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No. 116.

# THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS;

THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS.

BY JOHN GINGOLD.

#### CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

In a corner of the room, a strange-looking little man was about to rise from a straw bed. He had locked up his luggage in the closet about to be broken open, and thought it necessary to remonstrate with the intruder. Barnet endeavored to begin a conversation with the little man—but the latter was not inclined to be aniable, and merely said:

"I will speak to you in the morning, master Cohn."

"I will speak to you in the monthers straw bed, wondering how his companion came to know his name. So great was his curiosity, indeed, that he was about to rise and examine the stranger's features at close quarters, when the landlord came in, put out the light, and as he left the room, locked the door from without. Barnet, now in the dark, took a piece of dry bread from his pocket, and having staten it, foll asleep, covered with his old packet—in spite of the snoring of his companion.

jacket—in spite of the snoring of his companion.

Walter found it difficult at first to familiarize himself with the new world into which he had been transplanted. Mr. Beadle, the bookkeeper, continued his system of annoyance even during the working hours, while Ralph Clifton, who did just as he pleased, addressed Walter as though the latter were his servant. This, however, may have been Clifton's general manner, for our hero observed that the English had treated customers in a haughty way, and on one-occasion bothered a Mr. Solomons, of Baxter Street, who had dealings with the firm, till the Hebrew gantleman was almost beside himself—while Clifton watched the gestures of the excited desler with the same kind of interest that a student regards the galvanic spasms of a frog. As already stated, all unmarried clerks lived the house the general custom some thirty and the house the general custom some thirty because the general custom some thirty because the general custom some thirty of the house of a house, and was a beautiful girl. She treated Walter with special kindness, which caused bookkeeper Beadle to glare at our hero, and plan further mischief. Only one person seemed quite at ease during the meals, beside Mr. Vandyke and his daughter. This was Clifton. While the others talked little and in a low tone of voice, he joked, imitated other persons' voices and manners to perfection. His conversation was full of stringing arreasm, and his manner could not have been more overbearing and lordly had the table been set only for his own indulgence. Walter perceived that the merchant treated Clifton coolly, and also that Clifton leaked him, as the two met on the

"Well, how do you like this shanty?" Clifton asked him, as the two met on the

stairs.
"Everything pleases me," replied Walter,
as became a well-conditioned youth.
"Ah," said Cilton, laughing, "you are one
of the minor wheels in the machine, and you
will be expected to turn round regularly the
whole year."

of the minor wheels in the machine, and you will be expected to turn round regularly the whole year."

"I know I must work steadily to obtain Mr. Vandyke's confidence," answered Walter. "A truly meritorious remark, "said Clifton, sneeringly. "In a few weeks, my poor boy, you will observe the enormous difference betweether with the letters and do his trulow," the work of the w

"May I ask how your pony is?" asked Wal-

"May I ask how your pony is to asked what the respectfully.
"Only think, I was obliged to leave him at home," rejoined the girl in a tone of sorrow.
"And what are you doing here?"
"Oh, I was lucky enough to get a position in a Mr. Vandyke's office."
"A merchant?" said she, "What business does the house carry on?"
"It deals in colonial goods, and is the largest firm in that line," answered Walter, with an air of importance.
"Are they nice people?"
"My employer is very kind to me," replied Walter.

"May employer is ver. Walter.
"Have you any ac-quaintances whom you can visit in the city?" continued the young lady. But even if I did I could hardly find time to visit, as I am occupied all day, and my evenings are devoted to study."

evenings are devoted to study."

"Indeed, you look pale." said the girl, kindly; "you ought to have more exercise, and take long walks. It has given me great pleas-ure to see you, and I shall always be glad to





hear you are well. I must hurry on now, so farewell."

Some days after, when the young ladys mother inquired of some one the best warehouse in the city for certain household provisions, the girl looked up from her book and said:

"Yamdyke's is the largest firm in the line."

"One was the constant of the constant of the largest firm in the line."

"One afternoon, when we's asked her father, laughing. "You speak like an experienced mouth."

"One afternoon, when the office was looking very dull and uncomfortable, when everybody that entered brought along a cloud of damp, foggy air, Mr. Thompson, the cashier, chanced at once. As Walter approached the cashier's desk to receive necessary instructions, Clifton looked up from his writing, and said to Mr. Thompson: "Sead the cub at the same time to the gummaker's, and let him bring back my gum—it will do his shoulders good to Try it."

"On not send me there, as I will not bring back my gum—it will do his shoulders good to the cashier; and the cub at the same time to the cashier; and the cub at the same time to the cashier, shall be prepared to give Mr. Clifton any satisficion he may desire."

"The not send me there, as I will not bring back the gum."

"Tindeed, my young bantam, and why not?" asked Clifton, surprised."

"I am not your servant," answered Walter, "I am not your servant," answered Walte

just taken place had undoubtedly put a wide gulf between them; and Walter, knowing Clitton's high spirit, wondered what would happen next.

Having delivered the message entrusted to him, Walter, on his return, met Miss Dorothy Vandyke at the door of her father's house about to step into their carriage. Walter politely helped the young lady, who looked inquiringly at his disturbed countenance.

"What is the matter with you, Walter?" she asked gently.

"O, nothing of importance," answered he with quivering lips,
Dorothy looked at him silently, and as the carriage drove off wondered what could so trouble the new jumior clerk.
On returning to the office he found Clitton absent, and having reported the result of his errand, worked on silently until it was time translations of the other employee discussing the trouble.

"You were a triffe baste," asid Mr. Thomps.

several of the other employes discussing the trouble.

"You were a trifle hasty," said Mr. Thompson, smilling at our hero. "I can't say what the result may be. Clifton is not the lad to suffer without retaliation."

"I will bear all consequences, and shall know how to defend myself if necessary; but don't you think I was in the right?" asked Walter.

Walter.

"He certainly had no right to order you about on private business," said Griggs, the correspondent. "You are a good fellow, Hubbard, and, moreover, a plucky one." "Clifton is a clever sparrer," said Hiram Beadle, "and he looked very black, and muttered on leaving the office."

"I don't suppose he's as malicious as you would like him to be, Mr. Beadle," cried Walter with heat.

"I don't suppose he's as malicious as you would like him to be, Mr. Beadle," cried Walter with heat.
"Now don't get excited, my dear boy," said Thompson, in a soothing tone, "I'll see Citron and sarrange the matter, if the control of the control

book.
"Now don't play the bold man," said Griggs, drily, walking away, "the character doesn't suit you."
Mr. Thompson had gone down stairs to intervise Clifton, but soon returned. Clifton was not in. He was probably carousing somewhere, in his wild fashion.

#### CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

Meanwhile the mischievous Mr. Beadle noised abroad that Walter had struck Clifton, and that the latter would take early revenge. Even Miss Dorothy heard of it.

"Who told you?" asked Dorothy of the servant who breathlessly related the incident. The servant who breathlessly related the incident. The servant who breathlessly related the girl. "It am afraid the matter has been dead. You know Mr. Clifton's character."

Dorothy sighed. So that was the cause of poor Hubbard's depression this noon. She had often admired the handsome, eccentric Clifton, but feared his wild nature would not scruple at terrible retailation.

"Has my father come back?"

"No, miss," replied the servant, "nor will he be home till late—he's at a meeting."

"It is an all night affair," said Dorothy. "On ont mention this matter to any one."

Walter had remained the evening in his

"Do not mention this matter to any one."

Walter had remained the evening in his room, walking to and fro in great agitation. He was on the point of undressing, when he heard a loud knock at the door, and the very person whom of all mortals he lesst expected to see, entered—Ralph Clifton, with his whip, and habitual careless bearing, and the set of the control of

"Now listen," continued Clifton. "I have no mind to fight you, and wish you to under stand that I admire your spirit for knocking me down. I have thought the matter over,

and think I would have acted similarly in your position. Pray forget our squabble; and," continued Clifton, stretching out his hand good naturedly, "shake hands with

hand good naturedly, "shake hands with me."
"With pleasure," replied Walter, astoriahed at the turn of events.
"Don't think me a coward," said Chitchn, "but one who recognizes pluck. Good night. You'll hear more to-morrow."
Then taking his whip Clifton nodded, and walked off, his spurs rattling as he went.
Walter, to tell the truth, was so pleased at this peaceable result, that he could not sleep for a long time that night. He had gained the friendship of one he had, and fell asleep wondering what the next day would bring forth.

#### CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Barnet swoke the following morning, he found his companion had left the room and the house—nor could he discover, in spite of all his inquiries, who the stranger was that had addressed him by his name. As time passed he worked hard, and thoroughly learned the value of old clothes, and merchandise of all kinds. He allowed himself no time for enjoyment—his only recreation being counting on his fingers the bargains he had made, and reckoning his gains. He soon became an indispensable factor of Solomon's brainess. He still eleaned boots, and ate in the kitchen, but it was evident he would climb to the desk and leather than the which Mr. Solomons. Barnet soon discovered sake of appearance in the substitution of the being as innocent as a child of the mysteries of bookkeeping and commercial correspondence. This ignorance oppressed him extensely.

there was a deficiency in his education, he being as innocent as a child of the mysteries of bookkeeping and commercial correspondance. This ignorance oppressed him extremely.

At the boarding house where he resided, Barnet had become a person of some consideration; for its off in the back of a cupboard to the constance of the

he trembled. Becovering mineel, nowever,
Barnet said:
"Mr. Rathbone, I desire to earn my living
honestly, and seeing you can write well,
would like to know whether, for a moderate
renumeration, you would give me instruction
in writing and bookkeeping. I am only a beginner, and not able to give much."
"Who gives little, gets little, my dea
boy," said Mr. Rathbone. "Good teaching
costs good money. And what is your business?"

boy," said Mr. Rathbone. "Good teaching costs good money. And what is your businesses good money. And what is your businesses good money. And what is your businesses with complacency.

Mr. Rathbone seemed glad to hear this.
"Well," said he, at length, "in consideration of your being a beginner, and poor, and of my having leisure, and upon condition you pay me iffy dollars!" and the properties of the prope

Barnet stood disconcerted for a few

Barnet stood assoncerted for a few mo-ments, but at last determined upon obtaining some information about Rathboue.

"And so he refused to give you instructions gratis," said the landlord to Barnet, when the latter applied to him. "Fifty dollars is a "And so users greats," said the landlord to manue, latter applied to him. "Fifty dollars is a great deal of money—but many a rich man would give a hundred, nay, a thousand times as much to know what he knows—that I can tell you. He can show you the road

Barnet heard a little more, and became, ware he had arrived at the decisive moment of his life. He returned to the room, and ound Mr. Rathbone still sitting in a corner, canning documents, with a candle light at

seanning documents, with a candle light sit his side.

Barnet had multiplied his small capital, and was worth about sixty or seventy dollars. He put his hand in his pocket, laid hold of his old pocket book, and held it for a moment in his trembling hand. In that moment—and ti was only a moment—what wild and painful feelings passed through his mind to start with six dollars. He saw her before mother, who had sold her all to enable his ot start with six dollars. He saw her before his six dollars. He saw her before his his six dollars. He saw her before his his six dollars. He saw her before his his six dollars, he had her had said his six dollars. He saw her before him his white beaded father, lying on his death-bed, with his white bead hanging down over his emaciated body—and Barnet took a deep breath. But he also thought of the fifty dollars, how much trouble it had given him to earn it, how often he had been tannet about it and threatened with a beat-ing for his importunity to do business.

As this last thought crossed his mind, he drew the pocket book violently out of his pocket, flung it on the table, placed his elenhed fist tupon it, and oried out: "There is the money. Teach me!"

Some hours later the candle burned deep in its socket, and cast a lurid glare over the desolate room. Barnet was still sitting, listening with open mouth, flushed cheeks and guistening eyes to the teaching of Rathbone, feeling he was doing wrong, and that he was taying a heavy load on his conscience; yet still he was resolved.

(To be continued.) nce. rnet had multiplied his small capital,

#### HOW HE GAINED THE CROSS

DURING the time when the French, in their ther recently acquired colony of Algeria, were still ac-tively engaged in the task of reducing to obedience certain Arab chiefs who had refused to submit to their rule, the following act of remarkable courage and self-devotion on the part of a young sergeant of Zouaves was related.

of Zouaves was related.

