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Vol. III.-No. 14.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, SI WARREN ST.,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1885.

TERMS. \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 118.

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST. By CAPT, DAVID SOUTHWICK.

[While this serial abounds in adventure and striking scenes, it is essentially true, being a record of the author's observations, and contains nothing objectionable whatever—ED.] CHAPTER I

THE INDIAN ATTACK.

FAR west, in the midst of our wide extending prairies, long before railroads were thought of in that region, stood a solitary habitation—a stage station. The occupants of this place had no neighbors. They were there in that solitary region entirely alone save when an occasional stage came in; and when it was gone nothing outside of their little home, their cattle and horses reminded them of civilization—not a human being was near excepting the wild tribes that roamed over the plains, and which at this time were unusually hostile.

over the plains, and which at this time were unusually hostile.

Their house was built of sods of earth—a material which, although far from neat, has yet the merit of keeping out alike the cold of winter and the heat of summer far more effectively than do structures composed of word or brick. Around the fifty ways as uner or fifty yards as uner or fifty ways as the fifty wa or brick. Around the house was an enclosure, fifty yards square, surrounded by a sod-built wall, some five feet high and two in thickness. Against this wall, facing the back of the

ing the back of the house, were the stables. Beyond the enclo-sure, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen to break the outline of the horithe outline of the horizon; not a tree, not a building, nothing but low shrub and waving grass. All around was a vast solitude.

The station was an

important one, for it was the terminal of a

fond as he was of all exercises demanding skill and strength, he was at other times, a quiet, almost sectate, had, who spoke but with a possible of the strength of the streng

which formed his little florary, or studying hard—for his father and mother had done their best to give him an education in accordance with his birth rather than his station.

Late one afternoon, when absorbed in one of his favorite authors, he was suddenly aroused by a cry of alarm from his father, and on rushing out, saw him standing upon the will be subject to the result of the static of

fire that issued from the ramparts of the little fort.

fire that issued from the ramparts of the little fort.

The garrison, in fact, consisted only of the station-master and his wife; but they so handled their riftes, of which they had several loaded and in readiness, that the Indians must have supposed that the station was defended by a dozen men at least, and turning their horses, they rapidly rode off until they believed themselves out of range, and then began riding around it, in order to draw the fire of the garrison, and by this means learn its strength.

The master, knowing they would not attack it until they had arranged their plans, left his position, and hastened towards the stage, while his son took his stand to watch the movements of the savages, and give them a warm reception if they attempted to come too close to the fort in their efforts to obtain information about the number of its defenders. The half-dead horses had scarcely halted before their stable, than Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were at the stage door to assist the passengers to alight.

The first to emerge

The first to emerge was a fine, gray-bearded old gentleman, who was followed by a beauti-ful girl about fourteen years of age. His first inquiry on alighting was: The first to

inquiry on alighting was:

"Is the driver all right?"

"I don't know, sir," said Mr. Wheeler; "but I will soon see. No one in the coach injured, I hope?"

"I think not," was the answer. "There is only one other passenger—Mr. Runman, one of the directors of the Pony Express Company."



"I don't think one life is much more valuable than another." Senator Power said. "The man rho has need to maintain is most missed."

"You can't really mean that, senator," the director said, 'you do not seriously mean to say that the life of a man like that, whose place I can fill up out of a hundred applicants, is really for a moment to be compared in importance with those of men like ourselves."

The senator shrugged his shoulders without speaking, or man what hat Mr. Runman would not really standard anything he could say.

By this time they reached the house, Wheeler having gone off to get as many horses inside the stable as it would hold safely.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

"Queen fellow that Wheeler," Mr. Runman said.
"Gives himself airs, I should say. I seem to know his face, and yet I can't recall it."

"I seem to know his face, and yet I can't recall it."

"I seem to know her, and yet. I don't suppose I ever met her before."

Entering the principal room of the house, the pair found Mrs. Wheeler occupied in cooking, while the young girl was looking on, and talking to her. "Well, Bella, recovered from your fright?"

"Yes, grandpapa; but it was a bad time. wasn't it? Mrs. Wheeler says she hopes some soldiers will it? Mrs. Wheeler says she hopes some soldiers will it? Mrs. Wheeler says she hopes some soldiers will attack us. Mrs. Wheeler?"

"I hope so, too," Mr. Power said, "for I don't think that there is much chance of our getting any tarther until they do. Do you think the Indians will attack us. Mrs. Wheeler?"

"I should think so, certainly," she said calmly.
"What!" exclaimed Mr. Runman, "attack us! Do you mean to say that they will actually attack the said of the pair of the property of the property of the property of the property of the property. I have no doubt about it," Mrs. Wheeler said: "they seen to be strong, and are a war party. and

"Thave no doubt about it," Mrs. Wheeler said;
"they seem to be strong, and are a war party, and
they are not likely to submit to being baulked of
their prey."
"Why," r. Runnan said devontip, "these sar"
Why," r. Runnan said devontip, "these sar was remisted to be upon this seath, and to trouble respectable people, is one of the greatest mysteries of Providence. They ought to be exterminated!" he exclaimed, bringing down his hand with a thump on the table.

"That's exactly what they say of ur, "the statsaw are concerned, they are more likely to carry out their ideas than we are. I have been wondering, ever since you came in, sir, at the marvelous scape you have all had. Here is the driver riddeduction."

"The coach is lined with iron," Mr. Runnan said with an air of pride at his own ingenuity,
"It was my own idea; and it has builet-proof shutters. So you see even if the driver had been safe, for nothing short of sledge hammers would break it open. I call it my Indian-proof coach."

"And you think, Mr. Runnan," the stationkeeper said, with a half smile, "that you are quite safe inside that coach from Indians!"

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"And you chink, Mr. Runnan, of the diversity of the safe in the safe i

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

"Are you well armed, Mr. Wheeler?" the senator asked.

"Yes, very well. The company supplied arms
for what they considered to be the probable force
in the station, in case of attack. I have vix Winchester repeating rifles, of sixteen shots each, and
twelve Coft's revolvers. Besides these, I have two
double-barrelled guns."

"All these, and only one man to use them," groaned Mr. Runman.
"Excuse me," the station-keeper said. "My son is a better shot than I am, my wife nearly as good—that makes three. There are yourself and Mr. Power—five. There is a rifle and a brace of revolvers each, and the rifle and the two guns in reserve in case we are pressed, besides four revolvers."

yers."
So saying he opened a cupboard and placed the arms on the table.

So saying he opened a cupboard and placed the arms on the table.

"And now," he continued, "let us go and hear what Jack has seen."

Accompanied by the two travelers, the station-keeper went out into the enclosure. Jack was pacing round, keeping his head under shelter of the tentive look round the count and taking an attentive look round the count and taking an approached his soin.

"Yes, a good many, father. The grass out on this side of the house has been waving a good deal during the last half-hour, and I have twice heard the cry of the copie in that direction."

Power asked.

Jack smiled at the question. Accustomed as he

Power asked.

Jack smiled at the question. Accustomed as he was to life on the plains, such a question sounded to him absolutely foolish.

With all these Indians about, sir, there would not be a coyote within miles.

"How far off was the cry, Jack?"

About half a mile, as nearly as I can tell."

"That is about what I should say, father; but you halb better opportunities of seeing them than I had."

What tribe do you mut them down at the plant.

on had bester opportunities of seeing them than I had to what it is not a say, failer; out a what is not a say, at the control of the control

the cattle!"
"Just what I was thinking, father. We must have the yard clear."
"You don't intend to sacrifice the horses?" Mr. Runman said hastily; "they are the property of

"Just what I was thinking, father. We must he have yard clear."

"Just what I want to sacrifice the horses?" Mr. Runnan said hastily; "they are the property of the Company,"

"If you think the Company would value the lives of their horses higher than that of their director, the horses can stay in the yard, Mr. Runnan."

"Never lear, Mr. Runnan; all the horses worth anything will go into the stables. We will wheel your iron coach up against the door, as otherwise they will use it as a cover."

"Never lear, Mr. Runnan; all the horses worth anything will go into the stables. We will wheel your iron coach up against the door, as otherwise they will use it as a cover."

"Simply to defoul the house to the last, Jack; have you anything to suggest?"

"My idea was this," Jack said. "Three of us can defend the house, and keep up a fire all over the yard, and have them as they come over the wall; but they will crawl up round the house worth you want they will crawl up round the house when you want to the wall; but they will crawl up round the house when you want to the year. I want to the wall; but they will crawl up round the house when you want to the year. I want to the year was the young card to have the year, and have them as they come over the wall; but they will crawl up round the house when you want to the year. I want to the year was the year of the year was the year of the year. I want to the year of year of years was the year of years was years was years was years was years was years y

last word; for, as that left his lips, a number of dark figures appeared upon the wall, as suddenly as if they had risen from it. The sharp crask of dark figures appeared upon the wall, as suddenly as if they had risen from it. The sharp crask of the consument of the sharp crask of the loss. The the crackling fire of the repeating rifles commenced, the Pawnee war-whop rising from three sides of the enclosure, and by a sharp volley from the corresponding taces of the house. Then the crackling fire of the repeating rifles commenced, the Pawnee chiefs warning cry was heard, and the Indians bounded over the wall again, leaving, however, live chiefs warning cry was heard, and the Indians bounded over the wall, and any live in the sharp control of the sharp con

will know that we are watching all round, and by coming on one side they will only get one shot instead of three."

A fow more minutes' suspense, and then Mrs. A fow more minutes are minutes and a formal mrs. They were now sheltered against the wall. Their plans were evidently well prepared, for two, with tomahawks, placed themselves on either side of tomahawks, placed themselves on either side of tomahawks, placed themselves on either side of should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should they attempt a sortie, while the rest began should the statement of the windows, they were safe; and their object was to tu nearly through the turl wall close to its foot right along selves along it, and close to its foot right along selves along it, and close to its foot right along selves along it, and the row bedselves and the statement of the minutes and the statement of the minutes and the statement of the surface and the statement of th

Ask your Newsdealer for the next number of the Argory. We shall send it to him.

OUTRAGED DIGNITY.

A WELL-KNOWN railroad official stood quietly awaiting the arrival of a boat in the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry-house, in Jersey City, recently. He is about six feet in height, broad-shouldered and built, has an unusually dignified face and carriage and has the reputation of being proud of himself and of his family name.

and has the reputation of being proud of himseir and of his family name.

A train had just arrived, and among its passengers was a Jerseyman from the sand-tick region. He was tall, lean and hungry-looking. His clothes, of coarse, dark texture, had evidently been bought with the idea of giving him a chance to grow. He was a sun-burned face, a pair of innocent, though inquisitive eyes, and a nose many sizes too large. As he sauntered through the building, swinging a flabby family gripsack, and gazing with open-mouthed astonishment at the many things new to him, he appeared verdantly beautiful. Reaching the gateway to the ferry, he accosted the gatematic and the same and the

man heard through the hissing steam and ringing bells.

"What, don't you know him?" The gateman's eyes twinkled as he took the Jersey sample by the John Law of the John Law o

when I got to hum if I could only speak to him," said the rustic.

"He'll be glad to see you. Just go over and introduce yourself."

