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FRANK A. MUNSEY, (81 WARREN ST.,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

Somewhat modified by this appeal, Jim crowded an enormous quid of tobacco into his cheek, chewed it nervously for a few sec-onds, ejected a small Niagara into the fire, and began as follows: "Wal, jest afore you driv up here an' hol-lored out."

A noisy laugh greeted this interruption, in which the landlord joined as he took down the watered gin.

TERMS. SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS.

No 114

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

By D. O. S. LOWELL.

In a long, low bar-ragoum in the eastern part of Maine, sat a motley company of men, composed of farmers, lumbermen who had come out of the woods to pass the Sabbath, tradesmen who had left their stores to be managed by their clerks, mechanics who had come in to lighten their purses of their weekly wages, and professional loafers who were in their ac-

men who had left their stores to be managed by their clerks, mechanics who had come in to lighten their purses of their weekly wages, and professional loafers who were in their accustomed place of business.

It was a wild and blustering night of midwinter, and out upon the snowdrifts, already pied around the door, and growing to still down the now deserted street, the firelight cast a most inviting glow.

There were no curtains to the windows, and with reason, too; for, on a sharp and stinging winter night like this, the shrewd landlord well knew the potent influence, upon the casual passer-by, of a vision of blazing backlegs, a steaming punch, and a "merrie companie"—for the Maine law had never been dreamed of then, and not only every idler whiled away his time with the aid of Old Jamaica or Medford run, but even the village parson never called at the houses of the well-old but that a decanter of the choicest liquor was set before him, of which he would partake without a thought of harm.

A physician conce told the writer that in A physician conce told the writer the particular of the charges in an ordinary grocery store against the bost families of a New England village, ran much as follows: one day there would be entered a gallon of run and a quarter of tea again. "Thus," said he, "they always got out of run first."

"My wife's father," said the same gentleman, "was a clergyman, but always between his sermons, at noon, he used to go down to the tavern and fortify for the afternoon effort. He never denied his liking for liquor, though he was never seen under its influence. Once, while seated in a store, he heard several morths and such synchrony the said in a ringing voice: "Mr.—," I want a glass of run, because I love it!" "

That was honest, no doubt; but, alas! the green earth covers the bloated forms of not a few who inherited their fathers' tastes but not their moral sense or power of will.

Down the main street of the village, slowly forcing his way through the fast-forming drifts, came a traveler in a

the cause.
"What's wanted?" he cried, as he stood upon the threshold and peered out into the darkness.

upon the threshold and peered out into the darkness.

"First, I want you to pick my horse up and put him in the stable, replied a deep bass voice, whose tones were muffled by the thick folds of a luge "comforter" which enveloped the traveler's head and face; "then I'd like a glass of hot rum, a seat by the fire, a good supper, and a clean bed."
"Say, you fellers!" bawled the landlord, returning to the bar-room, "stop yer eternal gassin" for about five minutes and lend a hand, can't ye? There's a chap outside as wants his hoss picked up, so he says. Darned if I know what he means by it, but 'I'll take more'n one man to lift a hoss, anyway—so be lively boys, and I'll stand treat when ye come back."

lively boys, and I'll stand treat when ye come back."

No more magical words could possibly have been spoken. The bar-room fairly emptied itself into the front yard, while the landlord chuckled to himself, and proceeded to water a bottle of gin for the coming "treat."

The rescuing party found the benumbed stranger still in his seat, grasping the reins, while his jaded horse hay at full length in the snow, too tired to even struggle.

"Ha'n't froze, be ye?" said one of the men, advancing to the sleigh.
"Don't know," replied the stranger. "I can tell better by and by." With that he climbed out somewhat stiffy, and moved toward the open door of the tavern.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, and even through his thick and clumsy garments

one could see that his athletic frame was of excellent proportions; but there was some-thing rather queer about his gate, as though his foet had been chilled during his ride. Ready hands in the meanwhile cared for the tired steed, which was freed from the harness, encouraged to find his feet, and the handed over to the hostler to be groomed, fed

handed over to the newscone of the bar-room, they found the new-comer seated in a corner of the huge fireplace, with one hand stretched out over the blaze, while the other held a smoking glass which the ready land-lord had just given him.

"Come fur to-day?" inquired the host.

"A bout fifty miles, I

guess."
"That so? Don't live "No."
"Live on the Kennebec?" "No."
Androscoggin, maybe?"
Androscoggin, maybe?"
There now, Jim Fogg,
broke in one of the party,
"give us that Oxford county
bear story you was braggin
on about a minute ago. And
look sharp, old feller! If
you can fool the rest of us, ye
can't play no games on a
ra'al inhabitant."

"THE OLD WHITE-FACED SINNER WATCHED HER CHANCE AN' CAUGHT HIM BY THE HEEL."

"Who wants ter play games?" snapped out the man addressed as Jim Fogg, testily. Guess I know what I'm talkin about. A chap told me whose sister's mother-in-law married the man that—"
"Killed the rat that eat the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built," interrupted the wag of the party.

"Killed are some for the same that lay in the house that Jack built," interrupted the wag of the party.

Fogg was an inveterate story teller, and had a reputation as such which extended for many miles around. Indeed, he was reputed, the same store that the same transport of the

"All right boys. Step right up and wet yer whistles. There's nothin' mean about me if Huckins does seem to think so?"

Cries of "No! No!" rent the air and there was a general rush toward the bar. Jim Fogg came last, after thowing away his quid.

"Guess I'll take another drink to pay for my terbacker, seein' there's nothin mean about ye, 'said Jim, holding out his quickly drained glass and ginly fine gin." he continued, "its just as smooth as—as ice."

The landlord winced a little as he proceeded to fill Jim's glass. Did Fogg suspect the trick? He looked very innocent, returned to his seat, and proceeded to fill a pipe as he resumed his story:

"Jest afore you arriv, Mister, the boys had been tellin' some rather tough varus about bears that they didn't believe themselves, when I tole 'em as how I could go one better' n that an' it should be jest as solum a fac' as that I'll git a blowin' up if I ain't ten home afore leven o'clock. I know it's true, 'cause I've seed the man whose sister's mother-in-law married the chap as got chawed up so everlastingly."

"Oh, cut it short, Jim:" cried one of his tormentors, to which the narrator deigned no other reply than to pause and light his pipe, when he fixed his eye upon the stranger and continued:

"The chap that was chawed was named Reub Parris. He was as likely a young feller as ever swung an axe, and any gal'd a' felt proud of him in them days. His father'd been one o' the fust settlers an' this boy'd growed up among the stumps an' wild critters an' was jes' as tough as a young turkle.
"Wal, one Sat'day night when Reub was about nineteen, he done the chores up arly, put on his best Sunday-go-ter-meetir clo'es, an' off he went sparkin' nigh on ter seven miles thro'the woods. He had a bran new pair of boots that' squeaked like all-possessed. He crammed some stockin's into these an' took um in his hand; for he wasn't so all-fred extrawagant as ter wear shoes ten mile thro' the woods and scour out the sole leather." "Wal, jest arror you will be do not only in the Huck-ins, whose mouth had been watering for some time past and could wait no longer—"jest after he driv up an 'hollered out, I heerd sunthin' about a treat, but I ha n't seen wathin' of it vet."

"Look out, Jim!" cried Huckins, "y said seven miles jest afore, an' now you h it ten!"

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thought for all the world he was born with boots on.

"As ter the sparkin', this here man's sister's mother-in-law what told him as told me, didn't say nothin' about it 'xcept that I should jedge they broke the Sabbath quite a considerable piece afore Reub he guessed he'd better be a-goin' or he'd never have a chance to come agin. But he got away at last an' soon's he found himself a good safe distance off he tucked his squeakin' boots an' stockin's under his arm an' struck a bee line for home whistlin' the 'Gal I left behind me'—an' so breakin' the Sabbath still furder," cartilyi added Jim, thus effectually cutting off criticism.

-an so breakin the Saboata Still turker, cartily added Jim, thus effectually cutting off criticism.

"Twa'n't so very dark, whether 'cause of the moon, or that the mornin' wa'n't a great ways off, I dunno; but Reab he got along at a pretty good rate, tho I calkerlate not quite so fast as when he come. It wouldn't be nateral.

"There wa'n't no ra'al road in them days (Jim meant a real road and not a railroad, for the latter was unheard of in his time), only a narrow path, an' a blazed tree here and there, somethin' like a guideboard without any writin' on it; but Reub had been over the ground so much he could ha' found his way in the darkest night as ever winked with his eyes shut." eyes shut."
Whether Jim intended to attribute the

in the darkest night as ever winked with his eyes shut."

Whether Jim intended to attribute the above optical phenomenon to a personified Night, or whether he meant to connect the closed eyes with Reub, his auditors never sought to inquire. They grasped the main idea and the story proceeded:

"Jest how long the young chap had been asgoin' he didn't rightly know himself, when all of a sudden he heard suthin' half way hetween a snoort and a growl, an' right there in the part of the story proceeded:

"He wan't no coward, Reub wan't, an' never had the name on't; an' if he'd a' had a good gun, or an axe or even a jack knife he'd a felt mightly diffrunt; but the only shadder of a weep on that the boy had was his shoes an' stockin's, an' them was under his arm an not over handy for kickin'.

"Right thar in the path, as I said, she stood, a growlin' an' a snuffin'—a she bear an' her two cubs. Twas a white-face, too, which is as cross in thar way as a white-faced hornet is 'mong stingin' reptiles.

"Reub thought his sparkin' days had come to a sudden stop right thar in the woods, for needn't ell none o'ye bout a bear's temper pent gin her the chance.

"But all of a sudden she gin another snort and jumped into a clump o' bushes close by an' o' course her cubs follered. Reub could hear um a crackin' away through the brush, an' jest hoped they'd keep up that proceedin' for the nex' ten days. But he couldn't b'lieve no sech good news, and twas lucky he didn't, so he took the road for home as if the ole boy was arter him, lookin all the time for a treefit ter climb into if he was 'lidery de didn't, so he took the road for home as if the ole boy was arter him, lookin all the time for a treefit ter climb into if he was 'lidery de didn't, so he took the road for home as if the ole boy was arter him, lookin all the time for a treefit ter climb into if he was 'lidery de didn't, so he took the road for home as if the ole boy was arter him, lookin all the time for a treefit ter climb into if he was kinder makin' up his mind that he

do it.

"All at once, when he was kinder makin"
up his mind that he was runnin' from his
own shadder, an' havin' a good skeer for

nothin—he heard a noise; and lookin back over his shoulder he see the old white-face lopin towards him, not more than ten rods off, with her ears laid back and tail up—so ter speak! "shouted Jim, as a derisive laugh ran round the group at this unusual description."

ran round the group at this unusual description.

"Yer see," he explained, "she'd jest been off an 'hid her cubs, an' now was comin' after their breakfast. Reub, he knew that he must climb for it, so droppin' his shoes an' stockin's he sprung into about the fust tree that come handy and went up among the branches like a monkey.

"But the ole bear, she was a game one, you bet, an 'she made a jump into that tree quicker'n scall an' igun ter squirm up after him. Reub clim as high as he dast ter an' begun ter holler Murder! Help! for though thar wan't no houses very nigh, an' bein' twasn't yit daylight he couldn't 'xpect to raise anybody, he felt as though he must tree his mind.

his mind.

While he was a hollerin' thar wuss'n a party of Injuns, the ole bear'd kep' crawlin' up from one limb to another till she'd come altogether too near for comfort and made a snatch at him. Reub drew up his legs and planted a kick between her eyes that made her see stars and brew back a little; but she scene cover one or medium widely never

An' you expect us to believe all that, do

"An you expect us to ceneve an ima, on ye?" said one 'xpect nothin' an I don't care, neither," retorted Jim with a great appearance of being indifferent. "If yer don't want to believe this man what tole me, an' his sister's mother-in-law, you may settle with the 31 bd.4!"

old lady!"