A considerable force had been ordered to march against a fort, in which one of the rebellions chiefs had shut himself up, proudly bidding defiance to the French authorities. It being important to surprise the enemy, the start was made at sunset, and the place fully invested by daylight following. As it was expressed that meanly a villear with numbers. it was expected that merely a village with perhaps loop-holed walls would be found, considerable surtoop-holed walls would be found, considerable sur-prise was occasioned when it was discovered that the place to be attacked was a town of considerable size, with strong mud walls, and outworks to de-fend the angles. The Arabs, however, appear to resemble Asiatics in some points; one of which is that they invariable overlook some weak point in the construction of their forts. With a soldier's eye, the general commanding at once saw that the seizure of a hill in the immediate vicinity of the would give him the command of the whole
Immediately after the men had breakfasted an assault was therefore ordered on this hill, which was speedily carried by a coup de main; but those of the enemy who defended it managed to make good their retreat into the town. Seeing too late the intentions of the French, the Arab chief came out to give them battle, and, owing to the greater part of their troops being engaged in watching the other side of the town, the general having only some three hundred men in possession of the hill, the French were both outflanked and outnumbered. They, however, stood their ground well and fought

the French were both outflanked and outnumbered. They, however, stood their ground well and fought manfully, but they were learn pressed, and their losses began to be serious. While this was going under in various parts of the field, and certainly the French soldiers showed themselves in no way deficient in courage, enterprise or daring. Every man among them appears to have visions of the Legion of Honor before his eyes, and in battle does his utmost to obtain it. Legion of Honor before his eyes, and in battle does his utmost to obtain it. Legion of Honor before his eyes, and in battle does his utmost to obtain it. The property courage the property of the proper

not killed. He was promoted manches of the cevent, and had also the much-coveted Legion of Honor conferred upon him.

After the fighting before the walls of the town had lasted several hours, it was soon evident that the discipline and courage of the French soldiers had been several town the soldiers of the control of t

#### PRISONERS OF STATE.

THERE is, or was lately (1871), a Polish lady, the Countess of K.—, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch. It is encircled by twenty precious stones, on a ground of dark-blue enamel, covered in the centre by glass. And what does this brooch contain? A portrait or a lock of hair? this brooch contain? A portrait or a lock of hair? No; only four common pins, bent together in the form of a star! And she wears this in memory of her husband, a Polish gentleman, who was put into prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy to the government. It was a dark, deep dungeon to the government. It was a dark, deep dungeon far down under the ground. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him but the keeper of the prison, and he, of course, was not permitted to converse with his prisoner. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he was still left in his dunmonths passed on, and he was still left in his dun-goon. He was most miserable, and feared that he should lose his senses, for his reason seemed to be giving way. Oh, if he had only some hope—some one thing to relieve his misery. Feeling all over his coat one day he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy; yet what could four pins be to him? He took them from his coat and threw them down on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hards and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them again. When he had succeeded in this, he scattered them again on the floor, and could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him groping on his hands and knees for his four pins. When, after six years imprisonment, he was set free, they still found him groping in the

count you have gone into me anugoud, you would have found him groping on his hands and knees for his four pins. When, after six years imprisonment, he was set free, they still found him groping in the dark for his four pins. It was his only work. Nor would be leave his prison without taking his pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do in his solitude and conhement, and his countees had them made into a brooth, which she valued more than gold. The following is one of the most affecting records in existence. It is from Count Gonfalonier's account of his imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, above the town of Brunn, in Moravia, for a political offence, in the reign of the Emperor Prant, and had compired to dispossess the Austrians at Milan. "I am an old man now, but by fifteen years a existed (for I did not live; it was not lite) in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six and had conspired to dispossess the Austrians at Milan. "I am an old man now, but by fifteen years a existed (for I did not live; it was not lite) in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six harden years and over again. The next year we communicate—we were beginning to lose the power of cover and over again. The next year we communicate—we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to sak each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as we were allen. The sixth he was taken away—I never allen. The sixth he was taken away—I never show where—to execution, to liberty—but I was glad he was gone; even solitude was better han that dim uxeant face. After that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon my nine years in larger agony. Then the door shut and I heard no more. They but finug this great agony in upon more. They but finug this great agony in upon more. They but finug this great agony in upon more. They but finug this great agony in upon more and the search of the world of the remembers of

#### ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

An accident that happened during a certain performance singularly lessened, says the late Robert Houdin, the clever conjurer, the joy I felt in my triumph. I had borrowed a hat to make an omelete in. Those who have seen the trick are aware that it is chiefly intended to produce a laugh, and that the object borrowed runs no risk. I had got through the first part excellently, consisting in breaking the eggs, beating them, throwing in the salt and pepper, and pouring it all unto the hat. After this I had to feign the frying of the omelette. I placed the candle on the ground, then, holding the hat sufficiently high above it to escape the fame, I began turning its gently round, while making some of the stereotyped jokes adapted to the trick. The public laughed so heartily and loudly that I could acarce hear myself speak; but I could not suspect the cause of their hilarity. Unfortunately I detected it too son. A strong scent of An accident that happened during a certain per nately I detected it too soon. A strong scent of burning made me turn my eyes on the candle; it had gone out. I then looked at the hat; the crown was quite burned and stained. I had kept on turning the hat round unsuspectingly, until I at length put it on the top of the candle, and covered it with

publicly confess myself a clumsy blockhead. I resigned myself to this, and was going to do so with a clumster, when it heard, and it is a clumster, when it heard, and it is a clumster, when it is a clumster, when it is a clumber of the confess of the clumber of

#### BOYHOOD OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon's father, as we all know, was a Corsi-NAPOLEON'S father, as we all know, was a Corsi-can lawyer, rich only in propeny, ambitious, of a quarrelsome temperament, and indifferent to the education of his children. Being more French in sympathy than most of his compatriots, he enjoyed the favor of the governor, to whom he owed a free admission for his son Napoleon into the military admission for his son Rapoteon has the limitary school of Brienne. The youth was ten when first sent to France, whose language he could not then speak. This, M. Jung tells us, is his master's ver-

speak. This, M. Jung tells us, is his master's verdict on the new pupil:

"Napoleon brought with him a grave and secretive character. He played with none, and ken himself spart. He learned and comprehendes with upon me; but, wifen! I wanted him to recapitulate what he had learned, he no longer listened. As soon as I reproved him, he answered, in a cold, almost masterful tone:

"Monsieur, je la sais'—'I know it, monsieur."

"Monsteur, je la sais" —'I know it, monlan those days he took pride in being a Corsican,
and boasted towards his comrades that only the
tenfold superior force of the French host had caused
his compatricate to succumb. His own family had
his compatricate to succumb. His own family had
prown embittered thereby.
In 1784 he was moved to the Artillery School of
Paris. He was then fifteen. Mathematics, history
and geography are named as his strong points,
Latin indifferent, orthography more than indifferent—indeed to his life's end Napoleon never learnt
ton pell. In 1785 he passed his officer's examination by no means brilliantly. This, according to
Miscale and the property of the property of

M. Jung, was the character with which he was dis-missed: and industrious, he prefers study to distinct the control of reading. He pays much distinction. He is foul of reading. He pays much situation to abstract sciences: the others exercise no attraction upon him. He has attained to thor-ough knowledge in mathematics and geography. He loves solitude, is mostly overhearing and ex-ceedingly masterful. He is tactium and rarely speaks. In his answers he is decided, in his re-plies prompt and cutting He has much self-love, is ambitious and asplring. This young man is well that the control of the self-love is ambitious and asplring.

How true this estimation of the lad the man was to prove!

### BEHIND THE BAT IN PERSIA

CROQUET players who have considerable liking for this favorite and fashionable sport, will be interested in the origin of the game. Croquet is not. as many suppose, of modern birth, but may be traced through its various stages to Persia, as far as many suppose, of modern birts, but may be traced through the various stages to Persia, as far back as the eighth century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long-handled mallet called chugan. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern Empire, the original mallet changing its form to a staff ending in a broad bend filled with a network of gut strings. The stages of the control of the c

### A THOUGHT FROM AN OLD FRIEND

CHARLES DICKENS used to say that he judged the quality of honsekeeping by the castors on the table. If the mustard was freshly made, the vinegar cruet stainless, the silver brilliant, and the pepper boxes stainless, the silver brilliant, and the pepper boxes perpendicular, he expected agood, clean, well-served meal, "with behavior to match." If, on the contrary, the exactors were nucleaned, and ont of order, he was the he had to expect, and was seldom dissipation, to a list, in truth, simple things that denote quality. The test of a good cook is not the cake she can make, nor the mysterones sauces she can concoct, nor the rich puddings she can produce. A good cook is known by her holled potatores, her mutton chop, her roasted joint. Such plain things requirepersonal care and judgment, and are the basis of "a good meal."

### AN UPRIGHT MAN

put it on the top of the candic, and covered in more grease, considered, and the considered of the con

SOUL SCUL PLORS

Are working day by day o carve with tiny chisels A block of living clay.

Each little stroke is given
To beautify or mar;
One grace adds every sculptor,
Or leaves an ugly scar.

Thine is the clay that's fashioned;
O, ever watchful be!
For every thought a sculptor,
Carves for eternity.

### HELPING HIMSELF;

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. Author of "Do and Dare," "Hector's Inheritance Store Boy," "Work and Win," the "Ragg Dick Series," "Tattered Tom Series," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

HERBERT IS PROVIDED WITH A NEW HOME Mrs. Barron regarded the new-comers with

Mass, Barron regarded are a wondering stare.
"Did you want to see Joel?" she asked.
"I shall be glad to see him in due time
Mrs. Barton," returned Willis Ford with un
wonted politeness, "but I came principall but I came principally

to see you."
"Who be you?" inquired Mrs. Barton unceremoniously; "I don't know you no more'r the dead."

"There is a slight connection between us however. I am the step-son of Pauline Esta brook, of New York, who is a cousin o

yours."
"You don't say Pauline is your mother?"
ejaculated the lady of the house. "Well, I
never expected to see kith or kin of hers out
here. Is that your son?"
"No, Mrs. Barton, but he is under my
charge."

"No, MRS. Bascon, ...
Herbert was about to disclaim this, but an ominous frown from Willis Ford intimidated him.
"My name is Willis Ford; his is Sam

Green."
Herbert's eyes opened wide with astonish ment at this statement.

ment at this statement,

"My name is—" he commenced.

"Silence!" hissed Ford with a menacing look.

"You must not contradict me."

"I s'pose I ought to invite you to stay here," said Mrs. Barton awkwardly, "but he's so shiftless, and such a poor provider, that I ain't got anything in the house fit for dinner."

that I ain't got anything in the house fit for dinner."

"Thank you," returned Ford with an inward shudder. "I shall dine at the hotel, but I have a little business matter to speak of, Mrs. Barton, and I would wish to speak in private. I will come into the house, with your permission, and we will leave the two boys together."

"Come right in," said Mrs. Barton, whose curiosity was aroused. "Here, you Abner, just take care of the little boy."

Abner proceeded to do this, first thinking it necessary to ask a few questions.

"Where do you live when you're at home, Sam?" he asked.

"In New York; but my name isn't Sam," replied Herbert.

"What is it, then?"
"Herbert."

"Herbert."
"What makes him call you Sam, then?"
asked Abner, with a jerk of the finger toward
the house.

house. I don't know, except he is afraid I will

be found."

Abner looked puzzled.

"Is he your guardeen?" he asked.

"No, he was my father's clerk."

"Ho! Did your father have clerks?"

"Ho a rich man, and does busine in the clerk of the clerk

"Then why did you come?"
"Mr. Ford was mad with papa, and stole

"Mr. Form me away."
"He wouldn't steal me away easy," said Abner defiantly; "but then I ain't a little kid like you."
"I'm not a kid," said Herbert, who was a said to slang.

not used to slang.

"Oh, you know what I mean—you're a slittle boy, and couldn't do nothin.' If he tried to take me, he'd find his hands full."

Herbert, who was not very much prepos-sessed by Abner's appearance, thought it very doubtful whether any one would ever attempt to kidnap him.
"What's he goin' to do with you?" continued Abner.

tinued Abner.

