

# THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS

WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS: THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS.

BY JOHN GINGOLD.

### CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE lost my way, without doubt," said Walter Hubbard to himself as he retraced his steps to find an exit from the fine lawn into which he had strayed. He had not walked far when he became aware of a rider's approach, and turning around saw a pretty girl on a pony. Walter stood and bowed respectfully.

The young lady acknowledged the bow, and stopping her pony, asked:  
 "Are you seeking any one? Do you wish to see my father?"

"Pardon me," replied Walter. "I am probably trespassing. I came by the foot-path across the meadows, and found myself in your garden."

"The gates are open during the day," replied the young lady, looking graciously at Walter; for as respect is not exactly the feeling inspired by girls of fourteen, the amount shown by Walter was uncommonly agreeable to her—"and as you are here, would you like to take a look at it? We should be glad if it pleased you," she added with dignity.

"I have already taken that liberty. I have been as far as the lawn in front of the mansion. It is splendid!" exclaimed the ingenuous lad with enthusiasm.

"Yes," answered the girl, still holding in her pony, "mamma gave all the directions to the gardener herself."

"Then the lady who was in the arbor with you was your mother?" ventured Walter.

"Ah! you have been listening," exclaimed the girl, assuming an air of importance. "Do you know that is unfair?"

"Do not be angry with me for that," entreated the lad. "I retired immediately. It formed such a pretty picture—two such ladies—the clusters of roses, and the entire surroundings. I shall never forget it," he added seriously.

"He is charming," thought the girl; and then said affably, "As you have seen so much of our garden, you ought to see the points of view. I am going to them."

She soon laid aside her dignity, and they chatted together like old acquaintances. On reaching some steps in the path, she dismounted, and throwing the bridle over the pony's head, gave him a slight blow, on which he jumped off.

"We are coming to a flower garden which he may not enter, so he must go back to the stable."

"Your pony is a wonderful animal!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes," she replied simply; "he loves me and follows me at a word."

Walter thought this very natural, and was inclined to maintain that every other living creature must entertain a similar sentiment for his fair guide.

"I should think you were of good family," she said suddenly, looking archly at Walter.

"No," replied the lad sorrowfully. "My father was a poor farmer, and died a month ago."

"Oh! how sad; and I suppose you live with your mother?"

"My mother also is dead. I am alone in the world, and am on my way to New York City to seek employment," said Walter, his lips quivering at the recollection of his late loss.

"Poor, poor young man! can't I help you? Come quick and eat some of these strawberries!"—and hastily cutting a quantity from an adjacent bed, offered the fruit to our hero with a kind smile. "Please take some," said she.

Walter received this practical pledge of sympathy in both his hands, and looked with tears in his eyes at the young lady.

"I will eat with you," said she, and took two of the strawberries, after which Walter finished the remainder.

"You seem anxious to continue your journey. Let me show you the way," said the girl. A gardener respectfully opened a little side door, and she led the traveler to a lake on which floated a number of swans. Loosening the chain of a boat, she bade our hero step in as his road lay on the other side. She sat in the stern, and skilfully propelled the polished boat with a light oar, thus crossing the lake slowly, and she from time to time stopping to feed the swans which followed, with bits of bread.

The boat touched the opposite shore, and Walter in bidding farewell, involuntarily stretched out his hand toward the fair rower, whose bright countenance smiled kindly on him.

"Good bye," said she, accepting the salutation. "Good luck to you," and turning the boat, rowed slowly back.

Walter jumped lightly to the raised pathway, and from its elevation looked upon the lake to meet the eyes of its lady, who had also turned round to nod farewell.

Through an opening, Walter again beheld her father's mansion before him; lofty and stately it commanded the plain, at least so it

appeared to fifteen-year-old Walter, who had been reared in a village.

"How happy must all be who dwell there," thought he.

"If you paid down a hundred thousand dollars, the owner would not give you this estate," said a sharp voice in Walter's ear, in the midst of his reverie.

He turned angrily—the charm had vanished. Near him a meanly-clad youth with a small bundle under his arm, was leaning against a tree, and calmly staring at our hero.

"Is that you, Barnet?" exclaimed Walter, without manifesting pleasure at the meeting. Master Barnet was haggard, pale, with sharp features and red hair—and looked like one in whom policemen would take special interest. He was a school-fellow of Walter at Burnham, and Walter had in former days protected the Jew boy from the ill-treatment of wanton boys by the valiant use both of his tongue and fists, though Barnet was suspected of stealing stationery, and selling it again to richer boys.

"I hear you are going to the city," continued Barnet; "you will learn to pare cheese and sell syrup to old women. I also am going there to make my fortune."

"Then go after your fortune, and lose no time with me," replied Walter, annoyed at the other's mocking tone. He had of late seen very little of Barnet. Enough, however, for the latter to renew the familiar style of school-intercourse.

