

GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A FRIEND THAT WAS TRUE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"EVERY one who lives in the country," said Mrs. Ankland, "should keep a large dog. We lived in California a number of years without one, but I would not do it again. Such a dog is not only a safeguard, but is really of much value socially, as one may say, when we have no other company about the premises."

"You have one at present, then, of course, I should guess," was my remark.

"Oh, yes; we have two; and one of them came to us in a very singular manner. They are Anna's dogs, both of them. She is now seven years old; and the larger and more sober one seems delighted to get her on his back, where she will sit sideways, clinging to his hair. I tell my husband that he ought to make her a side-saddle."

"And no doubt the mutual love is intense," I said. "Oh, I know very well how it is with children and dogs; there is a wonderful purity in the affection they feel for each other. Not a bit of selfishness — is there?"

"Not an atom!" said my good friend, with animation. "Poor, dear little Anna! But I must tell you the whole story."

"Do, I pray you! Nothing else so interests me as such little home incidents where children and dogs play a principal part."

"Well, then," resumed the lady, "I'll begin with the beginning. Anna, as you know, was born soon after we settled in California. She was always a very affectionate child, and if possible more fond of pets than children in general are. She had three little kittens that grew up to adult age only to be succeeded by others as pretty as they — though, indeed, we couldn't keep all kittens that came to us in the course of nature. And she had any amount of dolls that had a funny way of exchanging dresses with the kittens. But she hadn't any little puppy, as nothing satisfactory in that line had happened to fall in our way.

"One day when she was three years old, she had gone out to play near the house with her arms full of kittens and dollies. As our house stood close to the river, I always kept a good watch when she was out to see that she did not get too near the water. This time, however, I must have looked off from her a little too long, for she was suddenly missing.

"I ran out-doors to see what had become of her, when I detected a gurgling sound beyond the bank, and darting in that direction, caught a glimpse of my little girl's golden hair just as it was disappearing under the water!

"The shriek I uttered was almost more than mortal — I know it must have seemed so to any one who might have heard it — and into a depth of more than twelve feet of water, I

sprang for my child. Oh, yes; the river is deep at that place and the current is often rapid.

"Anna had been swept so far from the bank that I fell short of her and was instantly under water. I rose, only to sink again. While up, however, I was conscious of clutching at some living object near me which I knew was not my little girl, though just what it was I was too much confused to comprehend.

"My next recollection is of finding myself on the bank with my husband attending alternately to Anna and me, and a huge wet dog standing near us.

"My first thought was of Anna.

"She is coming all right," said my hus-

band, and for the next three years we were often thinking of getting her a pretty puppy as an addition to her family of pets, but somehow it never seemed to come in our way to do so until her sixth birthday had come around.

"Then upon that very day, her father brought her home a perfect beauty. He had bargained for it in the village a few days before and reserved it for a birthday present.

"I never saw a child so delighted! From morning to night the new pet was in her arms or tumbling in his dog fashion at her feet. I must say that her dresses and pretty red stockings suffered as they had never done before; but I did not begrudge the time spent in mending, she was so happy

at times get mercilessly shaken up by the new favorite, who in spite of repeated scoldings from his mistress, would go galloping about the room with some one of them dangling from his mouth.

"One day, after we had had Carlo for about two months, Anna and he started out merrily for their accustomed walk, or rather, romp, to the little arbor — Anna, as usual, putting the matter in the light of a very important visit to very important people, who, of course, were invisible to every one but herself.

"She was dressed as for a real 'society' call, wearing a new bonnet and carrying a sunshade, which she held very jauntily, so far as Carlo would permit her to do; although his constant nibbling at her scarlet stockings induced some sad relapses from dignity.

"I was busy about the house, but I could see her blue dress almost the whole way as she went along under the great trees that shaded the path. I wish she were here to tell you in her child way of what occurred to her, and what she thought and did by the road as well as after she got there; but as she is out I will describe for her as well as I can.

"She talked to Carlo all the way, trying to make him behave, and telling him of all the dreadful things she had ever heard of that had happened to people when they were naughty.

"She was seated on the 'rustic,' with Carlo a her feet, and was just lecturing him upon his rude behavior while visiting, when she was

suddenly confronted by a monstrous dog that came quietly around the great pine and stood regarding her with what seemed a very intelligent curiosity.

Her first thought was one of intense alarm not only for herself but Carlo, and catching the little pet in her arms, she drew herself away to the further end of the bench with one knee drawn up and the toe of her other foot just touching the ground.