And Fogg picked up a live coal with the tongs, and drew lustily at his pipe which had

gone out. "Excuse me, gentlemen," interposed the stranger from Oxford county, who had been forgotten in the meantime, "but allow me to state that to my knowledge Mr. Fogg stale is true with but one of two variations." Fogg dropped his coal and looked up in astonishment.

Fogg dropped his coal and 100ked up in astonishment.

"I happen to know the person whom you call Reuben Parris, and can guarantee that he met with such an adventure; but I must insist that he wore his shoes and stockings on his feet instead of under his arm. However the bear tore off one shoe and then chowed up his heel."

"Sartain!" chimed in Fogg, "I was think in' of what an ole ledy oncet tole me how she use try go ter meetin' harefoot an' put on her shoes about forty rods frum the meetin' house; I got the two stories snarled up, that's all."

us your hand! If I don't believe you're the very fellor I've been tellin' on!"

The new-found witness to Jim's versatity replied by extending a foot instead of a hand. He had freed it from its coverings, and now held it up for inspection. Its deformity was great, and the seams and gashes made by ursine teeth were yet plainly visible and more eloquent than words.

A murnur of surprise ran around the group, who crowded about the new comer and plied him with all manner of questions. Fogg withdrew a short distance, with dignified comlpacency, and busied himself with cutting fresh tobacco for his pipe.

Just then the stranger was called to supper, and after he had left the room, Jim nodded confidentially towards a corner of the ceiling and remarked:

"O, no! it never happened! Course not! Why ye see sech a thing couldn't happen. Jim Fogg don't know nothin'. Never mind what he says." And he winked hard at the apostrophized corner lest it might not understand that he meant to be sarcastic.

"But," persisted a certain critic, stroking that portion of his features where a moustache had been long and anxiously expected, "there's one point that I don't quite understand yet. Did this man's wife's daughter-law's brother telf you his name was Reuben Parris."

"You's man!" said Fogg, turning toward.

Perris our man 1" said Fogg, turning toward the speaker with judicial gravity not unmixed with scorn, while he slowly rubbed the cut tobacco between his palms, "when you've arriv' at years an' understandin', you'll last hat it's mighty hard carryin' a full pail without a handle. An Reub Parris is jest as good a handle san other."

And to the reader be it said that, save a few flottious but necessary "handles," the above tale is almost literally true.

JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE.

" WHEN I was with General Scott in Washington, in the early days of 1861," says General Stone.
"the old general was charged with the work of a
dozen men. Every visitor who came to the capital, however, felt it necessary to see him. This both-ered and worried him so that he was nigh dis-tracted. One day my friend, Lieutenant-Governor Arnold, of Rhode Island, came to me and said he wanted to call on the general. I tried to dissuade him but he persisted. So I told him all right, but added: 'Arnold, when you do see him, for Heaven's sake, say something; don't let him do all the talk ing.' He promised me he would, and he did. At ing. He promised me ne would, and ne did. Atter his presentation, and before the greetings had more than passed, he said: 'General Scott, I want to tell you a story.' The general looked wearied, but said nothing. 'When I was in London, during the Mexican war'—the general's attention was at once fixed—'I dined frequently at the Army and once fixed...'! dined frequently at the Army and Navy and United Service clubs with my friend, Colonel Byrne, one of the staff of the Duke of Wel-lington.' The general was now thoroughly ex-Colone hyrne, one of the stan of the Duke of Wel-lington. The general was now thoroughly ex-cited. 'One day we were dining, and the papers brought the news that you had shut yourself up in Puebla, and had withdrawn all your outposts be-tween the city and the seacoast. This aroused the contempt of the officers present, who declared the American officers a set of ignoramuses, and all contempt of the omers present, who declared the American officers a set of ignoramuses, and all prophesied your capture. I was mad enough to throw a bottle at some one's head, but I should have had to throw it everywhere, as the opinion was universal. Noticing my mrath, Colonel Byrne said to me: "Now don't lose your temper, and listen to what the Duke of Wellington said. You know he got this news before the papers, and was conversing with me about it." I anxiously waited, and Byrne continued: "Scott," said the Duke, "has withdrawn his outposts, cut off his communin Publia, seventy miles from the Thick communin Publia, seventy miles from the American the Continued States. If he is a good general he will do this, and it will be all right; but," he general, the next you will hear of him evil from the Cittle States. If he is a good general he will do this, and it will be all right; but," he general, the next you will hear of him evil from general, the next you will hear of him evil from general, the next you will hear of him evil from the Cittle States. If he is a good general stone, "you can imagine the delight of General Stone, "you can

A HARD-SHELL-FISH STORY

I had heard of these giant crabs, but I had no idea that they attained such enormous size, says a traveler. Arrived in Japan, I found a man who said he could take me to a spot where they could be caught. We started one afternoon in one of the small native boats, steering for the mouth of a small river some miles away.

It was dusk when we reached the spot, and for

three mortal hours we sat there, speechless, watching the shore. The tide was on the cbb, and finally the fisherman grasped me suddenly by the arm, and pointed down the shore a little way. There I soon made out a curious, lumbering object, making its way out of the water. On it came, until finally

sabes about forty rods frum the meetinshoes about forty rods frum the meetinhouse; I got the two stories snarled up, that's
all."

"But was the rest just as Jim has told us?"
inquired a skeptic who couldn't seem to be
convinced that Jim would, under any ctreumstances, cling to a bare recital of facts.

"Essentially the same," returned stranger, "only my aname is not Reaben Parrist!"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and
meantime the last speaker, smiling, busied
himself with pulling off his boot. At length

Fogg rushed toward him.

"Thunder! ole chap!" he cried. "Give

I could make out the outline of a gigantic crab. I
watted until the animal stopped, and showed signs
that it would go no higher, and then rushed out,
making for the water so as to head it off.
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us your hand! If I don't believe you're the very feller I've been tellin' on!"
The new-found witness to Jim's veracity replied by extending a foot instead of a hand. He had freed it from its coverings, and now held it up for inspection. Its deformits was great, and the seams and gashes made by unxine teeth were yet plainly visible and more eloquent than words.
A murmur of surprise ran around the group who crowded about the new comer and plied him with all manner of questions. Fogg withdraw a short distance, with digmided compacency, and busied himself with outling fresh leaf of the water. We dropped concept, and busied himself with outling fresh leaf of the water. We dropped concept, and busied himself with outling fresh leaf of the water. We dropped concept, and busied himself with outling fresh leaf of the water. We dropped concept, and busied himself with outling fresh leaf of the water. We dropped concept, and busied himself with outling fresh leaf of the water. We dropped concept the properties of the water of the water. We dropped concept the water of the water of the water. We dropped concept the water of the water of the water. We dropped concept the water of the water of the water. We dropped concept the water of the water of the water. We dropped concept the water of the water of the water. We dropped concept the water of the water of the water of the water. We dropped the water of the wat

HOW A GREAT INDUSTRY AROSE.

THE civil war had not long been in progress when it nearly extinguished the cotton flour sack manufacture; but necessify was never more truly the mother of invention, than the war was the cause of the making of paper flour sacks at that time. Cotton was not king, as had been written across

to tuon was not king, as nau been written across the length and breadth of the land; paper was found to be a substitute better and cheaper than cotton itself. From 1863 to 1865 the manufacture and trade in cotton sacks has almost wholly dried up. and a celebrated firm, seeing clearly that its business was fraying down to more than a ragged edge, commenced a series of experiments in several paper mills, to produce a paper of the requisite toughness and tensile strength to bear the abrasion strain incident to the transportation of flour. and strain incident to the transposance of non-The paper grocery bag was just then coming into use, but the paper of which it was, and is still made, is so tender and fragile that it would have been useless for anything except the lightest con-

tents, and for the shortest transportation.

Every known and available fibre was tested—
Australian and Spanish grasses, Canadian wild rice Australian and Spanies grasses, Canadian wild rice straw. Kentucky hemp, Northern flax, Hindi jute, manilla, linen waste, and many others. No mate-rial gave such strength as the manilla used in the mannfacture of rope and cordage. This material, however, was so obdurate and kinking that the first sheets of paper made from it would roll themselves up as snug as a watch-spring, and it was only after months of chemical persuasion and mechanical castigation, that this contrariness was overcome. This paper was found to have a most surprising tensile strength, for an inch ribbon of it sustained a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds. Some of the bag paper now made is strong enough to hold together two hundred pounds on an inch rib-The small size strip of cotton cloth gives way at twenty-eight pounds.

Manilla, however, was found too costly, being worth in those days sixteen cents per pound in gold, and it required two pounds of the fibre, ex-clusive of the chemicals, to make a pound of paper. Manilla could not be cheapened, for, though the labor employed in getting the fibre was exceedingly cheap, the distance of the transportation from the Philippine Islands could not be shortened, and the Philippine islands could not be shortened, and the material was too expensive for an economical paper material. It was not long, however, before it was found that old manilla rope, that had been used in rigging on water crafts, had all the requi-site strength and was cheap enough, while a large part of the stickiness of the new fibre was worked

and strength and was cheap enough, while a large part of the stickiness of the new fibre was worked out of it by the usage. So the old rope, that apper-makers had hitherto considered a nuisance and thrown away, was utilized for the new paper flour ack.
This maills stock is made into the desired paper makers had the stock is made into the desired paper to be part of the or for inches, and besten out while dry into a mass that looks like the hair of a mattress; it is then boiled in lime water, beaten for hours in great pounders, whose iron ribs comb out the fibres without mashing them, and then, by one step after another, it is carried, floating in water, to the face of revolving wires, where it is tacked up against their moving faces, all woven, innoons moving belt of flannel, where another suppy, wet sheet, made in the same way, joins it, and the two, now beginning to unit, ear passed under and over a long double row of steam calendars, which squeeze out the water, dry and pack the fibres tightly together, till at last the hary-looking pulp that surges out at one end of the machine like a foamy sea, is rolled up at the other and fifty pounds to the roll.

TO THE RESCUE

Any one of a logical turn of mind who had been present upon the sea-wall yesterday afternoon, says the Nan Francisco Alla, would most surely have been convinced of the fact that the dog is th smartest animal of the brute creation. A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into He swam around for some time in a cir cle, and many plans were suggested for his rescue by witnesses to the misfortune, but none of them proved practicable. The little creature seemed doomed, for it was apparent that he was fast becoming exhausted.

Just at the moment that hopes of saving the ter-rier were given up the bark of a dog in the crowd Newfoundland. He saw the dog in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then sprang into the wa-ter and swam to the terrier, seized him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time sighted the new see-wall extension about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed. He was eagerly watched by the admiring crowd until he reached his destination, when everybody started a minuflaments run toward the re-searce. Upon a minuflament was the search of the re-turned that the search of the search of the three sharp harks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It was some time before the terrier was able to gain strength to walk away.

SOMETHING ABOUT STAMPS.

