THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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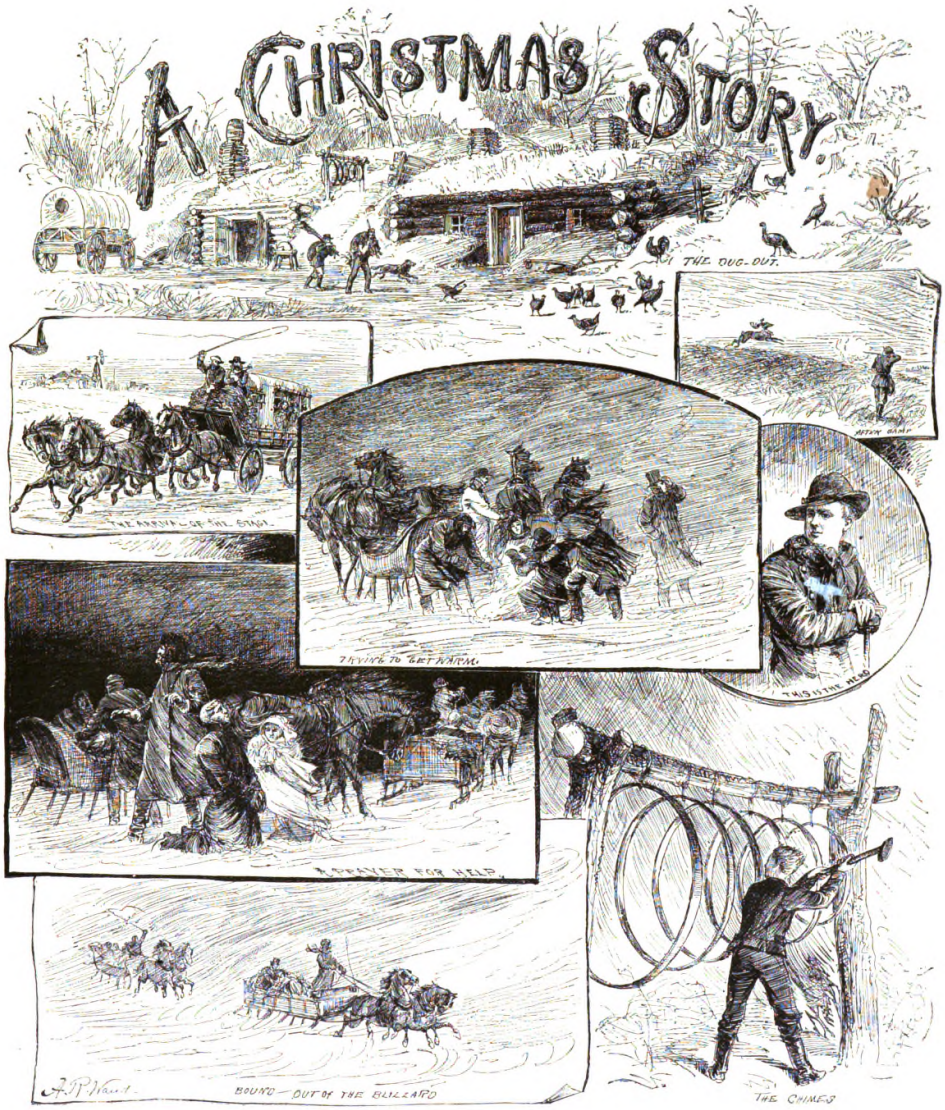

(See Christmas Story on next page.)

SUCH IS LOVE.

BY SARAH MILLER.

If I could give you what would outlast time—
Remain as fixed as Polar star above—
Something to live and thrive in any clime,
I'd give my love!

And should you ask for that more true than steel,
A something of yourself a kindred part,
My inmost thought I'd then to thee reveal
And give my heart!

Should friends desert you, fortune cease to smile;
Should joy itself appear beyond recall,
Your weary moments I would then beguile,
And give my all!

But if some lofty sacrifice you'd ask,
How glad I'd yield me to your dear control,
And give—since giving is Love's sweetest task—
My very soul!

And oh, believe me, could I turn away
One cruel shaft, one pang of this world's strife
From your great heart, this day
I'd give my life!

CHRISTMAS IN A DUG-OUT.

A STORY OF A WESTERN BLIZZARD.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

I WELL remember when my old friend Archer Metcalf, who was then just married, started from the East with his pretty wife to take up his home in Dakota. Archer was possessed of both the physical and mental qualities to make the most of Mr. Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man, go West!" a species of counsel intended for neither indolence nor timidity.

He was a stout young blacksmith and wheelwright, and I recollect that about Christmas, in a very few weeks after his departure, he wrote to me saying that he already had a house and shop, and had shod his first Western horse.

How many Christmases have wheeled about since then! but all the while my friend has stuck nobly to his forge, and continued to hammer prosperity out of the solid iron.

Archer, upon emigrating, had left his parents in their home in the East, which, of course, they were then loath to leave, but he had always cherished the desire to have them with him, and this desire increased as he felt that they were growing more feeble.

About a year ago, he succeeded in prevailing upon them, together with his two unmarried sisters, to make the journey and take up their abode with his family. He had four children, but his house was commodious enough for the expected addition to its occupants.

It was a "dugout," a kind of house very common in Dakota and the other Territories, so called from the fact of its being excavated in a bank of earth. The front and roof were of logs, and it was made to face the south, with a view to the necessities of winter. With the same object also, the roof had received a covering of some two feet of turf, upon which, in early summer a crop of prairie flowers sprang thickly up.

"Flowers flowers—beautiful flowers,
Smile of the sunbeams and laugh of the showers?"

And that, too, upon the very housetop! What a picturesque sight they were!

The earth and sandstone into which the house was dug formed the back and sides, and there were four comfortable rooms. Such is the habitation of many a pioneer in regions where the prairies are almost bare of timber.

Near the house, and constructed in the same way, was the smithy.

It was now December, and as the anxiously expected parents and sisters would probably arrive on Christmas Eve, it was resolved by the little honsehold to make the event the occasion of a joyful celebration of the season. The note of preparation was sounded, and all was bustle under the humble roof.

Cookery was in the ascendant, and tempting odors filled all the rooms. The very dog, the mere puppy that romped with the children, might have said with the Cæsar of Burns:

"From morn to night there's naught but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling.

The canty auld folk cracking crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house;
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them."

Green was in all the windows, and over all the doors, and beautiful Scripture mottoes and gems of poetry, told that even there in the Western wilds, the soul had found its means of culture.

The neighbors were invited, and in such a country the word "neighbor" has a meaning which it seldom acquires in the East—for it means everybody within a dozen miles.

Mrs. Metcalf was extremely busy, with Annie, the oldest girl, as her chief assistant, while the son, George, now twelve years of age, made himself as useful as possible. In company with Joe, a young Crow Indian, he had supplied the larder with such a stock of wild game that his mother felt almost overwhelmed by it.

At last he flew out to the smithy upon some business of his own which was to be held a secret from the common gaze, only Joe, the Indian, being permitted to assist. A terrible din they set up, and Mrs. Metcalf smiled as it reached her ears, wondering what whim of the season had got into her boy's wild head.

It was a mystery, he told her; but she would find it out in time—only he must not be disturbed.

Meantime Mr. Metcalf had started early to meet the stage and bring home the new-comers. He feared, however, that a storm was near, as the sky had a threatening look. This would be unfortunate, and he felt the necessity of haste.

Very shortly after his arrival with his two-horse sled at the place of rendezvous, he was gladdened by the sight of the old stage coming up in fine style—the driver clad in Buffalo skins and scarlet outer-stockings.

The tired stage horses were led away, and Archer Metcalf welcomed his parents and sisters, amid the congratulations of a number of village friends.

Pressing offers of refreshment were accepted by the little party; but there was not much time to be lost, as the weather was still thickening, and miles of prairie must be passed to reach the Metcalf home.

Parents and sisters were soon packed away among an abundance of robes and shawls, and the sleigh started rapidly out. It was not, however, alone, for close after it the postmaster with his wife and son, together with the minister of the village, followed in another sleigh, to the merry music of the bells.

For a time all went well, the glorious Western horses sweeping bravely toward their destination, and the occupants of the headmost sleigh exchanged with each other a hundred dear questions and answers.

But thicker, thicker, thicker grows the sky,

"Till dark above and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow."

and the travellers feel that the awful peril of a prairie storm is all about them. It was a "blizzard"—a dreadful name to a winter journeyer in the Western wilds.

Night had set in, and the sheeted snow hurled furiously along by the wind, increased the darkness. And such a blast! How piercingly cold it was! How the drifts fled before it like the sands of Sahara!

Harder and harder it blew; faster, and faster came the snow; till the atmosphere, as far as concerned any possibility of vision, became an impenetrable wall.

My good friend Archer felt his face in danger of freezing, but, luckily, he had taken with him a buffalo-skin hood and mask, which he now put on; while he hoped that the warm wrappings of the others would be sufficient to protect them.

Hill and hollow were alike wholly blotted out, and if any human dwelling stood by the way, the very light from its windows could no more have been seen than through a solid plank.

According to Metcalf's calculation they had come two-thirds of the way; but it was impossible to decide with certainty in the absence of all landmarks.

At length the postmaster closed up to consult. To their dismay, they were forced to agree, from the changed nature of the track, that the horses must have swerved from the proper course. Still, it was necessary to keep going, for if a wrong direction meant death, so also did a standstill. The mere chance of striking the right road was worth something.

They decided to proceed against the wind, as their knowledge of the point from which it blew assisted them in judging of the route. This greatly increased the trial of the horses, so that in floundering through a drift in a depression of the prairie, the postmaster's horse stalled, and Melcalf had to lend assistance.

Returning to his own sleigh, he stood for a few moments beating his benumbed hands, then managed to ask, as well as the storm would permit, how the occupants were getting on. What was his dismay upon finding that neither of the old people answered him! It was evident that the terrible cold was already mastering their faculties.

With the assistance of the others, he proceeded to rub and chafe the almost insensible couple, till they partially recovered from the lethargy that was so fast overcoming them.

Under the lee of a blanket held over the back of the sleigh, an attempt was made to kindle some of the straw, but the effort proved a mockery.

Again they started, placing one of the old people in each sleigh for better protection; but even the strongest of the party were confused, and this time it was concluded to leave it to the instinct of the horses to find the way. This, too, was it vain; and after painfully toiling for half an hour, they came to a decided stand.

The position of things was now almost utterly hopeless. Well the party knew how common it is for people to be lost in these fearful blizzards, and sink in death within a few rods of their own doors.

"His paths, his landmarks all unknown,
Close to the hut no more his own,
Close to the aim he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain."

In an agony of apprehension for those he held so dear, Mr. Metcalf reproached himself for thus suffering them to brave the storm; and he thought, too, of those other dear ones at home, who, though perhaps at that very moment not far away, he might never see again.

Another consultation was now held, and it was determined, if a fire could by any possibility be kindled, that the smaller sleigh should be burned, in the hope that life might thus be sustained a little longer.

The most awful moment of their experience had now come. Beyond this, should the attompt fail, all must be blackness and death.

While the horses were being unhitched, the minister fell upon his knees, there in the wild, fierce snow, and offered up to Heaven a fervent prayer, while the others bowed their heads, with their hair streaming straight out in the wind.

In the midst of this strange and solemn scene, there fell upon the ears of all a sound that seemed an answer to their supplications. What could it be that so mingled with the noise of the storm? Louder and louder it rose, resembling a wild jingling chime of bells.

But bells there and then! Could such a thing be possible? For miles and miles around, a church bell was a thing unknown in that new and rugged country; and thus the listeners stood awe-stricken, as if in the presence of some supernatural sound.

Archer Matcalf felt a sudden hope.

"Get in again," he said, "and if the horses can once more be started, we will ride for it while it continues. At least it tells of something human."

Luckily the horses set off with no baulking, though with great difficulty, and were lashed into as fast a pace as possible. Even they, like their drivers, seemed now inspired with hope, as if feeling that shelter was at hand.

Meantime there had been much anxiety at the dugout; several parties had arrived, and all felt great alarm for the absent. Mrs. Metcalf looked again and again out into the storm. She knew the meaning of a Western blizzard—a meaning terrible beyond description to one who had friends abroad in it.

The men and boys were no less helpless than the women—for what could they have done even by venturing out? What but to lose themselves in the darkness and uproar.

At length a thought suddenly occurred to George like an inspiration. He had been rushing in and out like a wild blizzard itself, at one moment in tears and the next brightening with hope; but now all at once uttering a wild whoop, he rushed headlong towards the shop.