"There's no hurry," said Barnet coolly. "I'll wait for you—unless my clothes are too bad for you."

This appeal to Walter's feelings had the effect of making him tolerate his unwelcome companion, and the two walked on in silence for some time. Barnet, however, seemed to know much concerning the residents of the

mansion, and seeing Walter listened with interest, said:

"I will buy this estate for you, if you care to have it."

"Thanks," answered Walter coldly—"you only just stated the owner would not sell."

"Aye," returned Barnet, "a person may be compelled to sell."

"And are you the person to compel him?" asked Walter.

"Whether I am the man or not, I am going to learn how to force my man to sell."

"Will you give him a potion of some kind?" asked Walter contemptuously.

"Never mind," responded Barnet. "The secret is known only to a few. He who knows it can become as rich as Astor, if he lives long enough."

"And provided he be not first sent to jail," objected Walter.

"No fear of jail," answered Barnet. "It is to learn this secret that I go to New York."

Walter glanced at his

F. W. Vandyeke. Having found the house, Walter entered it with beating heart. His appearance, however, was little noticed; the clerks were preparing to close the office. Before Walter had time to reply to the business-like questioner, "Whiter do you want, sir?" a tall gentleman stepped out of the inner office.

Walter in looking at the gentleman's face, thought to see all he had longed to find since his father's death—a kind heart and upright mind.

The gentleman looked at Walter, and enquired somewhat sharply who he was.

Walter quickly produced his letter, relating hastily and with faltering voice that his father had sent this last salutation to the merchant from his death-bed.

A kind smile passed over the merchant's features, as he opened and read the letter.

"I would like to do as your father asks," said the merchant musingly, "but I scarcely think there is a vacancy for you. You have no friends, I understand."

"None, sir."

"You are well educated?" continued Mr. Vandyeke.

"Fairly so, sir."

"Hum! Mr. Thompson," said the merchant to his cashier, "can we find room for this young man?"

Mr. Thompson gazed at our hero from head to foot, and Walter's eyes met his beseechingly.

"Yes, Mr. Vandyeke," said he, "the young man can make himself useful in many ways if he is willing and able."

Walter was overjoyed.

"You may find older, but not more willing boys than myself," said he.

"That I will vouch for," said Mr. Vandyeke with a smile. "Mr. Thompson will give you necessary information. You are doubtless tired after your journey."

Mr. Thompson led our hero to the back part of the building, and after ascending three flights of steps, showed Walter into a room, which would be his future abode, as all the employees of the firm lived on the premises. Mr. Thompson further informed Walter that it was the custom for a new comer to pay his respects to his future colleagues on arriving, but that as there was to be a general meeting that evening, he might be present on the occasion. However, as one of their number would be unavoidably absent he might call at this individual's room now.

"Evening dress," continued Mr. Thompson solemnly, "was not indispensable."

Walter being directed to the room of the absentee, was about to knock at the door, when it was opened by a slender, handsome youth of striking appearance. He wore top boots, and held a riding whip jauntily in his hand.

"Why do you lead this gentleman about by a lady?" asked the young man of Walter's conductor.

Mr. Thompson avoided a direct reply, gravely introducing the new junior clerk, Hubbard, to Mr. Ralph Clifton, son of the great firm of Clifton & Co., London.

"Heir to the largest store of train oil in the world, and so forth," interrupted Clifton—"much pleasure. You, Mr. Junior, are doubtless related to the father of that Hubbard of nursery renown. Thompson, hand me twenty dollars. I want to pay my groom."

Without any hesitation, the cashier took a bill from his pocket-book, and handed it to the youth, who crumpled it up, and carelessly put it into his waistcoat pocket.

"If you came to pay me a visit," said Clifton to Walter, "as from your solemn faces I conclude you did, I will consider it as paid, and give you a hearty blessing on becoming one of us."

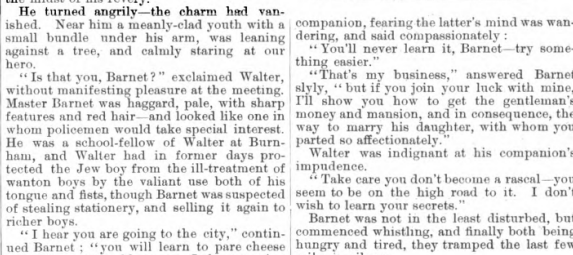
Then nodding, he walked off, his boots and spurs clattering as he went.

"Clifton belongs only partially to our office," said Mr. Thompson to Walter; "he was sent here by his father from England to be restored to his senses."

"Has he lost them?" inquired Walter with curiosity.

"He's only a little wild and cranky," said the cashier, "otherwise a fine fellow with plenty of money."

