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GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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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.)

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.

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 wood 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 house, were the stables.

Beyond the enclosure, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen to break the 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 "division," as it was called, of the "Pony Express," that is to say, it was the stopping place of the light carriers who in those days carried the mails across the prairies. On the plain around the station grazed the cattle of the station-master, and the horses, some of which were his property, others that of the company, of which he was an employe. At night all were driven into the enclosure.

The station-master was a handsome and powerfully-built man, and was known as Big Jack Wheeler to all the trappers and scouts on the plains. His manner and conversation were far superior to those of his class in general, and although he never spoke of his past history, no one doubted that he had once filled a very different position to that which he now occupied. This, however, is no very uncommon thing to those of his class in general, and he has excited no comment had it not been that he was accompanied by his wife, who, although she waited upon the passengers of the stage, the carriers, and the wandering scouts who used the station as an inn, as readily and attentively as if born to the life, yet possessed an air of refinement which no rough work could efface. She was as remarkable too as even her husband for her personal appearance, and in the streets of a crowded city the pair would have attracted attention. Their only companion, save the herdsmen, was their son, a lad of sixteen.

Jack Wheeler, for he bore the same name as his father, looked as do most Western lads—older than he was; and his broad and thick-set figure gave a promise of size and strength equal to that possessed by his father. Nor was this singular, for, having lived on the plains as long as his memory carried him back, he had been constantly on horseback, and engaged in active work. He had learned to shoot with bow and rifle, to throw the lasso, and to ride with a skill and dexterity almost unrivalled. And yet, passionately

fond as he was of all exercises demanding skill and strength, he was at other times, a quiet, almost sedate, lad, who spoke but little, and attended to his various duties with as much zeal as if the success of the station depended on his individual exertions. When not engaged at work or exercise, he was sure to be found in-doors, reading one of the books which formed his little library, 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 wall, shouting loudly to the herdsmen to drive in the cattle.

"What is it, father?" Jack exclaimed, running up.

"The Indians have attacked the stage; and unless the cattle are driven in we shall lose them."

This was a startling, but not to young

turn his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

A glance was sufficient to enable him to judge of his position, for not five hundred yards away were four savages, bearing down on him at full speed, in hopes of capturing both himself and his animals. Being unarmed, he rushed in among the cattle, and bending his head beside his horse's neck, he soon had a screen between himself and his foes.

The Indians on seeing this, gave a fierce yell, in hopes of stampeding the animals, or making them open out; but this produced the very reverse of what they intended, for the unusual sounds sent the laziest cows into a faster trot, and caused the mustangs to gallop rapidly on ahead. The animals seemed instinctively to be aware of their danger, for they made a straight rush for the gate of the stockade, through which they crowded helter skelter, blocking up the entrance in their eagerness to get in.

Before the last had entered, Jack forced his way through the throng, as he had heard

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 rifles, 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, that Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were at the stage door to assist the passengers to alight.

The first to emerge was a fine, gray-bearded old gentleman, who was followed by a beautiful girl about fourteen years of age. His first 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."

The station-master glanced into the coach, on the floor of which a man was lying, apparently insensible. He was lifted out, and laid on the ground, and Mr. Wheeler bade his wife bring a bucket of water and dash over him.

Before this could be carried out, however, the director opened his eyes, and exclaimed, feebly:

"Where are we? Are we safe?"

"Safe for the present," the station-master said, somewhat contemptuously; "but how long you will be so I don't undertake to say. Now," he continued,

while his wife led the young lady to the house, "let us look to the driver; I fear he is killed. Yes, quite dead," he said; "he struck his work nobly to the end."

"Yes, he was a gallant fellow," the old gentleman said; "and we owe our lives to him. He never flinched nor got flurried, but drove on steadily as if on a high road, although the bullets rained round him."

"Well, well," said Mr. Runman, "he took his risk, you know. He was getting a hundred dollars a week because of the danger."

"Pooh! nonsense!" the old gentleman said. "You are making some thousands of dollars a week out of the work of this poor fellow and others; and as a director it was your duty to make a tour across the plains, but that did not prevent you from being frightened almost out of your life."

Mr. Runman made no reply.

By this time the station-master had lifted the body of the driver from his seat and placed it on the ground.

"Six bullets in him," he said, after a brief examination; "and not one but would have proved mortal."

"I hope, Mr. Runman," the old gentleman said, "you will find out where the poor fellow's family lives, and see that the company provides for them. That is the least that can be done."

"Yes," Mr. Runman answered. "I think that the company should certainly do that, since the man performed such a service in saving the life of its managing director."