A moment more, and there rose over the storm so prodigious a clangor that all started in surprise. It seemed as if all the bells of St. Giles and St. Paul had broken forth at once—only, perhaps a little out of tune! But at all events it was a chiming that could have been heard for miles.

Every one followed the sound. There was George, like one of Poe's

"People, ah, the people,
Those that live up in the steeple,"

armed with a hammer, and banging away alternately at no less than six "bells," composed of as many heavy wagon tires, suspended to a frame in such an artistic manner as to get the greatest possible noise. And sure enough, a most satisfactory one was the consequence! It was a chime as primitive as could be conceived, and as far from musical; but its effect was tremendous.

The mysterious preparations were explained. The wagon tires were to do duty for the season—to welcome not only Christmas but the New Year—

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New"—

and at a less anxious moment their performance would have seemed laughable indeed.

He declared he would keep it up till the folks arrived.

Soon a shout was heard; but this was only from a neighbor and his wife, who had been lost in the storm on their way to the Christmas reception.

This success encouraged the boy, and he plied the iron tongue of his chime with redoubled energy.

"Oh, George!" cried his mother, "if they will only hear!" But her white face showed how little hope she had.

"Hello! Hello!" came from without. "Hello! Hello" close to the door of the house.

"They have come! They have come!" exclaimed the excited lad. "Oh, mother, mother! that is father's voice!"

"I hope so, oh, I hope so!" cried Mrs. Metcalf, springing to the door, though George was there as soon as herself.

"Father, father!" he shouted, "is it you?"

"Yes, my boy; yes," was the reply. "Hurry and help to get the people out, and the horses under cover."

How the brave boy flew to the work! His own hands could do the part of a dozen benumbed ones; but the men from the house assisted him.

In a few minutes the lately imperilled travelers were clustered around a rousing Christmas fire, while the noble horses were having their Christmas in the warm stable.

George was the hero of the occasion, and when the story of his rude chimes had been told, all united in pronouncing the deliverance as wonderful as its manner was odd and whimsical. His mother hugged and kissed him in the excess of her emotion, and there were tears in the eyes of all the others.

The bright youth had tried to control himself, yet he, too, was visibly effected.

Meantime, his grandparents were fast recovering from their terrible exposure; and the room, hung with creeping jenny and the boughs of juniper, and thronged with thankful faces, presented a truly Christmas aspect.

The minister gave thanks for the great mercy of their preservation, the others bowing reverently with overflowing hearts. And then a hymn was sung—a beautiful Christmas carol. It was a touching scene.

"All praised with uncontrolled delight,
And general joy, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

The following day, when Christmas had indeed come, Archer had the satisfaction of seeing his parents wholly recovered, and full of a quiet joy at the scene of love and comfort about them.

But they were no happier than George, who once or twice that day rang out his Christmas Chimes for the benefit of all listeners.

TWO JEFFERSONS.

NOT many years ago an old man in this city, says the *Washington Post*, poor at the time, but previously prosperous, and even wealthy, yet through all vicissitudes of fortune universally respected, sat one winter evening by the light of a tallow candle in a small and somewhat cheerless room, examining and arranging the papers contained in his antique desk. A young friend kept him company. The old gentleman's old dog was also present, somnolently extended on the hearth before the low wood fire. Paper after paper was drawn forth from the dusty pigeon-holes and quaint recesses of the desk, generally with some brief remark concerning each, and now and then some pleasant or pathetic little story. That night the old man was living his past life over again, all its animation and color seeming to be restored by the magical notes and letters.

"Here's one from Joseph Jefferson! Dear old Joe! the best friend I ever had! Let me see"—taking up the candle to help his sight, and readjusting his spectacles—"yes—the money I lent him once, in his theatrical troubles—"

"Is that the actor of whom I have heard you speak?"

"The same."

"And the man equally famous in our day, bearing a like name——"

"Grandson of old Joe."

"I have seen his 'Rip Van Winkle;' it is wonderful. Will you give me that letter?"

"Certainly. It is interesting and valuable as the writing of so great a genius—noble, too, and just, as well as great. His debt to me—I knew he would have paid it, but misfortune overpowered him, and then came death. He died the very month in which this letter was written—forty-one years ago."

A week later the young man was again with the old gentleman. He presented him a letter—a letter from the grandson of his ancient friend, warmly expressing gratitude and inclosing a check for the sum due, with interest. That amount, carefully employed, rendered my old friend comfortable, at least, till the day he "went home."

HOW GENERAL GRANT WRITES.

"YOU can scarcely credit the pains my father has gone to," said Colonel Grant, "to make sure of points on which he has relied on his memory, but which he would not commit himself to until satisfied by comparing notes with others that he was beyond a doubt correct. We have corresponded with soldiers and officers all over the world. The correspondence relative to the battle of Shiloh alone would be something extraordinary for an outsider to see. In several cases my father has sent men to the old battlefields to measure distances. In fact, every assertion contained in these papers can be proved."

In reply to my question as to the General's method of composing Colonel Grant said: "My father never employs a secretary or stenographer. He writes every word himself. Then I usually read aloud to him his manuscript, correcting as he suggests. He himself then copies this manuscript, sometimes adding a great deal. I again go through it, and so careful is he, and so anxious to make this contribution to the War history of our country worthy of the place which, without egotism, he aspires to, that no labor on his part is too arduous for its accomplishment. The paper on Shiloh, which I carried to the publisher myself yesterday, was written and re-written six times before he was willing to give it to the public. Besides these separate articles my father has commenced a history of the War, which he proposes to have published in book form. He has already written about 1,200 or 1,500 pages of manuscript of this."

FOUR FOR A PENNY.

HERE is an interesting little bit of information from the New York *Sun*: "What does it cost to make a lead pencil?" queried a reporter. "First let me tell you how we make a pencil," said the manufacturer. "See this fine black powder? That's graphite. It costs twenty-five cents a pound. This white substance is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay and this powder together, and grind them in a mill, allowing moisture to be added during the process, until the two are thoroughly assimilated and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty.

"This paste we press into these dies, each one of which is the size of a pencil lead, except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After they are pressed we cut them into the proper length, and bake them in an oven kept at a very high heat. There we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more clay we put in, the harder the lead.

"The cedar we use comes principally from the swamps of Florida, and is obtained entirely from the fallen trees that lie there. The wood is delivered to us in blocks sawed to pencil lengths, some thick, to receive the lead, and others thin, for the piece that is glued over the lead. The blocks are sawed for four pencils each. They are grooved by a saw, the groove being the place where the lead is to lie.

"The leads are kept in hot glue, and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are ready. When that is done, the thin block is glued fast to the thick one. When dry, the blocks are run through a machine that cuts the pencils apart. Then they are run through a machine that shapes and burnishes them, and they are ready to be tied in bunches, boxed, and put out.

"The different grades in value are made by finer manipulation of the graphite. Here is a pencil that is about the average quality used in every-day business. It costs a little more than one quarter of a cent to get it ready for market. We sell it to dealers at one hundred per cent. profit, and the dealer makes much more than that. Of this grade an operator and the machinery will easily make 2,500 a day."

A STIFF STORY.

IT was some fifteen years ago. A number of young men sat around the fireplace in the hotel office, each telling how many men he had killed during the war that had recently ended. Three or four had told stories, each more exciting than the one before it, when an old man who stood outside the outer circle, showed visible signs of excitement.

"I can beat you all," he exclaimed. "I fit at Bunker Hill. Maybe you don't believe it, but I did. Well, that was a tough fight. Men killed? Well, I should say so. Why, the British came up the hill, and we gave 'em a volley, and drove 'em back. They came up again, and we gave it to 'em again. By and by our powder gave out. So we reversed our guns and went for 'em with the butts. I piled 'em up around me, four five, six feet high, and was just going to knock down another foot of soldiers when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and there stood George (a trifling historical discrepancy as G. W. was a good many leagues from there).

"'Young man,' said he, 'don't make the battle-field a slaughter house.'"

A NAUGHTY LITTLE CHAP.

'Twas twenty years ago or more,
I won't say just the time,
When I, a bad boy to the core
(I speak the truth in rhyme),
Was put upon the teacher's lap
For being a naughty little chap.

I cried full loud at my disgrace,
As I sat there in blame;
I did not dare to show my face,
It was so full of shame;
But I've had many a worse mishap
Than being a naughty little chap.

Indeed, I'd like to be one now,
In that old schoolhouse quaint,
And to my fate I'd gladly bow
As quick as any saint,
And sit upon the teacher's lap,
A very naughty little chap.

That is, were she still fair and young,
With cheeks like any peach,
And lips that like the cherries hung,
But just beyond my reach,
Ah me! I'd fling away fame's cap
To be a naughty little chap.

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 XXII.

AN ABORIGINAL SERMON.

IF Aro-ara-oa the Sauk had been astonished by the action of his youthful conqueror, he was now astonished by his words; but the former in a measure prepared him for the latter, and he saw why it was the remarkable warrior had refused to take his life when the opportunity had been his, and when too he knew that he whom he was fighting would show him no mercy.

Aro-ara-oa, like many of his people, had listened to the words of the missionaries—those strange people who underwent hunger, thirst and suffering that they might preach the Word of Life to those who had never heard of that wonderful Being who died to save a lost world, and who taught that forgiveness, kindness and love were the duty of every one. Aro-ara-oa, I say, had listened to the words of those people, but only to turn away with a scornful smile, for he was sure the creed was one to which the American Indian could never give his faith.

The red man remembered that those priests and missionaries called themselves Christians, and lo! the most skillful warrior upon whom he had ever looked, now stood before him and declared that he too was a Christian. Not only that, but he proved it by his works, for he refused to tear the recking scalp from the head of his enemy, when that enemy was vanquished!

Once more Deerfoot picked the knife of Aro-ara-oa from the ground and handed it (the point toward himself) to the Sauk. The latter accepted it and pushed it back in place behind the girdle that spanned his waist. Then at a signal from Deerfoot he recovered his rifle and tomahawk, as Deerfoot did his hatchet and bow and quiver. Without a word, the two walked the short distance to camp, Aro-ara-oa slightly in the lead.

The camp was of the simplest character, consisting of a pile of sticks, leaves and branches which served as a couch, beside furnishing fuel for the fire when he cooked his food. A long, heavy blanket was partly folded and lying on the heap of branches, where it had served as a pillow for the warrior, who was different from most of his people in using that artificial help to slumber.

The water, which is such a necessity for parties halting in the wilderness, was obtained from a tiny stream which trickled down the rocks just beyond, after which it sank out of sight in the mountain to reappear at some point far removed. The wood and undergrowth that surrounded the camp of the Sauk were very close and dense, so that the view in every direction was shut off, unless one should climb the tallest tree and take his survey from that perch.

When Aro-ara-oa halted in front of his camp-fire he turned about and extended his hand to Deerfoot.

"Will Deerfoot tell Aro-ara-oa about the Great Spirit of the white man?"

"He is the Great Spirit of the red man as well as of the white," replied the Shawanoe, seating himself on the ground, where he was opposite the Sauk, who slowly resumed his seat on the pile of sticks and branches. "He loves all his children—him with the face of the night, the Miami, the Huron, the Shawanoe, the Delaware, the Sauk and Fox, the white man and all those who live far beyond the great water which rolls against the shores of our land. He loves them all, and He hides his face with grief when he sees them quarrel and try to kill each other. If His children will do as He tells them to do, they will be happy in this world and in the hunting grounds where they shall live forever."

Aro-ara-oa remembered that this agreed with what he had heard the missionaries say, but he recalled also that there was something more.

"Where does the Great Spirit that Deerfoot tells me about live?"

The Shawanoe pointed reverently upward.

"Far beyond the clouds, the sun, and the stars; He lives there, and there all shall go who do His will. A long time ago, before the white men came across the great water, He sent His Son from Heaven to earth; the Son went about doing good, and died to save those He loved from sorrow and death."

"Deerfoot tells me what the Great Spirit says to him; how does he hear the Great Spirit speak?"

Without changing his half-reclining posture, the Shawanoe drew forth his small Bible from the inner pocket of his hunting shirt, the other watching with amazement the action. Opening the sacred volume, he read in his low, musical voice:

"'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

"'Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

"'Ye have heard that it has been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy:

"'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.'"

Deerfoot read these extracts from the Sermon on the Mount, with which he was so familiar that he could have repeated it all without looking at the printed page. Then raising his eyes to the wondering face of Aro-ara-oa, he added:

"Let my brother listen, for these are the words of the Great Spirit, which He speaks to all His children; if they will obey, there shall be no unhappiness in the world:

"'*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and prophets.*'"

The Sauk warrior was never so stirred with wonder in all his life. He had seen white men read from books, and he held a misty idea of how it was done, but he had never heard of one of his own race who could interpret the meaning of the curious figures made by some incomprehensible means on paper.

