

SWEET HOME.

BY MARGARET E. SAUGSTER.

Be the home where it may, on the hill, in the valley.
Homed in by the winds that the poplars town.
Set fair where the corn lifts its plumes to the rally.
Or perched on the slope, where the torrent rolls
down.

THE YOUNG CANVASSER.

BY FRED. F. FOSTER.

GREATLY as such an event is to be, commonly is, deplored, the suicide of Walter Allen—an idle, dissipated young man—was, by the people of Brandon—the village where he had always lived—considered a blessing rather than a cause for mourning to the entire community; particularly to the wife, whom he had so shamefully abused, and the infant son, for whom he had never manifested any love.

Thenceforth, Mrs. Allen devoted her every thought to the welfare of her fatherless boy. Extremely destitute, she, with an innate pride, refused all offers of assistance from her kindly neighbors, and, to provide herself and Ernest with the necessities of life, did whatever she could find to do, no matter how disagreeable or laborious.

As he grew up, Ernest fully appreciated his mother's loving endeavors in his behalf, and, though delicately constituted, in all possible ways sought to lighten her burdens, his efforts being the more pleasing to her because they never had to be solicited and were always cheerfully made.

One winter evening, in his fifteenth year, he sat looking over certain numbers of the Argosy, to which he had subscribed with money earned by doing errands, when his attention was arrested by a long-drawn sigh from his mother, sewing near him. Glancing into her face, he noticed the look of weariness there visible, and, seeing it, the tears sprang to his eyes.

"What is too bad?" she inquired, thinking it possible that he had been reading something that called forth the exclamation.
"For you to work so hard."
"That's it;" and her countenance lighted up with a smile.

"Yes, that's it, exactly. I am now having a vacation which will last three weeks longer, and I am going to earn something during the time."
"I thought you wanted to study and get ahead of your class-mates, so that at the beginning of the next term you might be promoted."
"I do; but I can accomplish that by studying evenings."
"You will not feel in the mood for studying in the evening after working through the day."
"I presume you do not feel much like working in the evening after working all day, but you do!" he laughed.

"The argument was unanswerable; she asked:
'Have you thought of anything that you will do?'
'Some hobbin-boys are wanted in the mill, and I think I can get a place as one. The work is not very hard, and I shall get forty cents a day.'
'If you wish to try it, I shall offer no objections, though perhaps it would be as well for you to remain at home, studying and helping me.'
'Of course I shall do the chores for you, as usual.'
Mrs. Allen said no more, but, continuing:
'What a good boy he is!' kept flitting through his mind.
Presently, in great glee, he ejaculated:
'I will do it.'
His mother looked at him inquiringly.
'Instead of working in the mill, I am going to solicit subscriptions for the Argosy. See,' passing her the issue of Dec. 20, 1884.
'Yes,' she returned, her eyes resting upon the head-line: 'Premiums and Presents,' of the first column.
'There is a cash commission of fifty cents for each subscriber," said Ernest. "It seems to me I can obtain one subscriber a day, easily; and that will pay as well as ten hours' work in the mill."
'My dear, I should be sorry to discourage you from any undertaking so honorable as that which you propose; but you will be disappointed, expecting to secure, easily, one subscriber a day. Most people take as many papers as they care for, or can afford."
'I know," he replied slowly; "but many people in this village, who can amply afford it, do not take any paper."
"That is true."
'And you know ever so many boys borrow my Argosy, sometimes coming for it before I have read it; boys who are better able to take it than I am."
'Yes."
'That proves that it is liked."
'You will find, as you grow older, that a large class of people like anything which they

can have without cost to themselves, and especially in this case with paper-borrowers. I trust you will always be accommodating, even if you have to make sacrifices for the good of others; but I must confess that I have felt annoyed when some one has called for your paper who has plenty of money and does not think of taking the paper and paying for it."
"Such folks ought to subscribe for the Argosy."
"For that or any paper which they enjoy reading at the expense of somebody else."
"I think they will, when I ask them to. The publisher says," reading aloud from the paper which his mother had passed back to him, "send us five two-cent stamps, and we will send you a package of Argosies to be used as specimens, and I am going to do so," and he wrote a brief note, enclosing the specified sum.

