

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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MY DEER HUNT.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

One crisp, frosty morning, a trapper on the North Fork of the Saskatchewan, away up in the North Land, brought down a deer as it was dashing by him on a dead run. Kindling a fire near the spot, he signalled to his companions, and an hour later the party was enjoying a rich, substantial and nourishing feast.

On the same day a company of amateur sportsmen, as they termed themselves, who had left Sacramento City, California, a short time before, returned, taking with them the carcasses of three deer as trophies of their success. To the southward of Santa Fe, New Mexico, several similar exploits took place, and I think it was about the same date that I engaged in a memorable deer hunt in Florida. I refer to these disconnected incidents to show how widely distributed is the American deer. Away up on the snowy wastes, toward the Arctic circle, in the depths of the north-west and in the suffocating heat of the southern swamps and thickets, this beautiful animal is found and is hunted for its meat.

And no animal is better known. Every boy reader of this paper has seen a deer and possibly some of them have shot one, or two of the creatures which are often domesticated and used as pets in the large parks of the Old World. And yet, well known as is the animal, I am quite sure it has some characteristics that are not familiar to all.

A deer which lives in the highlands never attains the splendid proportions of one that makes his home habitually in low, swampy regions. In summer, he is of a deep red color, and his flesh is not fit for food. In winter his uniform is a grayish-blue and his meat is royal. You all know how great a delicacy venison is and how few of us are able to have it regularly on our bills of fare.

The American deer, as a rule, renews his horns annually. The antlers are usually shed during the months of May and June. The young are born near the same time, and the doe has the curious faculty at that period of giving out no scent, so that the hounds are unable to follow her. This is mentioned as a merciful provision of nature, but while nature was at the business, why did she not extend the immunity to the deer as long as it lived? I think that would have been beautiful indeed, and if the matter was explained to the deer, he would agree with me.

The bucks are magnificent specimens of beauty and strength. I have sat down many a time to admire those remarkable creatures. When I did so, I made sure I was up a tree or beyond reach of his "brow of bayonets." Quite frequently the bucks will lock horns in fierce combat, plunging, rearing and pushing each other until both fall from exhaustion. More than once have such combatants literally locked horns and, unable to disentangle them, have died of starvation. Skeletons of such antagonists have been found months and years after. Suppose such a result should overtake a couple of boys when fighting! Suppose after locking arms, they couldn't unlock them, and their parents, with no thought of their wickedness, should set out to hunt them. How great would be the shock of finding them with arms locked together, and dead from starvation and thirst!

Instead of the sweet smile which ought to linger around the mouths of all good boys they would be twisted into sneers, maybe an eye would be blackened and some hair pulled out. How had the parents would feel! Let this be a warning, boys, not to run such a risk.

But how I am wandering from my story. I have been engaged in many hunts for deer. Somehow or other I never shoot many. Once or twice, when I was in too much of a hurry to finish the game, he has made a hunt for me and narrowly missed finishing me. One of the truest lines I ever read was—

"A stag at bay is a dangerous foe."

That line is accurate, as I know from experience.

When we set out we had with us an excellent hound, but he vanished so utterly before it was noon, that we feared that some alligator had roused up and swallowed him. It turned out, however, that he became so disgusted with us, that after going a short distance he turned about and went home. I really couldn't blame him.

Hopkins and myself tramped through the timber until the sun passed the meridian. Then we sat down on a fallen tree and ate our lunch, which his kind sister-in-law had put up for us.

"As you are going hunting," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "you must take along some food to keep from starving to death."

any game you can make it run toward me, and if I drive out any I'll set 'em on a run toward you."

"In that case the animals will meet and each will turn about and run back; then we'll get the game we started, which will be fair. But suppose that neither of us start any game—what then?"

"What then?" repeated Wilbur, with a wondering look, "why, nothing, of course."

"It'll be that any way, so I'm willing to try your plan."

After we had separated and were doing our best to carry out the brilliant scheme originated by my friend, it struck me that we had entered upon it in such haste that some inconveniences were likely to arise. Nothing is easier than for a person to go astray in the woods, and I was convinced that, when each moved out on the circumference of the immense circle which was intended to bring us together by night-fall, more than likely we would not meet again until we did so at the house of our friend several miles away.

Subsequent investigation made known the following interesting facts:

Wilbur tramped about two miles when he became tired. A log presenting itself, he sat down to rest.

"I think that fellow over yonder with the gun," said he to himself, "is the most stupid fellow that ever pretended to know anything about gunning. (He was actually referring to me). He hasn't any more sense than to plod through the woods till sundown, so I'll continue to sit on this log and smoke my pipe, and let him drive the game up to me."

And he sat still and smoked.

I think it must have been a little before that moment that I began to feel tired. I was thirsty, and could not rid myself of a feeling that I hadn't eaten enough dinner; but, as there wasn't any left, nothing was to be gained by mourning over it.

"The fact that any man who started out with an entertaining companion to hunt deer, would propose that they should separate and try to scare the game toward each other, is proof that he who proposed it is a first-class idiot," I said to myself, as I halted beside a beautiful little pool of water; "and I might as well add that the other fellow who acted on the proposal was as big a fool."

I haven't met any one who disputes this position. The small pool looked so tempting that I knelt down and sipped my thirst from its crystalline contents. That done, I walked back a rod or two and sat down on the ground with my back against a tree.

"As Wilbur intends to beat the deer out of the bush and drive it toward me," I reflected, "it wouldn't be proper for me to go stumbling through the undergrowth and scaring it away; so I'll wait here till the game comes."

I laid my rifle across my knees, leaned my head back, and in order to think over several matters, I closed my eyes. I am afraid I fell asleep.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when I awakened and looked around. It took a minute or two before I recalled where I was, but I was still sitting with my head against the tree; my hat was off and a dozen varieties of bugs were crawling through my hair and clothing; the ground upon which I was sitting felt as cold and damp as ice, and I half suspected that despite the chilly



THE BUCK WAS AT THE MARGIN OF THE POOL.

Wilbur Hopkins and myself started out on a deer hunt last winter in central Florida. We were visiting his brother, whose home, properly speaking, was south of the centre of the State. To the southeast stretched a wide expanse of timber land in which deer were sometimes found, though they were by no means numerous. Wilbur told me he had spent four or five days hunting for the animals without catching sight of as much as a trail.

To the northeast stretched a high range of hills, white swamps, lakes and wet lands could be found in any direction. Florida is not celebrated for its cold weather, and though it was in the very depth of winter when we started out, the temperature in the middle States would have been considered only stirring weather for autumn or spring.

Wilbur did not notice the irony of this remark, but I did.

"See here," said Wilbur, after we had finished our lunch, "we ain't hunting the right kind of way."

"I thought we were following the real, scientific style," I replied, "for we haven't seen any game, and there isn't any prospect of our doing so."

"Yes, there is," he remarked, compressing his lips and shaking his head; "what we want to do is to divide."

"I expect to divide the deer fairly; as soon as we have a dozen of course each will take six."

"No, no, no; what's the use of trying to be any more stupid than nature has made you? What I mean is that you should take one route and I the other. Then if you scare up

weather, a rattlesnake was nesting somewhere about me.

"Yes, I think I'm here," was my conclusion, as the drowsy machinery of memory got in order; "I wonder how Wilbur is getting along—"

I suddenly checked myself, for casting my eyes in the direction of the pool from which I had slaked my thirst, I saw a sight which was enough to make the blood of a sportsman tingle.

Two deer were approaching the pool evidently with the purpose of drinking from it. The female was in the background and with head erect was timidly advancing straight toward the water. The buck was at the margin of the pool in the act of stepping forward so as to lower his head to drink. He was a fine sleek animal, but I was struck by the singular fact that though he ought to have shed his horns months before, he had at that late day only a couple of stumps or knobs which projected upward from the top of his head.

"That is curious," I said to myself, as I sat still and watched the two beautiful creatures in the act of drinking from the pool; "when I return home I will submit that question to our debating society and see whether the members can settle it. The buck ought to have big antlers by this time and they should be polished by rubbing them against the bark of the trees, as is his custom—my gracious! how came I to forget!"

The last exclamation was uttered at the moment the doe, who was at the rear, vanished in the undergrowth. It was indeed singular that while I sat watching the two it never occurred to me that I had a most inviting chance to shoot one of them. Such was the fact. It must have been that the knobby horns of the buck distracted my thoughts.

However, I did the best to remedy my oversight. Springing to my feet, I raised my rifle and fired in the direction where they were last seen. I think they must have believed they were struck by lightning, for they bounded away with a thundering noise.

I saw nothing more of Hopkins until I dragged myself homeward after midnight. He told me he had met no game, though he heard the report of a distant rifle, caused probably by some simpleton who didn't know what he was firing at. I held my peace and if any of my young friends meet Hopkins, I hope they will do me the kindness to keep this little affair a secret.

WILKES BOOTH'S HORSE.