"She kept Carlo as far from the big dog as possible although the little creature, not sharing her fears, made more than one effort to get away from his mistress, and scrape acquaintance with the huge visitor.

"Still the intruder stood looking at her, his tongue protruding a very little, as if he had forgotten to take it in upon entering the premises, and his large, yellowish eyes sparkling with good nature.

"Then Anna began to notice that, in spite of his huge proportions, her unannounced caller was remarkably handsome. He was mostly black, but had a band of white about his neck, extending down on the breast and fore legs, and up to the top of the head, marking it between the ears in a very attractive manner.

"She saw that his eyes were pleasant — a child is quick to notice such things — they



THE INTRUDER STOOD LOOKING AT HER.

band. 'You were nearer drowned than she. But it has been a wonderful deliverance.'

"He then carried us into the house, and as soon as my senses were sufficiently recovered to understand him, he told me that Anna and I owed our lives to the great dog I had just seen.

"As I was running alarmed at your cry," he said, 'I saw the dog just pulling Anna upon the bank, and then before I could get to the spot, he turned and swam to you, pulling you on shore in the same way.'

"But where is he now?" I asked.

"I don't know; I will see," replied my husband. But the dog was gone and it was impossible to find him.

"Then I knew what it was that had gone swimming past me while I was in the water. He had attended first to the child, as if knowing her to be the more helpless. It was just as if he had said, 'The mother if I can; but the child at all events.'

"Well, for days and days I thought of that dog, wondering where he could have come from, and feeling almost as sorry that he had gone off without further recognition, as I should had he been a human being who after such a service had disappeared too suddenly to admit of my thanking him.

"Anna, as I have said, was three years old

with her little soft Carlo, that could be all doubled up like a piece of rubber as if he had not a bone in his body.

"You are aware that our place is very wild — the river in front, the mountains in the rear, and rocks and great trees towering near the house in the most picturesque manner imaginable.

"There is one spot which has always been a favorite resort for me. It is only about a hundred yards from the house, so that I frequently went there to sit in the cool shade while I read some book or was engaged with my needlework. For reasons which will presently appear, however, I have not been there of late.

"My husband, in his capacity of carpenter, made me a rustic seat at this spot, under a great pine tree which formed an impenetrable umbrella against the rays of the sun, though I presume it would have let the rain through.

"Anna and her pets were always with me upon the occasions described, and quite often she would visit the rustic retreat alone, as it was within call of the house, and there seemed no danger to be feared.

"After the acquisition of Carlo, the other members of her little family were a good deal neglected; and some of the dolls would

REFRESHING TEARS.

"No tears for weeping!" and therefore not?
Is it in your soul an angry murmur?
And has thy heart no tender spot?
That sympathy may touch?
Can a kind word unlock thy springs,
And give thy tears their flow?
Are human words such selfish things,
That none that hear can know?
"No tears to weep?" Nay, speak not thus.
For tears can bring relief,
And God has sent them into us
To wash away our sins and grief.
When earthly sorrow, pain and care
Our souls in sadness store,
We pray to Him who hears our prayer
To send us tears to weep.
'Tis true the world is sometimes dark
With gloomy clouds that rise
And trembling Hope, with wailing sark,
Fades faintly out—and dies!
But when some heavenly vision fair
Sheds o'er us as in our sleep,
We wake with joy to feel that there—
There are no tears to weep.

CAMP-FIRE AND WIGWAM.

By EDWARDS ELLIS.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PATIENT OF THE MEDICINE MAN.

When Jack Carleton awoke, it was night and the rain was falling. He was feverish and his brain was so overwrought that it was a full minute before he could call to mind where he was.

When he remembered that he was in the wigwam of Ogallah, the chieftain, he turned upon his side and raised his head on his elbow. The fire at the other end of the lodge had been burned brightly, had gone down somewhat, but enough remained to light up the interior so that the familiar objects could be seen with considerable distinctness.

He saw the figure of the sachem stretched out in the dilapidated slouchiness peculiar to himself. He did not bother to remove any of his clothing, and, though the place was quite chilly he drew none of the bison robes over him.

The favorite posture of the queenly consort was to come upon the couch in a crouching shape near the coils, where with a blanket, that had never been washed since it was put together years before, gathered about her shoulders her skinny arms clasping her head and neck, and she would sleep for hours at a time.

