

JUNIOR ARCADE

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A PARTING GIFT; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY GEO. H. COOMER.

"I wish I had something to give you, now that you are going away out West," said Johnny Thomas to Arthur Monroe. "I wish I had something to give you that you could keep to remember me by. And Johnny cast a glance about him as if hoping that it might finally rest upon that something.

The pigeons were cooing upon the barn roof, the pet bantams were scratching about the dooryard, and the old house cat with her three half-grown kittens lay asleep on the porch stoop. Johnny felt that he wished to make his friend a live present; but pigeons or bantams would be difficult of transportation, and a kitten would mew in the cars and people would laugh at the strange passenger.

"Oh, I know," he cried, "I know what you would like! One of Videle's little puppies—now, wouldn't you? And you shall have the prettiest one of the four—the one that you think is the prettiest."

"Oh, no," said Arthur, "not the prettiest; I know you would like to keep that one. I should be delighted with one of the others—any one of them." And his eager tone told how truly he spoke.

But Johnny would listen to no compromise of this kind, and it was settled that Arthur should have the one which they both thought the prettiest of the lot.

What a mere mite it was, and how soft and sponge-like. It did not feel as if it had any bones, and its coat was like that of a mole, which, as every one knows, is of nature's finest velvet. The little creature played with Arthur's fingers, and bit the cuffs of his jacket, and lapped him across the face, as he took it up.

Arthur anticipated the pleasure he would feel in the company of his little pet upon the long journey before him. What a small traveler, he thought, for so big a travel—what an atom against the background of the great West.

As the cars of the Union Pacific rattled on, he received from the passengers many a handsome offer for his playful prize, but twenty times the price of a through ticket would have been no temptation. He thought of Johnny and the dear old home in the East; and the little dog was a living remembrance of all that he had left behind.

Perhaps Otto, too, he mused, remembered the very basket from which he had so many times tumbled, and the very chickens that came into the out-house to make free with his bits of meat, only to run *cheeping* away as he went galloping towards them in his clumsy puppy manner.

The journey ended in California, where Arthur's parents had chosen their home in an extremely romantic spot.

As they were not, however, overstocked with money, they could afford to build no pretentious dwelling. They therefore erected one of a very primitive description, though really tasteful in its simplicity, and strongly in keeping with its surroundings.

The main portion, although low, was commodious, while a sort of Gothic roof gave the whole a very pleasant effect.

All about it were gigantic trees, among which the great California cedars appeared to possess a superiority as if they were born kings. In gazing up at their evergreen glory, one would be apt to recall the words of the haughty Richard:

"I was born so high,
Our eyes builded in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorps the sun."

A rustic fence, which looked as if Nature's self might have placed it there while resting from her heavier work, shut in the front of the rural home; and altogether this dwelling of man seemed so a portion of the forest and the sod that the deer and rabbit might almost have walked into it unaware.

Arthur found great enjoyment in his manner of life in the new country, for although one less imaginative might have pronounced it lonely, to him it had a freedom and freshness which more than offset any drawback of this kind.

When not at school, he was at liberty to

fish and hunt to his heart's content, as well as to set all manner of traps for the wild game so plentiful in the neighborhood.

Otto also was in his glory; for though no sportsman would have recognized him as a bird dog—though neither pointer nor setter in appearance—he still entered with true relish into all excitement of field and flood.

In his frequent letters to Johnny, Arthur was proud to recite the wonderful things which the little dog was capable of doing, and the surprising intelligence he manifested.

Once, all by his own unaided strategy, Otto had caught a wild turkey gobbler—a big, glossy fellow that weighed "nineteen pounds and an ounce." He had done it by hiding behind a log and waiting the approach of the flock, then springing suddenly and seizing the leader by the neck.

And, what was more remarkable than this,

great admirer of intelligence in the brute creation.

Once, while Arthur was going for the doctor, at a time when Mr. Monroe had chanced to be taken suddenly worse, Otto had run ahead of his master and aroused the physician by an eager scratching at his door.

"I will gif you one hunther dollar for him," said the good doctor.

"That is a big price," replied Arthur, "but I would not sell him for any price."

"Den it will be no use I offer you *teeo* hunther dollar?"

"No, sir; I would not sell him for a! California—he was given to me by a friend in the East to remember him by."

"Ah, I *sobe*—one present, all same."

"Yes, sir; and he is the best present I ever received."

Arthur respected the gray-haired doctor all the more for this sympathetic little episode,

foot, and the delicate coat of velvet often shaken with a kind of delight as the snow fell upon it from the laden trees.

It was as pleasant a winter scene as one can imagine. There was just snow enough to give an indistinctness to objects, and just sunshine enough to make a mellow glory.

Upon the front stoop, Arthur was surprised to find a young man desperately wounded and unconscious. Great was his grief upon finding the unfortunate youth to be no other than the only son of the good old Spanish physician.

Evidently young Mariano Parades, while out hunting, had been wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun. He had dragged himself thus far, but fainted on the stoop.

In a minute or two he revived, and Arthur, who had great strength for his years, assisted him into the house. Medical aid was necessary at once, but it would not yet answer to leave the wounded young hunter alone.

Arthur scratched a dozen words on a bit of paper and fastened the slip to Otto's collar.

"Otto, my good fellow," he said, "go for Doctor Parades. Hurry now with all your might!"

He opened the door and the dog was gone like a flash.

"Do you really think he will go to my father?" asked the young man faintly.

"Yes," replied Arthur, "you need not fear. Oh, I wish you could see how he runs! He is almost out of sight now. How he makes the snow fly! There, he is gone—I can't see him—he'll be there in no time!"

"How faint I am," said the patient; "a little more and I should have been done for. Do you think I shall live?"