"I don't know. I expect he'll make papa pay a good sum to get me back."

"Humph!" remarked Abner, surveying with some contempt the small proportions of the boy before him. "You ain't much good. I don't believe he'll pay much for you."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the little boy, but he forced them back.

"My papa would think differently," he said.

said. "Papa!" mimicked Abner. "Oh, ho nice we are! Why don't you say dad, like

"Because it isn't a nice name. Papa wouldn't like to have me call him so."
"Where did you get them clothes? I don't think much of 'em."
"Nor I," answered U-"

think much of 'em."
"Nor I," answered Herbert. "They're not my own clothes. Mr. Ford bought them for me in Chicago."
"He must like you to buy you new clothes."
"No, he doesn't. My own clothes were much nicer. He sold them. He was afraid some one would know me in the others."

"I wonder what he and mam are talkin'

about so long."

This question Herbert was unable to answer. He did not guess how nearly this conversation affected him.

ersation affected him.

No sooner had the two entered the house han Willis Ford began.

"Mrs. Barton," he said, "I'll tell you now

than willis Ford began.

"Mrs. Barton," he said, "I'll tell you now what brought me here."

"Go ahead I' said the lady encouragingly, "I want you to take the boy I have brought with me to board."

"Land sakes! I don't keep a boardin-

house!"
"No, but if I will make it worth your while you will take him, won't yon?"
"How much will you give?" asked Mrs. Barton shrewdly.
"Four dollars a week."
"He'll be a sight of trouble," said the lady; but there was something in her tone that satisfied Ford that she was favorably inclined to the proposal.

isfied Ford that sue was account.

"Oh, no, he won't. He's so small that you can twist him round your finger. Besides, Abner will be company for him."

"East a betton."

"Say five dollars and it's a bargain," said Mred hesitated. He did not care to spend

with him most of the time."
"Say five dollars and it's a bargain," said
Mrs. Barton.
Ford hesitated. He did not care to spend
more than he was obliged to, but it was of
importance to obtain at least a temporary
refuge for the boy, of whose care he was
heartily lired. It seemed to him that five
dollars would be enough to support the whole
family in the style in which they were apparently accustomed to live. However, it was
politic to make the sum sufficient to interest
and the sum sufficient to interest
"Well," he said after a purse, "it's more
than I expected to pay, but I suppose I shall
have to accept your terms. I conclude Mr.
Barton will not object to your taking a
boarder?"
"Oh, Joel is of no account," returned Mrs.
Barton contemptuously. "I run this house."
Willis Ford suppressed a smile. He could
easily believe from Mrs. Barton's appearance
that she was the head of the establishment.
"There's one thing more," added Mrs.
Barton, "you're to pay the money to me.
Jest as sure as it goes into Joel's hands, it'll
go for drink. The way that man carries on
is a disgrace."
"I should prefer to pay the money to you,"
"I should prefer to pay the money to you,"

Jest as sure as it goes into Joel's hands, it'll go for drink. The way that man earries on is a disgrace.

"I should prefer to pay the money to you," said Ford.

"You'll have to pay somethin' in advance, it you want the boy to have anythin' to eat. I've got to send to the village, and I haven't got a cent in the house."

Willis Ford took out his pocket-book. Extracting therefrom four five-dollar bills, he handed them to Mrs. Barton.

"There's money for four weeks," he said.

"When that time is up, I'll send you more."

Mrs. Barton's eyes sparkled, and she eager!

yo lutched at the money.

"I hain't seen so much money for years," she said. "I must look out Joel don't get hold of it. Don't you tell Joel or Abner how much you've paid me."

"I'l take care of that, Mrs. Barton. By the way, I must caution you not to believe any of the boy's stories. He's a son of a friend of mine who's put him under my care. The boy's weak-minded, and has strange fancies. He thinks his name isn't Sam Green, and that his father is rich. Why, only the other day he insisted his name was George Washington."

"Land's sake, how our'us!"

ton."
"Land's sake, how cur'us!"

...auds sake, how our'us!"
"Of course you won't pay any attention to what he says. He may take it into his head to run away. If he does, you must get him back."
"You can trust me to do that!" said Mrs. Barton with emphasis. "I ain't goin' to let no five-dollar boarder slip through my fingers."

gers."
"That's well! Now I must be going. You will hear from me from time to time."
He passed through the front door into the

yard.

"Good by!" he said,
Herbert was about to follow him, but he
waved him back.

"You are not to come with me, Sam," he
said. "I shall leave you for a few weeks
with this good lady."
Herbert stared at him in dismay. This was
something he had never dreamed of.

#### CHAPETR YYIY

WHEN Herbert realized that he was to be left behind, he ran after Willis Ford, and pleaded for the privilege of accompanying him.

pleaded for the privilege of accompanying him but you're leave me here, Mr. Ford!" he said. "I should die of homesickness." "So you would rather go with me?" Ford said, with an amused smile.
"On, yes, much rather, and the property of the said with a manused smile.
"On, yes, much rather, you will have to leave you disappoint you but hand have to leave you here for a few weeks. This good lady will take good care of you!"

Herbert stole a glance at Mrs. Barton, who was watching him with mingled contempt and impatience, but he did not become any more reconciled to the prospect. He reiterated his request.

request.

"I have had enough of this," said Ford, sternly. "You will stop making a fuss if you know what is best for yourself. Good by! you will hear from me soon."

Herbert realized the uselessness of resistance, and sank despondently upon the grass.

"Is he goin' to stay here, mam?" asked Abner, eurously.

"Yes, he's goin' to board with us."

"Ho, no!" laughed Abner, "he'll have a nice boardin' place."
"Abner, you jest shut up, or I'll take a stick to you. You needn't make him any more homesick than he is. Jest try ef you

more homestes a state of the can't amuse him."

"Say, Sam, I guess we'll have a stavin' time together," said Abner, really pleased to have a companion. "What'll we do? Want time together," said Abner, reany pressure that a companion. "What'll we do? Want to play leap-frog?"
"I don't feel like playing," answered Her-

I don't feel like party, despondently. We might go fishin'," suggested Abner, here's a pond only a quarter of a mile bert, despondently.

"We might go fishin," suggested Abner.

"There's a pond only a quarter of a mile
from here."

"I don't know how to fish," said Herbert.

"Don't know how to fish? What do you
know how to do?"

"We don't have any chance in New York."

"Say," exclaimed Abner, with sudden interest, "is New York a nice place?"

"I wish I was back there. I never shall be happy anywhere else.

"Tell me what you fellows do there. I dunno but f'd like to go myself."

Before Herbert had a chance to answer,
Mrs. Barton broke in.

"Abner, you take care of Sam while I go to the village."

"Abner, you take care or the village."
"What are you goin' there for, mam?"
"I'm goin' to buy some sansages for dinner. We haven't got anything in the house."
"Me and Sam will go if you'll give us the

money."
"I know you too well, Abner Barton. I won't trust you with the money. Ef I gave you a five dollar bill, I'd never see any on't back again."
"Say, mem, you an't got a five dollar bill, have you?" asked Abner, with distended

nave you?" asked Abner, with distended eyes.
"Never you mind!"
"I'll tell dad ef you don't give me some."
"You jest dare to do it!" returned Mr.
Barton, in a menacing tone. "Your father ain't got nothin' to do with it. It's money for San's board."
"My name ien't Sam," expostulated Hert, who had a natural preference for his own appellation.
"That's what I'm goin' to call you. You can call yourself George Washington or General Grant ef you wan't to. Mabbe you're Christopher Columbus."
"My name is Herbert Reynolds," said Herbert, annoyed.

"My name is necessary and yourself to-day.

"That's what you call yourself to-day.

"There's no knowin' who you'll be to-morrow."

"Don't you believe me, Mrs. Barton?"

asked Herbert, distressed.

"No, I don't. The man who brung you—
I disremember his name—"

"Willis Ford."

I distemember his name—"
"Willis Ford."
"Well, Willis Ford, then! It seem yot
know his name. Well, he told me you wa
loony, and thought you was somebody else
than your own self."
"He told you that I was—crazy!" ejacu

lated Herber

"He told you that I was—crazy!" ejaculated Herbert,
"Yes, and I've no doubt it's so."
"It is a wicked lie!" exclaimed Herbert,
indignantly—"and I'd like to tell him so to
his face."
"Well, you won't have a chance for some
time. But I can't stand here talkin'. I must
be goin' to the store. You two behave yourselves while I'm gone!"
Herbert felt so dull and dispirited that he
did not care to speak, but Abner's curiosity
had been excited about New York, and he
plied his young companion with questions,
which Herbert answered wearily. Though
he responded listlessly, and didn't say any
more than he felt obliged to, he excited Abner's interest.

ner's interest.
"I mean to go to New York some time," he said. "Is it far?"

said. "Is it far?"
"It's as much as a thousand miles. It may be more."
"Phew! that's a big distance. How did

you come?"
"We came in the cars?"
"Did it cost much?"
"I don't know. Mr. Ford paid for the ticke

"Has he got plenty of money?"
"I don't think he has. He used to be pa's

clerk

"I don't think he has. He used to be pa's clerk."
"I wish we had enough money. You and me would start some fine mornin', and mebbe your father would give me something to do when we got there."
For the first time therety began to feel an interest in the conversation.
I know pa would give you a lot of money for bringing me back."
"Do you really think he would?" asked Abner, briskly.
"I know he would. But your mother wouldn't let us go?"
"She wouldn't let us go?"
"She wouldn't know it," said Abner, winking.

wouldn't let us go?"
"She wouldn't know it," said Abner, winking.
"You wouldn't run away from home?"
questioned Herbert.
"Why wouldn't 1? What's to keep me here? Mam's always scoldin', and dad gets funk wherever he has any money to spend for drink. I reckon they wouldn't care much eff made myself scace.

Herbert was not sure whether he ought not to feel shocked. He admitted to himself, however, that if he had a father and mother answering the description of Abner's, that he would not so much regret leaving them. At any rate, Abner's words awoke a hope of sometime, getting away from a place he arready ded, and returning to his eity home, now view almed than ever.
"Each of the word o

"I could walk it of I took time enough," asserted Abner, positively. "Hello! there's dad! relevant to the property of the state of the

about half full."
"What's that?"
"He's been drinkin', as usual; but he didn't drink enough to make him tight. Gness his funds gave out."
Herbert was rather shocked at Abner's want of respect in speaking of his father, but went oh him Mr. Barton hardly seemed like a man who could command a son's respect.
"Wonder whether dad met man on the way?" said Abner, musing.
By this time Mr. Barton had entered the yard, and caught sight of his son and Herbert. "Abner," said he in a thick voice, "who's that boy?"
"Then he didn't meet man," thought Abner. "He's a boy that's goin' to board with us, dad," he answered.
"You don't say! Glad to make your acquaintance, boy," he said, straightening up."Thank you, sir," answered Herbert, faintly.

#### (To be continued.)

"Helping Himself" commenced in No. One Hundred and Four. Back numbers of the Argost can be had at any time. Ask your newsdealer for them or order them of the nublisher.

### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

A THOUSAND years ago, and for a long time after, the world was not all the geologized, botanized. zoologized and mapped-out earthly ball it is now. Zouogazza and mapper-out earth, of at it is not the men and women of those days (or rather according to the ideas of monks, for the men, and far less the women, of those distant times troubled themselves very little about matters of this kind, but left it to the churchmen to meddle with such dangerous book-learning) a flat plain, full of things mysterious and unknown; and out of the four corners, through the gaps of four mountain ranges, which were placed there to keep it steady, blew the four winds of heaven! Of course the centre of it all was the little town, or county, parish, manor, barony or kingdom where they dwelt; but outside of that was no man's land. It was looked upon by our remote forefathers in much the same light as it is by the Chinese, who, while making maps of the flowery land on a scale so large as to show the ground plan

cannese, wno, white making maps of the flowery land on a scale so large as to show the ground plan of every town and village, mark all the countries outside of that magic boundary of theirs as "inhabited by barbarians." "It was the land of the infide," the people said, as they piously crossed themselves at the thought.