The reflection of the flickering flames against her figure caused her to look up and behold the light, and the captive gazed at her for a long time, led to do so by an infatuation which was not strange under the circumstances.

The fire was the dog which, could he have been given his way, would have done nothing all his life but sleep and eat. As was his custom, he was at the feet of the sachem, a position which he seemed to prefer above all others.

There were blankets, deer and bison-skins and rude articles hanging about the room, the two columns in the center supporting the roof, the craggy logs and staves at the side, the hanging skin which served as a door and was barely visible, the tumble down appearance of everything, and withal the somnolent stillness and the light from the lodge; all these made the scene weird and impressive in a striking degree.

The fire burned so brightly that it threw ghostly shadows about the apartment, sometimes flooding it with light and again falling so low that the other end of the lodge could not be seen at all.

Without, there could not be seen any lightning, there was no thunder or lightning, and the rain fell with that steady pattering on the leaves which at ordinary times forms the most soothing accompaniment of sleep but which, when it is then only added to his dismal dejection of spirits.

The roof of the lodge was so thick and diversified in its composition, that the patter of the falling rain was lost. At intervals the wind stirred the limbs, and, though none of the trees were very close, the lad could hear the sighing among the branches as they were heaved in their early autumn when the leaves begin to fall.

Could the melancholy croaking of frogs in the distance have fallen on the ear of the boy, he would have had all the factors which go to bring on the most absolute loneliness of which a human being is capable.

Unluckily, Jack did not need that the patient could not be seen at all. Without, there could not be seen any lightning, there was no thunder or lightning, and the rain fell with that steady pattering on the leaves which at ordinary times forms the most soothing accompaniment of sleep but which, when it is then only added to his dismal dejection of spirits.

woods and descended on the Sawks they often found a bound that landed him on the bison skin, which lay over the breast of the sick boy, when he executed a final threat that drove the last vestige of consciousness from him.

It was all a torturing jumble of the wildest and most conflicting images, and it was all the result of reason, which led Jack to clutch the air as if he would not let them go; but they whisked away in spite of all he could do and a black "rayless void" of nothingness came over the mind as he thought, until the mind was lost in its own overturnings and he lost all consciousness of being.

CHAPTER XXIX.
CONVALESCENCE.
As nearly as can be ascertained, Jack Carleton lay the major part of four days in the Indian lodge, sick night unto death, with his brain topsy turvy.

During that time he never received a drop of medicine, scarcely any attention. The chief was gone most of each day, and the squaw spent many hours out doors, looking after her "farm." When the patient became unusually wild, she would give him a drink of water and attend to his wants.

Some times the Medicine Man put in an appearance, and danced and hooted and sounded his rattles in the distance. It was concluded that he would be able to obtain possession of his rifle and enough ammunition with which to provide himself for a long way.

This was his way which called the rose-colored view of the scheme, which had a much more practical side. While under ordinary circumstances Jack would take the most careful care of himself at much greater distance from home, and in a hostile country, yet the alarming fact remained, that he was seriously ill and such exposure was almost certain to result in death to follow very speedily.

Though he took such a gloomy view of his own prospects (without, however, for the sake of the course, he had not yet learned), he was not without a certain degree of hope. He had suffered no harm thus far and it is always the unexpected turn of events which has a tendency to cheer the best thing for Jack to do was to lie still and prayerfully await the issue of events.

As he stepped forward to enter his room, everything in the room swam before his eyes, a million beads seemed to be humming in his brain, and he could not restrain his groans, which awakened Ogallah and his squaw. The chief came to the sitting position with a surprising quickness while the wife opened her eyes and glared at him in the fire-light at the figure.

Ogallah seeing that it was only the captive who lay on his back, he raised him up on his feet and returned his arms to his head, and resumed his sleep. The woman watched the lad for several minutes as if she felt some interest in learning whether a pale face passed away in the same manner as one of her own.

From that moment Jack Carleton succumbed, helpless in the grasp of the bounding fever, he became sick night unto death. Those who have been so afflicted do not attempt to describe the feelings.

Why it he should have fallen so critically ill, cannot be judged with certainty, nor is it a question of importance; the superinducing cause was his illness in the nervous strain to which he is subjected.

He instantly became delirious and remained so for three nights. He talked of his mother, of Deerfoot, of Otto and of others, who were of his tribe, and he frequently cried out in his fright. The chief and his squaw heard him and understood the cause, but never raised their hands to give him help.