"Yes," said the proprietor of the store, "Yes," said the proprietor of the store, "we buy stamps, but not those of the ordinary kind, although we purchased a lot a few days ago from an old lady who had a mania for collecting them, and simply as curiosity. She sent them to us in a big trunk and told us there were a million in all. Most of them were tied now as the store of the store a big trunk and told us there were a million in all. Most of them were tied up as you see in little bunbles containing five hundred stamps each, but a large_proportion were loose in the trunk. She began collecting them nearly ten years ago, she told me, when some one advertised for a million stamps and promised to pay one hundred dollars to the first person who collected that number. She started person who collected that number. She started her collection with many others who saw the ad-vertisement, and so far as known is the only one succeeding in getting the required number. Of course, the advertisement was a joke, and whoever course, the advertisement was a joke, and whoever inserted it never expected to see any one persevere in collecting the million stamps. Our customer, however, was not discouraged, and finally became so interested in completing the collection that she interested all her friends and acquaintances in the necreased at an errirence and acquantances in the cause, and people used to send her stamps from all parts of the country. We paid twenty-five dollars for the lot. Here are foreign stamps that we sell for one hundred dollars a million," continued the dealer as he opened several wide, deep drawers filled to the top with used postage stamps of foreign countries. "These comprise about fifty varieties of the commence of the contract of the contra silled to the top with used postage stamps of foreign countries. "These comprise about fifty varieties of the commonest stamps in use, principally English, French. German and Halian. They are not worth any more than ordinary two and three cent United States stamps in our business, and we can afford to sell them cheap. They are sent to us by the bushel by the agents and collectors whom we have in all foreign countries, and we simply take them as and placed in catalogues, but the mass are dumped into these drawers and sold by the bulk. In valuable collections nearly all the stamps are dumped into these drawers and sold by the bulk. In valuable collections nearly all the stamps are unused, and in many instances the collector will pay high prices for a precinema of the first proofs taken from prices for a precinema of the first proofs taken from prices for a precinema of the first proofs taken from the cluding all the stamps issued, except the very carest, can be made for two hundred dollars. Sometimes five hundred dollars will be paid for a rare stamp when only a very limited number are known to be in existence. But this does not occur often issued by countries since 1840, when they first came into fashion with the penny-post in England, is something over five thousand. There are hundreds of stamp dealers in this country, and the number of stamp dealers in this country, and the mumber of stamp dealers in this country, and the mumber of stamp sold annually, to collectors, is up among the millions.

AN ANCIENT SHIP.

THE largest vessel, next to Noah's Ark, on the records of the ancients was built by order of Hiero, the second tyrant of Syracuse, under the superintendence of Archimedea, about two hundred and thirty years before Christ, the description of which would fill a small volume. Athenses has left a description of this vast floating fabric. There was, have served for the construction of fifty galleys. It had all the varieties of apartments and conveniences necessary to a palace—such as banqueting-rooms, baths, a library, a temple of Venus, gardens, rooms, naths, a horary, a tempre or rease, garatone, fish-ponds, mills, and a spacious gymnasium. The inlaying of the floors of the middle apartments represented in various colors the stories of Homer's "Iliad;" there were everywhere the most mers "Ima; incre were everywhere the most beautiful paintings, and every embellishment and ornament that art could furnish were bestowed on the ceilings, windows, and every part. The inside of the temple was inlaid with cypress wood, the statues were of ivory, and the floor was studded with the property of the proper with precious stones.

with precions stones.

The vessel had twenty benches of oars, and was encompassed by an iron rampart or battery; it had encompassed by an iron rampart or battery; it had were furnished with machines of war, one of which was capable of throwing a stone of three hundred pounds weight, or a dart of twelve cubits length to the distance of half a mile.

To launch her, Archimedes invented a screw of an anchors; her mainmast, composed of a single tree, was procured after much trouble from a distant insign that there was famme in Egypt, sent her loaded of which the following is part: "Hiero, the son of which the following is part: "Hiero, the son of thierocles, the Dorian, who wields the sceptre of Sicily, sends this vessel, bearing in her the fruits of the carbon, the son of the earth. De thou, O Neptune, preserve in safety this ship over the blue waves."

A WEDDING IN ABYSSINIA

A WEDDING IN ABYSSINIA.

Anmial Hewert, while on his mission to King John in behalf of the English government, witnessed an interesting matrimonial celebration in Adowa. The town is a collection of eight or nine hundred inhaltants—mere thats—and is too aubject to the raids of hostile tribes to present the fourishing appearance which the capital of a large kingdom should. As with all semi-harbarous nations—for, although nominally Christians, the Abyssinians can be called little else—the weddings rites and social ecremonics, apparently beforewed from Christian, Mahommedan, Jewish, and the aboriginal traditions. There is a civil ceremony at the house of the bride's father, where oaths of fidelity are exchanged, and subsequently a religious serverobably in imitation of the custom of his foreight of the control of the custom of his foreight of the control of the custom of his foreight of the custom of the cu

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

BY "TRADDLES." lere comes the ship Argo, low precious her cargo, Ve place no embargo We place no embargo
On her, our port's free!
Full freighted with treasur
And loaded with pleasures,
In musical measures
She bounds o'er the sea!

How balmy the breezes,
No Northern gale freezes,
Each zephyr now seizes
A sail, in its glee.
The sunlight is glancing,
The billows are dancing,
The scene is entrancing
To you and to me.

No rigged up for plunder, No cannon to thunder, No cannon to thunder, She does not sail under The skull and crossbones; We see as we slight her, Her decks are much brighter, Her sails are far whiter Than snow from cold zones.

She onward is leading, O'er old ocean speeding, Her critics unheeding, No vessel of war; She glides o'er the waters With speed of fast trotter

HELPING HIMSELF;

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION. BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

r of "Do and Dare," "Hector's Inhe Store Boy," "Work and Win," the Dick Series," "Tattered To Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII JUSTICE TRIUMPHS.

Mr. Graham turned to the broker and aded further remarks to him.

"Your statement that four hundred dollars remained to be accounted for, led me to conclude that they would be found in the possession of the party who had abstracted the ers. I therefore obtained a search-warrant and visited the room occupied by that gentleman, whose name I believe is Willis

This was an unexpected stroke. Ford did not speak, but kept his eyes fixed upon the detective in evident panic

"I have just come from Mr. Ford's room," he resumed. "These are what I found there." He drew from his pocket a long envelope.

from which he took four government bonds. "Will you be kind enough, Mrs. Esta-brook," said the broker, gravely, "to examine these bonds, and determine whether they are yours.'

The housekeeper took them mechanically, and examined them.

'They are mine," she said; "but I cannot believe Willis took them.

"I did not," said Ford, hoarsely, but his eyes were downcast.

"Will you account for their being in your room, then, Mr. Ford?" inquired the broker,

"That boy must have put them there. I know nothing of them. I—am as much sur prised as you are."

"We have had enough of this, Mr. Ford, said the broker, coldly. "Your guilt is evident. In robbing your step-mother you have committed a serious crime, but in attempting to throw the guilt upon an innocent boy, you have been guilty of an offence still more detestable, and one which I cannot forgive. You cannot remain in my employment another If you will call at the office in the morndav. ing I will pay your salary to the end of the month. That will end all relations between

Willis Ford looked like a convicted crimi-For the moment all his hardihood and brayado deserted him.

Can this be true, Willis?" wailed his step-mother. "Is it possible that you took my bonds, and would have left me to an old age of poverty.

"No " answered Ford, with a return of his usual assurance. "I am as innocent as a babe unborn. I am the victim of a conspir-As Mr. Reynolds is determined to acv. shield his favorite by throwing the blame on me, I must submit. The time will come when he will acknowledge my innocence. Mother, I will satisfy you later, but I do not believe you will think me guilty. Gentlemen, I bid you all good evening.'

No one spoke as he withdrew from the room, and not even Morrison offered to fol-

When he was fairly out of the room, the broker turned to Morrison.

"Mr. Morrison," he said, "I have a question or two to put to you. I think you will find it to your interest to answer correctly.

given you by Grant Thornton?

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," said Morrison. "They were given me by Willis Ford.'

"To satisfy a gambling debt, was it not? "Yes, sır.

"I take it for granted you did not know

they were stolen?"
"If I had known it I wouldn't have touched them. I might have been suspected of stealing them myself."

"I believe you."

"You're a gentleman!' said Morrison, gratified that his word was accepted.

"Of course you have lost the amount which ou considered due you. To be entirely candid with you, I do not feel any sympathy with you. Money won at play must be classed among ill-gotten gains. I hope you will realize this, and give up a discre profession."

"I have no doubt your advice is good, sir. Do you want me and Tom any longer?

"You are at liberty to go. I am indebted to you for coming. You have helped to clear the mystery of the theft."

'He's a little hard on us, Tom," said Morrison, as they went down the front steps, but he's treated us like a gentleman. That Ford is a rascal!"

"I think so too," Tom assented.

"And I shall never see a cent of that six hundred dollars," continued Jim Morrison, ruefully.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go to my own room," said Mrs. Estabrook, pertly. to think quietly of all this.' "Go, by all means," said the broker, cour-

"To-morrow morning your propteonsly erty shall be restored to you.

Next the detective and the telegraph boy withdrew, the latter richer by a five dollar note, which Mr. Reynolds presented him.

Johnny's eyes sparkled.

"That will make mother happy," he said. "She'll think I am in luck."

"Keep your eyes open, my boy, and be faithful to your employer, and this won't be the last piece of luck that will come in your wav.

When they were alone, Mr. Reynolds turn to Grant, and said kindly, "I congratulate you, Grant, on your complete vindication. Those who have wickedly conspired against you have come to grief, and you come out of the trial unscathed. As I am to part with Willis Ford, though you are not competent to take his place, your duties will be somewhat enlarged, and I will take care that your com-pensation shall be increased."

"I am afraid, Mr. Reynolds, I already receive more than I earn.

That may be, but I am only anticipating a little. How much do I pay you now? "Six dollars a week, sir.

"I will allow you four dollars more, but this additional sum I will keep in my own hands, and credit you with. It is time you were saving something for future use.

this be satisfactory to you? "You are very kind, Mr. Reynolds," said Grant, gratefully. "I don't know how to thank you.

"Then I will tell you -Be faithful to you duties in the office, and continue your kindness to Herbert."

"Gladly, sir."

Grant decided not to write to his mother about his increase of salary. He preferred to wait till his savings amounted to a considerable sum, and then surprise her by the announcement of his good fortune In six months, he estimated, he would have rather more than a hundred dollars, and this to the country minister's son seemed a large sum. At any rate, when he was twenty-one he might hope to be the possessor of a thousand dollars. This opened to Grant a brilliant prospect. It was probably all that his father was worth, including all his possessions.

"In spite of my uncle's opposition," thought Grant, "I think I acted wisely in preferring business to college. Now I shall be able to make the family more comfortable."

When Willis Ford called at the office the next morning Grant was gone to the postoffice. As he returned he met Ford coming out with a check in his hand.

"So it's you, is it?" sneered Ford, stopping short.

"Yes, Mr. Ford."

"I suppose you are exulting over your victory.

happen.

"I suppose not," said Ford, in an unpleasant tone.

"For some reason you have shown a dislike to me from the first," Grant proceeded. "I ٠٠I don't know why. I have always treated you with respect, and tried to do my duty faithfully.

"You are a little angel, to be sure!" "Have you any objection to telling me why

you dislike me he asked. "Yes. I'll tell you. It is because I see how

you are trying to worm yourself into the confidence of Mr. Reynolds. You have plotted against me, and now, thanks to you. I have lost my place."

"I don't consider myself the cause of that, Mr. Ford.

"I do; but you needn't exult too much. generally pay my debts, and I shan't forget that I owe you. I'll be even with you some day.'

So saying he walked off, and Grant returned to his work.

"I can't understand why Mr. Ford should hate me so!" he thought.

CHAPTER XXIV STARTLING NEWS.

WILLIS FORD'S feelings were far from enviable when he took leave of the office in which he had long enjoyed an excellent position. He was conscious, though scarcely willing to admit it, that his misfortunes had been brought upon him by his own unwise, not to say criminal, course. None the less, however, was he angry with those whom he connected with the disaster that had come upon him. He had always disliked Grant Thorn-Now he hated him and thirsted for an opportunity to do him a mischief. Next he felt embittered against Mr. Reynolds who had discharged him, though it is hardly possible to see how the broker could have done other-This dislike was increased within a few days, and for this reason.

Ford addressed a letter to Mr. Reynolds, requesting a certificate of good character, which would enable him to procure a new ituation.