Three days later the package reached him, and he at once set out on his canvassing tour.
Knowing the influence that the names of a few prominent citizens at the head of his list would have, he made his first call on the fore-

"Of what does it treat?"
"It contains stories and sketches, finely illustrated, as you see, and special departments of interest to every one."
"I never approved of stories. They create false impressions, and do harm in many ways."
"The stories in this paper are by the best authors, and are of a high moral character."
"it would be better if folks spent less time in reading stories and more in studying what would be of use to them. Where do you suppose I should be, if I had wasted my younger days over such trash?"
Mr. Grosvenor took pride in the success which had crowned his efforts, and with reverence, for his parents were paupers and his birth-place a poor-house. And he frequently referred to it, indirectly—as in his question—leading those not thoroughly acquainted with him to imagine that he was terribly conceited—by no means the case.

"You are mistaken if you think there is any trash in this paper," and the boy's cheeks reddened, his eyes flashed as he spoke. "If there were, I would never try to get subscribers for it."
That evening he familiarized himself with the contents of those copies of the paper that were to be used as "specimens," in order to more clearly and forcibly present the character of THE ARGOSY. One needs always to thoroughly understand anything or subject before he can deal with it successfully.



"IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ERNEST YOU WOULD BE DEAD."

most man in Brandon, a Mr. Grosvenor, who owned the great mill where hundreds were employed, where so much work was done that wheels and spindles were busy night and day. Entering the counting-room, he found Mr. Grosvenor—a man somewhat past the middle age—alone and engaged in writing.

"Good morning, Ernest," he said, pleasantly. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"
"I called to see if you would like to subscribe for a paper," responded Ernest, passing him an Argosy.
"Subscribe for a paper?" repeated Mr. Grosvenor; "I do not think I need another, as I already take more than I have time to read." Then, noticing the name of the one in his hand, he said: "The Golden Argosy. Any thing that concerns gold is usually interesting, as gold or money in some form is what most people desire. Does this paper tell how one may become rich?"
"Oh, no!" returned Ernest, in confusion. "What is the meaning of Argosy? You know I am not educated like yourself," delicately complimenting Ernest's reputation as a scholar.
"it means a large ship; and a golden argosy would signify a ship that conveyed a valuable cargo. This paper was named as it is, because it was to be filled with valuable matter."

"I am rather surprised that one of your intelligence and ability should be canvassing for a paper—a class of work that it has seemed to me, only those engaged in who were fit for nothing else."
"I see no reason why it is not as respectable to solicit subscriptions for a paper, as to do anything else. You sell your goods through agents, do you not?"
"That is different. The goods that I manufacture are necessary to comfort and health."
"Papers like this are necessary to mental improvement; and I think the mind should be attended to as well as the body."
"So it should," replied Mr. Grosvenor, thoughtfully and candidly.
"I did not suppose you would especially care for THE ARGOSY, as it is intended for younger readers, though it contains much that is calculated to interest and instruct adults. I did not know but your little girl might like it, and would be pleased to have you keep the copy you have in your hand and show her, if you will."
"Your little girl?"
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"I should prefer to have you put it down."
"Very well," and, having given Ernest a paper previously prepared as a "subscription paper," he wrote "John Grosvenor" in a scraggly hand, remarking as he did so, "I see that I am your first subscriber."
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much injured. Ernest was pushed in such a way that the cow-catcher struck him and rendered him insensible, in which condition he remained when Mrs. Grosvenor reached him. He was carried to the house by two men who had witnessed the whole affair, but at a distance which prevented their doing anything to avert the fate which the girl seemed destined to; one of whom Mrs. Grosvenor reached him while the other went for Mr. Grosvenor.

After a careful examination, the physician said:

"He has several bad cuts about his head, and his left arm is broken above the elbow; nothing dangerous, though he will need watchful treatment for some time."

"And he shall have it," responded Mr. Grosvenor. "Everything that money can provide shall be his."

"What will your mother do when she hears what has happened?" was the boy's first question on regaining his consciousness.

"I will go and break the news to her gently," Ernest, replied Mr. Grosvenor. "Confound it, but the matter must be settled. Why didn't you go at once? Some person may inform her who will frighten her almost to death."

He did not go far, however; for in the next room he met Mrs. Allen, her face as white as marble, her hands trembling in gasps, and trembling in every limb.