Walter was that evening introduced to the other young men connected with the firm, with all of whom he got on very well, except with the book-keeper, Mr. Hiram Beadle, who lost his opportunity of twitting our hero in the course of conversation, and with whom Walter felt he would have trouble. This Beadle was a swarthy, ugly young man, probably envious of young Walter's good looks, and suc-



### CHAPTER II.

The sun had set when the two travelers reached the great city.

"Now," said Walter to his companion, "all I wish you to do for me before parting is to show me the way to Broad Street. You have been here before."

Barnet pointed out the direction, and concluded, "If you ever care to see me, ask at Solomon's, Baxter Street. Good evening."

He then sauntered away. Walter, besides a few dollars, had a letter written by his father addressed to the firm of



A LESSON FOR ALL.

BY FRANCIS D. GADE.

"...and my husband's shirt," said she, with a motion of the hand. As over the linen the metal gleam. While the love light swept her face. Little she thought how those simple words stirred within me the love of old. How the pain shot through me to think of them. So long in their graves so cold. That bosom so white, that earnest care. That never a crumple or seam. Should mark the linen to her so fair. Was to me like an old-time dream. Ah! many's the time, in days gone by. As with weary me the love of old. I have wished there were not so many to call For a wife's or a mother's love. And often I said, as the sun sank low. "Oh, I'm glad my work is done. So many, so many!" Alas! poor hands! They have now not even one. Ah, wives, be patient, and mothers, be strong For the toll that comes to-day: The easier far for the heart to bear, Than to have them far away!

HELPING HIMSELF;

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

AFTER a while Grant learned the particulars about Herbert's disappearance. He had gone out to play in the street about three o'clock in the afternoon. Generally he waited for Grant to return home, but during his absence he had to find other companions. When his father returned home, he inquired of the housekeeper, "Where is Herbert?" "He went out to play," said Mrs. Estabrook indifferently. "In the street?" "I believe so." "He ought to be in by this time." "Probably he went to walk with some of his companions. As he had no watch he might not know that it was so late." This seemed very plausible to Mr. Reynolds. "Yes," he said, "Herbert seems lost without Grant. He will be glad to see him back." To this Mrs. Estabrook did not reply. She had learned to her cost that it would not be politic to speak against Grant, and she was not disposed to praise him. She seldom mentioned him at all. The dinner-bell rang, and still Herbert had not returned. His father began to feel anxious. "It is strange that Herbert remains so long away," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if he had gone to Central Park, or on some excursion," returned the housekeeper calmly. "You think there is nothing wrong?" asked the broker anxiously. "How could there be here, sir?" answered Mrs. Estabrook with unruffled demeanor. This answer helped to calm Mr. Reynolds, who ordered dinner delayed half an hour. When, however, an hour—two hours—passed, and the little boy still remained absent, the father's anxiety became insupportable. He merely tasted a few spoonfuls of soup, and found it impossible to eat more. The housekeeper, on the contrary, seemed quite unconcerned, and showed her usual appetite. "I am seriously anxious, Mrs. Estabrook," said the broker. "I will take my hat and go out to see if I can gain any information. Should Herbert return while I am away, give him my supper, and, if he is tired, let him go to bed, just finding out why he was out so late." "Very well, sir." When Mr. Reynolds had left the house, a singular expression of gratified malice swept over the housekeeper's face. "It is a just retribution," she murmured. "He condemned and discharged my step-son for the sin of another. Now it is his own heart that bleeds." Only a few steps from his own door the broker met a boy two years older than Herbert, with whom the latter sometimes played. "Harvey," he said, "Have you seen Herbert this afternoon?" "Yes, sir, I saw him about three o'clock." "Where?" asked the broker anxiously. "Just round the corner of the block," answered Harvey Morrison. "Was he alone?" "No, there was a young man with him, about twenty I should think."

"A young man! Was it one you ever saw before?" "No, sir." "What was his appearance?" Harvey described Herbert's companion as well as he could, but the anxious father did not recognize the description. "Did you speak to Herbert? Did you ask where he was going?" "Yes, sir. He told me that you had sent for him to go on an excursion." "Did he say that?" asked the father, startled. "Yes, sir." "Then there is some mischief afoot. I never sent for him," said the agitated father. Mr. Reynolds requested Harvey to accompany him to the nearest police-station, and relate all that he knew to the officer in charge, that the police might be put on the track. He asked himself in vain what object any one could have in spiriting away the boy, but no probable explanation occurred to him. On his return to the house he communicated to the housekeeper what he had learned. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "It may only be a practical joke," answered the housekeeper calmly. "Heaven grant it may be nothing more, but I fear it is something far more serious." "I dare say it's only a boy's lark, Mr. Reynolds." "But you forget—it was a young man who was seen in his company." "I really don't know what to think of it, then. I don't believe the boy will come to any harm." Little sleep visited the broker's pillow that night, but the housekeeper looked fresh and cheerful in the morning. "Has the woman no feeling?" thought the anxious father, as he watched the tranquil countenance of the woman who for five years had been in charge of his house. When she was left alone in the house, Mrs. Estabrook took from her work-basket a letter bearing date a month previous, and read slowly the following paragraph: "I have never forgotten the wrong done me by Mr. Reynolds. He discharged me summarily from his employment, and declined to give me a recommendation which would secure me a place elsewhere. I swore at the time that I would get even with him, and I have never changed my resolution. I shall not tell you what I propose to do. It is better that you should not know. But some day you will hear something that will surprise you. When that time comes, if you suspect anything, say nothing. Let matters take their course." This letter was signed by Willis Ford.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WESTERN CABIN.

