GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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[This story began last week.]

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, Mr. Runman," he said. "You take your place at your window, and take a steady aim, so as to sweep along the line. Don't fire both barrels at once, but leave a second between them. I will fire when I hear you do so."

Mr. Runman, abject coward as he was, felt so impressed with the certainty of the success of the surprise that they were about to give the Indians, and so encouraged by the calmness and coolness of the lad with him, that he moved to his station with steadier head and hand than could have been expected. The window was unglazed, being, indeed, a mere aperture for air and light. Resting his gun upon the ledge, he took a steady aim and fired; an instant after came the report of Jack's gun.

With a wild cry the Indians rose as two more barrels loaded with slugs were poured into them; with a terrible yell those who were able fled in all directions, and as they did so the rifles and revolvers of the garrisons of the house and stables carried death among them. In a minute after the first shot was fired from the stable not an Indian remained erect inside the enclosure.

Then the door of the house opened, and Mr. Wheeler came out, followed by his wife and Mr. Power. Jack scrambled out through his window, and the coach having been slightly drawn aside, the door of the stable was opened sufficiently for Mr. Runman to come out.

"Are we quite safe?" the latter asked.

"Quite safe for the present. They have had a good lesson, and won't renew the attack to-night, unless great reinforcements arrive."

"But to-morrow?"

"Ah, to-morrow's another matter. They will probably get the main body of the tribe up. Well, miss, I congratulate you on your bravery; you were as quiet as a mouse all the time."

"I was very frightened," Bella said, "though Mrs. Wheeler said that there was really no danger; but I put my hands over my ears and lay quiet, because there was nothing else to do, was there?"

"It was the best thing you could do, missy," the station-master said, "and much wiser and braver than to set off screaming, as some women would have done. And now we will go inside again, and have some supper, and hold a council of war. Wife, will you see about the supper?"

"And you think," Mr. Power said, addressing the station-keeper, when they had sat down to the meal with hot coffee, "that there is no chance of another attack to-night?"

"None, unless very large reinforcements arrive. Of course I shall keep watch all night, but I have no expectation whatever of anything taking place."

"And to-morrow?"

"Ah, to-morrow is different. I have no doubt that a messenger has already started to the main body, wherever they may be, to tell of the repulse they have suffered, and to bring up aid. The attack will be renewed to-morrow, or to-morrow night, and that in force we shall find it very difficult to resist."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Runman, "do you mean to say that, after the way in which we have fought, we are not safe yet. Well, my mind is made up. I will go on at once, Mr. Wheeler, I must request you to put the horses into the coach in ten minutes."

"You could not get a mile before the horses would be shot, and then the process I spoke of, of smoking you out, would begin," the station-keeper said.

"But can we not all mount and make a dash for it?" Mr. Power asked.

"I have thought of that, but it would be hopeless," the station-master said. "They will certainly have scouts on the watch, and the pursuit would begin at once. I might get away, and my son and wife; but your chances, unaccustomed to these half wild horses, would be small; those of Mr. Runman, who is not, I should say, much of a rider, still less; while your grand-daughter would have none at all."

"Then what are our chances?" Mr. Power asked.

"We have but one chance," the station-master said, "and that is that the troops may arrive in time. Their nearest station is three hundred miles away, and directly they hear of the Indians being out they will come with all speed. Indeed a letter carrier told me a couple of days ago that a strong troop was coming to Little Gully, which is only fifty miles away. If they have arrived there, and we could send word to them they might be here in time."

"I'll go, father, if you will let me," Jack said quietly. "I could creep through their sentries without much risk of being seen, and then make off on one of their mustangs."

"It would be risking his life without any chance of success," said the senator, "and it would be asking too much of him. We had better try to escape or fall together."

"I don't say that it would be impossible," the station-master said thoughtfully, "although the difficulty and danger will of course be great."

"If it can possibly be done," said the senator, "it is worth trying, as it is the only chance we have of escaping death. I am also most anxious that the very important despatches I carry should reach some point whence they may be forwarded to their destination, and whosoever can succeed in doing that will receive an order on the Government for five thousand dollars. Your boy may escape, or he may fall; but in any case he would be no worse off than if he had remained here."

"I will try it myself," said the station-master. "I can travel rapidly afoot, and know the country well. Jack, you remain here, and help guard the place, and I'll try to reach the troops."

The boy looked rather crestfallen on hearing this announcement, but he was accustomed to obey his father without even questioning his authority, and bent his head as if ashamed of the check he had received. He raised it in a moment, however, and looking confidently into his father's face, said:

"But, father, I'm lighter and smaller than you are, and can steal through the grass better, because I've practiced it as the Indians do. I know the country also, and if I paint my face and put on my buckskin suit and moccassins, they can't tell me from an Indian boy. Now they can tell you from a Pawnee any time, because of your size."

"That is so, Jack," said his father thoughtfully.

"Besides," Jack went on, "I can talk the Pawnee language, and could pass in the dark as one of the tribe."

"Very true, Jack," said his father. After musing for awhile, he said, "I don't know but that you might succeed better than I could, after all, if you are not afraid."

"I am not very much afraid any way," Jack said gravely, "and I think I can do it."

"There is every probability that he can do it if any one can," said the senator, "and he has every advantage to fit him for the work."

HE THREW UP HIS HAND, WHICH GRASPED A REVOLVER, AND FIRED.

"What do you say, wife?" the station-master asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," said she, wiping away the tears that had been flowing since Jack made his proposal. "I hate to let him go, and yet either you or he must try it, if we are to save those under our care."

"You can go, Jack," his father said, laying his hand on his shoulder. "I know that you will do nothing rash."

"I promise you that, father," Jack replied.

"Why should he not ride out at once?" Mr. Power asked.

"The Indians are scouting all round, we may be sure," the station-master said, "and it is two to one his horse would be shot."

An hour later Jack entered the room, dressed and painted like a young Indian; and Belle, who had fallen half asleep jumped up with a scream of terror.

"It's all right, missy," Jack said laughing, "I'm not so black as I'm painted."

"Now, Jack," his father said, "short partings are best, and the sooner you are off the better. You had better slip out over the wall to the rear of the house, as the Indians are not so likely to be in that direction as the other. We'll cover you with our rifles until you get beyond range, and then you must depend on yourself. You will find little difficulty in procuring a horse from the Indian camp, if you can get there undetected; so now good-bye, my brave boy, and God spare you."

Mrs. Wheeler threw her arms round his neck, and cried bitterly; and then Jack, with a long farewell kiss, tore himself from her arms, and, followed by his father and the other men, went out of the room.

Once outside, Jack received the despatches and instructions; and after shaking hands with all, and kissing his father once more, he leaped on the wall, and in another moment was down in the sea of grass, and wriggling his way through it like a snake.

The senator and Mr. Wheeler laid their guns on the wall, ready to fire if he were attacked; but they saw no foe until they guessed that he had passed beyond the range of their guns.

"You have a noble son, Mr. Wheeler," said the senator, after awhile; "he is a boy you ought to be proud of."

"Yes," was the answer; "he is as affectionate, dutiful and brave a boy as ever lived, and if anything happens to him his mother won't survive him six months, even if she escapes the fate that threatens her here."

"I hope he may return safe for her sake, as well as our own," said the senator; "his death would be a loss to the world. He is sure to make a name for himself one of these days, if he lives."

"He is a good boy," replied his father. "And now if you will stay on guard here, senator, I'll go and see how his mother is getting along."

When Jack left the stockade, he made his way rapidly through the grass, almost on his stomach, and, by lifting his head occasionally, was able to take his bearings.

Crawling to the crest of the ridge—an operation which was both tedious and fatiguing—he was enabled to get a full view of the dip beyond it, and saw at once that reinforcements had already arrived.

A band of one hundred or more Indians were engaged in the war-dance, and their fierce shouts could be heard as distinctly as if he were in their midst.

They moved about in a circle, stamping heavily on the ground, grunting with mouth and nose, and making the most hideous grimaces, while their teeth snapped together, their eyes rolled with an expression of diabolical hate, and they brandished their weapons in the most frenzied manner. They barked and hissed, and screamed, and worked themselves into a maniacal fury, as they went through the pantomimic gestures of attacking, killing and scalping their foes, and wound up their excitement every few minutes by bounding as high as they could into the air, and giving a blood-curdling yell.

In one respect the fact that the war-dance was going on was in Jack's favor; for, so interested were they in this wild dance of blood and death, so satisfied that the chain of sentries would prevent the garrison from sallying out, that they left no person to look after their horses, which roamed about in perfect freedom along the banks of the river.

Seeing some of the mustangs directly to his right, and near the stream, Jack crawled rapidly down to the horses, and was soon in their midst.

After glancing at them for a few minutes, in order to select the fleetest, he noticed two that bore the marks of the Pony Express Company, and knowing these horses were famous for their speed and endurance, he approached them cautiously, so as not to expose himself to any straggling Indians, and drove them slowly down the stream, to get them out of sight of the camp. When that was done, he crawled back to a hut that was concealed from the view of the dancers, and took out a lariat, bridle, and saddle, which he recognized as belonging to the Express Company.

He was perfectly justified in making this

attempt, for he knew the warriors were so intently engaged in their exercise, that they paid no heed to anything. When he got back to the shelter of the cotton-woods, he entered the water and walked down stream, and on reaching the place where the mustangs were grazing, went ashore, saddled the one that looked the fleetest, and, tying a lariat to the neck of the second, led both across the river, and mounted the opposite bank, just as an unusually loud and fierce scream broke from the lips of the dancing braves.

Thinking he was detected, he sprang into the saddle, and the moment the pony felt him on its back, it bounded away at full speed, as it had been taught to do when it carried letters across the plains. He turned its head towards the northwest, and this brought him in view of the Indians, who had not seen him until then; but on catching sight of him they gave a blood-curdling whoop; several ran for their ponies, and mounting, without even a saddle, and with only a piece of rope for a rein, they followed in hot pursuit. He knew his advantage, however, and paid but little attention to the screaming braves who followed. Giving his pony a free rein, he rode over the plains at full speed, and in less than ten minutes had placed a high, rolling ridge between himself and his foes, which completely shut them from view.

Nothing met his vision, except herds of startled antelopes, which fled before him, and groups of deer and wapiti.

Notwithstanding his danger, he could not help admiring, often as he had seen it, the moon sink slowly down in the distant horizon —a welcome sight, as he would be invisible to his pursuers, who were already far behind; and in another half-hour he felt that all danger from his pursuers was at an end. Still he sped on across the prairie.

Not a sound broke the stillness except when a frightened ground-squirrel or prairie-dog rushed, chattering, into its hole, a curlew wailed overhead, or a huge crane rose slowly up from the long grass, and with a grunting, though sonorous whoop, went sailing away like a huge paper kite through the air.

CHAPTER V.

He had ridden twenty miles perhaps, when he came to a long, rolling ridge, over which buffaloes roamed in vast numbers. When they saw him they fled in wild terror in every direction, and fairly made the ground tremble under their ponderous tread, as, with shaggy heads held high in the air, they rushed to the windward in dense throngs.

While he was picking his way through the scurrying herds, he was startled violently by coming upon a deserted camp-fire in a steep hollow. For a moment he was undecided what to do, not knowing whether those who built it were friends or foes. If the former, he knew they would not fire upon a solitary Indian, but would try to make him prisoner; if the latter, he concluded that in the shadows of the night they could not tell he was one of the hated palefaces, who were intruding on their country, and driving them gradually towards the setting sun, and he hoped he spoke the Sioux or Pawnee language well enough to deceive either tribe as to his character.

These thoughts passed through his brain in a moment, and he decided at once to halt and see who the unknown fire-builder was, and learn from him, or them, where the troops were to be found, or to gain such information about the movements of the Indians as would be of use to him in bringing succour to the station.

He was still far beyond the circle of light, so dismounting from his horse, and stooping on his hands and knees, he crawled forward, examining the ground as he went for any trace of footsteps; as he knew, by the manner in which the fire burned, that the person or persons who had built it, could only have quitted it very recently.

While he was cautiously poring over every blade of grass, he came upon the clear imprint of a boot, in a spot where the ground was bare; and knowing then that the stranger was one of his own race, he rose up with joyous feelings, and gave a loud call.

He had scarcely uttered the hunter's call before a slight figure loomed up out of the grass, and approaching him, said:

"Je-whittaker! You came very near going to the happy hunting-grounds that time by mistake. You are the best made-up white Injun I ever saw."

The speaker having advanced, Jack looked at him intently for a few moments—for his face, too, was painted an earthy red—as if trying to make out who he was; but, before he could decide, the stranger advanced and held out his hand, saying at the same time:

"So you don't know me, eh, Jack?"

"Harry McDonough!" said Jack, in great surprise. "This is indeed fortunate."

"Where on earth have you come from?"

"I'm going after the troops," said he, "as the station has been attacked by the Indians."

"Why, I thought every station in the country was cleared," said the other, "for I've ridden over fifty miles, and there was not even one left standing."

"But how did you escape?" asked Jack.

"Well," said he, "I saw some signs of Injuns on the prairie, and guessing from their way of traveling that they were not out for any good purpose, I kept my eyes open; so, instead of running into a station blind-folded, I made a circuit, and approached every one of them from the north or south, instead of the regular route; and when I saw them all burned down I concluded I had better look out for myself, so I struck off this way until I could get a chance to go west again towards California, as they are not so bad on the other side of the Rocky Mountains as they are here. I've killed a buffalo with my revolver, and it will furnish me with all the meat I shall want for a run to the first army post, and there I can get some more. I want to return some important letters I've got to their owners, so I think I'd better strike back."

"If you are going that way," said Jack, "I have some very important government dispatches for you to deliver; and you will get five thousand dollars reward if you take them on to an army post."

"Who gave them to you?" asked the other.

"Senator Power,' was the response.

"Why, I've got important letters for him," said the courier; "where is he?"

"At our station," replied Jack; "but the place is surrounded by Indians, and nobody can get in or out; and if we don't obtain help to-night, not one will be left alive there to-morrow, as the redskins are preparing for an attack. If you will give me the letters to him, I will deliver them, if possible, and you take these despatches to California, and claim your five thousand dollars."