"Well, by gosh, I will." And m a few strides the countryman was in front of the railread official entered by the countryman was in front of the railread official entered by the strides of the countryman was in front of the railread official entered by the strides of the stride of the strides of the strides

A SHIRK'S ESCAPE.
I TELL you, it was good luck. I wasn't called nave no time to iose."

In this half hour everything was prepared. Jack and Mr. Runman took their station in the stable, and against the door the coach was pushed, and its wheels chained together. Then the station-keeper and Mr. Power returned to the house, and awaited the on-slaught.

Bella was fast asleep, wearied out by the excitement of the day see, and Mr. Wheeler, his wife, and the senator each took their place at a loophole, with their rifies, ready for action. An hour passed without a sign, except that now and then the barks of the covote was heard in the still night air. Then he light of the moon suddenly faded.

"Look out!" Mr. Wheeler cried to the waters in the other rooms; "they will be on the wallet instant the cloud fairly is on the moon's face. That last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last early was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last early was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At!" at last call was ontly just outside the wall. At

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Adamson's Vegetable Pills are made to meet a legitima demand for a family physic that is perfectly safe and can relied upon to do its work thoroughly. It is customary, as a wise custom it is, and in fact actually necessary for even one to have on hand a physic of some kind ready for imm one to have on hand a physic of some kind ready for imm to medicine of this kind renders it the most important one the medicine closet.

A fever is often warded off by the timely use of an efficient cathartic like Adamson's Vegetable Pills. catnartic like Adamson's Vegetable Pills.

A cold which might otherwise continue for days, is often annihilated in a single night by a dose of Adamson's Vegetable Pills.

Adamson's Vegetable Pills are a mild, efficient cathartic, acting with certainty upon the liver, removing all obstructions from the alimentary canal and preventing all diseases arising from derangements of the liver and bowels.

rising from derangements of the liver and bowels.

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my mineral substances, as they are liable to do harm. any mineral substances, as they are liable to do harm.
Adamson's Pills are a purely vegetable combination, and
contain no calomel, mercury, or mineral substances of any
contain no calomel, mercury, or mineral substances of any
be made, and offer them with perfect confidence, believing
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them and judge for yoursel.

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4 Parisian Dolls, 35 New Dresses, &c.

new lei, Historica Paper for the Boys and Girls of America, eduring to introduce building and the same of the property of the Boys of the Girls of the Boys of the Girls of the Boys of th



CONSUMPTION

LIFE'S SEASONS

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN

When we would number the brief years of some sweet laughing child. Finding them all unstained with tears. Unvexed by sorrows wild— We crown her brow with roses gay, "Her Summers are but ten," we say.

But counting up the saddened years Of a pilgrin old and gray, In view of trials, toils and fears Which he has known, we say (And such is aye the speech of men), "His Winters are threescore and ten."

HELPING HIMSELF:

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOPE DEFERRED.

LAY after day Herbert and Abner went it the post-office and inquired for letters, but alsa! none came. Poor Herbert was in des-pair. He thought his father would have in-stantly sent the money, or come out himself to take him home. Was it possible that his father had forgotten him, or was indifferent to his absence. He could not believe it, but what was he to think.

what was he to think.

"I reckon your father didn't get the letter,'
suggested Abner.
Herbert hailed this suggestion with relief.

"Or, maybe, man has told the postmaster to give her any letters that come."

This suggestion, too, seemed not improbable.

able.
"What can we do?" asked Herbert help

lessly
"I reckon we'd better run away."

"I reekon we a owner."
"Without money?"
"We'll hire out to somebody for a week or two, and write from where we are."
"I'm afraid I couldn't do much work," said the little boy.
"Then I'll work for both," said Abner stouly. "I've got tired of stayin' at home

anyway."
"I'll do whatever you say," said Herbert, feeling that any change would be for the

better.
"I'll tell you when I'm ready," said Abner.
"We'll start some time when mam's gone to

"We'll start some time when many bethe village."

There was another reason for Herbert's being dissatisfied with his new home. A fortnight had passed—the full time for which
Willis Ford had paid the boy's board—and
there were no indications that any more was
to be paid. During the first week the fare had
been tolerable, though Mrs. Barton was not a
skilful cook; but now there was no money
left, and the family fell back upon what their
limited resources could supply. Mush and limited resources could supply. Mush milk now constituted their principal diet. mus now constituted their principal diet.
is well enough occasionally, but when f
nished at every meal both Herbert and Abi
became tired of it.

became tired of it.

"Haven't you got anything else for dinner,
mam?" asked Abner discontentedly.

"No, I haven't," answered his mother snap-

"No, 1 have pishly.
"You used to have sassiges and bacon.
"That was when I had money to

"That was when I had money one the man left with him."
"Where's all that money gone the man left with him." indicating Herbert.
"It's all spent, and I wish Willis Ford would send along some more mightly quick. He needn't expect me to take a free boarder." She looked severely at Herbert, as if he were in fault. Certainly the poor boy had no desire to live on the liberality of Mrs. Barton.

were in lauti. Ceaning the pool of Myn and desire to live on the liberality of Mrs. Barton. "Maybe he's sent you some money in a letter," suggested Abner.

"Well, I never thought of that. It's a bright idee, ef it did come from you, Abner Barton. Jest go up to the post-office after dinner, and ask ef there's any letter for me. Ef there is, mind you don't open it."

"All right, man. "An any letter for me. Ef there is, mind you don't open it."

"All right, man be gave to Herbert, whom he liked in his own rough way. "I don't think," said Herbert, as they walked along, "that your mother can have got any letter written by my father. If she had, she would not be out of money."

"I reckon you're right. Do you think that Ford feller will send money for your board?"

"I think he will if he can, for he wants to keep me here; but I don't believe he has much money with him."

"All the worse for man!"

"All the worse for man!"

"All the worse for man!"

"Abner," said Herbert, after a pause, during which he had been thinking seriously;
"would you mind running away pretty

No, bub; I'm ready any time. Are you

"No, Duo; I m. 1888.); ""
"You see, Abner, I don't want to live on your mother. She isn't rich..."
"No, I guess not. Ef she hadn't married seeh a good-for-nothin' as dad....."
"I wouldn't speak so of your father, Ab-

"I wolling a pleas so of your mer.

"Why not? Isn't it the truth? Dad's no grit. He gets drunk whenever he has a chance. Mam's a good, hard-workin' woman. She'd git along well enough of she was alone."

"At any rate she can't afford to board me for nothing. So I'm ready to start whenever won are. Abner."

we get up early to-morrer and

start."
"How early?"

"Three o'clock. Mam gets up at five. We must be on the road before that time."
"I'm willing, Abner. You must wake me

"You'd better go to bed early, bub, and git all the sleep you c to-morrer

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WAKE up there!"
The little boy stirred in his sleep, and finally opened his eyes. By the faint light that entered through the window he saw Abner bending over him.
"What is it?" he asked drowsily.

"The kitchen clock's just struck three,"
whispered Abner. "You haven't forgotten
that we are going to run away, have you?"
"I'll get right up," said Herbert, rubbing

"Fil get right up, his eyes.

In two minutes the boys were dressed and ready for a start. It had taken a great deal longer for Herbert to dress at home, but he had become less particular as to his toilet

The boys took their shoes in their hands, The boys took their shoes in their hands, and stole out in their stocking feet. As they passed the door of the room in which Mr. and Mrs. Barton slept, the heard the deep breathing of both, and knew that they were not likely to be heard.

Outside the door they put on their shoes, and were now ready to start.

Wait a minute, bub, "said Abner.

He re-entered the house, and presently came out holding half a loaf in his hand.

"That'll do for our breakfast," he said.

"We won't eat'it now. We'll wait till five or six o'clock. Then we'll be hungry."

By five o'clock they were as many miles on their way. They had reached the middle of the next town.

By nwe o'clock they were as many miles on their way. They had reached the middle of the next town.
"Do you feel tired, bub?" asked Abner.
"A little. I feel hungry. Don't you think we can eat the bread now?"
"Se, we'd better. I feel kind o' gone my-

self.

if." They sat down under a tree, and Abner dided the bread fairly.
"You ought to have more than I," prosted Herbert.
"You're bigger than I, and had more."

tested Herbert. "You're bigger than 1, and meed more."
"Never mind that! You'll need it to keep up your strength."
Abner was not naturally unselfish, but he was manly enough to feel that he ought to be generous and kind to a boy so much smaller, and he felt repaid for his self-denial by no-ching the evident reliab with which Herbert ate his allowance of bread even to the smallest crumb.

ate his allowance or bread even to the small-est crumb.

They found a spring which yielded them a cool refreshing draught, and soon were on their way once more. They had proceeded perhaps two miles further, when the rumbling of wheels was heard behind them, and a farm wagon soon came up alongside. The driver was a man of about thirty—sunburnt and

roughly clad.
"Whoa, there!" he said.

The horse stopped.
"Where are you two goin'?" he asked.
"We're travelin'," answered Abner, non-

"Where are "We're traveliu," answer "We're traveliu," answer "Some ways back."
"Where's your home?"
"Some ways back."
"Where are you goin?"
"I'm after work," answered Abner.
"Well, you'd orter be a good hand at it. You look strong. Is that little feller your wher?"
"where?" "whest this work is a this "whest this "whest "whest this "whe "whest this "whest this "whest this "whest this "whest this "whe

orother?"
"No; he's my cousin."
"Herbert looked up in surprise at this wowal of relationship, but he thought it best iot to say anything that would conflict with there's statement.

Abner's statement.
"Is he after work, too?" asked the driver

"18 he atter in the smile.
"No; he's goin' to his father."
"Where does he live?"
"Further on."

"Where does in the form of the

more than he had ever before walked at one time.

They rode about three miles, when the driver pulled up in front of a comfortable looking house.

"This is where I stop," he said. "My aunt lives here, and my sister has been paying her a visit. I've come to her home."

The front door was opened, and his aunt and sister came out.

"You're just in time for breakfast, John," said his aunt. "Come in and sit down to the table. Bring in the boys, too."

"Come in, boys," said the young man. "I guess you can eat something, can't you?"

"We've had.—"Herbert began, but Abner checked him.
"Come along, bub," he said; "what's a

which indicated thorough enjoyment. Even Herbert, though in the city his appetite had been delicate, and he had already eaten part of a loaf of bread, did excellent justice to the good things set before him. He was himself surprised at his extraordinary appetite, for-getting the stimulating effect of a seven miles' walk.

with the state of the state of

freshed.
"How did you sleep, Abner?" he asked.
"Like a top. How was it with you, bub?"
"I didn't wake up all night," answered

"I didn't wake up all night, answered the little boy.
"I wonder what dad and mam thought when they found us gone?" said Abner, with

when they tould a grin.

"Won't they feel bad?"

"Not much," said Abner. "They ain't that kind. I reckon it won't spoil their ap-

petite."

When they descended from the hay mow
the farmer was milking his coves.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "so you're
up and dressed.
"Yes, sir."

"And ready for breakfast, I'll be bound!"
"I reckon! should feel better for eatin',"
said Abner, promptly.
"Jest you wait till I get through milkin'
and we'll see what Mrs. Wiggins has got
for us."

and we'll see what Mrs. Wiggins has got for us."