"Abner!" The speaker was a tall, gaunt woman, in a loose faded calico dress, and she stood at the door of a cabin in a Western clearing. "What yer want?" came as a reply from a tall, unyielding looking boy in overalls, who was sitting on a log in the yard. "I want you to split some wood for the stove." "I'm tired," drawled the boy. "I'll tire you," said the mother, sharply, "you tall, lazy, good-for-nothing drone! Here I've been up since five o'clock slavin' for you and your drunken father. Where's he gone?" "To the village, I reckon." "To the tavern, I reckon. It's there he spends all the money he gets hold of; he never gives me a cent. This is the only grog I've got except an old alpaaca. Much he cares!" "It isn't my fault, is it?" asked the boy, indifferently. "You're a follerin' in his steps. You'll be just another Joel Barton—just as shiftless and lazy. Just split me some wood before I get hold of yer." Abner rose slowly, went to the shed for an axe, and in the most deliberate manner possible began to obey his mother's commands. The cabin occupied by Abner and his parents was far from being a palace. It contained four rooms, but the furniture was of the most primitive description. Joel Barton, the nominal head of the family, was the possessor of eighty acres of land from which he might have obtained a comfortable living, for the soil was productive, but he was lazy,

shiftless and intemperate as his wife had described him. Had he been as active and energetic as she was, he might have been in very different circumstances. It is no wonder that the poor woman was fretted and irritated almost beyond endurance, seeing how all her industry was neutralized by her husband's habits. Abner took after his father, though he had not yet developed a taste for drink, and was perfectly contented with their poor way of living as long as he was not compelled to work hard. What little was required of him he would shirk if he possibly could. This cabin was situated about a mile from the little village which had gathered round the depot. The name of the township was Scipio, though it is doubtful if one in fifty of the inhabitants knew after whom it was named. In fact the name was given by a schoolmaster who had acquired some rudiments of classical learning at a country academy. To the depot we must next transport the reader, on the arrival of the morning train from Chicago. But two passengers got out. One of them was a young man under twenty. The other was a boy apparently about ten years of age, whom he held firmly by the hand. He was a delicate looking boy, and though he was dressed in a coarse, ill-fitting suit, he had an appearance of refinement and gentle nurture, as if he had been brought up in a luxurious home. He looked sad and anxious, and the glance he fixed on his companion indicated that he held him in fear. "Where are you going," he asked, timidly, looking about him apprehensively. "You'll know soon enough," was the rough reply. "When are you going to take me home, Mr. Ford?" asked the boy, in a pleading tone. "Don't trouble yourself about that." "Papa will be so anxious about me—papa and Grant." The young man's brow contracted. "Don't mention the name of that boy! I hate him!" "He was always good to me. I liked so much to be with him." "He did all he could to injure me. I swore to be even with him, and I will." "But I have never injured you, Mr. Ford." "How could you—a baby like you?" said Ford, contemptuously. "They why did you take me from home, and make me so unhappy?" "Because it was the only way in which I could strike a blow at your father and Grant Thornton. When your father dismissed me without a recommendation, not caring whether I starved or not, he made me his enemy." "But he wouldn't if you hadn't—" "Hadm't what?" demanded Ford, sternly. "Taken Mrs. Estabrook's bonds." "Dare to say that again, and I will beat you!" said Willis Ford, brutally. Herbert trembled, for he had a timid nature and an exquisite susceptibility to pain. "I didn't mean to offend you," he said. "You'd better not. Wait here a minute, while I look round for some one of whom I can make inquiries. Here, sit down on that settee, and mind you don't stir till I come back. Will you obey me?" "Yes," answered the boy, submissively.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HIDE TO BARTONS.

WILLIS FORD went to the station-master, who stood at the door with a cheap cigar in his mouth. "Is there a man named Joel Barton living hereabouts?" he asked. The station-master took his cigar from his mouth, and surveyed his questioner with some curiosity. "Does he owe you money?" he inquired. "No," answered Ford, impatiently. "Will you answer my question?" "You needn't be in such a pesky hurry," drawled the station-master. "Yes, he lives up the road a piece." "How far is a piece?" "Well, maybe a mile." "Straight on?" "Yes." "Is there any way of riding?" "Well, stranger, I've got a team myself. Is that boy with you?" "Yes." "I'll take you over for half a dollar."