All was mysterious to the travelens of that age. The unknown lands were griffine and sultans, kaisers of Constantinople, of Ind and Cathay and Cipango. What a choice was there then for a young traveler, a good knight and a proper man withal! If he had a mind, he could steer his way to Lapland, where (as all the world knew) dwarfs forged chain-armor magic links, and where witch-wales and icomorphisms. When the control of the contro

THE following story is told by Dr. Forbes Win-slow: In his lunatic asylum at Hammersvith, England, he went into the room of a lady who had displayed dangerous tendencies, and incantiously closed the door behind him. He asked the patient a few questions, when she suddenly interrupted the conversation, produced a knife, and declaring that it was well sharpened, said :

that it was well sharpened, said;
"I must really kill you, doctor. I am very sorry,
but it can't be helped, can it?"
Not unnaturally the doctor was a little taken
aback, for the lady was abnormally strong, and
had already stepped forward to execute her pur-

post, as one moment," he said, quietly. "Don't you think it would be a shame to spill the blood on this new carpet? Just the me call for a basin." Berhaps it would, but be as quick as you can." So the doctor slipped out unhart, but a little scared.

### ANIMAL CURIOSITIES.

Some of the animals in Japan are quite different from the same species which are seen in America The cats, for instance, have the shortest kind o tails, or else none at all. Being deprived of this usual plaything, they are very solemn pussies. An American once took one of these tailless cats to San Francisco as a curosity, and it utterly refused measurement of the control of tails, or else none at all. Being deprived of this



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#### FINDING FAULT

WE are all of us quite ready to find fault, and not We are all of us quite ready to non-lasts, and not always equally prompt with praise. It might be a good plan not to take so much notice of the defects of our companions. When they please us, or do honor to themselves, we might mention it. That would encourage them to try it again. But to criti-cize always, and never praise, is not inspiring to Indeed, it sometimes takes away one's

#### A HELPFUL VERSE

An American sea captain is quoted as saying that he had been many times comfortably round the world by the help of this verse :

" I'll not willingly offend, Nor be easily offended; What's amiss I'll strive to m And endure what can't be m

e lines are from the pen of good old Dr. Watts. and they contain a great deal of philosophy. They can be easily committed to memory. Suppose some of the youngsters give the theory a trial, and see how it works.

WHAT we are going to do in life, is a very inter esting theme. How many hours do we devote to it in youth? It is of importance, too; that cannot be denied. Yet the future is not the main thing to be considered. The most valuable time is now. "What am I doing now?" "What is my character now?" These are the questions of greatest moment.

"Time that is past thou never can'st re-Of time to come thou art not sure at all; The present only is within thy power, And therefore now improve the present h

That is good, sound sense. "Improve the passing moment as it flies," is the popular version of it. Those who practice this, who waste little time dreaming about what is ahead, are those whose future will be the most honorable. And in that case they will, in time, enjoy a past worth having.

# A FAITHFUL SENTRY.

An amusing case of red tape was discovered in Ireland not long ago. Some twenty years since a military commission met in a certain building. For building. F military commission met in a certain building. For purposes of secrecy they posted a sentry before the door, with orders to be on duty every day from ten till four o'clock. The commission finished its work, adjourned, and forgot all about the sentinel. For twenty years the faithful man was at his post in full uniform, till he became a sort of fixture to the building. At last it occurred to somebody to ask why he was there, the secret came to light, and the man was removed.

Now that sort of fidelity is not as common as it might be. Few people have the pluck and perse-verence to keep on doing an humble duty, when forgotten or unappreciated. Perhaps the example of this sentinel, Thomas Atkins, may encourage somebody who is tired of what seems like useler drudgery.

### BISMARCK'S POINTS

PRINCE BISMARCK, the Chancellor of the German Empire, is one of the great men of the world, and it is a matter of wonder how he does so much work, and endures so much care. He is a man of spler did intellect, of course, but the secret is that he is methodical in his work, and simple in his habits. His daily meals are like those of a plain country squire. His servants wait upon him in silence. any sayings are reported from his lips, but the

saay saying are reported from his lips, but the reason is that nobody speaks till he does, and what he says is carefully noted down. The Prince's pet and companion is a huge dog. This fact shows a soft spot in the grim old Chan-cellor's heart. The dog comes into the dining room, and stretches out on a rug till his master is ready

to feed him with his own hand. No other persor or recently with nis own nand. No other person ever gives him food, and the dog takes it with quiet gravity—never "speaking" any more than the other attendants. Brains, method, simplicity, and a pet—by these points Bismarck's character is

#### PUBLIC MANNERS OF CIRLS

Young girls in European countries are not allowed all the freedom that their American sisters enjoy. In Germany the respectable Miss, when she goes into the street, must be attended by a ant, or by an older member of her family. She must cast her eyes down when she meets young It is very much the same in France and regions on the continent. Even during court ship the young lady is compelled to endure the constant presence of some member of the house-hold. The freedom of American girls is wondered at in Europe, and in some cases it has given rise to suspicion, and even insult.

In our own country so little restraint is placed

apon the girls that sometimes it has evil re upon the giris that sometimes it has evil results. The frank, self-reliant air which is so pleasing and piquant gives place to boldness of look and de-meanor. Far from lowering their eyes before strangers, there are young ladies, well connected and educated too, in some of our towns and cities. who will almost stare a man out of countenance This is not common, we are happy to say, but those who indulge in such rude manners throw discredit upon their sex in general. There certainly is a degree of danger that girls may abuse their innocent freedom. They cannot be too cautious of their conduct

An absurd story recently went the rounds of the papers, respecting a car-load of boarding-school girls which passed through New Haven and New York. It was said that many of them were playing cards and smoking cigarettes, and all were boisterous in behavior. The story was not true, but it was widely believed, owing to the fact that so many so-called fashionable girls have been guilty of "loud" and immodest demeanor. It is the result of ignorance or thoughtlessness, no doubt. Otherwise no sensible girl would so be-

#### AN ENGLISH ARRIVAT

A curious event happened in Rhode Island in Mr. John Cooper, a 1 the month of December ufacturer of hosiery in Nottingham, England, for unacturer of nossery in Nottingham, England, for the past twenty years, arrived at a mill village near Providence, bringing one hundred and twenty English operatives with him. He had already erected a mill, and fitted it with machinery sent over from the old country. Events of this kind over from the old country. Events of this kind have happened before during the past twenty years, but they are not common

but they are not common.

Mr. Cooper gave as his reason for thus moving
his business bodily to this country, that he found
himself doing worse and worse at home each year.
He said he thought he could make more money He said he thought he could make more money here, and he certainly could pay his work people better wages. He added that free trade was hurt-ing England and had impaired his business. He was sure that, if he succeeded, other manufactuwould follow him. Great interest was taken in his departure, and there were ten thousand people at train to see his party off.

Now this fact is mentioned here because it is curious and interesting, and, further, it suggests a question Perhaps some of the readers of the Ared it in their debating societies. gosy have discus gosy have discussed it in their debating societies. That is, whether free trade or protection is the better system. It is not clear that Mr. Cooper's experience proves anything decidedly in favor of one system or the other. But it does show that free trade does not prevent hard times and loss of business. Let the debating clubs see if they can discover any system which does.

#### A BIG RANCHE

THE "King's Cattle Ranche," in Texas, has recentily been bought by an English company for \$5,000,000. Among those who are engaged in this purchase is Mr. Henry A. Herbert, who owns the famous Lakes of Killarney, and about \$6,000 acres of land, in Ireland. The Earl of Aylesford and other English noblemen are also interested. English noblemen are also interested. This ranche is divided into two parts, one of 300,000, and the other 9,500,000 acres. On the first of these are 60,000 improved cattle, 10,000 horses, 500 mules. and 16,000 improved sheep, whose wool pays all the expenses of the ranche. The other part contains 20,000 improved cattle, 6,000 blooded horses, 2,000 sheep and 300 mules.

This is evidently what the boys call a thing." Its very bigness will, at first thought commend it to the American mind. We American are laughed at by foreigners for our propensity to brag of things as "the biggest in the world." But, after all, it is not pleasant to see such a vast amount of property concentrated in the hands of a rich company of foreigners. One of the great causes of English and Irish distress to-day is the fact that the land is so largely owned by a few men—many of whom live away from their property, and only care for it as a financial sponge to squeeze cash

Our public men are beginning to see the evils of way. De Long set about the selection of his cuch great land purchases. Some day, it is to and the completion and perfection of the arra our punne men are organism to see the crisis of such great land purchases. Some day, it is to be hoped, our Congress will see some method of preventing them, or making them harmless. The necessity for action cannot be denied or belittled.

On the eighth day of July, 1879, the ship steamed

GEORGE WASHINGTON DE LONG. nt Commander of the U.S.N.; Leader of the 'Jeannette" Arctic Expedition; Hero and Martyr in the Cause of Science.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

What boy has never burned to penetrate the un-known, to participate in glorious adventures, and to perform great deeds of provess and adventure? Few, I think. It is a natural desire, and who can condemn it? Youth is to a man's life what the age of chivalry is to the world's history; and youth, like that age, soon burns itself out and settles down into humdrum, steady-going prosaicism. If the passion does not soon die out as in some few—cases, it should be made to guide the victim to some noble end, and then passion becomes almost a virtue.

We had a glowing example of this in George W.

De Long, whose name is now, and ever will remain, carved in bold relief on the broad arch of history and glory.

York City, in 1844, and when he was still young he lost both his parents. Being the only child, he was left doubly alone, and with no tender mother's hand to direct his steps, started out with honor beckening him on and evil close at his But the boy was a noble fellow, and he walked straight on and made the evil genius keep his proper placein the rear. He was a bright lad and frank, and his pleasing qualities soon attracted the no-tice of Vicar - General Quinn (now Archbish op), who made him his protege. He was sent protege. He was sent to school, and was not-

ed there for his gentlene ss, manliness, brightness, and energy. He always strove to be first in his class, and he always succeeded. When a prize was offered he would declare that he would get it, and he always carried out his intention

Through the influence of his reverend friend, De ong was appointed a naval cadet by Congressman Benjamin Wood in 1861. He was graduated in 1865. His subsequent promotion was phenominally rapid, being made ensign in 1866, master in 1868, and lieutenant in 1869.

One of his strongest good qualities was exhibited when the Russian Prince, Alexis, visited this counwhen the fussian Frince, Alexis, visited this country. Lieutenant De Long was stationed at the Brooklyn navy yard at that time, and the officers there, having decided to give the royal stranger a brilliant reception in the form of a grand ball, be Long was given charge of the organization and arrangements, and his executive ability—that is, his nower of thisking and reception. power of thinking and executing-was generally

Some time after, an expedition was organized for the rescue of the Polaris party, imprisoned in the crystal fortress of the Arctic. De Long was navigator of the Juniata, and when the ship as at Greenland, De Long fitted out a little steam launch, christened the Little Juniata, and went further northward in search of the wrecked ex-plorers. His orders were that when one half his further unusual phorers. His orders were that when one half his coal had been used up he should turn back. That time came, and he had not reached the goal. With great reluctance he turned back, and when he regreat reductance ne turned back, and when he re-joined his commander, begged to be sent forward on another trial; but this was refused. This ex-pedition was one of great peril, and called for the highest courage, which quality De Long eminently displayed. The result will be seen further on. This expedition, which had been the indulgence of his spirit of adventure, and an opportunity for the display of his superabundant energy, gave him an intense and fatal fascination for Arctic exploration

When he returned, he studied the literature of polar explorations, and mastered all its facts and

He shortly became enamored of a sea cap daughter-a Miss Wotton-and in 1870 traveled to Havre, France, where the lady resided, and was united to her on board the Shenandoah, then in the

Mr. James Gordon Rennett who has done such to penetrate the solitudes of the darkest lands, conceived the idea of another expedition lands, conceived the idea of another expedition, the object of which should be exploration in the cause of physical science, and the reaching of the North Pole. To that end he purchased the steamer afterward known as the Jeannette, which had already breasted the dangerous ice floes of the North. On the strength of his energy and courage on his former exploration, Commander De Long was chosen to lead this expedition, and he repaired to Europe, whence he brought the Jeannette As Sar Farentsea.

whence he brought the Jeannette to San Francis Here she was strengthened in every conceivable way. De Long set about the selection of his crew,

out of the Golden Gate, accompanied by the united

out of the content outer, accompanied by the united.