Abner heard these words with joy, for he was always possessed of a good appetite.

"I say, bub, I'm glad I run away," he remarked, aside to Herbert. "We live enough sight better than we did at home."

Leaving the boys to pursue their journey, we will return to the bereaved parents, and inquire how they bore their loss.

When Mrs. Barton rose to commence the labors of the day, she found that no wood was on hand for the kitchen fire.

"Abner's gittin' lazier and lazier," she sollioquized. "I'll soon have him up."

She went to the foot of the stairs, and called "Abner!" in a voice by no means low or gentle.

called "Abner!" in a voice by no means low or gentle.

There was no answer.

"That boy would sleep ef there was an earthquake!" she muttered. "Come down here, and split some wood, you lazy boy!" she cried still louder.

here, and spin some woon, you ame, she cried still louder.

Again no answer.

"He hears fast enough, but he don't want to work. I'll soon have him down."

She ascended the stairs two steps at a time, and opened the door of her son's room.

If Abner had been in bed, his mother would have pulled him out, for her arm was vigorous, but the bed was empty.

"Well, I vum!" she ejaculated, in surprise, "ef that boy isn't up already! That's a new wrinkle. And the little boy gone too?

What can it mean?"

It occurred to Mrs. Barton that Abner and Herbert might have got up early to go fishing, though she had never known him to make so early a start before.

though she had never known him to make so early a start before.

"I reckon breakfast 'll bring 'em round," she said to herself, "I reckon I shall have to split the wood myself."

In half an hour breakfast was ready. It was of a very simple character, for the family resources were limited. Mr. Barton came down stairs, and looked discontentedly at the repast provided.

"This is a pretty mean breakfast, Mrs. B," he remarked. "Whege's your meat and 'taters?"

"There's plenty of 'em in the market." en.

'taters?''
"There's plenty of 'em in the market," answered Mrs. Barton.
"Then why didn't you buy some?"
"You ought to know, Joel Barton. You give me the money, and I'll see that you have a good breakfast."
"Where's all the money that man Ford gave you?"

"Where is it? It's eaten up, Mr. Barton, and you did your share. Ef you'd had your way, you'd have spent some of the money for drink."

"Why don't he send you some more then?"

"why don't he send you some more then?"
"Ef you see him anywheres, you'd better ask him. It's your business to provide me with money, you can't expect one boy's board to support the whole family."
"It's strange where them boys are gone," said Joel Barton, desirous of changing the subject. "Like as not they hid under the bed, and fooled you."
"Ef they did I'll rout em out," said Mrs. Barton, who thought the supposition not improbable.
Once more she access?"

probable.

Once more she ascended the stairs and made an irruption into the boy's chamber. She lifted the quilt and peered under the bed. But there were no boys there. Looking about the room, however, she discovered something else. On the mantlepice was a scrap of paper, which appeared to be so placed as to invite attention.

"What's that?" said Mrs. Barton to herself

"Read it aloud. I ain't got my specks."
"The boys have run away. Abner writ it.
Listen to this."
Rudely written on the paper, for Abner
was by no means a skillful penman, were

these words:
"Bub and I have runned away! You needn't worry,
I reckon we can get along. We're going to make
our fortunes. When we're rich we'll come back.
"AnNER."

"What do you think of that, Joel Barton?"
demanded his wife.
Joel shrugged his shoulders.
"I sha'n't worry much," he said. "They'll
be back by to-morrer, likely,
"Then you'll have to split some wood today, Joel. You can't expect a delicate
woman like me to do such rough work."
"You're stronger'n I be, Mrs. B."
"Perhaps you'll find I am if you don't go
to work."

"You're stronger'n I be, Mrs. B."
"Perhap you'll find I am if you don't go
to work."
"Pld oit this afternoon."
"I'll do it this afternoon."
"All right! Then we'll have dinner in
the evenin. No wood, no dinner."
"Seems to me you're rather hard on me,
Mrs. B. I don't feel well."
"Nor you won't till you give up drinkin."
"Much against his will, Mr. Barton felt
compelled by the stress of circumstances to
do the work expected of him. It made him
feel angry with Abner, whom he did not miss
for any other reason.
"I'll break that boy's neck when he comes
back," he muttered. "It's a shame to leave
all this work for his poor old dad."
To-morrow came, but the boys did not. A
week slipped away, and still they were missing. Mrs. Barton was not an affectionate
mother, but it did seem lonesome without
Abner. As for Herbert, she did not care for
his absence. If Wills Ford did not continue
"ather have him away."
On the sixth day after the departure of the
boys, there came a surprise for Mrs. Barton.
As she was at work in the kitchen she
heard a loud knock at the door.
"Can it be Abner?" she thought. "He
wouldn't knock."

She went to the door, however, feeling
rather curious as to who could be her visitor,
and on opening it started in surprise to see
Willis Ford."

willia Ford.

"Mr. Ford!" she ejaculated.

"I thought! I would make you a call," answered Ford. "How's the boy getting along?"

"If you mean the boy you left here," she answered, composedly, "he's run away, and took my boy with him."

"Run away!" ojaculated Ford, in dismay.

"Yes, he made tracks about a week ago.
He and my Abner have gone off to make their fortunes."

He and my Abner have gone off to make their fortunes."

"Why didn't you take better care of him, woman!" exclaimed Ford, angrily. "It's your fault, his running away."

"Look here, Ford!" retorted Mrs. Barton, "don't you sass me, for I won't stand it. Efi thadn't been for you, Abner would be at home now."

"I didn't mean to offend you, my dear Mrs. Barton," said Ford, seeing that he had made a false step. "Tell me all you can, and Til see if I can't get the boys back."

"Now you're talkin," said Mrs. Barton, smoothing her ruffled plumage. "Come into the house, and Til tell you all I know."

"To be continued.)

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

PENALTIES OF POPULARITY

In his last days Macaulay was grievously vexed by the modern penalty of fame. Any one who thought he had a genius or a grievance wrote to him either to advance or extinguish it, as the case might be. The historian in his journal mentions migat be. The instorian in his journal mentions the clergyman who wrote to him three times to ask what the allusion to St. Cecilia meant in the account of the trial of Warren Hastings. A Scottish gentleman, who wished to publish a novel, wrote that he would be glad to come to London and substantial the state of the state of the control of the contro the clergyman who wrote to him three times to ask

CURIOSITIES OF COINAGE.

Boston has the first American coinage, as far as the ecords go, says the American Cultivator. The coins were of the value of threepence, sixpence and twelve-sence. They were of silver, rude and somewhat uneven in thickness, and irregularly circular, with no device, legend or date, save the letters "N. E." on the "Come in, boys," said the young man. "I guest you can ent something, can't you?" "Low the said of the device, legal of date, save the letters "N. E." on the device, legal of acts, save the leaves and the serie, discovered and the device, legal of acts, save the leaves and the serie proper of the series of the series of the proper series of the value in pence being in the series of the value in pence. During the present the save series, the value i



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VOLUME Two is now bound and ready for shipment. It is full of good things-fascinating serial stories, short sketches, biographical matter, etc., etc. Price three dollars. A few copies of Volume One yet remain unsold.

SELF-CONCEIT.

THE husband of Queen Anne of England was conceited. A procession was forming one day, when he became excited, and cried out: "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't forget that I am Prince George of Denmark!" But then there is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world. Most of us are too anxious to get to the front.

SCIENTIFIC WORKING.

Because the old system of trade apprenticeships has gone by, many boys seem to think there is nothing to be learned. Because machines have taken the place of hands, it is wrongly supposed that manual skill is needless. This is a great mis-take. Machinery does its work, and saves much hard toil, but there was never a greater need of chanical brains and cleverness than now. old rule-of-thumb work is out of place. Expertness is the requisite for success

act is being found out all over the world, and technical schools are opening for instruction in trades. Bradford, England has spent \$200,000 upon a mechanical college. A few weeks ago a similar college was opened in Berlin, Germany. which cost over a million and a half. Machinery only gives brains and manual skill more of a show.

RICH CHILDREN

An Englishman who has been looking about this country writes home as follows: "It is pitiful to see the results of great wealth on the children of many American families. Under its influence they degenerate morally, physically and intellectually.

The cases in which the children of very wealthy parents are of any use to their country, to their neighbors, or in any relation, are so very few that one has to search for them."

Is this true, and if so why is it? Is there any reason why money should cause the children of its owners to fall away as above described? This question shall be left for our readers to answer. It suggests, however, a remark made by a well-known humorist, while walking through the streets of a wealthy New England city. As he saw the many fine homes, he asked his companion what the sons of all those rich men were doing. Well, it appeared of all those rich men were doing. Well, it appeared one kept a yacht, another a fast horse, a third will see that it is even more honorable to do misplayed billiards and gambled; most of them drank 'chief openly than to aneak about it.

liquor, and but few were earnest business or public-spirited men. "What a pity," remarked the gentleman who had been questioned, "that these men who made their own fortunes, should be fol-

wed by such worthless children."
"Not at all," replied the humorist, dryly. "Not at all," replied the humorist, dryly. "Its the salvation of the country. Did not rich men's sons go to the d—l and waste their property, this country would soon be ruled by an aristo-racy. It's our salvation, I tell you." This is a se-vere commentary on the drift of things. But perhaps it gives a hint as to how wealth might be a ssing and not a curse to American children

A LESSON FOR BOYS

We called a few days ago upon a gentleman in his city who is a prosperous business man, and this city who is a prosperous who is rather noted among his friends for having an exceptionally fine appearing business place.

"How is it you have such a magnificent dash to

your business system, and this air of superiority in your whole establishment—from your office up? we asked.

"Not many years ago," he replied, "I com need my career as an office boy in an insurance office which presented a model of executive man agement, neatness and clock-like system.
"To the training I got there, and a le

good mother gave me, I attribute much of my suc-cess. Not long after I had learned to sweep the office effectually, a number of my friends got up a sleighing party and invited me to join them. I thought my happiness for life depended wholly upon going for a young miss of whose society I was very fond, was anxious to go, and I was afraid if I failed to come to time my rival would take advantage of my absence and suddenly undo all I had ac-complished by hard work.

"But the expense of the ride for myself and girl

would be ten dollars, and at that time a dollar looked about as large to me as a good sized cartwheel ought to. I found out, however, I could get two seats with the driver for five dollars, and as my young friend was willing to sit there, I decided to take those instead of paying double the price for the other seats. I thought I had done a good thing in saving so much, and spoke to my mother about it, expecting her praise; but she looked displeased, and said: 'My son, I would not on any consideration allow you to go on this ride in such a way. Go first-class, or not at all. If there are any fifteen dollar seats get them by all means, if you want to go very much, and I will help you pay for them. Never, my son, do anything in a cheap, secondrate way. Do not try to do too much, but let what you do be first-class always, and you will in time get where you can do as you wish."

We commend this lesson to the young readers of The Argosy. You can seldom afford to do any thing cheaply.