"No," was the response; "I'm not going to leave your family in the lurch like that; if they are alive to-morrow morning, I'll be in the station to help defend it."

"One man extra can't do any good," responded Jack; "and you may do more good by getting help. Besides, the government will lose its despatches. The senator would rather lose his life than that the despatches should not reach some place where they can be forwarded. If you won't take them I must go myself, and as I can't wait any longer, I must be off."

"Where are you going?" queried the letter-carrier.

"To fetch the troops from Little Gully, if they are there."

"There is not a soldier in the camp," said the other, "unless he is under the ground, so it is no use going there."

"What is to be done, then?" asked Jack, in utter dismay.

"Go back to the station," said the other, "and make a false demonstration against the Injuns. This is easily done, and by this means we can keep them from attacking until help comes, as they will be afraid of being placed between two fires."

Jack was thoroughly disheartened at the turn affairs had taken, for everything up to that time was hopeful, and promised success. He could hardly think of such a thing as failure, and would scarcely believe the troops had not come to Little Gully.

"How do you know the soldiers are not there?" he asked, in a tone that expressed a feeling of doubt and hope combined.

"Because I came through the camp this morning."

This was the last hope; and Jack was in despair when he thought of the fate of his parents, and the impossibility of aiding them in any manner. He sat down near the fire, let his head fall on his breast, and tried to think, but in vain; for while he was one moment thinking about what could be done to relieve the station, he was the next, in imagination, with his parents, beholding their agony as the savages leaped and danced about them, and tortured them by every means in their power.

While he sat overwhelmed by his painful thoughts, the light-footed courier had gone for his steed, which he had concealed at the base of the ridge, when he heard Jack coming, and led it towards the fire. The noise its approach created did not arouse Jack until it was almost near him, and then he bounded to his feet suddenly, as if he had been awakened out of a fearful dream.

"Let us be off at once, Jack," Harry said, "as we will have to ride fast to get to the station an hour or two before daybreak. We may be of some use there; we are of no use here; and I have consided that it is no use trying to cross the plains with despatches at such a time as this."

"Very well," said Jack, in an absent-minded, mechanical manner; and without another word he changed the saddle and bridle from the animal he had ridden to the one he had led, as the latter was supposed to be the fresher of the two.

"Now," said the courier, "you had better try and eat something, as we may not have another opportunity to indulge."

But Jack shook his head, and said he could not taste anything.

The other still urged him to eat something, if he would be able to work; but he paid no heed to him, but leant his face on the saddle, and gave way to a fit of tears.

After thus giving vent to his feelings, he turned to the courier, who was roasting a piece of buffalo meat on a sharp stick in the blaze of the fire, and asked him if there were no persons in the country whom they could call on for help.

"Not a human being that I know of," was the answer. "Don't fret, Jack, we shall be able to do the trick somehow."

So saying, he commenced eating with as much relish as if there was no such thing as danger in existence.

When he had finished he mounted his mustang, and asked Jack if he were ready.

"Yes," said the latter, swinging himself mechanically into the saddle; and he had no sooner done so, than the mustang leaped away. Jack tried to hold him, but he could not, until the courier shouted to him to face about, and pretend to reach for something on the ground, and when he did this the creature stopped at once.

"Those are Joe Howard's mustangs, or I'm mistaken," said Harry, "as he always had the best cattle on the line; and they were so well-trained that nothing could stop them until they got to their post, when once he was in the saddle, except to pretend that a letter was lost. They can outrun anything on the plains to my positive knowledge; so if we cannot get into the station, we can at least run away from the Injuns."

"I'll never run away from the station," said Jack, determinedly; "if I can't save my parents, I'll die with them."

"Good," was the reply; "it is more than likely that I shall leave my bones there also; but the redskins will pay dearly for them if I do."

By this time they had crossed the ridge, and were descending it on the opposite side, when Jack caught his companion nervously by the arm, and, pointing towards the north, said:

"What are those?"

The courier looked long and steadily at the approaching objects, then said slowly:

"I'm not sure. They are either Injuns or trappers. I'll soon know, though. You stay here; and I'll get near enough to them to find out in a short time."

"Who are those we saw?" asked Jack as Harry returned.

"Trappers. They are going to camp down here; and we must get to them before they unpack. I don't think they have any idea the redskins have broken loose, judging from their talk, for they were saying they would stop at your station to-morrow evening."

"Why didn't you tell them what was up?" asked Jack.

"Because I might get a bullet for an answer," was the response, "as 'playing friends' is an old trick with horse thieves and half-breeds, when they are not strong enough to attack a party, and they wish to them off their guard; but, besides that, my face is painted, and so is yours, so that they might not believe either of us if we went to them in this manner."

"What can we do, then?" asked Jack.

"I'll wash my face with the wet grass, and take all the paint I can off, and then call on them."

Suiting the action to the word, Harry commenced at once, and was soon able to present a tolerably clean face, for the dew was generous enough to make the grass an excellent wet towel.

Having received Jack's approbation as to looks, he mounted, and both galloped onward in hot haste, and after riding about half a mile saw a small group of animals grazing on the prairie.

As they approached these they eased down into a trot, and finally into a walk, and commenced talking loudly in order that the men would know they were friends.

When they reached the place where the traps were laid on the ground, seven men, each armed with a rifle, rose out of the grass, and one, in a surly tone, asked them what they wanted.

"You must know me, boys," said the courier; "I'm Harry McDonough, the Pony Express messenger, and this is young Jack Wheeler, whose father keeps the station."

"Jerusalem!" said one of the party, advancing. "What brings you out in this direction?" and after shaking hands with them, the others went through the same exercise. When this was over, Harry McDonough told them in a few words the condition of affairs, and said he wondered they had not been attacked.

"How many of them are there?" said one of the trappers.

"About a hundred or more," replied Jack.

"And how many are there in the station?" Jack told them.

"Three against a hundred!" said one of them. "That'll never do. Boys, let us *cache* our furs here, and ride for the station as fast as we can."

Without another word the mustangs were re-saddled, the mules packed, and they started away at a fast trot.

They rode in silence for three or four miles, until they reached a huge buffalo-wallow, and there they halted, and taking the packs of furs off the mules, they placed them in the wallow. Then they heaped over them grass, to keep wolves and Indians from molesting them; and after marking their position by a few twigs, and imprinting the topography of the spot well on their memory, they left the mules behind, and rode away at a good canter, nor did they draw rein until within a mile of the station.

"It is about an hour from daylight," Jack Wheeler said, "just the Indian hour for attack. I expect that they are closing in round the house now; they will not have left half-a-dozen men to look after the camp and horses. If we dash straight on there, we can fire the camp, and drive off their mustangs. The flames of the camp will bring them back in no time, and we can rush round and enter the station from the other side."

"That's it, Jack," Harry said; "you're the boy:" and without another word they dashed on at full gallop towards the Indian camp. As they gained the little ridge, and looked down upon it, they saw that the fire had burnt low, and that all was quiet. Two or three figures were sitting round the fire, but there was no other sign of life.

"Now," Jack said, "let us go straight at them; there is no time to be lost."

Jack was in a fever of excitement, for he knew that at any moment he might hear the rattle of fire-arms burst out from the station, and that against such a force as would now be brought to bear the resistance of the defenders could not long avail. Besides which, his father would not know that the Indian reinforcement had arrived, and the little garrison would, to some degree, be taken by surprise.

"Five minutes will not make much difference, Jack," Harry McDonough said. "If we gallop, the Indians down there will take the alarm at once. We must go at a walk; if they hear a sound then, they will take it for their own mustangs grazing."

The advice was evidently good, and the party started at a walk. Not until they were within some fifty yards of the fire did the Indians remark any unusual noise; then they leapt to their feet as the whites charged them at full gallop. Two were shot down, the third made his escape in the darkness.

"Now, lads, each take a brand," Harry McDonough said, "light one of the teepees each, and set the long grass on fire; the more flame the better. Set to work; Jack and I will stand by the horses. There is no time to lose; that Indian will bring the rest down on us in five minutes."

As he spoke, a long quavering yell arose from the higher ground. It was the Indian warning the band of disaster at their camp. Little over a minute sufficed for their purpose; the long grass at once caught fire, and the teepes, with all the plunder collected by the band in their raid, were, therefore, certain to be consumed. The party at once ran back to their horses, mounted, and galloped in the direction of the Indian mustangs, uttering loud shouts. The frightened animals at once set off at a gallop, and the trappers followed in the rear, firing their pistols and shouting. Their route was at a right angle to that leading to the house, as by this time they knew that all the Indians, recalled by the yells of their comrade, and by the flames which were now lighting the sky, were already on their way back to the camp at the top of their speed. After riding a quarter of a mile, Jack said: "I will make straight for the station now, and warn my father that you are coming round with the animals, otherwise he might open fire upon you."

As Jack neared the station, he heard, away at the spot they had come from, the yells of the infuriated Indians, as one by one they reached the crest and saw the camp in flames, and realized that their horses had been driven off. Then, as he saw directly ahead the dull outline of the house, he shouted:

"Father, it is I."

The shout had a double answer. From the enclosure some three hundred yards away came a glad shout of welcome, while from the grass some ten yards ahead sprang the figure of a tall Indian. Jack saw him whirl his tomahawk, and in an instant dropped forward on the neck of his horse; and as he did so he threw up his hand, which grasped a revolver, and fired.

(To be continued.)

NOT TO BE CAUGHT AGAIN.

In the west of England, not far from Bath, writes an English gentleman, there lived, towards the close of the last century, a worthy, learned, and benevolent clergyman.

He had a turnspit named Toby, a fine dog, with stout legs fit for his work, and enabling him to follow his master hour after hour; sometimes, indeed, to his annoyance, but he was of too kind a disposition to repulse him.

At length he became so persevering, and even presuming, in his attendance, that he would venture into the reading desk on a Sunday.

This the clergyman tolerated for a time, but thinking he saw a smile on the countenances of some of his congregation at Toby's appearance, he began to fear that he was injudiciously indulgent, and ordered Toby to be locked up in the stable the next Sunday morning.

But he was locked up to no purpose, for he found his way out through the leaded casement, and presented himself at the reading desk as usual.

Again the next Sunday it was determined to take further precaution, and accordingly, when the dog had done his part on Saturday towards roasting the beef which was to be eaten cold on Sunday, he was not suffered to go at large as on other occasions, but was bolted up in the woodshed, where there was no window to allow of his escape.

He continued in confinement, testifying his uneasiness by barking and howling, during the greater part of the day of rest, but it was hoped his discomfort would be a warning to him to avoid the church.

Being let out on Sunday evening, and left at liberty for the rest of the week, he passed the days in his usual way, did his duty in the wheel whenever he was wanted, and showed not the least sullenness or discontent. But at twelve on Saturday, when his services were wanted for the spit, Toby was not to be found. Servants were dispatched in all directions in quest of him, but without effect. It was supposed that he must have been stolen, and the cook and the master were alike in despair.

On Sunday morning the clergyman went to church, free from Toby's officious devotion, but concerned at his unaccountable disappearance. His re-appearance, however, was equally unexpected, for as his reverence entered the reading-desk, he saw Toby's eye twinkle a morning salutation in his usual corner. After this, no opposition was offered to Toby's Sunday movements, but he was allowed to go to the church as he pleased, with the approbation of the rector and the whole parish. In this case, if the dog did not reckon days, he showed excellent powers of calculation for his own ends.

COLONIES.

The following facts about the areas of the colonies of some European countries are interesting and may be useful to some of our student readers:

England has 65 square miles of colony to the square mile of her own area; Holland, 54; Portugal, 20; Denmark, 6.30; France, 1.90; Spain, 0.86 square miles. The area of the British colonies is nearly 8,000,000 of square miles—rather less than the area of the Russian empire, including Siberia and Central Asia, but if the area of the native feudatory states in India, amounting to 500,284 square miles, be added, over which England exercises as Russia does over much of the territory under its sway, together with that of the United Kingdom itself, 120,757 miles; then the area of the British empire exceeds that of the Russian empire by about 200,000 square miles.

A CONTRAST.

A WANDERING snow-flake fell on a high-born lady's hand,
And a moment lay near a diamond ray, that flashed from a golden band;
Before the tinted white of her tapering fingers seemed Unearthly fair, with the jewels rare, and the circling gold that gleamed.

But all their beauty fled, when that snow-waif downward flew,
And lay so bright that her finger white seemed turned to a yellow hue.
Ah, thus the proud of earth, though in grand attire arrayed,
Lose all their pride when they stand beside the beauty which God hath made.

[This story commenced in No. 115.]

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS;

OR,

THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS.

BY JOHN GINGOLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHAT on earth is the man about?" thought Barnet. "What is the matter with him?"

Mr. Solomons had entered the office in a state of great excitement, and was pacing to and fro impatiently.

"Barnet," said he, suddenly, stopping, "you must prove to-day whether you are worthy of having eaten my bread, and having been admitted to my dinner table."

"What am I to do?" asked Barnet, rising from his seat.

"In the first place summon Mr. Mandelbaum, your landlord, to come here; then order up a bottle of wine and two glasses. After that you may go to Lawyer Berry's office, and try to find out to whom at Boston he has written a letter to-day, and if he has not written to-day, to whom he will write to-morrow. I will give you five dollars to enable you to ascertain this—and if you bring me an answer to-night, you shall have five dollars for yourself."

Barnet's soul was on fire, but he replied with apparent coolness: "I know none of Berry's clerks, and require time to make their acquaintance. To-morrow night you shall have an answer. Keep the five dollars for me till then."

"If you can obtain the information come at any time, even if it be midnight," shouted Solomons, as Barnet bounded out, ordered a bottle of wine, and ran on the errand.

Mr. Solomons, with his hat on his head and his hands folded behind his back, continued to pace up and down the office, nodding his head like a Chinese idol. In the dusk of the room, he looked like a black ghost that could not keep its decapitated head on its shoulders.

Meanwhile Barnet had a lively discussion with himself as to his errand. "What is the matter?" he asked; "it must indeed be an important matter, and is to be kept secret from me. I am to fetch Mandelbaum; he was some days ago with Solomons and left the day after for Colonel Gordon's place where I met Hubbard; so the business concerns the Colonel. He ordered in wine, humph! when Solomons does that, it means delicate business. Oh, I'll find out."