The party sailed up along the western coast of North America, through Behring Strait, and made for Wrangle Land, heretofer believed to be a continent, but found by the expedition to be an island. The open water gradually narrowed before them as the ice closed in, and at last held the ship fast in

the ice closed in, and at last neig the supplies in its cold, strong grasp.

Every possible preparation for their sustenance, comfort and general well being was now made by De Long. He studied and worked for the good of those under him, things went by clock work, and every one was happy and well. But as month after month passed, and provisions were consumed. and coal got lower and lower, and time passed and coal got lower and lower, and time passed with no progress yet made, then spirits began to flag, and the chill of brooding and boding crept into their hearts. In his

journal De Long wrote: All our books are read our stories related, our games of chess, cards and checkers long since discontinued." And discontinued." And later, "It is idle to speak longer of the coming and going of weeks—it is record enough when I mention the coming and going of months." All this time they were drifting, drifting, and im-potent. They took observations, recorded facts, and made a few discoveries. On June 11th, 1881,

after twenty months of imprisonment, the ice heaved up, and crunched and crushed, and broke the ship to pieces. The party unloaded supplies and all the necessary goods, and then turned and watched the she went down

and was entombed in her ice-bound sepulchre. Then they started, with boats, and dogs and sleds, toward the mainland of Siberia. The story of their struggles, their hardships, are terrible indeed. Space will not permit their enumeration, and the Space will not permit their enumeration, and the body may well be spared. They traveled over the body may well be spared. They traveled over the and over water One boat was swamped. The second reached a settlement on the Lena River, in Siberia, every man a wreck, and the last boat, under De Long, reached the Siberian coast and started on foot for a settlement. Half the men at started on foot for a settlement. Half the men at the rest remaining behind. The two found help, but those who remained perished.

The bodies of the victims of the last party were recovered, and brought on to New York, where they were interred with all the honors befitting the levest they were. and was entombed in her ice-bound sepulchre.

were interred with all the honors belitting the heroes they were.

During their long march, De Long exhibited an unfaltering heroism, and the most tremendous will power. On and on he led them until they could go no further, and then they laid down, and one by one they passed away.

One they passed away, which is trength yields at last. De Long was a brave, strong man, but it was nature, and not character, that gave up. Honor and pity are his shrond, and renow will be his everlasting monument.

# HNDVING

A NOBLE effort never dies.

What though we fail? Its fire will give
Desire in other hearts to rise,
And kindled there, it still will live.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

YEAST was invented in the year leaven.
A slow match—Sparking but never popping.
A REMARKABLE Hen whose lays are celebrated the A REMARKABLE Hen whose lays are orld over-Longfellow.

world over—Longfellow.

The girl who had a sealakin saque given to her says
that she might go further and fur worse.

It is said that every man has his price. This is not
true: a good many men give themselves away.

"War, Bridge, where in the world have you been
"War, Bridge, where in the world have you been
the clothes to they," and over been hangin out
the clothes to they, "Surjew to have you would be a

A New Junsey preacher claims to have and

A New Jersey preacher claims to have enough ser-nons to last him a lifetime. Some of his congregation re probably of the opinion that they have had enough

Boy (with feeling)—I'm an orphan and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in the insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll kill me.

# GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Beware the entrance of a quarrel.

When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth e may say a great deal in a very narrow space. THERE is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and riendship; and indeed, friendship itself is only a set of virtue

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven.

First take a master all its

to be forgiven.

Naven start out on a work blindly. First take birdseye view of it, map out every road, master all it details, and pleasant, easy progress will read.

Them is no moment like the present. The mu who will not execute the resolutions when they as fresh upon him can have no hope from them after wards.

A Man should inure himself to voluntary labor should not give up to indulgence and pleasure hey beget no good constitution of the body nor kn dge of the mind.

some who are always innocently cheerful and humored are very useful in the world; they tain peace and happiness and spread a thankful er among all who live around them.

In married life there should be sympathy—, impanionship. The husband and wife should be true friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one.

### THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

HAVE FAITH IN TIME.

BY ELIZA M. SHEMMAN.
THERE'S a quaint and curious proverb,
The year's have handed down,
You'll hear it in the village street,
You ll hear it in the town.
You read it in each blade of grass,
And in the river's chime.
All nature's works, with one accord.
Proclaim, 'bave faith in time."

"Have faith in time." Thy future life
Thou may'st not seek to know.
"Is veiled from thy too curious eyes,
For God has willed it so.
Ist heed the moments as they go
Ere they are lost to thee.

#### TWO BOYS.

"JED PARKINSON, let that dog alone!"
"He's my dog, Gy Hayward, and I shall do
what I please with him."
Cy stepped up to the fence.
"You have no right to be cruel to him if he
is your dog," he said. "I tell you to let him
slove!"

You better go about your business!" said

Jed. Crack went his whip and the dog gave

Jed. Crack went his whip and the dog gave another yelp.

Crack went his whip and the dog gave another yelp.

Cr jumpel over the fence.

This occurred in one of the early settlements of Illinois, long before there was any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but Cyrus Hayward lad too kind and noble a nature to allow him to stand by and see a dog se cruelly beaten without remonstrating. He sprang over the fence and walked up to Jed, and said:

"Don't strike that dog again!"

"You get out!" retorted Jed.
"He's my dog. I'm in my own dooryard, too, and I'll thrash you if you interfere!"

Gy was about seventeen. He had been brought up on the prairies, and had been accustomed to trapping and hunting ever since he was ten years of age. He was no coward, and yet he did not like to quarrel.

Tied to the dog's neck was a cord about ten feet long. This Jed held with one hand, while he wielded a whip with the other. He was trying to teach the poor frightened dog to come lo him.
"Come here! come here now!" he would yell, jerking the rope and plying the lash, while the terrified, cringing, shivering brute

yell, jerking the rope and plying the lash, while the terrified, cringing, shivering brute hung back, until he was dragged, panting, to his master's feet.

his master's feet.

"That's no way to teach a dog anything!"
cried Cyrus, with hot indignation. "You
should coak him, not search him to dean'.

"Will you stand out of the way?" Jed demanded, angrily.

"What for?"

"So I can swipe my whin."

"What for?"
"So I can swing my whip."
"No, I wont."
"Then I shall lit you!"
Cy stood his ground resolutely.
"You'd better not," he said.
"I'm not afraid of any of the Hayward
the!" exclaimed Jed; and the struck at 0y's

"Tim not afraid of any of the Hayward Tim not afraid of any of the Hayward I was a struck at Cyster and the struck at Cyster and a struck

nourished a relentiess hatred against his neighbor. Whenever they met afterwards, he glowered upon Cyras angrily, and passed him without a word. Cyras at first spoke to him pleas-andly, as if nothing had happened; but see-ing Jed's disposition towards him, he smiled disdainfully, and took no more notice of him. Jed knew better than to attempt any open stated on a fellow of so much strength and spirit; but day and night he studied to be revenged.

Son Cyrus found his rabbit-traps mysteriously destroyed. He set them in other places, and they were destroyed again. Then his own dog lay dead one morning in the read before the house, evidently poisoned. He did not know who committed these cowardly acts, but he could not help thinking of Jed.

The death of his dog caused Cyrus great grief and indignation, and the look on Jed's face the next time they met convinced him that his suspicion was not misplaced.

"I didn't think you such a sneak!" he ex-aimed, angrily. "If you've a grudge against e, why don't you step up and settle your claimed, angrily. "If you've a grudge against me, why don't you step up and settle your account man-fashion? I wouldn't go prowl-ing round breaking a fellow's traps, and kill-ing dogs that are honester and better than

ing dogs that are honester and better than you are!"

"You want me to take it out of your skin, do you? "growled Jed.

"I think it would be a good deal more manly in you, if you've anything to take out," replied Cyrus. "But what's the use of all this nonsense? You were abusing your pup when I stopped you, and you know it. You should have thanked me; but instead, because I took the part of your dog, you must go and murder mine. That shows what sort of a fellow you are."

"Have I said I killed your dog?" Jed called after Cy, as he was walking away.

"Said you killed my dog? A fellow who'll do so mean a thing isn't man enough to own it." And he went his way without more words.

it." And he went ms way words.

"Wants me to take it out of his skin, does he?" snarled Jed Parkinson to himself, more furious than ever under Cy's scornful reply. "Well, only let me see the chance!"

The chance was not long in coming. Prairie wolves were plenty in those days, and they did great damage to the farmers' flocks. There was unlimited pasturage for sheep, but they required constant watching,

sheep, but they required consta

horse and rider were hidden for a few mo-ments. That gave Jed a chance to reflect. "Proud because he's got a horse to ride, and I haven't!" was his first envious thought. "I'd like to give his horse a shot," was his next thought. "I could do it, and pretend I was showing at a well."

next thought.
I was shootin

"I'd like to give his horse a shot," was his next thought. "I could do it, and pretend I was shooting at a wolt."

But if he should kill or main the horse, his father might have to pay for the animal. Jed did not fancy that. Besides, in shooting at the horse, he might hit the rider.

He liked the idea of that well enough, and suddenly all his pent-up hate seemed to burst into a raging fire within him.

"Wants me to take it out of his skin, does he? I will! I'll shoot just as he is coming out of the underbrush. My father won't have him to pay for, and I can claim that it was an accident; I was shooting at a wolf."

Something like this—not in so many words, but in a wild torrent of feeling—rashed through Jared Parkinson's heart and brain.

"I shall never have another so good a chance; I'll pay him now!" And he took and he had to have the shade the shade in the shade in the shade in the shade is the shade in the boy's neck as if it would burst; the woods and the sky turned almost a dull red color before his eyes, and his hands shook so that he could hardly hold his gun.

and his hands shook so that he could hardly hold his gun. He could not get his aim; but there came

went off at the same time. He has got a bad hurt."
"I should think so," said the man. "Give him a toste of this"

him a taste of this."

He took a flask from his pocket, and poured some of its contents into Jed's lips. Jed choked, stirred, and once more opened his

choked, stirred, and once more opened his eyes.

"There, he's all right," said the man. "Ge him on to your horse 'u a few minutes; you can take him home without any trouble."

"Don't leave me, Mr Graves "Ted pleaded, clinging to the man's arm. "I shall die here if I am left alone!"

"But you won't be left alone; Cy will stay by you," said the man. "You ain't much hurt."

"Oh yes, I am! Don't leave me!" Jed im-

"On yes, 1 am:

plored.

He felt a horror of being left with Cyrus;
but it was in vain that he entreated and held
on to Graves's arm with his feeble grasp.
Graves mounted his horse again and rode

rest.
"Why shouldn't I?" said Cy,
"After—our—trouble," faltered Jed.
"You don't think I've laid up any ill-will
on that account, do you?" cried Cyrus, gen-

erously.
"I don't know; some fellows would," Jed

"I don't know, some confessed.
"Even if I had," said Cyrus, "I should have forgotten it all the minute I saw you lying there under the tree. If I took a dog's part when I saw him abused, why shouldn't I stand by a boy when I see him suffering?"

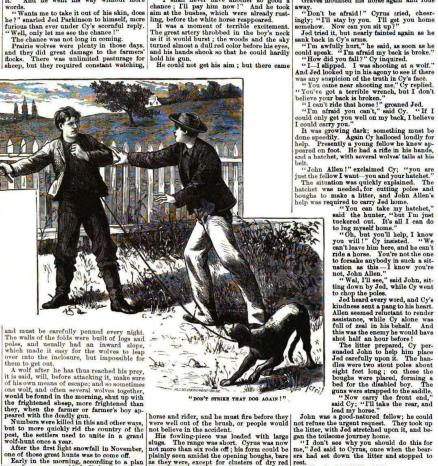
"I isn't every fellow that would," replied and the suffering?"

Jed.
There was a strange look in the eyes he turned up at Cyrus from the litter in the November twilight. He had never understood that nature before; he was beginning to see it now, and to have a deep, remorseful troubled feeling towards his late sensor.
The litter was taken up again, and carried with labor and difficulty through wood and swale in the increasing gloom.
At length they struck a prairie road, and a quarter of a mile further on they came to a house.

quarter of a mile further on they came to a house.

