

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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## A STREAK OF GOOD LUCK.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

I THINK every one should travel—and travel, too, in our own glorious West. The mountain scenery elevates the soul, and enlarges its conceptions. There is a strength in the flow of the mighty rivers, which must in some measure communicate itself to the heart of him who looks upon them, making his life-currents leap with something of their own wild freedom and power. Give me Nature, as she exists in her grand solitudes, and let the tame marts of human traffic take care of themselves.

I shall never forget the visit I made, at a time when I was much younger, and a trifle more enthusiastic than now, to the home of my friend Bob Wilder in Oregon. He was of my own age—sixteen—and we were precisely alike in our tastes.

Bob's folks had settled there three years before—the farm which Mr. Wilder owned being near the Columbia River, and within such plain view of the Cascade Mountains, that they reminded me of so many inquisitive giants always peering down upon the new settlers as if to see what they were about. They were up very early in the morning—those great mountains were—and sat up late at night, too; for the moon showed them at their post, and they never seemed tired of watching.

"My!" exclaimed Bob, "I'm glad you've come. Won't we have gay times with our guns! And I've got one of the best skiffs on the river, besides. Why, all around here it's just alive with chucks and wild geese—'quack, quack, quack—honk, honk, honk,' in every stream and pond. You can't go amiss—they're everywhere. I've seen the wild geese on the Columbia so thick that they darkened the air when they flew. As a flock rose, it would seem as if the whole river were coming up—water, mud and all. O, you better believe I make 'em rain right down sometimes when I send a couple of charges of double-B shot up among 'em!"

This was just the kind of enthusiasm that I liked; for a gun was as bewitching to me as it is to most boys.

"And what of the bears and wolves and panthers?" I asked. "Do you ever see any of those?"

"O yes; I shot a big old wolf last winter, right at the back of our barn. She came after one of the young steers. So chased the steer twice around the barn—so gashed that she didn't notice me—and when she came around the second time, I let her have both barrels. She ran about twenty rods and dropped dead. What a long, limp thing she was—like a great starved dog."

"St. George! a stirring life they lead that have such neighbors near," I replied, quoting Marston; and the reader may feel assured that my enthusiasm for Western life was not abated by the recital. This was the kind of game for me!

"There are bears in the mountains, too," continued Bob, "but I have never killed one. Mother is afraid I will get hurt, and I don't like to give her uneasiness, else I'd try for the fellows."

"Grizzlys, I suppose."

"Yes, real big grizzlys; some of them no doubt would weigh fifteen hundred pounds. You wouldn't think a bear would weigh so much—they look smaller, but they are solid, I tell you. There is a bear that some of the folks about here have seen that is half white,

they kill cattle for the farmers, but they have never destroyed any of ours, though one day I saw the tracks of a big one on our land, in one of those sandy places where the wild pigeons come for gravel."

I had brought my double-barrel with me, and it was arranged that next day we should go out and see what could be done among the wild geese. Bob showed me his neat little skiff, and early in the morning we started for an all-day's cruise, having with us water and food, and no end of ammunition.

number of good shots, yet doing nothing extraordinary.

At noon we ate our dinner, which had been carefully provided by Mrs. Wilder. While doing so we heard a great "honking" of wild geese at a little distance in the woods, and Bob said that it must come from some creek or pond among the trees.

With all the silence of Sioux warriors when creeping upon an enemy's camp, we made our way toward the spot.

Louder and louder rose the sounds—honk, honk, honk, till the whole air was freighted with the harsh, shrill cries.

"My goodness!" whispered Bob, as he got sight of a small forest pond—"look!"

I did look and was astonished. Geese, geese, geese! The place was full of them—pile upon pile, column upon column; and it did not seem as if they could have heard us had we talked even in loud tones, their own noise was so deafening. How beautiful they were, too, with their necks banded with white.

We brought upon guns and let drive—first the right-hand barrels, then, as they rose, the left. The slaughter was prodigious; and without reloading, we rushed to secure the wounded ones that were flopping off into the woods.

Through reeds and grass, through alders and mud and water, we tumbled in pursuit.

Bob had just knocked over a disabled fowl with the barrels of his gun, and I had one by the neck, when a sound that fairly froze the life within us pealed out like thunder close to our ears!

I got a glimpse of some living creature among the reeds—something big and terrible—partly white and partly black, and with a wide mouth open to its full extent.

In trying to stop, I fell flat, but was up again in an instant. At the same moment Bob's excited shout, "'tis a grizzly bear!" told me what a scrape we had got into.

The animal had one of our geese under its paws, and was ready to dispute possession with us—indeed he probably considered his own "present possession" as nine points of law to our one.

We ran back for a good distance, but the bear was too much busied with the wounded geese to follow us. Finding that the enemy did not press the advantage we now stopped to reload.

"That's the very grizzly I was telling you of," said Bob—"half white and half black, and I believe it's a female bear with cubs, too. I'm sure I saw a funny little one close by—a little black and white fellow. If she has two or three cubs, and they are marked like the mother, Mr. Greene, the man I told you of, will give a hundred dollars apiece for them. I guess he'd give that for a clean white one."

Bob was wonderfully cool, but he was a very brave boy. As to myself, I was thinking more of the mother than the cubs, and wondering when she would come roaring after us.



HE TOOK A STEADY AIM.

You know a grizzly generally has a little white on the fore shoulders, but this one, they say, is marked just as if she were painted—half white and half black, like some circus horses. There is a man up in Dalles, the nearest town, that says he would give a hundred dollars apiece for cubs so marked; but I guess nobody knows whether this old bear is a male or a female."

"Lewis and Clark saw one on their expedition that was entirely white," I said; "but I think a white grizzly must be as rare as a white blackbird. Dear me, I wish we could get at a good respectable old bear, white or black!"