"Can you go at once?" "Yes." "Then it's a bargain." The station-master, whose house was only three minutes' walk away, appeared in a reasonable time with a farm wagon, drawn by an old horse that had seen better days, it is to be hoped, for he was a miserable looking mare. "Jump in, Herbert," said Ford. The boy obeyed, and sat on the front seat between the driver and his abductor. "I suppose the horse is warranted not to run away," said Ford, regarding the animal with a smile. "He ran away with me once," was the unexpected answer. "When was that?" "Bout fifteen years ago," replied the driver, with grim humor. "I reckon he's steadied down by this time." "It looks like it," said Ford. "Know Joel Barton?" asked the station-master, after a pause. "I saw him once when I was a boy." "Any relation?" "He married a cousin of my step-mother. What sort of man is he?" "He's a no-account man—shiftless, lazy, drinks." "That agrees with what I have heard—How about his wife?" "She's smart enough. If he was like her they'd live comfortably. She has a hard time with him and Abner—Abner's her son, and just like his father, only doesn't drink—yet. Likes as not he will when he gets older." Willis Ford was not the only listener to this colloquy. Herbert paid attention to every word, and in the poor boy's mind there was the uncomfortable query, "Why are we going to these people?" He would know soon enough, probably, but he had a presentiment of trouble. "Yes," continued the station-master, "Mrs. Barton has a hard row to hoe, but she's a match for Joel." "What do you mean by that?" "She's got a temper of her own, and she can talk a man deaf, dumb and blind. She gives Barton a piece of her mind whenever he comes home full." "She ought to have that satisfaction. From what you tell me I don't feel very proud of my unknown relatives." "Goin' to stay there any length of time?" "I don't know my own plans yet," answered Willis Ford, with a glance at the boy. He foresaw a scene when he announced his purpose to leave Herbert in this unpromising place, but he did not wish to anticipate it. "I suppose Barton is a farmer," he suggested. "He pretends to be, but his farm doesn't pay much." "What supports them?" "His wife takes in work from the tailors in the village. Then they've got a cow, and she makes butter. As for Joel, he brings in precious little money. He might pick up a few dollars hirin' out by the day, if he wasn't so lazy. I had a job for him myself one day, but he knocked off at noon—said he was tuckered out, and wanted me to pay him for that half day's work. He won't amount where the money would go, so I told him I wouldn't pay him unless he worked till sunset." "Did he do it?" "Yes, he did; but he grumbled a good deal. When he got his pay he went over to Thornton's place, and he didn't leave it till all the money was spent. When his wife heard of it she was mad, and I expect she gave Joel a taste of the broom-handle." "I wouldn't blame her much." "Nor I. But here we are. Yonder's Barton's house. Will you get out?" "Yes." Abner, who was sitting on a stump, no sooner saw the team stop than he ran into the house, in some excitement, to tell the news. "Marm," he said, "there's a team stopped, and there's a man and boy gittin' out, s'pect they're comin' here." "Lord's sake, who be they?" "Dunno." "Well, go out and tell 'em I'll see 'em in a minute." Abner met them in front of the house. "Are you Joel Barton's son?" asked Ford. "That's what the old man says," returned Abner, with a grin. "Is your mother at home?" "Marm will be right out. She's sickin' up." "Who be you?" "Who's he?" "Is your son?" "No," answered Herbert, promptly. Willis Ford turned upon his young ward with a frown. He understood the boy's tone. "It will be time to speak when you're spoken to," he said, sharply. "Here's marm," said Abner, as his mother's tall figure appeared in the doorway. (To be continued.)

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THE EXPENSE OF MONARCHIES. THE ENORMOUS COST OF SUPPORTING THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF EUROPE. In this country we run our government very much as the best business firms conduct their enterprises...

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Here end the chronicles of William Sherman's early struggles. What follows, ah! pen has recorded; soldiers attest his patience, his perseverance, his noble self-subordination...

I never deemed it important to stay long with Sherman.

Implicit confidence! He knew what his duty was and he performed it.

The only command of one of England's great generals as he addressed his soldiers before a terrible battle was: "England expects every man to do his duty."

General Sherman now enjoys the rest he so abundantly merits. He lies quietly in Louisville, Kentucky.

When time shall have mellowed our history, and the light of civilization shall have penetrated every forest and illumined every land, then...

Divine Aid. Ours alone can ne'er prevail To reach the distant coast; The breath of heaven must swell the sail Or all the toil is lost.

The Funny Side. The Masonic order—Mum's the word. After all, the bean pole is more useful than the corn pole.

When a couple are making love by moonlight their feeling is one of in-fine-night bliss.

Do you wish for green tea or black? asked the clerk at S. P. Pierce's grocery store.

My son, why is it that you are always behindhand with your studies?

Little boy: "How old are you, pa?" Father: "I will be forty-seven on my birthday."