The Putnam, Conn., Weekly Standard, publishes the following story about the horse that bore J. Wilkes Booth from Washington after the murder of President Lincoln:

The story of the murdered President—the history of the murderer, John Wilkes Booth—is familiar to all; but the horse, that of him? The animal was purchased, sold by auction, and to the United Express Company of New York. This company, it would seem, was either swindled by its managers or fell into financial straits for some reason, as it was advertised, sold by auction, and to the United Express Company of New York. This company, it would seem, was either swindled by its managers or fell into financial straits for some reason, as it was advertised, sold by auction, and to the United Express Company of New York. This company, it would seem, was either swindled by its managers or fell into financial straits for some reason, as it was advertised, sold by auction, and to the United Express Company of New York.

AN OYSTER WHIPS A CRAB.

A rough-and-tumble combat between a wild duck and an oyster occurred here the other day, says the Corpus Christi Caller. The duck was a large and full grown one that had recently come from the North to enjoy our winter climate. It was one of the living species, which inhabits the bays till the spring, when they migrate to the North. When the oyster feeds it opens its shell wide till the full oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vise, the shell closed on the duck's beak.

Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal head had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's beak.

AN OLD PICTURE.

By Mrs. C. J. EVERT.

The sweetest picture that memory brings, The dearest of all departed things, Is the old brown house, with its open door, His wide flung windows and spotless floor. Tall hollyhocks by the footpaths grow, And sweet old-fashioned lilies of snow, That tell of a beauty-loving heart, Untraced in a single mile of art. I can see again the tany bed, And the apple ripening overhead, The maiden stalks, with crowns of gold, And the blossoming silver maiden. I can hear again the patient tread Of the gentle mother, long since dead; I can feel her hand upon my brow, 'Till the earth has no such loving now. For the race of women has passed away That blessed the land in its earlier day; And quaint old homes, low and brown, Are found but here and there on the plain. The world moves on, its progress brings Grand reforms, undreamed of things; But nothing modern can fill the place Of the dear old home and mother's face.

KNOWING THE ROPES.

The gentleman who tells the following story is one of the most respected as well as one of the most venerable members of the New York Produce Exchange. He has also a long record of public life honored. "Well, you must know," said he, "that I didn't propose to go back to New York and I hadn't heard Gladstone. I don't often get a run out of my office—at any rate as far as England—and I was bound that I would see one of the great men they've got there. So I started down to the house at about five and steered most of my way by the lighthouse that is perched up on top of the highest tower of the buildings. They say the tower is over five hundred feet high, and that the light burns there when parliament is in session. These buildings are the most magnificent pile of buildings in the world—perhaps not so grand at first sight as the Washington capitol, but more finely worked when you come up close to it. There are eight acres of ground covered by this stone building, and it has cost about \$15,000,000. However, I guess they didn't steal any of it, for I don't see how they could have done it for less. I entered a great courtyard, and a policeman—they call them bobbies there—told me I must go through Westminster Hall, and then through St. Stephen's Hall, and then turn to my left, and then ask some one who would point me. So I tramped along through a magnificent hall, which pointed roof was made of great oak timberwork, past marble statues of English kings, up a series of broad stone steps into another imposing hall, where I found marble statues of far greater magnitude—Fox, Burke, Pitt and Channing. This hall was crowded with Englishmen waiting their turn to get into the Strangers' Gallery. I hurried by and approached the door of the august chamber where I imagined Gladstone holding his hearers spellbound by his persuasive periods.

"Quite impossible, sir. Don't you see there are over fifty waiting their turn. Stand aside, please, sir."

"But I've a card from the American minister, and—"

"Can't help it, sir; quite impossible, sir; most unprecedented hindrance of strangers, sir," etc.

"It was absurd to negotiate with a man backed by a hungry applicants—and to offer a corruption fund publicly would have been equally futile. I retraced my steps to the crowded vestibule where Burke and Fox kept company with the pantalooned remainder of the world."

"I suppose not," replied the honest peeler, as he eyed me closely.

"I'm sorry," continued I, "for I hoped to get in to-night."

"The peeler looked about with an air of assumed indifference. I continued, looking at the statue of Burke:

"I will give you half a crown if you will smooth my way to the next policeman, and even if I had a crown, too."

"At this my stately companion strode off, and in a minute returned and ordered me to follow him. His expression was severe, and left the impression on those he left behind that I was unwelcome on state business. As we walked together, a half-crown slipped into his hand. I was about to pass the second 'bobby,' who guards the entrance to the lobby, when that functionary arrested me with a gruff 'Keep back, sir! you can't pass here!'"

"But this policeman—" said I.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Come this way." And a second half-crown (about sixty-two cents) entered the hand of her majesty's faithful 'bobby.'

"I was piloted through a number of semi-privileged individuals who had got thus far and seemed unable to get any further. I had to face the same sergeant-at-arms who barred my way to the Speaker's gallery on a few moments ago. But for some occult reason this dragon in knee-breeches and black-silk stockings seemed less unapproachable than on my former visit. I waited a favorable opportunity when our conversation should not be public property. Then inserting a half-crown between my thumb and the card from the American legation, and in that position

holding the combined potentialities up to him, and to him alone, I said:

"Don't you see, sir, that it is important that I should go up to the Speaker's gallery, and that right away?"

"Apparently convinced," he said, "Stand behind me, sir, and look sharp when I give the word."

"At that moment the door leading to the Speaker's gallery opened to let some one out. My friend in black stock, holding my card with the accompanying coupon and I hurried up into the light of the House of Commons.

"But the battle was not yet won. I was one of a number who had to stand up, and even then could not see overwell. I wanted to get into some good seats that were guarded off by a silken rope, which rope was barred off by another man in silk-stockings. Again I bided my time and kept my silver wedge handy, as a timely insurance. Just as the cord was removed for the exit of some one, and, approaching the rope guardian in a benevolent manner, I told him that I should consider myself in his debt to a modest extent, he would let me sit on one of the privileged seats facing the Speaker, which he was bound by his oath to keep me out of. The occasion was too public for more practical tactics, but with a faint silver jingle in my pocket I passed the barrier and found myself in the best seat imaginable.

"After listening to Gladstone and a few others, and hearing Lord Randolph Churchill and the president of the board of trade call each other names, I turned to leave for home.

"Let me show you down stairs, sir," said my politia custodian.

"As soon as we were out of the public eye I slipped a handful of small silver into his practiced palm, and walked home with a heavy heart. I am a Sunday-one of the upper ten, and I did not want to have unrespectfully bribed my way into the British House of Commons."

OUR RAILWAY MILEAGE.

The railway mileage of the United States increased about 4,000 miles during 1884, making the total, in round numbers, 125,900 miles. The climax of railway construction was reached in 1882, during which year the mileage increased 11,596 miles. The year 1878, the last year of shrinkage of values preceding the business revival which culminated 1880, gave an increase of only 2,668 miles, but it was not business depression alone which checked railway construction in 1884. The increase of mileage has been greater than the increase of population and commerce; and that time must be allowed for the nation to grow up to the railway facilities already provided. Important lines are yet to be constructed, and undoubtedly the mileage will creep steadily upward for a long time to come, but no expansion like that of the last five years can be expected. In 1869, when the last year of the Union Pacific was driven at Ogden, Utah, the railway mileage of the United States was less than 44,000 miles. The magnitude of the expansion can be understood by remembering that the present mileage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is less than 19,000 miles, or only about three times that of the State of New York. The same year, 1869, the statistics indicate to any intelligent person that it would be folly to expect railway construction in the United States to continue at anything like its rate for the next fifteen years, and that the same developments may be witnessed in other parts of the world. England is considering the project of extending her railway mileage to 100,000 miles, and the plans for the expenditure of \$150,000,000 have already been drawn. China is not an inviting field for railway contractors, but Japan is and Africa may soon be.

MME. PATTI'S JEWELS.

A lady and two gentlemen drove recently to an uptown bank one afternoon. The lady was recognized as Mme. Patti, one of the gentlemen as a relative, and the third as Prof. Cappa, of the Seventh Regiment Band. The lady placed a package into the custody of the bank officials, and after the party had departed, the package was opened by the gentlemen. A reporter asked Prof. Cappa the object of the lady's visit.

"I advised Mme. Patti," he said, "to place her jewels in a secure institution, and recommended the bank she visited as a suitable one, as it was convenient to her hotel. Acting under my advice she deposited her magnificent diamonds and other jewels in the custody of the officials, which she had heard and read so much lately of hotel robberies that she did not feel that her property was secure even in a bank. She is a woman of taste and exact value of Mme. Patti's jewels, but they must be worth over \$500,000. I believe she can rest more easily now that the jewels are in a safe place.

EXCHANGES.