At this point of the monologue, Barnet reached his dwelling. He gave the order to Mandelbaum who put on his best coat and hurried out.

Barnet then continued his self-discussion.

"If the clerk, who takes the letters from lawyer Berry's office, goes out at six o'clock, and I can read the directions of the letters I shall save three five dollars." He reflected, with a sigh, "It won't do, he throws the letters in a heap into the letter-box, and the postman is too quick. I can't read the addresses like that, and it's of no use telling Solomons a lie about them. Perhaps, however, it's a boy who carries the letters to post. I could easily get around him, and if that will not do, I have another plan—so that I can save the expenses."

Barnet, having made up his mind to save the money allowed him for necessary expenses, walked up to Lawyer Berry's house, and placed himself so that he could watch the door of the office unobserved. It was about closing time, when a youth rushed out, carrying a packet of letters. Barnet followed him with rapid strides, and turning the block sharply, contrived to get ahead of him.

"You belong to lawyer Berry's office, don't you?" asked Barnet, touching his hat.

"Yes," replied the other hastily, and tried to pass on.

"I come from the country, and have been waiting three last three days for an important letter from Mr. Berry. I have come to town to-day in order to see him. Maybe you have a letter for me?"

The lad look at him suspiciously, and asked:

"What is your name?"

Barnet put his hand in his pocket, extracted a quarter, and said:

"I will do nothing wrong by you. I only want you to let me look whether there's a letter for me amongst the packet."

"I cannot accept the money," answered the youth curtly; "tell me your name and I'll see."

"Samuel Hooley, of Boston," said Barnet quickly; "but the letter might also be directed to my uncle."

"There's no letter for you," replied the other, rapidly perusing the superscriptions.

Barnet's eyes glanced over the letters as if they would burn the paper, but found it impossible to follow the rapid motions of the other with his eyes. So he seized the pack of letters with a vigorous grasp, and while the enraged messenger collared him, shouting out, "What do you mean, sir? how dare you!"—he hurriedly read the directions, returned the letters with the utmost serenity, and said, again touching his hat politely:

"Thank you, young man, there's nothing for me there."

The indignant youngster, however, tried to hold him, crying,

"How dare you be so impudent?"

"Don't miss the post, my dear boy," said Barnet good-humoredly; "I am now going to see Mr. Berry myself."

So saying he turned quickly toward the house, and escaped from the enraged office-boy who stood petrified at the other's audacity for a moment, and then hurried off to the post-office to recover lost time.

Barnet, in spite of his quick powers of observation, had only retained in his memory a few of the directions.

"Perhaps the five-dollar bill has been gained," said he to himself; "if not, there's no harm done, and I've pocketed the other five dollars anyhow."

By a roundabout way he returned to the office, placed himself at the door and listened.

The worthy Mr. Rathbone was closeted with Barnet's master—Solomons—but they conducted their conversation in so low a tone that Barnet could make out very little. At last, however, the voices rose, and it sounded as if there was a quarrel between the two gentlemen.

"How can you command such an enormous sum for one errand?" cried out Solomons in a rage.

"I must have five hundred dollars," interposed Rathbone, "or the matter cannot be concluded."

"How can you say that—what do you know of the business?"

"I know enough to get that sum from Colonel Gordon, were I to tell him what I know," said Barnet's teacher, loudly.

"You're a rascal!" exclaimed Solomons furiously. "You are a spy! I despise you! Are you aware I could cause your arrest by showing you up as a rogue?"

"And I will inform Colonel Gordon what a rogue you are," replied the other, angry in his turn.

More words followed, and Barnet who had listened with interest and amusement, slunk to his seat as the door opened.

"I'll give you time to consider, till to-morrow morning," cried out Rathbone, as he left the office without seeing his scholar.

Barnet entered the inner office with the utmost composure, without being perceived by his master, who was pacing the room like a wild beast.

"Good gracious! to think this fellow should be such a traitor! He'll blab the whole thing—he'll ruin me——"

"Why should he ruin you?" asked Barnet, throwing his hat on the table.

"What are you doing here? What have you heard?" exclaimed Solomons wrathfully.

"I have heard all," said Barnet coolly. "You were both bawling so loud, that any one in the street could hear you. Why did you keep this business secret from me? Had you told me what you were about, I could have got Rathbone cheaper."

Mr. Solomons stared at the bold lad, and could only utter:

"What's that you say?"

"I know that fellow Rathbone," continued Barnet, determined to take part in what was going on, "and if you give him a hundred dollars, he'll be true to you and sell Colonel Gordon as many mortgage certificates as he cares to speculate in."

"What do you know of mortgages?" said Solomons alarmed.

"I know enough to help you, if I choose to do so," answered Barnet, "and I will help you, if you confide in me."

Solomons still kept staring with astonishment at his clerk. A faint idea dawned on him that his assistant had more coolness and decision than himself. At length he exclaimed:

"You are a fine fellow, Barnet. Get that Rathbone back—he shall have a hundred dollars."

"I also read the directions of the letters Lawyer Berry sent to post. There is one among them for Attorney Govett in Boston."

"I thought so," exclaimed Solomons delighted. "You are a sharp lad, Barnet. Now get Rathbone."

"I had to give Berry's clerk five dollars, and you promised me another five if I were successful," continued Barnet without budging.

"Here's the bill," answered Solomons impatiently, "but now attend to Rathbone, whom I must secure."

Barnet hastened to his boarding house, and searched for his tutor, whom he found in a state of excitement, and working himself into a rage by recalling all Solomon's offensive language.

Barnet approached him and said:

"Rathbone, I come from Mr. Solomons, and I insist upon your accepting a hundred dollars and helping my master. You'll not behave like a fellow-rogue again. If you know anything that can injure him, I and our landlord who introduced you to him, know enough of you to have you arrested in an hour."

Rathbone stood still and suppressed an oath that was on his lips.

"I am no honest man," he exclaimed, "and have no occasion to be afraid of the police."

"They might be curious to know the nature of the documents you have about you, and prepare so elaborately, and part with so affectionately. But I'll do you no harm if you consent to take this job for one hundred dollars and give me twenty-five of it."

Rathbone was taken by surprise. He spluttered and raved, but in reality was vanquished. He swore repeatedly as to his honesty, mixing his oaths with violent invectives against Solomons, as well as against his pupil Barnet.

"I can scarcely credit my senses. Are you so ungrateful, Barney, to your kind old teacher?"

"Not in the least. I paid you well for your incompleted services, and am not averse to teaching my tutor a lesson."

The waves of Mr. Rathbone's moral indignation became smaller and smaller, and at last there remained only a slight ripple on his mind—a sign that he was peaceable.

Barnet leaning against the wall, had waited quietly for the change, and carried the reconciled man back in triumph to his master.

That same evening Mr. Solomons walked up and down his room, in a long dressing-gown, chuckling and trying to sing.

"Have you settled the matter with Colonel Gordon?" asked his wife, noticing his good humor.

"Yes," said Solomons gaily. "He's a good man, but has his weak points. But, above all, he's no business man. He understands as much about business as our son George. But do you know Barnet? He is a smart boy—oh, a rare sharp boy. He'll make his way."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Clifton entered Mr. Vandyke's room, he was surprised to see Walter, so excited, and without taking much notice of the principal, asked: "What on earth have you been crying about?"

"On account of slanders," said the merchant, gravely, "which affect his character as an honest man." Then he related curtly what had transpired.

Clifton laughed. "Hubbard is like a child," said he. "Why should he mind this gossip?"

"First of all," exclaimed Walter, "I wish you, Clifton, to bear witness, in Mr. Vandyke's presence, that I was ignorant of these stories. You know me well enough to be aware that I would never have entered Mrs. Van Tromp's house under false pretences, or if I could have imagined that such things would be said of me."

"He is perfectly innocent," said Clifton, good-humoredly—"innocent and artless as the violet that blooms in secret. If any one is to blame in this matter it is myself, and the fools who have circulated the nonsense. Keep quiet, Walter, I will right the matter if it annoys you."

"I will go once more to Mrs. Van Tromp's and inform her that I shall cease to attend her *soirees*."

"I believe that to be the wisest thing you can do," said the merchant.

"I fear it will be of no avail," observed Clifton.

"I shall, at least, have done my duty," said Walter.

"As you please," answered Clifton. "At all events you have learned how to dance, and how to cut the requisite capers of a fashionable youth."

That afternoon the merchant said to his daughter: "You were right. Hubbard was, in the main, innocent. Clifton, wanton as usual, contrived the whole intrigue."

"I knew it," replied Dorothy, plying her needle assiduously. "Try, if possible, to prevent any further imprudence."

"They must settle the matter between them," answered the merchant. "I am curious to know how they will manage it."

Walter worked through the day like one who wishes to keep himself from thinking—speaking only when necessary—and went up-stairs to dress, with an air of resolution.

Clifton watched him suspiciously the whole day. If he could have looked into Walter's heart, it would have moved even him to see the grief that was gnawing there. Not only was it mortified pride, and the shame of appearing as an impostor and adventurer—these feelings were drowned in the greater sorrow—the thought of parting with Frances Gordon for ever.

Clifton, entering Walter's room, found him already dressed: and when he beheld the pallor of his friend's face, he seized his hand and asked: "Are you angry with me?"

"Not with the least," answered Walter, with emotion. "How these reports have arisen I do not wish to know. It is possible you have made fun of me and those who received me."

"Not with you, Walter," said Clifton.

"At all events, you knew of these reports, and did not tell me—that was not right of you. I tell you so now, and forget it. Don't let us ever mention the matter again."

"Listen," said Clifton. "It appears to me you take this nonsense too seriously."

"Let me act in my own way to-day," interrupted Walter.

"What will you do?"

"Do not inquire. I know what I ought to do. Let us go to Mrs. Van Tromp's."

"Do whatever you like then," said Clifton, "but don't forget that the more agitation you show, the more those people will be amused."

"Trust me," said Walter. "I shall be very calm."

It happened to be a specially notable assembly at Mrs. Van Tromp's that evening, as a newly introduced dance was to take place, and the brilliantly lighted apartments were well filled with fashionable people. When the friends entered, Clifton watched Walter anxiously, and remarked, though he seemed troubled, his determined look never left him.

He left Clifton, and immediately approached Miss Gordon. She moved some steps to meet him.

"You are late to-night, Mr. Hubbard," said she, in a tone of gentle reproach, yet visibly pleased, withal, at Walter's appearance. "The dance is to begin immediately, and I had hoped to have a little talk with you first. My father is here, also, and I wish to introduce you to him. But pray, what is the matter with you—you look so solemn?"

"Miss Gordon," replied Walter, in a low tone, "I have been in very low spirits to-day, and cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you to-night."

"And why not?" asked the young lady, startled. "Listen to me, Miss Gordon. I can no longer continue my visits here and came to-night only to offer my excuses to you and to the lady of the house."

"But why so, Mr. Hubbard?" exclaimed Frances, clasping her hands.

"I care more for your good opinion than for that of others," said Walter, "and I wish to justify myself first to you."

"But you have nothing to justify. I don't understand you," exclaimed Frances.

Walter then told her hastily, what he had learned that day from Mr. Vandyke, and earnestly assured her he had never heard any of these reports but from her.

"I quite believe you," said Frances. "My father also said it was probably only idle gossip. And because you have been informed of what people say about you, you mean to give up coming here?"

"Yes," replied Walter, "for if I remain I run the risk of being considered an intruder or even an impostor."

Frances was hurt, so, tossing her head, said: "Then go, sir."

This was the best way to prevent Walter's going. He stopped, and looked imploringly at her.

"Why do you not go?" asked the young lady vehemently.

"Tell me, at least, that you do not think ill of me," said Walter, with trembling voice.

"I shall not think of you at all," said Frances, with cutting coldness, turning away.

Poor Walter felt crushed for a moment. A bitter pang passed through his inexperienced heart. But the thought that he had not done his task restored all his energy. He raised his head and walked with a firm step up to the circle, in the midst of which Mrs. Van Tromp was doing the honors of her house. Almost all the distinguished ladies were there and by Mrs. Gordon, stood a tall, military gentleman, who, Walter felt sure, was Frances' father. As Walter approached the lady of the house, his eyes passed over the whole company, and for many a year after, that moment lived in his recollection. Mrs. Van Tromp received our hero's bow with a gracious smile, and was on the point of saying something amiable to him when Walter stopped her, and in a voice trembling with emotion, yet loud enough to fill the whole room, so that after the first words a general silence prevailed, said:

"Madam, I learned to-day that reports have been spread in this company that I am rich, and have vast possessions in various countries, and that persons in high position take a secret interest in me. I declare all this to be false. I am the son of the late farmer Hubbard of Burnham. I inherited little from my parents besides an honorable and spotless name, and I owe it to their memory, and to myself, to make this declaration. You, madam, have received me, an insignificant stranger, with great kindness, but after what I heard to-day I can no longer participate in it, as my continuing to do so would give color to the falsehood spread concerning me, and cause me to be suspected of being an impostor who abuses the hospitality of your house. Therefore I thank you for all your kindness, and beg you not to judge me harshly."

This speech was somewhat too pathetic for the company, but it produced some effect. For several minutes there was a deep silence, and the lady of the house looked embarrassed. Walter made a low bow and went to the door. At that moment a fair form flew out from the paralyzed group and seized both his hands in hers.

"Good-bye, Walter; you have acted nobly," he heard her say to him with a gentle voice, and the door closed behind him and all was over.

If Walter felt any pain as he walked home, it was without bitterness. He raised his head proudly, and turned his thoughts to other subjects; he thought of his parents, of his work, but accompanying all these thoughts, a melodious voice kept vibrating in his ear—it was Frances'—"You have acted nobly, Walter."

CHAPTER XV.

WALTER had no sooner left the drawing-room than tranquility was restored.

"Frances, you have forgotten yourself," said Mrs. Gordon, gently.

"Let her alone," said the colonel, "she has only done what her father should have done. The young man is a fine fellow and deserves our esteem."