To this request the broker answered subantially as follows:

"I shall be glad to hear that you have changed your course, and have decided to lead an honest life, but for the same reason that I am not willing to retain you in my own employment, I am unwilling to recommend you without reserve to another business man If you are willing to refer him to me, on condition that I tell the truth, I will cheerfully testify that you ed your office duties to my satisfac

"The old fool!" muttered Ford, angrily crushing the letter in his hand. "What use would such a recommendation be to me? Not content with discharging me, he wants to keep me out of employment

In truth Willis Ford hardly knew where to turn. He had saved no money, and was earning nothing. In this dilemma he turned to his step-mother.

One forenoon, after he knew the broker and Grant would be out of the way, he rang the bell, and inquired for the housekeeper.

Mrs. Estabrook was agitated when she saw er step-son. She did not like to believe that he had robbed her, but it was hard to believe otherwise.

"Oh, Willis!" she said, almost bursting into tears, "how could you take my small savings? I would not have believed you savings? capable of it."
"You don't mean to say, mother," returned

Willis, with well-dissembled and reproachful sorrow, "that you believe this monstrous

"I don't want to believe it, Willis, Heaven knows, but were not the bonds found in your room ?

"I admit it," said Ford, "but how did they get there? "Did not you put them there?"

"Certainly not, mother. I thought you knew me better than that."

"But who, then--" began his stepmother ooking bewildered.

"Who should it be but that boy?"

"Grant Thornton?

"Have you any proof of this?" asked the

housekeeper, eagerly.
"I will tell you what I have found out. I learn that a boy called on the day in question at my room, and asked to see me. Being told ctory."
that I was out, he asked leave to go up and
"You are mistaken," said Grant. "It was wait for me. As the servant had no sus-

Do you still maintain that these bonds were not my wish that anything unpleasant should picton he was allowed to go up. I don't know how long he staid, but no doubt he had the bonds with him, and concealed them where they were found."

"Did you ask for a description of the boy? Was it like Grant?" asked the housekeeper quickly.

"Unfortunately the girl did not take par-ticular notice of him. I have no doubt it was either Grant or the telegraph boy, who seems to have been in the plot.

Now this story was an audacious fiction, and should not have imposed upon a person of ordinary intelligence, but the housekeeper was anxious to believe her step-son innocent, and Grant guilty. She, therefore, accepted it without question, and was loud in her denunciation of that "artful young rascal.

"You ought to tell Mr. Reynolds of this, Willis," she said.

"It would be of no use, mother. He is too strongly prejudiced against me. you think? He has refused me a letter of recommendation. What does he care if I starve?" concluded Willis bitterly.

"But I care, Willis. I will not desert you," said Mrs. Estabrook, in a tone of sympathy.

This was just the mood in which Ford desired his step-mother to be. He was desirous of effecting a loan, and after a time succeeded in having transferred to him two of the onehundred dollar bonds. He tried hard to obtain the five hundred, but Mrs. Estabrook was too prudent and too much attached to her savings to consent to this. Ford had to be satisfied with considerably less.

"Ought I to stay with Mr. Reynolds after he has treated you in this way, Willis? asked his step-mother, anxiously.

"By all means, mother. You don't want to throw away a good position."

"But it will be hard to see that boy high in Mr. Reynolds' confidence after all his

in Mr. Reynolds' confidence after all his wickedness."
"You must dissemble, mother. Treat him fairly, and watch your opportunity to harm him and serve me. Don't say much about me, for it would do no good, but keep your hold on Reynolds."
"If you think it best, Willis," said his step-mother, not without a feeling of relief, for she was reluctant to relinquish a good home and liberal salary, "I will remain."
"Do so, by all means. We may as well make all we can out of the enemy, for Mr. Reynolds has treated me very shabbily. And now I must bid you good bye."
"What are your plans, Willia?"
"I can't tell yet, but I think I shall go West."

West."
"And I shall never see you!"
"You will hear from me, and I hope I shall have good news to write."
Willis Ford left the house, and going to the Grand Central Depot bought a ticket for Chi-

Grand Central Depot bought a ticket for Chicago.

Now came a quiet and pleasant period after the trouble and excitement. Grant found his duties at the office increased, and it was pleasant to see that his employer reposed confidence in him. His relations with others in the office were pleasant, now that Willis Ford was awny, and every day he seemed to get new insight into the details of the business. Whether Jim Morrison and Tom Calder were in the city he did not know. At all events they were never seen in the neighborhood of Wall Street. Grant was not sorry to have them pass out of his life, for he did not consider that he was likely to draw any benefit from their presence and companionality.

any benefit from their presence and companionship.

He was still a member of Mr. Reynolds' household. Herbert appeared to be as much attached to him as if he were an older brother, and the broker looked with pleasure upon the new happiness that beamed from the face of his son.

As to Mrs. Estabrook, Grant had feered

to Mrs. Estabroos, Grand would continue to show animosit would shim, but he had nothing to combined the show an animosit with the had nothing to combine the had not show an

As to Mrs. Estabrook, Grant had feared she would continue to show animosity towards him, but he had nothing to complain of. She certainly did not show any cordiality in her necessary intercourse with him, but, then, on the other hand, she didn't manifest any desire to injure him. This was all Grant desired. He felt that under no circumstances could he have made a friend of the housekeeper. He was content to have her leave him alone.

After the lapse of six months, Grant expressed a desire to go home to pass a day or two. His mother's birth-day was close at hand, and he had bought for her a present which he knew would be acceptable. Permission was readily accorded, and Grant which he knew would be acceptable. Permission was readily accorded, and Grant which he knew would be acceptable. Permission was readily accorded, and Grant which he was well as the mean that he was so highly regarded by his employer, and had come to think that Grant's choice had been a wise one.

one.

When Grant returned, he went at once to the office. He found it a scene of excitethe

ment.
"What has happened?" he asked eagerly.
"Herbert Reynolds has disappeared, his father is almost beside himself grief!" was the startling reply.

(To be continued.)

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posyment of airwarniges is made, as required by law.

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A NEW SERIAL.

Next week a new serial of unusual interest will be commenced in the Argory.

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK

The twenty-four hour system came into official use in English observatories on the first of January. Some of the papers are urging the general adoption of this plan of reckoning. By it the day begins at midnight, and there are no "A. M." and P. M." If the system really comes into use, English schools will let out late indeed. It will be fourteen or seventeen o'clock before the boys and girls reach home: and as much as twenty-one beore they go to bed.

OLD FOLKS' PICNICS.

PERHAPS the youngsters think they have all the good times there are in the world. Yet they don't. There is an oid folks' festival in Franklin county, Mass., every autumn, and it would make you smile to see the venerable people frolic. Recently, in England, two thousand people over seventy yer of age, met at a picnic. Over two hundred of the had turned eighty. Most of them were full of spirits, one old lady of ninety-nine describing herself as "a game old girl yet." Keep your hearts young, and old age will be happy.

DICKENS WITH CHILDREN

READERS of the stories of Charles Dickens could hardly help believing that he was fond of children. Some of his child characters are among the best of Some of his child characters are among the best of his creations. His daughter has recently published a paper which confirms this impression. In it she says her father was the "happy, bright and funny genius" of the house, with a peculiar tone of voice for each of his children.

He sang them comic songs, and let them teach him to dance the polka. He taught the little ones to act charades, and performed conjuring tricks for their amusement. He was always devising little pleasures and surprises for his children. He was tender with children, besides, and it was a great grief for him to be parted from them. He wept bitterly at his baby's death, and also when his s

left for Australia.

This being his character, we can see how natural ras the pathos of the lives of Little Nell and Paul Dombey.

ELBOW ROOM FOR GERMANS

The Emperor of Germany has grown tired of seeing his subjects emigrate to lands over which the German flag does not float. Yet there is not elbow room for them all at home. There is great distress in parts of the empire, where the crowded population is hardly able to make a living. Men too, the young men do not enjoy the long compul-sory service in the army. Germany, as we all know, is a nation of soldiers.

By choice, the German people seem to make their way to the United States. Hundreds of thousands of them have become contented and patriotic citiworld, where there is any industry or trade, and you will hear the German tongue. These emigrants have not heretofore, however, formed into colonies under the flag of the fatherland, like the English. The Emperor has decided to change all

Recently the German flag was hoisted over a por tion of the Island of New Guinea, and over adjacent islands; also over territory in Zululand, in South Africa, and again at a point on the west coast of Africa. The first two of these localities are near English possessions, and John Bull is by no means pleased. Yet he cannot help it. It is English policy over again, and Germany must find homes for her crowded people.

SCIENCE is a great thing, and has added much to the happiness, as well as the knowledge, of the world. Yet science may go too far. We do not mean that one is likely to know too much, or be too happy. But it is well not to lose sight of simplicity. Man's best comforts are simple. He may become too scientific if he is not careful. This hint is caused by a recent notice in the papers of a fresh triumph of science. It is announmethod has been found of reducing cheese to a liquid form. A company, it is said, will soon be

gin to manufacture this new product.

Now, is not here the place to cry halt t ence? It is said that the scientific cheese will look like maple syrup, and will be made to imitate the flavors of all the cheeses in the world. Plainly then it will have to be carried in the schoolboy' pocket in a bottle. No more "bites" of bread and cheese; only a bite of bread and a swallow of cheese! This is bad enough, but when science gets started where is it going to stop? Next, it will be turning out liquid shagbarks in bottles. Is the boy of the period to lose the unspeakable privilege of breaking his teeth cracking walnuts with them? We trow not.

If science thus keeps on, fancy the Thanksgiving inner of the next century, "There, father, the dinner of the next century, "There, father, the turkey is in that jug, the chicken pie in the yellow turkey is in that Jug, the chicken pie in the yellow pitcher, and the mince and pumpkin pies in those junk bottles." That will be the salutation of the moțier of the family. No more lucky wishbones! No more drumsticks for the happy youngest boy and girl! And the next step will be worse, for companies will be formed to distribute liquid food through the more in the character. through pipes in the streets. Men and women will dine out of mugs at the hydrants. The good old-fashioned kitchen—the centre of domestic joy will be abolished, for there will be nothing to cook

and no dishes to wash.

The older people may hall such a change with delight. But it is for the interest of all the healthy youngsters to frown upon it. With all due rever-ence for science, they should say "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" There is only one adage that seems possible to grow out of fluid.

No teeth will be required, men will cease to wear them, and there will be no toothaches what is toothache to the festive boy, if it be com pined with the munching of peanuts at the circus What does the right-minded girl care for a twinge or so in the molars, if so be there is taffy fo

No, liquid cheese is only the beginning of disas ters, and the science that produced it should be sternly frowned down.

A CHARACTERISTIC HOME.

It is quite a natural and proper pride that men take sometimes in making their homes monuments of their trades. They do not always do this. It is an old proverb that shoemakers' children go shoeless. Sometimes a carpenter's dwelling looks as if constructed by a clam digger. Yet often the pride of occupation will come out. The joiner's house will display evidence of his skill. The cabinet maker will exercise his ingenuity in wood work on the interior; the painter will embellish with tasteful design and color. This sort of taste tends to give a mechanic pride in his home as well as in his art.

A remarkable illustration of this professional pride is seen in the house of Robert Houdin, the conjurer. This dwelling is in the city of Tours, France. Everywhere in it are mysterious trap France. Everywhere in it are mysterious trap-doors. Entrances appear suddenly in walls that look solid. Servants pop out upon the visitor from un-expected places. The hat-rack comes forward of itself to take the wraps. The dining-room is ap-parently empty when the guests enter, but a table suddenly comes up through the floor, all loaded for the feast. After a series of comic surprises, the visitor escapes with the feeling of a boy who has straved into fairvland.

One of Mr. Houdin's jokes is exceedingly useful to him. The heavy gate of his garden swings very hard. The visitor only succeeds in pushing it wide open enough to enter after a heavy tussle. Some-body asked the magician one day if he could not contrive an easier gate. "Oh yes," he replied. "but now everybody who comes in hauls a bucket of water up to my tank. It comes very handy, you see, to moisten my little garden." Here is a hint to ingenious young mechanics. Perhaps they could make their mothers' callers turn the grindstone.