"Is my son dead?" she managed to articulate in an anguished tone.

"By no means," said Mr. Grosvenor, with a forced cheerfulness, in contrast to the terrible tidings his eyes. "The worst that has befallen him is a broken arm—had enough, but not so bad as you have imagined."

"I want to see him," she sobbed.

"Certainly; come with me."

They entered the room where Ernest lay, in evident pain, though no moan escaped his lips. His mother rushed to him, put her arms around his neck, kissed him again and again, and exclaimed:

"Thank God, my life was spared."

"Be quiet, mother," he returned, kissing her; "I am not very much hurt, you see. Please sit and hold my right hand while the doctor sets my arm;" and she did as requested.

A few hours later, Mr. Grosvenor saw Mamie standing in an arm-chair before a mirror, and heard her say:

"If it hadn't been for Ernest, you would be dead. He is a good boy, and I hope papa will give him some money for his poor, and his manna has to work awful hard."

"Yes, dear; papa will give him some money," and Mr. Grosvenor drew near his little girl.

"Oh, papa! did you hear me?" she inquired with a start, jumping from the chair into his arms.

"I heard your last words."

"And you'll give him some money?"

"How much?"

"As much as you wish me to."

"A thousand dollars? Am I worth that?"

"Think you are," his voice quivering so that he could hardly speak as he hugged her to his breast.

For somewhat more than a week, Ernest and his mother remained at the Grosvenors'; where no effort was spared to make both of them comfortable as thoroughly as home. Then one afternoon the physician said that Ernest could be moved without any dangerous result to himself, and arrangements were made by them to return to their home in the morning.

That evening Mr. Grosvenor said to Mrs. Allen:

"I believe you do not own the house which you occupy."

"Do not," was the reply; "I pay forty dollars a year rent for it, and you do not wish to do that; but I have a cottage only a short distance away that is without a tenant, and I should be pleased to have you occupy it, rent free, for as long time as you choose. There is an acre of land in excellent condition, on which your son may enjoy working during his leisure hours; from which can be gathered all the farm-produce that you will need. What do you say to my proposal?"

"You are very kind and I thank you, but—"

"Now I do not wish you to imagine the offer is made as compensation for the service which Ernest rendered me," Mr. Grosvenor interrupted. "To require that all my worldly possessions should be needed, that you choose, you may consider it a slight evidence of my gratitude; though your acceptance of it will greatly please me, because it will enable Mamie to see Ernest more frequently than she otherwise can. You perceive that I am partly influenced by selfish motives," smiling.

"Then," began Mrs. Allen hesitatingly, to be again interrupted by Mr. Grosvenor who remarked:

"You will accept, I am glad. My cottage is ready for immediate occupancy, and I will send men and teams in the morning to remove your goods, so that you can go there from here directly," and he left the room before Mrs. Allen had an opportunity to make reply.

So soon as his physician deemed it advisable, Ernest went to school, to find himself a veritable hero in the eyes of his mates, who surrounded him from his home, with the story of the accident, familiar as they were with its details.

"No other boy in town would dare to do as you did," was the universal comment when told of his misadventure, and admiration of the exploit evident in their tones.

"Perhaps I should not have done it had I stopped to think," he replied, modestly.

One evening, Mamie Grosvenor, followed by her father, called on Mrs. Ernest, sitting reading aloud to his mother. Going to the boy, she extended a package to him, saying:

"Ernest, please accept this as a present from me."

Mrs. Allen passed the visitors chairs, while Ernest opened the package to find—ten crisp one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Oh! I can't keep it," he replied, blushing.

"If you don't, I shall feel real bad, shan't I, papa?" observed Mamie.

"Yes, dear, you will," returned Mr. Grosvenor, adding, "As I told your mother, Ernest, with reference to this cottage, it is for your father, and you will not be able to do that thorough education which it is your aim to secure. Your refusal to retain it will deeply grieve my little girl, as it is the amount that she desired you to have—a gift from her, and not from me."

When Mr. Grosvenor and Mamie had from the cottage, the package remained on Mrs. Allen's table.

A few good fortune comes from my canvassing for the *Argosy*," said Ernest; "for if I had not started to solicit subscriptions in Ashland, I should not have saved Mamie's life;" adding, after a moment, "and I am more pleased with having done that than with my present."