M. M. Graves, Hempstead, Tex. For No. Of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Mexican 5, 10 and 20 cent stamps, and Confederate money, for foreign coin. J. J. Phillips, No. 321 E. 58th St., N. Y. City. For No. 1, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Wild Life," "Brun," and another book, all by Reid, for "Life Rangers," and another book, by Reid. H. Downing, Dixon, Illa. Twenty-five postmarks, or fifteen foreign stamps, for an Indian arrow-head, snake rattle, or a mineral curiosity. Ten stamps for a cent article to 1890. The "Golden Argosy," advertising cards, books and magazines, for reading matter. J. J. Phillips, No. 321 E. 58th St., N. Y. City. Vols. IV and V of Golden Days, for previous volumes of the same, and Vol. II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for books sent to the publishers. C. W. Rogers, Jr., Box 30, Georgetown, Mass. Nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, the Young Weekly, Army and Navy, and other papers, for the Golden Argosy, Story Paper, Heartbeats, Leslie's Young America, Golden Days, and a number of libraries, for Nos. of Frank Leslie's Days and a Gold Weekly, previous No. 5, Frank

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A CLEW TO SUCCESS.
THERE is a fine monument in Westminster Abbey, London, in honor of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of England's great naval commanders. This man began life as a shoemaker's apprentice. His first battles were waged with awl and hammer. But we may be sure the youth had some high qualities, else he would never have exchanged the collier's bench for the quarter deck.

We need seek no further than the early days of his life at sea. He became weary of his trade, and enlisted in the navy. It is related of him that he was smart at seamanship and "uncommonly diligent, when off duty, in the study of any nautical books he could lay his hands upon." That gives the clue to his success. A young man who improves his chances, and is ready to take advantage promptly of every opportunity, will come out at the top.

DAWLING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S opinion ought to be worth something. He was a learned man, and a successful one. This is what he wrote to a youth for whom he had just obtained a situation: "You must beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully occupied. I mean what women call dawdling. Do instantly what is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it."

It may be accepted as a rule that dawlors never get into the front ranks, except by some accident. Those who work hard and play hard, do so with their might whatever their hands find to do. To the ones who conquer luck and circumstances. To idle, to half-do, to loaf, is to put a premium on failure. Even rest should be taken thoroughly, for life ought not to be all drudgery.

HEAVY PRICE FOR JOLLITY.

IT was not a long item which appeared in a daily paper soon after Christmas, but it was a striking one. A man got drunk and froze to death. That was all. He was very merry on Christmas day. He got "gloriously full," as they say, and shook hands with everybody, and wished them a "merry Christmas," and so on. Then nobody saw him for a couple of days, when he was found in his own room, frozen and dead.

When people begin to drink liquor, they do not often carry it to such a bitter length. Young men think it very fine to get jolly over a social punch, or to feel their pulses throb at the inspiration of the friendly lager. There is no danger apprehended, and even the expense of a wild " spree " like this is not much. People do not often freeze to death at the outset of conviviality; perhaps indeed it is rare at any time. But freezing, and poverty and distress come later on. It takes practice, but if one sticks to drinking long enough they will come.

STEALING IN BUSINESS.

THESE articles are not the stuff they used to be. Once they were honest rubber; now they are half pastebard." Perhaps you have heard this complaint. It is a common one nowadays; not applied to overshoes merely, but, with a change of language, to almost every commodity one buys. What is the trouble? It all grows out of the rage to buy and sell cheap. Competition leads to cheating. To afford a low price, something is stolen from the value of the article for sale.

"Stolen" is a heavy word. People do not like to use it. It suggests the law and the penitentiary. Yet it is not the right word for some of the practices of commerce. When a coal dealer advertises that he gives full weight, does he not mean that he will not steal some of the coal which justly belongs to the customer who buys a "ton"? In trade it is not the custom to say "cheat" or "steal"; it is only "shrewdness" or "smartness."

The miller was smart, he thought, when he measured the "ten barrels" of apples which he had

bought of a farmer, and found them two bushels short. But the farmer had only to retort that the barrels came from the mill in the first place, filled with flour. There was "sharp trading" on both sides—so they called it—not cheating, oh no! Thus it goes, all through trade. There is adulteration, and short weight, and fraudulent filling, and "sizing," and various other devices to get a dollar more than a dollar's worth.

In the long run, it does not pay. Men who grow rich by such practices are not respected by those whose esteem is worth anything. The best resolve for young men entering business, is to never bend their consciences to these thieving "tricks of trade."

A WARNING TO THE AMBITIOUS.

IT is difficult to account for the ambitions that take lodgings in the brains of our boys and girls. They are various—and often queer. It would not be surprising if some one of our readers aspired to be even a crowned head. Such a dream is, of course, inconsistent with American republican principles. Yet, when a young brain goes wool gathering, it cares little for principles, American or otherwise.

An incident is reported from Windsor which ought to discourage any young person who dreams of being a crowned head. Windsor is the town where Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, has a royal castle. If ever a crowned head should be happy it is the one belonging to Queen Victoria. She has an immense income, enjoys the love and respect of her subjects, and is gifted with a famous appetite. Yet she has passed several miserable nights lately, all on account of a fire which took place in the railway station at Windsor. The Queen had passed through the station only a short time before, and it was supposed that somebody had fired the building with a dynamite cartridge.

Nothing makes crowned heads so unhappy as dynamite cartridges, and it is not surprising that not only the Queen but most of her subjects lay awake several nights after this occurrence. Some mysterious wheels were found in the ashes of the fire, and everybody was sure that an American infernal machine was at the bottom of it. But it has been discovered that the awful wheels were only the reel of a fishing pole, which some innocent angler had left standing in the station, and that the fire was caused by coals tumbling out of the stove. Still, the affair was a solemn warning to all who are ambitious to be crowned heads.

A PROBLEM OF LABOR.

IT is not so easy as one might think, to settle all the questions that arise between about work and wages. During the presidential campaign, a great deal was said regarding the value of "protection," and of "free trade." According to the party newspapers, the success of one candidate or the other was going to raise wages, and make times easier. If the young readers of these theories knew any more about the subject, after they get through reading, than their elders, they are to be congratulated. The fact is that many things happen to cause hard times which politics, or party, cannot help.

Take the hat-makers, for example. They have been on a strike of late. The employers reduced wages, because, as they said, they could not afford to pay what they had been paying. The hat business was "depressed," to use the language of trade. In some places the striking hat-makers came very near violence. They felt wronged at the lowering of their wages. It is not strange, especially if they believed that the employers continued to make money.

It seems, however, that when the hat factories in Newark and Danbury, Connecticut, Newark, N.J., and Brooklyn, N.Y. are in full blast, they can turn out hats enough in six months to supply the country for a year. Now here is a practical puzzle. How can political parties solve it? The fact is that man is so ingenious with his machinery that he overdoes everything. Time will have to solve the problem. Either men must work slower, or else the mass of the people must grow able to earn more money, so as to buy and throw away more hats.

PECULIAR RUSSIAN CORPSES.

Russia is a peculiar country in more ways than one. Aside from its cold weather, its queer costumes, its Nihilists, and its curious social customs, it is distinguished by the strictness of its legal arrangements. As a result of this, there is a certain Russian farmer who is living to-day in a singular sort of citizenship. He is dead, in fact, according to law, with all the privileges and exemptions of dead men.

It happened in this way. He fell into a quarrel, during which he was struck in the chest with an axe, and several ribs were broken. When the surgeon arrived, he pronounced the wound mortal. He waited several hours for the patient to expire, and then, having other calls to make, he became impatient, and wrote out the death certificate in legal form. But the man got well. The authorities demanded the return of his death certificate, but he refused it. Consequently he is exempt from draft and taxes, and finds it very handy in these respects to be legally dead. But, as nobody will trust a legally dead man, he has to pay cash.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER. The Portrayer of Mrs. Partington and the Pioneer of American Humorists.

BY JUSON NEWMAN SMITH.

SOME men think that the best aid to digestion is after-dinner cigar, but wiser heads will tell you that a good laugh—one that is felt away down in the region of the waist-band—is the best sauce in the world.

It would be vain for us to endeavor to compute how many hearty meals disappeared as if by magic, as, some thirty years ago, staid Bostonians, between coffee and cakes, glanced at the pages of *The Post* beside them, and came upon the column devoted to the absurd misuse of words by Mrs. Partington, the harum scarum tricks of little Ike, or the outrageous puns of Old Roger. This novel wit "took" like wild-fire; was copied from Beacon Hill to the Golden Gate, and people laughed and wondered what manner of man was this new genius who had risen in the land; and it was through no fault of the author of these that his name was soon on every tongue, for, of all writers—a class of men noted for their retiring nature—the greatest of all in point of modesty is Benjamin P. Shillaber—the Mrs. Partington of world-wide fame.

Mr. Shillaber was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1814, and received his education at that time-honored school, the Exeter Academy. His independent spirit sent him out into the world while yet a youth, and he took up the composing stick at Dover, N. H., as the means of gaining a livelihood. What subtle charm can there be in the grime of the leaden types, that lures so many of our literary geniuses?