Jack became more quiet toward morning and fell into a fitful sleep, which lasted until the day was far advanced. Then when he opened his eyes, his brain still somewhat clouded, he uttered a gasp of amazement and terror.

The black and white faces, each with a most terrific object on which he had ever looked. It had the form of a man, but was covered with skins like those of a bear and bison, and a long thick horn protruded from the top of his head. He had a yellow face, which glared out in this ugly dress, was covered with daubs, rings and splashes of red, white and black paint, applied in the most fantastic manner.

He started in the morning grew weaker, and finally, "go to his long home." The Medicine Man suddenly lengthened to the height of a dozen yards; sometimes he was bobbing about in the water, and again he would rise up as he was long, and hopping up and down on one short leg. From the other side of the lodge he

often found a bound that landed him on the bison skin, which lay over the breast of the sick boy, when he executed a final threat that drove the last vestige of consciousness from him.
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Ah, fortunate is that boy, even though his years carry him to the verge of full manhood, who has his mother to watch over his waking and sleeping and his prayers to follow his footsteps through life.
The pattering rain, the sighing wind, and the ghostly, semi-darkness soothed the soul, and he awoke in the morning as wide awake as ever when pushing across the Mississippi in the half-overturned canoe, with the fierce Shawanoes firing at him and his friends, those who had pushed back the Indian village, he was the only one who was awake. Had a band of Sioux or Iroquois stolen through the

But he resolutely forced down his bounding spirit, though he could not suppress the feeling of anger that was stirring a rebellious mood in him. When the squaw offered him a half cooked piece of meat, he snatched at it with such wolf-like fierceness that the squaw recoiled with a grunt of indignation, and turned away. He was so hungry, however, that he devoured every particle, which luckily was enough fully to satisfy his appetite.
He remembered the boy saw the chief of his squaw looking at him, assumed that the robe of fool, but it must be confessed he played it with unquestionable

"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 publishers.
WHAT IS TRANSCENDENTALISM?
Some clergymen were one day discussing the doctrine of transcendentalism, while traveling on a steamboat, and when they arose a layman, who had listened attentively for two hours, and then said to them: "Do you see those swallows' holes in the plank? Well, that is transcendentalism, leaving only the holes and—that is transcendentalism!"
("To be continued.")



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MUCH OUT OF LITTLE.

It was William Penn who remarked:—"He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him...

To have moderate wants, to "live upon little," and be happy therewith—this is the great secret of a contented and enjoyable life.

A MODERN DRAMATIST.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, the famous romancer, was one of the favorite dramatists in France. He ought to have been encoined, if success were a good reason for it...

"If I were not in the country of Corneille, I would say 'dramatic author.'"

This is not the only instance on record showing that real greatness is modest. The "bumpions" and conceited young man may be suspected of being merely veneered with learning...

SHORTHAND WRITING.

It is very natural in this speedy age that shorthand writing should make great progress. To-day no commercial house of any importance is without its shorthand writers...

The art of shorthand is difficult to acquire in one's mature years. Not so in youth, however. If the school boys and girls who amuse themselves with secret alphabets would devote the same time to shorthand, they would soon become fairly expert...

PRACTICE CAREFULLY.

OF COURSE, boys, the way to be expert is to imitate the experts. Do as they do. Take their methods of study or of practice, as the case may be. If these methods do not quite suit your own case, make such change as your experience shows to be best...

There is a very near Boston who, at this very moment, is wishing he had begun at the beginning. What he tried to do was to lasso a cow. He had seen Buffalo Bill do it, and without reflecting that perhaps both the cow and the actor had long practice at the feat...

HONOR TO WORTH.

PERHAPS most of our young readers know that very marked class distinctions exist in Great Britain. The shopkeepers consider themselves above the farmers and mechanics...

Now the present Prime Minister of England, Mr. Gladstone, is only a commoner. Moreover, even his high office does not confer social rank, according to English etiquette...

It is pleasant to see worth thus prevail over social forms and customs. In this country it would not be surprising, but in lands where rank and title are of ancient standing it is more creditable...

NOTES FOR SMOKERS.

It is useless, perhaps, to lecture boys on the evils of smoking. They ought, however, to be warned to avoid the intemperate use of tobacco. It would be better for them if they lit it severely alone...

A French physician recently made observations on thirty-eight boys, from nine to fifteen years of age, who had all used tobacco. Of these, twenty-five had disturbed action of the heart, bad digestion, sluggish brains, and cravings for strong drink...