"Yes," said Arthur; "I'm sure your father will soon be here, unless he should be away from home when Otto gets there; and then, too, I'm expecting my folks every minute. Only keep up courage, and you'll come out right."

In about an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe arrived, and almost at the same time came the doctor in his sleigh, driving at a gallop, with Otto on the seat beside him.

He found the case desperate but not hopeless; and his skill, stimulated by the intense anxiety he felt, soon placed the young man beyond any immediate danger.

Then the good old physician had time to talk of Otto.

"It is wonderful," he said, "He come scratch at my door and bark so loud. Den he pull at my pantaloons, like *zis*—just like *zis*" (and he suited the action to the word)—"and next he stand so still as one mouse, while I look to take off ze paper from his collar."

Arthur was in ecstasies.

"He save my boy, I feel sure," continued the physician—"he and you dot have send him. I gif you five hunther dollar—but so; you keep. I unstan' your feeling. You keep you leetle dog—but if you ever sell, I gif you de five hunther."

But Arthur did not sell. He wrote Johnny a circumstantial account of the incident, and Johnny's black eyes brightened and moistened as he read it.

Mariano Parades recovered after much suffering, and is now one of the most prominent physicians in Sacramento.

The old doctor died two years after the accident to his son, leaving an estate valued at a hundred thousand dollars.

Ten thousand he bequeathed in his eccentric way to Arthur and Otto, with full power in the boy to make such disposal of the little dog's part as to him should seem best. In short appointing him Otto's trustee and guardian.

Arthur also is now a physician, like his friend Mariano, and as to Otto, he is still living, although advanced to a venerable age.

So the parting gift of Johnny Thomas to his young school-mate proved one of inestimable value. As to Johnny himself, his success in life is worthy of his feeling heart and his natural energy.

Be studious in youth; for with age the appreciation of the blessing of knowledge comes, and the opportunities depart. There is an age when study becomes a pleasure, but then the momentous affairs of life demand the time, and the consciousness ignorance of awakes.



"IT WAS AS PLEASANT A WINTER SCENE AS ONE CAN IMAGINE."

he had on one occasion killed an eagle which pounced upon a basket of live fish that the little favorite had been left to guard. Arthur arrived in view of the scene just in time to see the eagle, which had for a while been hovering near the place, swoop down upon the wished for prize, only to be fiercely attacked by Otto.

The powerful king of the air was so astonished as to think only of retreat; but it had received a deep wound in the throat from the sharp canine teeth, and, after fluttering to a considerable height, it suddenly fell to the earth and expired. "This," said Arthur, in his account of the affair to Johnny, "was Otto's battle of Ansterlitz, I guess."

Then, too, he had at various times much to say of the insight of his little four-footed companion into human affairs. Arthur's father had been ill, and the dog seemed to understand the unhappy position of things in consequence. He had been all the while more grave than usual, and had shown a sympathy that evidently came from the heart.

Upon the convalescence of the patient no one was more rejoiced than Otto.

But in the mean while he attracted the attention of Dr. Parades, the eccentric old Spanish physician in attendance, who was a

though he long entertained an exalted opinion of the old Spaniard's learning and skill.

As to Otto, he evidently had, in his dog way, a profound veneration for the man of science, well knowing that none but a great and valuable personage would thus be sent for every time that the master of the house felt an added pain, or his family a doubt as to what ought to be done next.

At length, one day in the beginning of winter, when Mr. Monroe's health had been completely restored, Arthur found himself at home with no other companion than Otto. His parents had gone out for the afternoon, and he and the little dog were doing their best at housekeeping.

There was some snow on the ground and the boughs of the tall cedars were whitened with it besides.

Arthur, locking the door, went out for a few minutes, accompanied by his canine friend, who seemed delighted with the new-comer snow, in which he was at times almost lost as he frisked about in it.

Gathering, not far off, some material for a piece of rustic work he had in view, the boy presently retraced his steps toward the house, with Otto still by his side, the small paws leaving their impression in the white mass under

A TEST!

PURPOSE, my darling, because it rains. And flowers droop, and the sun is falling, And drops are blurring the window pane, And a moaning wail through the lane is calling...

[This story commences in No. 116.]

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS; OR, THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS.

BY JOHN GINGOLD.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOON after Walter left, Mr. Solomons came to the bedside of his son—as he always did—after he closed the office and had hidden the key...

"George had been lying with his face to the wall; he turned eagerly round. "Father, I had something to say to you; look the door that nobody may disturb us."

"You told me you had lent much money to Colonel Gordon, that you will lend him no more, and that he will not be able to keep his estate."

"No, no money—no money," repeated the dazed Mr. Solomons. "A thief, he only stole important documents."

That same evening, Barnet Cohen sat thoughtfully in the room he had hired at Mrs. Mandelbaum's, tired of pacing the room, he had attempted to sleep, but by reason of some secret strain, found it impossible to do so...

"Well, whom do they suspect?" "I suppose you are as good a clue to the mystery as the next."

CHAPTER XXV.

COLONEL GORDON was alone in his library, walking to and fro with a worried look on his face, when the footman announced a visitor.

"Hold!" interrupted Barnet. "Draw me a check for three thousand dollars, promising to keep the entire matter a secret, and I will hand you back your bond."

"I don't believe in the insurance of my home and other real estate property to tempt me into temptation on your life. Have you a father?"

make a motion to open the door, "I shall hold you back here, or cause your arrest by the police."

"All's fair in warfare," pleaded the cunning Barnet. "True, young man, but I despise a traitor, and I never do dealings with a thief."

"No, no, my dear," replied her father, "it has nothing to do with us. They may stand there till doomsday if it so pleases them. Have you any friends?"

"I will leave, I am going out for about half an hour. Tell William to put on his hat and come along."