Five years later, his restless spirit drove him to Demerara, Guiana, where he worked at his trade for three years; returning, he entered the office of the Boston *Post* in 1840. Seven years later he obtained a place on the editorial staff of that journal, and it was at that time that those exquisitely funny sayings of Mrs. Partington began to convulse the country. In 1850, Mr. Shillaber entered upon some journalistic ventures of his own, but resumed his place on the *Post* two years later. Then in 1856 and during the ten years following, he was one of the editors of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, contributing at the same time to other papers, the *New York Weekly* among the number.

Mr. Shillaber's works, though immensely popular, have not been so successful as to dollars and cents as the productions of such humorists as Josh Billings and Mark Twain.

This is due mostly to his modesty and lack of business tact, which have deterred him from pushing his works as his more scheming fellow-humorists have done. He experienced a serious set-back when a New York publisher pirated some of his productions, publishing them interlarded with the squibs from another source, under Mrs. Partington's name.

This completely "took the wind out of his sail," for a time; of course the work sold well, but between the public and the author, the pirate's pocket opened wide and appropriated the benefits that should have been Mr. Shillaber's. This, in the words of the genial old lady, was "impudence without a parable."

Some years ago, Mr. Shillaber undertook a lecturing tour, but was not successful because of the too elevated tone of his efforts; in consequence they failed to "catch," as they might have done, had the lecturer adopted the suggestion of a friend who advised him to appear in a characteristic guise—the costume and make-up of the affected Mrs. Partington.

Then again he is subject to attacks of chronic rheumatism, which rendered traveling exceedingly dangerous. Could it have been during one of these attacks that Mrs. Partington remarked:

"Diseases is so various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way of brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcophagus, and there another man kills himself by discovering his Jocular vein."

In spite of these drawbacks, the author is in comfortable circumstances, and has the satisfaction of seeing his son, now a middle-aged man, a prosperous man of business in New York City.

The life and sayings of Mrs. Partington are not the only productions of this author's pen. His works comprise some four volumes.

His most celebrated character, next to Mrs. Partington, is that of her nephew, little Ike, an effec-



vescing, mischievous lambkin, the prototype of Peck's Bad Boy.

The pranks of Ike and the sayings of his aunt appeared in the periodical squibs in the *Post*, but it was partly due to the suggestion of one of our most successful and admired juvenile writers that Mr. Shillaber brought out a book for boys, of which "Ike Partington" was the title and the mainpring of the story. But it is on his poetical productions that Mr. Shillaber prides himself most; his graceful, flowing and altogether happy style have commanded abundant appreciation.

Mr. Shillaber is a man of commanding figure. His character is that of a benevolent, hearty and jovial gentleman, who quickly becomes popular with all who have the good fortune to meet him. His uprightness, sound sense and good nature are reproduced in his creation, Mrs. Partington, whose good qualities shine out brightly from amidst the blunders of a Mrs. Malaprop and the absurdities of a Mrs. Brown—two well-known creations, similar but inferior to the first.

The charm of the old lady's blunders is that, beneath her affectation of the longest words and the consequent blunders, her sayings are winged with some potent truths. For instance, mothers will appreciate the old lady's remarks on the school vacation: "Five weeks vexation in August! five weeks vexation! It is a trying season for mothers, and wearing and tearing to their patience and the jackets and trousers of the children."

One more pearl from the lips of Mrs. Partington before we top: "A solemn thing, is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the pasture comes into the chancery, with his surplus on, and goes through the cement of making 'em man and wife. It is a lovely sight to see the young people plighting their troth, and coming up to consume their vows."

A great creature is Mrs. Partington. Her slips are not all of her charm, for the author breathes into her a most lovable kindness, so that though you may fail to recall any of her rich sayings, let her be mentioned, and you will see upon your mind's eye almost a vague, rosy haze of charity and good-will.

DO NOT MEDDLE.

To do God's will—that's all That need concern us; not to carp or cark The meaning of it; but to ply our task Whatever may befall.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

ALWAYS TURN A cold shoulder to the fire. STRAND on the coast—a capsize led. WHAT is that which always walks with his head downward? A nail in a shoe. "MAGGIE, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." "All right, mumm. I'll shut the blinds right away."

SOLELY ADDRESS—My young friends, put not your trust in silver and gold. A man may still be rich though he has lost his mill. Precocious Hearer—Yes, if he is a shoemaker.

At a college examination a professor asked, "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student; "not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me." "Red head duck," was the order given by a man at a restaurant the other day; and the girl who was waiting upon him said she had been insulted. She avowed that her hair was golden, and would accept no apology.

"No," said the dying painter, with a grim smile; "no, I don't object to colors, but don't have any violets, please. I shouldn't care to have my grave violated, you know." It was immediately agreed that it was best that he should go.

A MEMBER of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said: "Mr. Jones, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply; "if he was half scared to death, and as nervous as a cat."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

CUSTOM may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.—Fiddling. Do not be honest because it is the best policy; be honest because it is right. PATIENCE is nobler than courage, for courage is a simple virtue; but patience is courage to endure. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy, or a day laborer, but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief. BELIEGON cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there and will reappear.—Cordley.

On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. REFLECT upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respects people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—Kingsley. OUR opinions are not always right. Some men hold to theirs as a mad bull makes his charge—gets his direction, and, putting his head down and shutting his eyes, rushes blindly on the foe. WHEN contemplating a wrong act, don't say, "No harm to do it just this once." The next time you are tempted, you will say, "The harm's done—I did it once and might as well do it again."

AN OPEN CHARGE.

BY J. DOW.

Surely the happiest life for man - Is not the fevered life that brings A storm of snubbing questionings, And baffled ends were all begun: But his who neither looks behind, Nor on the shadowy space before, Nor, answering sideward to explore Life's darkness, learns that he is blind: Who, heedless of all vain dispute, And weary voices of the night, Seeks only to observe aright The bit of path before his feet.

HELPING HIMSELF;

OR GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

MR. REYNOLDS looked rather surprised when Grant appeared, drawing the telegraph boy after him.

"This boy has got something to tell you about Mr. Ford," said Grant, breathless with excitement.

"About Mr. Ford?" repeated the broker.

"What do you know about Willis Ford?"

"I don't know his name," replied Johnny.

"It's the chap that just went out of the house."

"It was Mr. Ford," explained Grant.

"Tell me what you know about him," said the broker, encouragingly.

"I see him in the Grand Central Hotel, givin' some bonds to a flashy lookin' man. There was a boy wid him, a big boy."

"With whom—Mr. Ford?"

"No, wid the other chap."

"I know who he means, sir," said Grant. "It was Tom Calder."

"And the man?"

"Was Jim Morrison, the same that gave me the bonds to sell."

"That seems important," said Mr. Reynolds. "I did not believe Ford capable of such rascality."

"He had as good a chance to take the bonds as I, sir. He was here last evening."

"Was he?" asked the broker, quickly. "I did not know that."

"He was here for an hour at least. I saw him come in and go out."

Mr. Reynolds asked several more questions of the telegraph boy, and enjoined him to silence.

"My boy," he said, "come here to-morrow evening at half past seven. I may want you."

"I will, sir, if I can get away. I shall be on duty."

"Say to the telegraph company that I have an errand for you. Your time will be paid for."

"That will make it all right, sir."

"And meanwhile here is a dollar for your own use."

Johnny's eyes sparkled, for with his limited earnings this sum would come in very handy.

He turned away, nearly forgetting the original errand that brought him to the house, but luckily it occurred to him in time. The nature of it has nothing to do with this story.

When Johnny had gone, Mr. Reynolds said: "Grant, I need not caution you not to breathe a word of this. I begin to think that there is a conspiracy against you, but whether Willis Ford is alone in it, or has a confederate I can not decide. My housekeeper does not appear to like you?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say she does not; but I don't think she is in this plot. I think she honestly believes that I stole her bonds."

"I have too great confidence in you to believe it. I own I was a little shaken when the key was found. You have no idea how it came in your pocket, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I can't guess. I might suspect Mr. Ford of putting it there, but I can't see how he managed it."

"Well, we will let matters take their course. You will go to your work as usual, and not speak a word of what has happened this evening."

"Thank you, sir."

Meanwhile we must follow Willis Ford.

When he left the house, he was by no means in a comfortable frame of mind. He felt that it was absolutely necessary to see Jim Morrison, and have an understanding with him. What arrangements he could make with him, or how he could reconcile him to the loss of the money which he had expected to receive from the sale of the bonds, he could not yet imagine. Perhaps he would be willing to receive the other four bonds in part payment. In that case Willis himself would not profit as much as he had hoped from the theft, but there seemed no alternative. He had got himself into a scrape, and he must get out of it the best way possible.

Though he did not know where to find Morrison, he thought it likely that he might be seen at the White Elephant, a large and showy billiard-room on Broadway, near Thirtieth Street. There were several gambling houses near by, and there or in that neighborhood, he thought that Morrison might be met.

He was right. On entering the billiard-room, he found the man he sought playing a game of billiards with Tom Calder, at the first table.