A HERO OF PEACE

It does not require a battle-field for the display of courage. This quality may find scope in many humble spheres of common life. One hero recently died who certainly is as worthy of a monument as many who have perished on the field of blood and glory. Dr. Samuel Rahbeth was a director of a free hospital in London. He had in his charge a poor child four years old, very ill with diptheria. The operation of opening the throat was thought ssary. During its performance, the air tube for the child to breathe through became choked, and the sufferer was in danger of suffoce

Without a moment's hesitation, the brave doctor sucked the tube clear. The poison thus taken into his mouth caused his death in ten days, after terri-ble sufferings. The child died also, and so the sacrifice was fruitless. But what courage, and what a big heart, inspired it !

CHARLES READE.

eccessful Novelist and Refor

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

A NOVELIST, setting out to write a story, is governed by some motive; that is, he forms a keel on which to erect his structure. For instance, Wilkie Collins aimed to write stories that would entrance the reader with horror, mystery and trembling ex pectation. Thackeray sought to charm with a grace and elegance of style of which he was complete master, and endeavored to shame and put and to the adulation of people of high rank by their feriors, and expose the mockery of the superiority that lords and ladies appropriated. Dickens trie to interest us in the struggles and hardships of the

But there was another writer who was actuated in many of his works by a motive more gigantic than any of these exposure of the -the manities of public institutions and the gross injustice of prejudice. This writer was Charles Reade. Charles Reade was

born at Ipsden, Eng-land, in 1814. His father was a country squire, a gentleman of the old school, which means, one of those polished gentlemen of a bygone age, distinguished for their dignified bearfor their dignited bear-ing, universal and ex-treme politeness, and their profound rever-ence for the fair and gentle sex. His mother was a lady of rare brilliancy and gentleness.

Mr. Reade had an in-

onse, and probably justified, dislike for the public schools, and so he educated Charles under careful private tutors, who, aided by their pupil's diligent ention and natural fondness for study, fitted him

for college at an early age.

He entered Magdalen College Oxford, and while there gave abundant evidence of the elements of the genins which so distinguished him in after

was in 1835, being twenty-one years of age, that Charles Reade was graduated, and obtained a fellowship. A fellowship is the maintenance of a student for a certain period, after graduation, devoted to a further course of study than that pur-sued before, and the right to become a fellow is accorded only to him whose examination evidences the highest degree of thoroughness. Reade obtained still another—a law-fellowship, so his calibre can be acurately guaged.

He was called to the bar in 1843, but he never He was called to the bar in 1842, out he never practiced. He possessed all the astuneness of the lawyer, but literature was his passion, and to that he applied all he had gained in the law school and made it a useful auxilliary. He practiced once, though, when he was accorded a hearing by the House of Lords in a certain controversy in which

House of looks in a certain the was engaged, and he won his case.

So Mr. Reade became a knight of the pen, a knight in the fullest sense of the word, for he carried on a continuous and effective warfare for the

cause of humanity.

The first of his works that attracted attention was one called "Peg Woffington," published in 1852. It gained general appreciation, and showed that a strong writer was on the scene.

Two novels, one published in 1854, and the other Two novels, one published in 1894, and the other in 1855, though exhibiting more than average ability, were hardly better than his first. But in 1856 came a masterpiece entitled "Never too Late to Mend." This took the public by storm, and made him the first novelist of the time. This is indeed a colossal work.

The main idea on which it is constructed is the The main idea on which it is constructed is the cruelty practiced, at that time, in the prisons of England. The writer bursts in the door, throws down the walls, and reveals, in all its barbarity, the life of the prisoners. He arraigns the separate confinement of prisoners, arguing and proving that it opens the door to melancholy, which is the first stage of insanity; he enlarges on their idleness, their lack of mental occupation, which hastens their lack of mental occupation, which asserts these results; he portrays a brutal jailer, and equally brutal, or criminally yielding under-jailers, who not only disregard rules laid down for the well-being of the inmates, but practice the most infamous cruelties on their impotent charges. He describes these outrages. For the most trivial offence, the prisoner is put on the "crank." This is an ingenious arrangement that the prisoner must turn so many thousand times in a given period, as a punishment. The resistance of the machine can be regulated, so that the culprit must exert ten, twenty, thirty or more pounds of force to every turn of the crank, and each turn is registered auto-matically. The task the brutal jailor sets his men is always made harder than is possible to be accomplished. He fails to complete the number of turns, so he is assigned harder work the next day,

and again the next, harder still. The consequence and again the next, harder sum. In consequence is he falls exhausted. The jailer immediately divines that the prisoner is "shamming" to get out of his work. He is roused by a bucket of cold water dashed over his body. Then he is garroted and crushed in a straight jacket, until his face becomes livid and his breath almost stops. He is re-vived with more cold water, and cast into a dark cell, and left for a day. Oh, how vivid, how real. how terrible does this writer picture the horrors of combined solitude, darkness, idleness and silence, He analyzes and follows the sensations of a man so situated, and marks insanity as it creeps on, on, nearer, nearer.

The result of this work was denials and denunciations. Charles Reade demanded and compelled inquiry which meant revelation, and was followed or reform. Other books followed, all of a high standard, among them being one called "The Cloister and the Hearth"

which is especially fine. Then in 1861 came another grand work, de-voted to reform. The author assailed the irregularities of the com-mitment of persons to private insane asylums, and the atrocities possi-ble and actual there. The book is entitled "Hard Cash, a Matter of Fact Romance," and it is a most intense story.

others as grand, are what gave Charles Reade the first place among the novelists. He excelled in dramatic construction.
He wrote more on one page than many writers can put into six. He three words that sug-gest a volume of thought.

His vehemence, when denouncing a wrong, is irresistible. He rains a perfect shower of blows, straight from the shoulder, and the result is, he gains his object—prisons have been improved, and private mad houses are regulated.

Charles Reade never married, yet he creates the

Charles Reade never married, yet he creates the most charming ladies, and paints the most tender domestic scenes, probable taken from the home characters and life of his younger years.

He was a most careful and methodical man. Every item of interest or startling fact found in the newspapers, was cut out, and pasted in a scrapbook. These volumes filled a room, and all were carefully indexed, and in two minutes the writer would have before him everything that had ever been said on any given subject.

been said on any given subject.

place in the add clid on April 12th, 1884. His place in the said clid on the problem of the problem in the problem of the proble

no living man.

His character, as you must already have judged,
was a beautiful one. For the weak he was a giant
defender. For the oppressed he was a liberator.
Charity was in him and throughout him, and his
big heart has called forth the benediction of many a

big heart has called forth the pencurature poor starveling.

Some say the world is wholly bad. Not so. Had ten righteous men been found in Sodom, that city would not have been destroyed. Look around yon and yon will find that Charles Reade was one of many such, and humanity is vindicated and saved.

THE RIGHT SORT

Give me the heart that can feel for another Give me the soul that some sympathy sh That looks upon all men as brother to brot. And strives to alleviate sorrows and week

THE FUNNY SIDE.
WHY is the letter B like a fire? Because it makes oil hoil.

A RIGHTER of books, but not an author—the ac-What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing omnibuses.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing omnibuses.
War is a story teller the queerest of animals? Became his tale comes out of his head.
"Perr out the gas!" yelled a boild, bad man, after the primary of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.
"Jons," said Mrs. Bascom to her busband, "Lintend to return some calls this afference. Wor't you stepdown to the stable and tell them to send up a corte driver," and a current of the primary class. "Things that grow on the stable and tell them to send up a corte driver, which are the primary control of the primary class. "Things that is true," and marmused. "And yet you doubt my love," he replied, in an injured tone.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

I know no such thing as genius; genius is nothing but labor and diligence.—W. Hogarth.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.—George MacDonald.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.—

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.—Colton.

ought to be a sain a seasone and with a low would be a compared to the sain and a sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.

Nobody knows what is to come. A great many hours come in between this and to-morrow; and in one hour, yes, in one minute, down fails the house.

Touth is brave because it furnished the thouse. To the sain great many hours when the sain and sain and sain the lot of those who faint and fail in the struggle. Short or long to the top, it can only be sain and sain the sain and sain an

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

Mine enemy, who time and oft Had smitten me with words like sw And trampled on my answer soft Till I too smote with angry words,

Is dead, and I am fairly quit.
God give him rest. Once well away,
Seeing he loved me not a whit,
No heart have I to bid him stay.

And yet methinks the God who framed Both him and me had made us such That we were scarcely to be blamed For loving not each other much.

The little good there was in me, It was not his, nor in his way; His good I haply might not see, Because he lacked one dazzling ray.

God give him rest! The single crime, Mislike of me, should hardly blot His fame with one who many a time Can smoothly say, "I like me not."

Perhaps we never fairly met
That part in each God meant should live,
And so incurred no lasting debt
And have but little to forgive.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

A RUSSIAN STORY BY HURBERT A. MILLARD

ANY one who should have been able to take

Axy one who should have been able to take in the feelings and situation of little Ivan Woronroff as he trudged flong on of the high roads in the south of Russia, would have pitted him heartily.

Not more than twelve years of age, ill-clad, and with not even a coin of even the humblest description wherewith to purchase a monthful of food, he found himself a poor little waif upon the common highway, in a country where beggars are so numerous that the very dogs look upon them as beings inferior to themselves and who have no rights that dogs are bound to respect.

them as beings inferior to themselves and who have no rights that dogs are bound to respect.

The literal truth of this last propostion had been forced upon poor Ivan that very day, by many a growl and surly look from door and gateway as he passed along.

He stringly in quest of some work which should afford him means of subsistance. Luckly it was summer, so that he had not to battle against the adverse elements of nature. He had only to contend against hunger and weariness, and that disappointment which follows the rejection of offered service. The poor turned him away because they had too much. The first were their own servants; the others had more servants than they needed. An observer would have noted in him acertain delicacy of face and manner not to be found among the children of the coarse Russian peasants. His was a clear cut profile, and the oval features presented on a fair front view were remarkably hand.

The outward habiliments can hardly The outward habiliments can harray disguise a sensitive, intelligent spirit, and this the boy evidently had. If really the offspring of parents emancipated from serdom only a few years before by the imperial ukase of Alexander II., he was certainly a most favorable specimen of the class.

certan. the cla Now

Names a most ravorator specimen of the class.

Now he was tired and dispirited, for he had encountered frowns and cold words in the course of the day, and met with nothing of sympathy.

But the day was delightful, and the scenery, as beheld from the high road, all that the imagination could desire. Hence the vigor of youthful hope still sustained him, and he felt that in so wide and fair a world there must yet be something which he could do.

At length upon the bown of the live of the course of the co

At length upon the brow of a high and tree-clad hill, he seated himself to rest and think.

tree-clad hill, he seated himself to rest and think.

The position was an extremely romantic one. He could see hills, vales and forests stretching away for miles to the north and west, while upon the south and east gleamed the seemingly endless waters of the Black Sea.

From his high outlook he could discern the spires of the city of Odessa, from which he had that day travelled, and where on the previous day he had caught a glimpse of the Emperor Alexander III., who was visiting the place.

He thought of the imperial guards in their brilliant uniform, and recalled the stern, troubled face of the Czar, as he appeared in the midst of the gorgeous throng of nobles, generals and admirals.

"I hate him," he said to himself; "I hate all these great people; but I suppose they can't help being great any more than I can help being little. They were born so. I only wish they would let other people have a chance to live too.

"I wonder if the Emperor Knows he ever "I wonder if the Emperor "I wonder

be so always if I can help it. Hark, who are these coming?"
The voices of a couple of horsemen had at-tracted his attention. From his position he could catch but a momentary glimpse of them as they approached, and when they came to a halt close to him, he was completely hidden from them as well as they from him. At first they made some observations upon the vast estate so attractively spread before them, and them I lower tones continued the continued of the couple of the couple of the positive of the couple of the couple of the positive of the couple of the couple of the couple of the lower than the couple of the couple of the couple of the lower than the couple of the couple of

ontical and other matters when I vian count of comprehend.