"So do I," said Bob; "but then our folks would worry about me if I should go among the mountains, and the bears are too shy to come out here looking for me. Sometimes

it was a beautiful scene that we launched forth upon. The Columbia flowed strongly and smoothly along, and there were enormous trees bordering the shores, while those same prying Cascades peeped over the forest tops and down into the boat to see whether we were going, and what we intended to do.

The waterfowl, however, were more shy than I had expected to find them. They had been much disturbed of late by the hunters, and generally gave us a wide berth.

Our first shot was at a flock of ducks, at a distance of at least fifteen rods; but our guns were good, and we brought down seven of them.

"Not a bad beginning," said Bob. "We'll have more before night."

We kept on all the forenoon, making a

However, though a trifle nervous, I did not object to my friend's proposition when he suggested that we should steal up and give her a shot.

"We can climb a tree," he said, "if the worst comes, or make a bee line for the boat; but we have four charges of ball and buckshot, and it seems to me that we ought to fetch her."

Getting up to within some twelve rods of the savage creature, we gave her the whole four charges. What will not a boy's rashness venture? The next moment we were flying toward the river with the bear at our heels! Her furious roaring seemed to give us wings—every roar helping us along as if it were the horn of a bull.

Leaping into the boat, we pushed off, the bear's big paw just missing the side as, swash! swash! it rushed after us into the water.

We soon distanced her, although she swam very rapidly, and, dropping my oar, I hastily attempted to reload. In doing this I stumbled, and away went my gun overboard.

Bob was also trying to reload, and as the oars were neglected, the bear gained fearfully upon us. To make matters worse, the boat became entangled in a floating tree-top—a snag—and it required the efforts of both of us to clear her.

The white shoulders of our terrible enemy were now close to us, and the water surged away from them in a manner to show how powerfully she must be swimming. Her mouth was partly open, and she growled and snarled as if to let us know what was in store for us.

At one moment she actually touched the stern of the boat with her paw—a great white paw, which had it got a firm hold could have held us back in spite of any effort at the oars.

Just then, however, we cleared the snag, and my readers may well believe that for a moment or two there was some lively pulling. "Now, old madam," cried Bob, "when we had got a start of a few yards, 'I'll try you again!'"

His gun was already partly loaded, and pulling in his oar, he completed the charge by throwing in a good amount of lead and ramming down a wad on the top of it. He was now so cool that he even took time to return his rammer to its place—for in truth Bob was a born hunter, and a hunter never neglects any of these small things.

Standing up, with one foot on a thwart, his elbow on his knee, and his left hand grasping the barrels, he took a steady aim, while I sat still at my oar, keeping the boat as motionless as possible.

Bang! the heavy report sounded in my ear, half deafening me—for my friend had put in an unusually heavy charge.

The bear's paws struck out spasmodically—she whirled around, making the water fly and boil; and then her head drooped to one side, and she gradually disappeared under the surface.

We fortunately had on board a good rope, and with it succeeded in passing a noose about her body before it had been carried away by the river current. In fact it did not seem to go to the bottom at once, but to float just under water. Thus we towed it on shore. It was most curiously marked—the white and black scarcely intermingling at all, but meeting each other half way of the body's length, the forward part white, the hinder portion black.

It was evident that she had cubs, as this we knew from certain appearances of the body, and we proceeded in quest of the little family.

Near the place where the dam had been just seen, we found three small, whining little things—two of them marked precisely like the mother, and the third milk white. By aid of our line the whole were secured and placed in the boat. They were funny little fellows, but bears to the backbone—full of growl and ready to scratch us if we touched them.

We now proceeded to skin the old one, a work at which Bob showed much dexterity; and then pushing off our boat, pulled for home with our dead and living trophies.

Luckily my gun had fallen where the water was shoal, and we were fortunate enough to find it, where it stuck muzzle downward in the mud.

Mr. Green, of Dalles, was as good as his word, and paid us three hundred dollars for the young ones, we throwing in the skin of the mother.

He was a naturalist and quite rich. He

told us that bears so marked were great curiosities; that he had never seen one like them before, and had supposed that there must have been some mistake in the matter when told of their existence.

But we got the three hundred dollars, and a most exciting day's sport besides.

THE SCATTERED SEEDS.

BY MARY E. D. JOHNSON.

A WOMAN to the holy father went. Over the neck of sin was her intent; And so her misdeeds, great and small, She faithfully released them all; The woman, in her catalogue had been, She owned that she a talebearer had been, And borne a bit of scandal up and down To all the long-tongued gossip in the town. The holy father for her other sin Granted the absolution asked of him; But while for all the rest he pardon gave, He told her this offense was very grave, Out by the wayside where the thistles grow, And gather the largest, ripest one.

You can't get rid of them when this you do, She must come back again another day. To tell him his commands she did obey. Those little thistle seeds which you have sown, Hastened to do his will that very night, Feeling right glad she had escaped so well. Next day but one she went the priest to see, The priest sat still and heard her story through; Then said, "There's something still for you to do; Those thistle seeds which you have sown, I bid you go together every one. To try to smother up those seeds again, The winds have scattered them both far and wide, Over the hills and valleys mountain-side. The father answered, "Now, I hope you see, The lesson I have taught you will not miss; Those little thistle seeds which you have sown, Which far and wide will scatter to no use, Nor can the mischief come by scandal sown, By any penance be again undone."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

It is the custom at English country houses, says a London letter to the *San Francisco Argonaut*, for the gentlemen who smoke to go to the smoking-room after the ladies have retired, and there, with the accompaniments of spirits and cold water, to smoke and chat as long as they like. On these occasions "smoking suits" are worn. Nearly every man who goes out much has his smoking suit, and some of those worn by heavy swells are very elaborate and costly. I have heard of one that cost its owner the modest sum of £40. It appears that a certain gentleman was making his first visit to Sandringham, and made his first appearance in the smoking-room in his evening clothes. He was hailed with shouts of derision by all the others, and informed that he must go and put on his smoking suit. "But I don't happen to have one," he replied. "What rubbish!" exclaimed a smokier in the Blues; "the idea of a man not having a smoking suit. What shall we have next?" "Haven't, all the same," said the other, as he proceeded to fill a pipe and light it. The others looked from one to the other, as much as to say: Shall we put him off? "I'll tell you what," said one; "we'll let him off to-night, but if he comes down to-morrow night in those things, we'll tear his coat off his back. Hear that old man?" The man in the plain swallow-tail nodded and smoked on. The next night he didn't make his appearance, nor the next, and everybody thought, of course, he had sent up to town to his tailor for a smoking suit.