"That was quite a dramatic scene," said Mrs. Van Tromp, "but who told us?"

"Yes, who indeed?" echoed Lieutenant Gordon.

All eyes were directed to Clifton.

"Yes, it was you," said the landlady, much irritated. "I must beg for an explanation."

"From me, madam?" said Clifton, with the air of an innocent person to whom an injustice is done. "What should I know of these stories?"

"Didn't you tell me?"

"That he might be worth millions some day? Certainly—why should he not? He stands as much chance as the rest! However, I am delighted to see how much you all share in my feelings of contempt for those servile minds that consider a person as a gentleman only because he is wealthy—or because some potentate is said to care for him."

The next day Clifton said to Walter, "Why, you went off like a bomb, but all the seniors bore witness that you behaved properly."

It told well for Walter, as well as for his friend, that their friendship so far from being disturbed by what had occurred, gained more in real value. Clifton treated his younger friend with greater respect, and Walter got accustomed to assert his own will, even against that of Clifton.

There was only one subject on which he never spoke to his friend, though he knew that Walter thought of it constantly—that was of the young lady who had shown so much heart and courage.

One day as Walter was sitting in the office the door opened, and Barnet Cohen entered, and said in answer to Mr. Thompson, that he wished to speak to Walter Hubbard.

Walter approached him.

"You know me, I am sure," said Barnet, "though you have often passed me by in the street without deigning to notice me."

"How are you, Barnet?" said Walter, coldly.

"Pretty well," answered he, shrugged his shoulders. "I have a letter to give you from Mr. Solomon's son, to ask you at what time he can call on you."

"On me?" said Walter, taking the note from Barnet's hand. The letter was from Walter's French master, inquiring whether he would join a course of reading with young Mr. George Solomons, who wished to go through the old French writers in their literary sequence.

"Where does George Solomons live?" asked Walter.

"With his father," replied Barnet, with a grimace. "He studies all day in his room."

"I will call on him," said Walter.

"Good morning, Walter."

"Good morning, Barnet."

Walter felt no great inclination to enter into the proposal of his teacher. Solomons' name had no good repute, and Barnet's appearance did not make the offer more agreeable to him. But the ironical way in which Barnet spoke of his employer's son, and some things he had heard of George, moved him to go in search of Solomons' home, and to decide according to the impression the son should make on him. He came to the varnished door, and soon after was shown into young Solomons' room. It was a long narrow apartment, with old furniture and plain book shelves, on which a great number of books, large and small, were lying in confusion.

George was sitting at his desk poring over his work, and Walter was already in the room before the student looked up. He hurriedly went to meet his visitor with the shy manner usual to short-sighted people. His figure was slight, and his features delicate; he had curly auburn hair, and gray eyes with an amiable expression.

George motioned his visitor to be seated, and Walter mentioned the object of his visit. George answered shyly that he would in all respects conform himself to his wishes, and to Walter's surprise when he inquired about the price of the lessons, George Solomons answered:

"I do not know yet, but if you insist on paying for the lessons, I will inquire."

Upon hearing this, Walter could not help asking: "Are you not in your father's office?"

"Oh, no," said George. "I have been to college, but as my health precludes any great exertion, I amuse myself with my books till I get better."

On saying this he cast a look of affection on his book-shelves, rose and approached them as if he would introduce them to his guest. Walter read some of the gilt titles, and said with a smile:

"They are too learned for me; they are Oriental works."

"The Hebrew leads to other Asiatic languages," said George, smiling. "I have some rare manuscripts, if it would interest you to see them."

He opened a drawer and took out a parcel of strange-looking writing; with sparkling eyes he unfolded the uppermost one, and handing it for Walter's inspection, seemed pleased when his visitor declared that he could not tell to what language the letters belonged. After Walter had been in his company but half an hour, he felt that George Solomons was a very learned, modest and remarkable lad. When they touched the subject of commerce Walter happened to say: "Whoever carries on an honorable business cannot take a low estimate of life; he will always find in it something beautiful and noble."

George listened with downcast eyes, and Walter remarked he looked embarrassed and sorrowful. At length George said:

"If it suits you, Mr. Hubbard, let us go at once to our tutor. It is some distance, and we can talk as we go along."

Like old acquaintances, the two young men left the gloomy house together, and when they parted that evening after the lesson, George said pressingly:

"If you do not find my society too wearisome, pray come and see me sometimes in your leisure hours."

Walter promised he would. They were both pleased with each other, but Walter could not help wondering how the son of Solomons came to be so little of a commercial man, and so upright, learned, and gentle.

(To be Continued.)

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STEADFASTNESS.

STEADFASTNESS is a quality worth cultivating. Perhaps American youth have special need of it. So many are the chances of bettering one's condition in our happy country, that young people are not long content in one position. In the older countries the people are not so restless. Here is a little incident from Germany, for example, which is worth notice.

The Empress has a custom of giving a gold cross and a diploma to female domestics who have served in one and the same family for forty years. Such service is not rare in Germany, though it may be in America. During the past eight years the Empress has distributed 1,156 of these crosses. This is an average of four to every 100,000 inhabitants. It would be well if we at home learned to be more steadfast and content in our work.

BREAKING THE WILL.

WE often hear it said of a young person that "his will was never broken," and, therefore, he is bad. Perhaps we sometimes get a wrong idea of breaking the will. It is certainly a misfortune for one to have "no will of his own." He is then a victim to whims and to circumstances. Without a strong will, character is imperfect, and success in life is uncertain. But the will should be under the control of something, and that something should be the conscience and reason.

The will should be "broken" as a horse is trained. This is a better meaning to give the word. That is, the will should not be independent of right and reason. When the will is controlled by judgment and conscience, the life will be correct. But if it is left to be governed by passion, or whim, or prejudice, misfortune is sure to follow. Who does not control his will is likely to be a slave to evil impulses.

BOOKS AND OBSERVATION.

THE use of education is to fit the mind to work. It is not the mere gathering of knowledge. One would never become a carpenter by collecting a lot of saws and planes. He must not only have his tools, but learn how to use them. So education is not simply mastering the heights of mountains, and the rules for neuter verbs, but it is preparing the reason, the memory and the other faculties of the mind for work.

But while the student is struggling with his books, he may as well use his powers sensibly in common things. The old astronomer who tumbled into a well while gazing at the stars, was called a fool. Recently a young lady came home from boarding school, and was relating to her father the general course of study and recreation. When she mentioned using dumb bells the father asked: "How much did they weigh?" After a little reflection, the girl replied: "About one hundred and sixty pounds, I should think." No doubt she knew how many ounces make a pound and how many pounds a ton, but evidently she had never brought her faculties to bear on common things.

Now it is not well to be so bookish as to be utterly ignorant of everything outside of books. Why "self-educated" men are held in so high esteem, is not so much because they know comparatively little of books and schools. By no means. Some of them do, indeed, have a wide acquaintance with books. It is because such men learn very early to set their minds at work on everything about them. Thus they become expert with their mental tools, and win success where some of the better booked men fail.

Students will gain amusement as well as training by putting what they learn to some practical use. In one school the boys formed a board of trade, and carried on business, as soon as they began to study the commercial rules of arithmetic. In another, they organized a geography club, and related imaginary travels. There are various ways in which observation may be begun in youth.

YOUNG DICK TURPIN.

BOYS are led into many social comedies and farces by reading trashy papers and novels. They organize scalping parties, and set our for the Rockies in search of Indians. They form bands of bandits, and plunder back yards and corner groceries. Usually these escapades are not serious. All ends in giving the youngsters a good taste of the slipper, and sending them to bed. Sometimes it goes a little further. A short time ago a young highwayman was arrested for robbing another boy, at the mouth of the pistol, and was sent to a House of Reformation. There have been several similar cases in recent police reports.

But matters seem to have been going from bad to worse. Robbers' caverns in old barn cellars, and raids upon the hen coops of the wild Indians next door, have become quite too tame. Nothing but gore will satisfy some of the gorgers of trashy stories. In Philadelphia recently an eighteen-year lad named Clayton, sat up nights after he came home from the store to read "Dick Turpin's Adventures." The scientific murders of the bold highwayman fired his fancy. He had a revolver, of course, for no young clerk can weigh out a pound of pork without one, after reading cheap novels. With this utensil he visited a sick friend to show him "how Dick did it." He made thorough business of it, for he shot his friend dead. Then he shot himself dead also. Perhaps it is a harsh thing to say, but it was about the best service he could do for himself. His heart and life were so poisoned by the vile stuff he had read, that he was worse than useless.

How the evils of cheap literature are to be banished is a puzzle. Boys and girls will read, even if they have to slink into sly corners to do it. They will have stories and adventures also, and interesting ones. If they cannot suit themselves in the books at hand, they will seek out the stalls where trash is peddled out. The only way to counteract the evil is to furnish interesting reading that is healthful in tone.

The tastes of young people can be cultivated to enjoy the best reading. Boys and girls can form correct tastes themselves, but their parents should help them. Good histories, travels and adventures, wholesome stories, helpful periodicals abound, and parents should give their children a good start. The ARGOSY aims to help in the work of supplying this need, and there are others of the same stamp. There is enough good reading without resort to poisonous trash. A small investment in sound literature will save many expenses for failures and misdemeanors. The Dick Turpins and the Scalping Jacks should be banished from every household where happiness is an object.

FITTING FOR PRISON.

IT is not pleasant to tell the story of foolish boys who wreck their brains upon trashy books. It is far more agreeable to notice the manly young fellows, who do themselves credit by high aims and faithful diligence. Yet the papers are so full of sad incidents that we cannot escape them. One of the latest is the story of a gang of boys who formed a robber band. They lived in a shanty in a forlorn place, and sought their "fun" by theft.

They were proud of the name of "outlaws." Perhaps they called it romantic to sleep in the dirt, and catch colds in their heads. When they get cracked, boys have very queer notions. No doubt they thought it manly to plunder hen-roosts and pilfer from country stores. But when they were arrested, and the judge sent them to jail for four years, they did not enjoy the joke so much. Yet they should have done so. When a boy begins to relish the company of thieves and cut-throats in books, he ought to be able to enjoy the comradeship of the real rascals in jail. One's associates in real life are likely to be no better than the people whom he likes in stories.

A VALUABLE BIBLE.

AT a recent sale of old books in London, the famous "Gutenberg Bible" was knocked down for the sum of thirty-nine hundred pounds sterling, or nearly $19,000. This famous volume has sometimes been known as the "Mazarin Bible," because it was discovered in the Mazarin library at Paris. It was printed somewhere between 1450 and 1455, and is believed to be the first volume brought out by Gutenberg and Faust with movable types. It is remarkable for the thickness and fineness of the paper, the beauty of the type, and blackness of the impression.

The sum paid is an immense one for a single volume. Of course the value comes of the literary curiosity. Yet there are doubtless many poor men and women who would not sell their Bibles for $19,000, if at the same time they had to part with the comfort they had derived from them.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

WE laugh at foreigners because they find it difficult to master English pronunciation. But what shall we say of ourselves? How few there are who pronounce correctly. Let our readers test themselves by the following sentences, which somebody recently overheard:

"Please lemme yuh pensle."

"I had a wite sparrah that lived for munce an' munce without watah."

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

WHEN the daily despatches from the Old World are headed by reports of the varying fortunes of the British army in the Soudan, it is well to make acquaintance with the character and career of the commanding genius, who is warring not only with hordes of rebels, with hardly a claim to civilization, but also with Nature, in her most rugged and desert form, and with famine and disease more greatly to be feared.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was born in County Dublin, Ireland, in 1833. The characters of his ancestors were chivalrous, their stations exalted. As a boy, Wolseley was studious to a fault, and his inclination led him to peruse every great work on military history. Early in his boyhood, it was decided that he should pursue the military calling, and the decision was completely in consonance with the taste of the young school-boy. At fourteen his name was entered for a commission. While waiting for the time when he could recieve an appointment, Wolseley pursued with energy his mathematical studies, surveying, military engineering and fortification, all of which went to make him in after years, a well-rounded-out soldier. But he did not stop here. He also acquired familiarity with the carpenter's tools and the lathe, and made himself a thoroughly and completely practical young man.

At nineteen years of age, Wolseley was appointed Ensign in the 80th Regiment, which was then engaged in the Second Burmese War. The young ensign was immediately ordered out to Farther India with a detachment of recruits, where he speedily showed his grit. In the first attack on the natives, Wolseley rushed impetuously ahead of his fellows, eager to strike the first blow. It was evidently certain death for him if he kept on, but he was spared by falling into a concealed pit, ingeniously prepared by the natives with sharp stakes at the bottom. A bad shaking up was the only injury he received, and he crawled back only to volunteer to lead another storming party to the enemy's position.

Again he raced forward, far in advance of his men, and was speedily laid low with a bullet through his thigh. He would not permit his men to carry him to the rear, but laid on the ground, waving his sword and cheering his comrades on. His wound was so serious that he had to return home. When recovered, he found himself lieutenant of the 90th Regiment.

The Crimean war began, and a premature order went forth that the 90th should go to India. Lieutenant Wolseley was disgusted. It was in the fight he wanted to be, not idling in the Tropics. He was making arrangements to exchange into a regiment in the Crimea, when the prohibitory order was rescinded, and the 90th lined up before Sabastopol. He was here made Acting-Engineer, and rendered such valuable aid that he was promoted to Captaincy. His zeal in the Crimea was surpassed by no one for conscientiousness, endurance and courage. On one occasion he worked unremittingly for twenty-four hours, until so exhausted that he dropped down among the dead, and was so reported.

It was noticed that Captain Wolseley always turned his face toward an advancing shell, and he gave as a reason, that he did not wish it to be said he turned his back to the enemy, or died running away. In short, he called forth the praise of a distinguished officer as "the bravest man he ever knew." In this campaign Wolseley was badly wounded, at several times, once being passed over by the surgeon as too hopeless for treatment. His wounds were, literally, from head to foot.