"I do not doubt it," replied Mrs. Allen. "While our good fortune directly comes from your canvassing, indirectly it is due to your desire to assist me, which led you to act as a canvasser; and for your tender, faithful love and devotion, I am more thankful than for anything else that the world can afford me."

Few who seek to aid a parent can expect to be rewarded as was Ernest; but who are inspired by a noble purpose, sooner or later reward of some kind, if nothing more than the happiness which results from a consciousness of doing the best one can.

THE CAMEL CORPUS.

As many Englishmen during the present expedition in the Soudan are beginning to learn, the camel is not a pleasant beast to ride. The novice, for the first time on a camel to ride, experiences a general feeling of uncertainty. In the event of a narrow distance to be traversed before the ground is reached, is felt to be great; and then, for some time, at least, the conviction is firmly entertained that, should the camel trot round to the left while the rider intended him to go to the right, it would not be possible for the latter to adapt his movements to those of the former in time to prevent a catastrophe. A question of frequent discussion is the kind of saddle to be adopted. The Camel Corps are accommodated with saddles on which the men sit astride as on horseback, and on these they soon feel much at home as possible on a camel's back. But, undoubtedly, the best form of saddle both for man and camel for a long journey, says the war-correspondent, is a daily contemporary of the Soudan, a pattern, on which the rider seats himself like a lady-equestrian, with rugs and blankets laid on the top and a prop behind to lean against. Long journeys on these may be accomplished with comparatively little fatigue—provided always that the camel is an easy one to ride. Camels vary very much in this respect. The job of a rider on a camel, if he has no unpleasant impression that a human being can be subjected to, while a smooth-going one will carry his rider at a gentle jog for hours, as easily for the rider almost as if he were seated in an arm chair. As may be understood, the vast majority of camels supplied to the troops belong to the former category and very rarely to the latter. The other day the correspondent heard a gentleman, who had ridden his animal for the first time, inquire how many fets he had at each leg of an ordinary caravan. He was told that he wished to quote whether his own was an extraordinary one or not. A blue-jacket at Wady Halfa admitted exceedingly a camel he rode, because he had pitched up on the saddle incessantly and caught dexterously as he descended, the camel had missed him only twice during the afternoon!

A BINGULAR CASE.

ONE of the most singular cases of vision on record is found in the ranks of our schools. The person of Belle Kinney, a little girl twelve years of age. She lately came from Kenton with her parents, and she afterwards returned home her teacher, Miss Ella Ely, discovered that she always read with her books upside down, and that while writing she invariably placed the copy in the same position and wrote it with the pen held in the left hand and with her left hand. Not knowing whether to attempt a correction of the habit the teacher sent for Dr. J. N. Hamilton, one of our prominent physicians and professors in the Board of Education, who tested her thoroughly with figures, pictures, reading and writing, and discovered that she was equally skillful with both hands in any position, although the child herself had never particularly noticed her peculiarity, but expressed a desire to use her books as others do. The doctor says it is the most remarkable case of the kind which he ever heard.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, from practical experience, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the

speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 145 Plover's Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Ado.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FORD TAKES A BOLD STEP, BUT FAILS.

"I wish to see Miss Stone," said Willis Ford to the servant.

"I'll tell her. What name shall I say?" "Never mind about the name! I wish to see her on business of importance."

"I don't like his looks," thought the maid. "Shure he talks as if he were the boss."

She told Miss Stone, however, that a gentleman wished to see her, who would not tell his name.

Miss Stone was in Herbert's chamber, and the boy—now nearly well, quite well, in fact, but for a feeling of languor and weakness—heard the message.

"What is he like?" he asked anxiously. "He's slender like, with black hair and a black moustache, and he talks like he was the master of the house."

"I think it is Willis Ford," said Herbert, turning pale.

"The man who abducted you?" ejaculated Miss Stone.

"Yes, the same man. Don't let him take me away!" implored Herbert.

"I wish my brother were here!" said Miss Stone anxiously.

"Won't he be here soon?" "I am afraid not. He has gone on a round of calls. Bridget, tell the young man I will be down directly."

Five minutes later Miss Stone descended, and found Willis Ford fuming with impatience.

"I am here, sir," she said coldly. "I understand you wish to see me."