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Dorothy," said Walter, opening and reading the letter, which ran, in characters written in a trembling hand:

older since the death of his beloved son. He walked to and fro, or, as he would say, while his hollow cheeks and vacant stare plainly betokened the sorrow at his heart. It was some time before he recognized Walter, though his eyes fell on him more than once before he spoke.

"Dear Sir—Enclosed please find the mortgage you gave me on your property, which, in now yours in accordance with the last will of my dear son George. I will send me at an early date your promissory note and interest, to my interest, to be repaid in instalments as will best suit your convenience."

"I am going out for about half an hour. Tell William to put on his hat and come along."

"I am going out for about half an hour. Tell William to put on his hat and come along."

SOME years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticed large tracts of land covered by a wild flower near which not a sign of insect life was visible.

IRISH ABSDURITIES.

THE poor Irishman has the reputation of making some of the saddest blunders—"bulls" as they are called. Even in the dignified unbridged dictionary, a note is given pointing to "Irish bulls."

A grand jury in the county of Tipperary once passed the following resolutions: Resolved, That the present gaol is insufficient, and that another ought to be built. Resolved, That the materials of the old gaol be employed in constructing the new one. Resolved, That the old gaol shall not be taken down until the new one is finished.

THE SIBERIAN WILD MAN. THE veteran proprietor of a dime museum, the other day related the following among other things connected with his varied experience:

SOMEWHAT NUMEROUS. ISRAEL, an Arab, a Kille, Tripoli, are in vigorous health at seventy years of age. His father, who died recently at the age of ninety-eight, left nine children besides the triplets, eighty-two grandchildren, one hundred and twenty great-grandchildren, twenty-eight great-great-grandchildren, and a host of great-great-grandchildren. Franklin County, in which Richmond is, is said to be noted above any county in the State for the number of its children.

ROUGH ON BUGS. SOME years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticed large tracts of land covered by a wild flower near which not a sign of insect life was visible.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need. As there never was a to-morrow. For to-morrow may prove but another to-day. With its measure of joy and sorrow. Then why forecast the trials of life. With such grave and sad persistence. And watch an avarice for a crowd of ills. That as yet has no existence. Strength for to-day—what a precious boon. For the earnest souls who labor. For the willing hands that minister. To the needy friend or neighbor. Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts In the battle of right may quit not; And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears, In their search for help may fail not. Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track For the travelers near the valley That up, far up on the other side, Ever long they may sadly rally. Strength for to-day—that our precious youth May happily shun temptation, And build from the rise to the set of sun On a sure and solid foundation. Strength for to-day—in house and home To practice forbearance sweetly— To scatter kind words and loving deeds, Still trusting in God's consistency.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "The Guardians' Trust," "Barbara's Triumph," "The Prussian's Ward," "Her Mother's Ring," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

PRESENTLY the door opened. It was Louis who entered. He had been for a long walk; his eyes were red, his hair was red, and yet when he is so young! How would you like it if I found you a more congenial home? "Among strangers" she said, softly—almost sadly. "Will it content you here?" She sprang from her seat. "Oh! is it possible? Could I, Mr. Carl, it would be like going among the angels!" "Subdue your transports," he said, gravely; "here is not her home." "Oh, but so near. It will be to me—only to be near you!" She stopped, with eyes cast down, breathing hurriedly. He looked at her. Words could not describe the beauty of her mien, her countenance, brightened by the joy of that expectation. Every feature radiated her intense delight. His face grew graver as he turned his eyes away. "Beth," he said, "I am going to tell you of your faults, and you must pay heed. You are thoughtless. Twice this week you have stopped on the street corner to talk with a man I do not approve of. You love flattery; that is despicable. Thoughtless and vain; where might these failings lead you? I want you to pay attention to what I say. Try to think; do not crave so much admiration; and, above all, make it your study to please Madame Carl. She is good and kind. In time you may win her love, which is priceless."

Beth had grown very serious. She sat there like a frightened child. "I didn't know I was vain," she said, in a low voice; "and is it any harm just to speak to a young man like he speaks to you?" "Yes, unless you have been properly introduced by responsible parties," he said. "I'll never speak to him again," she said. "He wanted me to ride with him, oh! in such a lovely phaeton, with two beautiful horses; but I didn't quite promise. Of course I never will now." "I should hope not." "And I will try to be very good," she added, in a trembling voice. "Don't promise me anything," he said, looking earnestly at the lovely, downcast face. She glanced up. Her eyes were full of tears. He smiled. Down went her head on the piano keys, and she sobbed like a broken-hearted child. "I never meant to be so wicked," she gasped. "It will kill me if you think I did."

"I know you never meant to, my poor child," said Louis, pressing his hand on the downcast head. And then at a slight rustling noise looked up. "It was Madame Lucie's garments. She was leaving the room with a deadly-pale face. How still it was! And he never called her back. He looked at his watch, and stood up. Beth's soul grew quiet. Presently she wiped her eyes. It seemed to her as if she had never been so miserable in her life, and that after so much happiness. What had Earle been telling him—or somebody? Perhaps the old friend, who had washed her hands of her, and she was nobody. Why did this kind teacher take such an interest in her? She remembered how, when she was a little child, she had thrown her arms about his neck and sat on his knee. But a great girl had seemed to come between them which she could not pass. Was it because she was so wild and frivolous? "I think, perhaps, you will make a mistake in bringing me here," she forced herself to say. "I will try and be contented where I am."

"No—no," he said, hastily; "that is settled—settled!" He was busy now among the music, with a strange glitter in his eyes. But the change had vaned from his face. "I wish somebody would run away with me," she murmured to herself, and then felt an honest emotion of anger at her own thought. "You will come to-morrow," he said. "It is all arranged with my old friends. My wife's niece is here from Virginia. She sees a good and sensible young lady, and she will take charge of your education. She has had superior advantages, and you will profit, I trust, by her teaching."