On the third night, after all the rest of the usual habits of the tabagie had assembled in their accustomed chairs, he walked. But deuced the bit of a smoking suit had he on. He wore evening clothes, as before.

With a shout like so many jackals, the others jumped from their seats, and in a jiffy his coat was split up the back from waist to collar, and dragged off. He stood it quietly without a word until the others sat down. Then, with the ruined coat clutched in his hand, he asked: "Are you quite certain, gentlemen?" There was a "Quite," embellished with loud and prolonged laughter. "Because, if you are," he went on, "I should like to say to you—and he threw the coat into the lap of the man who had suggested the treatment he had received—"that this is your coat. I went into your room after you changed your clothes last night, and put it on. Mine is packed up in my portmanteau, up stairs, and the key is in my servant's pocket. I dare say you may want a dress-coat for to-morrow. I shan't. I'm going away to your tailor to send you down a ready-made 'stop-gap' till he can make you another. Good-night. I'm off to bed."

WANTED TO KEEP HIS JOB.

ALL the older tribe of railroad men remember Dean Richmond, the predecessor of Vanderbilt in the ownership of the New York Central. Here is a strong illustration of the peculiarity of his ways, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. It was more than twenty years ago, on a cold winter afternoon, when the train started from Oswego. At Fulton, a strongly built, coarse-featured man boarded the train in a hurry and took his seat in a vacant seat. He had either been drinking much or running hard, for he was puffing and blowing with excitement of one sort or the other, and his first move after taking his seat was to throw the window of his section wide open. A young gentleman sitting opposite him, who had a young lady with him, probably his sweetheart, without saying a word leaned over and shut the window down. He evidently did not intend that his girl should suffer from cold without some sort of protest. The hot and flushed old fellow turned half round in his seat, gazed for a second at the young one, and then threw the win-

dow wide open again. The young man leaned over again, without saying a word, and shut it. Another half turn in the seat and another insolent look at the impatient youngster, and then the old fellow leaned his shoulders back over the arms of the section and, throwing his heels upward, dashed both of them through the glass in the window, growling: "Now open it or shut it as you please."

You are an infamous vagabond, sir," cried the lady's escort, "and I'll report you and have you arrested for this outrage." All the other occupants of the car looked their amazement and disgust, and the conductor just coming in the offended youth cried: "Here, conductor, see what this fellow has done. I demand that you get his name and his name arrested at the next station. I'll follow you, Sir, and I'll wait at the next town to give information against him."

The offender turned half round once more and said: "It's all right; I'll go on to Syracuse with you and you can have me arrested there."

The next station was reached, and St. Louis gentleman who had witnessed the trouble called to the conductor: "Are you not going to arrest that man?"

"Arrest what? Do you think I look like I want to lose my job? That's Dean Richmond, and he owns the road."

HOW POSTAL CURRENCY WAS INVENTED.

Postal currency, which was the "change" during the war and until the resumption of specie payments, was the invention of General Spinner, who had represented the Syracuse district of New York in Congress, and had been appointed treasurer of the United States by President Lincoln. Small change had vanished, and in buying a dinner in the market, says Ben Perley Poore in the *Boston Budget*, change had to be taken in beans, cabbages, potatoes and what not. General Spinner was constantly appealed to from all quarters to do something to supply the demand for small change. He had no law under which he could act, but after buying a half-dollar's worth of apples several times and receiving for his half-dollar in change more or less of the various kinds of produce, he began to cast around for a substitute for small change.

In his dilemma he thought himself of the postal currency stamp. He sent down to the post office department and purchased a quantity of stamps. He then ordered up a package of the paper upon which government securities were printed. He cut the paper into various sizes, and on the pieces pasted stamps to represent different amounts. He then initiated a substitute for fractional silver. This was not, however, a government transaction in any sense; it could not be. General Spinner distributed his improvised currency among the clerks of the department. They took it readily, and the trade flows more readily. The stamps, the postage stamps, either detached or pasted upon a piece of paper, became the medium of exchange of the department. They were called "postal currency," which government securities were printed. From this General Spinner got his idea of postal currency, and went before Congress with it. The body readily adopted it, and but a short time after General Spinner had begun passing orders a law was on the statute book providing for the issue of the fractional currency which he had invented. The *face-value* of postage stamps was put upon each piece of currency. On the piece of time it was known as "postal currency." A enormous amount never was presented for redemption and the government was consequently the gainer.

HIS HOME.

MANY young men are always ready to accept invitations to other people's home circles. They are very much more attentive to other people's sisters than to their own! A young man should be found at his home, and spend sufficient time there for his influence to tell upon the family, and for him to cultivate manly dispositions that will be a blessing to him in years to come.

Many young men are like crows; they come home to roost, and at the dawn of day they haste to other fields. Young men, don't waste your time and your influence, and your brains in anybody's company when you ought to be in your family circle, in the house of your father and mother. It is the duty and obligation that you should be attentive to the requirements and needs of your sisters. Why not sometimes take your sister out? Take her out for a walk? Why not sometimes take her to a concert? Why not sometimes bring home presents and give them to her? Why, when you come home, should you be sullen, and silent, and morose, as though somebody had been treading on your corns all day? Why not come home and tell those who have been greivous to you some of the incidents that have happened, and be bright and merry and cheerful, and so contribute your share to the family joy, and you will have it all back again in a sister's love.

ELECTRICITY AS A BRUTE TAMER.