Next, Captain Wolseley was ordered off to participate in the Chinese war. Here, as before, he showed himself a man of the highest courage, always eager for the first honors in the assault. Touching incidents of another trait are cited in connection with his conduct in this war. Wolseley's men had been struggling for hours through bogs and marshes. There seemed to be no end to the mud and water, and at last fatigued limbs refused to bear them on, and the tortures of thirst consumed them. For though water was everywhere around them, not a drop was fit to drink. Wolseley, as exhausted as the rest, went on for miles with a brother officer, and brought back a load of sweet water for the burning throats of his comrades. And on another occasion, when fighting the enemy from behind a cover, a former servant of Wolseley's ran out across the road and was shot down; the captain leaped out after him and bore him back to safety. One of the enemy took deliberate aim at him, but happily the ball lodged in the body of his helpless burden. The man still lives to testify to this beautiful trait in the Commander's character. Once he was ordered to clear the approaches to a building in which the enemy was ensconced. He performed this mission, but led his soldiers on, right into the house itself, and drove them out pell-mell.

For thus exceeding his orders, his chief flew into a great rage, and after berating Wolseley soundly for a while, softened toward him, and bestowed his congratulations and his praise on the zealous young captain. In short, so remarkable were his services throughout this campaign, that his Commander, whenever a delicate or a bold operation was to be undertaken, was wont to say, "Where is Wolseley? Send him." He came out of this campaign a colonel.

In 1861, war with England was imminent, owing to the *Trent* affair, and the British government sent officers to Canada to prepare the troops for any emergency that might arise. Wolseley was selected to fill the place of Assistant Quartermaster-General, and came over to Canada. But the affair blew over, and Wolseley getting leave of absence, engaged with a brother officer to work down into the United States and mingle with the forces of the cavalry, and observe their movements, the latter on the Union side, Wolseley on the Confederate. His journey through the North was one of great danger, as an Englishman was in danger of his life if discovered by the mob.

Then came the difficulty of crossing the Potomac, vigilantly guarded by the Union soldiers. All these difficulties he surmounted, and satisfactorily achieved the object of his journey, which was for him an enjoyable undertaking, being seasoned with risk and adventure, for which the colonel always had a keen appetite.

Wolseley then led the Red River expedition on a most arduous journey through the wilds of British America, and successfully overawed a little rebellion that had sprung up. Wolseley was always popular with his men, which he could not have been, had he been a martinet. An anecdote will aptly illustrate his kindliness and forbearance. On this Red River expedition an officer came tremblingly to Wolseley, to inform him that he had forgotten to bring the tent poles, in the hurry of starting, expecting to receive some humiliating punishment for his oversight. But Wolseley greeted the confession with the greatest good humor, asking if he had forgotten the axes also. "Then," said he, pointing to the slender trees on every side. "here are all the tent-poles you will want."

By this time, the reader has gained some conception of the character of the great Chief. He served, always with distinction, in the Ashantee War, the Zulu War, and the Egyptian campaign against Arabi Pasha. He was sent on various missions requiring acuteness and tact. He rose steadily to the dignity of Knighthood, and covered his breast with medals and orders by the score. He is now in the Soudan. What he is doing there, is the topic of every day. What he will do, may be foretold by a review of his career. He has always sacrificed private calls to those of his country, has always been the person for an emergency. May many years of rest and comfort be in store for that weary body,

"Gashed with honorable scars."

PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak lead with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

To be simple is to be great.

EARTH'S noblest thing—a woman perfected.

THE gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.

LET not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.

WORDS are like leaves; and where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

LIVE with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

WE cannot walk side by side with people of true nobility of character without becoming ourselves elevated and enobled.

THERE never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self denial.

WOMEN are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

BECAUSE you find a thing very difficult do not presently conclude that no one man can master it; but whatever you observe proper and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

LET the honor of thy fellow-man be as dear to thee as thine own; be as careful of his property as of thine own. True charity, in order to brave every vicissitude of life, must be free from all worldly considerations, like the love Jonathan bore to David.

DEEDS NOT WORDS

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If words could satisfy the heart,
The heart might find less care;
But words, like summer birds, depart,
And leave but empty air;
The heart, a pilgrim upon earth,
Finds often, when it needs,
That *words* are as little worth
As just so many weeds.

A little said—and *truly* said—
Can deeper joy impart
Than hosts of words, which reach the head,
But never touch the heart;
The voice that wins its sunny way,
A lonely home to cheer,
Hath oft the fewest words to say;
But oh! those few—*how dear!*

If words could satisfy the breast,
The world might hold a feast:
But words, when summoned to the test—
Oft satisfy the least!
Like plants that make a gaudy show,
All blossom to the root;
But whose poor nature cannot grow
One particle of fruit!

SURPRISED AT DISADVANTAGE.

BY GEO. H. COOMER.

Not long since an old friend of mine, named Oscar Ames, while surveying in one of the wilder portions of Minnesota, met with an adventure in which his preservation was owing solely to the presence of his young son who accompanied him.

Young Arthur, who was only fourteen, was fond of such excursions, and a valuable assistant to his father. On this occasion, while traversing a pine forest in the neighborhood of Lake Superior, they arrived at a long ledge nearly level with the ground upon one side, but upon the other given a height of thirty or forty feet by a deep hollow overgrown with bushes. Upon this side, the rock was perpendicular.

Soon after reaching the spot they observed indications of a shower, and Mr. Ames placed his double-barrelled gun in the hollow of an old tree for protection from the wet. The cloud, however, passed with only a slight sprinkling, and then both father and son went to the brink of the cliff, leaving the gun and ammunition where they had been deposited—an error which would not have been committed had they been real hunters.

A few paces in their rear was a large boulder, eight or ten feet high and flat upon the top, across which lay a dead pine covered with a heavy blanket of moss. The foot of the tree rested upon the ground, while the top, with its ragged hangings, half hid the rock on which it had fallen.

Mr. Ames and his son stood for a few minutes gazing down into the bushy dell beneath them, when Arthur's quick ear caught a stealthy tread at his back, and he glanced behind.

"Oh, father!" he cried, "look! look!"

Mr. Ames turned, and his heart gave a prodigious leap. There, not four rods away, was a full-grown North American panther, or gray cougar, apparently making straight for the fallen tree which was so close to them!

In a moment the creature leaped upon the inclined trunk and ran up to the top of the boulder. Next it crept under the dead limbs, and with fore paws clutching the edge of the rock and eyes glaring upon the intruders, uttered a prolonged and terrific yell.

On each side of its two helpless enemies the cliff was of such a nature as to prevent escape by a side movement; so that to extricate themselves they must either make a leap of thirty feet to the ground below, or approach still nearer to the infuriated beast, already threatening to spring upon them. Worst of all, the panther was directly between them and their gun!

The slightest advance would evidently be fatal.

Caring more for his boy than for himself, Mr. Ames forced Arthur behind a slight projection of the rock with one hand, while with the other he grasped a stunted pine that had somehow taken root in a fissure among the mingled earth and stones on the very edge of the precipice. His sole hope rested upon the chance of the animal's being carried beyond its mark when it should make the spring.

Fate seemed dreadfully against him, as the very day before he had lost his revolver, so that he had not even this doubtful means of defence.

But the time allowed for thought was scarcely more than a minute; and then the fierce creature, gathering itself for the effort, leaped out with extended claws and wide open mouth. As it left its foothold it uttered a wild, angry cry.

The distance was too great for it, however, and landing upon its feet it gave another fearful spring. Mr. Ames, still holding fast to the sapling, tried to elude his enemy; but the panther's claws struck him, and both man and beast went over the cliff.

To Arthur it was a most dreadful moment. "Oh father! father!" he cried, feeling that all was lost. But the next instant he saw his father yet clinging to the sapling, which, though completely top downward, and nearly torn from its place, was still confined by one or two of its roots, which were struck deeply in the narrow crevice.

As to the panther, it had landed upon a thicket of tall green brushwood which had broken its fall.

The boy sprang to assist his father, but was unable to reach him. Mr. Ames had gone so far over that his head was two or three feet below the top of the rock. His left arm was broken and useless; and although he had fortunately secured a foothold upon a shelf a few inches wide, in was impossible to get higher. The injury he had sustained would prevent this, even should the sapling not give way.

As the case stood, he had only to steady himself where he was; and thus the strain on the roots would not be very great, though the uncertainty as to how near they might be to yielding was still awful.

"Can't you raise your arm so that I can get hold of your hand?" said Arthur, as, lying flat down, he reached over the brink.

"No," replied his father, "it is broken above the elbow; and, besides, my weight would pull you off the rock. I can hold on here till we can think what it is best to do. Don't fear for me; but first of all things run and get the gun, for I am afraid the panther may not have been much hurt and will find some place to get up."

Arthur saw the wisdom of this direction, and running back to the hollow tree snatched the gun from it. But as he came leaping around the boulder with the weapon in his hand, a savage growl from the top of the big stone, sounded close to his ear.

It seemed hardly possible that the panther could have returned so soon; but the thought that it might have left a family there, did not enter his mind.

There was a second cry, and he saw under the moss the gray shape of the creature that uttered it. He fired instantly; and to his surprise found that he had killed a panther cub, while two others now showed themselves on the rock. In his excitement, also, he had accidentally discharged both barrels as one.

Recognizing the changed position of things, the boy sprang quickly to the spot where his father still clung.

"I have killed a young one!" he cried; "there are two more; and both barrels have gone off. I must load in a hurry, for the old one will be trying to get back to the cubs!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Ames; "she will be sure not to leave us now!" And he was proceeding to give Arthur some directions for his safety, when they saw the old panther scratching up at a lower portion of the ledge, where it curved outward so as to give them a plain view of her lithe, gray shape.

Then Arthur remembered that in his haste to secure the gun, he had left the ammunition in the hollow tree, and he instantly flew back to find it. As a hunter he had yet something to learn.

"Run, run!" cried Mr. Ames; "you have not time to reload. Run along the ledge till you find a place to get down. She cannot harm me where I am; I can stoop out of her way. Run before she sees you!"

Arthur saw that he could assist his father only by gaining time. Luckily he found the powder and buckshot without difficulty; and then running along out of the panther's view, soon discovered a place where the ledge could be descended, though not without great danger. This he risked, and found himself in the hollow below.

The wild beast, upon returning to her first position, would probably not have seen Mr. Ames, had he not tried on Arthur's account to attract her attention; but as it was, after discovering what had happened to her little family, she flew towards the spot where he was, and frantically tried to reach him.

"KEEP AS LOW AS POSSIBLE, FATHER. I AM GOING TO FIRE."

With his feet still upon the rock-shelf, he slipped his hand down the sapling, crouching as low as possible. But the suppleness of his enemy was surprising. Her catlike forelegs seemed capable of stretching to almost twice their usual length. As she lay above him with open, snarling mouth, sweeping her wide claws down at his head, the spectacle was strange and fierce beyond description.

At times, changing her tactics, she would tear away at the stones, soil and roots. Evidently the overturned pine must soon be torn free.

Arthur had by this time gained the opposite bank of the hollow, four or five rods from the scene, though considerably lower. Oh, how he dashed the powder into his gun! How he forced down the "cut wad," tumbled in the buckshot, and then threw his rammer upon the ground. A moment more, and the cap was in place, pressed firmly down with his finger.

Into the right barrel he had thrown eight heavy shot, but he did not attempt to recharge the left, as at any moment his father's support might be torn away, and every moment counted.

"Keep as low as possible, father," he cried; "I am going to fire!"

And then stepping upon a rock, and taking a firm stand, he took a sure and steady aim.

For a moment Mr. Ames held his breath and waited. Then the heavy shock of the report rang through the woods. There was a single wild yell; and the panther, springing into mid air, fell crashing among the brush below. She had been hit by all the eight shot and killed instantly.

While scrambling back to the top of the ledge, Arthur clutched a grape vine for assistance, and this circumstance inspired him with a happy thought. Might he not make a rope of vines for another purpose?

"Father," he said, upon reaching the spot where Mr. Ames was clinging, "I can lower you with grape vines. I can make them into a rope, and take a turn round something above so that I shall be able to hold your weight."

Mr. Ames, seeing no other hope of immediate deliverance, assented to the trial, and Arthur set to work.

In a short time he had made a rope not less than a hundred and fifty feet long. By means of a hooked stick, one end of this was passed under his father's arms, then pulled up and made even with the other end, so that there was a double line, seventy-five feet in length, with Mr. Ames in the bight.

About thirty feet of this improvised rope would be required over the face of the rock; with the rest Arthur took a turn around a huge stick, the two ends of which he had wedged in corresponding fissures.

"THE PROCESS OF LOWERING WAS SLOW."

The process of lowering was slow and careful, the young lad being able easily with his advantage to control the descent. But the relief to his mind was inexpressible when his father's feet touched the ground.

Mr. Ames was in great pain from his broken arm, so that they did not stop to skin the female panther or to look after the remaining cubs on the boulder. It was enough that they had passed a most terrible experience, and were still alive.

"I MUST."

"But I must have it; I can't get on without it." This was what a youngster of eighteen remarked. A friend of more age and experience was trying to dissuade him from some practice which seemed injurious. It was some habit of eating; it might have been greasy food for breakfast, or candy between meals; the particular thing does not so much matter. The fact that the boy felt as if he must have it, was what disturbed his older friend.

Must is a monstrous word, though it takes only four letters to spell it. No young person ought to find room for it in his vocabulary. When "must" comes in, it elbows out "ought" and "will" and "choose." Must is a word for the lame and feeble.

The limping man must have a cane. The imbecile must have a guardian. The only "must" which a person healthy in mind and body should obey, is that instinctive stress of will which leads him to honor his own character by right actions. Even good conduct, when it feels the "must" as the whip of a master, is not very commendable.

In short, one should learn to control himself in youth. He should have no "must" in his appetites and desires. He should always be able to say "I will," or "I will not," as the thing is right or wrong.

GROWING UP.

"I wish he could always remain a baby," many a mother has said, as she has suddenly realized that Time is almost imperceptibly, yet surely, carrying the little boy away. The man, though, takes his place, more helpfully, more intelligently: but it is not the same. "I wish he could always remain a baby."

A writer of note has thus truthfully and beautifully written in regard to the training of the manchild: "To-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble. But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when the small form shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart; but if you lose it now when he is little, you may search for it carefully some day with tears and never find it."