"Yes, sir," said Beth, mechanically tugging at her glove till the button came off. "Maybe I shall hate her," she said to herself; "I feel like it just now. I think he might have been kinder than to tell me of my faults." "Oh, I know that." All the trouble was gathered in his eye, his glare, that assured her of his love. She laughed a little like her old self, glanced timidly up in the nobly handsome face, and forgot his chiding. There are natures that a word, a look impresses, a glance from the eye, they love, a gentle word from the lips that have been unkind, a pressure of the hand that has touched them in anger, and all is forgotten. Beth they go to the old allegiance, taking up thorns at her side to be soothed and forgiven. Of such was little Beth.

"She is a perfect child yet," said Louis, musingly, when Beth had gone. But he could not forget the picture of that smiling figure—and what should he say to Lucie? "Some day I will tell her the truth," he murmured—"some day."

CHAPTER VII.

CLARE'S NEW HOME.

IT took Clare some weeks to feel herself really at home in her aunt's beautiful house. Madame Lucie was more than kind, she was affectionate almost to enthusiasm, and drew from the sorrowful girl those sorrowful recollections, that it was yet a pleasure to talk about. "And now tell me, do I look like her?" asked the madame. "I cannot tell what the difference is," said Clare, simply. "My mother was not as tall, not as handsome—not as regal. She was a little shorter, a little less, laughing the madame, not by any means displeased. "But yet my mother was very beautiful," said Clare, in a low voice. "Yes, much more so than I," was the response, and yet she could not call her little duchess. Her tastes were different, too, for she loved everything within doors, while my pleasures all came from without. However, they tell me I am none the worse a housewife for that, since I married. Your mother was five years older than I, and our parents set themselves against her marriage. It was talked over as a great misfortune."

"But my father was a scholar and a gentleman," said Clare, her cheeks reddening faintly. "Oh, of course—everybody knew that—but it was because of his poverty. Our parents had nothing to leave us but a grand old name, of which perhaps they were awfully proud, and a good and thorough education. They expected great things of us, and we both disappointed them. I married a musician, she was a preacher."

"My uncle must earn a great deal of money," said Clare. "What makes you think so, child?" asked Madame Lucie, with an amused smile. "Everything; your home and surroundings. You live so beautifully. This house seems to me like a home in fairy land." "We did make a great deal of money before I lost my voice," she said, with a sigh—"and Louis is very fortunate. He is kind-natured, and his friends often take advantage of his prominent traits, sympathy and generosity."

"But they are so lovely?" said Clare, who had felt a sudden admiration of her uncle at first sight, but they appeal to frequently to the purse; one should have a princely fortune, like Earle, in order to indulge them without stint." "That is the name of the gentleman, uncle says for me. Pray, is he so very rich?" asked Clare.

"Immensely, so they say—but poor aunt!" "Why do you call him poor?" asked Clare—looking up, her eyes quickly falling again, as she bent over the work in her hand. Why should the very mention of the man interest her so? "I don't know—something impels me. He never looks quite happy. Either he has met with some terrible sorrow in the course of his life—or suffered wrong and neglect which he wishes to forget by happiness. I'm quite sure that there is a tragedy locked away in his memory. There, I have told you all in my room, rather all that I imagined. The rest you must find out for yourself—if you can. I believe he is reputed a woman-hater."

"O, impossible!" said Clare, recalling the grace of his manner and the many delicate attentions she had received at his hands. "This conversation took place in Madame Lucie's own sitting room, which, with its great sunny bay window, was the most inviting lounging place in the house. A little fountain in the midst of a whole garden of indoor plants, threw cool sprays and made a delicious tinkling music that was a melodious relief to the heat of the sun. In the corner three canary birds, each inhabiting his own daily cage. Presently Clare was standing by the window, a rapt look in her speaking face. "You love flowers?" said her aunt. "O, dearly—they were mother's comfort to the last. Her voice trembled. "They knew her, too, or seemed to. If she planted the barriest stem, it seemed to blossom right away into something beautiful. But her eyes were red, and her cheeks were so vital they seem, throbbing with the blood of their singular life! What a pity they can't know how beautiful they are?"

Madame Lucie listened to her, half wondering, as she half-complained to her niece to see one of the tiny flowers that was hidden by leaves, and she seemed to be in incense worship, her eyes, her sweet, pure face upturned, her eyes eager to catch every changing gleam of glory shifting in the sun. "She's the true child of a parson," said Madame Lucie to herself. "And you take such care of them!" continued Clare; "how you must love them! Don't they seem like children?" "A capital chord with me," said her aunt. Her aunt's cheeks flushed, and then grew pale. "No dear, they're not like children," she said. "I always wanted a little child, but I am not so lucky in my happiness. Still, I'm very fond of flowers."

"If you please," said Martha, intruding her sharp face, her arms filled with sheets and pillow cases, "which of the rooms on the second floor will I fix up for that girl as is coming?" "The Madame turned as pale as death. Clare noticed it, and got up from her lowly position. It was a full moment before the Madame spoke. "I suppose it will have to be the front one over the hall," she said, and her lips scarcely moved. "Very well. It's another pair of stairs for three feet, that's all," she said, and left the room.

"Really, she grows so wearisome, that Martha," said Madame Lucie, but there was a frown on her brow, and an absent look in her eyes that hinted of other thoughts than those relating to Martha's complaints. "It is because I have come; it will make more work for her! Aunt, let me help, give me plenty to do. I love to work, and I am accustomed to it. We had but one servant—only my own, and she is crying—she has her eyes out over her loss. She will be with mother ever since her marriage, and was my nurse. Don't let Martha—that her name was—be troubled on my account. I can make beds to perfection. Mother used to say I was fit for it."