THE latest application of electricity is an invention made in the interests of lion-tamers, which consists of an apparatus of great power, shaped like a stick, about three feet and a half in length. M. Baaspaach, the inventor, is a lion-tamer himself, who has been "a good deal worried" during a long and successful professional career. He has already experimented with it upon the denizens of the cages in his menagerie, and relates the different effects upon the brutes. Three of his lions receiving the shock immediately showed signs of the greatest terror and misery of cheerfulness, and growled furiously. The tiger was more reluctantly subdued, became stupefied, and crouched in a corner of the cage. Bruin was more refractory to electricity, which seemed scarcely to affect him. He would growl and show his teeth, and was subdued after repeated discharges.

The most astonishing effects, however, were perceived in the case of the crocodile. On receiving the discharge the specimen from Cayenne, nearly twenty feet in length, became at once paralyzed and remained motionless for six hours afterward. When he recovered he showed signs of being crazed for three whole days. Finally, the elephant or hippo electrified by a touch of the stick upon the tip

of his trunk set up a series of wild cries, and he became so strange that the tamer feared the brute would break his heavy iron chain. M. Baaspaach is said to intend addressing a paper upon the experiment to the Academy of Sciences.

TRAIN THE BOYS FOR BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction, says the *Commercial Bulletin*, which boys receive prior to their advent into the business world to which too little attention has been given. We mean the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility. In too many households boys from twelve to seventeen years are administered to too much by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys' lives through those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but start off early enough so as not to be late at school; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except what reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but to enjoy himself.

This his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where everything is system, order and precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, file letters, do errands—in short, become a part of a nicely regulated machine. He sees everything moving in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for the correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers in his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient, to be sure, and often very kind in marked contrast to his previous life. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous, blunders, overlooked at first, get to be matters of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer wanted. This is his first blow, and sometimes is never forgot. To be sure, it often comes the surprise to the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted for the boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that hour to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and to be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy and application, too often of more importance than superficial book learning.

POINTS FOR REFLECTION.

FOUR causes account for most of the prevailing poverty and degradation. They are drunkenness, ignorance, laziness, and pride. Only a small percentage of trouble comes from illness and misfortune, and nine-tenths of our poverty and misery are the result of intemperance. Ignorance is also set down as the cause of much misery, and the fact is self-evident that laziness means idleness, and idleness means neglect of wife and children. Another potential cause of poverty deserves a place in the list, and that is the widespread and ruinous sin of improvidence. With the exception of intemperance the improvidence of the masses of the people is the cause of more poverty and suffering than anything else. The people who work for wages and salaries do not, as a rule, lay anything by for old age and sickness. Too much is wasted and spent for show. There is too much needless expenditure among people of small means, and a man may be competent, industrious, honest, and temperate, but if he habitually lives up to the very last cent of his income, or a little beyond it, he and those dependent upon him are absolutely certain to come to grief.

THE EXTINCTION OF PLANTS.

THE imminent danger of extinction which threatens many of the rare plants of the Swiss Alps has led to the formation of a society for their preservation. On reading the account of this society the question arises, Are any of our rare species likewise in danger of extermination? With the exception of the extensive raids which are annually made upon some of our native plants by herb collectors (and it must be understood that this has assumed very considerable proportions, especially in the South), there are no very large drafts made which imperil the existence of the less common species.

To be sure, in a few localities the mayflower and the climbing rose have been extirpated by the greed of collectors for the market; but if can hardly be said that these beautiful species are yet in peril. The same is true of the medicinal plants, ginseng and mandarin orange, the latter especially species collected for medicinal purposes are remarkably prolific, and will doubtless hold out until those now in fashion have been discarded by other aspirants for popular and professional favor.

HE WAS CAPTURED.

A MIDDLE-AGED man, with what appeared to be a load on his mind, visited the Arctic steamer *Thetis* and seemed interested in what he saw.

"Say," he said to the officer on deck, "I'd like to go on the next expedition."

"It's awful cold up there," remarked the officer discouragingly.

"I don't care for that."

"You'd have very little to eat, and might starve to death."

"That wouldn't be pleasant," said the visitor.

"I should say not," returned the officer. "And you might be eaten by your comrades."

"Is that so? That would be tough."

"And then," continued the officer, "you wouldn't see your wife for three years, and possibly longer. You know you can't take her with you."

"Well," returned the old gentleman, after a long pause, "I guess you're right, but I'm down on your books. Your last argument captured me."





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ENGLISHMEN COMING OVER.

During the nine months of 1884 which ended on September 30th, for the number of emigrants which left Great Britain for the United States was 129,439. These figures are taken from the official British tables. In 1883 no less than 165,246 British subjects came to these shores. In both years the majority were of English birth.

Figures are not the most fascinating objects in the world. Yet these have an interest for young Americans. Great Britain has some fine colonies, both on this continent and in the Pacific ocean. Her rulers make great efforts to send emigrants there, in order to hold them under the English flag. But during the two years mentioned above, more than double the number sought the United States than all the British colonies. There is something attractive about our country.

A ROYAL WHIM.

PEOPLE who have tasteful whims and sentiments must sometimes be at great pains to gratify them. How pleasant it is to see pots of blooming flowers in the windows of humble dwellings. The burdens of poverty are often lightened by a little care in keeping taste and fancy alive. But when it comes to the crowned heads and other "mug-wumps," they can indulge their tastes in style.

It is related of the late Emperor Alexander, of Russia, that he observed a sentinel pacing back and forth upon a grass plot, and wondered what it meant. Upon inquiry he learned that the Empress Catherine had noticed an early daisy in the grass, and had kept a sentinel there night and day to see that it was not picked. Very pretty whim! But if we common folks want daisies, we must make up our minds to work for them ourselves.

IMPROVING OPPORTUNITIES.