There Oyrus obtained a wagon, in which he made a good bed of hay, on which Jed was carefully laid. Then, having seen him on his way home, he mounted his horse again, and rod in the ether direction for a factor. The state of th exciting than the sight of a wolf attracted his attention.

A gray horse with his rider was coming own a little fillion of the tree in which like the content of the conten



pest, the settlers used to work wolf-hunt once a year.

After the first light snowfall in November,

After the meant hunts was to come off. wolf-nunt once a year.

After the first light snowfall in November, one of those great hunts was to come off.

Early in the morning, according to a plan agreed upon, every able-bodied man and boy in the settlement, or cluster of settlements, in the settlement of the state of settlements and the state of settlements and the state of the settlements of the state of the settlements of the sett

"Their long gallop, which can tire The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire.

It was easy enough for a hunter, mounted on a not over-fresh horse, to ride up beside a jaded wolf that had been driven in from some distant point, and bring him down with a

shot.
Jed Parkinson was on foot, and toward the close of the day he posted himself in an oak tree in Morton's Grove to watch for wolves.
He had had pretty good luck, and now, while he was watching, something far more exciting than the sight of a wolf attracted his attention.

horse and rider, and he must fire before they were well out of the brush, or people would not believe in the accident loaded with large slags. The name was abort. Cyrus was now not more than six rods off; his form could be plainly seen amidst the opening boughs, bare as they were, except for clusters of dry red leaves fluttering here and there. Jed's shaking hands held the gun — his trembling finger jerked the trigger. But at that moment his foot slipped from the limb on which he was standing. In his excitement he had forgotten to keep his hold on the tree secure.

As the report of the gun rang through the woods, and the heavy alugs clipped the twigs over Cy's head, a dark object tumbled out of the tree, crashed from branch to branch, and control of the tree, crashed from branch to branch, and the heavy alugs and the heavy alugs clipped the twigs over Cy's head, a dark object tumbled at sight of the plunging object than by the whistling slugs and the entiting of the twigs above him. He was not hurt, and he had no idea that he had been shot at. It was not in his frank and generous nature to believe anything so bad even of Jed. He spurred to the spot, and found a boy lying quite still besides his gun under the tree.

"Jed Parkinson!" he exclaimed. "Are you killed."

No reply. Cy stooped and lifted him up a little. Then Jed gave a gronn. "How did it happen? Where are you!

Cystooped and litted min up a name. Assume ded gave a growth and pen ? Where are you unt? "Flow did it happen? Where are you unt? "end dyrus, forgetting instantly that see ever had any quarrel with the injured lad he had taken the fearful plunge from the had taken the fearful plunge from the Jed, rolling up his eyes, seemed to recognize his enoney once another grown, and a

able to sit up and to walk about a little. In the meanwhile, Cyrus visited him nearly every day, carried him books to read, and amused him with stories and games.

During one of these visits, Jed, who had been gazing long and wistfully at Cyrus while he was reading, gave a deep sigh. Cyrus, looking quickly at him from his book, saw that his eyes were blurred with tears.

"What's the mitter?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Don't read any lore just now," Jed replied, in a stifled voice; "there's something wan to the long of the lower of the

speak. It was me—you knew it was me that broke your traps."

"O yes, I knew it; but I don't care for that now," said Cy.

"And I—I pisoned your dog," Jed con-fessed, with a look of anguish.

"But I've forgiven that," (yrns replied. I'l know you are sorry. You wouldn't do such a thing again, I'm sure, so say no more about it."

about it."

"All that is nothing to what I was going to do!" Jed groaned, and turned his face away for a minute. "You can't forgive that."

"Of course I can't unless I know what it is," said Cy, wondering what would come

next.
"That's it; I want you to forgive me, and
so I—I must tell you!" Jed said again, turning his agonized, guilty face once more toward his friend.
"I wasn't shooting at a wolf when I tumbled from the tree; I was going to shoot at—

Orrus looked at him in utter astonishment, but without speaking a word. Jed ground his teeth in an agony of remorse. After a while Cyrus answered:

"Tm sorry you told me; but maybe it is better that you should have it off your mind. Don't tell anybody else, though, and we will forzet it."

forget it."
I don't want to forget it!" Jed exclaimed.
"I don't want to forget it!" Jed exclaimed.
"I'm so glad I tumbled! Now I'm going to live to show you that I never can be again such a boy as I was then!"
He did live, and he kept his word. From that time Cyrus Hayward had no better friend than Jared Parkinson, and the town no tractor unniller boy. So won. uns time Cyrus Hayward had no better friend than Jared Parkinson, and the town that of the more or manifer by. So you see, the Divine words as they always have proved true in this case, as they always have proved true in the case, as they always have proved the late of the case of the control of the case of the case

#### THE HISTORY OF SUGAR.

The exact date of the invention of sugar is lost in the midst of fable. However, sugar is said to have been known by the Chinese three thousand years ago, and there is not much doubt but that the manufacture of the article was carried on under the Tsin dynasty two hundred years before Christ. A strong claim for priority has been made for India. Probably the Hindoos learned the art from the Chinese, and from India the knowledge was carried further west. Three hundred and twenty-five years Griteres, and from finds the knowledge was carried further west. Three hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, Alexander sent Nearchus with a large feet down the Indus to explore the adjacent countries. When that officer returned from his expedition, he brought to Greece an account of honey (sugar) which the Asiatics made from cane, without any assistance from bees. This was the earliest any assistance from bees. This was the earliest high control of the state of the state of the first properties of the state of the first properties. Before the discovery of America sugar was a costly luxury, used only on rare occasions. During the wars of the floses, about 1455 Margaret Paston, wrote to her hundred, ye gentleman of Norfolk, wrote to her hundred, the properties of the state of the st

#### AS BAD AS A CAMP FOLLOWER

Col. John Brownlow, the son of the noted Par-son Brownlow, of Tennessee, tells me the following interesting incident of Haves' administration. Said interesting incuents of mayes administration. Sau he: "I was in the Ebbitt House one night at the beginning of President Hayes' term and was there introduced to a Gen. McCall or Call, of Indiana. He as a tall, portly, blustering, overdressed man with a red face and a pompous air. He strutted about the lobby of the hotel as though he owned Washington, talked loudly about Indiana, and interlarded his words with numerous oaths. I was merely introduced to him and then left the hotel. The next day I had an errand at the White House and was sitting in President Hayes' private room waiting my turn to speak to the President after he should be through with some visitors who had come in before me. He had nearly finished when the door opened and in came this blustering, red-faced Indiana General. He took a chair, and placing it nearer the President's than mine, pulled out of his breast pocket an immense bundle of letters and leoreast powers an immense outside or exters and regain papers. As soon as the President had finished,
he picked up his chair, pushed himself in front of
Jennings, an unpopular student and a ministers's
me, and holding these letters out to Mr. Hayes

son, Pontius Pilate. He ordered them sternly never

said: 'Mr. Hayes, I have come after an office, and here are my letters of recommendation.' The President looked dismayed at the pile, and answered:

One day a class was reciting the catechism. The

ident looked dismayed at the pile, and answered:

'1 am very busy now. You had better leave the
letters and I will look over them.' To this the
pseudo General demurred, saying he could not
well, and there are the control of the country of the
look over them at middle to have the president
look over them at middle to have the country
'are from Oliver P. Morton and other noted men,
and I want them attended to. 'President Hayes
then asked the man what position he wanted. He
replied, 'I want the mission to the Hawaiian Islands.'

"But,' said Mr. Hayes, 'I can't let you have
that. That place is already promised.'

"Yes,' was the reply,' I had heard of that, but
I thought perhaps you would reconsider your
promise.'

I tanugate permaps you "refurned the President." I'lean't reconsider,' returned the President. The mission has been already given to Gen. Comly, who is my personal friend. "Yes! yes!' returned the General somewhat impatiently. 'I know that, but I thought you might reconsider.'

reconsider."

"The matter is settled, and you can't have it."

"Then, Mr. President," continued this ma without a blush, and drawing his chair up close t Hayes, 'I understand Gen. Comly is low with con sumption, and that he can not live long. If h dies, I want you to consider my application a made."

"President Hayes looked at the man a moment in amazement. His face turned white with anger, and wheeling his chair around, he turned his back toward the office-seeker and said to me: 'Col. Brownlow, what can I do for you!" He paid no Hayling attention to the man, who thaily arose, and laying. "Well, Mr. President, if you can't give me the Hawaiian mission, do the best you can for me."

#### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

SENATOR BUTLER is one of the mildest and most peaceful of men, although he would be the very last to run away from a fight forced upon him. truth of history shows that he was a peace-maker at Hamburg, and that it was through his efforts that a great many lives were saved. Yet for a long time throughout the North he was called the leader of the men who committed the massacre. Occaof the men who committed the massacre. Occasionally a rural individual strays into the Senate with the control of the senate of the senate of the senate of the senate with the senate of the senate o

#### UNDER GOVERNMENT.

GROVER CLEVELAND himself once came to Washington after an office, says Gen. Wisewell, who was an old friend of Cleveland's father. It was at the time he had finished his schooling, and he had letters to Gen. Wisewell, who was in office here at the time. He failed. Had he succeeded he would prob-ably be holding a clerkship to-day. It was the ably be holding a clerkship to-day. It was the same with Salmon P. Chase, who came to Washington as youth and tried to start a private school here. He failed: and applied to his uncle, Dudley Chase, who was then in the Senate, for a place. His uncle refused, saying: "Salmon, I once got an appointment for a nephew in the Treasury and I rulned like. I am not going to ruin you in the spade or an axe for you to go out and cut or dig for a living, but I will never help you to a place under the government." And then, as he noticed his nephew's face color, and as young Chase arose and indignantly refused the half-follar, he continued: "You think me harsh, my boy, but the time will come when you will see that I am right." I come when you will see that I am right." I come when you will see that I am right." I come when you will see that I am right." I come when you will see that I am right." I come when you will see that I am right." I come when you will see that I come you will see that I can gift. "I come when you will see that I can gift." I come when you will see that I can gift. "I come when you will see that I can gift." I come when you will see that I can gift. "You think me harsh, my boy, but the time will come when you will see that I can gift." I come when you will see that I can gift. "You think me harsh, my boy, but the time will come when you will see that I can gift." I come you will see that I can gift. "You think me harsh, my boy, but the time will come when you will see that I can gift." I can will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that I can gift will be a come you will see that you will see that

#### THIEF BAITING

THEY were playing whist in the smoker. One of the players wore on his collar-searf a diamond pin. It was very large and very brilliant. The inference was that the wearer was a showy nabob, or a blackleg. As a partner was shuffling for a new deal, another remarked: "That is a fine pin you wen!" "Yes," replied the man, "that is a good pin-for the money. It cost \$3.50. It is paste. You may wonder why I wear such a worthless beaules." the money. It cost \$3.50. It is paste. You may wonder why I wear such a worthless bamble. I wear it for protection. This is the third one I have worn, the other two were stolen. Let me explain. I was traveling on a Sonthern railway at night. I was traveling on a Sonthern railway at night. Gradually the passengers in the car I was in divindled to three—two men headed myself. I dissipate the pastern of the pas

#### THE DUNCE AND HIS BLUNDER.

Dr. Boyer, one of Coleridge's teachers, had an antipathy to nicknames, and had been fretted be-cause the boys would persist in calling one Simon Jennings, an unpopular student and a ministers's

Apostle's Creed fell to a boy noted for duline Apostle's Creed fell to a boy noted for dullness. He droned along careleasly to "suffreed under," and was about to add "Pontius Pilate," when suddenly the threat of the master and the sure penalty flashed on him. Thankful that his memory had acted so promptly, he added with energy, "under Simon Jennings, and was crucified."
Down came the merciless came of Dr. Boyer on Dewn came the merciless came of Dr. Boyer on the cried in anger: "What do you mean, sig:"
The boy, astounded at the sudden flogging, said crustily:

The boy, astounded as the season say Simon Jen-crustity:

"You ordered us, sir, always to say Simon Jen-nings instead of Pontius Pliate, or we should be whipped," and he appealed to the class if it were not so.

Dr. Boyer was silenced. He had flogged the boy for too literal obedience.