It was impossible that he should grasp the height and depth of the meaning of that sublime utterance, which is of itself the very essence of the Christian religion; but they were as clear as sunlight to Deerfoot, who had pondered them so many a time since he sat at the feet of good Mrs. Preston, who presented him with the Word of Life.

Closing the Book and putting it away, he proceeded to preach his sermon to the Sauk warrior. Deerfoot assumed the sitting position, and used both hands in his frequent gestures. Aro-ara-oa reclined on his side, supporting himself on one elbow, while he fixed his eyes on his teacher and drank in every word.

"The Great Spirit made all people—the white, the red, the black man, and him whose face is the color of the breast of Deerfoot's hunting shirt—for there are men who skins are yellow, and others who are brown. He wishes them to live like brothers, but they do not. More of the pale faces are evil than good; they use the red men ill, and the red man loves to fight his enemies, but they grieve the Great Spirit. Let Aro-ara-oa pray to the Great Spirit; let him never lie down or rise up without talking to Him; let him stay his hand when it would strike a blow in anger; let him forgive his foes; let him seek to do the will of the Great Spirit, and a sweet peace shall fill his heart such as he never knew before. Let my brother do that; let him tell the good news to his friends; let him listen to the words of the missionaries and talk to his people.

"The father of Deerfoot was a chief of the Shawanoes who loved to fight; Deerfoot when a child was a wildcat in his hate of his enemies and of the pale faces; but the Great Spirit whispered to his ear, and he became another being. It was the Great Spirit who told him just now that danger threatened him; Aro-ara-oa knows that Deerfoot could have slain him, had he wished to do so; but he never wished him ill; he first showed him he was his master that Aro-ara-oa might listen to his words; will my brother forget what Deerfoot has said to him?"

Every being, whether groping in the night of barbarism or walled in by the skepticism of an advanced civilization, has felt at one time or another, an irrestrainable longing to draw aside the veil which shuts out the great hereafter, and solve the mystery of the life that is to come. Many a time is the heart stirred to its uttermost depths by the chastening hand of affliction, or when gazing on the glories of the stars and firmament, or when listening to the moanings of the vast deep, the soft sighing of the winds in the forest, or the lisping prayer of infancy. No proof of the immortality of the soul can equal that of its very yearning for immortality, and dim, strange, half-heard whisperings of the life beyond become voices more convincing than all the scientific scoffing and brilliant ridicule of those whose learning carries them beyond the trusting faith of childoood, and stops just short of the grandeur of the light of perfect knowledge.

When Deerfoot addressed his question to the Sauk warrior, he did not answer, but continued gazing into his face as though he heard not the words and his thoughts were far away. The Shawanoe was wise enough to suspect the truth, and refrained from repeating the question. He, too, held his peace, and for several minutes the strange scene lasted. The two Indians looked at each other without speaking.

Meanwhile the afternoon was drawing to a close, and darkness was creeping through the forest. The camp-fire had burned so low that it gave out no light, and the figures of the warriors began to grow indistinct.

Deerfoot felt that he had sowed the seed, and he had only to wait for it to bear fruit. He arose, and stepping closer to the fire, stirred it until it gave forth a flame which lit up the surrounding gloom. Still Aro-ara-oa remained motionless and silent.

Perhaps it has not escaped the notice of the reader that when the Sauk stood with folded arms before his conqueror, and asked him to bury his knife in his heart, he said that the son of the pale face would point the finger of scorn at him. Deerfoot noticed the remark, and he felt that the moment had come when he should learn their full meaning.

"Where is the village of my brother?" he asked in his gentle way.

The Sauk aroused himself and slowly rose to his feet. Gazing through the firelight at his questioner, he pointed to the west.

"Two suns' journey away is the home of Aro-ara-oa. There are his squaw and pappoose. He left them two suns ago to hunt for the scalps of his enemies; but he will hunt no more; he will go home and in his war-path think of the words that Deerfoot has said to him."

"It is well he should do so; but my brother spoke of the son of the pale face. Why is he in the village of the Sauks?"

"He was brought there in the last moon; the Sauks found two pale faces in the woods."

"Where is the other?"

"Some of the Sauks took him by another path; Aro-ara-oa knows not where he is."

"Was harm done him?"

"Aro-ara-oa cannot answer."

"Tell me of the pale face that is in the village of the Sauks with my brother."

The warrior, assisted by the questions of Deerfoot, who kept down the deep interest he felt, told all he knew. When he had finished, as the reader may well suspect, Deerfoot was sure he had gained most important knowledge. He was satisfied beyond all doubt that the prisoner in the village of the Sauks was Jack Carleton whom he had set out to find and for whom he feared he would have to hunt for many moons before learning whether he was alive or dead.

Suddenly the Sauk rose to his feet and stood in the attitude of listening, as though he had caught some signal. Deerfoot knew he was mistaken, for had it been otherwise, he too would have noticed it.

"Aro-ara-oa bids his brother good bye," was the abrupt exclamation of the warrior, who caught up his blanket and without another word passed from sight in the wood, leaving the astonished Deerfoot alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE LODGE OF OGALLAH.

FROM what has been told concerning Deerfoot, the reader knows that the tribe which held Jack Carleton prisoner were Sauks, or Sacs, as the name is often spelled. They belonged to the great Algonquin division, and, when first known to Europeans, inhabited the country near Detroit River and Saginaw Bay, but were driven beyond Lake Michigan by the powerful Iroquois. They themselves were of a restless and warlike nature and were the bitter enemies of the Sioux and Iroquois. They were the allies of the famous war-chief Pontiac who besieged Detroit so long, and, during the Revolution fought on the side of the English. They were closely associated with the Foxes, and frequently moved from one section of the country to another, in which respect they resembled the majority of American Indians.

The chief who has been referred to as Ogallah was one of the very numerous chieftains and quarrelsome members of the Sauk tribe. In one of the expeditions against the Sioux, he not only performed wonderful deeds of daring, but tomahawked several of his own warriors, because, in his judgment, they showed a disgraceful timidity in attacking the common foe. One of the Sauks who fell by the hand of the wrathful sachem was the brother of the leading chief. This precipitated a savage quarrel between the two, the upshot of which was that Ogallah, and a number of followers, drew off from the main tribe and became "keeping house" for themselves. Migrating southward with the purpose of placing a long stretch of country between them and the parent tribe, they finally erected their lodges on the banks of a stream in the Ozark region, in what is now Southern Missouri and upper Arkansas.

I have already said the Indians gave the white men little trouble in that region during the pioneer days. In that respect, no comparison can be made with Kentucky and Ohio. As early as 1720, the lead deposits in Missouri attracted notice, and the oldest town, Saint Genevieve, was founded in 1755. St. Louis became the depot for the trade of the vast region beyond, and at the breaking out of the Revolution, was a town of considerable importance.

The warrior Aro-ara-oa with whom Deerfoot had his remarkable interview was a fair representative of the Sauk nation, and especially of that division which was under the following of Ogallah. Some of the warriors were constantly roaming through the wilderness in quest of scalps. While they were nothing loth to engage in a scrimmage with the hunters and trappers in that section, yet they preferred those of their own race above all others. No Sioux or Iroquois could have approached within hundreds of miles without the certainty of an encounter with the fierce Sauks.

The Sauk party which appeared so close to the settlement of Martinsville had been out for several weeks looking for "game" in the form of Sioux, who lived far to the northward. They had found some of it too, and were returning home in a leisurely manner. They took a careful survey of the settlement and even discussed the wisdom of making an attack on it; but they felt that it could be destroyed by so small a force, and though they might have shot several of the settlers before they could know their danger, they decided to pass on without making any demonstration at all.

When Jack Carleton and Otto Relstaub walked up to the party, it was no surprise to learn that they should be made prisoners. No particular reason can be assigned for the separation of the party, one division of which took Jack and the other Otto, except that a survey of the land passed over could be better made by that means. However, this point will be dwelt upon more fully in another place.

Probably no person ever played the part of captive among a tribe of savages without devoting most of his thoughts to the question of escape. It is natural that he should do so, for the fate is so painful in every respect that but for the hope, we would be ready to lie down and die.

Jack had turned the question over and over in his mind, and had done his utmost to give his captors the slip while on the road, but misfortune attended every venture, and at last he found himself in the lodge of the chieftain Ogallah himself, where it looked as if he was likely to remain indefinitely.

"Well, this beats everything," he exclaimed, after finishing the meal and seating himself at the side of the lodge, so as to be out of the way of the housewife, as she moved about in the lodge to and there in attending to her duties; "I've come a long distance through the woods, and it'll take some time to find my way back to Martinsville, after I once take a start."

He could not persuade himself that his captivity might last for months and possibly for years. He was confident that no matter how vigilant the watch maintained, he would gain a chance to give the Indians the slip within two or three days at the furthest.

"I did my best to make Ogallah and the others think I wasn't anxious to leave, but the work was all thrown away. These people are not fools, and no matter how well I may act, they know of a surety that the whole prayer of my life is to part company with them."

The conclusion reached by Jack was common sense, though the story-writers sometimes make it appear that the keen minded American Indian can be duped in that transparent fashion. The utmost that Jack Carleton could hope to do was to show his captors that, while he longed to return to his friends, he saw no means of doing so, and therefore was not likely to make the attempt. Such he resolved should be his course.

The boy was fatigued in mind and body, and, when he bowed his head in prayer (much to the astonishment of Ogallah and his squaw), and lay down on the bison robe, he sank into a refreshing slumber, from which he did not awake until morning, and then, when he did so, he came to his senses with a yell that almost raised the roof.

The Sauks, like all their race, were extremely fond of dogs, and the mongrel curs seemed to be everywhere. Jack had noticed several during through the village, playing with the children and basking in the sun. A number sniffed at his heels, as he passed by with Ogallah, but did not offer to disturb him.

The chief was the owner of a mangy cur, which seemed to have been off on some private business of his own, when his master returned, inasmuch as he did not put in an appearance until early the following morning, when he trotted sideways up to the lodge and entered, as he could readily do, inasmuch as the "latch string was always out." The canine was quick to notice the stranger lying on the bison skin with his eyes closed and his mouth open. With an angry growl he trotted in the same sidelong fashion across the space, and pushing his nose under Jack's legs gave him a smart bite, just below the knee, as though he meant to devour him, and concluded that was the best part of his anatomy on which to make a beginning.

The foregoing will explain why Jack Carleton awoke with a yell and stared around him for an explanation of the insult. The vigor of his kick, and the resonant nature of his yells, filled the dog with a panic, and he skurried out of the lodge with his tail between his legs, and casting affrighted glances behind him.

"Confound the cur," muttered Jack, rubbing the injured limb, "is that the style of these dogs when a stranger calls?"

Ogallah was entering the door of his home just as the canine was going out. Suspecting what mischief he had been committing, he placed his moccasin under the brute and elevated him several feet in the air, with a force which caused him to turn end over end, with an accompaniment of yells and howls which were kept up until he was out of sight and hearing.

The wife of Ogallah was preparing breakfast, which was of the simplest character, consisting of nothing but meat cooked over the coals as on the evening before. There was nothing in the nature of vegetables, though something of the kind was growing on the cleared land outside.

Jack longed for a few puffs, fresh air of the outside. The smoke of the chieftain's pipe, the smell of burning meat, and the untidiness of the place and people, left a stale odor, which was nauseating to one unaccustomed to it.

He wanted a drink of cold water as it bubbled from the rocks near the lodge, and, rising to his feet, passed outside. The squaw merely glanced up, while Ogallah addressed several rapidly spoken words to him. Then recollecting that nothing he said could be understood; he smiled, grimly, and turned his back on the lad.

Reaching the outside, Jack stood still for a minute, uncertain what course to take. The warriors squaws, and children were astir; but no one seemed to observe him when he paused in front of the chieftain's lodge.

"I'll try the river," was his conclusion, as he stepped briskly off, his heart beating rapidly, for he knew from his experience of the previous night, that much curiosity respecting him was felt, and he was certain to attract annoying attention. But he reached the stream, where he stooped and bathed his face and hands, wiping them on the handkerchief he carried, and still heard and saw nothing to cause misgiving.

"I wonder whether they drink from this," he said, rising to his feet, and looking around; "I can't say that I fancy it, for it isn't as clear as it looked to be when I was further off; then the youngsters bathe and play in it—hellos!"

He saw an Indian woman making her way toward one of the wigwams on the edge of the village, carrying a large gourd of water in her arms. It was filled almost to the brim, and slopped over the edge, as it was disturbed by her movements in walking. It was fair to conclude that she had taken it from the srping for which Jack was looking, and he immediately moved toward her. She stopped abruptly when she saw him approach, and stared in such open-mouthed amazement that it was evident that this was the first glance she had obtained of the captive.