To improve is plain enough to everybody that the secret of "getting on" consists largely in making a good use of time and opportunity. The hours of regular work should not be used listlessly, as if they were irksome. That is the first requisite. And the moments of leisure should not be wasted as if they were of no value. That is the second important thing. In the great rush and whirl of competition, success must not be expected to seek us. We must struggle for it, wait patiently, and never despise a spare moment or an humble duty. Very often great consequences flow from small fidelities.

"You noticed that man, I suppose," said a gentleman to his friend, as they were walking through one of the streets of a New England city. "Yes, I noticed the man to whom you just spoke; who is he?" was the reply. "He was a schoolmate of mine. A few years ago he got a position on one of the steam fire-engines. You know how the boys often spend their leisure in the houses—playing cards, or reading stupid books. Well, this young fellow used his time to study into the mysteries of his trade. He was bright and ingenious, and, after a time, he began to experiment in fire alarms."

"Ah! that's what he is at now, setting up a fire alarm?"

"Yes; his experiments attracted the attention of the inspector of the fire alarm system. He made some good improvements. He was promoted to be an assistant in the general office. To-day he is superintendent of the fire alarms of the city at a handsome salary." That tells the whole story.

SEEING THE WORLD.

To "see the world" is the natural ambition of most wide-awake boys. It is a very proper desire, too, in its right sense, for seeing other countries and other people is liable to make one liberal and big hearted. But there is a sort of "seeing the world," a slang expression, which does not pay so well. For all that, it is said to say that many youngsters have this wrong and foolish ambition.

Sometimes they are lucky enough to be cured after one experiment. When this happens, a great deal of future trouble may be prevented.

A Connecticut boy of fourteen had this kind of experience a few weeks ago, and is now a sadder, and it is to be hoped, a wiser youth. He worked in a mill, and when he received his wages on pay day he set out for New York in place of going home. Aside from his wages he carried a silver watch, which he had purchased with his own savings. He spent one day in the metropolis, and saw enough of the "world" to satisfy him that he was safer at home.

But, about this time, his movements attracted the attention of the police. The fact of his youth and vagrant appearance, together with the money and watch in his pockets, caused him to be suspected of stealing. He was therefore arrested. To make the matter worse, he thought it "smart" and manly to lie about himself, when it would have been better, and just as easy, to tell the truth. The result was that he was kept in the lockup all day, till the truth was found out, when he was started back to his parents. Probably his next journey will be on a more sensible plan.

FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT.

We copy the following from *Heald's College Journal*. It contains a good lesson for boys—is something for them to think about.

Aim at perfection in everything; they who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable. There are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds that reckon the value of every hour, and that achieve eminence by persistent application.

Do the best you can, whatever you undertake; if you are only a street sweeper, sweep your "level best." He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing. Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unpeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy.

Activity is the law of life. Patience is power in a man. Faith in our own ability is half of every battle. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Character is a man's real worth; reputation is his market price. Good character, good habits, and iron industry are inseparable to the assaults of all the ill luck that foams down of.

Genius, after all, is only the power of making an effort. "Genius, unexercised, is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks." Do not croak against genius, or wait of opportunity. If your opportunities are not good enough, better them. It is cowardice to grumble at circumstances; the persevering man rises above them. Opposition gives him better power of resistance. Kites rise above the wind. No man ever worked his voyage in a calm. A head wind is better than no wind at all.

No man ever achieved renown who was too lazy to exert himself. It is more noble to make your self great than to be born great. There is no genius in life like the genius in energy and activity. We cannot go to sleep beggars and wake up millionaires. We must go to bed dunces and wake up Solomons. We must work and wait. We must win if we want to wait. Every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every failure is but a step toward success; and we should profit by the follies of yesterday.

The young man who distances his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who pays his debts, who lives within his income, and who gains friends by deserving them.

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip, but only crawlers lose the bulldog's lip; Small as he looks, the law that never sleeps; Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

OUR FLAG IN CHINA.

OUR American Congress has in these later years passed some laws which were very unfriendly to the Chinese. They were designed to keep the subjects of the "Flower Kingdom" from coming to these shores to compete with American workmen. In singular contrast to this policy, an event recently happened in China which has made the American flag a more conspicuous object than that of any other nation.

There was a magnificent fleet of steamers, owned by the China Merchants' Company, which did most of the transportation business on the coasts and rivers. This company, by the constant plundering of its officials, and other causes, had come to the brink of failure. Moreover, the company was frightened by the prospect of war with France, and freed the consequent exposure of its property to hostile cannon. Just at this crisis an American firm stepped forward and bought the entire fleet, on terms which are secret, but are thought to be very favorable. The Chinese government favored this bargain, it is said, in the hope of securing the good will of the United States in case of a war with France. This was certainly returning good for evil, after our Congress kicked the Chinamen out of doors.

There is a treaty between the United States and China which prohibits Americans from carrying opium to that country. It is now hinted that this treaty will have to be changed, or violated, to help the business of the American steamers. It is to be hoped that our countrymen will keep out of such disgraceful business. England has done enough of it.

JOHN W. MACKAY. The "Bonanza King" of the Pacific Slope—An Irish Boy who became a Millionaire—A Type of American Life and Progress.

BY AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. "BONANZA" is a new word in the English tongue—but it is not English, though commonly accepted as such. It is a Spanish word, signifying "fair weather at sea," or "to sail with fair wind and weather."

Perhaps it was an unconscious pun which applied this term to John W. Mackay, who dates his enormously fortunate experiences in life from his early connection with John G. Fair. Be that as it may, John W. Mackay to-day counts his fifty-sixth year, honestly earned and won, and Fair and Flood have helped him and have also helped themselves.