"You make no beds in this house, my dear girl," said Madame Lucie, "and as for your coming here, I have been longing for such a companion for months. Still, I don't know but in any case it would be advisable for me to have more help. Louis is all the time urging it. Where is this woman with the singular name—what is it, Honny?" "Her name is Pocahontas," said Clare. "She begged me to take her with me, and even said she would come without wages. Your woman would find her a most valuable assistance."

"Not she," said her aunt, laughing to herself. "She'd have absolutely nothing to do with a man, as she calls them, and I'm not sure but that if I get any one to help her, she will be angry on the instant. But if this woman of yours could come, she might take care of upstairs and be a good sort of maid for the kitchen, and I would like it."

"Oh! I know she would," said Clare. "Then you like this Honny?" "Like her! I love her, dear old Honny." "You make me shudder," said Clare, "and mamma says she's a bad creature, that Honny and the whole charge of me. Besides, she was my father's own slave, and it was as much as we could do to convince her, after the war, that she belonged to herself. Besides, she is the most infidel-denying, religious creature."

"That's an item I shall not be critical about," said her aunt dryly. "At all events write to her. If she wishes to come, I will send her money to pay her expenses. We shall have a menagerie, as Louis expresses it, an African, an Indian, and an Irishman. I wonder how they will agree?" and she laughed heartily. A rich strain of music wandered in from the room above. Madame Lucie listened. A smile broke

over her face, a flush brightened her cheeks, as she half murmured, half whispered. "Vive si! mi bascia indague!" "Then came a deep sigh. She thought of triumphs forever past. "It is from Norm," she said: "Reviere is singing." Clare also listened intently, a dreamy light in her eyes. "Do you often have such music?" she asked. "Much of the time," she answered. "Reviere is going to make his mark." "And that pretty girl I saw this morning—very early. Is she too, a pupil? Does she sing?"

The aunt's face grew dark. Some evil thought changed for a moment the character of its expression. "She sings. I think Louis spoke about her last night. She is to come here. He did well to enlist your sympathies so early. He knows that she is no favorite of mine."

"What is she not worthy?" asked Clare. "So sweet a face seems to promise a sweet and gracious temperament." "You are not strong enough, as some people go. She is a foundling. You don't understand. Somebody picked her up—somebody must take care of her. Pity she had not died," she said, with a rapid movement of the hands that betokened impatience or disgust. "O, dearly—they were mother's comfort to the last. Her voice trembled. "They knew her, too, or seemed to. If she planted the barriest stem, it seemed to blossom right away into something beautiful. But her eyes were red, and her cheeks were so vital they seem, throbbing with the blood of their singular life! What a pity they can't know how beautiful they are?"

"There was a strange bitterness in all this. Clare felt it. "Perhaps he does," said Madame Lucie with unconscious irony. "Still, don't let me prejudice you. I am somewhat unfortunately constituted. There are some people I never can tolerate. She is one. Our singer is going. You may catch sight of him without being seen."

Clare looked out, screened by the plants. She saw a handsome young man in company with Colonel Earle. "You look like Beth and son," she said. "They might be, for devotion. Earle has taken an immense fancy to young Reviere. Of course people talk. I understand he is trying to shape his morals also. Fancy that, if you look at the color! Earle's commission was the 47th that was talked of so much. Only one hundred, I believe, left out of the whole regiment. By the way, this Beth—that is the girl's name—was adopted by the 47th. Perhaps the colonel knew something of the girl's life, and has ever since been acquainted with him more intimately, I said certainly ask him. Now go and write your letter to that aged African. I hope she will be a good foil to my Indian."

(To be continued.)

POINTS ON GUM.

This is a great gum year in Maine, especially on the Penobscot, and now that the sun is climbing up into the north a little, and the lumbermen are coming out, the air is fairly redolent with the perfume of spruce, the logs, knees, and bark are not only of worth, but the greatest timber tree for the world is spruce, and it is found even in its native state, just as it is hatched from the crotches of old trees. There are two or three firms in Maine which buy large quantities of it from lumbermen and gum farmers, and then refine it. But as a general thing the refining consists in adulteration with resin. They throw it into a kettle, bark and all, and boil it about the consistency of thick molasses, and then the impurities, as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose be to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of resin is added, and in some cases a little sugar. The mixture then becomes thicker, and after more straining, is poured out on a slab, where, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and then chopped with a steel die into pieces about half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped in tissue paper and put in wooden boxes. There are two hundred pieces in a box. Some gum is treated in this way without adulteration. The best gum comes from no particular locality, but always from the same tree. An equally unexpected reply was given to a first inquiry, but she said, "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?" "They dried themselves." What is the feminine of "dry"? "Dried." "Next." "That's right." First boy, indignantly: "That's just what I said!"

THE ANNUAL ORdeal.

It seems there has been the usual periodical examination of the pupils of the free schools in England, and all the papers are teeming with a thousand crooked and curious answers given by the boys and girls. Here are a few: "What would have happened if Henry IV. of France had not been murdered?" The reply was: "He would probably have died a natural death." "Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" In the fire, replied a little fellow, looking very grave and wise. An equally unexpected reply was given to a question when asked, "What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?" "They dried themselves." What is the feminine of "dry"? "Dried." "Next." "That's right." First boy, indignantly: "That's just what I said!"



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ENVY DANGEROUS. FREDERICK THE GREAT OF Prussia sent a sword to General George Washington, with the dedication: "From the oldest soldier to the greatest."

LIFE'S HARDEST WORK. Do you not know that the hardest work in life? It is not difficult to look all around for the answer.

IMPORTANT UNITS. You see people should never be discouraged because they seem to have an unimportant part to play in the world. The mass of mankind is made up of units, and what the units are so is the mass.

THE WASP AND SPIDER. A wasp flew into a spider's web and the spider darted out to secure him. As he approached his web to become the victim the wasp made a violent effort, broke loose, and buzzed away joyously.