Wheeler a surprising announcement, for he had frequently heard the wild war whoops of the Indians, who had more than once assailed the station. Leaping upon the wall beside his father, he saw the stage, which was drawn by six horses, far away on the plains. It was dashing along at a furious rate, and behind it were a number of moving specks, which it needed a trained eye to detect to be Indians.

"The men must be asleep, Jack," his father exclaimed; "jump on the mustang, wake them then up, and help them drive as many of the cattle and horses in as they can. Quick, lad; there is no time to lose."

Jack leaped to a horse which was standing near by, and dashed out through the gate at full speed. Three minutes took him to the spot where the greater portion of the herd had gathered, coming in of themselves, as their usual hour for being herded. There were no herdsmen there, nor did a shout elicit a reply. There was no time to be lost; and rapidly circling round the herd, Jack began with yells and shouts to urge them towards the house. A glance away to the right showed him that the coach still kept ahead of its pursuers, who were, however, but a short distance behind it.

His own attention was so deeply engaged in keeping the animals together, now leading them off as they attempted to swerve to one side, now urging on the tardy ones, that he thought of nothing but his duty, when the crack of a rifle close behind, caused him to

shots from the stockade, and thinking the place had been attacked, he was anxious to join in the defence.

As soon as he was dismounted, his father shouted:

"Stand by the gate, Jack, and keep it closed until I tell you to open it."

All right, father," was the quiet answer.

When all the cattle had found their way in, he partly closed the gate, holding the huge bar which went across it, in his hand, ready to shut it in a moment, when directed to do so.

While Jack had been engaged in driving in the cattle, the chase of the stage had continued. The latter had kept the lead, however, and there was every possibility of its reaching the station ahead of its pursuers, when the new foes who had attempted to stampede the animals, finding their efforts in that direction futile, turned their attention towards it.

Dashing down upon it in an oblique direction, they gave a fierce yell, in response to the cries of their friends behind, and opened fire on the driver. It is a difficult matter, however, to hit a small object when it is in motion; and the driver seemed to possess a charmed life, for he held closely to his reins, and guided his team as carefully as if there had not been a foe within miles of him. He was rapidly approaching the station, when he was seen to fall on his box; but the goal was reached, for the horses, which were white with foam, dashed up to the gate, while the pursuers were brought to a halt by the steady



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BOUND VOLUMES. VOLUME TWO is now bound and ready for shipment. It is full of good things—fascinating serial stories, short sketches, biographical matter, etc.

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!"

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.

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 wealthy American families..."

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 followed by such worthless children."

A LESSON FOR BOYS.

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

"Not many years ago," he replied, "I commenced my career as an office boy in an insurance office which presented a model of executive management, neatness and clock-like system."

"To the training I got there, and a lesson my good mother gave me, I attribute much of my success. 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."

"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 cart-wheel 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."

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 compliment. It will be recollected that everybody was in a state of intense excitement, and that some timid people even dreaded a civil war.

"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 excitement from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, with less effect upon the stock market than a report that King Alfonso had a cold in his head 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 makes the safeguard of our nation. We have no great army to preserve peace, such as exists in the older countries.

How strangely that sounds in this country. Not 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 and have a frolic. But let them reflect, and they will see that it is even more honorable to mischievously openly than to sneak about it.

CHINESE GORDON. BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

PERHAPS the most remarkable figure among the Englishmen of our time is that of Chinese Gordon. In this materialistic, matter-of-fact age, he stands forth like a medieval 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 difficulties.

'Twas the death he would have chosen, And oft had faced before.

Charles George Gordon was born at Woolwich, near London, Jan. 28, 1833. Sprung from a family 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 which first made his reputation, and which gained for him the familiar name of "Chinese Gordon." He sailed for China in July, 1860, and took part in the march on Peking, when the Summer Palace was destroyed as a punishment for the murder of some British envoys. After this he remained in China, and received his first command.

For ten years China had been torn by a rebellion headed by Hung Sew-tsen, who called himself "the Heavenly King." As the rebels, or Tai-pings, threatened the port of Shanghai, some merchants got together a mercenary force, which was organized and led by Gen. Ward, a brave American soldier of fortune. He successfully repelled the Tai-pings, and his men gained the title of "the Ever Victorious Army," their enemies, less complimentary, called them "False Foreign Devils." In 1860 Ward was killed in a skirmish, and Gordon took command of his force. A motley force it was, the rank and file being Chinamen, the officers of all nations, from Americans to Poles. Discipline was almost absent; Gordon had to face mutiny in his men, and treachery in his officers; almost his only faithful follower was an American, skipper Davidson of his little steamer "Hyson."