"Yes, madam; you will answer me a few questions?" "Possibly. Let me hear what they are."

"You have a boy in this house, named Herbert Reynolds?"

"A boy who ran away from Mr. Joel Barton, with whom I placed him."

"What right had you to place him anywhere, Mr. Ford?" demanded the lady.

"That's my business! Permit me to say that it is no affair of yours."

"I judge differently. The boy is sick and under my charge."

"I am his natural guardian, madam!" "Who made you so, Mr. Ford?"

"I shall not argue that question. It is enough that I claim him as my cousin and ward."

"Your cousin?" "Certainly. That doubtless conflicts with what he has told you. He was always a liar."

"His story is that you beguiled him from his home in New York and brought him against his will to this part of the country."

"And you believe him?" sneered Ford. "I do."

"It matters little whether you do or not. He is my sister's child, and is under my charge. I thought fit to place him with Mr. Joel Barton, of Scipio, but the boy, who is flighty, was induced to run away with Barton's son, a lazy, shiftless fellow."

"Supposing this to be so, Mr. Ford, what is your objection in calling?" "To reclaim him. It does not suit me to leave him here."

"Ford's manner was so imperative that Miss Stone became alarmed.

"The boy is not fit to travel," she said. "Wait till my brother comes, and he will decide, being a physician, whether it is safe to have him go."

"Madam, this subterfuge will not avail," said Ford rudely. "I prefer to wait till your brother comes. I will not take the matter into my own hands."

He pressed forward to the door of the room, and before Miss Stone could prevent it, was on his way up stairs. She followed as rapidly as she could, but before she could reach him, Ford had dashed into the room where Herbert lay on the bed.

Herbert was stricken with terror when he saw the face of his enemy.

"I see you here," said Ford with an evil smile. "Get up at once, and prepare to go with me!"

"Leave me here, Mr. Ford! I can't go with you, indeed I can't," said Herbert.

"We'll see about that," said Ford. "I give you five minutes to rise and put on your clothes. If you don't obey me I will drag you."

Looking into his cruel face, Herbert felt that he had no other resource. Trembling he slipped out of bed, and ran to put on his clothes. He felt helpless, but help was nearer than he dreamed.

"Mr. Ford, I protest against this high-handed proceeding!" exclaimed Miss Stone indignantly, as she appeared at the door of

the chamber. "What right have you to go over my house without permission?"

"It comes to that," sneered Ford. "What right have you to keep my ward from me?"

"I am not his ward," said Herbert, quickly. "The boy is a liar," exclaimed Ford harshly.

"Get back into bed, Herbert," said Miss Stone. "This man shall not take you away."

"Perhaps you will tell me how you are going to help it," retorted Ford with an evil smile.

"If my brother were here—"

"But your brother is not here, and if he were, I would not allow him to interfere between me and my cousin. Herbert, unless you continue dressing, I shall handle you roughly."

But sounds were heard upon the stairs, and Ford as well as Miss Stone turned their eyes to the door.

"The first to enter was Abner. "Oh, it's you, is it?" said Ford contemptuously.

He had thought it might be Dr. Stone, whom he was less inclined to face than he professed.

"Yes, it is. What are you doing here?" "It is none of your business, you cub! He's got to come with me. My aunt's bonds."

"Maybe you want me too?" "I wouldn't take you as a gift."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Abner. "Treckon you'd find me a tough customer. You won't take him either."

"Who is to prevent me?" "I will!" said a new voice, and Grant Thornton, who had fallen in with Abner outside, walked quietly into the room.

Willis Ford started back in dismay. Grant was the last person he expected to meet here. He had no idea that any one of the boy's home friends had tracked him this far. He felt that he was defeated, but he hated to acknowledge it.

"How are you going to prevent me, you young whippersnapper!" he said, glaring menacingly at Grant.

"Mr. Willis Ford, unless you leave this room and this town at once," said Grant, firmly. "I will have you arrested. There is a local officer here who I brought with me, suspecting your object in coming here."

"Oh, Grant, how glad I am to see you! Is papa with you?" exclaimed Herbert joyfully.

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"Thank God, I have recovered you, my dear son!" he exclaimed fervently.

"You must thank Grant, too, papa," said the little boy. "It was he who found me, and prevented Mr. Ford stealing me again."