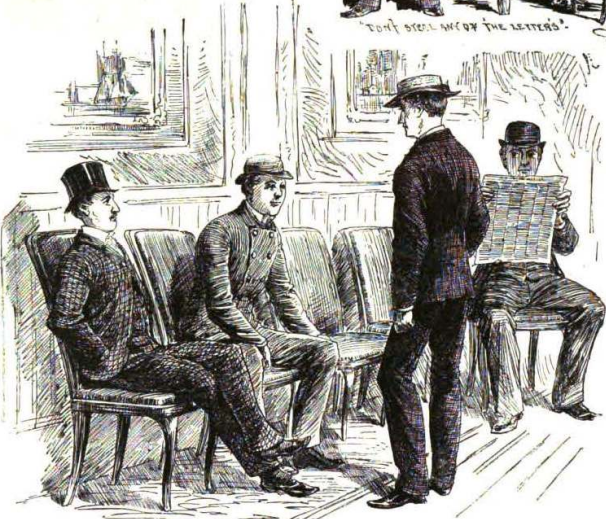
"I want to see you, Morrison," he said, in a low voice. "Is the game most finished?"

"I have only six points more to make. I shall probably run out this time."

He was right in his estimate. Two minutes later the two went out of the saloon together, accompanied by Tom.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Let us turn into a side street."



HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE MONEY?

They turned into Thirtieth Street, which was much less brilliantly lighted than Broadway, and sauntered leisurely along.

"Did you buy the bonds of that boy?" asked Morrison, anxiously.

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Have you brought me the money?"

"How should I?" returned Ford, impatiently. "I couldn't pay him, and keep the money myself."

"Oh, well; it doesn't matter. He is to meet me to-morrow morning and hand over the money."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed."

"Disappointed!" repeated Morrison quickly, "what do you mean? The boy hasn't made off with the money, has he? If he has— and the sentence ended with an oath."

"No, it isn't as you suppose."

"Then why won't he pay me the money, I'd like to know?"

"There is some trouble about the bonds. It is charged that they are stolen."

"How is that? You gave them to me," said Morrison suspiciously.

Now came the awkward moment. However Ford had decided on the story he would tell.

"They were given me by a person who owed me money," he said plausibly. "How was I to know they were stolen?"

"I suppose so. In fact I know so."

"How do you know?"

"Well—in fact, they were stolen from my stepmother."

Morrison whistled.

"Well," he said.

"Of course you mustn't say that I gave them to you. You would get me into trouble."

"So you want to save yourself at my expense? I am to be suspected of stealing the bonds, am I? That's a decidedly cool proposal, but it won't do. I shall clear myself, by telling just where I got the bonds."

"That's what I want you to do."

"You do!" ejaculated the gambler in surprise.

"Yes. You are to say that the boy gave them to you."

"Why should I say that?"



TOM CALDER MET BY THE LESTER.

will dispose of them—when this excitement blows over."

Finally Morrison gave a sulky assent, and the conspirators parted.

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

"IF I thought he was playing me false," said Jim Morrison, after Ford and himself had parted company, "I'd make him smart for it."

"I guess it's all right," said Tom, who was less experienced and less suspicious than his companion.

"It may be so, but I have my suspicions. I don't trust Willis Ford."

"Shall you go round to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to meet Grant to-morrow morning?"

"Of course I shall. I want to see what the boy says. It may be a put up job between him and Ford."

The very same question was put by Grant to Mr. Reynolds.

"Shall I go round to the hotel to-morrow morning to see Morrison and Tom Calder?"

The broker paused a moment and looked thoughtful.

"Yes," he answered after a pause, "you may."

"And what shall I say when he demands the money?"

Upon this Mr. Reynolds gave Grant full instructions as to what he desired him to say.

About quarter after eight o'clock the next morning, a quiet looking man, who looked like a respectable book-keeper, entered the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and walked through the corridor, glancing, as it seemed, indifferently to the right and

left. Finally he reached the door of the reading-room and entered. His face brightened as at the farther end he saw two persons occupying adjoining seats. They were, in fact, Morrison and Tom Calder.

The new-comer selected a Boston daily paper, and, as it seemed, by chance settled himself in a seat not six feet away from our two acquaintances, so that he could without much effort listen to their conversation.

"It's almost time for Grant to come," said Tom after a pause.

"Yes," grumbled Morrison, "but as he won't have any money for me, I don't feel as anxious as I should otherwise."

"What'll you say to him?"

"I don't know—yet. I want to find out whether Ford has told the truth about the bonds. I believe he stole 'em himself."

Five minutes later Grant entered the reading-room. A quick glance showed him, not only the two he had come to meet, but the quiet little man who was apparently absorbed in a copy of the Boston Journal. He went up at once to meet them.

"I believe I am in time," he said.

"Yes," answered Jim Morrison. "Have you brought the money?"

"No."

"Why not?" demanded Morrison, with a frown.

"There was something wrong about the bonds you gave me to sell."

"Weren't they all right? They weren't counterfeit, were they?"

"They were genuine, but—"

"But what?"

"A lady claims that they belong to her—that they were stolen from her. Of course you can explain how they came into your hands?"

"They were given me by a party that owed me money. If he's played a trick on me, it will be the worse for him. Did you sell them?"

"Yes."

"Then give me the money."

"Mr. Reynolds won't let me."

"Does he think I took the bonds?" asked Morrison hastily.

"No, he doesn't," answered Grant promptly, "but he would like to have an interview with you, and make some inquiries, so that he may form some idea as to the person who did take them. They belonged to his house-keeper, Mrs. Estabrook, who is the step-mother of Mr. Ford, a young man employed in our office."

Tom Calder and Jim Morrison exchanged glances. Grant's story agreed with Ford's, and tended to confirm their confidence in his good faith.

"When does he want to see me?" asked Morrison.

A DAY IN MID-WINTER.

BY JESSIE HESSE NOBLE.
 Above the pine are green,
 But dead leaves lie beneath the snow,
 And veering in the frosty air—
 The fleecy clouds are sailing low,
 I watch and note some laggard bird
 Winging his way to lands of palm,
 And in imagination trace
 The shores where sapphire seas lie calm.
 The naked apple boughs rise bare
 Against a cold and cheerless sky,
 And where the wind moaning hurries by,
 All that is left of Summer's bloom
 Is dead beyond our power to save,
 Eternal laws in mercy framed,
 Blind man and flower from birth to grave.
 O, life that is! O, life to come!
 What record will be made of me?
 What deeds love and duty done
 Shall brighten one Eternity?
 Some kindly word dropped by the way—
 For tutoring forms and empty palms—
 A coin placed all unseen by me—
 In trembling hands outstretched for alms.
 And so when we no more shall walk
 Where dead leaves lie beneath our feet,
 Some lips may murmur o'er our rest
 A prayer to make our memory sweet.
 If death then finds not empty hands,
 We may not pause where water rolls,
 And Christ's own words be
 A benediction to the soul.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.
 Author of "Barbara's Triumph," "The Frothing's Ward," "Her Mother's Ring," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE WAREHOUSE ROOF.

It was the quaintest, prettiest little room! You would never dream, looking round, that the furniture was fashioned out of barrels and boxes, even to the dining table, yet so it was. From packing boxes of all sizes, chairs, bureaus, ornamented chests, covered with pretty durable cloth in diverse colors, and the result was, a charming room. But then we had to go up seven stories to get to it.

This was not the only apartment. There was another that served for a bedroom and kitchen, that was just as ingeniously furnished. Even the closets were made out of immense packing boxes. There were receptacles for flour, potatoes, wood, coal—everything as compact and convenient as human ingenuity could make it. If one looked closely he would have seen that the rooms were originally one great loft, and all the partitions were made from packing boxes, prettily covered with neat paper.

Through a door that opened from the best room, or parlor, one could see two of the neatest of bed-rooms, one leading from the other. Neatness and cleanliness reigned, showing that exceptional qualities went to make up the presiding genius of the home. In one way the mistress of this place was exceptional. Patient, gentle and beautiful, she was contented with her lot, so that she made home a retreat and resting place for those she loved.

There were two children, a boy and a girl. The boy was nearly fifteen, the girl five years younger, and even in her plain garments, as lovely as a dream. The outlook from this humble home was a strange one. Roofs, roofs, as far as the eye could see, tall chimneys, distant masts, blue sky, floating clouds. When the family wanted to take the air of evenings, and the janitor loved to smoke his pipe, after the day's work was done, they all went out on the roof, that looked very much like a large, enclosed yard, with a swing on one side, and pots of flowers, and tubs and tables, and one could hardly credit the assertion that this was away up, seven stories above the solid earth.

Allan Campbell, was the janitor's name. He was a tall man, with an unusually handsome and refined face in which was always an expression of melancholy. He was a person of large experience and considerable ability, but had long ago had the misfortune to lose his right hand, which crippled him to a considerable extent, and prevented him from entering a business which would have been more congenial, as well as more in keeping with his refined manners and superior education. He called himself one of the large army of unfortunates, and though he had possessed ambition at one time, and longed to make a name in the world, that period had passed by. He hoped now by economy to save enough to buy a little home for his old age, and to see his two children comfortably settled. It grieved him that he could not educate his son Ralph. The boy had genius, and proved it by mastering many studies with his father's help. But stern necessity had sent him out into the world to earn his own living, and he could only improve his opportunity as he could snatch an hour from his duties now and then.