He gathered, however, that they were ploiting some deep injury to people whom they disliked. They spoke of some gathering of the nobility shortly to take place, and referred almost in whispers to the part they themselves were to act on that occasion.

Little as Ivan was able to connect the leoked, and the tones of his kind voice

lieving it the dwelling of some nobleman. He could even see a number of deer feeding upon a green glade which no doubt made a portion of the estate, and others lying beneath the trees on the outskirts of a deep wood.

"It must be a pleasant place to live," thought I van; "and if they will only let me show them that I am willing to work, perhaps they will keep me till I can find something better to do. I was not born a peasant, but I am worse than one now, though I vali not the so always if I can help it. Hark, who are these coming?" supper which should be earned by his own hand
With some of the servants—boys of his own ago—he was soon on excellent terms; and from these he learned that their master, the great nobleman, was the next day to give his daughter in marriage to a young and wealthy count, whom, with much pride, as if the circumstance reflected credit upon themselves, they represented to be a great favorite of the Emperor.

That evening Ivan was directed to seek his quarters in a bed of straw, such as was common to all the inferior servants; and here in the great bare room, he learned from their conversation many particulars of the morrow's display.

The Emperor himself would be present—his visit to Odessa rendering it easy for him to do so; and though the servants may have thought that he would be risking a great deal, they did not say as much in words.

Ivan lay long awake, reflecting upon the strangeness of his position, and upon matters connected with it. Among other things, the image of his father seemed to stand before his eyes.

"What a little boy I was when they took

He learned from his fellow servants that these men had brought with them some rapresents, among others some remarkable conserves in jars of curious workmanship in the top of which were placed diamonds besprinkled with small diamonds.

The two men had made mention of jars and flowers, and of some fearful thing as connected with them.

What could it be? And what should he do?

What could it be? And what should he do?

The Emperor arrived in royal state, the tall horsemen of his guard flaming in their brilliant coats and helmets, and the imperial carriage escorted by nobles whose decorations were almost too bright to look upon. Of course, Ivan, engaged in menial tasks, could see nothing of the preparations within the immense mansion, but he knew that they must be grand in the extreme. He was in an open court, across which many things for the entertainment were carried by servants of higher position than himself.

He watched narrowly as waiter after waiter appeared with some article of use or ornsment.

At length, while putting a final polish upon

appeared with some article of use or ornament.

At length, while putting a final polish upon a pair of boots and spurs, he started suddenly to his feet.

At all, neat boots growed that his seed in which and a possing him bearing in his hands the very thing for which he had been watching—a curious jar with flowers in a round cluster upon its top.

"Oh, wait a moment," cried Ivan, "let me see it!"

"Away with you, you misserable bootblack!" exclaimed the tall boy, with a severe look; "what do you mean by stopping me in this way?"

"Don't carry it in," pleaded Ivan: "its poisoned or some other dreadful thing is the matter with it. They mean to kill the Emperor and Count Platoff and all the others!"

"You're a Nihilist yourself," said the boy, "else how could you know all this? Who lod you?" Never mind who told me," replied Ivan, "Never mind who told me," replied Ivan, "ore than ever excited. "I want to see

told you?"
"Never mind who told me," replied Ivan,
more than ever excited, "I want to see
Count Platoff; I want to see the Emperor.
Tell them I have something to say."
There was a great contrast between the
two as they stood there, the one in his perfectly fitted dress of spotless white, the other
bareheaded and little more than half-clad,
with a field-marshall's boots under his arm,
and his body half bent in the earnestness of
his appeal.

and his body half bent in the earnestness of his appeal.

The waiter hesitated a moment, then turned away to seek advice from some one in higher position. Ivan's evident sincerity had impressed and startled him.

Our young hero's heart beat hard when a summons came which called him into the presence of the Emperor. But he was a boy of courage, and did not lose his self possesion for a moment.

Alexander listened to his recital of the scene by the roadside with alarmed interest, as well as with some surprise at the correct language and superior intelligence of the little lad before him.

"Who are you, my boy?" he asked.

ittle lad before him.

"Who are you, my boy?" he asked.
"My father is the Count Woronroff," replied Ivan, "whom your majesty's father sent to Siberia six years ago; but please your majesty I know he was not guilty, for my mother often told me so."

The Emperor turned away and gave orders for the arrest of the two conspirators; as well as for an examination of the suspected consorves.

as for an examination or the suspected con-serves.

These were found to contain a poison of the most deadly character, so that if the plot was a clumsy one its malignity and reckless-ness were in perfect keeping with the char-acter of the Nihilists.

The two criminals seeing that hope was at an end, made a full confession of their inten-

an end, made a full confession of their intentions.

Though outwardly friendly to Count Platoff, their host, they were at heart his enemies, and it would not have grieved them to
have destroyed both him and a full score of
his guests while compassing the death of the
Emperor. In the mean while they had provided for their own flight and escape,
"And so, my lad," said Alexander, kindly
"though you knew my father had sent
yours to Siberia, you could yet feel a desire to
save my life. I see you are a brave, noble
boy, and you are henceforth under my protection.
"But my father," said Ivan, "if he must
always live in Siberia, I would choose to go
there too."

aiways nive in Siberia, I would choose to go
"I hope you will be under no necessity of
taking such a journey," said the Emperor.
"From this moment your father is pardoned
and all his estates are restored."
The "Czar of all the Russian's could not
help feeling that the little waif, and he hostside to the proper of the readtion of the said of the said of the readtion of the said of the sai

as the electric wire could carry it; and the little wanderer felt that he should be no more homeless or friendless

A NEW WAY OF MOUNTING. THE women of Peru ride on the hind-quarters of

their horses, without a saddle, cross-legged, with a load on the horse in front. They mount the ani-mal by taking hold of his tail, making a loop by mal by taking hold of his tail, making a loop by doubling it up and clasping with one hand the up-per and lower parts of the tail, and then, putting one foot in the loop and the other on the joint of the horse's leg, they ascend as if going up-stairs. They usually stand erect on the horse before sitting down. The horses never kick nor stir.



THERE WAS A GREAT CONTRAST BETWEEN THE TWO AS THEY STOOD THERE.

broken sentences, he still understood enough

broken sentences, he still understood enough of the colloquy to startle his young heart.

"They are Nihilists," he said to himself, "and if they cannot kill the Emperor, they mean to kill some of his friends, I'm sure I do not like the Caza—I hate him fully as much as they do; but I hate crime a great deal worse. I wouldn't kill a person for all the world! My father was called a Nihilist, but he was only for good government, and they accused him without cause, as I heard mother say just before she died. I am sure he would never have joined with men like these."

such thoughts passed through Ivan's

As such thoughts passed through Ivan's mind, the men rode away, and then stepping considerable the men rode away, and then stepping covered the manician indicates the manician in the constant of the manician in the approached, but they were chained and harmless. Soon he found himself in the midst of a number of servants, who, as they ran hither and thither eyed the new-comer with some curiosity.

There seemed an unusual stir about the premises as if for some great occasion. The wings and open courts of the noble abode were thronged with attendants of all descriptions who hurried to and fro with looks of importance, as if borrowing consequence from the event in prospect, whatever it might be.

be.
The head steward to whom Ivan applied, at once set him about some menial task at

come to me just as if he were. I wonder if he is living now? I wonder if it is always winter in that miserable Siberia that mother

winter in that miscrable Siberia that mother was always talking of?"
Then he thought of the Emperor with a bitter hate, as the author of all the misfortunes of his family,
"I don't blame the Nihilists—no I don't!
I'll be a Nihilist myself!" he said, with momentary passion.

I'll be a Nihilist myself!" he said, with mo-mentary passion.

The thought of the Nihilists recalled the conversation to which he had listened by the roadside. Was not this the very occasion they had referred to? Had they not spoken of the gathering of many of the principal no-bility, and of the Emperor's own presence? And had he not gathered from them that some deadly means of evil would be employed by those who held the government in detes-tation?

by time with one that the government in the centry." he thought, "and I guess nobody suspects them. The thought, "and I guess nobody suspects them." He was the will be consequent them." He collected that they had spoken of some choice gift, as it there would be danger in it, not only to the Car, but to many others. The expressions had confused him at first, but now he appeared to see their meaning, though after all he might mistake it.

Next day he saw among the guests who arrived, the very men of whom he had been thinking. They were evidently of some considerable rank, though not as high as many of the others.

SOME DAY.

LIFE is a race, where some succeed While others are beginning;
'Tis pluck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
No'er elacken your endeavor,
Bear this wholesome truth in mind,
Success is better late than never

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS

BEAR AND FORBEAK.

I AM quite sure that the majority of my readers have read or heard some of the stirring stories which have been told about skaters who have been chased by wild animals, from which they escaped by the very narrowest of chances. It was my fortune some time since to become involved in an adventure of that nature, but the particulars differ from any of which have knowledge, and they are now made known for the first time.

To begin with, I am not a skillful skater, and there is little prospect of my ever becoming such. If conscientions and persistent labor are entitled to success, I ought to have won long ago; but, somehow or other, I never could get the hang of the business, and it will always be a mystery to me how such a phenomenon as Paulsen, the champion of the world, can go shead with the speed of a railroad train, without making, so far as I eve could discover, the slightest exertion. As for fancy skating, I have frequently tried it, and have fallen often enough to crack all the bones in my body, and then was compelled to give it up in disgust.

My first effort was made in the presence of a miscellaneous company, including a number of graceful sudy skat in the presence of a miscellaneous company, including a number of graceful such years and I was unable to step than a state of the strength of the state of so well at I was thilled with hope, but my feet begint in sections or to sit down, I chose the latter course.

With a smooth, clear piece of ice, where there is plenty of room, I can follow a straight course with considerable speed, but it is this

latter course.

With a smooth, clear piece of ice, where there is plenty of room, I can follow a straight course with considerable speed, but it is this sudden turning and stopping which bother me. If I attempt a short turn I am sure to topple over, and if I undertake to stop too abruptly I cither bump backwards or sprawl forwards. This introduction will serve to

make plain what follows.

It was on one of the tributaries of the upper It was on one of the tributaries of the upper Androscogin, a few years since, where the ice was a foot thick and as clear as crystal. The stream was scarcely a hundred varies in width, lined with woods on both sides, the trees banding with snow which lay ten inches deep on the ground. Opposite the house of my uncle, where I was visiting, they were engaged in cutting ice, the regular symmetrical blocks of which were negular symmetrical blocks of the which were negular symmetrical blocks of the which were negular symmetrical blocks of the state of the same was a state of the same was not the perfection of the skating it was impossible that it should be and the same at once that I could be earlier. It struck me at once that I could never have a better chance to practice the art. Perhaps when the state was the same state of the same was a state of those who had derided my efforts.

derided my efforts.

A few minutes later the skates were on my

the test of the control of the contr

and steadying myself, as best I could, soon wabbiled out of sight around a curve in the creek.

The afternoon was half gone, but the air was clear, the sky without a cloud and a full moon would make it almost like day after the sinking of the sun. I could just as well spend six hours on my skates, at the end of which time I ought to be able to show a marked improvement in the art.

"I'll do it," I said to myself, compressing my lips with determination. "If I don't know a good deal more than I do now (it can't be much less), I'll give up trying."

Having resolved on this course, I forced myself to stick to it, by continuing up the creek until the sun had gone down and the shadows of the trees along shore were made by the moon. I had no idea of the distance I was from home, but one thing was certain: It would take three full hours for me to make my way back.

Naturally enough, I was somewhat tired, and, skating uncertainly to a log that lay along shore, partly imbedded in ice, I dropped upon it with more emphases than was intended.

The rest was pleasant and I sat a long time, chiefly wondering how it was some persons became skillful skaters with so little labor, while others are mever capable of mastering the art. I was impressed by the solem stillness which surrounded me. Above, the clear saky, on the right and left, the glassy ice gleang in the moonlight; in front and were the features of the using forest i—such of grandeur and solitude that I can never forget.