John W. Mackay was born in Dublin, in November, 1835, and is therefore in his fiftieth year—a young man to have accomplished so much, and to have literally kept the wolf from the door. Not many men have accomplished so much as he within such a limited scope of years. His ancestry was Scotch-Irish. His parents crossed the Channel and he became an Irishman; but, even in those remote days, Ireland was too much of a "pent-up Utica" for his aspiring nature, and he made up his mind to emigrate to the United States. He did. He came to New York, and soon found employment in the shipyard of William H. Webb, where he made a hit, being diligent, industrious, and capable. The California "gold fever" breaking out, Mackay yielded to it, and in 1852 went out to the Pacific slope in one of Mr. Webb's ships, rounding Cape Horn, and set out to seek his fortune. It took him a long time to do it. Like all the pioneers, he had his ups-and-downs. First, he went to Sierra county in California and began to work at placer-mining. Making some money at this work, he saved up all that was not necessary for current expenses, and when the news came of the wonderful silver discoveries in Nevada, he made up his mind that that was the place in which to exercise his facilities.

He was right. He had the right instinct, and riches galore are the result. Mr. Mackay has proved himself one of the most sagacious and far-seeing as well as one of the most successful of living men.

In company with a friend, Kinney Said (according to one of his biographers, Mrs. Laura C. Holloway), he undertook to tunnel a section of the Union Mine, which lay to the northwest of the famous Ophir; but failed to derive any profit from it. Then he took employment in the Mexican Mine. And here his biographer fails to dilate upon his personal experiences in a time of doubt, trial, and distress. His family consisted only of an aged mother and himself. He pinched, and saved, and struggled—and the struggle was successful. After a conspicuous failure in the working of the "Kentucky" Mine at Gold Hill, Storey county, Nevada—his courage and perseverance not in the least abated—he formed a partnership in 1863 with John M. Walker, of Virginia; and a year later, Flood and O'Brien joined the two, and work went on rapidly and profitably. Four years later (1868) Mr. Walker withdrew, and James G. Fair came in. Then came the tide of success, which, taken at the flood, led to fortune. The new firm attained a controlling interest in the Hale and Norcross silver mines lying on the line of the Comstock Lode, toward Gold Hill; and from 1865 to 1867 various mining enterprises were undertaken.

The celebrated Comstock Lode was (and is) literally a "bonanza." It has made the fortunes of Mackay, Flood, and Fair. It was discovered by two Germans—brothers, named Allan and Hosea Grosch—in 1853, and after their death, their papers, left with a storekeeper in Carson named H. P. T. Comstock, led to the revelation of the vast wealth that Nature had stored in the bosom of the earth. Comstock administered upon the estate of the dead brothers, occupied their claim, delved and dug, brought machinery into play, got capitalists interested—and the Comstock Lode is the result. It is the richest silver mine in the world. The yield up to 1877 was upward of \$350,000,000. Mackay, Flood, and Fair got control of it, and it proved to be the purse of Fortunatus.

In November, 1867, Mr. Mackay thought he could afford to marry—and he did. His bride was a daughter of Col. Daniel E. Hungerford, and widow of Dr. Thompson, formerly one of the partners of Mr. Mackay. The marriage has been a happy one, and every one who reads the newspapers knows how Mrs. Mackay has become a queen of society abroad. The lady has taken up her permanent residence in Paris, where her receptions, her superb jewels, and her boundless hospitality have made her celebrated.

When her husband can cut loose from his manifold business engagements, he runs over to visit his family, and he departed again on one of these periodic visitations a few days ago. Mrs. Mackay's quarrel with Meissner over a portrait of herself, for which she was to pay 70,000 francs, will be remembered.

When, in August of last year, Mr. Mackay accepted the Presidency of the American Postal Telegraph Company—taking \$12,000,000 of the \$21,000,000 of stock—he led up to one of the greatest enterprises of the time. A few months later, in conjunction with James Gordon Bennett and other men of large means, he organized the new Submarine Telegraph Enterprise, which has since become known as the Mackay-Bennett Double Cable line, with its American end safely landed on Coney Island. This enterprise has created much comment, and excited boundless curiosity, coming as it does into direct competition with the older and well-established Atlantic Cable lines. The success of the venture seems to be already assured, and there is an abundance of capital behind it. Yet this is only a small part of Mr. Mackay's financial ventures. He is a restless man, always on the alert for new "chances," and sparing neither time nor money when the horizon looks bright before him; and if clouds hang in the sky, he has the happy faculty of believing that the sun is shining behind them. And so it does, in his case.

Mr. Mackay's history is a curious exemplification of the power of brain and pluck. A poor



Irish boy, landing on these shores glad to get anything in the way of honest work to do, he has jeweled his way to fame and fortune, and at the brisk middle age of life can contentedly sit down with a property worth at least \$50,000,000—honestly won, and as honestly enjoyed.

SEEK AND FIND. Grains of price are deeply hidden, 'Neath the rugged rocks concealed; What would we'er come forth unbidden, To thy search may be revealed.

THE FUNNY SIDE. WHY is the letter R like the face of Hamlet's father? Because it's more in sorrow than in anger.

WHEN a man goes to collect a bill he never likes to receive a snub, but he rather likes to receive a cheque.

"AREM I so here I am between two tailors," said a customer at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated. "Very true," said one; "we are but beginners, and can afford to keep but one goose between us."

LONG B.—"who sported a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Daniel O'Connell in Dublin, the latter said: "When do you mean to place your whiskers on a peace footing?" "When you place your tongue on a civil list," was the rejoinder.

"WHY do you set such a tough chicken before me?" indignantly exclaimed a fair dandee in a restaurant. "Age before beauty, always, you know, ma'am," replied the polite attendant, who well knew how to serve his employer and a tough chicken at the same time.

How very neatly a child may get out of a scrape is shown by the story of a little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, being asked at dinner if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly; "Please, auntie, pa never allows me to talk at meals."

JUDGE T.—"who is now a very able judge of the Supreme Court of one of the Western States, when he first came to the bar was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion when he was trying a case involving a right of property to a lot of hops, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hops in that drove; just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in that jury-box."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Apply this heart unto knowledge. What you do, do with your might. Speech is silver, but silence is golden. Poverty is the friendless master of a world.

As perfume to a rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise.

If the evening of life cherish the remembrance of those who loved thee in its morning. Age and youth both love their dreams. Youth looks at the possibility, if false, that of losing the speaker.

