered
My heart in darkest day:
The hope again to see them cleared
The shadows from the way.
And now—long years of exile past
And past the strife with Fate,
I reach my childhood's home at last,
And find it—desolate.
And 'mid the well-remembered scene
I stand, a stranger now,
For had a lifetime lies between
Grave age and youth's bright brow.
The sudden gladness dies away,
The gleam of hope departs,
As shadows on a wintry day
Bring sadness to our hearts.
The spots I knew, the scenes I left,
Are altered, doubtful, strange,
Fate guides the course of warp and weft,
And works a hidden change.
The spell that swayed the long pursuit
Has lost its subtle power,
The bloom has vanished from the fruit,
The fragrance from the flower.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE FACE SHE WAS LOOKING FOR.

It was a brilliant occasion. Beck stopped timidly on the stairs and looked down. The rooms were quite full, and people in gay dresses were walking, standing in groups, and sitting. The piano was open, and two or three musicians stood near it, ready to sing or to play when the time should come.

"Yes, the best people were certainly there," Beck said to herself, "and the affair must be a success." Mrs. Emery came out, and looked up smiling. She was dressed in black silk, with ribbons of blue massed about her throat and in her still bonny brown hair. The faded look did not show so plainly now, for somebody had been telling her that she looked as young as her grown-up daughters—and the harmless flattery, which after all might not have been said to flatter, brightened up the little woman wonderfully.

"Haven't the girls done well?" she asked, all memory of fatigue banished. "Everybody seems pleased, and there are people here I didn't really think would come. Do you see that small lady over there, in light blue?"

Yes, Beck saw her.

"That is Governor Holden's niece, and she says the Governor himself will be here later on. And there are some very noted people here, whom I don't know—artists and poets, Frank says. She knows them all. She's a bit of a painter, herself, and she met them at the galleries, I suppose. Are you coming down, or perched there for the evening?"

"I don't know," said Beck, laughing. "It seems so nice to be out of the crowd, and yet see them all."

"How pretty you do look!" Mrs. Emery went on—"is it something new? Oh! I see—a set of diamonds! I do not often notice such things, but they are very handsome. Come down, I have heard several people inquire for you. Your aunt and cousin are here, and seem waiting for you. Would you like Jack to bean you in? He looks quite manish in his new suit."

"No, indeed," said Beck, "I can manage better alone. I want to find out who is here from my perch, and then I'll slip in among the crowd."

"You'll find the doctor near the door opposite," said Mrs. Emery. "He's been standing there like a fixture. You know he don't care for these things, and he is so liable to be called out. I'm sure I hope he won't be; he always is, though. Well, if you won't come, I'm going in to look over the tables. I hope the girls have prepared enough, though they won't all want supper."

Beck went down presently, and found her way to Doctor Emery.

The doctor was a portly man, with a large brown beard and a bald head. He was very fond of Beck.

"You here, little one?" he said.

"Of course I'm here," said Beck. "You don't think I'd stay at home and leave this great crowd to take care of itself."

"Of course not," he laughed, looking her over. "Giant's of mighty bone and bold emprise' ought always to maintain their

vigilance. How are you going to take care of them?"

"Oh, you'll see," said Beck, pertly. "I may commence with taking care of you. For instance, if anybody calls for you, I shall tell them that you are at present a patient yourself—a patient observer."

"I am quite willing not to go out again," he said. "How did you leave your father?"

"Oh, so bright!" said Beck, her eye looking radiantly into his; "you really do think, doctor, that he is getting better?"

"I see a decided improvement," was the reply, "an unexpected rallying of the vital forces."

"And he may get up again?"

"He—may," said the doctor, slowly. "I can tell you better in the course of a week or two."

"Oh, doctor! he is all the world to me. I do want him to live!"

"And so do I, for your sake even more than his own. Who is that very beautiful girl with your brother Arty?"

your health and spirits for his good, is to go as often as possible," said Miss Audrey. At this Arty looked more glum than before. He could not brook any dissent, and he looked upon his half-sister as a child, and a possible interloper.

Just then Frank came up, very rosy in the cheeks, looking quite oppressed with the care of the programme.

"It's your turn, Beck—I've been looking for you, and the people are waiting for you and Professor Temple. Are you ready?"

"Any time," said Beck. "I'll see you again," and nodding merrily to Miss Audrey, she went her way to the piano, where the Professor, having tuned his violin, stood waiting.

"What a dear, bright little thing she is!" said Miss Audrey, as she and Arty moved on, the cynosure of all eyes. "I've quite fallen in love with her. And then she seems so capable!"

"Oh—yes," said Arty, who knew he was expected to say something, but had never

could not suppress her admiration, Beck felt a curious sinking of the heart. It seemed to her that virtue went out of her, and she was no longer generous, forbearing and magnanimous. If she had been older, of royal lineage, the feeling would have been that not only of fear, but a deadly jealousy. It did not last long. Beck was too brave and generous to harbor such sentiments.

"I hope you are enjoying the evening," she said—for the emotions she had experienced had been as rapid as the lightning, and they were all gone now.

"As well as the pain will let me, thank you," said Maud, coolly. "What a beautiful set! Pray excuse me, but I am passionately fond of diamonds, and I never had one in my life."