An Arizona paper of recent date contains the following personal paragraph: "Larry Guberghiste, the popular and gentlemanly baker of Sun-sum, departed for the great majority yesterday."

Where did you see him, my darling? queried the mother. "Oh, I saw the tip of his tail hanging over the eaves."

Genius does not live by bread alone. The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

To quarrel with a superior is injurious; with an equal is doubtful; with an inferior, scornful and base; with any, full of unquietness.—J. Hall.

They who have experienced sorrow are the most capable of appreciating joy; so that those only who have been sick, feel the full value of health.

Do not deceive yourself into saying that some little indulgence is so small that it can do you no harm.

Our Lord God is like a printer who sets the letters backwards. We see and read him set in type well, but we cannot read them. When they are printed upright, in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straightforward. Meantime we must have patience.—Luther.



ONLY THE BLOSSOMS.

ALL that I dreamed of life's consummate bliss I have obtained, and yet I seem unblest. Success has changed endeavor to unrest; Content were dullness; and I deeply miss. Despite the life engrossing joy that is, The mighty magic of the unpossessed. Aglow no longer with my hope, life's best Beyonds the shadow of a Nemesis.

"Whence can this be?" I only murmured, lying "Near blooming tangles, where, though irresponsible, Vague breezes stirred as if in sad dispute; And memory came and piteous self-decrying And then a sudden crackle, replying, "Who plucks the blossoms must forego the fruit."

A HUNT IN ASSAM.

BY CAPT. CHARLES H. RIVERS.

HINDOOSTAN is a country where the wild beast is lord of the soil—or where at least he has his "reservation," and is much more independent upon it than any American Indian is upon his. The tiger of the jungle is the big cat, and man the mouse.

At first thought it would seem almost incredible that more than twenty thousand people should yearly fall victims to quadrupeds and serpents in any one region upon the whole face of the earth; yet it is indisputable that such is the case in British India.

When, however, we consider the vast extent of the country, the extreme wildness of the greater portion of it, and what swarms of human beings have their homes by its tangled forests, our surprise is lessened.

The population is one hundred and ninety-eight millions; and from this the tiger, the cobra and other beasts and reptiles claim their tribute.

The crocodile lies in wait by river banks, ready to snap up the Hindoo children who may venture too near; while the python may at any moment throw his ugly coils from some thick-leaved tree upon the incautions passer beneath.

Not many of the inhabitants are killed by elephants, they being dangerous chiefly to hunters, who find that the great beast, when aroused, is not always careful to put down his big foot harmlessly. And what a foot to tread on one's toes! What a pair of ivory tongues to lift one into the air!

About five years, ago, while making a brief sojourn in India, I went up from the city of Dacca, on the Brahmaputra, to visit a missionary friend of mine whose field of labor lay in Assam, which constitutes the easternmost portion of Hindoostan.

I had known Edward Read at home, where we had been schoolmates together, but since then our paths had greatly diverged, and little indeed had I ever expected to meet him in these Asiatic wilds.

He was always a sober, thoughtful boy, and had finally become a missionary from principle, inspired as he was with an earnest desire to benefit the benighted races of the East.

My friend, still quite young, welcomed me with open arms, and I in my turn called him "Ed," just as I had done in the old school-days. To me he was neither minister nor missionary, but simple Ed Read, and it was plain that he loved to be so recognized.

With what animation he introduced me to his wife and three little girls, as if my coming revived all the dear recollections of home—fairly dragging me into his airy bungalow, as if afraid I might vanish as mysteriously as I had appeared.

The days I passed beneath the mission roof were among the happiest of my life. There was an unspeakable pleasure in such reunions. Mrs. Read, a true lady, felt all her husband's love for her native land; and even the little girls, though born thousands of miles from the United States, which they had never seen, appeared to feel that I had brought to their Indian home the very atmosphere of that wonderful America of which their parents had told them.

"Do you ever hunt?" I asked of Ed. "I should think the vicinity of the jungles would sometimes tempt you."

"No," he replied; "I have little time for

hunting, and besides, as you may remember, my inclinations never ran much in that way."

"But there must be game, and large game, too, in this neighborhood," I said.

"Oh yes; larger than I have any wish to meet. It is not long since a whole troop of elephants came tramping at full charge right in among the bungalows only a quarter of a mile from here, killing a number of the villagers. The animals had been chased by hunters till they became reckless."

"And is it true," I asked, "that there are vicious or mad elephants, that attack people without provocation?"

"Yes, certainly; and I believe they are not very uncommon. Why, it is only a few days since one of my people was treed by an elephant of this kind, and kept prisoner all night. I have heard of this animal several times, or one that I suppose to be the same. He is said to be a monstrous fellow, and probably his age has something to do with his viciousness."