We are all placed here to do something. It is for us, not for others, to find out what that something is. WOMAN is specially honored of God. The world of afflictions; her words, not that of man's ambition.

THAT one who can work right on, quietly waiting for recognition, if it come; if not, yet right on, is the true nobleman.

Every man has his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Man is made great or little by his own will.

Let excellence of character, purity of mind, together with generous words and noble deeds, mark conspicuously your whole life. THE brave man is not he who feels no fears, but he whose noble soul subdues its fears, and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. LEARN to make the most of life—Make glad each passing day. For time will never bring thee back. The chances sweep away.

The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; if false, not that of man's ambition. It is, therefore, in truth beauty that corresponds with right reason, is not merely the creature of fancy.—Lord Grenville.

LIGHTLY TRIPPING.

Trip lightly over trouble,  
Trip lightly over wrong;  
We only make grief double  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why clasp Woe's hand so tightly?  
Why sigh o'er blows unshared?  
Why cling to forms unsightly?  
Why not seek joy instead?  
Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though all the earth be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow,  
And joyly sing the lack;  
Fair hopes have not departed,  
Though roses may have fled;  
Them never be down-hearted,  
But look for joy instead.  
Trip lightly over shadow,  
Stand not to rail at doom;  
We've pearls to string, of gladness  
On this side of the tomb;  
While stars are nightly shining,  
And Heaven is overhead,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy instead.

HELPING HIMSELF;

OR GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Hector's Inheritance," "The Store Boy," "Wells and Willis," "The Rogged Dick Series," and "Tattered Tom Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO VIEWS OF TOM CALDER.

THUS far nothing had been said about the compensation Grant was to receive for his work in the broker's office. He did not like to ask, especially as he knew that at the end of the first week the matter would be settled. When he found that he was to remain for the present at the house of his employer, he concluded that his cash pay would be very small, perhaps a dollar a week. However, that would be doing quite as well as if he paid his own board elsewhere, while he enjoyed a much more agreeable and luxurious home. He would be unable to assist his father for a year or two, but that was only what he had a right to expect.

When Saturday afternoon came, Mr. Reynolds said, "By the way, Grant, I must pay you your week's wages—I believe no sum was agreed upon."

"No, sir."

"We will call it six dollars. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Very much so, Mr. Reynolds; but there will be a deduction for board."

Mr. Reynolds smiled.

"That is a different matter," he said. "That comes to you as Herbert's companion. It is worth that to me to have my boy's happiness increased."

Grant was overjoyed at the bright prospect opened before him, and he said, with glowing face, "You are very kind, Mr. Reynolds. Now I shall be able to help my father."

"That is very creditable to you, my boy. Willis, you may pay Grant six dollars."

Willis Ford did so, but he looked very glum. He estimated that, including his board, Grant would be in receipt of twelve dollars a week, or its equivalent, and this was only three dollars less than he himself received, who had been in the office five years, and was a connection of the broker.

"It's a shame," he thought, "that this green country boy should be paid nearly as much as I. I must call and tell mother."

Grant was a very happy boy that evening. He resolved to lay aside three dollars a week to send to his mother, to save up a dollar a week and deposit in some savings bank, and make the other two dollars answer for his clothing and miscellaneous expenses.

On the next Monday afternoon Grant walked home alone, Mr. Reynolds having some business which delayed him. He thought he would walk up Broadway, as there was much in that crowded thoroughfare to amuse and interest him.

Just at the corner of Canal Street, he came across Tom Calder. Tom was standing in a listless attitude with his hands in his pockets, with apparently no business cares weighing upon his mind.

"Hello, Grant!" he said, with sudden recognition.

"How are you, Tom?"

"I'm all right, but I'm rather hard up."

Grant was not surprised to hear that.

"You see there's a feller over me seven dollars, and I can't get it till next week," continued Tom, watching Grant's face to see if he believed it.

Grant did not believe it, but did not think it necessary to say so.

"That's inconvenient," he remarked.

"I should say it was. You couldn't lend me a couple of dollars, could you?"

"I don't think I could." Tom looked disappointed. "How much pay do you get?" he asked. "Six dollars a week." "That's pretty good—for a boy like you. I wish you'd take a room with me. It would come cheaper."

"I shall stay where I am for the present," said Grant.

He did not care to mention, unless he were asked, that he was making his home at the house of Mr. Reynolds, as it might either lead to a call from Tom, whom he did not particularly care to introduce to his new friends, or might lead to a more pressing request for a loan.

"Where are you boarding?" asked Grant, after a pause.

"In Clinton Place. I have a room there, and get my meals where I like. There's a chap from your office that lives in the same house."

"Who is it?" asked Grant, anxiously.

"It's Willis Ford."

"Is that so?" returned Grant, in surprise.

"Do you know him?"

"Only a little. I don't like him. He's too stuck up."

Grant made no comment, but in his heart he agreed with Tom.

"Are you doing anything?" he asked.

"Not just yet," answered Tom. "I expect a good job soon. You haven't a quarter to spare,



have you?" Grant produced the desired sum, and handed it to his companion. He didn't fancy Tom, but he was willing to help him in a small way.

"Thanks," said Tom. "That'll buy my supper. I'll give it back to you in a day or two."

Grant did not think there was much likelihood of that, but felt that he could afford to lose this small sum.

Four days later he met Tom in Wall Street. But what a change! He was attired in a new suit, wore a fancy neck-tie, while a chain, that looked like gold, dangled from his watch pocket. Grant stared at him in amazement.

"How are you, Grant?" said Tom, patronizingly.

"Very well, thank you."

"I hope you are doin' well."

"Very well. You seem to be prospering."

"Yes," answered Tom, languidly, evidently enjoying his surprise. "I told you I expected to get into something good. By the way, I owe you a quarter—there it is. Much obliged for the accommodation."

Grant pocketed the coin, which he had never expected to receive, and continued to regard Tom with puzzled surprise. He could not understand what business Tom could have found that had so altered his circumstances. He ventured to inquire.