A NATIONAL COMPLIMENT

When the whole country stood in doubt as to who had been elected President, one of the leading English journals paid our people a high compli ment. It will be recollected that everybody was in a state of intense excitement, and that some timid people even dreaded a civil war. Well, this is what the Pall Mall Gazette, of London, said about it:

"A similar crisis in any other country would convulse prices. A nation of fifty million people decides the fate of the government in a closely contested election, which is conducted with wild ex citement from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, with less effect upon the stock market than a report that King Altonso had a cold in his he would have upon the Spanish bourse."

That is an honorable thing to say, and we may well be proud of the self-restraint with which our people bore the trying ordeal. It is this principle of self-control that must be the safeguard of our We have no great army to preserve peace, such as exists in the older countries. To illustrate the difference, in Berlin, the capitol of the Gern Empire, a few weeks ago, a fire broke out. Three young Americans, passing not far away, stopped to young Americans, passing not ar away, stopped to ask some questions about it. Almost instantly a policeman ran up and ordered them to move on. Three or four people talking together on the street is suspicious in Berlin. The police fear it may mean a mob.

How strangely that sounds in this country. that our city police do not disperse groups of people when they blockade the streets, but they are not always on the lookout for mobs. The people may be noisy and turbulent, but they govern themselves well enough to give no fear of mob violence as a mob. It is true that we have some serious cases of outbreak in our history. Yet these are exceptions. An American crowd may usually be trusted to be orderly.

As America's order and peace depend upon the

honor of her citizens, how mistaken a policy it is for young persons to compel a watch upon their actions. The schoolboy who falls into mischief when the teacher's back is turned, is beginning wrongly. He should feel a peculiar sense of honor in being above suspicion when not watched. It is such a sense of honor that fits one to be a trustworthy citizen. Of course youngsters do not think of this. They are bubbling over with mischief, and always on the alert to escape from restraint

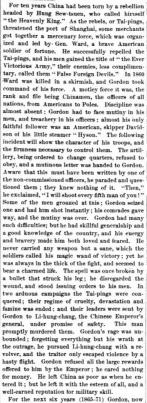
CHINESE GORDON

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON

PERHAPS the most remarkable figure am shmen of our time is that of Chinese Gordon. In this materialistic, matter-of-fact age, he stands forth like a mediæval crusader, strong and brave, full of disinterested devotion and deep religious zeal. A skillful and fearless soldier, his greatest triumphs were won, not by the power of the sword, but by his wonderful personal influence, which seemed to subdue all opponents, to master all diffi-culties. For the past year, the eyes of all the world have turned to the distant land, first gained to civilization by Gordon himself, where he alone held at bay the advancing forces of anarchy and barbarism. And if he has indeed fallen at his post, he ended a hero's life by a hero's death; 'Twas the death he would have chos

And oft had faced before

of soldiers, he was educated at the Military Academy at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers. His first active service was in the Crimea, but we may pass on to the campaign his reputation, and gained for him the miliar name of "Chinese Gordon." He sailed for China in July, 1860, and took part in the march when the Summer Palacewas destroy-ed as a punishment for the murder of some Brit ish envoys. After this he remained in China, and received his first command.



For the next six years (1865-71) Gordon, now colonel Gordon, lived quietly at Gravesend, near London, superintending the work of fortifying the mouth of the Thames. Here his house was a refuge for all in trouble or poverty; he especially delighted to befriend the poor ragged boys, whom he clothed, taught, and sent out as sailors. Over his mantelce was a map of the world, on which he marked piece was a map of the world, on which he marked with pins the voyages of his young friends. His garden he gave up to the poor; on the fences he sometimes found scrawled in chalk." God bless the Kernel!" Great was the regret of his poor neigh-bors when he left this quiet life for a post of difficulty and danger.

Since the Soudan was first annexed to Egypt, it had become the great hunting ground for slaves. The horrors of these slave raids had reduced the country to the last degree of misery, and became a scandal that could no longer be tolerated by civilization. After Sir Samuel Baker's vain endeavors to establish a settled government on the Upper Nile, the late Khedive Ismail urged Gordon to the task. Gordon accepted it, with one-fifth of the salary offered, fully believing that it was his duty and his mission to end the disorder and distress of that great region. Early in 1874 he was despatched, with the grandiose but strange title of "Governor General of the Equator"; he found his province to consist of two small forts, whose garrisons dared not go half a mile from their walls! Gordon spent three years in this region; three years of hard work, for he had to hunt the slavers, nurse the sick (all his staff were sick, he alone resisted the climate), keep all the accounts, and look after the soldiers, Charles George Gordon was born at Woolwich. ther arms and supplies. For three more years he near London, Jan. 28, 1833. Sprung from a family ruled the Soudan as well as the so-called Equator.

with his capital at Khartoum : but he journeyingthrough his vast provinces ; in one year he rode 4,000 miles. During these years (1874-79) Gordon worked wonders in evolving peace and order from misrule and distress. have given up blaming the govern-ors," he wrote; it is useless, so I send them to Ca-iro." His efforts against the slave traffic was ham-pered by the intrigues of the Egyptian anthorities but he stopped in umerable cara vans, and put down the gang of the arch slave-driver, Zebehr. Confident in his mis-

sion from above, and devoid of all fear, he rode alone into the midst of the gang, which was 3,000 strong; its commander, Zebehr's son Suleiman

sion from above, and devoid of all fear, he rode alone into the midst of the gang, which was 3,000 strong; its commander. Zebehr's son Suleiman, submitted; but as he afterwards revolted, he was captured and shot by Gordon's orders.

In 1879 Gordon decided to leave the Sondan. He was thoroughly worn out; he despaired of further usefulness, as he was not on good terms with the various countries, in After three years spent in various countries, in After three years spent in was on the point of a mission to South Africa. Here he was unsuccessful, and disagreed with the Cape Town authorities. However, he survived even so terrible a thing as the censure of the Cape Premier, and spent some months in Palestine. He was on the point of a month of the company Henry M. Stanley to the Congo, when another duty was threat upon him.

Mahomet Ahmed, son of a carpenter of Dongola, himself a fait or priest—a man very much like Gordon's old enemy, the Heavenly King.—headed a feet the Soudian in 1879; a saumed the title of St. Mahdi, the prophet, and defeated Gordon's successors, Raonf and Abdul. I'll Arabi's revolt was broken at Tel-el-kebir, nothing was done against him; then, Hicks Pasha, a retired Anglo-Indian him; then the successors, Raonf and Abdul. I'll Arabi's revolt was broken at Tel-el-kebir, nothing was done against him; then, Hicks Pasha, a retired Anglo-Indian him; then the successors and the su

Whom naught could turn from duty, Or hinder from the Right.

THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUD. Be not despairing! Though at dawn Thine eyes meet not the glad'ning sun; His smile may earth's array adorn, Ere Time another day has won.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

A CHEERFUL spirit is as a staff to the traveler, Liks are like small seeds: carefully covered up and idden, they some day spring into sudden and fruitful tribution.

For Thine own purpose, Thou hast sent The strife and the discouragement

and the discouragement.

IND words prevent a good deal of that perverseness the rough and imperious usage often produces in erous minds.

generous minds.

THE common man is the victim of events. What very large is too much for him, he is drawn this way and that way, and his whole life is a hurry.

And that way, and his whole life is a hurry.

The common man is an interest of the common that that cach man permits to act without one, and avails himself of the privilege with astonishing frequency.

ENTITURISM is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with a will, do it with your own personality. Be active, be energytic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved with-out enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved with-out enthusiastic.

A HELPING HAND

A FIGUREA LER HAMILON.
WE touch Life's shore as swimmers from a wreck
Who shuder at the cheerless land they reach,
And find their courardes on the beach
And find their courardes on the beach
Watching a fading sail, a small, white speek—
The phantom ship, upon whose ample deck
There seemed awhile a homeward place for each
There were dead in write their hands and still bese
But see, it fades, in spite of prayer and beck.

Let those who hope for brighter shores no mor Not mourn, but, turning inland, bravely seek What hidden wealth redeems the shapeless sho The strong must build stont cabins for the w Must plant and stint; must sow and reap and s For grain takes root though all seems bare and

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

It is to be supposed that every reader knows the story of our great Revolution, around which cluster so many startling tales brave deeds, and touching examples of patriotic devotion; every one must appreciate the importance of the principle our forefathers fought to maintain, and the stupendous results, both to ourselves and to the world at large. When the last glorious victory was won, then came the complementary responsibility of forming a government, which, we can well appreciate, was a most colossal undertaking; and in case of failure in this, every rampart thrown up during those terri ble years of suffering would be in vain. The government was formed successfully and grandly. It was George Washington who was the central figure during this epoch; it was he to whom the people clung in defeat, and followed on to victory; and, when peace and independence were established, it was he on whom people trusted for guidance and counsel in the difficult affairs of state. He passed through these fiery furnaces with

With these facts in view it is easy to comprehend the love and reverence with which George Washington was regarded, and it is atural that the people should wish to attest their sentiments toward him and at the same time perpetuate his deeds and his character in some noble monument. The history of the development of this idea into what is now the Washington Monument is peculiar. In 1783, Congress passed a resolution to the effect that "an equestrian statue of General Washington be erected at the place where the residence of Congress shall be established, and discussed and fixed the details of this monument. But the "residence of Congress was not fixed until 1790, and even then no steps were taken. Shortly after the death of Washington in 1799, the idea again came to the surface, a joint committee recommending that a mausoleum, or resting place for his ashes be built, and Congress appropriated \$200,000 to that end. But time passed and the year 1824 came around, with nothing yet attempted. At this time the future President, Buchanan, then a young man, called the attention of Congress to the shameful inaction that existed, and offered resolutions. designed to give a start to the work, but this, too, failed. In 1833, loyal citizens of Wash ington formed a society, with the purpose of carrying out this grand project, and solicited subscriptions from one and all, limiting them to the sum of one dollar, so as to be within the means of all. This restriction was found to hamper them exceedingly, and the barrier was removed. When, in 1847, \$87,000 had been donated, the society deemed this amount sufficient to warrant a beginning.

On July 4, 1848, the corner-stone was laid by President Polk, in the presence of his Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, represen-tatives from many countries, and a great concourse of people, and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the then Speaker of the House of Representatives, delivered the oration

When the year 1854 came around the mon ument had risen to the height of 170 feet, and the funds thus far collected, \$230,000, were exhausted. Then came a halt, and twentyfour years passed without progress further than the accumulation of moneys collected at the polls, in post-offices, churches, and other public places; and in 1876, when the monunent was made the subject of much agitation, the pupils of the public schools were solicited to contribute one cent each toward the work, Then the government took it in hand, appro priating money, and in 1878, intrusted the work to Colonel Thos. L. Casey, who has just brought the shaft to completion. So much for the history of this monument, and a blotted page it is in the chronicles of the na-

The Washington Monument is the highest

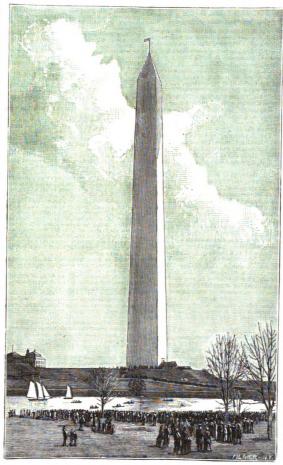
dome of St. Peter's in Rome, and peers up into the mists of space that hang there, a dizziness and a sense of fear comes over the traveler, so lofty is the place. Yet the apex of the Washington Monument overtops it by 117 feet. And the spires of the Cathedral of Cologne, at the tips of which venturesome are hardly distinguishable, do not approach the monument's height by forty-five feet. It is useless to make further compari-

The monument is built of marble, from Texas and from Maryland. It is one solid mass of masonry-no filling in between the exterior and interior surfaces, but block on block, 15 feet 1-4 inch thick at the base

The foundations are 36 feet, 8 inches deep; from the zero mark at the base to the tip-top point is a height of 555 feet 4 inches, making an aggregate height, from foundation bed to apex, 592 feet. The base is 55 feet and a fraction square, making the proportion of

has been disapproved and just what will be the surroundings at the base is hardly decided upon. An old farmer was once shown the plan of the monument, and was asked for a contribution, but he said he would "be derned before he'd give a cent to build a house with such a big chimbly.