TRUE LIVING. LIFE always seems full of grand possibilities to the young. "May you live long and happy," is a friendly wish which they all hope may be realized.

PETTY TROUBLES. The little cares and troubles are what seem to bring most worry to men. A joker has remarked that we can dodge an elephant but cannot dodge a fly.

wasp began to struggle. It was too late. The tiny thread held him fast. In spite of all his energetic efforts the spider seized him, and that night enjoyed a fine supper.

The spider and wasp episode taught its observer a good lesson. Perhaps some of our young readers may profit by it.

There are people who go through the world as if it bored them. And there are others who plod along boring their fellows. What does life amount to with such people?

One of Judge Tongue's story characters forbids his boy to look into a Greek or Latin book for a year. For this he is taken to by a friend.

Many parents will say to this that their boys don't study hard enough to hurt them, and that, in fact, they waste much time in loafing and play.

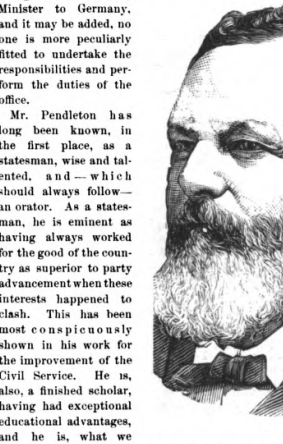
His son George, now minister to Germany, was given a good education in this country, and was then sent off to Europe on the "grand tour," without which no education was deemed complete in those days.

He returned to this country in 1846, and shortly after was married to a lady who was every way worthy to be the life partner of a man so refined.

This gentleman's name and history should be known to every American, since he was the author of our grandest National Hymn. He was born in

Maryland in 1779, and was educated at St. John's college in Annapolis. He studied law, and removing to Washington, attained considerable note in the practice of his profession.

GEORGE HUNT PENDLETON. The Newly Appointed Minister to Germany. BY JESION NEWMAN SMITH. On Monday, March 23d, President Cleveland sent to the United States Senate the names of four gentlemen whom he judged worthy to fill four of the most important positions existing under the government.



Mr. Pendleton has long been known, in the first place, as a statesman, wise and talented, and a — which should always follow — an orator.

Mr. Pendleton was born in Cincinnati on July 19th, 1825. His taste for public affairs is inherited. His grandfather was a man of some note, being known as the associate and friend of many public and eminent men of the day.

MEMORY SONGS. FOND Memory is a harp Within the breast; 'Tis tuned to sorrow, and yet still at rest.

STATION THOUGHTS. WEALTH, stately, applause, luxury, so often sought, are not necessary to happiness; they often minister to it, but it can flourish without them.

There is no greater danger, and there is no greater evil in home life, than that of the man who gives way to passing moods of ill-temper. Families feel that they are too closely united to part for small differences, hence they allow small discord to grow into large ones.

SWEET SPRING

BY GEORGE MILLER.

The boughs are black, the wind is cold,
And cold and black the fading sky.
And cold and gloomily, fold on fold.

[This story begins in No. 118.]

JACK WHEELER.
A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER XI.
(Continued.)

Bending low in the saddle, until they were almost on a level with the necks of the mustangs...

As soon as they dismounted, Jack cut off the arrow loath with his knife, and withdrew the shaft...

Alfred bore his wound in the most stoical manner, and proved, therefore, although it had fortune as well as courage...

He actually suffered much more pain in mind than body just then, as he thought he had been guilty of cowardice in running away...

"It would have been the finest piece of folly to have remained there," said he, "and would only have resulted in our death."

"That is all right, then," exclaimed Alfred, "but I had rather die running away, as I supposed people ought to stick to each other until all were killed or the foe was beaten off."

"I don't see the use of losing your scalp and the battle with the response, 'especially when the loss of your hair would not mend matters. I would have remained until the last moment if I thought I could do any good. I knew I could not, so I left.'"

Jack looked at them anxiously, and seeing that their movements represented signalling, he said, "We are evidently in for it; there are Indians here."

"What is to be done?" asked Alfred.

"Ride for it," was the response. Both wheeled their horses, and fled in a north-easterly direction; but they had not gone five hundred yards before they ran into a band of savages...

This was greeted with general cry of 'Uch,' and the disappointed warriors dropped their weapons, and retired to the ranks, somewhat crest-fallen. Jack was surprised at the turn affairs had taken...

Beckoning to them to follow her, she led them through the ranks of the scowling warriors, who were painted with all the hideousness that characterizes war-parties...

he could not help admiring the spectacle presented by these freebooters of the prairie, for they seemed to be veritable centaurs. Their long, red plumes of horse-hair, which were tied to the only bit of hair on their head...

These warriors advanced in as regular order as well-drilled cavalry, and on reaching their comrades, dismounted almost simultaneously. A brief conversation followed...

"The evil spirit," exclaimed the warriors in astonishment, as they commenced crowding about him, and feeling his body to see if he were actual flesh and blood.

Jack, knowing that he ought to assume a fearless air if he would escape the consequences of his capture, turned to the speaker who announced him, and whom he recognized as Talawah, his former prisoner...

"Yes, I am an evil spirit, but to my enemies only. I am a good spirit to my friends, and to all true warriors."

This being received in silence, Jack thought he had made a mistake in saying it,



JACK HOLDS A CONFERENCE WITH THE PAWNEE WARRIORS.

but, after a few moments' pause, Talawah, who was evidently the chief of the band, turned to the warriors, and in a loud sonorous tone, exclaimed—

"What he says is true. He has the strongest medicine known. His tongue is straight; his heart is good. He is a warrior. He was like a son to me when I was captured and wounded. His father is gone; I will be a father to him now, if he will join us, and use his medicine against our enemies."

This was received with grunts of approbation, and long drawn "uhs" and "ahhs" to prove that the idea was highly appreciated.