Jack made signs of comity, and sheered off so as to reach the path considerably to the rear of the squaw, who, with a grunt, made an equally wide circuit in the opposite direction, so that the two avoided coming within a liberal space of ground.

The boy saw that he was moving over a well-worn path which he was confident led to the spring he wished to find. Nearly every step was marked by the drippings of water from the gourd of the woman he had just met.

Sure enough, he had gone less than a hundred yards beyond the village when he came upon the spring which bubbled from under the twisted black roots of an oak, throwing up the sand in a continual fountain-like tumble of melted silver. The boy looked down at it for a moment, and then sinking to his hands and knees, pressed his lips against the cold, crystal-fluid, the most refreshing element in all nature.

Had not his nose and eyes been so close to the water, Jack Carleton would have caught the reflection of a startling object behind his own—face which would have driven all thirst away and caused him to bound to his feet, as though he had heard the whirr of a coiled rattlesnake at his elbow.

But Jack saw and suspected nothing. He had taken three good swallows when some one gave the back of his head such a smart push, that the nose was shoved down among the silver sands, which streamed from his face, as he sprang to his feet, and stared gasping, blinking, and furious.

"Who the deuce did that?" he demanded, forgetting himself in his anger.

His second question needed no answer. Three Indian boys were standing, laughing as if ready to hurt themselves over his discomfiture. Two of them were very nearly the height and age of Jack, while the third, who had played the trick on him, was older and taller.

The captive was angry enough to assail all three, and it required a sharp exercise of the will to restrain himself. But he saw the folly of such a step. The affray would quickly bring others to the spot, and very speedily Jack would find himself attacked by overwhelming numbers, and possibly would be beaten to death. No; he must use ordinary prudence and swallow the insult.

He looked in the grinning faces of the homely youths, and made quite a successful effort to join their laughter (though precious little mirth was there in the essay), and then started back toward the lodge of Ogallah.

The youth endeavored to walk with a dignified step, but he was sadly thrown out by a dexterous trip from one of the moccasins, which sent him stumbling forward with a very narrow escape from falling on his hands and knees.

It was the tallest of the three who had tripped him, and all laughed like a lot of clowns, as the angered Jack glared at them.

"I wish I had you alone," muttered the boy between his set teeth; "I wouldn't need more than five minutes to give you a lesson you'd remember all your life."

(To be continued.)

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

A DOOMED SHIP OF WAR.

WE hear a great deal nowadays about the inefficiency of some of our war vessels, old and new. We are not the only country laboring under this misfortune.

For instance: Great Britain has had a huge "white elephant" on her hands for the past ten years, in the shape of H. M. S. Thunderer. This great man-of-war was launched in 1872, having cost some two and a half million dollars. She was not commissioned until 1876. When the Thunderer's speed was being tested one day, her boiler burst, killing forty of her crew and wounding as many more. The ship was then laid up for six months. In 1879 one of 38-ton guns burst, killing six men, and wounding twenty-two. Since then, the Thunderer has been lying up and Jack, who is a superstitious fellow, will have nothing whatever to do with her.

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CHRISTMAS.

WE wish all of the ARGOSY readers a merry Christmas and trust that each will be remembered with tokens of love from parents and kind friends.

BE THOROUGH.

IF you want to succeed in life, be thorough in your work, whatever it is. It is sometimes convenient to be Jack-of-all-trades, but it is always profitable to be master of one. A workman who thoroughly understands his business is seldom in danger of coming to want. While the mass of the inefficient suffer, the few who do the best work, whether men or women, are always sought for. Young men, you cannot prepare yourselves for life's duties too thoroughly or stick to your vocations too persistently after having chosen them. But before adopting any calling educate yourselves practically in order that there may be some certainty of success attending your faithfulness to your work.

DULL BOYS.

THE dull boys receive more abuse than they deserve, sometimes. Dullness is not a crime, though laziness is something very like it. It often happens that the two are confounded by parents who are anxious to see their children get ahead. The dull ones have their place in the world, and very often they fill it well. Genius is too frequently perverse. and when it is so, it is infinitely more mischievous than stupidity.

History is full of the good deeds and useful services of men who were dull boys. The record of it is that they were persevering, and made the most of what they had. History is also full of the works of geniuses—men who might have done something for mankind, but who only gained a disgraceful notoriety. Of the two, by all means one would choose the dull boy who is helpful and useful, before his bright and selfish comrade.

UNSEEN INFLUENCE.

ONE never can tell how his actions will affect others. Good, or evil, done in secret, often has unexpected results. Much more do good and evil deeds, when openly performed, set in motion a train of influence which will reach to unthought of distances. Having these facts in mind, we should be extremely careful of our conduct even in simple things. All of us have an unconscious influence, and we are responsible for it.

A short time ago a singular letter was received at the *New York Herald* office. It came from far-away Shanghai, in China, and contained a little book and a draft for thirty-five dollars. This property, the writer said, he stole from his employer in New York twenty-six years ago. He now repented of his crime, and desired to restore to its owners what he had thus taken. Meanwhile, the persons from whom the book and money were pilfered have all died or drifted out of sight. The penitence and confession were well, but for direct restitution it is too late.

Now how did this all come about? Why, a little book was stolen from the writer of the letter, to which he was greatly attached. Sometime after, it was quietly restored to him, in a way that led him to believe it came through the offices of the church. The incident caused him to reflect upon his own theft, for which he had never atoned. Working more deeply on his conscience, the little influence thus begun prompted him to write the letter, and restore the articles so long wrongfully held. Thus good fruit came from a little right act.

PRECISE SPEAKING.

WHAT is called the "art of conversation" is a valuable accomplishment, especially for ladies. This art is not merely talking. Its secret is the "drawing out" of the other party, by suggestive remark or question. It requires a quickness on the part of each in seizing the idea of the other, and also a modesty in bringing the "I" to the front. There is another art, which comes in play in business and in practical life. It is equally valuable with the one just named. It is that of conciseness, of pithiness, of clearness.

A great deal of time is wasted by what is called "long-windedness." Nothing frets a man of business, or a professional worker, more than the failure of his customers or clients to "come to the point." And nothing leads to greater confusion in business contracts, or in the common affairs of every day life, than vague language, which may mean one thing or another. A homely illustration may be given in this way. "Can you reach the potatoes, Mr. Smith?" "I think I can," replies Smith. "Then will you?" is the next inquiry. "Certainly," says Smith, stretching out his hand and drawing it back. "Oh, but I meant pass them." "Then why didn't you say so," dryly replied Smith, handing the dish. This lack of clearness becomes serious in more important concerns.

While striving for brevity and conciseness, one need not be quite as curt as was the Duke of Wellington to his sons' tutor. The latter called to see about hiring a house for the use of himself and the boys. "The rent is so much," he said to the Duke. "Take it!" was the reply. "The taxes are so much." "Pay them!" "The furniture is so much." "Buy it! Anything more?" "No, sir." "Good morning." Yet this is far better than the long-drawn style which many people practice out of pure heedlessness.

AN UNFLINCHING YOUTH.

HERE is a good story to keep in mind and act upon when you find yourself with a responsibility on your shoulders. The story is particularly timely when impostors are going about in such numbers, and defrauding honest people by means of the assumption of a distinguished name. Never be turned off from your duty by words or appearances.

The late Marquis of Londonderry was Chairman of one of the Welsh railway companies, and was once travelling in company with several other gentlemen, when the ticket platform was reached. Here a youth, who had not long reached his teens, entered the carriage with "Tickets, please!" Lord Londonderry never carried a railway ticket, but the impervious youth was not to be satisfied. "Do you know who I am?" inquired my Lord. "No, sir," was the bland reply. "I am the Marquis of Londonderry, the Chairman of this railway." "But how am I to know that, sir?" was the sharp rejoinder. The station master was called, and his lordship, delighted with the lad's shrewdness, had him at once promoted, and he is now occupying an honorable position in the company's service.

BALLOONING.

IT is yet a problem whether we shall be able to navigate the air. All efforts thus far made have been ineffectual. But human genius does not shrink from any task, however herculean, that offers a hope of success. All over the world, inventors are at work striving to achieve this great triumph over the elements.

One of the most ambitious experiments in this line is now in progress in Russia. Captain Kostowitz of the Russian Army is building a cigar-shaped balloon, two hundred feet long, furnished with screws and wings to be rotated by electricity. He expects his flying machine to accommodate a crew of sixteen, and to have a capacity of two hundred and fifty pounds weight besides. The velocity he hopes to attain is one hundred and twenty miles an hour. Let us wish the gallant captain a glorious success!

RUSSIAN OIL WELLS.

So far from being exhausted, the natural resources of the earth seem to be not half discovered. When petroleum was "struck" in Pennsylvania, it was supposed that the lucky finders had secured an exclusive trade for long years to come. But recent discoveries have been made of oil wells in Russia, which threaten a serious competition.

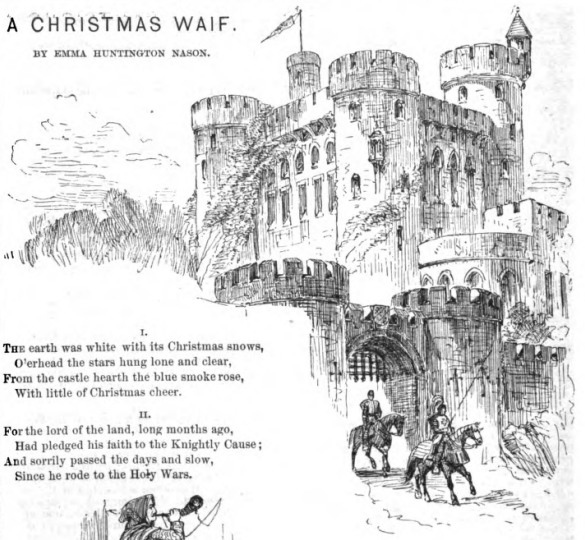
The Russian oil can be landed at various points on the continent a trifle cheaper than American oil. In the years 1872–73 the export of our home product to Europe was nearly 15,000,000 gallons, two-thirds of which went to Russia. In eight months of 1883 New York shipped over only 1,267,562 gallons, while, at last accounts, the quantity sent over this year was but 103,981 gallons. Nature seems to have no monopolies.

OUTWITTING A CROWD.

IN order to get along with comfort in a crowd, it is necessary to be good natured. Peevishness and roughness will excite retaliation, while almost any crowd will submit even to being imposed upon, if it be pleasantly done. In Vienna recently a well known banker was in a hurry to reach the opera house, where a ball was to be given. But the streets were so thronged that he could not advance a step. He hurried off and hired four men to carry him on a hospital stretcher. The crowd made way readily and cheerfully, and roared with laughter as as soon they discovered the joke.

A CHRISTMAS WAIF.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.



I.

THE earth was white with its Christmas snows,
O'erhead the stars hung lone and clear,
From the castle hearth the blue smoke rose,
With little of Christmas cheer.

II.

For the lord of the land, long months ago,
Had pledged his faith to the Knightly Cause;
And sorrily passed the days and slow,
Since he rode to the Holy Wars.

III.

My lady knelt in her chamber white,
And bowed her head on the Book and prayed;
While tearful eyed, in the dim fire-light,
Close-nestled a little maid.

IV.

"Ho!" and "Oho!" A ringing call,
Which wakes the warden within the gate!
Child Elsie runs to the windows tall;
"'Tis the Christmas waifs who wait!"

V.

A sound of steps on the oaken floor—
The torches' flare—and, bearded gray,
The servitor swung the carven door;—
"Sweet lady, of thee, I pray

VI.

"A boon, for the minstrel poor who sings
For gift of alms from place to place;
But who craves, to-night, for the song he brings,
The sight of my lady's face."

VII.

"A worthless boon! For the dear Christ's sake,
To him give place where the yule-log burns;
But on hearth of my own no song shall wake,
Till the lord of the land returns!"

VIII.

The old man bowed: "Ha! back, you slave!"
For close at his side the minstrel stands:—
The face of the lady wan and grave
Is hidden within her hands;

IX.

But sweet child Elsie, with longing eyes
Still bright through tears of sorrow and loss,
'Neath the tattered cloak of the stranger spies
The gleam of the scarlet cross.

X.

No minstrel he, though gaunt and gray!
The master, and not the servant's guest!
"And my own papa, on this blessed day!"
Cried the child upon his breast.

XI.

A wild shout burst through the castle's gloom;
But the mother sat like the speechless dead;
Till, kneeling low in the fire-lit room,
"*My* lady!" the wanderer said.

XII.

Oh! the Christ-night stars hang chill and lone,
But the castle lights stream far and near,
While the Knight of the Red Cross clasps his own,
In the warmth of the Christmas cheer.

OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know,
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they,
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them, anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old.
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

HELPING HIMSELF;

OR

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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

CHAPTER X.

A DAY IN WALL STREET.

Grant went at once on his arrival in the city to Mr. Reynold's office. He had in his hand a well-worn valise containing his small stock of clothing. The broker was just leaving the office for the Stock Exchange as Grant entered.

"So you are punctual," he said, smiling.

"Yes, sir, I am always on time."

"That is an excellent habit. Here, Harry."

In answer to this summons, Harry Becker, a boy two years older and correspondingly larger than Grant, came forward. He was a pleasant-looking boy, and surveyed Grant with a friendly glance.

"Harry," said Mr. Reynolds, "this is your successor. Do me the favor of initiating him into his duties, so that when you leave me he will be qualified to take your place."

"All right, sir!"

The broker hurried over to the Exchange, and the two boys were left together.

"What is your name?" asked the city boy.

"Grant Thornton."

"Mine is Harry Becker—are you accustomed to the city?"

"No, I am afraid you will find me very green," answered Grant.

"You are not the boy to remain so long," said Harry, scrutinizing him attentively.

"I hope not. You are going to Europe, Mr. Reynolds tells me?"

"Yes, the governor is going to take me."

"The governor?"

"My father, I mean," said Harry, smiling.

"I suppose you are not sorry to go?"

"Oh, no; I expect to have a tip-top time. How would you like it?"

"Very much, if I could afford it, but at present I would rather fill your place in the office. I am the son of a poor country minister, and must earn my own living."

"How did you get in with Mr. Reynolds?" asked Harry.

Grant told him. "Is he easy to get along with?" he inquired, a little anxiously.

"He is very kind and considerate. Still, he is staunch, and expects a boy to serve him faithfully."

"He has a right to expect that."

"As I am to break you in, you had better go about with me everywhere. First, we will go to the post-office."

The two boys walked to Nassau street, where the New York post-office was then located. Harry pointed out the box belonging to the firm, and producing a key opened it, and took out half a dozen letters.

"There may be some stock orders in these letters," he said, "we will go back to the office, give them to Mr. Clark to open, and then you can go with me to the Stock Exchange."

Ten minutes later they entered the large room used by the brokers as an Exchange. Grant looked about him in undisguised astonishment. It seemed like a Pandemonium. The room was full of men, shouting, gesticulating, and acting like crazy men. The floor was littered with fragments of paper, and on a raised dais were the officers of the Exchange, the chief among them, the chairman, calling rapidly the names of a long list of stocks. Each name was followed by a confused shouting, which Grant learned afterward to be bids for the stock named. There were several groups of brokers, each apparently interested in some leading security. In each of the galleries, one at each end, overlooking the stock-room, curious spectators were watching what was going on.

Harry Becker was amused at Grant's look of surprise and bewilderment.

"You'll get used to it in time," he said. "Stay, there is Mr. Reynolds—I must speak to him."

Mr. Reynolds stood near a placard on which in prominent letters was inscribed Erie. Harry handed him a paper, which he took, glanced at quickly, and then resumed his bidding.

"He has just bought 1000 Erie," said Harry aside to Grant.

"1000?"

"Yes, a thousand shares, at fifty-five."

"Fifty-five dollars?"

"Yes."

"Why, that will make fifty-five thousand dollars!" ejaculated Grant, in wonder.

"Yes, that is one of the orders I brought over just now."

"A man must have a great deal of capital to carry on this business, if that is only an item of a single day's business."

"Yes, but not so much as you may imagine. I can't explain now, but you'll understand better as you go on. Now we'll go back and see if there's anything to do in the office."

Not long afterward Harry had to come back to the Exchange again, and Grant came with him. He found something new to surprise him.

A tall man of dignified presence was walking across the floor, when a fellow member with a sly stroke sent his tall hat spinning across the floor. When the victim turned the mischief-maker was intent upon his memorandum book, and the tall man's suspicions fell upon a short stout young man beside him. With a vigorous sweep he knocked the young man's hat off, saying, "it's a poor rule that don't work both ways."

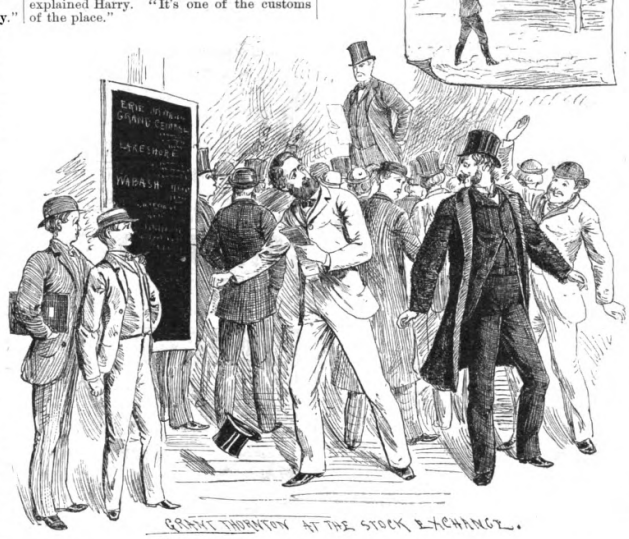
This led to a little scrimmage, in which a dozen were involved. The brokers, staid middle-aged men, most of them, seemed like a pack of school boys at recess. Grant surveyed the scene with undisguised astonishment.

"What does it mean, Harry?" he asked.

"Oh, that's a very common occurrence," said Harry, smiling.

"I never saw grown men acting so. Won't there be a fight?"

"Oh, it's all fun. The brokers are unlike any other class of men in business hours," explained Harry. "It's one of the customs of the place."



GRANT THORNTON AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Just then, to his astonishment, Grant saw his employer, Mr. Reynolds, pursuing his hat, which was rolling over the floor. He was about to run to his assistance, but Harry stopped him.

"No interference is allowed," he said. "Leave them to their fun. I used to think it strange myself when I first came into the Exchange, but I am used to it now. Now we may as well go back to the office."

There is no occasion to follow the boys through the day's routine. Grant found his companion very obliging, and very ready to give him the information he needed. Many boys would have been supercilious, and perhaps been disposed to play tricks on a country boy, but Harry was not one of them. He took a friendly interest in Grant, answered all his questions, and did his best to qualify him for the position he was to assume.

Before the office closed Grant and his new friend went to the bank to make a deposit of money and checks. The deposit amounted to about twenty thousand dollars.

"There must be plenty of money in New York," said Grant. "Why, up in Colebrook, if a man were worth twenty thousand dollars he would be considered a rich man."

"It takes a good deal more than that to make a man rich in New York. In the stock business a man is likely to do a larger business in proportion to his capital than in the mercantile business."

On their way back from the bank, Grant came face to face with Tom Calder. Tom was busily engaged in talking to a companion, some years older than himself, and didn't observe Grant. Grant was by no means prepossessed in favor of this young man, whose red and mottled face, and bold glance made him look far from respectable.

"Do you know those fellows?" asked Harry Becker.

"The youngest one is from Colebrook."

"He is in bad company. I hope he is not an intimate friend of yours?"

"Far from it! Still, I know him, and am sorry to see him with such a companion."

At four o'clock Mr. Reynolds proposed to go home. He beckoned to Grant to accompany him.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANT MAKES A FRIEND.

"What do you think of your first day in Wall Street?" asked Mr. Reynolds, kindly.

"I have found it very interesting," answered Grant.

"Do you think you shall like the business?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Better than if you had been able to carry out your original plan, and go to college?"

"Yes, sir, under the circumstances, for I have a better prospect of helping the family."

"That feeling does you credit. Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"One of each, sir."

"I have but one boy, now nine years old. I am sorry to say he is not strong in body, though very bright and quick mentally. I wish he were more fond of play and would spend less time in reading and study."

"I don't think that is a common complaint among boys, sir."

"No, I judge not from my own remembrance and observation. My wife is dead, and I am such a busy man that I am not able to give my boy as much attention as I wish I could. My boy's health is the more important to me because I have no other child."

Grant's interest was excited, and he looked forward to meeting his employer's son not without eagerness. He had not long to wait.

The little fellow was in the street in front of the house when his father reached home. He was a slender, old-fashioned boy in appearance, who looked as if he had been in the habit of keeping company with grown people. His frame was small, but his head was large. He was pale, and would have been plain, but for a pair of large, dark eyes, lighting up his face.

"Welcome home, papa!" he said, running up to meet Mr. Reynolds.

The broker stooped over and kissed his son. Then he said: "I have brought you some company, Herbert. This is Grant Thornton, the boy I spoke to you about."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," said the boy, with old fashioned courtesy, offering his hand.

"And I am glad to meet you, Herbert," responded Grant, pleasantly.

The little boy looked up earnestly in the face of his father's office boy.

"I think I shall like you," he said.

Mr. Reynolds looked pleased, and so did Grant.

"I am sure we shall be very good friends," said our hero.

"Herbert," said his father, "will you show Grant the room he is to occupy?"

"It is next to mine, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my son."

"Come with me," said Herbert, putting his hand in Grant's. "I will show you the way."

Grant, who was only accustomed to the plain homes in his native village, was impressed by the evidence of wealth and luxury observable in the house of the stock-broker. The room assigned to him was small, but it was very handsomely furnished, and he almost felt out of place in it. But it was not many days, to anticipate matters a little, before he felt quite at home.

Herbert took Grant afterwards into his own room.

"See my books!" he said, leading the way to a book-case, containing perhaps a hundred volumes, the majority of a juvenile character, but some suited to more mature tastes.

"Do you like reading?" asked Grant.

"I have read all the books you see here," answered Herbert, "and some of papa's besides. I like to read better than to play."

"But you ought to spend some of your time in play, or you will not grow up healthy."

"That is what papa says. I try to play some, but I don't care much about it."

Grant was no longer surprised at the little boy's delicacy. It was clear that he needed more amusement and more exercise. "Perhaps," he thought, "I can induce Herbert to exercise more."

"When do you take dinner?" he asked.

"At half past six. There is plenty of time."

"Then suppose we take a little walk together. We shall both have a better appetite."

"I should like to," replied Herbert, "that is, with you. I don't like to walk alone."

"How far is Central Park from here?"

"A little over a mile."

"I have never seen it. Would you mind walking as far as that?"

"Oh, no."

So the two boys walked out together. They were soon engaged in an animated conversation, consisting, for the most part, of questions proposed by Grant and answers given by Herbert.

Not far from the Park they came to a vacant lot where some boys were playing ball.

"Now, if we only had a ball, Herbert," said Grant, "we might have a little amusement."

"I've got a ball in my pocket, but I don't use it much."

"Let me see it."

Herbert produced the ball, which proved to be an expensive one, better than any Grant had ever owned.

"There, Herbert, stand here, and I will place myself about fifty feet away. Now throw it to me, no matter how swiftly."

They were soon engaged in throwing the ball to each other. Grant was a good ball-player, and he soon interested the little boy in the sport. Our hero was pleased to see Herbert's quiet, listless manner exchanged for the animation which seemed better suited to a boy.

"You are improving, Herbert," he said, after a while. "You would make a good player in time."

"I never liked it before," said the little boy. "I never knew there was so much fun in playing ball."

"We shall have to try it every day. I suppose it is about time to go home to supper."

"And we haven't been to Central Park after all!"

"That will do for another day. Are boys allowed to play ball in the Park?"

"Two afternoons in the week, I believe, but I never played there."

"We shall have to try it some day."

"I should like to play—with you."

They reached home in full time for dinner. At the dinner table, Mr. Reynolds was struck by the unusually bright and animated face of his son, and his good appetite.

"What have you been doing to make you so hungry, Herbert?" he asked.

"I took a walk with Grant, and we had a fine game of ball."

"I am glad to hear it," said the broker, much pleased. "If you want to become stout and strong like Grant, that is the best thing for you to do."

"I never liked playing ball before, papa."

"That is a compliment to you, Grant," said the broker, smiling.

"I think," he said to the prim elderly lady who presided over the household, acting as housekeeper, "Herbert will be the better for having a boy in the house."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Estabrook, stiffly. "When he came into the house he had mud on his clothes. He never did that till this boy came."

"I won't complain of that, if his health is improved."

Mrs. Estabrook, who was a poor relation of Herbert's mother, pursed up her mouth, but did not reply. In her eyes it was more important that a boy should keep his clothes whole and clean, than to have color in his cheeks and health in his frame.

"I hope that boy won't stay here long," she thought, referring, of course, to Grant. "He'll quite spoil Herbert, by making him rough and careless of his appearance."