Mr. Reynolds grasped Grant's hand and pressed it warmly.

"I shall know how to express my gratitude to Grant in due time," he said.

On their way home Grant revealed to Mr. Reynolds for the first time the treachery of the housekeeper, who had suppressed Herbert's letter to his father, and left the letter to mourn for his son when she might have relieved him of the burden of sorrow.

As Mr. Reynolds listened, his face became stern.

"That woman is a viper!" he said. "In my house she has enjoyed every comfort and ease of consideration, and in return she has dealt me this foul blow. She will have cause to regret it."

When they entered the house Mrs. Estabrook received them with false smiles.

"How you are back again, Master Herbert," she said. "A fine fight you gave us!"

"You speak as if Herbert went away of his own accord!" said the broker, sternly. "You probably know better."

"I know nothing, sir, about it."

"That is what you say, but it was your step-son, Willis Ford, who stole my boy—a noble revenge, truly, upon me for discharging him."

"I don't believe it, you said the housekeeper. I presume it is your office who makes this charge!" she added, pressing her thin lips together.

"There are others who are cognizant of it, Mrs. Estabrook. Grant succeeded in foiling Mr. Ford in his attempt to recover Herbert, and he ran away from his place of confinement."

"You are prejudiced against my son, Mr. Reynolds," said Mrs. Estabrook, her voice trembling with anger.

"Not more than a serious charge to bring against you."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the housekeeper, nervously.

"Why did you suppress the letter which my boy stole to me revealing his place of imprisonment?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she answered, baldly defiantly.

"I think you do."

"Did Master Herbert write such a letter?"

"Then it must have miscarried."

"On the contrary, the postman expressly declares that he delivered it at this house. I charge you with concealing or suppressing it."

"The charge is false. You can't prove it, sir."

"I shall not attempt to do so, but I am thoroughly convinced of it. After this act of treachery I cannot permit you to spend another night in my house. You will please pack at once, and arrange for a removal."

"I am entitled to a month's notice, Mr. Reynolds."

"You shall have a month's wages in lieu of it. I would as soon have a serpent in my house as you."

Mrs. Estabrook turned pale. She had never expected it would come to this. She thought no one would ever be able to trace the suppressed letter to her. She was not likely again to obtain so comfortable and desirable a position. Instead of attending to her ill fortune to her own malice and evil-doing she chose to attribute it to Grant.

"I am to thank you for this, Grant Thornton," she said, in sudden passion. "I was right in hating you as soon as I first saw you. If I could I am able I will pay you up for this."

"I don't doubt it, Mrs. Estabrook," said Grant, quietly. "but I don't think you will have it in your power."

"I don't desire to answer, but hurried out of the room. In half an hour she had left the house.

"Now I can breathe freely," said the broker. "That woman was so full of malice and spite that it made me uncomfortable to feel that she was in the house."

"I am so glad that she has gone, papa!" said Herbert.

"That evening, after Herbert had gone to bed, Mr. Reynolds invited Grant into his library."

"My boy," he said; "I have settled accounts with Mrs. Estabrook, now I want to settle with you."

"Not in the same way, I hope, sir," said Grant.

"Yes, in the same way, according to your deserts. You have done me a service, than which none can be greater. You have been instrumental in restoring to me my only son."

"I don't want any reward for that, sir."

"Perhaps not, but I owe it to myself to see that this service is acknowledged. I shall raise your salary to fifteen dollars a week."

"Thank you, sir," said Grant, joyfully. "How glad my mother will be!"

"When you tell her this, you may also tell her that I have deposited on your account in the Bowers Savings Bank, the sum of five thousand dollars."

"This is too much, Mr. Reynolds," said Grant, quite overwhelmed. "Why, I shall feel like a man of fortune."

"It will be in time, if you continue as faithful to business as in the past."

"It seems to me like a dream," murmured Grant.

"I will give you a week's leave of absence to visit your parents, and tell them of your good fortune."

(To be continued.)