"It hink there is some improvement in my work." I said, diving voice rather to my

faster I shall be an old man before I amount

faster, I shall be an old man uctore I amount to anything."
Having rested sufficiently, I straightened up unsteadily and headed down stream. My principal effort was not so much to attain any great speed, as it was to glide gracefully over the ice. I shot far off on the right foot, then away on the left, until I was close under shore and the keen air whistled by my face with a force that penetrated the muffier about my neck.

with a force turn wy neck.

"Yes, sir," I added more confidently, "I am a better skater than I was to-day at dinner time—that wasn't my fault!" I added, just after my left ankle turned under me and my shoulder and head made a perceptible crack in the ice: "a fellow can't be blamed for having a trick played on him in that

canck in the ice: "a fellow can't be blamed for having a trick played on him in that style—"" a trick played on him in that style—"" a trick played on him in that style—"" a trick played on him in that style—" a trick played on him in that a trick played on the ice only a few rods in front. I tried to stop and did so by sitting down abruptly and sliding a few feet in the sitting position.

A shiver of fright passed over me, when I distinctly recognized the figure of a large bear, crossing the creek. He lumbered along in his awkward fashion, without turning to the right or left and quickly vanished in the darkness of the shore. I heard the crisp snow crunching under his weight as he scrambled up the bank, and you may be sure I did not seek to detain him.

"My gracious! that was a lucky escape—that is for me!" I exclaimed with a sigh of relief: "if I had been a little faster, we would have tumbled over each other and there's no telling who would have been on top."

I resumed my trip, my heart throbbing faster until I was some distance beyond the spot where the animal had disappeared. By using great care, I was enabled to look over my shoulder without failing. Nothing of the beast was to be seen and I was warranted in believing that all danger was over from that source.

Such being my conclusion, I resumed my

believing that all danger was over from that source.

Such being my conclusion, I resumed my gingerly efforts at fancy skating: that is I sped as far as I could on one foot and then swung over on the other. I came to the conclusion that if the skating parks could be arranged so that I would not be compelled to turn, and if every other skater would keep out of my path, possibly I wouldn't be ashamed to appear before my friends who had ridiculed my efforts so many times.

I had reached this conclusion, when a curious pattering directly behind me caused me

ons pattering directly behind me caused me to turn my head. With a shock, which per-haps may be imagined, I observed a big black bear running behind me and distant only a

bear running benind me and custant only a few yards. I nearly dislocated my neck in the violence of my effort to keep my balance, but I suc-ceeded and with a gasp of fear, plunged for forward with all the energy I could put forth. I had ceased to think of the beast, and it is

of my effort to keep my balance, but I succeeded and with a gasp of fear, plunged forforward with all the energy I could put forth. I had ceased to think of the beast, and it is still a mystery to me how he returned to the ise and followed me so far, before I became aware of my peril. It was possible, of course, that it was another animal, but as they were not very plentiful in that section, the probabilities were the other way.

There was now no thought of fancy skating: all I asked was the power to speed forward like the wind, and it need not be said that every effort was made to do so. At intervals, when I threw a glance behind me, I caught sight of the dark monster swinging along at what was an awkward, ponderous gate, but when the second of th

say, on the right and left, the glassy leg-gleaming in the moonlight; in front and back, the vast, murmuring forest;—such were the features of the scene which was one of grandeur and solitude that I can never forget.

"I think there is some improvement in why work," I said, giving viole rather to my stately than my belief, "but if I don't learn the crisis was at hand.

"I think there is some improvement in glimmer of the light in my uncle's house. In the crisis was at hand.

I was confident that I attained greater speed than ever before; but such must have been the case with bruin, for I could hear the clatter and scratching of his claws, and knew that as before he was steadily gaining on me. It was singular that I forgot the operations of the ice-cutters, but the first reminder was a gaping channel in front of me, over which a sheet of ice had formed no thicker than silk, and so thin that it served simply to give the water an appearance of calmness.

I was so close when the startling discovery was made, that it was impossible to turn to the right or left, and, as the only thing I could do, I gathered my strength and made the most terrific bound of my life.

I just cleared the chasm, striking the solid ice on the other side, just at the moment that the bear splashed into the creek behind me. Darting to shore, I had my skates off in a twinkling, and ran like a deer for my uncle's door. As soon as he learned the truth, he caught his rifle from the deer prongs over the mantle, and rushed out to the creek; but the bear had climbed out upon the ice, taken to the woods, and was beyond reach.

THE LAND OF THE CABALLERO

A TRAVELER in Mexico, in telling of the customs of the country, gives, among others, the following examples which to us seem curious indeed:

examples which to us seem curious indeed:
The street cars run in groups. Instead of starting a car every ten minutes from the terminus,
three are started together every half hour. One
car is never seen alone, nor two together, but
always three in a row, less than half a block apart. It requires two conductors to run a car. One approaches a passenger and sells him a ticket. Th second one then comes in and takes the ticket. I some respects it is an improvement on the bellpunch system. There are first-class cars, and sec-ond-class cars. The former are of New York man-ufacture, and similar to those used in that city. ond-class cars. The former are of New York machine, make the was similar to those used in that city. The latter are of domestic construction, have but frew windows, and look like the cabooses to freight trains. First-class fares are sometimes as high as twenty-five cents, but are more often a medio (6 14 cents), being governed by the distance. Second-class fares are always half the amount of and blow them when they approach street crossings. The conductors usually carry revolvers. Nearly everybody, in truth, carries a revolver. Horseback riding is the national amusement, and the streets are full of horsemen, particularly in the cooler hours of the morning and evening. The proper thing to wear is a wide sombrero, very tight trusters of leather or cassimere, with rows of silver butters of the morning and evening. The proper thing to wear is a wide sombrero, very tight trusters of leather or cassimere, with rows of silver buttens of the morning and evening. The proper thing to wear is a wide sombrero, very tight trusters of leather or cassimere, with rows of silver buttens of the morning and evening. The proper thing to wear is a wide sombrero, very tight to save the property of the morning and evening. The proper thing to wear is a wide sombrero, very tight as word and two revolvers, not to mention spurs of marvedous size and design, and a saddle of sufpassing magnificence.

A Mexican caballero often spends \$1,000 for an equestrian outfit. His saddle costs from \$50 to \$500, his silver mounted bridle \$25, his silver spurs as much more, the solid silver buttons on his trousers \$100, his hat \$50, and the rest

tons on his tronsers \$100, and hat \$50, and the rest of his rig in proportion.

The Mexican small boy, if he has wealthy parents, is mounted after a similar fashion, even to the revolver and sword. An equestrian costume for a boy of ten years can be purchased for about \$50 not including saddle and bridle.

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE.

THE Christmas Club, a benevolent and charitable association of Washington, of which Miss Nellie Arthur is President, gave a Christmas dinner to six hundred poor children of the second district, on Dec. 30th, in the National Rifles' Hall. Miss Arthur was annierd poor children of the second district, on Dec.
30th, in the National Rifest Hall. Miss Arthur was
assisted by Miss Waitet aughter of the Chief Jussan and the State of the Chief Justage number of other members of the club, and
ladies well known in Washington social circles.
The hall and tables were decorated with evergreens
and potted plants sent by President Arthur from
the Executive Mansion.

The Rev. Dr. Bartlett, pastor of the New York
and the State of the State of the State
Andred Children, who were seated at six long
tables in the Armory, enjoyed the dinner.

Afterward they were invited into the upper hall,
where they were entertained with magic lantern
pictures, a Punch and Judy show, and music by
the Boya' Minstrel Company. They then received
presents, with six of the State of the State
presents, with the State of the State
Claus, from a large and beauticityl decorated Christians tree, which stood at one
end of the hall. They were sent to their homes in
omnibusses, carriages and Herdic cabs.

President Arthur and other invited guests witnessed the entertainment of the children in the
upper hall.

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These Fortunate Isless they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door:
They lie within reach of the lowliest door:
They lie within reach of the lowliest door:
They can be the thins sind by the moon's white shore.
Nay, never look back! Those levelled grave-stones.
They were landing-steps: they write through of gray for souls that have sailed on before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And nave set winter ret on the tortimate slows.
And what are the names of the Fortimate Isles?
Why, Duty, and Love, and a large content.
Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,
Lo! Duty, and Love, and true man's trust,
Your forebeat to God and your feet in the dust;
Lo! Duty, and Love, and sweet babe's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.

thor of "Barbara's Triumph," "The Fren
Ward," "Her Mother's Ring," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

BECK'S EXPERIENCE.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Beck, in

"Do you know who I am?" asked Beck, in a faltering voice.
"Yes, I have just guessed it," he replied, and his own voice trembled very much.
"You are my father's daughter, little Beck Lewes—and my own, only sister!"
He held out his arms, and with a great cry of jor she sprang within them.
"Wife, this is my little sister," he said, fondly looking down at her, "children, this is Aunt Beck, whom you have never known—whom I have never known till now. I am and the said of the said said of the said of

stoutly.
"Hush, my son," said the janitor.
"As soon as I found where I was," said
Beck," I tried to bribe the attendants, but
though they took my money, they never
helped me at all."
"And the doctor?"

helped me at all."

"And the doctor?"

"He just treated me like a sick child that must be humored. I think he must have been paid a great deal of money; still I may wrong him. He perhaps thought he saw evidences of insanity. They had told him there "Never," said the jaintor—"till I broke my poor mother's heart, and drove her at last out of her mind—for which may God forgive me. I shall never forgive myself."

"The doctor seemed a kind man by nature," Beck resumed, "but he was always going away and coming back. It did not seem as if he took time enough to eat his meals. When I begged him to listen to me, he was always in a hurry—and then he would turn the subject as soon as he could, or laugh at me, or else—and that was the hardest of all—treat me as if he did not believe a word I said."

"He was paid for it, that is certain, "said."

"He was pass."
the janitor.
"It is just like a story in a book," said lit-

meter with you, my dear brother and sixty.
Let them all believe me dead, since they have been so heartless, so weikedly are the sufferings. How in trying to escape she came near death by drowning; in how leaving some of the garments, purposely, on the banks of a river she attempted to wade over to the shore for the water looked shallow, but got beyond he depth, and was caught by some obstruction, and held there, ill face with sight of the hospital grounds. How she had forgotten or never knew the weary miles she walked, getting food and rest from the she had money about the person, lest she should be robbed and murdered.

"And you never drained this man, this Sep, was taking you to such a place?" said the janitor gloonily. It was his sister what ilms shamefully swere both very good to me sometime after my sickness. They seemed to change, and, as I see it now, became officiously kind. I believed that they had come to their reason, and were sorry for having treated me so. I might have known if my nature had been at all suspicious, I should, that so decided a change meant sown if my nature had been at all suspicious, I should, that so decided a change meant sown if my nature had been at all suspicious, I should, that so decided a change meant some some time after my sickness. They seemed to change, and, as I see it now, became officiously kind. I believed that they had come to their reason, and were sorry for having treated me so. I might have known if my nature had been at all suspicious, I should, that so decided a change meant some interesting that perhaps some one was lost, I changed the summary of the said Ralph, whose face had grown white.

"I should just like to charge them with it, said Ralph, whose face had grown white."

"I have not been a subjection, a subjection, a whole the summary of the subjection of the summary of the summ

THIS OFFER Will Not

they must have known you were quite same."

"It seems so," said Beck. "I have thought it over a great many times. They might all have been bribed, and they were not crued to me, unless I resisted, as I did, stoutly, one of the place !" and they were not read to think of that experience—that dark, terrible place!" and the poor child shuddered and put her hands before her eyes to shut out the cruel remembrance.