FOLLOWING IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS.

"That little fellow," said a gentleman the other day, pointing to one of the pages running about the floor of the House of Representatives, "is a descendant of President Madison." He was a bright, manly-looking little fellow, with a finely-shaped head and a frank, honest face. "Yes," he said in reply to an inquiry as he passed out of the House a short time later, "I am a descendant of President Madison—a great-great grandson. My name is James Madison. Any other descendents of Presidents? Yes, one. That boy over there is a grandson of President Tyler."

There are some others among the pages who are descended from men once prominent in history. For instance, one by the name of Trenholm is a grandson of Trenholm, who was a member of the Confederate Cabinet. There are several, too, who are descendants of members of Congress and others who expect to become members of Congress themselves.

WHENCE?

BY WORDSWORTH.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

HELPING HIMSELF;

OR

GRANT THORNTON'S AMBITION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

HERBERT BREAKS DOWN.

"I DON'T think I can walk any farther, Abner. I feel sick," faltered Herbert.

Abner, who had been walking briskly, turned round to look at his young companion. Herbert was looking very pale, and had to drag one foot after the other. Day after day he had tried to keep up with Abner, but his strength was far inferior to that of the other boy, and he had finally broken down.

"You do look sick, bub," said Abner, struck by Herbert's pallid look. "Was I walking too fast for you?"

"I feel very weak," said Herbert, "would you mind stopping a little while? I should like to lie under a tree and rest."

"All right, bub. There's a nice tree."

"Don't you feel tired, Abner?"

"No, I feel as strong and hearty as a horse."

"You are bigger than I am. I guess that is the reason."

Abner was a rough boy, but he showed unusual gentleness and consideration for the little boy, whose weakness appealed to his better nature. He picked out a nice shady place for Herbert to recline upon, and taking off his coat laid it down for a pillow on which his young companion might rest his head.

"There, bub; I reckon you'll feel better soon," he said.

"I hope so, Abner. I wish I was as strong as you are."

"So do I. I reckon I was born tough. I was brought up different from you."

"I wish I were at home," sighed Herbert. "Is it a long way from here?"

"I reckon it is, but I don't know," answered Abner, whose geographical notions were decidedly hazy.

An hour passed, and still Herbert lay almost motionless, as if rest were a luxury, with his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the clouds that could be seen through the branches floating lazily above.

"Don't you feel any better, bub?" asked Abner.

"I feel better while I am lying here, Abner."

"Don't you feel strong enough to walk a little farther?"

"Must I?" asked Herbert, sighing. "It is so nice to lie here."

"I am afraid we shall never get to New York if we don't keep goin'."

"I'll try," said Herbert, and he rose to his feet, but he only staggered and became very white.

"I am afraid I need to rest a little more," he said.

"All right, bub. Take your time."

More critically Abner surveyed his young companion. He was not used to sickness or weakness, but there was something in the little boy's face that startled him.

"I don't think you're fit to walk any further to-day," he said. "I wish we had some good place to stay."

At this moment a carriage was seen approaching. It was driven by a lady of middle age, with a benevolent face. Her attention was drawn to the two boys, and especially to Herbert. Her experienced eyes at once saw that he was sick.

She halted her horse.

"What is the matter with your brother?" she said to Abner.

"I reckon he's tuckered out," said Abner, tacitly admitting the relationship. "We've been travelin' for several days. He ain't so tough as I am."

"He looks as if he were going to be sick. Have you any friends near here?"

"No ma'am. The nighest is over a hundred miles off."

The lady reflected a moment. Then she said: "I think you had both better come to my house. My brother is a doctor. He will look at your little brother, and see what can be done for him."

"I should like it very much," said Abner, but we haven't got any money to pay for doctors and sich."

"I shan't present any bill, nor will my brother," said the lady, smiling. "Do you think you can help your brother into the carriage?"

"Oh yes, ma'am."

Abner helped Herbert into the carriage, and then by invitation got in himself.

"May I drive?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, if you like."

The kind lady supported with her arm Herbert's drooping head, and so they drove on for a mile, when she indicated that they were to stop in front of a large, substantial square house, built after the New England style.

Herbert was taken out, and Abner helped him up-stairs, into a large square chamber with four windows.

"What is his name?" asked the lady.

"Herbert."

"And yours?"

"Abner."

"He had better lie down on the bed, and as soon as my brother comes, I will send him up."

Herbert breathed a sigh of satisfaction, as he reclined on the comfortable bed, which was more like the one he slept in at home than the rude straw bed which he had used when boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Joel Barton.

Half an hour passed and the doctor came into the room, and felt of Herbert's pulse.

"The boy is tired out," he said. "That is all. His strength has been exhausted by too severe physical effort."

"What shall we do to bring him round?" asked his sister.

"Rest and nourishing food are all that is required."

"Shall we keep him here? Have you any objection?"

"I should object to letting him go in his present condition. He will be a care to you, Emily."

"I shall not mind that. We shall have to keep the other boy too."

"Certainly. There's room enough for both."

When Abner was told that for a week to come they were to stay in Dr. Stone's comfortable house, his face indicated his satisfaction.

"Ef you've got any chores to do, ma'am," he said, "I'll do 'em. I'm strong, and not afraid to work."

"Then I will make you very useful," said Miss Stone, smiling.

The next day, as she was sitting in Herbert's chamber, she said, "Herbert, you don't look at all like your brother."

"Do you mean Abner, Miss Stone?" Herbert asked.

"Yes, have you any other brother?"

"Abner is not my brother at all."

"How then do you happen to be traveling together?"

"Because we've both run away."

"I am sorry to hear that. I don't approve of boys running away. Where do you live?"

"In New York."

"In New York!" repeated Miss Stone, much surprised. "Surely you have not walked from there?"

"No, Miss Stone; I was stolen from my home in New York about a month ago, and left at Abner's house. It was a poor cabin, and very different from anything I was accustomed to. I did not like Mr. and Mrs. Barton, but Abner was always kind to me."

"Is your father living?" asked Miss Stone, who had become interested.

"Yes, he is a broker."

"And no doubt you have a nice home?"

"Yes, very nice. It is a brown-stone house up town. I wonder whether I shall ever see it again."

"Surely you will. I am surprised that you have not written to tell your father where you are. He must be feeling very anxious about you."

"I did write, asking him to send me money to come home. Abner was going with me. But no answer came to my letter."

"That is strange. Your father can't have received the letter."

"So I think, Miss Stone; but I directed it all right."

"Do you think any one would intercept it?"

Mrs. Estabrook might," said Herbert, after a pause for consideration.

"Who is she?"

"The housekeeper."

"What makes you think so? Didn't she like you?"

"No; besides it was her nephew who carried me off."

Miss Stone asked further questions, and Herbert told her all the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted. When he had finished, she said: "My advice is, that you write to your boy friend, Grant Thornton, or tell me what to write, and I will write to him. His letters will not be likely to be tampered with."

"I think that will be a good idea," said Herbert; "Grant will tell papa, and then he will send for me."

Miss Stone brought her desk to the bedside, and wrote a letter to Grant at Herbert's dictation. This letter she sent to the village post-office immediately by Abner.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GRANT RECEIVES A LETTER.

MR. REYNOLDS had spared no expense in his efforts to obtain tidings of his lost boy. None of his agents, however, had succeeded in gaining the smallest clue to Herbert's whereabouts. Through the public press the story had been widely disseminated, and in consequence the broker began to receive letters from various points, from persons professing to have seen such a boy as the one described. One of these letters came from Augusta, Georgia, and impressed Mr. Reynolds to such an extent that he decided to go there in person, and see for himself the boy of whom his correspondent wrote.

The day after starting, Grant, on approaching the house at the close of business, fell in with the postman just ascending the steps.

"Have you got a letter for me?" he asked.

"I have a letter for Grant Thornton," was the reply.

"That is my name," said Grant.

He took the letter, supposing it to be from home. He was surprised to find that it had a Western postmark. He was more puzzled by the feminine handwriting.

"Have you heard anything from the little boy?" asked the postman, for Mr. Reynolds' loss was well known.

Grant shook his head.

"Nothing definite," he said. "Mr. Reynolds has gone to Georgia to follow up a clue."

"Two weeks since," said the postman, "I left a letter here dated at Scipio, Illinois. It was in a boy's handwriting. I thought it might be from the lost boy."

"A letter from Scipio, in a boy's handwriting!" repeated Grant surprised. "Mr. Reynolds has shown me all his letters. He has received none from there."

"I can't understand it. I left it here, I am positive of that."

"At what time in the day?" asked Grant quickly.

"About eleven o'clock in the forenoon."

"Can you tell me to whom you gave it?"

"To the servant."

"It is very strange," said Grant thoughtfully. "And it was in a boy's handwriting?"

"Yes; the address was in a round schoolboy hand. The servant couldn't have lost it, could she?"

"No; Sarah is very careful."

"Well, I must be going."

By this time Grant had opened the letter. He had glanced rapidly at the signature, and his face betrayed excitement.

"This is from Herbert," he said. "You may listen if you like."

He rapidly read the letter, which in part was as follows:

"DEAR GRANT:—I write to you, or rather I have asked Mrs. Stone, who is taking care of me, to do so, because I wrote to papa two weeks since and I am afraid he did not get the letter, for I have had no answer. I wrote from the town of Scipio, in Illinois—

"Just what I said," interrupted the postman.

"I wrote that Mr. Ford had carried me away and brought me out West, where he put me to board in a poor family, where I had scarcely enough to eat. Mr. Barton had one son, Abner, who treated me well, and agreed to run away with me to New York, if we could get money from papa. But we waited and waited, and no letter came. So at last we decided to run away at any rate, for I was afraid Mr. Ford would come back and take me somewhere else. I can't tell you much about the journey, except that we walked most of the way, and we got very tired, or at least I did, for I am not so strong as Abner, till I broke down. I am stopping now at the house of Dr. Stone, who is very kind, and so is his sister, who is writing this letter for me. Will you show papa this letter, and ask him to send for me, if he cannot come himself? I do so long to be at home once more. I hope he will come before Willis Ford finds me out. I think he has a spite against papa, and that is why he stole me away.

"Your affectionate friend,

"HERBERT REYNOLDS."

"Please say nothing about this," said Grant to the postman. "I don't want it known that this letter has come."

"What will you do?"

"I shall start for the West myself to-night."

"Mrs. Estabrook intercepted that letter," said Grant to himself. "I am sure of it."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WILLIS FORD FINDS THE RUNAWAYS.

"I SHALL be absent for a few days, Mrs. Estabrook," said Grant to the housekeeper, as he entered the house.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

"I can't tell you definitely."

"Hadn't you better wait till Mr. Reynolds gets back?"

"No; business is not very pressing in the office, and I can be spared."

The housekeeper concluded that Grant was going to Colebrook, and did not connect his journey with the lost boy.

"Oh, well, I suppose you understand your own business best. Herbert will miss you if he finds you away when his father brings him back."

"Do *you* think he will?" asked Grant, eyeing the housekeeper sharply.

"I'm sure I don't know. I suppose he expects to, or he would not have travelled so far in search of him."

"Shall you be glad to see him back, Mrs. Estabrook?"

"Of course! What makes you doubt it?" demanded the housekeeper sharply.

"I thought you didn't like Herbert."

"I wasn't always petting him. It isn't in my way to pet boys."

"Do you often hear from Willis Ford?"

"That is my business," answered Mrs. Estabrook sharply. "Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering whether he knew that Herbert had been abducted."

"That is more than we know. Very likely the boy ran away."

Grant called on the cashier at his private residence, confided to him his plan, and obtained a sum of money for traveling expenses. He left the Grand Central depot by the evening train, and by morning was well on his way to Chicago.

Meanwhile Willis Ford had left no stone unturned to obtain news of the runaways. This he did not find difficult, though attended with delay. He struck the right trail, and then had only to inquire as he went along whether two boys had been seen, one small and delicate, the other large and well-grown, wandering through the country. Plenty had seen the two boys, and told him so.

"Are they your sons, mister?" asked a laborer of whom he inquired.

"Not both of them—only the smaller," answered Ford, with unblushing falsehood.

"And what made them run away now?"

"My son probably did not like the boarding-place I selected for him."

"Why didn't he write to you?"

"He didn't know where to direct."

"Who is the other lad?"

"The son of the man I placed him with. I think he may have induced Sam to run away."

Finally Ford reached Claremont, the town where the boys had actually found refuge. Here he learned that two boys had been taken in by Dr. Stone, answering to the description he gave. One, the younger one, had been sick, but now was better. This information he obtained at the hotel.

Ford's eyes sparkled with exultation. He had succeeded in his quest, and once more Herbert was in his hands, or would be very soon.

He inquired the way to Dr. Stone's. Everybody knew where the doctor lived, and he had no trouble in securing the information he sought. Indeed before he reached the house, he caught sight of Abner, walking in the same direction with himself, but a few rods ahead.

He quickened his pace, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

Abner turned, and an expression of dismay overspread his face.

"Ha, my young friend! I see that you remember me," said Ford ironically.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Abner sullenly.

"You know well enough. I want the boy you have persuaded to run away with you."

"I didn't persuade him."

"Never mind about quibbling. I know where the boy is, and I mean to have him."

"Do you want me, too?"

"No; I don't care where you go."

"I reckon Herbert won't go with you."

"And I reckon he will. That is Dr. Stone's, isn't it? Never mind answering. I know well enough it is."

"He'll have bub sure!" said Abner disconsolately. "But I'll follow 'em, and I'll get him away, as sure as my name's Abner Barton."

(To be continued.)

WHEN THE SUN SINKS LOW.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

When the sun sinks low in the western sky
Then lay the tools or the needle by;
Labor is for the light.
Go wash the hands, and say, with a smile:
"I have won my rest for a little while,
Good night, my work—good night!"

Many a trouble a man must bear;
But the day is time for thought and care—
The day for watch or fight.
When the sky is turned in the store then say
"To-morrow will be another day;
Worry, good night! good night!"

Anger may meet us the whole day long,
For the good must still resist the wrong,
The true fight for their right;
But oh, when the shadows of evening fall,
The spirit of gentle peace recall,
And say to the weapons, "Good night."