"Got them lately, Beck?" queried Sep, his brow gathering a sudden frown, which vanished as quickly.

"Yes, papa had them put away. He bought them in Paris. I knew nothing about it, so when I went into his room, ready to come, he insisted on my wearing them."
"Of course you were very unwilling," said Maud, in a sweet, but mocking voice.

"Oh, no; I was delighted!" said Beck, quickly. "I thought maybe I was perhaps a little too young to wear them—but papa thought not."

"Decidedly too young!" said Sep, in his authoritative way.

"Don't say that, Mr. Chester. I'm no older than Beck, and I just wish somebody would tempt my vanity. Come nearer, Miss Lewes. I do dote on diamonds! Yes, they are perfect—just perfect! The ring too—did I ever see such a beautiful stone?"

Beck hastily took it off, and let her place it on her own white finger. She was trying to make amends for the dark thoughts of a few minutes ago.

Maud's blue eyes were on fire with pleasure.

"Keep it on, if you wish, till I see you again," said Beck, as Maud held up the lovely hand, white as a lily, and perfect as carved ivory.

"Oh! may I? Thanks. I'm so fond of diamonds! Everybody knows it who knows me," she added, looking up at Sep, with a wondrously sweet smile. "The girls at school used to call me Lady Maud, for when father was living, I could gratify every taste—but now," and a heavy sigh told of the difference.

Sep would have taken all the rest of the costly set, if it had been possible, and put them on Maud.

"That little black thing!" was his unspoken comment—"they are not fit for her, while Maud would wear them like a young princess."

"She certainly is a lucky girl—and she is going to have so much money!" said Maud, as Beck disappeared.

"How much money? what do you mean?" queried Sep.

"Why her father's money, of course," said Maud.

"Who told you so?" queried the young man, shortly.

"I don't know—somebody—I have forgotten."

"Her father wouldn't be such a fool," said Sep, and the blood seemed to have gathered about his forehead. "He has plenty of ways for his money. Of course he will provide for her handsomely; she's his only child."

"Wasn't there a boy, who ran away years ago?" asked Maud. "I think I heard the girls talking it over."

"Yes, but he's dead, long ago."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Most people seem to be sure. Of course he forfeited all his father's regard, for he was a wild, unprincipled fellow. Oh, yes; if he had been living he would have found his father, you may be sure, and come in for a share. He's dead, years ago."

"Well, anyhow—Beck is a lucky girl," said Maud, holding up her finger to feast her eyes on the diamond.

"Oh, diamonds are easily got," said Sep; "money will buy them."

Beck, a little later, was looking around for the doctor. He had made her promise to go into the supper room with him—to take care of him, he laughingly added. She encour-



"Oh, that is his cousin, Miss Del Ray," said Beck, bowing and smiling. "She is beckoning me. I can take care of you no longer just now, but I'll come back again."

Audrey looked like a young princess. Everybody was asking about her, and Arty seemed enormously self satisfied at securing the most splendid girl of the evening.

"You sister looks like a fairy," said Audrey, as Beck made her way toward them. "What exquisite diamonds!"

Arty's brow grew dark.

"She is quite too young and childish for diamonds," he said, and thought to himself, "I wonder where she got them! An unheard of extravagance on her father's part."

"Oh, I don't know—they are not very pronounced—they are unusual, though." And as Beck had reached her, she kissed her.

"Your father must be better," said Audrey. "He is, very much better, thank you, if I should not be here."

"Perhaps if you said he seems better," said Arty, in his slow, cold voice, "it would be more comprehensible. I don't think he is better."

"But the doctor just said so," said Beck, flushing with resentment at the implied reproach. "Besides, papa would not hear of my staying at home. He knows how gladly I would leave everything for him."

"Indeed, the only way for you to keep up

looked upon the girl as anything more than a child, to be guided and corrected. The possibility of the woman dawning in that girlish mind was not comprehensible to his sluggish thought and brain.

There was comparative silence when the first mingled harmony of violin and piano sounded, but presently the listening was pronounced. People crowded up to the instru-

ment, where somebody was fanning Beck with bashful movements. She had given her wish to Jack, and he had gallantly obeyed her fan to fan her very gently, willing to do any service for a smile of approval. He brought Beck, next to his mother, the sweetest woman in the world.

When the aria was finished, there was the kind of applause dear to the soul of the artist—silence—a silence that meant something—and then a burst of delighted approval.

"Don't repeat, dear," said Frank in a whisper, as somebody spoke to Beck, "we haven't got time;" and Beck hurried away from the piano, followed by two or three friends, and found herself face to face with Maud, who, as Elise had predicted, had been queening it right royally. She did indeed look like a very queen of beauty, bright eyes, moist, rosebud lips, delicately tinted cheeks, gold shadowed hair! And her dress took even Beck by surprise, so dainty, so effective, with its sprays of buds and blossoms, its odd yet charming trimming. It seemed to her that Worth himself could have added nothing.

The girl was certainly the most charming ornament in that part of the room, and had been till now constantly surrounded by admiring youths.

Sep seemed to have the post of honor, and guarded her sedulously.

At sight of this beautiful thing, though she