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#### THE WORLD AND ALL

SHE was ready for bed and by on my arm, In her little frilled cap so fine, With her golden bair falling out at the edge, And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross," And "Three men who put not to sea," When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Paps, for would you take for me?"

"Paps, fot would you take for me ! And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart." And abe slept, baby weary with play, But I held her warm in un jove-strong arms, Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me, The land and the sea and sky, The lowest depth of the lowest place, The bighest of all that's high.

The cities with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stores of art,
I would not lake for one low, soft throb
I would not lake for one low, soft throb
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darting's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

Dad I snow it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away.
And I felt such a sweet content.
For the words of the soing expressed:
And the night cropt on and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too glad to be,
And I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
"Paps, for would you take for me?"

### THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

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

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARPY SIRTIDAY.

They were very busy up there among the roof-boulevards. Beck was the happiest girl in all that great city of thousands. Her year had been filled with work. She had helped Ralph till, with the opportunity to attend evening school, he had fitted himself for the grand business of life. How she loved these people so strangely revealed to her, no human tongue could tell! They were her own! She who had felt heself utterly alone in the one of His beautiful promuses, and say one one of His beautiful promuses, and say one one of His beautiful promuses, and say trials had matured his character, and added beauties that might also have remained hidden forever. He was so patient, so gentle, so forbearing towards all! and had cultivated many graces that most men ignore.

So Beek would have been contented all her life to stay just there, if Providence had so willed it. She loved the pure, clear atmosphere, the humble tasks, the teaching, the homely people, whose neighborly offices were so ready and unostentatious. She had never yet spoken of the clause in her father's will, relative to his only son, having sometimes a lurking fear that she might never come to her own. And the queer little girl in blue spectacles was often commented on by the firm, and the firm's clerks and helpers below stairs. They had some of them tried to see her without he spectacles. She had all she needed hooles, flowers, birds, her music, and a loving, appreciative circle.

She seldow went out into the lower world, and always returned to her cyrie with delight.

"I am afraid I am utterly spoiled for society," she would sometimes as y, laughing. A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

and always resumentilight.

"I am afraid I am utterly spoiled for society." she would sometimes say, laughing.
"If I ever get back my own, I shall live a hermit's life, like my old man of the for-

hermits inc, lace ...,
est."
One day the janitor came home with great
news. It was Beck's birthday, and they were
very busy getting up a little holiday feast in
honor of the event. Beck was sitting sewing
on some dainty little garment for Dell, when
her brother placed a letter in her hand.
Beck sprang up, delight in every feature.
"O! where did you get it?" she cried.
"From a friend, who keeps me posted," he
aid.

"O! where did you get it?" she cried.
"From a friend, who keeps me posted," he said.
The letter was from Doctor Emory himself, and a certain clause related to her.
"It has been my firm conviction for some time, ever since, in fact, I saw the notice of little Beck Lewes's death in our city paper, which was forwarded to me, that there has been foul play, somewhere. Why was she taken to an asylum? There was nothing of insanity in that child's veins. I know it. And it seems a terrible travesty in human nature that people can be found capable of doing such a deed. If I had been at home it never would have happened. The fact that the child led such an isolated life during her fasther's illness, and had been much abroad, made the crime seem easy of accomplishment. My girls were almost wild when they heard of it. They were just arranging to have her come to us. Depend upon it, as soon as I return home there will be a reckoning. I shall sift the matter thoroughly. Luttle Beck Lewes was us dear to me as my own children. So there will be a day of doom. My business affairs are now all arranged. You will be pleased to learn that I am made independent for life. My two gris have both caught has bands our will catted them when they have mand fellow; the A scamp of a Frenchman-sland Frank is engage also had single to Elisa or exputation in social and business circle with a sound frank is engage and had single to Elisa of the chall start perhaps the day after this letter does, just pessibly get there in advance of it." Oh!" cried Beck, "they must be at home."

"Oh!" cried Beck, "they must be at home

"They are at home," said her brother.
And then Beck went to crying.
"I wouldn't have told you if I had thought
it would make you sorry," said the janitor.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

"You know I am almost wild with very joy!" And Beck dashed away the tears and looked up with a very runbow of a few.
"The dearest friends, almost, I have in the whole world," she said. "and I shall see them, free and in my right mind—and it might all have been so different!" and the foolish little creature fell to crying again.
"Here is something else," said her brother, placing three tickets in her hand.
"Of you got them! I thought it would be next to impossible!" she said, wiping her eyes.

eyes.

"Yes, I got them. It did seem next to impossible, for a time, but perseverance, you know. I'm awfully dogged when I set out

for a thing."

"And the party is to come off next week.
How lucky we got the dresses!" she said to her brother's wife, who stood smillingly look-ing on. "It was the last of my money, too. but, thank God! we shall soon have plenty, and I should have hated to go there without tickets."

ont, thank took we shall soon have pienty, and I should have hated to go there without tickets:

"To your own house?" said little Dell.
Beck smiled and sighed, and smiled again, as she looked about her.
said. "It has been school, home, everything. Do you know it makes my heart ache to think of leaving it?"

"Very well, suppose yog settle down here in a humdrum style, and leave your friends at home to spend all your substance in riotous living!" said her brother.

"No!" Beck said, resolutely, "I will have my rights! The memory of my dear father shall be vindicated. God never meant injustice to thrive. Sep and Arty must leave my house—as for Mrs. Del Ray and Audrey, I will see about them. I always liked Audrey, I will see about them. I always liked Audrey. She would have been a splendid girl but for the misfortune of having a silly mother. But they are poor, and they shall have a home with me if they will. And I know of a pretty cottage, "she went on, archly, "which would be the pride of somebody I wot of, with lovely grounds already laid out, and fields, and meadows, and lawns."

The janior finshed to the roots of his hair. His longing all his life had been for such a company of the said where a cecpt it, even from you."

She got np, leaned over and kissed him. "Wait till I ask you, sr, she said," she

"Leave me out of your calculations, dear," he said, "I should never accept it, even from the said, "I should never accept it, even from the said," I should never accept it, even from the said, "I should never accept it, even from the said," she said, "I she said," she said," she hummed gaily, and went out of the room. That was a day of days to Beck, always to be remembered. Work was over early, and the rest of the day devoted to amusement. Flowers were placed wherever they could be—the piano was open, sunshine came in at every window, bell flitted about, dressed like a little princess, in garments Beck had bought with her own money, Ralph was home for a vacation, everybody was happy. Never was there a birthday cake like the one made by the dexterous fingers of Mrs. Campbell Lewes—for Campbell had been the maiden name of Beck's mother. It was covered with the richest icing, and lovely fairies, angels, pseedas, birds, every kind of thing that would never of itself thind or making a future on a structure, and the said of the

to sociability and a few charming oto-ume games.

"It is the first time I have ever had a birth-day celebration since I went to school in Paris," said Beck, unthinking. The pleasant, common people, stared, and Beck blushed.
"In Paris!" said somebody. "You don't say you have been there!"
"Yes, and I was born in Paris," said Ralph, emboldened by Beck's smile.
There was a general bewilderment, increased presently, when Beck brought out from some recess, costly and beautiful gifts for every one of the guests present.
"It was easy to be seen, miss, that you wasn't one of us," said old Harold, a cripple; "netther beyonder. I'm afraid you're had misfortins."

"neither he yonder. I'm afraid you've had me "rest." said Beck, "we have had misfortunes, but thank God, they are over now." "Well, nobody can be more pleased than sa, miss," was the respectful answer.

The next day was full of business. Towards night Beck went radiantly out of the house, leaning on her brother's arm. She was dressed in a brown suit, identical with the one she had worn when she left the hospital; her hair which had grown to a pretty length, was hidden under her close fitting hat, and she had donned the big blue spectacles. As far as the doctor's door, her brother accompanied her, and then left her with instructions to come for her at a particular time.

Beck, as she was ushered into the old familiar parlor. How well—with what painful distinctness she remembered that last time she had been there! She had little leisure to think, however, for Elise presently came in, and with a stiff bow, remained standing.
"You have never heard of me I presume," said Beck, holding her hands hard, her voice trembline.

"You have never heard of me! presume," said Beck, holding her hands hard, her voice trembling.
"Not that I remember," said Elise, coldly. Beck was nonplussed. The little speech she had come prepared to make about her orphanage, her want of employment, her ability, etc., all faded from her mind. Frank coming in at that moment was astonished to see a pale, little creature carefully laying aside her hat, unbinding her hair, and with shaking fingers pulling the big blue spectacles away.

There was a strange silence—then both girls screamed her name together.

"Oh, it is you, Beck! not your ghost! You darling! you blessed, blessed darling! Call them all here, Frank oh, dear!—In crying like a baby! I heard you were drowned. You wicked little thing! "That was impetuous Elise.
"Don't call smybody, Frank," said Beck.
"It's a secret just now, my being alive. "Don't call smybody, Frank," said Beck.
"It's a secret just now, my being alive. But I couldn't wait. It seemed as if I should die if I didn't come, I was so hungry for a sight of you! Yes, I'm alive, thank God! and it's all right. I have found those who are kin to me, my brother and his wife and children—oh, I am so happy! But you must keep my secret till next week. Promise me that.
"No tell bin. Say that I an going to Wee.

children—oli, I am so happy; bit yoù mue that.

"Even from papa?" asked Elise.

"No, tell him. Say that I am going to Mrs. Maud's great party—he will understand.

"Oh, I see!" said Elise, clasping her hands. "And I'm so glad! oh, so glad! And Beck, dear, it's funny, but I shall have Hernochman, after all hernself at her side, and sat looking the with quastioning eyes.

"I don't believe it, I can't believe it," she said, over and over again. "And yet I din't believe it, and yet I din't believe it, and yet I din't believe it in the said, over and over again. "And yet I din't believe it in the said, over and over again. "And yet I din't believe the news of your death for a long time, over in England. I said it must be a mistake, but little by little it seemed to settle down upon us, the idea that you might be gone. We were just making preparations—let me see, it was about a year ago—for sending for you. Sep told me that you had gone to a health cure just before we left; you know we could not see each other then, because of the children's sickness, and we, knowing how till you had been, thought it was all right. He never said it was —what it was, "she added, shuddering. "And I never saw papa so ancyry in my life, as when he read that paper. Oh, there he is i that's his knock—he always uses the knocker. Let me bring him in!" and before Beck could protest, she was gone and back again.
"Why, bless my sou! little Beck!" and

and back again.
"Why, bless my soul! little Beck!" and
in a minute he had gathered her up in his

in a minute he had gathered her up in his arms with a great sob.
"My child! my darling child!"he said, the great tears rolling down his cheeks. "I loved your father like a brother, and I love you like my own girls here. God be thanked! God be thanked!

Beck thought, as she laid her head on the pillow that rhight, that it had been one of the happiest days of her life—that day she came of age.

YANKEE DOODLE'S ORIGIN.

EVERY once in a while our national song, Yankee Doodle, is the cause of a spirited dispute among those who search after the origin of such things. Such a controversy is on just at present, and it is reviving some interesting history about that old fashioned tune. From the best theories that can be formed it is probable that Yankee Doodle first came from Holland. In the low countries of that

as these:

Nan kee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a fredek;
We will tar and feather him.
And see we will John Hancock
It was not adopted by the Americans as a familiar air until after the battles of Concord and Lexington, when the brigade under Lord Ferry marched Fisher's Jig," or what is now known as Yankee Doodle.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

consolver in the doctor's door, her brother care accompanied her, and then left her with in a structions to come for her at a particular time.

As old physician, retired from practice, having and placed in his hands by an East India missionary time.

Beck stood upon that familiar top-step, and looked about her, almost overcome for the removement with contending emotions. The tears were very near the dark eyes, but she suppressed them and smiled bravely as ahe suppressed them and smiled bravely as a her trang the belung ladden and all Nerrons Complaints, step the trans of the suppressed them and smiled bravely as a her trang the belung ladden and all Nerrons Complaints, step the suppressed them and smiled bravely as a her tranged the suppressed them and smiled bravely as the suppressed them and smiled bravely as the suppressed them and smiled bravely as the suppressed them and service the suppressed them and service the suppressed them and service the suppressed them and smiled bravely as the suppressed them and service the suppressed them and smiled bravely as the



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#### THE GRACES.