A most stupendous feat of engineering was ccessfully accomplished during this work. successfully accomplished during this work. When some 32,000 tons had been pilled on the foundations, the monument was observed to settle, and the foundation of the foundation of the foundation of the settle in the settle sett



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

of the obelisks of Egypt.

height to width, ten to one—the same as that of the obelisks of Egypt.

In the interior of the monument, eight sturdy columns of boiler iron run from the foundation to the top; four at the angles of the well, around which will wind the staircase for the accommodation of those who dare not trust themselves for ten minutes in the elevator; the remaining four columns serve as a guide to the elevator which has carried stone after stone, to no no ton, as the shaft rose higher and higher. At a height of 500 feet, the pyramidal roof begins, and ends with a single capstone, in turn surmounted with a tip of the metal called aluminum. This metal was selected from its comparative freedom from oxidation, and, being connected with the iron columns, running connected with the iron columns, running connected with the root columns, running connected with the root columns, running connected with the root columns, running columns are reasonable to the surface of the sur foundation to the top; four at the angles of the well, around which will wind the staircase for the accommodation of those who dare not trust themselves for ten minutes in the elevator; the remaining four columns serve as a guide to the elevator which has shaft rose higher and higher. At a height of 500 feet, the pyramidal roof begins, and ends with a single capstone, in turn surmounted with a tip of the metal called aluminum.

tive freedom from oxidation, and, being connected with the iron columns, running into the earth at the foundation, forms the most perfect shield from lightning that could be devised. The capstone and the tip were set on Dec. 6th, 1884, and only the interior remains to be finished. The original structure reared by human hands, rising 555 design included a sort of temple, in the style feet. As one stands beneath the perfect of a famous Grecian model, but the plan mortal man.

C. Winthrop is designated as the crator or the day.

On the spot approved by General Washing, ton himself, in sight of Mount Vermon his home, in the legislative centre of the country, stands the tallest monument in the world, commemorative of the grandest man of all times, for he possessed every element of the soldier, the statesman and the Christian, a combination seldom so eminently found in words lam.

WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN

THE misfortunes of women who have been the wives of our late Presidents are remarkable. Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Gar-field all became widows while at the White House, Harrison, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield all became widows while at the White House, the last two under most terrible circumstances. The first Mrs. Tyler died while her husband was used to the mean the mean that the head of the mean that the

SOLD AGAIN.

"GENTLEMEN," he began, in a smooth, molasses sort of voice, "I am dead-broke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around. After it had been carefully inspected by each of the party, he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is worth tendollars, against three in cash, that none of you can separate one link from the others."

It pains to be the piece of chain was passed round again to be a party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark.

"And I want to put up that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself."

"Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat. He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as

"Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat.

Coat and cash were put in the hands of a stake-holler, and the stranger asked the group to follow holler, and the stranger asked the group to follow holler, and the stranger asked the group to follow holler, and the stranger and into a black-smith shop, and pickin to the stranger and stood around like so many bumpkins at a country strip the stakes the machinest recovered his wife suffice that the stranger held up the link and suffice stranger and the stranger and the stranger and stranger and stranger and the stranger and the stranger and the was out of sight in seven seconds.

A COMFORTING COMPANION.

A COMFORTING COMPANION.

MICHAEL DAVITT, in his "Leaves from a Prison
Diary," tells how a blackbird became his only companion, and a very welcome one, too. Then he
goes on to say: "For some monable relieved the
tedium of my solitude by efforts to win the confidence of my companion, with the happiest results.

It is not shall be a support of the confinence of the standard spon my breast as I say in bed in
the model stand upon my breast as I say in bed in
the model stand upon my breast as I say in bed in
the model standard the standard the standard shall be a supporting. His familiarity was seen and that
my porridge. His familiarity was the that
showing him a small piece of slate pencil and then
placing it in my waistooat pocket he would immeplacing it in my waistooat pocket he would immeplacing it in my waistooat pocket he would indeed
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noted to the MICHAEL DAVITT, in his "Leaves from a Prison

MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

THERE is a certain map who has not the merest uspicion of romance in him, and has his own idea as to the strain in which stories should be told. The following he considers a vast improvement or the current and generally accepted history of Wil liam Tell:

the current and generally accepted history of Wighliam Tell:

He was captain of an archery club, and one of the best shots with the bow and arrow in Switzer-land. That country was then under the rule of the tyrant Gesler. One day Gesler set his plug hat on a pole for men to salute, and ordered that every man in Altor's should make obeisance to it or die. And they did, every man of them. Even the trees and they cound made their best boughs. Finally shifted the men of Altor'that before it will be the salute for his adactive, ordered him to shoot an apple off the head of his boy. This he did; the apple fell plereced to the core. No encore was allowed. As Tell rushed forward to embrace his boy, another arrow dropped from his vest. "why concealest that arrow?" cried the tyrant, "why concealest that arrow?" "To shoot that hat," replied Tell.

"Ha!" crees with a strong?"
"To shoot that hat," replied Tell.
The joke was so good that Gesler released him and gave him a twenty-dollar gold piece,

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE MOSS HOSE. SEATH & rose, as morning broke Pleased with the flower above his head,

Thy fragrance and thy cooling chade Have doubly sweet my slumber made Fairest of flowers on earth that grow, Ask what you will, and I'll bestow."

'Grant, then,'' it cried, "I'll ask no more, Some charm no flower has known before! The angel first seemed at a loss, Then clothed the bush with simple moss And, lo! the moss rose stood confessed,

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS;

THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS. BY JOHN GINGOLD

Symposis of Chapters of this story already printed.
Walters Humann is a manly young follow, an orphae, transping to New York to seek his fortune; he meets the daughter of a wealthy landowner, and het intily sympathy greatly impresses the hear. Installed Walter meets Ralph Clifton, a rich, haughty, carcless and handsome young Englishman, who, having seen too much of the world in his youth, has been sent too much of the world in his youth, has been sent too least encounter, in which Walter above astonishing spirit, which swakes Clifton's admiration, these two become firm friends; Clifton on one occasion aswing much, and at last receives flattering testimonial of appreciation, by being elected by his fellow clerks for promotion to a fine position in the office. Meanwhile, the second hand to there of Satter St. Barnet has heard atrange whispers of Soone, who is said to know all these dark mystories. Barnet pays as utition fee, and for months studies the dark secrets of wealth. He sleeps in the tavorn of effectively filled with goods of many ports and considerable value. The landlord allows Barnet to aid him, from time to tune, in quietly disposing of them without avoing the explosion of the promoted to a better with the seach diligently, is at last promoted to a better position is Solomon's business, and is allowed a closer relationship with the stanlily. The following is the continuation of the atory. mois of Chapters of this story already printed

CHAPTER XI

"WALTER, show me your wardrobe," said Clifton one Sunday morning, interrupting our hero, who was reading Cooper's "Last of the Mohican's."

Carefully examining the contents of the press, he concluded the sentence by saying : "I'll send you my tailor to take your meas

ure for a new suit of clothes.' "I have no money to pay for it," answered Walter, laughing.

"Nonsense," said Clifton, "my tailor will

give you as much credit as you like."
"But I should not like to take anything on credit—and, besides, does my appearance disgust you? I don't wish to be beautiful,

"It's high time you should see more of the world, responded Clifton. "I want to introduce you into society."

"My position doesn't warrant it," replied Walter, flushing, "and I assure you I'd feel like a fish out of water."

"The very reason why you should enter society," said Clifton. "You must get rid of this pitiful shyness as soon as possible—the sooner the better. It is the stupidest fault a civilized man can have. Can you make a proper bow? Can you waltz? Have you an idea how to smirk through a quadrille?

"I took dancing lessons in Burnham some years ago," said Walter.

"Humph! I suppose the yokels there have a patent method of perspiring through a

"Maybe; I am no judge of capers and grimaces, and think a natural manner

"Oh come; no hilosophy. You'll have to do as the others do. Watch first—then imitate them. Your polite dancing lesson will take place next Thursday at Mrs. Van Tromp's, who is training two of her own chickens for the market. I'll introduce you.'

"Clifton, I guess this is one of your cranky ideas. It's quite out of the question that I should think of it. Mrs. Van Tromp is one of the wealthiest Knickerbockers, and doubt less her guests are of the same class.

"No doubt," assented Clifton, "the purest blood flows in their blue veins. The great great grandmothers of all the ladies, without exception, had the honor of carrying Princess Van Something's nightcap after her through the primeval Dutch woods. I've no patience with you!"

there was room for such meanness in your

"You are wrong," Walter answered, with some irritation. "I do not consider myself lower than I am-but it would be foolish in me to force myself into the society of those who do not wish to see me. It is self respecwhich forbids my seeking intercourse with those who consider a man inferior because he works in an office "

"They need dancers. You'll pay your share by twirling till you are tired," said Clifton, impatiently. "You'll come with me Thursday next. If you are not well received, you need never go with me again. You can't object to this?

Walter hesitated, reflected, and at last springing up, consented to the proposal of ore experienced friend.

An hour later the tailor came, accompanied by Clifton, who directed the details of the new toilet with a degree of taste that astonished the tailor himself.

That afternoon Clifton strolled along Fifth Avenue to Mrs. Vau Tromp's mansion. This lady was the mainstay of fashionable society, though not very accomplished or witry. The company she received was so select that those who visited at her house were considered valuable acquaintances, it being known she excrised great discrimination in choosing friends and guests. Clifton was a favorite with her, and no sooner was he announced than she hastened to receive him.

After some introductory remarks, Clifton said: "Oh, by the bye, Thursday next a Mr. "Hubbard comes with me to your recept's.". "Hubbard comes with me to your recept's.". "Hubbard comes with me to your recept's.". "Hubbard prossible," replied Clifton, coolly. "Mr. Hubbard possible," replied Clifton, coolly. "Mr. Hubbard came here some time ago from the country to learn the secrets of commerce. He is at Vandyke's as I am." "But, my dear Clifton," remonstrated the lady, "Mr. Hubbard is a remarkable and inter-Avenue to Mrs. Van Tromp's mansion. This

lady.
"Mr. Hubbard is a remarkable and inter

"But, my dear Cliffon," remonstrated the lady.