"I'd like to figo them!" muttered Ralph. "And they were so kind before they took me there," Beck went on. "They gave me a description of the place; of course I took their word for it, I had no one to go to—Doctor Emory had gone abroad: the family were sick, at least the younger ones, of a contagious disease, the scarlet fever—and I need to the place in all—that I might return when I pleased, they said, or go anywhere eise. Oh, the mockery of it!"

"It is all over," said her brother, gently. "No, it is not all over, had the over, though perhaps I shall forget in time. It has made me years older, and I am afraid I do not feel much like forgiving them."

"I'd never forgive them!" said Ralph, stoutly.

"Hush, my son," said the janitor.

"As soon as I found where I was, "said Beck," I tried to bribe the attendants, but though they took my money, they never heped me at all."

what will he do if his grandfather dies? Oh, dear, I can't bear to have him there, all by himself."

"He seemed very happy," said Beck. "And if I had no one to love me and care for me, after my experience, 'she added, thoughtfully, "I believe I would go right into a cave and live there all by myself. There are such cruel people in the world!"

"You must remember, "ny little sister, though, said fa plantor, "the world is not stand the said and the said a moment after. "Why did you not come home, when my father would have received you with open arms? Why did you net you and love you?"

"There is only one answer to that," he said. "I was poor, unfortunate and proud. I would not let him see that all my beasting had come to naught, and I had come back to him almost a beggar. Besides, he told me once that if I went without his consent, I must never darken his doors again. I remembered that, and so I kept away—even kept my family in ignorance of my relationship, except my wife; she suspected, and I told her something, not all.", "Poor papa!" sighed Beck, "how happy you would have made him. He was always longing for you."

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E. F. C., Spring Lake, Mich. A few of the meet discrease of the control of the contro

PUZZLEDOM No. 114 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIONAL contributions are solicited for this depart-ent. Write on one side of the paper coxx, and apart where the contribution of the paper coxx, and apart words not in Webster are used, authority for the sum must be cited, and words obsolete or are must so tagged. Home of interest relating to Puzzledom ill be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," as Goldon's Asoon's, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

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SUP DINES IRENES INEXACT ENALTY SECTS STY

No. 12. Satisfiect-ion.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 100 were correctly solved by Damos, A. Solver, Jo. Mullins, Asprino, Will I. A.M. Mary Aspress, Marchard Asd Mirkel, Boyler, Boyler, Tantruse, Let Talions, Interpto, May B., Navado, Delego Marchard, S. Elzof, F. Attrichella and Danyelless, Best incomplete little-Damos II; A. Solver, 10. First Solution to No. 2—A. Solver, 10. First Solution to No. 3—Damos.

Second Solution to No. 3—Damos.

II.; 4. Formations situated between the Permian and the lias (Geol.); 5. Italian composer (1792-1868); 6. A movable, articulated organ of sensation, attached to the heads of insects and crustacea; 7. A German epic peem by Klopstock.

NEW YORK CITY.

KING ARTHUR.

No. 3. Charade.

My second oft will take my first,
Some sad things to relate
About my third; my whole we'll use,
To recapitulate.

OMAC, VA. DELMONTE.

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

1. Pure; 2. A certain plant; 3. The emblem of inter roven affection; 4. An intricate tie; 5. A clique. HOBOKEN, N. J.

No. 5. HALF SQUARE.

I. An officer in the British Navy; 2. Modes of action; 3. Oropical trees of the genue Cordia; 4. Elegies 6. Heavy qualities of broadcloth; 6. Certain volatilois; 7. Iron wedges for boring stones; 8. Prevailing fashions; 9. A village of Hungary, 10. Exists; 11. A letter. letter.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

No. 6. DOUBLE HALF SQUARE.

No. 6. DOWDLE HALF SQUARE.

Across 1. Floors above the lower one; 2. Poisoning; 3. Makos English; 4. Fell back; 5. One who
ling; 3. Makos English; 4. Fell back; 5. One who
substance; 8. A landing place; 7. A life, volatile
substance; 8. A landing place; 7. A leeder vessel; 9.
A type measure; 11. A letter.

Dome; 2. Exceeded; 2. Act of poisoning; 3. Makos
Armor for the thiche; 7. The contrary; 8. A lown of
Upper Austria; 9 Corners; 10. For example (Abbr);
11. A letter.

BROOKLYS, N. Y.

YOURS TRULY.

No. 7. CHARADE. No. 7. CHARADE.

The first of makes the poor man sad, who on his toil depends; it coming makes the wealthy glad, like coming makes the wealthy glad, it is considered to the makes the wealthy often gave. With disappointment's prey, and to the wealthy often gave. Much pleasure and displantany, and had is quite often found; a hourse of mirth, too, we may say, Though often it may wound. SHEWOOV, D. C.

NYAS.

MARINOTON, D. C.

NYAS.

My neighbor Gray across the way
Sings the same song day atter day;
Toll is needees, and labor vain,
Drink to the dregs your cup of sorrow;
Now only think! This very week
Now only think! This very week
Now only think! This very week
"Twas only out an hour row a leak;
"Twas only out an hour row in the pray!
And now for use it will never do."
Oh, neighbor Gray! List to me, pray!
Let me teach your song its another key!
Let me sing your song its another key!
Let me sing your song its another key!
Let me sing your song its another key!

Let me sing your song its another key!

Let me sing your song its another key!

Let me sing your song its another key!

TRANEA.

No. 9. COMPOUND INVESTED PYRAMID.

No. 9. Compound Invested Pysamid.

(To "Sigmund," with regards.)

Left Invested Fyramid.

Across—1. A chief city (Obs.); 2. Amphibious animals
having an opercular aperture, but no gille; 3. Kept
aloof; 4. One who tunes; 5. A peak of the Himalayas;
6. Domes—1. A laters. 0.

Domes—1. A laters. 10.

A letter. Down-1. A letter; 2. A square of type; 3. A village of Manche, France; 4. A town of Eure et Loire, France; 5. A genus of leguminous plants (Bot); 6. A supposer (Obs.); 7. One who studies diligently; 8. A Hebrew measure of capacity; 9; Induced; 10. Exists; 11. A letter.

Across—I. A letter; 2. The privilege of the lord of a manor (Reg. Law); 3. Mistresses; 4 Burdens new; 5. Establishes (Pol.); 6. Recovers note; 2. A monstrous bird of Arabian mythology; 4. A lake of Southern bird of Arabian mythology; 4. A lake of Southern bird of Arabian mythology; 4. A lake of Southern bird of Arabian mythology; 4. A lake of Southern birds of Arabian species of Orchis; 6. A scart, (Gree; 7. An extremely species of Orchis; 6. A scart, (Gree; 7. An extremely species of Orchis; 6. A scart, (Gree; 1. An extremely species of Orchis; 6. A scart, (Box; 1. December 1. A british arms; 3. A prox.

Formai; 10. Southeast (Abb.); 11. A letter.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A Turkish arrow: 3. A provmotion of the control of the contr

No. 10. CHMADE

Must one needs or who has a firm helief
That poetry is not where feel and sense
Are either wanting or extremely dense?
Complete, some think they grasp of truths the chief
With purling brocks and limpld streams commence,
Roving through leafy shades with joy intense;
Swelling the rills with tears of esselines grief.
Swelling the rills with tears of esselines grief.
Of poets who have struggled after fame.
Humane and human first are best instilled;
For in the post those met with loud acclaim
With patience felt the pulsings of all hearts,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BYENSERC.

CELEBRATED ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF RAT

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NORWEGIAN LANDLORDS.

NOTHING is pleasanter than the arrival at a re-tired Norwegian farm inn after a long day's walking. There stands the landlord, a spare, nimble-looking figure, with a shock of reddish hair, a queerly cut and freckled face, and eyes brimming with good humor. He at once inquires in the most direct way respecting your movements, where you started from, how many days you have been on your journey, whether you intend going further, and so forth. You feel at once that this style of accost is not im-I ou rect at once that this style of accost is not im-pertinence, but friendly curiosity, and, worn out with your day's toil, you gladly resign yourself and your concerns to such kindly and efficient hands. The whole house is soon actively employed in providing for your wants. Fresh pluk trout, tinned meats, which are awory and luscious enough to the tried authorities and at this of constantial with the providing for your wants. Presh pink trout, tinned meats, which are savory and luscious enough to the tired pedestrian, and a dish of stewed wild fruit are set before you, and, peradventure, a bottle of gow wine is unearthed from some remote cellar to give wine is unearthed from some remote cellar to give wine is unearthed from some remote cellar to give tertainer could hardly make more of you if, instead of being a foreigner happening to pass by, you were a long-expected son from America. If you are alone, he will gladly chat with you after your supper about his farm, the hardships of winter, the impoversiblement of the country by emigration, the prosperson doings of his children in the which has of late agitated every partiotic Norwegian's breast. In his turn he will ask for information from you, questioning you with delightful frankness about your home, family, profession, etc. By such mutual confidences your frendly footing in the house is firmly established; and, as there is are at an inn, you soon grow quite oblivious of the fact. If you prolong your stay, he will be ready to do the part of a friendly host still further, showing you over his farm, with its goodly finely-carved storehouse (edabor), its cladorate system of irrigation, and so forth. Or, if you wish to outwit the fact of the proper of the register of the energial proper of the proper of the energy of the proper of the energy reproduction of the spirit traffic by the government makes the whiskey flast a particularly good bond of freindship in country districts far from the stores. And then Norwegian so love of things English will set a CONTENUENTIAN ARCHER AND ALTER ACCEPTED.

AREA SOLUTION S. 2—A SOLUTE.

LINKTURES (2. A female name) 3. Relaxing; 4. U.

Spainer and poet (1772—1843); 6. As subordinate of local assembly; 6. Contributions; 7. Regulations, 7. Read assembly; 6. Contributions; 7. Regulations, 7. Read assembly; 6. Contributions; 7. Regulations, 7. Read assembly; 6. Contributions; 7. Regulations; 7. Read assembly; 6. Contributions; 7. Regulations; 7. Regulations;

and gives it from the pen of a master, that can be thought of the star at rale to the mammorth production of Guizot. How Mr. 7D Alden can give the eight volumes, and this on good paper, and Naclear type, including the multitude of illustrations, is a thing dear type, including the multitude of illustrations, is a thing dear CPL HEREBO very, but we full to undersatind ED (i. The first volume gives substantially the beginnings of sto Preach history. It is to necessity the dullest of the eight, yet with Guizot even longarithms would be readable,"—Christical Leader, Boston, Mass.

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the

GENTLENESS WILL DO WONDERS.

In front of the telegraph office at Stockbridge, Mass., says the *Ecangelist*, there is a large clm tree which is the home of three red squirrels. A

stass. says the Econquetes, there is a large cimbre which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office, comes out a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the great tree, at the same time making a whirring noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirring noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirring noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirrent may be supposed to the square square trunk, they take the nuts should be supposed to trunk, they take the nuts should be supposed to the compact them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them.

"Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet."

After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the topmost boughts where the "wild to one of the topmost boughts where the "wild to one of the topmost boughts where the "wild to one of the topmost boughts where the "wild to one of the topmost boughts where the "wild lattle girl kept knocking with the nut and whirring like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from its high tower, halting and debating every now and then as it cane nearer and nearer to the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut and was off to a place of safety again! The little girl told us they were going to put up a squirrel-house in the tree, and try to keep them all winter.

SAILING ROUND THE MOON

Balloos races are about to be started in Paris. The start will take place at some point within the fortifications, and the church spire of one of the neighboring villages will be fixed upon as the winning post. It will then be for the jockeys, or rather captains, to explore the different strains of the atmosphere till they meet with a favorable wind, and vered in this preliminary search the better chance, or course, it will stand of reaching the appointed destination first. Other experiments in ballooning are said to take place in February. Great things are expected of an "aerial velocipede" just invented by an anateur. The motive power is superiord to the started of the property of the proper Balloon races are about to be started in Paris.

BEHIND THE DYKES

A TRAVELER in that peculiar country, Holland,