The chief asked Jack if he were willing to join them, and he, fearing the consequences if he refused, said he would be pleased to go with them, provided his cousin were accepted on the same condition as himself. To this there was a general grunt of approval, and to bind the contract, every warrior touched the right hand of each of the youths, and said "How!" to which they responded in the same manner.

When this ceremony was over, the savages mounted their steeds, and galloped away at the furious rate peculiar to Indians throughout the continent. The cousins occupied a position near the chief, and as they were delighted at their escape from death, they discussed the events of the day with a light heart, and congratulated themselves on their good fortune. Alfred's wound, which had been very painful soon after receiving it, seemed to have become suddenly cured, so far as sensation went, owing to the joyous tone of his mind, which was, for the time being, insensible to physical suffering.

The cavalcade rode on in silence until midnight, and on rounding a hillock Jack noticed a number of lights in a valley a short distance away. He asked the chief if that were the camp, and received an answer in the affirmative.

When they entered it, they were greeted by the barking of numerous curs, and by the shouts of some children who ran out to meet their fathers. There was no excitement, however, and the returning warriors were not even asked how they went, by their wives and grown-up children. The Indian has very

little sociality in his nature, so he goes and comes without exchanging a word, perhaps, with his family.

Each warrior sought his own wigwam in silence as soon as he entered the camp; but as no one invited the cousins to accompany him, they entered the chief's wigwam, and were furnished with buffalo robes to sit on by a squaw. There were several children of various ages in the lodge, but they did not speak to their father, and merely glanced at the faces of the new comers.

The chief and his daughter took the seat near the fire, which was built in the center of the wigwam, and sent its smoke through the open space at the top, and having warmed their hands, arose very deliberately, and placed some scalps, which hung at their girdles, on a tall pole, which contained several others. When they did this, Jack walked towards the door to unsaddle the horses and turn them out to graze.

The boy arose, put on his moccasins, and vanished through the door as silently as a spectre. While he was away, the cousins had a bonifidish dish of buffalo meat, which they were compelled to eat out of a large wooden dish, with their fingers.

The distinguished honor of sitting with the chief; and when they had finished, the daughter, the three wives, and such of the

worn out with the excitement of the preceding day, lay on the buffalo skins until he could no longer stand the pungent smoke from the fire which the females lit in the middle of the tent, and so hurried with smarting eyes from the wigwam. Alfred's wound, however, was a good deal of pain, and Jack advised him to have it bled again; but when the matter was mentioned to the chief, he said the poultice would lose all its potency, unless it was kept on for three days, and taken off by the medicine-man of the band.

Jack had no confidence in such superstition, and less in the mummery of the doctors, so he resolved to look after his cousin himself. He did not, therefore, make any response to the chief's offer of Talawah, for fear of rudely touching his sensibilities.

After partaking of a breakfast of buffalo meat and wild roots, the chief led the cousins into a capacious wigwam near his own, and told them that it was to be their property for the future. He then furnished them a liberal supply of buffalo robes for bedding, and suggested that any lodge in the camp was open to them whenever they wanted food.

Jack knew this from long experience; for if one Indian has food, all persons are welcome to it, and may eat their fill of it without even asking the owner's permission. As he did not wish to be under obligations to any one, however, he asked if there were any wild animals in the vicinity of Talawah, and being answered in the negative, he said he would have to go out on a hunting expedition in order to secure provisions.

The chief would not listen to this, and sent word around to the different lodges to despatch a certain quantity of meat to his guests. This request was promptly complied with, and two hours thereafter the youths had food enough to last them for six months or more.

Jack understood the reasons, and the cousins agreed that the savages had whatever other qualities they might be deficient in—benevolence at least, and were far more generous and charitable towards each other than many who pretended to look down upon them from an exalted pinnacle, and to despise them.

Jack started out for firewood in the afternoon, but when the men of the tribe had done so, they were very vexed, and said such work was only fit for squaws, and was beneath the dignity of a warrior, and that his doing so would be a white man's work, and not a warrior's.

Jack explained to them that white men did not allow women to do such heavy work; but this only elicited expressions of disapprobation and contempt for the ways of the pale-faces.

As it was evident that Jack considered a gross breach of etiquette and dignity to secure firewood, Jack asked how he was going to get it unless he went for it himself, and he was told to ask the squaws to bring him some. As Jack felt that this might cause unpleasantness, the chief settled the matter by at once ordering two widows to supply him regularly with wood, and they assented as a matter of course.

Being well provided for physically, the cousins had nothing to do for two days but to eat and sleep. They managed to kill a portion of their time by looking at the droves of many-headed horses.

The fighting of the numerous flea-eaten curs that infested the camp, for every family appeared to own from three to a dozen or more. They seemed to be as taciturn as their masters, for they never made free with anybody, and even resented the advances of the children.

On the evening of the third day, the camp was thrown into a state of great commotion, by the arrival of a large band, who were laden with captives, men, women and children; but those who had lost their friends, husbands, brothers, or fathers, soon drowned the shouting by loud lamentations. They wept and moaned so much that the air was full of plaintive wails, and it was clear that the poor captives were the cause of their sorrow, so they beat and spat upon them, and derided them in the coarsest language they could utter.

The children were as violent as the squaws, and being his own prisoners, Jack thought their last hour had come, and they showed their terror in their blanched faces.

The warriors allowed the rabble to beat the trembling captives with impunity, while they were on their way to the wigwam in which they were to be confined. The captives were pleased to call for them. The cousins were incensed at these barbarous proceedings; but Jack well knew they could do nothing under the circumstances, and that even the chief was powerless to do anything to make any decision that would be obeyed in relation to prisoners.