THE GRACES.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ roun. And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow. No night-sys hath its morn. Have Fath; "diffuered ret by bark is driven, The calm's sesport, the tempest's mirth, Rnow this, 6(4) rules the hosts of heaven, The inhabit in or each the face how the state of the service of the state of the state

# HOW THE GHOST WAS LAID.

BY PERCIVAL STURGIS.
"I AM SORRY, Sir, but all the rooms are taken.
It was the landlord of the little inn at L.—— w

"I Ax sorry, sip, but all the rooms are taken." It was the landlord of the little inn at L—who spoke.

"That was the landlord of the little inn at L—who spoke.

"That you would not care to occupy."

"Why not!" replied I.

"Well, you see, it's haunted." returned the landlord, lowering his voice to a whaper as he spoke. I was tired, and besides, being naturally incredulens on the subject of ghosts, engaged the room without further was buject of ghosts, engaged the room without further was buject of ghosts, engaged the room without further was buject of ghosts, engaged the room without further was a great resort for those who wished to escape the noise and bustle of the world; and, in consequence, on this autumnal evening the inn was filled. —, nestling so sougly in the valley, and this inn was a great resort for those who wished to escape the noise sent up to my room, I ast with the landlord conversing.

Among other topics, we soon found ourselves talking about the haunted room, and I prevailed on the landlord to tell the story. He at first hesitated, but when I told him that I should like to the harding and the landlord to tell the story. He at first hesitated, but when I told him that I should like to he have a should be a supplied to the landlord to tell the story. He at first hesitated, but when I told him that I should like to he particulars of the mysterious murder of a lady in that room many years before, and said that ever afterwards the servants were afraid to venture near it, because they said it was haunted by the murdered lady—and the said of the said of

was no lock, I jumped into bed.

Still I could not sleep for some time. I tried all methods to woo the droway god, till at hast I was the work of the state of th

lieved.

Befeling over the wall, what was my astonishment to see the same small door spring open and disclose that same box. To seize the box was the work of an instant, and opening it. I perused the work of an instant, and opening it. I perused the papers. They were deeds of some valuable estate, and were quite old. They were drawn in favor of Ames' Elmdale Grange.

I said nothing to any one, but kept my own counsel.

counsel.

Casually speaking to my host, I asked him if he knew of a place called Elmdale, or of any one called Ames.

Casually speaking to my host, I asked him if he knew of a piace called Emiddle, or of any one called A. "Oh, yes! that's another story of this village, in which old Ames's son was deprived of the estate on account of the loss of some necessary deed," he replied. "It was a downright shame, for he was a nice, noble young man, and the estate is now in the property of the control of the loss of some necessary deed," he replied. "It was a downright shame, for he was a nice, noble young man, and the estate is now in the state of the sone of the country of the sone of th

salutation, which, however, did not disconcert the carcless stranger, for he walked as leisurely as be"These," thought I, "were the two contestants for the property. But," I said, mentally, looking towards the house, "I shall have something to do with it; your triumph will not be long."

I reached the inn in time for supper, and sought my own room, this time, however, with a determination of the same and the same and the same and the same and the same actions as before; but I seized its hand, and not like flesh and blood. It went through the same actions as before; but I seized its hand, and not like flesh and blood. It went through the same actions as before; but I seized its hand, and not like flesh and blood. It went through the same actions as before; but I seized its hand, and not like flesh and blood. It went through the same actions are before; but I seized its hand, and not my rown yellow the same actions as before; but I seized its hand, and not my rown and the same actions are same as the same actions are same actions as the same actions are same as the same actions are same as the same actions are same as the same actions and the same actions are same actions as the same actions are same actions and the same actions are same actions and the same actions are same actions as the same actions are same acti

ent rooms.
"Have you lost anything?" asked I.
"Yes, sir, a ring," she replied.
"Is this it?" at the same time taking the ring

"Yes, alva sing," shoring piles.
"Is this 12" at the same time taking the ring from my pocket.
"Yes," she eagerly returned, and held out her hand for it.
"Stop a moment," said I. "Do you know Woodfell Ames!" said she, growing quite pale and seared-looking, "Why, every one knows him."
I looked at her rather sternly, and telling her about my discovery, I managed to work upon her fears, and she contessed that she had stolen the deeds from Ames! library, at the instigation of the present proprietor, Orville Gienn, which was the present proprietor, Orville Gienn, being dazzled by a tempting bribs, had committed the deed. She was afterwards discharged on some ground, and came to the inn to live.

Where she had put the papers she had forgotten, and thinking so much about them—she must have got up in her sleep, and gone to where she had laid them. I informed the landor of my proceedings, places are some shoring and the chamber ceased to be "haunted." The midd became afterwards cured of her sleep-walking, and the chamber ceased to be "haunted." The midd became afterwards cured of her sleep-walking, and that the only spectre I saw was one of pure flesh and blood.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

A ROYAL elephant fight in Burmah is thus described: There were fifteen elephants on a side. pair of them was never started alone at a fight. The fights are always arranged for the amusement of the nobles, and are great events. The battle is terrific. The elephants are given toddy, made out of the fermented juice of the palm, which they drank out of buckets. Jersey lightning is like water commended to the state of the part of the state of the sta fights are always arranged for the amusement of

It is a well-known fact that during the later years of his life Turner was unable to sell a large number of his pictures, although he seldom asked for them a higher price than the modest two hun-dred guineas which was considered in those days a for them a night price than the modest two number deriginess which was considered in those days a sum of money considerably beyond the market value of the artist's work. A certain Scotch gentleman named Munroe, a famous collector of pictures, enjoying an income of from twenty-five to the contract of t

### EXCHANGES.



# CORRESPONDENCE

F. G., Winona, Minn. 1. No charge.

F. L. S., La Fayette, Ind. The late Schuyler Colfas ras worth over half a million.

J. A. G., New Preston, Ct. We will publish an exhange notice if you send one. We do not make ex-

and freeding.

A. M. D. Por Eade, La. There are white whales, though rare. One was exhibited alive in N. Y. City, some eight years ago. It soon died and was stuffed. Another specimen, killed in the Mediterranean, is now on exhibition in Paris.

T. C. T., Morris, Minn. You should be extremely careful about cleaning your gun. If you should created in the companion of the property o

every man could take ms place in the ranks. The second of the second of

B. E., Bumpus Sta., Va. 1. A painter puts his name in the corner of every work he turns out, just as a man hangs out a sign before his slop. 2. Never head the expression. Give us an example of it. 3. Bean Erunnie was an English fop, of some means, borr in London in 1779. He displayed such as degant taste in dress that he set the fashion for a long time of the control of the cont

#### PUZZLEDOM No. 116 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ONDOCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTION SO SOLICITIES THE department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apartment. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apartment of the paper ONLY, and apart on the paper of the

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 111. No. 1. No. 2.





## AT HE AT TO BE A STATE OF A ST

#### NEW PUZZLES

No. 1. CRYPTOGRAM.

Leweibmeonu rohevm chunedyw daibua ubuagroi nbea foppellyi usvia sviehfilaf svib hoesbtn chetyce hightynu ubyhane cyaona ovbhvia wbie besvob esiteliavu liwa appbei.

New Yonk Crit.

Firstly.

No. 2. Double L. Enigma. (To "Nyas.")

(To "Nyas")

In "god-father," sponsor for a child;

In "Pacific Ocean," noted as mild;

In "unitedy miner," risking his sli;

In "united his sli;

In "oceanic Islands," so far from the coast;

In "oceanic Islands," so far from the coast;

In "oceanic Islands," so far from the coast;

In "oceanic Islands," so doubties heard,

In "oceanic Islands," so doubties heard,

Oxpora, Miss.

Uncress...

No. 3. SQUARE.

1. Competes with; 2. One newly risen into notice;
Elders: 4. To obscure; 5. A stanza of six lines
Wore); 6. Having exaggerated action; 7. To hold in
oubt.
SIMON EASE.

No. 4. QUADRUPLE-LETTER ENR
In "hillside farm,"
In "wardrobe warm,
In "wardrobe warm,
In "William's hounds,"
In "nontine sun,"
In "getting done "
Now friend puzzl-dighters,
In these lines may be found
Yety much renowned.

AUBURN, Mx. No. 4. QUADRUPLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

JULIUS CESAR.

1. A pronunciation of the Greek eta, like ey in the word they (Sup.); 2. Cape of Italy; 3. City of Germany; 4. Helmets; 5. A moment; 6. Nickname of the Duke of Buckingham; 7. Anything uncouth. STOME LAKE, IA.

No. 6. CHARADE NO. 6. CREARDE
My one toes Blaine
I paid with pain—
(It was a high silk hat),
And I'm not fain
To take again
A risk so great as that.
If you should be
Beneath the sea,
On building bridges bent,
You'd find compilete
Or similar cement.
Mb. Mb.

BALTIMORE, MD. MAUD LYNN.

No. 7. DIAMOND

NO. 1. DIAMOGIU.

1. A letter; 2. A large serpent; 3. Designating law as in France, by which males only can inherit throne; 4. Fairer; 5. Native carbonates of bargia; Thick strong leather; 7. Tinging with vermillor; 4. river of Anatria; 9. A town of Mechlenbus Schwerin; 10. A castrated bull (Prov. Eng.); 11.

No. 8. CHARADE. The sea waves roll upon the shore, (A dreary, barren waste) They tumble inland with a roar And give the land a taste.

A taste of what, you may inquire, My answer is quite plain, A taste of first, that doth aspire To drench the earth next rain.

And as the last casts wild the spray
Upon the tiny shells,
The complete whiles the day away
In trailing through the dells.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. MONNING STAR.

No. 9. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A fragment; 3. A constellation of the zodiac 4. Frustrates (Ob.); 5. To turn towards the cent; 0. The constellation of the zodiac; 7. Filiform processes or organs proceeding from the head of an invertebrate animal; 8. Tired of eating; 9. Penned; 10. A waterfall of Ireland; 11. A letter.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

No. 10. CHARADE

No. 10. CHARADE.

We'd have the solvers meditate
On what's defined as "lot" or "fate,"
Which, if they rightly penetrate,
Write down for primal.

Write down for primal.

For next they may experiment
On word defined as "accident"
And "danger," too, may represent
The word for final.
The first and second rightly guess'd
The whole is clearly manifest,
Nor is there aught more to suggest—
At a glance

They'll see what's hidden in the rhyme,
And then write out in letters nine
A word which we may thus define—
Say as "chance."
ON. D. C. Nyas

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of answers to puzzles in this issue, six months' subscription to The Golden's Ancient. For the second and third complete lists, or the best two for the second and third complete lists, or the best two first second and there were the second and there were the second and the second second

Jo. MULLINS was the minimizer who sent the same answer to No. 4 that the minimizer who sent the same answer to No. 4 that the minimizer of the puzzle gave. K. T. DIT and Mack gave it Blow, Glow; Tive gave it Tide, Tide; Mary Asdrews. WILL I. Ast and D. O. Nurr gave it Gale, Game. Either one of these answers might be called correct as it is one of those puzzles might be called correct as it is one of those puzzles. Troe alone succeeded with No. 11. The latter says this is a model characte. Why did not the invinebble Jo. MULLINS solve it and seen in a complete? Monstro Jo. MULLINS solve it and seen in a complete? Monstro Jo. MULLINS solve it and seen in a complete Monstro best three forms, and another for best three flate. It is a good scheme, and ought to bring him a year's supply of superior puzzles. The result of our flat contest will be announced next week. Then look out for STAR, we float, offers a championship gold medal for EN S

NO. 11. Buskin.

Puzzles in Fuzzledom No. 111 were correctly solved by Jo. Mullins, K. T. Din. MANY ANDREWS, WILL I AM, TYPO, ASPIRO, ADA G., D. O. NUTT, MORNING STAR, STANOE ASSE, WILL DEXTER, F. AUTCHELL, ENTROPE STANOE, WILL DEXTER, F. AUTCHELL, ENTROPE STANOE, S. WILL DEXTER, F. AUTCHELL, ENTROPE STAR, WILL DEXTER, F. AUTCHELL, ENTROPE STAR, DEAD, N. MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDRE, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, EN WAND, ANDREAS, G. I. DIAGON, MACK, NAYAD, BOIGS, MACK,