The supper table was temptingly set in the little dining-room. The table cloth was so white and pure, and the plates and linen, for the janitor was allowed the privilege of buying remnants at a low figure from the great wholesale and retail establishment where he served. There was glass of the brightest, and a pretty little silver set that had been one of Mrs. Campbell's wedding gifts. The bread, cut in thin, even slices, the small glass dish of jelly, the pat of butter stumped with a water lily, the clear white china, all together formed a tempting picture at which the eyes of the daintiest epicure might have brightened.

Little Dell sat at the shaded lamp working in wool, crocheting something in bright colors. How beautiful she was! The great

lambent eyes, the transparent complexion, the rich rolls of brown hair glistening at every touch of the lamp light, like so many gleams of gold.

"Strange your father don't come," said Mrs. Campbell. "I'm afraid the toast will get cold."

"You can keep the dip hot, mamma," spoke up little Dell.

"Yes, dear—what a wise child you are!" said her mother, smiling.

"I wish I was," said Dell, with a smothered sigh. "I wish I could go to the academy where Bell Hooper goes—they have such splendid studies there, and such patient teachers! Do you suppose the time will ever come, mamma, when I can, and learn music and drawing, and all the things I love so well? I wish I didn't care."

"You mustn't wish that, daughter—he patient, and I firmly believe the opportunity will come. Papa is trying to save up money, but it is very hard, for his tastes are so different from most men."

"Well, I like that," said Dell, brightening. "None of the other janitors are a bit like my father?" she added, proudly. "I never could eat at their tables. Why, they don't even take them away from the wall, or care if there are big stains on the linen, or broken china, not mended a bit. I couldn't live that way."

"There's papa!" said his wife.

The janitor came in, evidently a little anxious. His large dark eyes were troubled and he stood still, looking from wife to child, holding his hat in his hand.

"Ada," he said, turning to his wife, "there's a sad case down stairs—and I don't like to leave her."

"What do you mean, Allan?" asked his wife.

"A poor girl, Ada, just the age our Lily would have been if she had lived a few years longer. She has no home, nowhere to go, and her story if true, is a pitiable one. Besides, she looks as if she were starving."

"Oh! I wish I don't let any one go hungry," he said, "bring her up, at all events, or else carry her down some supper," said his wife, quickly.

"If she comes up here, dear, she must stay, for the elevator boy has gone, and she must trudge up these stairs. She says she says, walked miles and miles, to-day. Her feet are bleeding, poor thing! and she has the saddest, most patient face. I don't know why, but she makes me think of Lily. I can't get the child out of my head. It seems as if she was pleading for her."

"O well, Allan, if you feel that way, we will keep her. There is Ralph's room—he won't be home till the last Sunday in the month, you know, and she could sleep there. Bring her right up, dear. Where is she now?"

"Resting in the hall-way on one of the chairs there. Poor thing! she was crouched on the great steps, and her wan face—I can't bear to think how sorrowful and starved it looked. Then I will bring her."

"Shall I go down?" asked his wife.

"O father, may I?" queried little Dell.

"No, I can get her up alone. Just have a good hot cup of tea, and a bit of meat. She looks as if she hadn't set down to a square meal for a month." He went out.

"Isn't it queer," said Dell, her work lying in her lap—"I wonder who she can be? Who knows but she is a fairy in disguise?"

"Or an angel," said the good mother.

"And you were wishing only to-day for somebody to help you."

"It isn't at all likely she will stay, dear," said her mother. "Of course she must have somebody to go to, somewhere. It can't be that she has a friend in all the world."

Presently they heard footsteps—the door opened, and the janitor appeared, half supporting the figure of a young girl, who looked almost wildly round the room, and at Dell, who sat forward with a gasp.

"You are so kind!" she said, panting, as she sat down. In an instant Mrs. Campbell was at the girl's side. Those great, pathetic brown eyes that childish head all covered with short clustering curls, for her hair had been cut, the whole face and expression so like that dead darling under the coffin-lid, that she could hardly keep back her tears—brought all her heart out.

"Why, my dear, how tired you look!" she said, unringing the limp strings of her plain brown hat. "You shall have some nice hot tea, and then go to bed and get rested. There, there! don't cry, don't cry!" She hardly knew that great scalding tears were dropping from her own eyes, while the janitor turned his face away, and little Dell began to sob.

"It seems just like heaven here," said the girl faintly—"and home."

"It shall be home to you, dear child, for the sake of somebody who has left me two short years ago," said the janitor's wife, completely carried away by her motherly instincts. "Don't talk—don't try to tell us anything, to-night—there will be plenty of time to-morrow."

Not even Elsie, or Frank, who were in Europe now, would have recognized Beck in her strange attire, with her haggard, frightened face and short hair. Indeed the strain that had been on her for the past year had very nearly unhinged her reason. Treated like a lunatic, constantly protesting—by turns pathetic and furious, put upon a starved diet to reduce her to submission, the heartless, cruel conduct of the twin brothers had almost consummated the object they had been working for. The poor child was weakened mentally and bodily, and could only dwell at present on the horrors to which she had been exposed in a measure accustomed. She looked furtively around, for spies and watchers had

dogged her footsteps for a year. A whisper startled her, a kind word frightened her. She had no rest, no peace, no happiness for every day of the three hundred and sixty five that she had been incarcerated in that living tomb. Denied all friendship, treated with suspicion, and all but brutality by the heartless attendants, every look and action watched, every motive scrutinized—her letters unsent, her pleadings and prayers unanswered, or else brutally replied to.

The only thing that kept her up was the conviction that they hoped to drive her out of her reason. But one person there took pity upon her, and that was old Seth Green, the gardener. He often told his wife he could never believe that pretty, gentle little lady was insane. "They say her mother died that way," he would add, "but that might have been brought on by trouble or sickness, and my opinion is that there's money in the case, and the more I think, and the more I talk with her, the more I believe it."

The old man was not above taking a bribe now and then, but his final appeal to him, after he had come to the conclusion that she was no more insane that he was, her promise to set him up in life with a home of his own, prevailed against his hired judgment, and one day Beck was missing.

Of that painful period I will not speak now, but leave her to tell, in time.

After the tea was over, Beck was taken into the room that had been Ralph's, the son of the janitor, so sweet and pure and clean, compared with what she had slept in for several nights before, that she gave a great sigh of relief, and blessed God with a grateful heart.

She had as yet adopted no plans, indulged in no dreams. Her only prayer was that she might be allowed to see her dear mother and Arty might believe that she was dead. Their very names gave her a keen horror—to recall their faces was more hideous than death itself.

The last thing she thought of as she closed her eyes in sleep, was the sweet face of Mrs. Campbell, the angelic beauty of little Dell.

"To have such a mother and sister as that!" she murmured "would be heaven indeed."

In the morning when she opened her eyes, the sun was already high in the heavens. An exultant feeling of the preciousness of liberty, was her first experience. Her next was to find spread out on the foot of the bed, a liberal supply of neat, clean garments.

"They will let me stay with them, perhaps," she said to herself "and sometime I shall be able to repay them—these good people whom God has given me for friends."

"I never meant to keep you waiting," she said, as she found breakfast over, and her own share covered by the fire.

Mrs. Campbell had been longing to see her by daylight. She looked steadily in the brave face that had lost much of its sadness, and was refreshed by a delightful glimpse of the innocent, wide, dark eyes, at the smooth, beautifully shaped brow, and there was the likeness, stronger than ever, to her dead Lily.

"God has certainly given my child back to me, in you," she said in a low, trembling voice, "it is wonderful."

"If you will let me be your servant," said Beck, simply, "only let me stay and I will work for you every hour in the day."

For answer Mrs. Campbell took the white, soft, shapely hands in hers.

"These hands have never known toil," she said.

"But, indeed I can work!" Beck replied, eagerly. "I can embroider, too, I know the whole round of my work—and I can knit and play—oh, but I see you have no piano!"

"Mamma! will she not teach me?" asked little Dell, who had just entered.

"Indeed, I will teach you all I know, if I am permitted to stay," said Beck, eagerly, and the child hung about her, delightedly.

"And if you will only trust me," she said, later on, "I had rather not be questioned, just now—if I could only rest a little while!"

"You shall rest all you like, and you shall not be questioned," said Mrs. Campbell.