My friend's description of the surroundings was very interesting to me; for I had come prepared with dogs and gun, and felt glad to

which I felt completely ready for the apparition of the yellow head and short ears, as I fancied they would look, in some deep cover of leaves or cluster of tall reeds.

But it must have been a poor day for tigers. The dogs sniffed and bristled at some broad tracks in the bed of a dried stream, but this was all. We could not rouse the tawny creature that made them; and I am wondering even now whether I felt sorry or glad that we were unable to find him.

The elephants also had apparently taken themselves "to fresh fields and pastures new," for I was unable to detect even a trace of them; so that upon the whole, though I made a few lucky shots at inferior game, I could not help feeling a strong sense of disappointment.

Turning homeward through the alternations of wood and open glade, I presently became confused, and checking my horse upon a piece of gently rising ground, sat gazing about me in doubt as to the proper course.

Close upon my left hand was a deep thicket, and into this the dogs ran as if they scented game.

utes had elapsed when we shot through a line of brushwood, I saw close before me the little cluster of buildings at the mission.

The horse made directly for them. Was I bringing destruction upon my defenceless friends? This was my thought as the position of things was revealed to me.

I wheeled in my saddle and tried a hasty shot in very despair. But at that instant the long branches of a tree under which the horse passed threw me from my balance, and I fell at full length upon the ground.

The elephant's feet almost brushed against me as he passed; but paying not the slightest attention to his human enemy, he continued his pursuit of the horse, which fled for shelter to the mission buildings and disappeared behind them.

I saw some of the frightened scholars trying to escape from the school-house, but the elephant was instantly upon them, and they retreated within. Doubtless my friend was there with his family, and the danger to all was fearful.

The elephant having lost sight of the horse, now attacked the school-house in a very systematic manner. He seemed in no great hurry, but set himself at work with the utmost deliberation to demolish the long, low thatched structure of bamboo.

Something must be done, and that right away. Making a small circuit, I ran around to the farther side of the building, and climbing in at a window, felt that at least one point in the way of strategy had been gained.

Had the beast shown more directness of purpose, he must easily have torn his way through. But his movements were peculiar. After tearing out a piece of the bamboo, he would lay it down beside him as carefully as any carpenter might have done. And then, too, he amused himself a great deal with the thatch on the roof—taking up parcel after parcel and hurling it through the air, as a boy in haying time shakes out a forkful of new-mown grass.

Meanwhile the Hindoo children were screaming frantically, and Mrs. Read stood pale and trembling with her three little girls all clasped at once in her arms.

My rifle being a breech-loader, I was enabled to fire very rapidly; but it alarmed me to see that with the very first shot the elephant's comparative moderation changed to fury, and he began to tear away the side of the building as he had not done before.

"We must retreat while we will be possible to get out without attracting his notice."

He was upon the point of carrying the proposition into effect—gathering his wife and little girls about him, and telling the native children what to do in the case—when I perceived that the beast staggered.

His head was now fairly within the building, and it was the question of but a single moment as to whether the whole huge body would come crashing through, or fall helplessly back upon its haunches.

The effect of so many bullets was beginning to tell upon him; his efforts relaxed; his hinder parts awayed to and fro, settling gradually. He sat down, as a great dog might have done, or as a horse sometimes does in harness; then with a prodigious thud fell over upon his side.

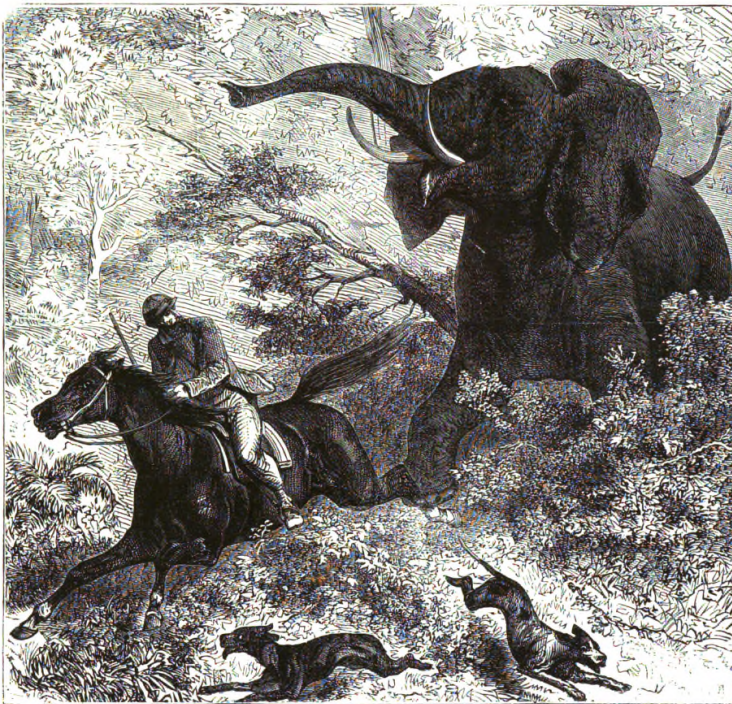
I think he was dead before we had time to take a fair look at him where he lay.