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

By this time we are beginning to discover in this country that there are too many species in the English sparrow. This is not a mere figure of speech, as some farmers well know. There is his outside, and then again there is his inside...

The English farmers and gardeners have come to regard the sparrow as a pest, on account of his thievery in grain time. If he attended to his duty as a scavenger, some of his stealing might be pardoned. But when he finds he can live high without work, he takes kindly to it and neglects the worms...

ODD COINCIDENCES.

THOMAS JEFFERSON and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; Madison was eight years older than Monroe; Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams...

SINGERS' GOOD HEALTH.

It is sometimes asked why so many of the great singers are stout, and even fat. Well, it is a fact that a pure singing tone must come from sound lungs. To keep the lungs sound requires general good health...

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

The Ingenious American Mechanic who has Put a Hotel on Railway Wheels—The Comforts of Trans-Continental Travel.

BY AGUSTUS MAVERICK.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there were but 6,000 miles of railway in operation in the United States, and less than 30,000 in the world. The first locomotive—which the unbelieving public said couldn't run on slippery iron tracks, but it did—made six miles an hour in England in 1824; in 1829, the "Rocket" attained a speed of fifteen miles an hour; in 1834, the "Fire-Flv" got up to twenty miles an hour; and five years later the "North Star," (also in England) achieved what was then considered the prodigious rate of thirty-seven miles an hour...

This country is so big—three thousand odd miles from East to West, and fifteen hundred miles from North to South—that it is no cause for wonder that the ingenious and speculative American sets his wits at work to "realize" the situation. Hence our patent reapers, mowers, sewing machines, rotary presses and all the infinite contrivances of modern ingenuity devised to save labor and create wealth.

The inventive talent of the American people serves to fulfil the Scriptural plan of putting a talent out to usury instead of wrapping it up in a napkin. And this is exactly what George M. Pullman did.

He had a talent, and he didn't wrap it up in a napkin. On the contrary, he threw away the napkin, and developed the gift the Creator had given him. Before his day railway travel was the type of discomfort. Stiff, hard, narrow seats, rectangularly arranged, were all the accommodations that the best railroads in this country afforded...

Let us see! Was it antique? It was less than half a century ago. Yes! it is ancient history. America grows fast and leaves time behind. With the growth of the century grew George M. Pullman. (His name, by the way, is significant—with deference be it said); he was apparently born and baptized to pull man; and he has done it very effectively.

Mr. Pullman is a New Yorker by birth, and an Illinoisian by adoption. He was born in Chatauque County in this State fifty-three years ago, March 3, 1831, and received the ordinary common school education of that period. His father was a well-to-do mechanic, possessed of the idea that his son should be brought up to a trade in order to keep himself. The young George, therefore, at the suitable age was put at work in a furniture establishment, and in time became a skillful cabinet-maker. But he had higher aspirations. The Erie Canal extension came up, and the young man thought he saw his way to profitable contracts for the erection of the buildings needed along the new line. He secured his contracts, made money out of them, and was twenty years to future prosperity. When he was twenty-eight years old he made up his mind to go west, and "grow up with the country"—unconsciously, perhaps, acting upon Horace Greeley's advice, which Greeley himself was careful not to follow. Mr. Pullman settled in Chicago in 1859, and soon found abundant employment with contracts made necessary by the famous raising of the grade of the streets of that city—a task successfully accomplished, but very difficult to do; it was no joke to pry up whole blocks of buildings. But it was not here that Mr. Pullman secured a new success for his share of the work. It was a triumph of mechanical ingenuity.

This business being finished, the inquiring mind of Mr. Pullman began to cast about for something else to do, and presently it occurred to him that railroad travel might be improved. People had to travel. Why not make them comfortable? The first attempt he made was with two cars on the Chicago and Alton railroad, which he filled up with sleeping-berths. It was an innovation, but travelers who had previously almost broken their necks on the backs of hard seats voted the innovation a

good one, and a new idea was borne in upon the minds of railroad magnates. Mr. Pullman, still a young man, and lively as a cricket, let the seed he had sown have time to germinate, and in 1860 he went to Colorado, to try his hand at mining. He remained there for three years, pondering while he dug and speculated. In 1863, returning to Chicago, he devoted himself to the development of appliances for travel—with what degree of success every tourist and business man who has occasion to use our great arteries of inter-state communication can testify.