"Mr. Hubbard is a remarkable and interesting young gentleman. There is something peculiar about him," continued Cliffon, looking at the arabesques on the ceiling, as he leaned back in his chair—"a most modest young fellow. He's the son of a defunct—well, never mind—there's a secret connected with him of which he knows nothing."

"But, Mr. Cliffon—" the lady again endeavored to interpose.

"In my opinion he has the prospect of possessing millions some day."

"Indeed, said the lady, with curiosity."

"Indeed, was the prospect of possessing millions some day."

"Indeed, said the lady, with curiosity."

"Indeed, said the lady with the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady's early."

"In was the second of the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady's early."

"In was the second of the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady and the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady and the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady and the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady and the lady and the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady and the lady's early."

"In was a transpect of the lady and the lady a

This is Mr. Walter Hubbard," said Clif-to the hostess the following Thursday

ton to the hostess the following inursuay evening.

"Mind you don't blush before these people," had been Clifton's last whisper to our hero before entering the room. As he had prophesied, the lady was all kindness; she regarded our handsome, shy hero, with his honest, frank countenance, with a mixture of curiosity and womanly sympathy.

"Be as impudent as you can," continued Clifton, on leaving her. Walter, indeed, was so nervous that he did not perceive that the looks of the company were directed toward him with the most impertinent curiosity.

"Now I'll introduce you to the Russian Ambussador's wife."

"Pray don't," said Walter, "give me a rest."

"Pray don't," sau water, e...
"No-here's the richest lady in the room
Mrs. Van Scramper-this is Mr. Hubbard."
This lady was surrounded by a throng of
eager flatterers. Notwithstanding Walter's
embarrassment, he could see Van Scramper
had a long shrivelled nose, thin lips, and a
hard, repulsive countenance: he felt that
two piercing eyes were fixed on his face, and
he bowed his head with the resignation of a
avardice.

"Well, Clifton, a poor clerk has no right to mingle with these people who generally treat inferiors with arroganee."
"He is just you, and such as you, that have more right to hold your heads high in society than most of those you meet there; and it is just such as you who encourage the pretentions of those young gentlemen by your awkward conducts. I shouldn't have thought!"
"Method of the result in corner of the room, hoping from there to be able to observe the doings from the to be able to observe the doings from the result in corner lizing on his own basis fulness. Suddenly his arm was lightly than most of those you meet there; and it is just such as you who encourage the pretentions of those young gentlemen by your awkward conducts. I shouldn't have thought!"

Water turned quickly. Before him stood a tall, sooking smilingly into his face. The expression of

pleasure on Walter's countenance was so vivid that she continued: "I am so glad to see you; the gen-tlemen were all strangers to me. But how do you come here?"
Walter explained as well as he could, after which

explained as well as he could, after which Waiter explained as well as he occ.
he asked:
"By the bye, what is your name?"
"Walter Hubbard; and yours?"
"Frances Gordon."

"National and yours?"

They were soon in eager conversation; it was only the third time they had met, but they had as much to say to each other as if they had lived for years together. Cilinon espiel them at a distance, and started toward them.

In the say to each other as if they had lived for conferred to introduce our hero to her mother, which offer being accepted, they were soon hidden from the view of Cilinon in the throng of guests.

Mrs. Gordon was a distinguished-looking lady possessed of the same delicate features as her daughter. She saw at a glance that Walter was a novice in society, if it was only from the superabundance of respect with which he approached her.

bottler in solvery, in was only not has approached here. This is Mr. Hubbard," said Frances, "about whom you once scolded me. I can a "are you," she continued, addressing our hero, "the first day leaw you, mamma was angry with me for detaining you so long in the garden." I am very sorry to hear that," replied Walter. "Indeed, Mrs. Gordon, you cannot Imagine how cheered I was by the sympathy of Miss Frances, long and the standard of the standa

with her mother by saying impactents.

"We must go: they are standing up for the dance."

"We must go: they are standing up for the dance."

"Wirt took her hand with the tips of his fingers and the her into the circle of dancers.

"He waltzes as if in pain, poor boy."

"A distinguished couple, said Mrs. Van Tromp to Mrs. Gordon to her husband, the colonel, who at this moment approached her. saked the colonel. "Who is the young man? I do not recollect to have seen his lace before."

"He is a friend of Mr. Clifton, and rumor says he has rich relations somewhere—I am not pleased with Frank's new companion however."

"He is a friend of Mr. Clifton, and rumor says the has rich relations somewhere—I am not pleased with Frank's new companion however."

Seems to be a live lad, and hops with a gravity that is quite original. Frances is looking very pretty, and happy also. I am going to my whist; let me be called when you order the carriage."

Watter heard nothing of what was said about him and his partner, neither in truth would be have done so, lad the voices of the company around him done so, lad the voices of the company around him choices of the control of the company around him choices. When the chief he company around him choices of the led his patter back to the reset, and masked her politely for the pleasure she had given him. "This is my brother, Lieutenant Gordon," said Miss Frances, introducing to our hero a tall, handome young man.

"This is my brother, Lieutenant Gordon," said Miss Frances, introducing to our here a tall, hand-some young man.

Without taking much interest in the introduction to so young a man.

Walter, however, took no notice of the other's coolness, but having answered appropriately, resumed his attentions to the young lady.

said she, after some conversation. "You should speak to some of the other ladies. After a dance or two come to us again. Don't be offended at my teaching you how to behave.

Walter took this dismissal with good humor, and Walter took this dismissal with good humor, and with the said of t

little himself."
"Come, come, my young powder keg," said Clifton, surprised; "I didn't know how serious your condition was. But, by the bye, have you taken any notice of the young lady of the house?"
No," replied Waiter.
"No," the little waiter was the property of the p

"No." replied Waiter.

"Do it without any further loss of time," continued Waiter's mentor; "or you may be sure you'll suffer for it."

"I am quite indifferent as to that."

"Oh, indeed: the doors of the house may be "Oh, indeed: the doors of the house may be "Oh, indeed: the doors of the house may be "Oh, indeed: the doors of the house may be "That's enough," said Waiter, and he started off pay his respect to the daughter of his hostess.

The young lady was as cold as might be expected after having been so long neglected. After having gone through the process of thawing her, Waiter that of the house the transfer have the said to the house the transfer have the said to the house the transfer have the house the transfer have the house the transfer have the house the house the house of his mas-And Waiter did contined to do honor to his mas-And Waiter did contined to do honor to his mas-And Waiter did contined to do honor to his mas-And Waiter did contined and his life to brilling adde some trifling blunders, behaved like one who had been accusted some curiosity as a stranger, and on account of his mysterious connections.

"Rich relatives!" exclaimed Waiter with ur-Rich relatives!" exclaimed Waiter with ur-Rich relatives!" exclaimed Waiter with ur-Rich relatives!" exclaimed Waiter with ur-

atives." said Miss Gordon to him, later in the evening.

"Rich relatives!" exclaimed Walter with surprise, "Why, what do you mean? I haven't a relative in the world. except a cousin who disappeared many years are, she, "I thought you hadn't told me a fib when we first met; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that all those whom my mother spoke to this evening tell mysterious tales about you."

"Mysterious tales—do pray explain. Anything to my detriment?"

"You in the "Lebeyond that you are wealthy."

"Then let me underevie you, at least, Miss Gordon "said Walter." I am lone in the world, and

During the succeeding pleasures of the evening Walter forgot Miss Gordon's statement sufficiently not to be worried. Except for this cloud, it was the happiest evening he had ever spent; though much of it was to him a vague dream. He saw much of it was to him a vague dream. He saw was that he made a how, and muttered thanks to the lady of the house; and it seemed to him that a screant handed him his overcoat, upon which he thrust his hand into his pocket and put something into the man's palm; but all these circumstances were shadowy and indistinct. Only one thing he saw clearly, a certain young lady's cloak, with a silk hood and a tasset, which gained of those bright eyes was cast on him, and he heard, "Thanks, Mr. Hubbard. Good night." And again all seemed a dream—how he went home with Clitton, and only half listened to his fun; how he arrived in his small room, lighted the lamp and undressed slowly; how, when once in bed, he still kept wondering whether it was all a reality, and the das last, fell saleep.

CHAPTER XII.

Walter continued to visit Mrs. Van Tromp for several months, whenever that lady gave entertainment of the continued of the conti

Walter looked amazes, we should be cision.

"I know nothing of the origin of such reports.

"I know nothing of the origin of such reports.

Prom one person only did I hear mention of these rumors, and to her," continued Walter, blushing.

"I distinctly denied there being the slightest truth in them."

rumors, and to her, "continued Walter, blushing, "I distinctly denied there being the slightest truth in them."

"The idle gossip would be of no consequence:" said the Van Dyke, "I your own character was said the Van Dyke, "I your own character was to assume that you have yoursell spread these reports: and for a merchant there can be no worse accusation than that he could be capable of obtaining, by unworly means, a position which he has no right to pretend to."

"The merchant continued: "Besides the good name of your dead parents as attacked by these rumors for people will have it that you are the soon of some great man."

Walter clasped his face in his hands, while big tears rolled down his checks. He was so much gitated that the principal was obliged to wait till, "Compose yourself. Hubbard, it is your duty to perform the task of proving the falsehood of these stories. You will need merely firmness for it."

"It is a dreadful thought for me." exclaimed Walter, quite beside himself, "that perhaps you halt the story of the world of the world of the world of the sentence of the world of the world of the world of the world of the more importance. I beg you to believe myself of more importance. I beg you to believe that up to this moment I have known nothing of them." I am willing to believe you, "said the merchant,

myself of more importance. I bey you to believe that up to this moment I have known nothing of them."

I am willing to believe you, "said the merchant, more kindly," but you have done much to give you have fallen the state of the state of

GUATON STEP.
THE wind is spent and the gale is past.
And the morning sun shines forth at last;
It shines on a strip of yellow sand.
And a good ship sinking in sight of land.

Over her deck and her battered side Lazily washes the ebbing tide; Out of the struggle and deadly strife Lo! nothing saved but a baby life.

A wee, frail thing is the one poor waif— A wee, frail thing to be sound and safe; But all forgotten its brief alarms, It gayly crows in the stranger's arms.

Just such a babe on his young wife's breast With clinging fingers his own caressed; Just such another—but where is he? Wrecked on the voyage of life, maybe.

Is this but spared that in the years to cit may drift away from its heavenly ho The baby laughs as his boy once did; Ah, will it be so? Nay, God forbid!

An, will it be so? Nay, God forbat:
The sailor's hand has a gentle touch
For the sake of the lad he loved so much;
And soft from his lips are the words that fall:
God bless the children; God keep them all.

A SPEEDY ANSWER.

BY LOUISE MERTON.