The following incident will show the character of his troops, and the firmness necessary to control them. The artillery, being ordered to change quarters, refused to obey, and a mutinous letter was handed to Gordon. Aware that this must have been written by one of the non-commissioned officers, he paraded and questioned them; they knew nothing of it. "Then," he exclaimed, "I will shoot every fifth man of you!" Some of the men groaned at this; Gordon seized one and had him shot instantly; his comrades gave way, and the mutiny was over. Gordon had many such difficulties; but he had skillful generalship and a good knowledge of the country, and his energy and bravery made him both loved and feared. He never carried any weapon but a cane, which the soldiers called his magic wand of victory; yet he was always in the thick of the fight, and seemed to bear a charmed life. The spell was once broken by a bullet that struck his leg; he disregarded the wound, and stood issuing orders to his men. In two arduous campaigns the Tai-pings were conquered; their regime of cruelty, devastation and famine was ended; and their leaders were sent by Gordon to Li-hung-chang, the Chinese Emperor's general, under promise of safety. This man promptly murdered them. Gordon's rage was unbounded; forgetting everything but his wrath at the outrage, he pursued Li-hung-chang with a revolver, and the traitor only escaped violence by a hasty flight. Gordon refused all the large rewards offered to him by the Emperor; he cared nothing for money. He left China as poor as when he entered it; but he left it with the esteem of all, and a well-earned reputation for military skill.

As in 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 mantelpiece 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 neighbors when he left this quiet life for a post of difficulty and danger.

Since the Sudan 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 undertake 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 slaves, nurse the sick (all his staff were sick, he alone resisted the climate), keep all the accounts, and look after the stores in his arms and supplies. For three months he ruled the Sudan as well as the so-called Equator, with his capital at Khartoum; but he was constantly journeying through 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. "I have given up blaming the governors," he wrote; "it is useless, so I send them to Cairo to be punished." His efforts against the slave traffic was hampered by the intrigues of the Egyptian authorities but he stopped it in a remarkable manner, and put down the gang of the arch slave-driver, Zebehr. Confident in his mission from above, and devoid of all fear, he rode alone into the midst of the gang, which was 3,000 strong; his 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 Sudan. He was thoroughly worn out; he desired no further usefulness, as he was not on good terms with the new Khedive, Tewfik. He was for three years spent in various countries, in 1883 he was despatched on a mission to South Africa. Here he was hampered by the European and Egyptian in Khartoum for months in Palestine. He was on the point of a mission from the King of the Belgians, who wished him to accompany Henry M. Stanley to the Congo, when another duty was thrust upon him.

Mahomet Ahmed, son of a carpenter of Dongkla, himself a faki or priest—a man very much like Gordon's old enemy, the Heavenly King—headed a rising on the White Nile about a year after Gordon left the Sudan in 1879; assumed the title of St. Mahdi, the prophet, and defeated Gordon's successors, Raouf and Abdul. Till Arabi's revolt was broken at Tel-el-Kebir, nothing was done against him; then, Hicks Pasha, a retired Anglo-Indian officer, was despatched by the Kedive with some Egyptian troops to perish in the desert. The British government, that resisted the Egyptian man, abandoned the Sudan; and on January 18th of last year, Gordon was despatched to save and withdraw the Egyptian garrisons from Khartoum and the other towns; "to cut the dog's tail off," as he bluntly expressed it. Traveling up the Nile, he struck across the desert with no companion except Colonel Stewart, who had since been murdered. He was welcomed at Khartoum as "sultan, father, savior"; and his first act was to open the prisons, and make a bonfire of the tax-rolls, the courtesies, whips and rods.

Here a few well chosen words Gordon; only a few brief messages have told of his brave endurance, waiting for the relief that came, alas, too late. He has fallen in the desert, but his life remains to show us that true piety and unselfish love are yet powers among men; and better than the pursuit of wealth is a life of labor for mankind. Truly he was a man.

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

THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUD. His life is not despairing! Though at dawn These eyes meet not the light of day; 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. Lids are like small seeds; carefully covered up and hidden, they some day spring into sudden and fruitful retribution.

FOR THINE own purpose, Thou hast sent The strife and the discouragement. KIND words prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in generous minds.

THE common man is the victim of events. What ever happens is too much for him, he is drawn this way and that way, and his whole life is a hurry. The human mind is always inexorable in its yearning a motive for all human action. It is only himself that each man permits to set without one, and avails himself of the nothing that is left.

ENTHUSIASM is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with a will, do it with your might, put your whole soul into it, stamp it with your own personality. Be active, be energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object, and your whole life will be a record of enthusiasm.