The first "palace-cars" manufactured under Mr. Pullman's patent cost \$18,000 each, and were built for the Chicago and Alton Railroad. They were rude in comparison with those now in use on all the leading roads of the country, but they were a revelation. The travelling public willingly paid a dollar or two extra fare for the comfort they bestowed.

The popularity of the new device—where a sleeping car opened into a dining-car, and the dining-car into a parlor-car, and the parlor-car into a smoking-car—made the three thousand miles' journey from New York to San Francisco a sort of Elysium on wheels. The other lines of railroads could not afford to do without this wonderful convenience. Mr. Pullman got orders promptly from the Michigan Central road, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the Great Western & Canada; and then came the New York Central and Hudson, the Erie, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Union Pacific, and all the rest; and the "officer" Old World also tried the experiment on its shorter lines.

Mr. Pullman lives in this city, having an office in the Mills Building in Broad Street, where his interests are attended to in his absence by competent agents. But his work lies in or near Chicago. A few years ago, he laid out upon the prairie near that city a town called Pullman, where his factory is situated, giving employment to many hundreds of people, and adding largely to the productive wealth of Illinois.

Mr. Pullman may be taken as the type of the progressive, ingenious, and successful American—and as such is entitled to the highest honor he has won, and the fortune that he has honestly acquired.

A HERALD.

THE unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty hand.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

THE glass of fashion—Champaigne. The first thing the Puritans did here was to fall upon their knees: the next was to fall upon the aborigines.

At what time of life may a man be properly said to be an hermit? At seventy, because long experience makes him sage.

The true use of a porous plaster, according to a Milwaukee druggist, is "to retain the back in its proper place and let the pain crawl out through the holes. The work of an Almighty hand."

"A MAN who is so mean as to thus see a widow woman ought to be kicked to death by a jackass," said the attorney, "and I wish the court would appoint me to do it."

A BEGGAR approached a man on the cars, the other day, and said: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg," to which the man replied as he bestowed his coin: "My dear friend, I have not seen anything of it."

"Reports from various parts of the country show that game is more abundant now than it has been for several months past." The principal varieties, we understand, are cubre, draw-poker, and seven-up.

Just as a lover had dropped on his knees and begun popping the question, a pet poodle who thought the proceeding rather strange, made a dash for him. With remarkable nerve for a woman, the girl reached over and grabbed the dog by the collar at the same time calmly uttering, "Go on, George dear; I'm listening to what you are saying."

"I played a good joke on my wife last night," said Tweezers, who is not kept out of jail on account of his brightness. "What was it?" "I had our coachman stand in the front hall and kiss her, so she'd think it was me." "What did she do?" "Nothing." "So she only came into the parlor where I was sitting, and said, 'Why, Tweezers, I didn't know you had got home.'"

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

KEEP thyself pure. The woman's province is to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affection.

The eighty purpose never is o'ertook Unless the deed go with it.

KNOWLEDGE is not a good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and merits perished in seeking light.

LET us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm, and guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—H. T. Tuckerman.

SEE made the heroic sacrifice of self, leaving her sorrow to the great and kind, the nurse of care, the healer of all ills, the soother and consoler of all sorrows.—Longfellow.

A SAGE should inure himself to voluntary labor, and should not give up to indigence and pleasure; as they begot no good constitution of the body nor knowledge of the mind.—Seneca.

THERE are only two families in the world—the have-somethings and the have-nothings. Nowadays we are apt to feel more often the pulse of propriety than of wisdom. An ass will not be out of his native appearance than a horse with a pack saddle.—Creswell.



MIGHTY MAN.

As wars the tree within the blast, Yet falleth not, but grander grows, Grasping the firm rock giantly; And fending, hero-like, all blows; So toils the iron will of man Before stern fate's tempestuous stroke; He conquers e'er if true at heart, And, lo! a mighty human oak!

HELPING HIMSELF;

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," "Fattened Tom Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TELL-TALE KEY.

WILLIS FORD entered the presence of his employer with an air of confidence which he did not feel. Knowing his own guilt, he felt ill-at-ease and nervous, but the crisis had come and he must meet it.

"Take a seat, Mr. Ford," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "Your step-mother tells me that she has lost some government bonds?"

"All I had in the world," moaned the housekeeper.

"Yes, sir; I regret to say that she has been robbed."

"I learn, moreover, that a part of the bonds were brought to my office for sale to-day!"

"Yes, sir."

"And by Grant Thornton?"

"He can answer that question for himself, sir. He is present."

"It is true," said Grant, quietly.