"Well, Herbert, and how do you like Grant?" asked Mr. Reynolds, as his son was bidding him good night before going to bed.

"I am so glad you brought him here, papa. I shall have good times now. You'll let him stay all the time, won't you?"

"I'll see about it, Herbert," answered his father, smiling.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. ESTABROOK'S PLANS.

Grant was going home with Mr Reynolds at the close of the fourth day, when it occurred to him to say what had been in his mind for some time: "Isn't it time, Mr.

Reynolds, for me to be looking out for a boarding-place?"

The broker smiled, and said with assumed concern, "Are you dissatisfied with your present boarding-place?"

"How could I be, sir!" returned Grant, earnestly. "But you told me I could stay with you a week while I was looking about for a suitable place to board."

"That is true. Now, however, there is a difficulty about your making a change."

"What is that, sir?"

"Herbert would not give his consent. The fact is, Grant, Herbert finds so much pleasure in your society, and derives so much advantage from the increased exercise you lead him to take, that I think you will have to make up your mind to stay."

Grant's face showed the pleasure he felt.

"I shall be very glad to stay, Mr. Reynolds," he answered, "if you are willing to have me."

"I had this in view from the first," said the broker, "but I wanted to see how you and Herbert got along. I wished to be sure, also, that your influence on him would be good. Of that I can have no doubt, and I am glad to receive you as a member of my family."

There was one member of the household, however, who was not so well pleased with the proposed arrangement. This was Mrs. Estabrook, the housekeeper.

As the week drew to a close, she said one evening after the boys had retired:

"How much longer is the office boy to stay here, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired the broker.

"Only with reference to domestic arrangements," answered the housekeeper, disconcerted.

"He will remain for a considerable time, Mrs. Estabrook."

"I—I thought he was only going to stay a week."

"He is company for Herbert, and I think it desirable to keep him."

"Herbert soils his clothes a deal more now than he used to do," said the housekeeper, discontentedly. "I am sure I don't know where the other boy carries him."

"Nor I, but I am not afraid to trust him with Grant. As to the clothes, I consider them of very small account compared with my boy's health."

Mrs. Estabrook knit in silence for five minutes. She was by no means pleased with her employer's plan, having taken a dislike to Grant, for which, indeed, her chief reason was jealousy. She had a step-son, a young man of twenty-one, in Mr. Reynolds' office, whom she would like to have in the house in place of Grant. But Mr. Reynolds had never taken notice of her occasional hints to that effect. The housekeeper's plans were far-reaching. She knew that Herbert was delicate, and doubted if he would live to grow up. In that case, supposing her step-son had managed to ingratiate himself with the broker, why might he not hope to become his heir? Now this interloper, as she called Grant, had stepped into the place which her own favorite (his name was Willis Ford) should have had. Mrs. Estabrook felt aggrieved, and unjustly treated, and naturally incensed at Grant, who was the unconscious cause of her disappointment. She returned to the charge, though, had she been wiser, she would have forborne.

"Do you think a poor boy like this Grant Thornton is a suitable companion for a rich man's son, Mr. Reynolds? Excuse me for suggesting it, but I am so interested in dear Herbert."

"Grant Thornton is the son of a country minister, and has had an excellent training," said the broker, coldly. "The fact that he is poor is no objection in my eyes. I think, Mrs. Estabrook, we will dismiss the subject. I think myself competent to choose my son's associates."

"I hope you will excuse me," said the housekeeper, seeing that she had gone too far. "I am so attached to the dear child."

"If you are, you will not object to the extra trouble you may have with his clothes, since his health is benefitted."

"That artful young beggar has wound his way into his employer's confidence," thought Mrs. Estabrook, resentfully, "but it may not be always so."

A few minutes later, when the housekeeper was in her own sitting-room, she was told that Willis Ford wished to see her.

Mrs. Estabrook's thin face lighted up with pleasure, for she was devotedly attached to her step-son.

"Bring him up here at once," she said.

A minute later the young man entered the room. He was a thin, sallow-complexioned young man, with restless black eyes, and a discontented expression—as of one who thinks he is not well used by the world.

"Welcome, my dear boy!" said the housekeeper, warmly. "I am so glad to see you."

Willis submitted reluctantly to his step-mother's caress, and threw himself into a rocking-chair opposite her.

"Are you well, Willis?" asked Mrs. Estabrook, anxiously.

"Yes, I'm well enough," muttered the young man.

"I thought you looked out of sorts."

"I feel so."

"Is anything the matter?"

"Yes; I'm sick of working at such starvation wages."

"I thought fifteen dollars a week a very good salary. Only last January you were raised three dollars."

"And I expected to be raised three dollars more on the first of July."

"Did you apply to Mr. Reynolds?"

"Yes, and he told me I must wait till next January."

"I think he might have raised you, if only on account of the connection between our families."

"Perhaps he would if you would ask him, mother."

"I will when there is a good opportunity. Still, Willis, I think fifteen dollars a week very comfortable."

"You don't know a young man's expenses, mother."

"How much do you pay for board, Willis?"

"Six dollars a week. I have a room with a friend, or I should have to pay eight."

"That leaves you nine dollars a week for all other expenses. I think you might save something out of that."

"I can't. I have clothes to buy, and sometimes I want to go to the theatre, and—in fact, nine dollars don't go as far as you think. Of course a woman doesn't need to spend much. It's different with a young man."

"Your income would be a good deal increased if you had no board to pay."

"Of course. You don't know any generous minded person who will board me for nothing, do you?"

"There's a new office boy in your office, isn't there?"

"Yes, a country boy."

"Did you know he was boarding here?"

"No, is he?"

"Mr. Reynolds told me to-night he was going to keep him here permanently, as a companion for his little son."

"Lucky for him!"

"I wish Mr. Reynolds would give you a home here."

"I would rather he would make it up in money, and let me board where I please."

"But you forget. It would give you a chance to get him uncomfortable, and if Herbert should die, you might take his place as heir."

"That would be a splendid idea, but there's no prospect of it. It isn't for me."

"It may be for the office-boy. He's an artful boy, and that's what he's working for, in my opinion."

"I did'nt think the little beggar was so level-headed. He seems quiet enough."

"'Still waters run deep.' You'd better keep an eye on him, and I'll do the same."

"I will."

The next day Grant was puzzled to understand why Willis Ford spoke so sharply to him, and regarded him with such evident unfriendliness.

"What have I done to offend him?" he thought.

(To be continued.)

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REST.

YEARS have gone! and slowly brighter
Grew the scene, and fair;
On our hearts the load lies lighter,
Brought by daily care.
Ours no more the stern denial
Needed in the past:
Patient toil has conquered trial,
Rest has come at last.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.

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

CHAPTER X.

THE WEAPONS OF WEAKNESS.

MAUD glanced up from the pink cream she was eating, and encountered Beck's eyes.

"Mercy on me!" she said, with a nervous little shrug, "what is the matter? How white and wild you look! Upon my word you frightened me."

"I—I saw somebody," said Beck, her hand grasping the edge of the chair.

"Well, really, that was quite remarkable! Are you subject to haluc inations of that sort?"

"Well but—" said Beck, and then she gave a long, searching, troubled glance about the room which began to be filled again.

"Really! such extraordinary things are happening!" said Maud. "Here comes Elise to me, about ten minutes ago. 'Where is Beck?' she asks, all out of breath, just as you are."

"'Haven't seen her,' is my reply, 'for an hour or more.'"

"'Because,' says she, 'I thought I saw Mrs. May out in the passage way, and imagined she had come for Beck, but maybe I was mistaken.' Of course she was. Mrs. May wouldn't have come like a ghost and disappeared all at once, without calling for you, or somebody."

"That was rather strange," said Beck. "I wonder where Elise is? I'll ask her about it. Why, of course, it couldn't be Mrs. May—unless my father should be taken worse!" she added, with shortened breath.

"Well, who did *you* see?" asked Maud,

"Why the—person who brought you cream. Was he one of the company? Do you know him?"

"Know him!" exclaimed Maud, in extreme surprise. "Why, he is one of the waiters! Know *him*! indeed!"

"But you saw him!"

"Yes, of course I saw him. You mean that boy with the rather handsome face? Oh, yes, I saw him—a Dutchman, I guess from his appearance, stout and ruddy-cheeked."

"I'd give the world," said Beck, and paused right there. Sep was coming, his hands full of dainties.

"I wonder if Sep would know? I must find out!" said Beck, half to herself, and turning away.

"Dear me! what is the matter with your sister, I wonder?" queried Maud in her school-girl, drawing voice.

"Why? Beck's queer, you know; always was. Spoiled by too much attention."

"Who did she get it from, you?" asked Maud, looking up, a shrewd expression in her blue eyes.

"No," said Sep promptly, "we boys never got the chance. Her father has treated her like a hot-house flower, a rare exotic, and she fancies herself something better than common folks. I hate to see spoiled children."

"Oh, but Beck isn't a child!"

"Isn't she? I call girls of sixteen children, anyway."

"Thank you!" said Maud, with dignity, a brighter red mantling to her cheek.

"Except—except—" said Sep, awkwardly, "that is, I—I didn't mean—" and he bit his lip, angry with himself.

"I suppose I *ought* to consider myself a child," said Maud, with the most innocent air imaginable, turning the diamond on her finger back and forth, as she toyed with it—scattering its rays on every side, "for Beck, though not a bit older than I am, seems years ahead of me, and always did. I should like, of *course*, to *seem* as mature as she, as well as be able to wear diamonds—but then, one can't help one's fate."

"You shall have a diamond worth three times as much as that, if you will accept one from me," he said in a whisper, bending down.

"Oh, you are too kind—no, I couldn't accept it—not after what I have been saying; you know, it would really look like begging for it. Oh, no!" but she knew that she should have it, for all her protestation; she saw it in Sep's face—she felt sure in her wily little heart that it would not be long before the jewel blazed where Beck's ring sparkled now.

"What was it Beck acted queer about?" asked Sep a moment after.

"Dear me, *I* didn't say she acted queer; it was you," said Maud.

"But she did or said something."

"Yes, she came up here all of a tremble to know who it was that brought me my cream. She thought—though I don't understand how she could, that he was one of the company. I told her I was not supposed to be acquainted with the waiters."

"It was one of the waiters, then."

"Yes, quite a bright looking little fellow, handsome, I suppose some would call him, but unmistakably a waiter. It was so funny of Beck! When I couldn't tell her, off she flew—in search of him, I suppose. Is she in the habit of making *proteges* of handsome German boys?"

"I don't know much about her habits," said Sep, who felt bound to adopt an injured air, "only I never could get along with her notions."

"Perhaps she's a bit strong minded," said Maud; "she was at school, I remember; forever talking about what *girls* ought to do. Not but that I admired her and looked up to her, you understand. We weak folks who don't care about being very pronounced in our opinions, and who like to be cared for, always, do admire those who are so thoroughly independent, and seem to know just what to do without being told."

"Beck likes her own way too well," said Sep, with an incipient scowl showing between his eyebrows.

"And she is able to have it, I should say," was Maud's response.

"Indeed not—not always—though her father backs all her little commands. She will grow into a very disagreeable woman, I fear."

"Oh, I hope not," said Maud, conscious that she had secured his admiration at the expense of poor Beck's alleged failings, and indeed it was very cleverly done. Weakness is not without its weapons.

Beck had gone off wondering, to find somebody who could enlighten her. It was impossible to claim the attention of either Elise or Frank, they were so busy. Doctor Emory was nowhere to be found; Mrs. Emory she sought for in vain. On she wandered, from room to room, now listening to the music, now watching the dancers, following with her eyes every new face, anxious, disturbed, and filled with a wretched forboding.

That face! if she could only see that face again! only find out to whom it belonged! Surely it could not be a chance likeness, and it was the *exact counterpart of the miniature she regarded as almost sacred*, only excepting that in the latter the hair and eyes were darker. She had seen it just as it was lifted from Maud's chair, where he had placed refreshments, and it was squarely before her, so that she had the full benefit of the form and expression of every feature. For a moment it had startled her so that she could make no sign; taken away her breath with the astonishment of coming upon it unexpectedly. She stationed herself near the dining-room, where she could see servants carrying out the dishes, and waited till they had all passed. Jack saw her—he was helping also—and came over to speak to her.

"Did they have enough?" she asked, concealing her anxiety with a smile.

"Jumbo!" was the boy's answer, "and lots left for the little ones. I wanted them to sit up, but father wouldn't hear it. You ought to have been in; weren't you? I didn't see you."

Beck shook her head. That face was of such paramount importance now, that she could hardly speak of anything else.

"It was prime fun! The governor spoke, and I expect he made the girls feel proud. You lost the best of it, Miss Beck."

Beck wondered if she had, thinking of that face.