For an hour or two let all thought cease,
Be glad in the household joy and peace,
Rejoice in its love and light;
Then sleep, but first with a kind heart say:
"For the help you have given me all the day,
Tired hands and feet, good night!"

"Good night, my soul, for I can not know,
While my body sleeps, where thou wilt go,
All space and reason scorning;
But thee may all good angels keep,
And fill with holy dreams thy sleep,
Until we say 'good morning!'"

WATCHING THE WORKERS IN WAX.

MME. TUSSAUD, who may safely be termed the mother of waxworks, established the first exhibition of its kind in London many years ago, and although she died long ago the establishment which she founded still bears her name and is run by her descendants.

About four years ago the famous French artist Grevin, opened the Musee Grevin in Paris, and, encouraged by its success, a number of French and American capitalists determined to erect a similar place of entertainment in New York. The result of this decision was the opening, last April, of the building known as the Eden Musee, whose front, in the picturesque style of the French Renaissance, is to-day one of the architectural beauties of the metropolis.

The other day a *World* reporter visited the Musee for the purpose of learning how the wax figures are prepared for exhibition.

"You must understand," said Mr. Hellmann, the President of the Musee, "that long before this building was erected, our workmen in Paris were engaged in preparing the groups of European celebrities, which are displayed here. As soon as our workshops here were ready they came over and at once began work on the American figures. If you will come up-stairs with me I will try to give you an idea of the process by which wax figures are manufactured."

The upper part of the Musee is devoted entirely to workshops. In the first of these, three or four artists were modelling in clay. A miniature group attracted the visitor's attention.

"That," said Mr. Hellman, "is the model of a new group. When completed it will be photographed, and the photograph, properly colored, will be used to show those who make the different parts separately, how the whole should look. The next step after that is to model the heads in clay from life or from photographs. The bodies are modelled from life, and plaster casts are taken of the hands. That man whom you see reclining on the steps there is the 'Dying Garfield,' designed for our group of the Presidents of the United States. Here you see them moulding the clay figures in plaster of Paris. They've just finished Hayes. It was very easy to mould him—it always was, you know—but we didn't find Cleveland such a simple matter. Now let's come down-stairs to the wax kitchen, where they've been putting the chosen rulers of the people through the fiery furnace."

The wax kitchen is in the basement of the building. Here the reporter saw the molten wax poured into the plaster moulds by skilled foreign workmen, while others were carefully chipping away the white covering from the hardened figure. "They've been making it pretty hot for poor Grant I see," said the President, indicating a cauldron which contained the ingredients of the famous warrior, and which held material sufficient for a small army of other great men.

Returning to the upper floor the visitor was conducted to the room in which the *papier mache* bodies are prepared. Here were a number of manikins in various postures, some of men and others of women—all furnished with movable joints. In another apartment were heads fresh from the moulds. They were in the hands of their artists, who were removing the slight imperfections and giving the cheeks a few judicious touches of color.

"The hair is first implanted by a woman," said Mr. Hellman; "then a workman of great skill goes over it, puts on the finishing touches and implants the eyebrows and eyelashes—a very delicate and difficult piece of work. The eyes are also inserted here. Now we will visit the costuming department."

In this room the reporter's eyes rested with pleasure on the trim figure and smiling face of the young French coutouriere who looks after the wardrobes of the waxen people. She was sitting in an easy chair holding Andrew Johnson in her lap while she repaired his vest.

"I've finished Mme. Patti's new cloak," she said to the President of the Musee, "but Abraham Lincoln's shoes have not come, although the man promised them early this morning. Shall I order another pair somewhere else, or send him down-stairs barefooted?"

"We don't want an extra pair of Lincoln's shoes," said Mr. Hellmann thoughtfully, "because we haven't got any one here capable of filling them. Better wait a little while; but be sure you get the paper collar and celluloid cuffs for Hayes."

"Do you make clothes especially for the different figures?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes. We often make exact copies of the suits commonly worn by the men whom we wish to represent. Very often we go so far as to purchase the actual garments of famous people. This part of the work is a very important one, and can only be intrusted to people of skill and taste. The making of the hands is another piece of work requiring the utmost care. The nails are made of thin pieces of horn, carefully turned and highly polished."

Another flight of stairs was then climbed and the visitor found himself in a large, high studio, which looked like the work room of a scene painter. Two or three artists were busy with brushes, preparing scenic backgrounds for new groups. The views which they produced were very effective, the drawing correct and the coloring bold.

"The last thing of all," said Mr. Hellmann, "is the putting together of the groups and their proper arrangement in the hall."

"And has the Musee proved successful?" inquired the visitor.

"Well," said the President cautiously, "we feel sufficiently encouraged to go on and make a great many more wax figures, which will be exhibited here in the course of the winter."

THE MISFORTUNES OF A HERO.

GEN. GRANT and all the members of his family have been—as might have been expected—very reticent as to the privations and anxieties they have suffered since the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward. But the facts communicated to old friends in confidence have been gradually coming to the public, without any intentional betrayal of trust anywhere. So much, however, is known, that it occurred to the writer of the communication herewith published, that a connected and careful account of Gen. Grant's pecuniary straits would be more satisfactory to the people, and would give a juster view of his situation and of his trials and conduct than the more or less exaggerated stories that are afloat. The communication which follows was written by one whose relations with the Grants have been, and are such as to insure the most intimate knowledge of the interesting facts stated. Of course the writer prepared and furnished this communication without the knowledge of any member of the Grant family.

Four days after the failure of Grant & Ward, a Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, wrote to Gen. Grant, whom he had never seen, offering to lend him $1,000 for his note at twelve months, without interest, with option of renewal at same rate. He enclosed a check for $500, "on account of my share due for services ending about April, 1865."

At that time Gen. Grant had absolutely not money for current expenses. Everything he owned in the world had been invested or deposited with Grant & Ward. About $80 in his pocketbook and $130 in cash belonging to Mrs. Grant was what he had to live on. The trust fund had been invested in Wabash securities, and the company at this junction defaulted payment, while the guarantors, the E. D. Morgan estate, could not pay until the company had defaulted for six months. Gen. Grant accepted the timely offer of Mr. Wood very gratefully.

About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister, came to Gen. Grant, and also insisted on aiding him with a loan of $1,000. The general declined at first to receive the money, but Mr. Romero left the room abruptly placing the amount on the table. Not for these two acts of friendship, one from a man whom Gen. Grant had never seen, the other from a gentleman by no means wealthy, the distress of the general would have been actual. The checks which had been paid out a few days before the failure, were of course not met, the payment of last on the trust fund was swallowed up by Ward, and there was absolutely for a time no other resource.

Mrs. Grant, however, had a little house in Washington, which she had bought some years before for $7,800, and she was able to sell this in a few weeks for $6,300. A check was an once sent to Mr. Romero for the debt to him, the outstanding checks on Grant & Ward for personal and family expenses were paid, and a little was felt for living during the summer. The sons had all been ruined by the failure as absolutely as the father, and two of them with their families were obliged for a time to live with him.

In this emergency the general was asked to write a couple of articles for the *Century Magazine*. He was offered $1,000 for the two, and consented to try his hand at literature. The articles were written and the payment made, and about Christmas the general was able to pay off the pecuniary indebtedness to his friend Mr. Wood, with whom he is still personally unacquainted. The occupation of writing interested him; the story of his old campaigns distracted him from the thoughts of his Wall Street troubles; he continued to write and finally decided to compile his military memoirs. The first volume of these is complete, and the second nearly so. The work gives details of his early history not previously known, and a graphic picture of life in Ohio before the war, when he went to West Point. His account of the Mexican War is also extremely interesting, as he was in every battle except Buena Vista, under both Scott and Taylor. The narrative of those campaigns as seen by a lieutenant who afterwards became the foremost soldier of his time is said by those who have seen it to be fascinating, even to unmilitary readers, while the sketches of the great generals in both Northern and Southern armies whom he knew as subalterns is something the like of which has never been written by such an author in all history.

STRENGTHENED BY TIME.

BY RUTH HALL.

When she was five this, love of mine,
I sent to her a valentine—
A frail and fair lace-paper sheet,
Which bore the legend short and sweet:
"With golden hair and eyes of blue,
The prettiest girl I know is you!"
She liked the poem, and, to show it,
She kissed the blushing little poet.

At fifteen, this dear love of mine
I sent another valentine—
A casket whose silk-covered lid
A nest of dainty bonbons hid.
Where lay a card this to repeat, "Sweets to
the Sweet!"
And I her gratitude could see
When she gave equal shares to me.

To twenty grown, this love of mine,
I sent her one more valentine—
A box whose cushioned service might
Throw out a jewel's starry light.
"This, dear to you, and you to me,"
A scrap of paper read; and she,
To thank me for the sparkling thing,
Gave me the hand that wore the ring.

CONTESTING EVERY INCH.

BY EZEKIEL WINTHROP.

I had engaged with the American Fur Company for the spring hunt, they paying me five hundred dollars.

We struck out for the Blackfeet country, as we numbered nearly two hundred mountain men, and felt able to handle the entire tribe should they offer to molest us.

We kept on until we came to Sheephorn Mountain, but finding it impassable on account of the deep snow drifts, we changed our course, striking over to the Pont Neuf, trapping down it to its junction with the Snake River.

At this point our trouble with the redskins began.

We met a strong party of Blackfeet; but evidently they didn't like our looks, for they made the signal of peace, and after a short palaver, a few of the "big bucks" were allowed to enter our camp.

As you may guess, we kept a close guard over our animals, on the alert for an attempt at a stampede.

Yet, despite our vigilance, some half a dozen young Indians, who had never struck a human foe, and who, because they have a name to win, are ever more to be dreaded than the old, experienced warriors, managed to creep through our lines, and each one mounting a horse, attempted to stampede the rest by dashing through their middle, yelling like fiends and waving their blankets and robes.

But our forethought in side-hobbling the animals saved them.

I don't believe, now, that the leading Blackfeet had anything to do with this attempt to dismount us, or the stampede would have been better supported; but we did think so then, and as somebody yelled out to shoot down the Indians, the chief and his more prominent braves, who had remained in our camp, fell dead, riddled with bullets, and to this fact we probably owed what followed.

If it was a crime, we paid dearly enough for it, I assure you.

The Blackfeet retreated, and we retraced our steps up the Pont Neuf, crossing Sheep Mountain without much difficulty, the snow drifts having melted.

We trapped along Bear River, stopping for a time on Sage, and some other good-sized streams, on our way to Weaver Lake, where we were to rendezvous with another party, led by one Lublette.

From Weaver Lake we were all going to Fort Union, to fit out for a winter season on the Yellowstone headquarters.

One day, a little after sunrise, as we passed through a defile out into open ground, we heard singing and shouting on the left and rear.

Looking around, we saw a very large body of mounted Indians, at least five hundred in number.

It only needed a second glance to tell us that they were Blackfeet.

We mounted our sick upon pack animals, sent them on ahead to gain a patch of thick-growing willows, some ten miles away, while we formed ourselves to hold the Blackfeet in check.

One fact aided us: it was impossible for the Indians to surround us.

Upon one hand we had a lake, upon the other a long, rugged mountain that a goat could scarcely scale.

Still, by forcing us to retreat, the Indians knew we would eventually be driven into the open ground, where they could master us as they do a herd of buffaloes, by hemming us in on every side.

The varmints kept charging on, taking matters easy, though barely coming within rifle-shot.

As we had plenty of ammunition, we bowled a few of them over at long range every charge they made, when they would halt, and allow us to retreat a few hundred yards.

As they had but few rifles, and those rendered almost useless by rust and hard usage, we were not injured, and only for the folly of one man—old Bob Burns, the most inveterate Indian hater I ever knew—we would have passed through the valley without losing a single life.

He was always the hindmost one of our party, sometimes fully fifty yards closer to the Blackfeet than any other trapper, loading and firing rapidly, yet with a coolness that brought down a brave with each bullet.

At last three Blackfeet darted forward, choosing a moment when Burns was nearest them, and his rifle empty.

The old fellow never flinched, but sat his horse, coolly drawing his pistols.

He picked off the first two, though while doing so they slipped half a dozen arrows into his body.

I saw his danger, and calling for help to rescue him, darted forward at top speed, the front guard of the Blackfeet doing the same.

But we were too late to save Burns.

He felt that he had received his death blow from the arrow that quivered deep in his left breast, and charging upon the third Blackfoot, uttered his wild war cry—

"Owgh—owgh-gh-h!"

The Blackfoot gave him an arrow that passed clear through his throat, dropping to the ground behind him, but old Bob made his "coup" in spite of this.

He grappled with the redskin and plunged his knife into his heart, both falling from the saddle together.

Seeing that poor Burns was wiped out, we retreated, closely followed by the redskins, who, however, were checked by a volley from our comrades.

We held the mouth of the pass for some time, until we could see that our sick had gained the willows, and then, riding in a compact body, we followed upon their trail.

As we had foreseen, no sooner were the Blackfeet clear of the narrow valley than they gave the word to their animals, and endeavored to surround us.

We rode on steadily, keeping those in our rear and those upon both sides at a respectful distance, while watching the braves sent ahead to cut off our further retreat.

"Now!" yelled Fitzpatrick, all at once darting forward.

The Blackfeet had nearly completed their "surround," when our leader gave the signal we had been looking for so long.

It was a beautiful, superb charge.

Our rifles, though loaded, rested across our thighs, while, guiding our animals with our knees, each hand clasped a pistol.

The redskins met our rush boldly enough, no doubt believing they could stay us until their friends could come up, when, pressed upon from all sides, we must go under.

Their first flight of arrows emptied two saddles and wounded a dozen more of our number. But before they could let fly another, we were upon them, and our pistols began to speak.

We cut our way through the Blackfeet, and then taking our rifles, delivered a cool volley into those nearest us with such good effect that they halted in momentary dismay, falling back beyond range. And taking advantage of this, we put on steam and gained the willows where our sick men and pack animals were awaiting us.