"Did you ask him where the bonds came from?"

"He volunteered the information. He said they were entrusted to him for sale by a friend."

"Acquaintance," corrected Grant.

"It may have been so. I understood him to say friend."

"You had no suspicions that anything was wrong?" asked the broker.

"No; I felt perfect confidence in the boy."

Grant was rather surprised to hear this. If this were the case Willis Ford had always been very successful in concealing his real sentiments.

"How did you pay him?"

"In a check to his own order."

"Have you collected the money on that check, Grant?" asked Mr. Reynolds.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you paid it out to the party from whom you obtained the bonds?"

"No, sir; I am to meet him to-morrow morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

Willis Ford's countenance changed when he heard this statement. He supposed that Jim Morrison already had his money, and was safely off with it. Now it was clear that Grant would not be allowed to pay it to him, and his own debt would remain unpaid. That being the case Morrison would be exasperated, and there was no knowing what he would say.

"What do you know of this man, Grant?"

"Very little, sir."

"How does he impress you—as an honest, straightforward man?"

Grant shook his head.

"Not at all," he said.

"Yet you took charge of his business for him?"

"Yes, sir; but not willingly. He offered me a dollar for my trouble, and as I did not know there was anything wrong, I consented. Besides—"

"Here Grant paused.

"Well?"

"Will you excuse my continuing, Mr. Reynolds?"

"No," answered the broker firmly. "On the other hand, I insist upon your saying what you had in your mind."

"Having seen Mr. Ford in this man's company, I concluded he was all right?"

Willis Ford flushed, and looked discontented.

"Is this true, Mr. Ford?" asked the broker.

"Do you know this man?"

"What do you say his name was, Thornton?" asked Ford, partly to gain time.

"James Morrison."

"Yes; I know him. He was introduced to me by an intimate friend of that boy," indicating Grant.

Willis Ford smiled triumphantly. He felt that he had checkmated her hero.

"Is this true, Grant?"

"I presume so," answered Grant, coolly.

"You refer to Tom Calder, do you not, Mr. Ford?"

"I believe that is his name."

"He is not an intimate friend of mine, but we come from the same village. It is that boy who was with me when I first met you, Mr. Reynolds."

The broker's face cleared.

"Yes, I remember him. But how do you happen to know Tom Calder, Mr. Ford?"

"He had a room at the same house with me. He introduced himself as a friend of this boy."

"Do you know anything of him—how he earns his living?"

"Hav'n't the faintest idea," answered Ford. "My acquaintance with him is very slight."

"There seems a mystery here," said the broker. "This Morrison gives Grant two bonds to dispose of, which are identified as belonging to my housekeeper. How did he obtain possession of them? That is the question."

"There isn't much doubt about that," said Mrs. Estabrook. "This boy whom you have taken into your family has taken them."

"You are entirely mistaken, Mrs. Estabrook," said Grant indignantly.

"Of course you say so!" retorted the housekeeper, "but it stands to reason that that is the way it happened. You took them and gave them to this man, that is, if there is such a man."

"Your son says there is, Mrs. Estabrook," said the broker quietly.

"Well, I don't intend to say how it hap-

pened. In bringing this serious charge against him."

"That is different, sir."

"Pardon me, I can see no difference. He has the same right that you have to be considered innocent till he is proved to be guilty."

"You must admit, sir," said Willis Ford, "that appearances are very much against Grant."

"I admit nothing at present, for the affair seems to be complicated. Perhaps, Mr. Ford, you can offer some suggestion that will throw light upon the mystery."

"I don't think it very mysterious, sir. My

hesitation in bringing this serious charge against him. The party adjourned to the housekeeper's room. The key was put into the lock of the bureau drawer and opened it at once.

"I think there is no more to be said," said Willis Ford triumphantly.

Grant looked the picture of surprise and dismay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GRANT'S ENEMIES TRIUMPH.

It is not too much to say that Grant was overwhelmed by the unexpected discovery in his pocket of a key that fitted the housekeeper's bureau drawer. He saw at once how strong it made the evidence against him, and

yet he knew himself to be innocent. The most painful thought was that Mr. Reynolds would believe him to be guilty.

In fact, the broker for the first time began to think that Grant might possibly have yielded to temptation.

"Can't you account for the possession of that key?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Grant, in painful embarrassment. "I have occasion to use but one key, and that is the key to my valise."

"I think you had occasion to use the other," sneered Ford.