"I wouldn't mind tellin' you," answered Tom, "but you see it's kind of confidential. I'm a confidential agent; that's it."

"It seems to be a pretty good business," remarked Grant.

"Yes, it is; I don't work for nothin', I can tell you that."

"I'm glad of your good luck, Tom," said

Grant, and he spoke sincerely. "I hope you'll keep your agency."

"Oh, I guess I will. A feller like me is pretty sure of a good livin' anyway. Hello, Jim!"

This last was addressed to a flashily dressed individual—the same one, in fact, that Grant had seen on a former occasion with Tom.

"Who's your friend?" asked Jim, with a glance at Grant.

"Grant Thornton. He's from my place in the country. He's in the office of Mr. Reynolds, a broker in New Street."

"Introduce me."

"Grant, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Jim Morrison," said Tom with a flourish.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Thornton," said Jim Morrison, jauntily, offering his hand.

"Thank you," said Grant, in a reserved tone, for he was not especially attracted by the look of Tom's friend. He shook hands, however.

"Come round and see us some evenin'," Grant, said Tom. "We'll take you round, won't we, Jim?"



"Of course we will. Your friend should see something of the city."

"You're the feller that can show him. Well, we must be goin'. It's lunch time."

Tom pulled out a watch, which, if not gold, was of the same color as gold, and the two sauntered away.

"What in the world can Tom have found to do?" Grant wondered.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILLIS FORD'S NEW FRIENDS.

WHEN Harry Becker left the office at the end of two weeks, Grant was fully able to take his place, having with Harry's friendly assistance completely mastered the usual routine of a broker's office. He had also learned the names and offices of prominent operators, and was in all respects qualified to be of service to his employer.

Mr. Reynolds always treated him with friendly consideration, and appeared to have perfect confidence in him. For some reason which he could not understand, however, Willis Ford was far from cordial, often addressing him in a fault-finding tone, which at first disturbed Grant. When he found that it arose from Ford's dislike, he ceased to trouble himself about it, though it annoyed him. He had discovered Ford's relationship to Mrs. Estabrook, who treated him in the same cool manner.

"As it appears I can't please them," Grant said to himself, "I won't make any special effort to do so." He contented himself with doing his work faithfully, and so satisfying his own conscience.

One evening, some weeks later, Grant was returning from a concert to which the broker had given him a ticket, when, to his great surprise, he met Willis Ford walking with Tom Calder and Jim Morrison. The three were apparently on intimate terms.

"Good evenin', Grant," said Tom.

"Good evenin', Tom."

Grant looked at Willis Ford, but the latter's

lip curled and he did not speak. Grant, however, bowed, and passed on. He was surprised at the intimacy which had grown up between Ford and those two, knowing Ford's spirit of exclusiveness. He would have been less surprised had he known that Morrison had first ingratiated himself with Ford by offering to lend him money, and afterwards had lured him into a gambling house, where Ford, not knowing that he was a dupe, had been induced to play, and was now a loser to the extent of several hundred dollars, for which Morrison held his notes.

"I don't know when I can pay you," said Ford, gloomily, when he came to realize his situation.

"Oh, something will turn up," said Jim Morrison, lightly. "I sha'n't trouble you."

Two weeks later, however, he lay in wait for Ford when he left Wall Street.

"I want to speak to you a moment, Mr. Ford," he said.

"Well, what is it?" asked Ford, uncomfortably.

"I am hard up!"

"So am I," responded Willis Ford.

"But you owe me a matter of six hundred dollars."

"I know it, but you said you wouldn't trouble me."

"I didn't expect I should be obliged to," said Morrison, smoothly. "But circumstances alter cases, you know. I shall have to ask you for it."

"That's all the good it will do," said Willis, irritably. "I haven't a cent to my name."

"When do you expect to have?"

"Heaven knows! I don't."

Ford was about to leave his companion and walk away, but Morrison had no intention of allowing the matter to end so. He laid his hand on Ford's shoulder, and said, firmly, "Mr. Ford, this won't do. Yours is a debt of honor, and must be paid."

"Will you be kind enough to let me know how it is to be paid?" demanded Ford, with an ugly sneer.

"That is your business, not mine, Mr. Ford."

"Then if it is my business, I'll give you notice when I can pay you. And now, good afternoon."

He made another attempt to walk away, but again there was a hand placed upon his shoulder.

"Understand, Mr. Ford, that I am in earnest," said Morrison. "I can't undertake to tell you how you are to find the money, but it must be found."

"Suppose it isn't!" said Ford, with a look of defiance.

"Then I shall seek an interview with your respected employer, tell him of the debt, and how it was incurred, and—I think he would look for another clerk."

"You wouldn't do that!" said Ford, his face betraying consternation.

"I would and I will, unless you pay what you owe me."

"But, man, how am I to do it. You will drive me to desperation."

"Take three days to think of it. If you can't raise it, I may suggest a way."

The two parted, and Willis Ford was left to many uncomfortable reflections. He knew of no way to raise the money, yet, if he did not do it, he was menaced with exposure and ruin. Would his step-mother come to his assistance? He knew that Mrs. Estabrook had a thousand dollars in government bonds. If he could only induce her to give him the custody of them on any pretext, he could meet the demand upon him, and he would never again incur a debt of honor. He cursed his folly for ever yielding to the temptation. Once let him get out of this scrape, and he would never get into another like it.

The next evening he made a call upon Mrs. Estabrook, and made himself unusually agreeable. The cold-hearted woman, whose heart warmed to him alone, smiled upon him with affection.

"I am glad to see you in such good spirits, Willis," she said.

"If she only knew how I really felt!" thought her step-son. But it was for his interest to wear a mask.

"The fact is, mother," he said, "I feel very cheerful. I've made a little turn in stocks, and realized three hundred dollars."

"Have you indeed, Willis? I congratulate you, my son. No doubt you will find the money useful."