There isn't time to tell all about our fight at the willows, and there it was the same from first to last, almost; a succession of charges and repulses, ruses and stratagems, by which the Blackfeet sought to drive us from cover; but we were smart enough to see and hold our advantage.

When I tell you that we fought them for the rest of that day and all night, you can fill out the picture to suit yourself.

Matters began to look gloomy enough the next day.

Our ammunition was getting low, and now a dozen of our men had been killed.

"Hurrah!" suddenly cried out Fitzpatrick, pointing over the tops of the willows. "Lublette, by Heaven!"

We saw three columns of black smoke reaching high up toward the heavens, and recognized the signal agreed upon between us, by which a junction was to be effected.

Fitzpatrick called for volunteers to carry the news to Lublette, and though it would be almost certain death, twenty men stepped forward. Out of these two were chosen, Job Griffin and Ned Wenemick. They mounted the best animals in the camp, and burst through the willows. The Blackfeet seemed to divine their object, and started after them. Griffin was butchered ere he had run half a mile, but Wenemick passed safely through, and informed Lublette of our fix.

Meantime, the Blackfeet had charged on desperately, hoping to overcome us before aid arrived, but they were foiled, though our loss was severe. They fled in hot haste as Lublette and his men came over, carrying with them the most of their dead. It was a dear fight to us. We lost twenty-three good men, who never saw the Eastern settlements again.

THE HEAVY VILLAIN.

It speaks well for an actor when his audience loses all consciousness, for the time being, of his own personality, and sees him only in the character of his assumed part. This is often the case with an audience of simple and less cultivated people, whose sympathies are more acute and less under the control developed by a higher culture. We have often seen audiences applaud vociferously, after the curtain's fall, for the reappearance of the actors, immediately changing applause to the most intense hissing when the heavy villain appeared in his turn. This intimidating salute he meets cheerfully, knowing it to be the heartiest and sincerest applause possible. A scene of this sort in Virginia City, Nev., recently, recalled to the editor of the *Enterprise* a still more pronounced demonstration. He says: "It reminded old residents of the first theatrical performance ever given in Virginia City. Most of the miners had not seen a play for a score of years, and when the Johnstone troupe opened in "Othello" the house presented a packed mass of red shirts. The then little famous Edwin Booth was the Iago, and so faithfully did he portray the traitorous friend that the audience lost control of itself, and, in the second act, began shooting at the fell conspirator. One shot struck Othello's sword hilt, and all hands had to lie down on the stage and roll into the wings. The indignant miners were finally quieted, and the play proceeded with, but the final denouement was so taken to heart by the spectators that Booth remained in the theatre all night for fear of the vigilantes, who talked seriously of lynching the 'cold blooded cuss' offhand."

AN ANIMALCULE AND AN ANECDOTE.

Men have made strange pets in their time. A certain gentleman keeps some of the strangest in the form of a few of the infusoria called "wheel animalcules." These rotifers have some curious qualities, among which is that of suspending animation for an inadequate period without ceasing to live. Colonies of rotifers may be "desiccated," and rendered apparently lifeless; and in this condition they may be kept for months and years, and possibly centuries. A single drop of water will restore them to life, and the wheel-bearers will instantly resume their functional activity "precisely at the point where it was so rudely broken off." This reminds us of a story, often repeated, though possibly not capable of standing the strictest investigation. A British sailor at the battle of the Nile, at a moment when the officer of the watch said to him: "Do you make out the flagship on the port or starboard bow, Bill?" was struck by a bullet in the head. For fifteen months that sailor remained insensible, but not dead, with a ball in the skull, which could not be extracted. In the fulness of time he was taken to Greenwich Hospital and trepanned, when the foreign body was removed from the neighborhood of his brain. Then he rubbed his eyes, and said instantly: "Just off the starboard bow, sir."

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS
PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

G. H. B., Tivoli. "The Young Adventurers" was begun in No. 115.

F. A. L., Williamsburgh N. Y. The population of New York City is about 1,500,000.

F. G. C., Spencerville, Ind. An application of buttermilk is said to diminish tan and freckles.

P. L. H., Weldon, N. C. There are about 16,000 medical students in this country and 134 medical colleges.

H. A. L., Jonesville, Mich. The Pampas grass is from four to fifteen feet high. It is closely related to the common reed.

F. H. C., The finest specimens of emeralds come from Bogota, S A. In former days they were found in Peru and Mexico, also in India.

D. S. D., Thorntown, Ind. To permantly preserve flowers in their natural form and color, dip them into clear gum water and allow them to drain.

R. J. McM., Croghan, N. Y. It depends. The Philadelphia mint has been coining as much as a ton of silver a day, $5,000 worth of five cent nickel coins and three-quarters of a ton of pennies.

D. T. M. Oswego, Kans. Samuel Lover, who was, as you say, a rollicking writer, was born 1797, died 1868. He visited this country in 1847. His "Life and Unpublished Works" have been edited by Boyle Bernard.

G. B. M., Marysville, Mo. In our reply to your question about the Siamese Twins, in No. 117, we made a palpable error as to their age. They were born in 1811, and died in 1874, making them sixty-three years of age.

H. J. T., Ada, Minn. The proper position in which to sleep is on the left side. It has been found that the side one sleeps on has everything to do with the pleasantness of dreams, the above position favoring intelligent dreams.

M. J. S., Port Chester, N. Y. The average length of a man's life, according to recent statistics, is 43.9 years; of a woman's, 45.2. The averages have increased five per cent. in the last thirty years, due to a higher civilization, and improved sanitary methods.

T. M. G., Guide rock, Nebr. Land's End is merely a headland, the westermost point of England. Consult your geography. It may not tell you, however, of a natural curiosity found there, in the form of large stones, so poised that they may easily be made to rock.

S. C. B., Midway, Ala. Platinum is one of the most valuable metals. It is used for crucibles, and other apparatus, which must come in contact with, and resist the action of, intense heat. Platinum is not affected by the hottest fires of the forge. It comes mostly from Russia.

B. F. W., S. Lyon, Mich. Before the printing press was invented, illuminated, or hand-made and decorated books were the only ones. They were handsomely bordered, bordered and illustrated, on parchment, expensively bound in satin, often with gold nails and clasps, and cost, often, as much $150.

G. W. F., Osceola Mills, Pa. To properly care for your watch, have it oiled once a year and cleaned every two or three years. Wind it in the morning rather than at night, as the effect of a decreased temperature at night on the tightly wound spring is liable to be a break. It does not injure the watch to turn the hands backward.

L. G S., Williamson, N. Y. During early times, uncivilized people used a sort of large bodkin of bone or ivory, for a needle. More cultivated nations used a finer needle, made of bronze or other metal. The fine needles originated in Spain, and the secret of their manufacture was generally unknown. Even these "fine" needles could in no way approach those of the present day for slenderness. Our needles pass through the hands of one hundred workmen, before finished.

PUZZLEDOM No. 119

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

Original contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apart from all other communications. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," The Golden Argosy, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 114.

No. 1.

MELADAS
EMELINE
LENIENT
ALISTON
DIETINE
ANNONAS
SETNESS

No. 2.

BARTRAM
ASARONE
RADIISTS
TRIASES
ROSSINI
ANTENNA
MESSIAD

No. 3 Penmanship.

No. 4. True-love knot.

No. 5.

POSTCAPTAIN
OPERATIONS
SEBESTENS
TRENTALS
CASTORS
ATTARS
PIELS
TONS
ANS
IS
N

No. 6.

OVERSTORIES
VENENATING
ENGLISHES
RELAPSED
SNIPPER
TASSES
ETHER
PIER
POD
EN
D

No. 7. Snow-ball. No. 8. It never rains but it pours.

No. 9.

MEGALOPOLISOLICITUDES
MENOPOMESARACARACOLED
REDREDAMESAMPEN
TUNERELADESERES
SEROBORATESUS
RECUPERATES
HOROLOGER
PELICAN
SACKS
RS
T

No. 10. Thoughtless.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 114 were correctly solved by Jarep, Jo, Mullins, Tancred, The General, Maud Lynn, Typo, A Solver, Tantrums, Pearl, Boston Boy, Mack, Jason, Morning Star, Egor, Jay Eye See, Cobb Webb, Lit. C., Evening Star, Bolls, Madcap and Myself, Odontoid, La Salle, Bopeep, May B., Dreadnaught, Dauntless, Intrepid, Florence, Andox, Geoval, Tranza, Damon, Doc. Jr., Navajo, Beech Nut, Bub, Adonis, G. U. N., Romeo, Barnyard, Jason, Aspiro, F. Aitchell, and Iron Mask. Total, 45.

Complete lists—Jarep, Jo. Mullins, Tancred, and The General. The first three win

Special Prizes Awarded—No. 2, Boston Boy; No. 8, Typo; No. 9. Maud Lynn; No. 10 Florence.

Contributions Accepted.

Juniper, 1 Charade; Nyas, 5 Charades; Navajo, 1 D. L. Enigma; Iron Mask, 2 Charades; St. Elmo, 1 T. L. Enigma, 1 Acrostical D. L. Enigma; Aspiro, 1 Charade; The General, 2 Diamonds.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. Anagram.

Opt the main human fate,
Worthy son gone unto Christ.
He the "Roman Fabius" wary;
Of his prowess ever chary:
First in peace and first in war;
Made of the senate his heroes are;
Fit memorial to his fame;
This does honor to his name.

Washington, D. C. Mack.

No. 2. Square.

1. One of the imperial divinities; 2. To constitute; 3. To vindicate; 4. One who amends; 5. An earring; 6. Wit (*Obs.*); 7. Started (*Obs.*).

New York City, N. Y. Jason.

No. 3. Charade.

(To "Nyas.")

A piece of fine property *first*—
(A word often used in the plural),
Perhaps it's a wood or a hurst;
Or a rollercoaster link intermural;
Perhaps it's your *last* in the hall
Of which, after breakfast (you glutton!)
You kiss your young wife, and say "*All!*
For dinner have corn and roast mutton."

Baltimore, Md. Maud Lynn.

No. 4. Square.

(The Latest Style.)

1. Ancient name of a lake of Asia; 2. A certain fowl; 3. Orthodox Mohammedans, 4 Italian Savant—1749—1830; 5. Starves (*Obs.*); 6. Seed planters; 7. Ancient name of a lake of Asia.

N. Y. City. Jarep.

No. 5. Anagram.

Stiff on grim leader;
A skilful pleader
Defies dissent.
Thy brain so massive
Makes foes first passive
And then content.
Thy shifts so fertile
Are worthy Kirtle
Of plaid, so deep
Thy plans. In vigor
Thy name and figure
May fortune keep.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Byrnerc.

No. 6. Half Square.

1. Styptic (*Med.*); 2. Very sweet and pleasant; 3. One who dwells on a border of a country; 4. Set up, as sheaves of grain; 5. Conferred; 6. To declare (*Obs.*); 7. To afford; 8. A cloth of India; 9. Surrounded by; 10. A letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Pearl.

No. 7. Numerical.

Oh, hard to shut the door will be
When it begins to 1 2 3.
The Turk finds life no more a bore
If he becomes a 2 3 4.
We would be rich and greatly thrive
Did we not pay for 3 4 5.
To bend, incline or lean we see
Can soon be found in 5 4 3.
To his dear love he said adieu—
He was a Turkish 4 3 2.
It strives to take the place of sun
But often fails, this 3 2 1.
These Scandinavian legends I've
Discovered are the 1 to 5.

Newburgh, N. Y. Beech Nut.

No. 8. Half Square.

1. Pertaining to an engine used by the ancient Greeks and Romans; 2. Escape (*Barre.*); 3. In the same place; 4. The faces of the piers of an arch; 5. A speech or discourse (*Cant.*); 6. A light, colorless, inflammable liquid; 7. Fictions; 8. A rocky pinnacle (*Sup.*); 9. Surrounded by; 10. A letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Tantrums.

No. 9. Charade.

Jehosaphat was sitting
Beside a blazing fire;
Mehitable was knitting
Some mittens for her sire.
"I *first* you'd stop that knitting
Jehosaphat averred:
"The needle's ceaseless flitting
Is perfectly absurd.
"Between the fleecy stitches
You scarce can speak a word,
In a maiden with your riches
Such conduct is absurd.
"Come: Let us break this *total*,
Do lay your work aside,
And, waxing anecdotal,
Pegasus I will ride."
"The *last*, sir, of contention,"
Mehitable replied,
"Will surely cause dissension
If you my work deride.
"And lest you grow presuming,
These mittens, I declare,
I knit in haste, assuming,
That *you will need a pair*."

Canton Ill. Tranza.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first *complete* list of solutions, The Golden Argosy six months. For the two best *incomplete* lists, three months' each.

Special Prizes to Typos. For first solutions to numbers 1, 4, 7 and 8, 25c. each.

CHAT.

Through the courtesy of a friend we have at last seen O. P. C. of Jan. 22d, and even at this late day we cannot forbear a word of comment. In his voluminous *Mystic Medley* Simon Ease says: "Rochelle deplores the fact that the officers of the E. P. L were not elected according to his vote." Here is what we said in the issue of Golden Argosy of Jan. 17th, which must be the one to which Simon alludes, as it is the only issue in which we have mentioned the matter: "We think the board of officers a very good one, and hope the committee on the constitution will correct all of its weaknesses, of which there are several." As the proxies were not thrown out and the election was a fair one, we have no fault to find with the result, although it was not in all respects as we wished and voted. Adonis is a puzzle editor of fine ability. We hope that under his management the official organ will be excellent." Comment is unnecessary. We can safely leave our readers to judge whether we "deplored the result," or whether Simon has been romancing. He also alludes to our proxy vote and virtually asserts that the New Jersey and Philadelphia delegations combined against the New York one. We should have had to be another fiction, for Sigmund, as far South as New Orleans, was recognized and made second vice president, while Washington—farther south than Baltimore—was chosen as the place of next regular meeting. Perchance Simon voted against this, but he certainly did not effect any such combination as he alludes to. Our proxy vote, although written by another hand, was *our own free act*, accepted by the league as being a lawful vote, and counted with the others, and although it seems to have had a bad moral effect upon Simon, we hope it did not so act upon the rest of the boys.

Rochelle.