A HELPING HAND.

BY EUGENE LEE HAZLTON. We touch life's shore as swimmers from a wreck...

Let those who hope for brighter shores no more Not mourn, but, turning inland, bravely seek...

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

It is to be supposed that every reader knows the story of our great Revolution...

With these facts in view it is easy to comprehend the love and reverence with which George Washington was regarded...

On July 4, 1848, the corner-stone was laid by President Polk, in the presence of his Cabinet...

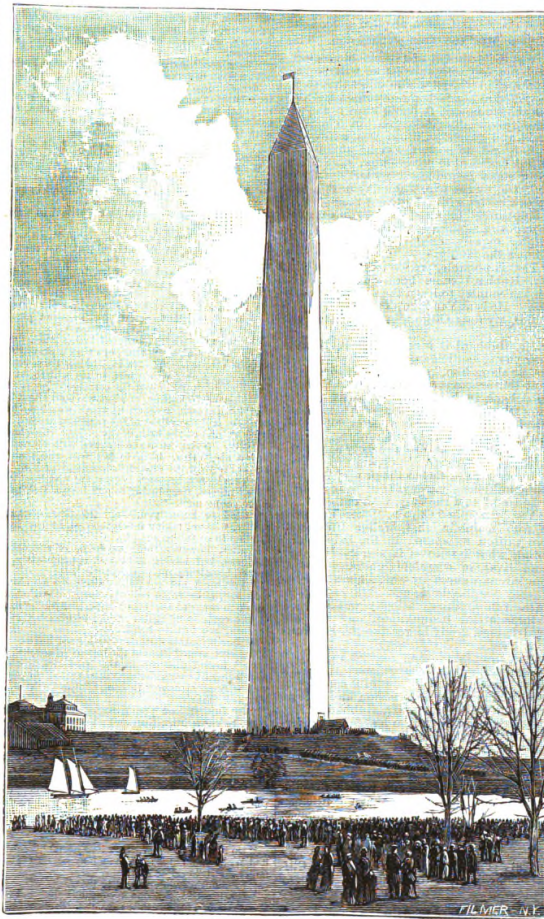
When the year 1854 came around the monument had risen to the height of 170 feet...

The Washington Monument is the highest structure reared by human hands, rising 555 feet...

dome of St. Peter's in Rome, and peers up into the mists of space that hang there...

The monument is built of marble, from Texas and from Maryland. It is one solid mass of masonry...

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...



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

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...

This metal was selected from its comparative freedom from oxidation, and being connected with the iron columns...

has been disapproved and just what will be the surroundings at the base is hardly decided upon.

A most stupendous feat of engineering was successfully accomplished during this work. When some 32,000 tons had been piled on the foundations...

WEARY AND HEAVY LAZEN.

The misfortunes of women who have been the wives of our late Presidents are remarkable. Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield all became widows while at the White House...

The story of Mrs. Andrew Johnson is almost as pathetic, but it is not as well known. She was nearly sixty years old when her husband became President...

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."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around.

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

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

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

Coat and cash were put in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith shop...

"Sold by a professional dead-beat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off!"

"Thanks—glad to have met you—good day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.

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 months I relieved the tedium of my solitude by efforts to win the confidence of my companion, with the happiest results."

MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

THERE is a certain man who has not the merest suspicion of romance in him, and has his own idea as to the strain in which stories should be told.

He was captain of an archery club, and one of the best shots with the bow and arrow in Switzerland. That country was then under the rule of the tyrant Gesler. One day Gesler set his pling hat on a pole for men to salute, and ordered that every man should show obeisance to it or die.

"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "why concealst that arrow?" "To shoot that hat," replied Tel, "The joke was so good that Gesler released him, and gave him a twenty-dollar gold piece."

GUARD EACH STEP.

The wind is blowing and the gale is past.
It shines on a strip of yellow sand...

A sailor looks at the little form -
" 'Tis a tiny craft that has steamed the storm! "

Just such a babe on his young wife's breast
With clinging fingers his own caressed;

A SPEEDY ANSWER.
BY LOUISE MERTON.
" 'Tis a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too! "

" 'Tis a staving night for a supper, a hot supper, too! "
said Tim Mulligan to himself, as he stood on the street corner...

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

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

" '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, complacently. " 'Let's pitch in."

" 'He had spread the contents of his parcels on an old box, and without waiting for another invitation, didn't they " pitch in! "

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

" 'It was cold over by the door, which did not quite fit, and Tim missed his blanket, but did not say anything.

" '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.

" '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.

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CELLULOID is 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.

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