"Your waiters were all white, weren't they?" Beck queried, carelessly.

"Yes, there were ten of them, wasn't that swell? And not a penny to pay either, except one or two extras. The landlord at the hotel round the corner lent them to us for the occasion."

"There were one or two quite young, weren't there?"

"No, indeed, all trained—you should have seen them, neckties, gloves and all."

"I did see one of them," said Beck, her heart beating quick—"the one who carried in Maud's refreshment—quite a boy, I should say."

"Oh, yes; one of the extras, I suppose—must have been. None of the others left the table."

"Do you know him?" asked Beck, looking away, and trying to speak carelessly.

"No, indeed. Father spoke to one of his patients, I believe, who sent us two—very young fellow, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said Beck, her heart sinking. Should she ever get a clue to the mystery, or ever see that face again?

"And handsome; I remember him now," said Jack, with a queer little smile. "Didn't look like a waiter one bit."

"Jack," said Beck, facing the situation, "I have a very good reason for wishing to know who he is—and I wouldn't say that to any one but you."

"I'll see if he is here, Miss Beck, and bring him right here to you," said Jack, with a boy's impulsiveness.

"No, no, if you please, Jack, that wouldn't do," said Beck, laughing a little hysterically at the difficulty she found herself in, and not knowing quite how to get out of it. "I think if you could just find who he is, and his name, that would be all I want."

"I'll try," said Jack.

"And, after all, if it shouldn't be," said Beck, "there's no harm done. But the resemblance is certainly wonderful—the only face I ever saw that looked like my dear lost brother"—and she was still dreamily speculating when an arm went over her shoulders.

"You are never anywhere, my darling," said Elise. "I have been hunting for you."

"And I for you," said Beck.

"Do, like a dear good child, help us out."

"In what?" asked Beck.

"Music! dear, divine music! We haven't half enough on the programme, and we want the people to stay and patronize the Sybil's room. You ought to see the first rush there! That's a success, too; it's a succession of successes, bless your heart! Won't you play your piece over again? Professor Revere is willing, and the Governor wants to hear you. Are you too tired?"

"I'm not a bit tired," said Beck. "But before we go I want to ask you about what Maud said—that you saw Mrs. May."

"I thought I did—or her ghost," said Elise. "It looked remarkably like her, with a sort of blue hood on. But then, so many of the servants are coming and going all the time! I tried to speak to her, but when I got up there she was gone."

"Do you believe it was she?" asked Beck.

"No, I don't, really. It was a little dark in the shadow of the staircase, and any stout woman might have passed for her. It was not at the front entrance, it was at the back, you see. Now who was it *you* were hunting after. Maud tried to tell me—some handsome young man, a German, I think she said, but she mystifies everybody so! She seemed to think it a good joke."

Beck's face reddened.

"I wish Maud would mind her own business," she said, excitedly. "She has no right to make a mystery of a simple question any one may ask of her. I suppose Sep heard her."

Elise stood petrified. Was this quiet, sweet-tempered Beck, with eyes on fire and cheeks aflame?

"Why, Beck, dear!" she said, "I thought it was only a joke!"

"Well, it's as you look at it," said Beck, very near tears, she felt so perplexed and miserable. "Forget that I spoke in a passion," she went on. "I'm vexed and nervous, and I don't think I can do myself justice at the piano, though I said I'd play. Hark! some one is playing—I think it must be cousin Audrey."

The two girls moved forward, and there, sure enough, sat Miss Del Ray, a magnificent vision, the clear tones ringing out under her vigorous touch, while the people crowded round to get a sight of the fair performer, and comments were made on her style in an undertone.

Sep made his way toward Beck and handed her the ring.

"Miss Maud returns it," he said. "She is going to leave."

"She might have kept it—I shouldn't care much," said Beck.

"Why, Beck, you are growing reckless," said Elise.

"She will have her own diamonds before long," said Sep, with an unpleasant smile. Somehow everything that was said and done seemed unpleasant to Beck.

"I wonder if he will give them to her?" laughed Beck. "That would be queer, for I had the impression he was a little stingy. There! Miss Del Ray has finished, and everybody is delighted."

"I think I'll go home," said Beck.

"Not for worlds—not till you get your fortune told," said Elise.

"But I don't care for it—and besides I may get one of my own horoscopes," Beck responded.

"No, you won't—I told the Sybil in particular about that. Oh, we got up a splendid one for the Governor between us, Frank and I—prophesied that he would be the next president, and all that nonsense. He ought to pay five dollars for that. Come up into mamma's room a little while and rest; you're thoroughly tired out. Why didn't you dance, you little queer old young woman? Well, what now?"

"Jack is coming—wait a minute," said Beck.

Jack came up.

"Too bad, but I couldn't find him," he said. "I guess he's not accustomed to late hours; but I'll ask father as soon as I see him—he's sure to know. Couldn't find out even the fellow's name," he added.

"Never mind, don't trouble yourself, Jack. You know it's a little bit of a secret."

"Oh! I'll keep dark," said Jack, with unnecessary emphasis. "The girls couldn't get it out of me."

"I shall tell them all about it," said Beck, with heightened color, "sometime."

Elise, who overheard a part of the conversation, wondered to herself what the secret could be between Beck and Jack.

(To be continued.)

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A YEAR AGO.

I was so rich a year ago
That every day
A little child looked up to me
Amid its play.
I was so very rich because
The child was mine;
I did not think he was but lent
A little time.

I dreamed, for him, bright dreams,
And he?
The castles that he built
Were all for me.
I cannot tell you, if I try,
How golden bright
The head upon my pillow
Every night.

I never could begin to tell—
I wish I could—
How sweet this child of mine—
How sweet, how good:
Or half how rich I felt myself.
You do not know
How very rich I was
A year ago.

A BRAVE GIRL.

THE following true story is told by the *Rocky Mountain News*:

Reed's ranch did not differ materially from hundreds of others in Colorado. The same straggling, one-storied structure, perfectly innocent of paint, with outbuildings looking as if they were ready to tumble down. The family consisted, at the time of this story, of Joe Reed, the proprietor, his wife and two children. Ella, the eldest, was a rather pretty girl of eighteen, who for several years had relieved the tired mother of much of the burden of the housework, attended to the duties of the dairy, and was a good horsewoman withal, often accompaning her father in rough rides of miles when looking for stray cattle.

Once a week Mr. Reed went to Denver to sell the dairy products, and purchase such articles of food as could not be raised on the ranch. Willie frequently accompanied him, and the two women thought nothing of being left alone in the house until long into the night, as the distance to the city made the drive a long one. It was on one of these evenings in the early fall, just as they had completed their supper and the mother was arranging the table for the hungry father and son, that the younger woman went to the barn, the back of which was immediately on the road, to see to a calf that was sick.

Suddenly she heard the voices of men in the road near the barn. Listening and scarcely daring to breathe, she heard the words that almost froze her with terror.

"The old man keeps his money-box in the drawer of the old bureau, but the old woman carries the key."

"How can we get at it?" asked another voice.

"We can bind both women, and if they make any noise, we can stop that." For a moment the terrified listener was fairly paralyzed with fear; then she started up, and running quickly round to the back of the house and crawling through an open window, went to a closet and took from it two revolvers which were always kept loaded for emergencies, concealing them in the folds of her dress.

Hastily rejoining her mother in the larger room, she was just in time to see two burly-looking ruffians enter by the door. The taller of the two men demanded supper, "and let it come quickly, too," he said, in a menacing tone. The brave girl placed the food on the table, knowing that the scoundrels would satisfy their hunger before putting their purpose of robbery, and possibly murder, into execution. She then sat down in front of them and watched them. The moment their meal was completed, she suddenly thrust the muzzles of the pistols in their faces, threatening to shoot if they moved.

Expostulations and protestations were in vain; the heroic girl stood there with eyes flashing and determined, for what to her seemed ages. The poor mother, as soon as she comprehended the situation, overcome by her great terror, had fainted, and was lying on the floor.

At last the sound of wagon wheels was heard coming toward the house, and in a moment the father and brother entered the house, in company with an uncle who had arrived in Denver that day, from their old Eastern home in Pennsylvania, and by the merest accident met Mr. Reed on Sixteenth Street, in Denver. As soon as they comprehended the situation, they compelled the ruffians, with revolvers at their heads, to submit to being bound with ropes, and when daylight came they were taken to the country seat and placed in jail.

The brave girl, as soon as she was relieved from her terrible guard duty, went into a succession of hysterical spasms, and it was for weeks that her reason, if not her life, was despaired of. She eventually recovered, however, and afterward married a wealthy Denver gentleman, and is now living in Queen City. The two men were recognized as old offenders; in fact, they were fugitives from justice from a distant county, and afterward served a long time in the penitentiary in Canon City.

A DISCRIMINATING PUSS.

I LATELY (writes a clergyman in the south of Ireland), in visiting a medical friend, had the opportunity of witnessing the strange effect of a certain kind of music upon a cat. Pussy was sporting with her young kittens on the rug, when her master drew my attention to her, saying that there was an air in Verdi's "Il Trovatore" which she detected, and would not allow to be whistled in her hearing.

Upon my expressing my surprise, and begging for an illustration of the truth of his statement, he began to whistle several airs in different styles. Of these, however, the cat took not the smallest notice. He then changed to the well known and pathetic "Ah che la morte," when instantly her play stopped and her ears pricked up with an uneasy motion. As the whistling continued she grew more and more restless, and at last, with a piteous cry, ran to her master, climbed up beside him, and put her paws on his mouth to stop the objectionable music.

I asked was it a trick pussy had been taught? but was assured that her antipathy to Verdi's celebrated air originated altogether with herself. The doctor had been one day pensively looking out of the window thinking very little of either the cat or music. Half unconsciously he began the "Ah che la morte," when suddenly he felt that pussy was clambering up his legs. She seemed much excited, and would not be quieted till she had stopped his breath with her paws. From that day she had always shown the most determined aversion to this air as destinct from all others. It mattered not in what part of the house the doctor struck it up, it always brought her instantly to his side, and if anyone else had the temerity to try the experiment, it was with difficulty she could be kept from tearing out his eyes, a fate which had well-nigh befallen a rash visitor who had ventured to whistle the tune before the extreme violence of the cat's objection had been discovered.

THE COURT PERPLEXED.

ALL of us, probably, have found those little pearly seeds in oysters, at one time or another. But rarely do we find one worth two hundred dollars, as did a Frenchman lately. The case is assuredly an odd one. A gentleman in Paris, while eating raw oysters, came across a hard substance, which on taking to a jeweller's, he found was a pearl, and the jeweller gave him for it 1,200 francs, about two hundred and forty dollars. Then he went back and told the restaurant keeper of his luck. The restaurant keeper did not seem as glad as he might be; in fact, he said the pearl belonged to him, and that he proposed to have its price. It was not his business to sell 1,200 franc pearls with one francs worth of oysters. The gentleman laughed, but next day it was seen that the restaurant keeper was in earnest. He summoned his customer before the civil tribunal, and claimed the gem on the ingenious ground that it was found sticking to the shell, and that the customer only paid for the edible portion of the bivalve. Logic might have carried the point had not an unlooked-for *contretemps* occurred in the shape of the wholesale oyster merchant who supplied the restaurant keeper, who put in his claim to the pearl. The court confessed itself perplexed and unable to deal with the case off-hand, and it now waits for time to consider its judgment. And as this is just the sort of mix to please Paris, the gay capital is waiting events with deep interest. So far no legal precedent is remembered, but a case of the finding of a pearl in an European oyster has been unearthed. On the 18th of March, 1871, the day on which the commune broke out, M. Soularian, a Parisian journalist, whilst taking breakfast in a restaurant in the Rue Sepic, found a fine pearl in a Marennes oyster. Discussing matters with the restaurateur, they finally came to an understanding, and sold the pearl for 150 francs (30 dollars), dividing the sum between them.

EXCHANGES.

☞ We cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange. Exchanges must be made as brief as possible and few in number. We cannot insert all that come in if one party sends them oftener than once or twice a year. Do not ask us to insert notice of exchange of worthless articles, or those that should properly appear in the advertising columns.

Jno. Wilkinson, Middletown, Ind. A printing office for a 50-in. bicycle.

Norton Hotchkiss, Ft. Mill, S. C. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Vol. II., for a pair of ice skates.

Herbert L. Reid, Jersey City, N. J. Books worth $30.00, for charts or nautical books.

Harry Canaga, Scio, O. Nos. 46 to 52, Vol. I. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for Nos. 24, 25, 26, Vol. II., of the same.

Ralph Platt, Grand Island, Neb. Indian arrowheads from the Sioux country, for a printing press or books.

W. Oberst, 220 Allen St., Buffalo, N. Y. Vols. I. and II. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for Vols. II. and III. of *Golden Days*.