"It's a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too!" said Tim Mulligan to himself, as he stood on the street corner, in the piercing wind and sleet.
"A staving night." he reiterated, as he peered wistfully into the bakery windows across the way. wistfully into the bakery windows across the way. He had not had any dinner at all, and not enough breakfast to say so—nothing but a crust or two that he had picked up. A little humpbacked, stunted figure, with dull blue eyes, and thin, peaked face surmounted by a brimless hat: his clothes, evidently odds and ends—for the pauts were too large and long, while the coatsleeves came scarcely below his elbows, and the garment would not begin to button around him—that was

"It's a bad night," he said as a gust of wind nearly took him off his feet. "The worst I ever knew." which was saying a good deal, for Tim had known some pretty rough nights in the course of his short life. "There isn't much show of my get-ting anything to-night. Guess I'd better be turnin' in, pervided nobody's gone and took possession of my 'stablishment."

But just as Tim was bracing himself up to face the storm, some one came driving down the street at a furious rate, stopping so close to Tim that he took a step to get out of the way.

"Here, bub, hold my horse for me," said the gentleman, springing out; and handing the lines to Tim, he disappeared.

"Mebbe he'll give me as much as five cents," thought Tim, when he had thoughtfully obeyed. "If he does, I'll have a plate of hot beans and biscuits. P'r'aps he'll give me ten. Wouldn't I a reg'lar square meal then? But 'taint likely. Wouldn't I have

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Tim's hands were pretty thoroughly benumbed when at last the gentleman returned.

"Here's something for you," he said, dropping a couple of coins into Tim's hand, then springing into his buggy.

Tim went under the nearest gaslight to examine " Je-ru-sa-lum! he gasped, as he saw two bright silver dimes in his rather grimy hands.

Twenty cents seemed a small fortune to Tim, for there were so few things a poor little hunchback like him could do. He would have such a supper baked beans, biscuit, and a cup of coffee, and a donghnut : he could have all that and still have some money left for to-morrow. The richest man in the whole great city would have felt poor beside Tim, as, clutching his treasure, he crossed the way, he spied two miserably forlorn little figures.
"Hullo!" he said. "What you doin' here?"

"Hullo!" he said. "What you donn in "What you do

"Nuthin'," replied the elder, briefly.
"What makes you stay here then?
you go home?" continued Tim.

you go home?" continued Tim.
"Hain't got none," was the reply; and then
feeling the hearty, though unspoken sympathy of
one of their own sort, the little waif added, as he
drew his jacket sleeve across his eyes, "they carried mother up to the graveyard yonder," pointing in the direction of the pauper burial ground, and we hasn't anybody now, nor nowheres to

stay."

As Tim stood deliberating, the bakery door minding Tim of his promised treat.
"Hungry?" he asked. "Hungry?" he a

"You bet!" was the inelegant but emphatic re-

Tim reflected on his own real good fortune. could get biscuits, cold beans, and perhaps doughough for them all.

Tell you what, fellers," he said, magnificently, "I was just a goin' to order my bill of fare. I'll increase my order a little, have a party and invite you two. As it's rather suddint, we won't none of

us bother 'bout party clos. 'Greeable?''
"Reckon we air,' was the quick respons

Tim made a dive for the bakery, trying hard not to smell the coffee, nor think how much better a plate of hot beans would be than the same cold. "Now," he said, reappearing, "all aboard. Fol-

· they were bidden.

"Taint much further." said Tim. at length. "I'm a little s'lect in my tastes, you see, so I live rather out of the way o' folks," laughed he.

Presently they struck the railroad, and then, in a few minutes, he stopped before an unused, dilapidated flag house

"Walk in," he asked, politely holding open the door, which was only a plank.

door, which was only a plank.

There was certainly not much room to spare when they were all in, but then they were sheltered, and all the warmer for being obliged to keep close together

"Reckon we'd better introduce before grub, hadn't we? I'm Tim Mulligan—at your service, an

"The boys in the alley call us Speckle-Face and Red-Top. I'm Speckle-Face and he's Red-Top."

said the spokesman. "Now we're all right, and old friends," said Tim.

"Now we're all right, and old friends," said Tim, complacently. "Let's pitch in." He had spread the contents of his parcels on an old box, and without waiting for another invita-tion, didn't they "pitch in!" Tim watched them with solid satisfaction, contenting himself with one small biscuit and half a doughnut.

"I'm not so very pertic'ler about beans. Guess I won't indulge to-night." he said.

It did not take very long to clear up, even to the last crumb of Tim's spread

"Now, sirs," said the brave little host, when it was gone and his guests showed signs of departing, "my accommodations are not so very grand, but they're better than the storm. You'd better stop

As his quests made no remonstrance to this suggestion, he made ready a bed for them—a little straw and a part of an old blanket.

"You bundle up together, and you'll stand it, I guess," said Tim.
"You're an awful good feller," said Speckle

gratefully, as he pulled the blanket up around him and in less than five minutes both were sound asleep.

It was cold over by the door, which did not quite fit, and Tim missed his blanket, but did not say anything. Something came to him as he lay there shivering. Sometimes he had crept into a church because it was warm there; he had caught at such times snatches of sermons about one who once lived on earth, was homeless, poor, and lonely— "like us fellers," thought Tim. But now this mysterious one was great, rich, and powerful, and had a beautiful home. And those who would love and try to please Him could go and live with Him. He thought it over, as the bitter wind and storm came through the cracks upon him. He drew as far away as possible, up beside his little visitors, who lay eping so peacefully.

'I wonder if Jesus'd listen to a poor hunchy like

And clasping his stiff little hands. Tim knelt and

made his first prayer:
"Dear Lord, I don't know who you are, nor where you live, but I wish you'd take me to your home, for I'm so tired, and hungry, and cold. And I'll do everything I can, if you'll tell me how. Won't you nlegge take me? Amen.

prease take me? Amen.

Then Tim lay down again, and somehow he did
not mind the cold as before.

"I—wonder—when—He'll take me— and how

I'll get there," he thought dreamily.

It was broad daylight before the two little visitors awoke, threw off the blanket and sat up. "Hello!" said Speckle-Face, but Tim did not

"Hello!" piped Red-Top.

Then Speckle-Face shook him, but still Tim's eyes did not open, and Red-Top, putting his hand out on his face, started back in terror.

"He's cold, like she was," he sobbed.
Tim's prayer had been answered; he had gone to that home where they shall hunger no more. And think he had found that, inasmuch as he had done it unto the least of earth's sorrowing ones, he had done it unto Him

HOW CELLULOID IS MADE.

CELLULOID was by no means a drug on the market when introduced. It was used for brush handles and combs, frames of eyeglasses and show cases, collars and cuffs, and, we have heard (it would not do to say we know), plates for artificial teeth. It is utilized in many other ways, too numerous to mention. The process of its manufacture is interesting. A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and at the same time saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two of nitric, which falls on the paper in a nice spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into a fine pyroxyline (gun cotton). The excess of acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water, until all traces of acid have been removed: it is then reduced to pulp, and passed on to the bleaching trough. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed got rid of by means of a swaner, the pulp is mixed with from twenty to forty per cent., of its weight of camphor, and the mixture thoroughly triturated un-der mill-stones. The necessary coloring matter having been added in the form of powder, a second mixture and grinding follows. The finely divided mixture and granding tollows. The unery divided pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five of these layers are blaced in a hydraline press, separated from one another by sheets of blotting paper, and are subjected to a pressure of 140 atmoswheres, until all traces of moisture have been got rid of. The plates

thus obtained are broken up and soaked for twenty four hours in alcohol. The matter is then passed between rollers heated 140 deg. to 150 deg. F., whence it issues in the form of elastic sheets.

A VALUABLE BOOK

A VALUABLE BOOK.

A WALUABLE BOOK.

A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats, including packing, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats, including receipts for the most exacting opicure, as well as for the more modest housewife, who desires to prepare for her lord and master a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting fogether, manipulsed, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; while a special and important feature is made of preparing all kinds of food and delicates for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmani, late choff of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuation of the control of the cont

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India mission-ary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarri, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers haven to the suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Pomer's Block, Rockesser, N. X.—Adic.

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A SPLENDIO THING Ebony
Chromos with name & Agt's new Sample Book Ice, 5 pks., ok & this Pencil See, E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn.





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FULFILL THY MISSION.

BY MONTAGUE MARKS

OFT I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter
Though with love's words quit
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."
What's a lady? I sit something
Made of boops, and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
I at tone that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
"Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter Speak of something higher far Than to be mere fashion's lady— "Woman" is the brightest star If you, in your strong affection, Urge your son to be a true man, Urge your son to be strongly To arise and be a woman.

To arise and be a woman.
Yes, a woman I Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty.
Where the mind, and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
On the gilded craft of time;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier shrine.

A STRANGE GUEST.

BY SHIRLEY FAIRFAX.

"You are not afraid, Allie?"
"Afraid, mamma! What is there to be afraid

"You are not afraid, Allie?"
"Afraid, namma! What is there to be afraid of?" said Alice, laughing.
"Nothing, I dare say, provided you take care not to set the house on fire. But most girls would not like to be left alone in a house after dark. It is unfortunate that Bridget should have gone out."

I have said be beak! in a hour, "said Alice's papa, as we shall be back! in a hour," said Alice's papa, and be stable to take care of herself for that time."

may be trusted to take care on mersen for usual many limits, and I have this beautiful book to read. Why, mamma, the hour will be past before I know it," said Allee, cheerfully.

She followed her parents to the front door and locked and botted it after them. She was a bright girl of fourteen, accustomed to make herself useful about the boses, and not inclined to be timid. So about the boses, and not inclined to be timid. So upon the second of the second part of the second put in order the books and papers which strewed the round table, and seating herself in her papa's big study-chair, opened her book and prepared to read.

big study-chair, opened her book and prepared to read.

It was at this very moment, just as she had found he right page, that there came a quick, sharp ring at the door-bell.

"Oh, my! Sup he would conclude to wait for him, as he did the last time of the did her, and her as the proceeded to answer the summons.

Upon opening the door she saw in the dim light of the hall lamp, which was turned down, the figure of a rough-looking man standing outside.

Upon opening the door she saw in the dim light of the hall lamp, which was turned down, the figure of a rough-looking man standing outside.

Upon opening the door she said, stepping quietly but quickly into the hall, and half pushing to the door.

"Yes," she answered, in some surprise. She was used to strangers coming to the house and inquiring for her paps, but she wondered what this man could want with her, or how he should know her

could want with ner, or now ne source and mane.

He did not leave her long in suspense.

"I met a lady and gentleman out there," he said, nodding over his shoulder toward the street. "I made hold to ask them for something to eat, and they said they were in a hurry, but I must come in here and ask Miss Alice, and say they had sent me, here and ask Miss Alice, and say they had sent me, the about the man told me to wait till they came back to about a man and me all right, he could put me in the way of getting some work."

in about an hour, as he thought, if he found me all right, he could put me in the way of getting some work."

Alice's first thought was one of dissatisfaction at having to receive and entertain this rough stranger all alone. But the next moment she said: The said was a said to the next moment she said: The said was a said said said to said the placed for him near the fire. He was a middle-gaed man with close-cropped hair, pale, sunburnt face, and small deep-set gray eyes which glanced out very quick and restless beneath thick reddish eyebrows. Very oddly made ting suit of jacket and fronsers very oddly made ting suit of jacket and fronsers very oddly meating suit of jacket and fronsers very oddly moment of the property of the said of the sa

quickly and noiselessly across the hall and upstars.