THE CINNAMON VINE

And a very pretty climbing plant it is. Perfectly hardy, the stem dying every autumn, but growing again so rapidly in the spring as to completely cover any trellis or arbor very early in the season. It is easily cultivated as the Madeira Vine, and is produced from tubers which will make from ten to twelve feet of vine, and with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, bright green peculiar foliage, and clusters of delicate white flowers sending forth a delicious cinnamon odor, render it by far one of the most desirable climbers in cultivation. A tuber planted near a door or window, and the vine trained over and about it, will give you the same admiration of all. The tubers will stand our most severe winters without any protection, and when well grown will measure two feet in length, and they are fully equal to the best potatoes for eating, either baked or boiled. J. P. RING, Tyrone, Pa., says: "The vine has grown about eighteen feet and was very full of bloom, with a delicious odor, scenting the air for a long distance. The foliage is very much admired, and is withal, a desideratum in the way of vines." When first introduced here from Japan the tubers sold for ten dollars each. We learn that Frank Finch, of Clyde, N. Y., has had a specialty of this vine, and will send two tubers or tubers free to any of our readers who will send 35 cts. in stamps to cover cost of digging, putting up and mailing. We advise our readers to send to Mr. Finch and give this wonderful vine a trial, not forgetting to mention this paper.

WE WILL SELL YOU MARCH 1st, OUR \$9 GORGUINETTE \$5 WITH ROLL MUSIC! MAMMOTH CATALOGUE OF MACIO Musical, Electrical, etc. WONDERS, sent FREE. HARBACH ORGAN CO. PHILAD., PA. SUN TYPE WRITER #12, Practical Machine.

100 CARDS 100 Large, New Chromes, with your name in fancy grounds. Send at once. Don't miss this opportunity as they will not last long. 100 Cards \$1.00, and 500 CARDS \$4.00. ROLLED GOLD IN KING'S. Address ACME CARD CO., IVYTON, CONN.

FREE! FREE! Solid Gold Watches, Chains, Rings, and 1000 other beautiful jewelry. 30 Elegant Gold Leaf Embossed and Souvenir Cards with your name on them. 100 Cards \$1.00, and 500 CARDS \$4.00. ROLLED GOLD IN KING'S. Address ACME CARD CO., IVYTON, CONN.

40 Hidden Name and Embossed Perfume. Dr. J. M. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

RUPTURE. Offer no Presents. No Clubs, but EXTRA VALUE!

HOUSEKEEPERS. Having negotiated with the largest Tea Importing House of New York to the world's exclusive, we make special to any part of the U.S. on receipt of \$1.25 three pounds mixed Black Tea, or on receipt of \$1.00 one pound of the same quality. Postage free. Sample paid 30 cents.

POST CO. 21 Beekman St., N.Y.

ADAMSON'S VEGETABLE BLOOD AND MANDRAKE PILLS. The Best Cathartic for Family Use.

Twenty-five Cents a Box. Five Boxes for \$1.00. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

30 SUGAR COATED PILLS IN EACH BOX. Adamson's Vegetable Pills are made to meet a legitimate demand for a family physic that is perfectly safe and can be relied upon for the most delicate cases. It is a cathartic, and a weak stimulant, and in fact actually necessary for every one who has on hand a supply of some ready-to-hand family physic. The necessity which so often compels all to resort to medicine of this kind renders it the most important one in the medicine chest. A fever is often warranted off by the timely use of an efficient cathartic like Adamson's Vegetable Pills. A cold which might otherwise continue for days, is often annihilated in a single night by a dose of Adamson's Vegetable Pills. Adamson's Vegetable Pills are a mild, efficient cathartic, acting with certainty upon the liver, removing all obstructions from the alimentary canal and preventing all diseases arising from indigestion, constipation, or any other cause. CATARRH—Avoid all pills containing calomel, mercury, or any mineral substances, as they are liable to do harm. Adamson's Pills are a purely vegetable combination, and contain no calomel, mercury, or mineral substance of any kind. We believe they are the best family physic that can be made, and the one that is perfect in every respect, and that whenever used it will be with the happiest results. Try them and judge for yourself. F. W. KINSMAN & CO., Apothecaries, Proprietors, 343 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S RETRIBUTION.

THE train from Chicago had just reached the Grand Central Depot. From the parlor car descended two boys, who are well known to us, Grant Thornton and Herbert Reynolds. Herbert breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

"Oh, Grant," he said, "how glad I am to see New York once more! I wonder if papa knows we are to come by this train?"

The answer came speedily.

The broker, who had just espied them, hurried forward, and his lost boy was lifted to his embrace.