Raymond Corey, Pemberton, N. J. 12 postmarks, for every Asiatic stamp; 25 postmarks for every African stamp.

J. W. Deeds, Box 661, Grinnell, Iowa. A Jewell printing press and ten fonts of new type, for an organette in good repair.

L. A. Waid, Monmouth, Ill. A silver watch, worth $10.00, for a B flat cornet. Will pay the difference for one of greater value.

W. Goodwin, 24 5th Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. "Delightful Days," or "Drifting Round the World," for Vol. II. of *Golden Days*, unbound.

Harry G. Beckman, Southbridge, Mass. A Daisy press with outfit, and Old English type, all in good condition, for a bracket saw with blades.

Harry H. Pettit, 118 Hodge Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Vols. III., IV. and V. of *Golden Days* (10 numbers missing), for a pair of roller skates, No. 9 1-2 to 11, Union Hardware preferred.

Mrs. J. S. White, Dodd City, Tex. "Robinson Crusoe," "Oliver Twist," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Scottish Chiefs," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," for Vol. I. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Edward Boyle, Westbrookville, N. Y. An illustrated history of all nations, from the earliest times (700 pp.), and "Ames' Mastery of the Pen," for three books by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.

Wm. F. Moody, Jr., Bayonne, N. J. 11 Nos. of *Our Young People*, "The Buckwoodsman," "Wonders of the World," and "Little Guzzy," for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Nos. 38 to 42, Vol. I.

Hallie Jones, 472 Welton St., Denver, Col. A gold ring, a gold-plated scarf pin, mineral specimens, "Bell and the Boys," and other things, for Alcott's "Jack and Jill," or other works, or periodicals.

Nettie M. Collins, Canonchet, R. I. 12 consecutive numbers of *Rutledge's Monthly*, and Smith's Quick Penmanship Method, for a pair of lady's ice skates to fit a 3 1-2 shoe, or for a microscope, or good books.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

PUZZLEDOM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

D. J. M., Windsor Locks, Ct. We believe they are.

J. T. S., Boston, Mass. *E-lit*-hu. Accent the italicized syllable.

R. T., Boston, Mass. We shall be glad to give you premiums.

B. M. H. 1. See reply to C. B. Y. in this column. 2. Cannot say.

SUBSCRIBER. Enquire nearer home. They are only of local importance.

J. C., Haliburton, Ont. We have written the firm, and will let you know what we hear from them.

W. F. M., Naomi, Kans. We have never had a complaint of them, and know nothing to their discredit.

C. B. Y., Wheatland, Dak. The journal was discontinued six months ago. The publishers gave up business two months ago.

F. M., Milton, Ind. See reply to C. B. Y. in this column. We will give you a yearly subscription if you return the Mastery and $1.00.

R. A., Newton, Miss. You could tell, better than we, if there be such a school in your locality. You can obtain tuition in this branch in any large city.

B. L. McC., Marion, N. C. "The American Debater," $1.25, is the best book published. We will send it to you on receipt of price, and 15cts for postage, etc.,

K. M. I., Farmdale, Ky. E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 B'way, N. Y., and the Scoville M'f'g Co., 419 Broome St., N. Y., are first-class houses for photographic materials of all kinds.

J. H. F., Little Rock, Ark. Parafine wax can be had from Tarrant & Co., corner of Warren and Greenwich Sts., N. Y. City, for 25 cts. per lb., in any quantity. For 100 lb. lots, 18 cts. per lb.

H. P. K., Myerstown, Pa. Robt. Ingersoll is from Illinois. He is no longer in Congress, but practices successfully as a lawyer in Washington. One of his recent, prominent cases, was the Star Route trial, in which he defended the accused.

G. A. J., Quitman, Ark. Yes; address publishers of Seaside Library, N. Y. City, asking for a catalogue. You can select your novels from the list. They cost only a dime, and, though they have not yellow covers outside of blood-curdling stories, you will find in them much amusement and some profit, perhaps.

O. A. R., Rochester, N. Y. 1. Black. 2. We never heard of such a preparation. 3. Indeed they are. Use the lightest dumb-bells for continued exercise. The mere motion of the arms, without any weight in the hands, soon works a surprising change in muscular development. Always keep the hands tightly closed. 4. Before breakfast, and at intervals during the day, two hours or more after a meal. 5. We cannot give the exact date. 6. No.

PUZZLEDOM No. 4, VOL. 8.

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apart from all other communications. When Biogs, Geogs, or words not in Webster are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 50, VOL. 2.

No. 1.

M
BAC
CARAC
BATATAS
MARAVEDIS
CATERER
CADES
SIR
S

No. 2.

D
DOM
WOMAN
DOMINOS
DOMINATOR
MANATEE
NOTED
SOE
R

No 3. The veteran solver many times solves large forms on sight, while the tyro worries his brain over them long after the veteran has sent in his solutions.

No. 4.

C
PET
DOMES
DETESTS
POTENTATE
CEMENTATION
TESTAMURS
STATUES
STIRS
EOS
N

No. 5.

S
FUR
CERED
CURRIED
FERMENTAL
SURRENDERED
REINDUCED
DETECTS
DARES
LED
D

No. 6. Lady's-slipper.

No. 7.

B
CAD
BATED
BUSTLED
CASTLEFIN
BATTLECREEK
DELECTATE
DEFRAYS
DIETS
NEE
K

No. 8.

J
CUB
FANES
FIRESET
CARDBOARD
JUNEBERRIES
BESORTING
SEARISK
TRINK
DEG
S

No. 9. Bedtick.

No. 10.

F
PAD
PIES
PARADES
PIRATINIM
FANATICIZES
DEDICATED
SENTIRE
P SIZES R
PAR MED WET
DOLED LOBSTER RASES
DILATES OPALINE RETENTS
POLITICALBARANTEWATERTATH
PALATINATESLANDERESERVATION
RETINITESTINDARETENTATIVE
DECATER ENTERIC STATIVE
SATER REERECT STIVE
LES WED HOE
S DAPES N
DOTANTS
WATERTAPS
REPARTITION
DENTIZING
STATICS
SFINS
SOG
N

No. 11. Estray.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 50 were correctly solved by NAVAJO, ELBERT, MADCAP and MYSELF, F. AITCHELL, I. O. W. A., AXUL, MAY B., DAUNTLESS, ASPIRO, O. U. NOHEM, DREADNAUGHT, JOSTRO, INTREPID, LEX TALIONIS, BOLIS, BANDIT, and HALV.

Complete list—None.

Best incomplete lists—NAVAJO, 10; ELBERT 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

ED. WARD, 1 Diamond, 1 Hexagonal Numerical; NAVAJO, 2 Diamonds; ASPIRO, 1 Charade; OFF COLOR, 1 Octagon.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. HEXAGONAL NUMERICAL.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.
6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15,
11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

1. To net; 2. A county of Pennsylvania; 3. A river of Pennsylvania; 4. A township of De Witt Co., Ill; 5. Any, turn or winding.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. ED. WARD.

No. 2. SQUARE.

1. To illustrate with marginal notes; 2. A low plant with fleshy leaves; 3. Assumes suddenly a different character from the rest of the plant; 4. A gradatorial bird; 5. The innermost coating of grains of pollen; 6. U. S. Consul and writer (*B.* 1815.)
GIBSON, PA. ODOACER.

No. 3. SQUARE.

1. A small country house; 2. To fill with anxiety (*Rare*); 3. A book of institutes; 4. An Asiatic river; 5. A Greek or Latin proper name; 6. A tribe of Indians in the U. S.
HEILMANDALE, PA. G. R. AMMAR.

No. 4. REVERSIBLE NUMERICAL.

The whole, consisting of ten letters, is one who lives among the marshes.

The 1, 2, 3, is to whelm or plunge, as in mud; the 4, 5, 6, 7, to run; the 8, 9, 10, is a district in Russia; the 10, 9, 8, is to prepare for use, as flax; the 7, 6, 5, 4, is a wrongful act (*Law*); the 3, 2, 1, is a small quantity (*Low.*)
BAYONNE, N. J. MADCAP.

No. 5. SQUARE.

1. Hoofed mammals; 2. To shell; 3. A river in Upper Guinea; 4. Sprouted (*Obs.*); 5. Occupying (*Obs.*); 6. A purchaser; 7. Hurdles.
NEW YORK CITY. JAREP.

No. 6. SQUARE.

1. A cephalapod; 2. A state; 3. A kind of salmon; 4. A calculator; 5. Pertaining to a husband; 6. A double ace; 7. Makes a rapidly repeated sharp noise.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. MYTHO.

No. 7. QUADRUPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "tidy spouse,"
In "sad mistakes,"
In "boarding-house,"
In "griddle-cakes."

When the good ship rides o'er peaceful seas,
The *wholes* outstretch from the top cross-trees,
And bent to these
The 1, 2, 3's
Swell in the breeze.
RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLIS.

No. 8. SQUARE.

1. Singers of bass; 2. A Malay island; 3. One who hails; 4. Passing in use; 5. To furnish enjoyment to the extent of desire; 6. A township of Dodge Co., Wis.; 7. A post-office of Hamilton Co., Kan.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. SIMON EASE.

No. 9. SQUARE.

1. A plant—a species of Bromelia; 2. A weapon; 3. Modes of rule; 4. A seaport town of Sicily; 5. One of a group of low coral islands in the North Pacific (*Lipp.*); 6. A salt; 7. Annual herbaceous plants.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. OWLET.

No. 10. CHARADE.

'Tis room we need—and all men cry for room!
Each seems to crowd the two others as they go,
And when a rival jogs along, we slow,
We hustle past him, rushing to our doom,
And get—with Death—close quarters in a tomb.
The human tide is ever on the flow,
And Science claims to extinguish at a blow
The sun, that but *by day* dispels the gloom,
And place the Light Electric in the sky,
To give an equal splendor through the hours.
But I have wandered—it is room we seek,
And even the low *one* ardor for it sigh,
The Cook Professional, with anger sours,
Complete a Wide Range in the kitchen, so to speak.
DUBOIS, ILL. ASPIRO.

No. 11. SQUARE.

1. A village of Belgium (*Bijou*); 2. To lay waste; 3. Township of Richmond Co., N. C.; 4. Town of France; 5. To lodge again; 6. An ornamental stand; 7. Offspring of white persons and quadroons.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. MORNING STAR.

No. 12. SQUARE.

(To "N. Orth.")

1. Angriest; 2. More reluctant; 3. To open, as the capsules of plants; 4. After-sails in a ship or bark; 5. Members of a certain Jewish sect, noted for their strictness; 6. To secern (*Physio.*); 7. A movable frame or support.
NEW YORK CITY. KING ARTHUR.

No. 13. CHARADE.

Neobule sat silent beneath the soft shade
Of the dearest of trees she has known,
The plane-tree, that sheltered the handsome maid,
From her birth till a woman she'd grown,
'Twas the genial close of the Kalends of June;
And the day-god an hour agone
Had sunk in the west, and the crescented moon,
Sifted silver the maiden upon.
Young Alexis, with hopes alternating with fears,
Had just *ended* his story of love (*first*)
For the one he had known and admired for years,
Whom he now loves all maidens above.
She listed it kindly, and felt she could bless
With the love and devotion of wife
The narrator, that sued for the soft-whispered "yes,"
To give a new radiance to life.
The precious, the healing, the waited-for word
Soon was formed in the heart as a token
Of bliss to the wooer, and then barely heard
It arose from her heart and was *spoken* (*second*)
No artist, no poet, e'er colored, e'er sung,
On canvas, in *idyll*, the bliss, (*whole*)
All the rapture, that thrills through the souls of the young,
Happy souls, on occasions like this.
LEESBURG, VA. NANG PORTE KEY.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first *complete* list of answers to puzzles in this issue, six months' subscription of the THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. For the second and third *complete* lists, or the best two *incomplete* lists, three months' subscription each to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

CHAT.

THE *Newark Puzzler* for October and November contains fine poems and charades, also one 8 square by SIMON EASE, which looks lonesome, being the only form in this number. *Wise*, ONLY predicts in this number of the *Newark Puzzler* that form puzzles will in a few years become an extinct species, unless the geniuses of puzzledom can invent new ones which shall be entirely different from the square or diamond. We think he is nearly right, NAVAJO and a few older form makers should remember that manufactured words do not belong in puzzles. "Reluctera" may be a good word, but Webster has not endorsed it, therefore we reject the diamond that contains it. NYAS, your forms, although good, are too small for our department; try again. All but two of our solvers slipped up on "Ladys-slipper," and those two saved themselves from a complete by tumbling on ASPIRO'S "Bed-tick." ROCHELLE.