The first door which he opened was that of Mr.
Kennedy's bed-room, where a fire was burning.
His first act was to draw the blind and curtain, and
his next to light the gas. Then he went about the
room, noiselessly opening wardrobes and bureaus,
and collecting various articles of dress, together
riedly stripping off his jacket and trousers he
stuffed them, with his shore sinto a valise which he
found hanging in a closet. And all the time he
seemed intently listening, not only for sounds in
the house, but with his ear inclined to the window
as if expecting to hear some noise from without.

With Mr. Kennedy's razor, he quickly and careas if expecting to hear some noise from without,
which he will be a sound to the fireplace. His chin and upper lip he also
shaved close. This took more time than all the
rest, and he then proceeded in great haste to dress
himself in the Reverend Mr. Kennedy's best black
suit, not forgetting gloves, collar, and cuffs, all
which he found nearly arranged in the burean.

The high beaver hat was rather too small for him,

tainly, from mis crees, out.

strange to her, with its small, half closed eyes with dark shadows about them, and straight dark with a shadows about them, and straight dark "Is the Reverend Mr. Kennedy at home?' inquired this gentleman, in a soft deliberate voice which appeared to suit his clerical attire. And he looked straight down into the girl's eyes, with a curious expression, she thought.

The stranger, however, could not wait. He seemed in a great hurry, and merely remarking that he would call to-morrow, waiked briskly away. And he had hardly disappeared around the corner, and the straight of the straight of

supper all ready, but when I brought it up he had gone."

"My dear, what do you mean? I have sent no man here this evening."

Then she told him the whole story.

Then she told him the whole story and drawing her door to the the she whole she had any she daughter close to the she whole she had been at this moment at this moment at this moment of the she was the she was a star to the she was the she was she was searched from garret to cellar. Nobody was discovered on the premises, and nothing found to be missing—so they affirst hought, as they all stood in the library talking over the matter.

ter.
"What puzzles me," said Mr. Kennedy, "js, that
this man, whoever he may be, should have known
that we were going out for an hour, and my daughter's name, though he confessed to not knowing my

ter's name, agoing out for an hour, and my daughter's name, though he confessed to not knowing my own own the control of the c

courade remained and again made a thorough courade remained and discovery that a portion of Mr. Kennedy's clothing was "That was for the purpose of disguising himself," said the officer; "and very cleverly he has managed it, so far and very cleverly he has managed it, so far and the officer; "and very cleverly he has managed it, so far and the door, and whom I at first took to be proposed to be provided in the said of the

EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

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ST. ELMO



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Latin translation of the Hebrew golgotha, a skull.
W. M. O., Summerfield, Ill. The artificial mounds
of North America are supposed to be 2,000 years old.

C. R. F., Roxbury, Mass. Recent information has sused us to discontinue it; we therefore could not uarantee it.

guarantee it.

BEATHICE AND BEATHIX, Elko, Nev. Your story is not available. Learn the importance of punctuation, and study the rules of capitalization.

G. R. D., Elizabethtown, N. Y. Bamboo is a species of grasses, which attains a height of from 30 to 60 feet. The stoms are hollow, jointed, hard and woody. The plant selfoun flowers.

the plant selfour fowers are hollow, jointed, hard and woody. The plant selfour flowers.

S. C. S. Mockaville, N. C. The air pump was first made in 1650 by Otto Von Genericke, burgomaster of been wonderfully improved.

H. J. F. Brackville, Ills. An excellent idea of the customs, usages, and costumes of the middle ages may be obtained from the works of G. P. I. James, who wrote many fascinating romances.

H. J. E. Hontwelle, Ark. The Parliament houses and the control of the control

In summer.

T. H. G., N. Cambridge, Mass. The tourniquet was invented by Morel, and perfected by Petit, in the 17th and 18th centuries. The first application of a ligature immediately to the blood vessel, was first practiced in the 16th century. Before that, the great danger of amputation was from bleeding; it was obviated by the use of red-hot knives.

use of red-hot knives.

A Badora. You write a good letter, both in composition and spelling. If you could obtain a place in a printing office, we see no reason why you should not succeed. The work, however, is very hard for a girl, and the hours tien being a day's work, are long. After having learned the trade, you could probably earn from ten to fourteen dollars a week.

From ten to rourced soliars a week.

A. L. E., Champion, Mich. The name, Abbotsford, is that of Sir Walter Scott's seat, on the Tweed, near Sckitrk, Scotland. Scott bought the estate in 1811, and built the roomy mansion after the pattern of an old built the roomy mansion after the pattern of an old English manor house, induling his antiquarian bent by inserting here and there in the exterior walls, stones from old castles, abbeys and towers.

PUZZLEDOM No. 118 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 113

ANSWERS TO FU	ZZLES IN NO. 113.
No. 1. C	ablegram.
No. 2.	No. 3.
BAR	MAR
DACES	DADUR
BAREGES	MARANON
ACETATE	ADAMAWA
REGATTA	RUNAWAY
SETTO	ROWAN
SEA	NAY
No. 4. West Townsend.	No. 5. Martello Tower.
No. 6.	No. 7.
PACOSES	DAMASUS
ALAMEDA	ANABARA
CATERER	MARALAG
OMENING	ABAKANE
SERIATE	SALADIN
EDENTON	URANITE
SARGENT	SAGENES
No. 8. Delegate.	No. 9. Wintry.
No.	. 10.
	RAL
	OMA
	VES
	ERS
	RCE
	SENESTES
PANOLATT	ONECHINI

PANOLATIONECHINI
ONONISTILTS HIRTS
DONEES OLERTIRWIT
ALIENEES REENTICE
LASSEES TICE
ESTATE
STAMEN
TAMERS
ETERNE
SENSES No. 11. Amilot.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

JASON, 2 Squares, 1 Diamond; PEARI, 1 Square, 1 Half Square, 1 Diamond; Mack, 1 Square; Doc. JR., 1 Octagon, 1 Hexagonal Numerical; Romino, 1 Amegram; Navajo, 1 Cross Word, 2 Anagrams, 3 D. L. Enigmas; DELMONTE, 4 Charades; JAREP, 1 New Style Square; LEX TALIONS, 2 Diamonds.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 2. CHARADE

(Inscribed to the maidens of the mystic membership.)
A.—Oh, Mamie, my darling, how like you John Tanner,
Who now has a captive near made of your pet?
Are his form and demeanor, his mind and his manner,
Quite up to the standard you've long for me set?

M.—You ask me, dear Annie, a candid expression; A candid opinion shall come at your beck: John Tanner has merit: but list my confession, He is one whose great care is his person to deck. (1)

A.—Suspect you his love is not purest perfection, Or that mine is not all that by lovers is sought; Imagined, unreal; a mere intellection, A hallucination, existing in thought? (2

M.—To wed him I think not your duty, far from it,
Until in your lover you clearly can see
An image, a concept of beauty consummate,
And merit, from all nature's blemishes free. (1, 2)
LEESBURG, VA. NANG PORTE KEX.

No. 3. Square.

1. A sort of tunic or mantle; 2. A girl's name; 2.
Improvement; 4. Russian coins; 5. Roman tribune
(1313-1354); 6. The operation of removing the skin for
the purpose of bringing to view the organs covered
by it.
Girsson, PA.

No. 4. QUADRUPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

No. 4. QUADRUPLE LETTER ENDMA.
In "whisting winds" of winty days;
In "manly haights" of former times;
In "handsome mands" with artful ways;
In "pleasant lands "in foreign climes;
In "pleasant lands "in foreign climes;
In "noble poets" crowned with bays.
One two, three four; how peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there upon her little breast,
And were it not that they oft rise and sink,
With her calm breathing, one would surely think
That she had dropped saleep at death's beheet.

I love to feel upon my cheek impressed The touch of those soft palms in mute request. For love dwells in those palms, so white and pink; One two, three four.

One two, three four.

Perhaps in future days they will arrest
A portion of the wot to man bequest;
A portion of the wot to man bequest;
Perchance may lure from dire destruction's brink
Some erring souls, by holding forth the link
To bind them unto God, content and blest,
One two, three four.

NOTE: —The Rondeau was suggested by lines in
ances Russell Lowell's "Threnodia."

MYSKLF,
MYSKLF,

No. 5. DIAMOND.

No. 5. Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. A river of Morocco; 3. Composed of thin, parallel plates, capable of being separated by splitting; 4. Performed in smooth, gliding style; 5. A quarter of a pound; 6. Runs swiftly; 7. Lashes; 8. Syllables attached to the first tone of the major diatonic scale; 9. A letter.

SLATER, MO. AP EWEN.

No. 6. ELISION. No. 6. ELISION.

Said a tyro to "Aspiro,"
"You're a poser well I know,
And your verses nigh immerse us,
By their never-ceasing flow;
Tell me how to make some puzzles,
For 'its this I wish to know."

Spoke "Aspiro" to the tyre,

(They had been discussing dinner),

"Glad to meet you, men will greet you,

Some time as a prize-batch winner,

I discover some ambition
In you for a new beginner."

Here he reached across the table, Grasped an esculent quite luscious, With a look wise, venerable, Quite akin to old Confucius. Turning to the youngster, said he: "We'll begin now if you're ready.

"This secuent, wholesome and good, Contains an article of food
That thoughtless persons overlook,"
(Just then the esculent he shook),
"Now watch it closely if you please,"
(Out tumbled some dark-lookir; pleas),
"The residue is used, I hink,
By many persons for a drink."

LMA, OHO.

TRAD

TRADDLES No. 7. DIAMONI

No. 7. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. To rend; 3. To fax anew; 4. Narration; 5. Deprived of familiar custom; 6. A Chinese name for fresh feldspar, ground very fine; 7. The tarsus; 8. A caim place; 9. A letter.

CLIPTON, W. VA. NANDU. No. 8. MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA

No. 8. MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

Please call them first and second,

Which in a rather novel way

Are known to have been reckoned. Bearing in mind the proverb old, That "figures never lie." Let's try our skill; add and subtract, Divide and multiply.

One half of nine will give you first, The sum of both is nine; Now how their difference is one I pray you to divine.

'Tis likewise true if one you take From either first or second, The other without fail remains If you have rightly reckoned.

One half of either gives the other, One fourth of each is one: The sum of the products of each by itself (Just this one hint and I'm done),

Equals the product—with one to spare—
Of first by the second—double.
In reconciling the paradox,
I trust you will have no trouble.
FREEFORT, ILL.
HAPPY THOUGHT.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.
For the first complete list of solutions, The Golden
Aggost six months. For the two best incomplete lists,
three months' each.
SPECIAL PRIZES. For first correct solutions to Nos.
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CHAT.

ED. WARD'S GEOG. OCTAGON IN NO. 113 proved to be a clough one, A SOLVER, JO. MULLISS, F. ATTCHELL and MYSIL'D being the only ones who answered it. Among a chieve distinction in the Dom, is Navao. Some of his recent works deserve to be commended. We have just received BECCH NUT'S department, The Dom, in The Dom, in The Dom, in The Workly Times of Butler, Pa. We can't find familiary that the property of th