Beck found much to employ and amuse her. The strange living place, up above the turmoil of the streets, the curious sensation of being just under the clouds, as it were, the landlady's boulevards, the coming and going of other janitors and their families, lot in by of the roof, the consciousness that she was out of the way of danger, the knowledge that she had still, in a belt about her waist, the money she had taken away with her, when she was so cruelly snatched and sold to a measure, live independently of her kind entertainers, all combined to give her contentment and to build up her shattered health. The janitor was so kind and sweet a gentleman, evidently of a good family, that of his wife, who was somewhat uneducated, the likeness in his face to somebody she seemed to have known well—not the miniature, she had kept that with her money—she never thought of it in connection with him, and yet there was a delightful uncertainty about it. He might be the brother she was seeking! Chance had not guided her there; she had sought out the place tremblingly, hopeful that there she might find a shelter, till she had laid her plans. It was certainly no common man—and yet the name! She knew no one of the name of Campbell. God had indeed been merciful in rescuing her from worse than death. And these good people had kindly given out that she was a relative, come to stay for a time. Little Dell was her shadow. The child took a fancy to her and called her sister, and her passion grew as she found her new friend so clever with the needle, the

pencil and the pen. Beck's pleasure in the roof garden was extreme. She had always been a lover of flowers, and there was a magic about her that made them grow. She pleased her fancy without limit. Not that she ever purchased such things herself; she did all that through Mrs. Campbell, who went daily to market.

"My dear, you must go down into the street, sometime, or you will forget how it looks," the latter said, one day.

Beck shuddered. The deadly fear of being recognized by anybody she had ever known, was overpowering.

"Not to-day, in the great while. I suppose I must go down there a said, and buy me some new clothes—but I am so happy here!"

Mrs. Campbell's countenance fell.

"Could you not manage to wear some of mine?" she asked. "I have a few dresses I must have new put on." The dread of a possible raid on their small income assailed her. Beck divined it.

"I have some money," she said, "and I have been thinking that we might have a hired piano. Yes, I have over five hundred dollars still left. They little thought who gave it me—!" She stopped short with a quick beating heart.

Impulse had carried her too far. Mrs. Campbell looked at her in mute surprise. Five hundred dollars, and for almost a year's salary—a janitor's salary, and this girl mentioned it as she herself might speak of five cents. "How in the world did you bring it?" astonishment forced her to say.

"Oh, I put it in a safety belt," said Beck—and for one moment she was tempted to tell her story—but might they not think she was really an insane person? "Never mind, Mrs. Campbell," she said, seeing her puzzled expression, "it is my own money—my father's money. You know I said you must trust me—I would tell you everything in time."

"To be sure I will—I do—but you then have a father?"

"Oh, no, no! or I should not be here. My father's my only protector—he is dead."

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Campbell, pitifully, as she saw the great tears gather and fall. Beck dashed them away.

"Could we get a piano up here?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, by the elevator they use in hoisting bales," was the answer.

"Then we must have one," said Beck, joyously, putting an arm about little Dell, who stood near, her eyes wonder wide, "and this little darling will soon learn to play."

"Didn't I tell you she was a fairy in disguise?" asked Dell, looking at her mother, gravely, "and you said perhaps she was an angel."

(To be continued.)

"The Guardians' Trust" commenced in Number One Hundred. Beck numbers of the Argosy can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them, or order them of the publisher.

DOGS AS NEWSPAPER CARRIERS.

A very common thing on all the Connecticut railroad lines is for accommodating train men to throw newspapers off the trains at or near the houses of subscribers living on the line of the road at a distance from the stations. In many instances dogs have been trained to watch for the cars and get these papers, and country dogs, it is noticed, are quite an active interest in the affair. Over on the Naugatuck Road some one has had the curiosity to inquire into this matter of dog messengers. Mr. Philip McLean, proprietor of the Gate House, on the Thomaston road, has a dog who goes a mile and a half every morning to meet the train. The paper was formerly thrown off by the brakeman on the last car, and there the dog watched for it. Lately it has been thrown from the baggage car. The dog appeared angry at the change, barked furiously and waited sullenly for some time before going on his errand. He has not yet become reconciled to the new way of delivering his papers. Below Derby a dog has acted for several years as newsboy for a number of families. The papers are thrown out of the cars under full speed. Whether one or a large bundle of them, the dog is able to lug them off, making good time back. Another dog who has become a veteran as newsboy and cannot now, from age and rheumatism, get down to the cars, has in some way managed to train a younger dog to do his work. Edward Osborne, residing below Naugatuck, has a dog that regularly meets the early morning train. The house is a mile away from the railroad, and the dog never leaves his errand until he hears the train whistle at Beacon Falls station. Then he starts on a run and waits at the same spot always, with his nose poked between the palings of a fence and his keen eyes watching for the flying paper. A story is told of one dog that was first taught to bring a certain New Haven paper, and when his master changed to another could not be induced to carry a new one. This is unlikely. Another story is that the late Senator William Brown of Waterbury, had a pet dog that could readily distinguish the whistles of the New England engines from those of old Naugatuck, though running on a parallel track at the same time side by side. The faithful dog always found his track and car, and stood in waiting for the paper which he carried home to his master for many years.

FATHER AND SON.

MR. YATTS tells the story that when the first successful novel of Alexander Dumas, Jr., appeared, the senior Dumas, the great novelist and dramatist, wrote to his son, as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and adding that he ought to know something about the difficulties of novel writing, as he had himself been guilty of several. The son replied in the same spirit, thanking his correspondent for his congratulations, of which he felt especially proud, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

A CHILD NO LONGER.

BY MRS. MCALDER.

The children lying in their grave... A man to meet life as a man...

AGAINST LARGE ODDS.

BY FERGIVAL STEVENS.

My first voyage to sea was in a corvette, and our destination was China. On our arrival at Singapore...

We were fortunate in our search, for the seventh day after the departure of the Dasher from Singapore...

All eyes and more suspicious-looking craft the other stranger was barque-rigged, and of her, therefore...

For this purpose, and as, owing to the calm, the Dasher could not be sailed up to her, the boats...

Presently the captain, who had gone aloft on the foreyard with his glass, the better to watch the east sign...

The reason for this hasty proceeding was that the schooner also had lowered her boats. The second lieutenant...

Well, we quickly sheered off, and all hands saw that he rather a tough job before them, for the barque...

"Let fall!" "Give way," was the word of command, and the oars fell simultaneously into the water...

Both the strangers were at first in the dark as to what the Dasher really was; but not for long did they remain so...

As we passed under the counter of the barque, her crew all mustered aft, and having by this time for the first time...

The "cutters" carried the way well, and at the word of command the oars were dropped alongside (being secured in their places by "lanyards")...

God for us all" was the motto, as we attempted to clamber up the sides, which were low, and therefore easily gained...

At first they were placed between two fires, as the second cutter's men had succeeded in making good their footing...

The volley of pistols at such a short range—for the powder actually blackened still more the dusky faces of our adversaries—was very effective...

The stroke of the second cutter, a man of almost Herculean strength and gigantic proportions, singled out the leader of the pirate horde...

The Malays, astonished at this unexpected illustration of the noble art of three back and the infuriated sailor, clutching his antagonist in his bear-like hug...

Yes! the day was ours, and the tars, quite exhausted by the hard pulling and the harder fighting, and with their faces and bared arms blackened by sweat...

They had overreached themselves in their diabolical cunning plans, for they kept the hands of the word of command the oars were dropped alongside...

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CORRESPONDENCE.

A SUBSCRIBER, DeLand, Fla. We have heard nothing to the contrary. J. T. W. Grandview, Tex. Pennsylvania has 20,000 productive oil wells yielding over 50,000 barrels of oil each day.

F. H. M., Juniata, Neb. From an ounce of quinine about two hundred pills can be made, each containing one grain.

G. F. B., N. Y. City. Gladstone, prime minister of England, is now 65 years old. Prince Bismarck's salary is \$13,500 a year.

H. M. F., Billingsville, Ind. I have not heard of the publication for some time. It is not reliable. A. All business has been given up by them.

S. W. M., Kellerton, Iowa. Bicycling is very popular in England. There are three hundred thousand wheelmen. As for tricycles, every body, so to speak, has one.

B. C., Hoboken, N. J. "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" by the well-known French writer, Octave Feuillet. You should read it by all means, if you appreciate the best literature.

H. L. W., New Prague, Minn. The surface of Lake Superior is 650 feet above the tide level of the ocean; its bed is 260 feet below ocean tide level. The beds of nearly all the great lakes approximate the same level.

P. B. O., Manhattan, Kans. The hall is called the "Odeon," after a structure built by Pericles in Athens. It was designed for musical entertainments. The roof of the building was constructed of the masts of captured Persian vessels.

G. B. G., Boston, Fla. An "apostle's spoon" is a G. B. G. These used to be given, once upon a time, by sponsors at christenings. Twelve apostles, four evangelists, or other apostle were given, according to the means of the giver.

W. M. L., Astoria, N. Y. The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely manoeuvre in it. Twenty thousand tapers are required to light it. The roof of the structure is a single arch of iron, and it exhibits remarkable steering skill in the architect.

L. C. D., Pella, Iowa. The flying squirrel differs from the common squirrel principally in the expansion of the skin between the fore and the hind feet, so that it can sail from one tree to another in a descending line supported by the parachute formed by the elastic skin. The flying squirrel is lively only at night; lives with five or six companions in a nest, and is frequently found living in the company of bats and other nocturnal animals.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 112

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper only, and apart from all other communications. When Biogs, drops, or words not in Webster are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so labeled. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 21 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 106.