"Mr. Ford," retorted Grant, indignantly, "you are determined to think me guilty, but I care nothing for your opinion. I should be very sorry if Mr. Reynolds should think me capable of such baseness."

"Your guilt seems pretty clear," said Ford, sarcastically, "as I have no doubt Mr. Reynolds will agree."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Ford," said the broker, quietly.

"I hope you are not going to shield that young thief, Mr. Reynolds," said the housekeeper. "His guilt is as clear as noon-day. I think he ought to be arrested."

"You are rather in a hurry, Mrs. Estabrook," said Mr. Reynolds, "and I must request you to be careful how you make charges against me."

"Against you?" asked the housekeeper, alarmed at his tone.

"Yes," answered the broker, sternly. "You have insinuated that I intend to shield a supposed thief. I have only to say that at present the theft is to be proved."

"I submit, sir," said Ford, "that the evidence is pretty strong. The boy is proved to have had the bonds in his possession, he admits that he sold a part of them and has the money in his possession, and a key is found in his possession which will open the drawer in which the bonds were kept."

"Who put the key in my pocket?" demanded Grant, quickly.

For a moment Willis Ford looked confused, and his momentary confusion was not lost upon Grant or the broker.

"No doubt you put it there yourself," he answered, sharply, after a moment's pause.

"That matter will be investigated," said the broker.

"I think the money ought to be paid to me," said the housekeeper.

"Can you prove your ownership of the bonds?" asked the broker.

"I can," answered Willis Ford, flippantly. "I have seen them."

"I should like some additional evidence," said Mr. Reynolds. "You are related to Mrs. Estabrook, and may be supposed to have some interest in the matter."

"What proof can I have?" asked the housekeeper, disturbed by this unexpected obstacle.

"Have you the memorandum of the broker who bought you the bonds?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Then you had better look."

The housekeeper searched the drawer, and produced, triumphantly, a memorandum to the effect that she had purchased the bonds of a well-known house in Wall Street.

"So far, so good!" said the broker. "It appears that besides the bonds sold you had four one hundred dollar bonds."

"Yes, sir."



pened. Likely enough the man is a thief, and that boy is his accomplice."

"That you will oblige me by not jumping at conclusions, Mrs. Estabrook," said Mr. Reynolds. "Whoever has taken the bonds is likely to be discovered. Meanwhile your loss will, at all events, be partially made up, since Grant has the money realized from the sale of the greater part of them."

"I should like to place the money in your hands, Mr. Reynolds," said Grant.

"It belongs to me," said the housekeeper.

"That is undoubtedly true," said her employer; "but till the matter is ascertained beyond a doubt I will retain the money."

"How can there be any doubt?" asked the housekeeper, disconcerted.

"I do not think there is, but I will tell you now. You claim that your bonds were marked by certain numbers, two of which belong to those which were bought by Mr. Ford at the office to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Meanwhile you and your step-son have had time to compare notes, and you have had a chance to learn his numbers."

Mrs. Estabrook turned livid.

"I didn't expect to have such a charge brought against me, Mr. Reynolds, and by you," she said, her voice trembling with passion.

"I have brought no such charge, Mrs. Estabrook. I have only explained how there may be doubt of your claim to the money."

"I thought you knew me better, sir."

"I think I do, and I also think I know Grant better than to think him capable of abstracting your bonds. Yet you have had no

mother kept her bonds in the upper drawer of her bureau. This boy had the run of the house. What was to prevent his entering my mother's room, opening the drawer and taking anything he found of value?"

"What was to prevent some one else doing it, Mr. Ford—myself for example?"

"Of course that is different, Mr. Reynolds."

"Well, I don't know. I am honest, and so I believe is Grant."

"Thank you, sir," said Grant gratefully. "It just occurred to me," said Ford, "to ask my mother if she has at any time lost or mislaid her keys."

"Well thought of, Mr. Ford," and Mr. Reynolds turned to his housekeeper for a reply.

"No," answered Mrs. Estabrook. "I keep my keys in my pocket, and I have them there yet."

So saying she produced four keys attached to a ring.

"Then," continued Ford, "if Grant chances to have a key which will fit the bureau drawer that would be evidence against him."

"Show me any keys you may have, Grant," said the broker.

Grant thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out two keys. He looked at them in astonishment.

"One of them unlocks my valise," he said. "The other is a strange key. I did not know I had it."

Ford smiled maliciously. "Let us see if it will open the bureau-drawer," he said.