Edward Read, with the little ones standing about him, thanked Heaven for the great deliverance. For my own part, had any one been injured I must always have looked upon myself as in a great measure responsible for the calamity, and hence my relief was extreme.

We found my horse safe and sound, though his coal-black hide was covered with a white foam from his exertions and his terror.

The elephant's mountainous body was removed piece by piece by a little army of Hindoos, who buried it in an adjacent field.

One of the tusks I brought with me to the United States, while the other remains in possession of my friend Read, who is still at the little mission on the Brahmaputra, which, however, has never since been besieged by an elephant.



"BESIDES, THERE WAS NOT AN INSTANT TO LOSE, FOR THE LIFTED TRUNK WAS ALMOST OVER MY HEAD."

learn that my anticipations in the way of hunting were not likely to be disappointed. "The horse on which I had come up from Dacca was a fine one, and my two dogs, a couple of sleek animals with tails like marline-spikes, all that could be wished. At least, I thought so in my simplicity; but in a Hindoo jungle I would not again pin my faith upon any dog less than sixteen feet high!

It was early morning when I started out for my first day's sport.

"Be careful, now, I pray you," said my friend, as I vaulted into the saddle. "We cannot afford to lose you. Remember," he added with a smile, "that you are not shooting ducks from behind a blind by Chesapeake Bay, or chasing loons on Moosehead Lake. Try to bring yourself home whole and hearty, and don't take any needless risks."

It was one of his most busy days, so that he could not accompany me, as otherwise he might have done. The examination of his Hindoo school was to take place in the afternoon, and he had much to do in consequence.

The game I had most in mind was the royal Bengal tiger; and yet I must confess that when once in the jungle, my desire for an encounter with its fiercest denizen lost much of its intensity.

In fact, all alone as I was, in the strange, dark wilderness, there was no one moment in

another moment I heard them barking furiously, and while wondering what they had found, my ears were saluted with a shrill, wild cry which so startled my horse that he reared and snorted as I attempted to hold him.

Then with quick, frightened yelps came the two dogs rushing from the thicket, and close after them a shape that to me seemed as big as a small-sized schoolhouse!

It was the form of a gigantic elephant, with trunk and tail aloft, and a pair of broad ears that seemed to flap like a ship's canvas as he tore through the crashing saplings.

One who has seen elephants only in the menagerie, can have but a faint idea of this wild and furious mammoth, so suddenly rushing from his cover.

My first thought was of my rifle; but the plunging of the frantic horse told me that a fair shot was impossible. Besides, there was not an instant to lose, for the lifted trunk was almost over my head.

I slackened the reins and we sped away. I had always supposed that a horse could outrun an elephant; but now the race seemed doubtful. It was starting to see the swinging strides of those prodigious legs as I looked behind.

The horse took his own course, for, as I have said, I had lost the knowledge of my whereabouts. But not more than three min-

THE DEAR OLD ATTIC.

BY FLEET HENK.

I remember the dear old attic room.
Where I slept when a little boy.
In the farmhouse over beside the hill.
When life was a better and brighter.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

BY FERGICAL STEVENS.

ONE morning early in February, two brothers, by the name of Walter and James Farnsworth, set out for a day's hunt in the forest. They were accounted the best hunters, as well as Indian fighters, that there were in all the Miami country...

which was falling, they had another cause for uneasiness. By the signs which they had seen for an hour past, they knew there were enemies near at hand. Once or twice, in the pursuit of the deer, they had crossed the rocky trail made trail of the savages, and they knew well that if they once got upon their track, to escape would be next to impossible.

"There is but one chance for us, Walter," said James, gazing into his brother's face, "and that is to trust ourselves to one of the floating cakes of ice hoping that it may carry us to the other shore. There is a good one for our purpose passing now. Follow me. It is our only chance."

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

OLD Mr. Collamore is very deaf. The other Sunday, in the midst of the sermon, Mr. Hoff, who sits immediately behind Mr. Collamore, on a spider crawling over the latter's bald head, he said impulsively to nudge him and tell him about it, but he remembered that Mr. Collamore was deaf, so he lifted up his hand and brushed the spider off. Hoff didn't aim quite high enough, and in his nervousness, he hit old Collamore quite a severe blow. The old gentleman turned around in a rage to see who had dared to take such a liberty with him, and Hoff began to explain with gestures.

"What is it?" he asked, starting up and springing to his feet. There are savages about it. They have seen our light, and are about to give us a call. There! Did you not hear them breaking through the snow? "I heard something, but it may be a wild beast or a red skin. But what makes it so light? It can't be morning yet. "No; the moon is up. There! Are those beasts or savages? I can swear that the redskins are upon us, and more than a score in number."

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