- No. 1. K. No. 2. T. A. C. F. E. T. CARAT. P. A. D. I. A. T. A. M. A. R. I. N. F. A. G. O. T. T. O. K. E. I. M. S. P. E. R. O. M. I. T. E. R. C. A. R. C. A. R. S. A. T. T. A. R. T. I. N. K. S. N. S. O. R.

No. 3. Pharaonic Pretenders.

- No. 4. S. C. P. I. P. H. A. G. P. A. R. E. L. M. A. L. E. S. P. A. R. V. E. N. M. A. R. A. N. T. A. P. A. R. C. E. N. A. R. Y. H. A. R. D. E. A. M. S. S. I. E. Z. E. R. E. S. C. A. B. A. R. E. A. N. P. L. E. N. T. I. E. S. T. G. E. N. E. R. A. L. L. Y. S. N. A. R. E. S. T. A. L. L. S. U. R. E. S. T. A. M. E. L. S. Y. E. T. S. A. Y. N.

No. 6. Sun-shine.

- No. 7. M. E. L. O. S. I. S. S. P. H. E. R. E. P. O. L. I. C. E. M. A. N. E. P. H. E. M. E. R. E. R. A. U. T. O. C. A. R. P. I. A. N. P. R. A. E. M. U. N. I. T. E. S. R. E. S. E. R. V. E. R. S. S. T. R. E. C. I. T. O. S. S. I. M. P. L. E. R. S. S. E. R. I. O. U. S. S. A. I. R. S. S. O. R. U. S. N. A. S. D. S.

No. 9. Bartardeau.

- No. 10. D. B. E. D. P. A. L. E. R. B. A. S. I. L. A. R. D. E. B. A. T. E. D. T. E. D. L. A. T. E. S. O. D. T. U. N. E. R. A. T. E. D. I. M. E. S. T. U. B. U. L. A. R. E. I. M. I. A. R. D. E. N. U. D. A. T. E. D. O. M. I. C. I. L. E. D. L. O. D. E. L. A. T. E. S. O. B. E. L. A. N. E. S. I. R. H. O. M. E. R. A. T. E. S. I. M. P. A. L. E. S. I. M. E. R. L. O. R. I. M. E. R. E. S. I. M. I. L. A. R. E. S. I. N. C. A. L. D. E. M. I. S. T. E. R. E. S. T. A. L. L. S. D. E. M. I. R. E. P. P. E. L. A. T. E. D. E. R. E. C. U. R. E. D. R. E. L. E. T. A. P. E. S. A. T. E. D. I. C. E. R. A. B. E. R. R. E. L. A. T. E. D. I. D. I. G. I. T. E. D. D. E. P. U. R. A. T. E. D. R. E. C. I. M. A. T. E. D. D. E. L. A. T. E. S. R. E. C. I. T. A. K. E. S. S. E. L. I. A. V. E. S. R. E. S. A. L. I. V. A. L. E. S. D. E. V. I. L. I. Z. E. D. R. E. V. I. L. E. D. R. A. Z. E. S. L. E. D.

No. 11. Whoever.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 106 were correctly solved by JO. MULLINS, FLORENCE, AGOSTINI, MARCAZ AND MYSELF. L. W. DAVENPORT, BOULDER, MAY B. ELDRED, INTERPEDI, LEX TALONIS, NAVAJA AND DREADNOTION. First complete list—JO. MULLINS, 10; FLORENCE, 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

LEX TALONIS, 1 Square; 1 Octagon Cross; 1 Charade; 1 Astro; 2 Charades; 1 Obocaker; 2 Squares; 1 Numerical; 1 White Dwarf; 1 Charade; K. T. DUD. 2 Squares; Sr. ELMO; 1 D. L. Enigma; 1 Octagon; 1 Enigmoid; 2 Squares; ALBION, 1 Diamond; NAVAJA, 2 Squares; 1 Half Square; 1 Diamond.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. NUMERICAL BOUQUET. In half of ten and The one-half of four. Then one-third of two, One-half of five over, One-sixth of eleven, And one-fifth of three, Plus one-fifth of seven— A Bouquet you see—

WASHINGTON, D. C. NYAS.

No. 2. HALF SQUARE. 1. A commander; 2. To represent with vividness; 3. To depart (Rare); 4. Little tongue of leather; 5. Evil spirits; 6. Tempers and redness by heat (Rare); 7. Certain cloth; 8. Corrodes; 9. A Latin prefix; 10. A letter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. TASTRUMS.

No. 3. HALF SQUARE. 1. Blistering (Mod.); 2. Slippers for the feet; 3. Discovers; 4. Helped (Obs.); 5. To view with delight; 6. Behind in place; 7. A vehicle moved on runners, used for conveying heavy loads over the snow; 8. To mend and scatter; 9. A verb; 10. A letter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. PEARL.

No. 4. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. (To "Nyas.") In "voe of thanks," In "puzzling," In "mountainbank," In "mystery."

Vanderbilt, the money-lust, On the road goes flying past Many a man who is rich.

When he takes his total prize He makes it time— Goes like steam!

RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLDS.

No. 5. HALF SQUARE. 1. Bearing stars (Obs.); 2. Recently; 3. Imperfectly crystallized minerals; 4. Renewed; 5. One who inlays; 6. A town of Saxony; 7. To sympathize; 8. An arrow; 9. An omen (Obs.); 10. A pronoun; 11. A letter. HYDE PARK, MASS. DONA TELOR.

No. 6. HALF SQUARE. 1. Bringing reproach upon; 2. To soften (Rare); 3. Having no sting; 4. French boarding house; 5. Inflammatory affections of the throat; 6. To lend again; 7. German statesman (1778-1858); 8. German theologian (b. 1818); 9. A pronoun; 10. A village of Italy; 11. A letter.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN. SIMON EASE.

No. 7. CHARADE.

Who who is out of bed complete, At rise of sun in early morn, And with old charliebert complete At rising at the shepherd's horn, Will one day make his mark—a name That will, perhaps, one known to fame— At least will thrive, mayhap become An honored member of the Dom.

But one who lives in idle ease, His slothful appetite to please, One found in bed when sun is high, For idle fancy try to please, Will miss the two when fate is nigh, And base, unknown, is doomed to die.

SLATERS, N. Y. ROMERO.

No. 8. HALF SQUARE.

1. A village of Greece (Lapp); 2. Town of Brazil (Lapp); 3. Term; 4. Influence; 5. Covered with wax; 6. Astonished (Obs.); 7. Placed in a position; 8. A prey (Lapp); 9. To free from; 10. River of Siberia (Lapp); 11. Letter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. OWLET.

No. 9. HALF SQUARE.

1. A town of Italy; 2. A commander; 3. Having imperfect or spurious septa; 4. The profits arising to priests from oblations; 5. A male name; 6. A knight; 7. The spot where any remarkable affair occurs; 8. To fight; 9. A small fish; 10. More (Obs.); 11. In THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

NEW YORK CITY. JAREL.

No. 10. CHARADE.

Air: Rectius viris, Tempo, andante. Last night, unseen, I heard two anxious voices, Husband's and wife's, in stern deliberation; Heard, on their stuns and communitistic plannings, This conversation: (First.)

H.—With bankers, railroad kings, and merchant princes Since we are not our equality to inherit; How shall we rise in rank and social standing? W.—Eise by our merit! (Second.)

H.—Why not by little pilfer from our neighbor, While at his burdened board in selfish session? W.—Stores thus acquired would not be poisoned as hees In our possession! (Third.)

H.—What shall we eat then, wherewithal hee'vested? W.—Plain be our raiment, sweet the honest savor Of this white root of spindic shape and pleasant Odorous flavor! (Decision.)

H.—This root and others of nutritious nature Our frugal food be, though the rich deride us; What more we need, our willing hands will earn, or W.—God will provide us! NARVO POINTE KEY, HAMILTON, VA.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of answers to puzzles in this issue, six months' subscription to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. For the second and third complete lists, the last two incomplete lists, three months' subscription each to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. For first correct solution to No. 1, 50c. For first correct solution to No. 10, 50c.

CHAT. We forgot to mention last week that Charade No. 11, by HAPPY THORNTON, was written by her in 1877, and published in The Chicago Tribune. Few if any of our solvers will recognize it at this late day. It was her first effort in that line. NAVAJA says Diamond No. 5, in Puzzledom No. 50, Vol. 2, is identical with one published in No. 3, Vol. 5, of Golden Days, over MYSTIC MAKEZ's name. Will HOWIE BLADE explain this. YESERMAN, you did well on form; but the batch of letters you sent are out of the standard. Sr. ELMO, we have accepted your coin, but heretofore you must send 7s and 11s, as 6s and 2s are a dring. TWO AND B. 7. Did we gladly welcome to our column. Our list of solvers this week is ridiculously small. Let's see if our new offer of prizes will bring them out. ROCHELLE.