He also knew too well what the horrible fate of the captives would be, and he resolved to save them if possible. Acting on this assumption that he was supposed to have very strong medicine, and was, therefore, capable of doing the Indians much harm, he called on the chief, and explained to him a deed he was going to perform against the tribe if the prisoners were treated leniently.

CHAPTER VII.

JACK ROSE AT DAYBREAK, AND WENT DOWN TO THE STREAM FOR A BATH. ALFRED, WHO WAS

THE SHINING HOUR.

BY R. M. MILNES.

So should we live that every hour May die as die the truest warriors. A self-reserving thing of power, That every thought and every deed May hold within itself the seed Of future good and future need; Esteeming sorrow, whose employ Is to develop, not to destroy.

THE GIANT OF THE DEEP.

The market price of baleen (whalebone) is exceedingly variable, depending on the fashion of the day, says *Longman's Magazine*. It is not so valuable now as used to be for many some years ago, steel having superseded it for the most purposes. The price may range from \$2,500 to \$4,250 per ton, and a good whale ought to produce about two tons. In 1814 a single vessel sold her cargo of baleen and oil for \$47,840, but such times are not likely to return. Mineral oils have now supplanted train oils for many purposes, and perpetual hunting has diminished the numbers as well as the size of the whales, no animal having a chance of attaining its full dimensions before it is harpooned. Often, nowadays, a whaling ship returns "clean," i. e., without having captured a single whale, so that, with the lessened prices and diminished numbers and dimensions of the animals, whaling has become almost a lottery instead of a solid investment of capital, and few whalers are now such a risk. Furnished with its wonderful horny sheath, the Greenland whale has no difficulty in procuring its food—as with mouth more or less open it swims back and forth, and the whalebone is drawn up the Clio—which mostly is found near the surface. The whale escapes freely between the horny plates and lining fringe, while the animals are defined within its cage. When the whale is in the water, it is possible for the animal to protrude its tongue from its mouth. The tongue is fixed by nearly the whole of its edge, so that the whale cannot draw it upward. I once had an opportunity of examining the tongue of a small baleen whale which had been cast ashore. It was of great size, smooth on the surface, and covered with a thin skin. It was very like a soft, well-stuffed pincushion. I pressed upon its center with my fingers, and found that a pit was formed which rapidly filled with oil. Then I took a hammer and pressed the head of it on the tongue. The pit formed by the pressure became deeper and larger, and filled so fast with oil that it not only was the whole of the hammer submerged in the oil, but my hand and wrist also. The ignorance which prevailed in former days on this subject is amusingly exemplified in the old document first constituting the whale company, in which the king himself shall have the head and body to make oil and other things, and the queen the taylor to make whalebones for her royal vestments.

HOW THE INDIANS COOKED.

In my childhood, says a gentleman writing to the Boston Journal, I discovered a well hole in a perfectly flat granite ledge at Cundy's Harbor, on Harpswell Great Island, Me. This hole was about the dimensions of a flour barrel, and about five feet in depth and perfectly round, smooth at the sides and concave at the bottom. It was not till a favorite time that Harpswell Great Island was a favorite Winter residence of Indian tribes, attracted to the place by the thousands of acres of round quabaug clams in adjacent flats lying west of the island and south of Brunswick. There were the fishing grounds well in shore, near Cundy's Harbor, which would be an additional inducement for an Indian village there. An old stager, well acquainted with Indian customs, stated that this well hole was made by the Indians by turning round a large stone and grinding the cavity slowly by the action of sharp pebbles under the feet of the women, who used heavy ball lobsters, fish, quabaugs, and corn, by filling half full of fresh water and dropping in heated stones until the water was above the boiling point. The food was put in a large earthen bowl, and frequently added to keep the water in a boiling state. The hole was also used as a mortar in which to pound corn, and the weight of a heavy round stone dropped upon the corn in the cavity at the bottom of the hole. I do not consider it possible that this particular well hole could have been excavated by other than human hands, since the ledge in which it was found was very smooth, apparently having been worn by many feet congregating around the cavity. In the town of Georgetown, Me., on the Riggs farm, some four or five hundred feet from, and perhaps seventy-five feet above tide-water, on the Sasanoa River, there are three of these wells, the largest of which is about three feet in diameter, and is several years ago. It is some seven or eight feet in diameter, and eight or nine in depth, perfectly round and smooth. The three on either side, are considerably smaller. There have been visited by a large number of people, among them many scientific men, who have never been able to account for their peculiar clear or turbid water. The well in which I discovered another small one, about two feet in diameter, which I think is entirely covered by decayed leaves. In the town of Harpswell there are three more, situated nearly as the one described, high above the water. They are on the flat ledge.

A NOVEL SERMON.

REMEMBER, son, says the *Burlington Hawkeye*, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet struck out old globe whirling on, and that when they died the old globe whirled on, as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with

It. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it. Don't be too sorry for your father because he is less than you are. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote: "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish. Your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, you know, when the young man gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months. Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are not, as you think, anything of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the next big sailing. Don't imagine that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are not coming, they are sure to come, and you will not so easily find as a quartz pebble, but people search for it the more intently.

A STILLY NIGHT.

A WASHINGTON gentleman often relates this pleasant reminiscence of the old war times, which shows how even enemies can for the time be united in a sympathetic bond by the great power of music: "Talking about the power of music, I think one of the happiest incidents which I remember occurred during the late war. Our army under General Bragg was lying in the trenches outside of Chattanooga watching the Yankees, and there had been considerable skirmishing going on all day, but toward nightfall even the picket seemed to cease with common consent. The evening was lovely, and during the comparative stillness one of the Federal bands took a position on a little knoll just inside of their lines, within hearing distance of both armies, and began playing old tunes familiar to all.

"The boys dropped everything to listen, and as the sweet tones, mellowed by distance, came throbbing down the lines men ceased to talk, or only spoke in subdued voices, for the music seemed almost to speak for them. By and by the Stars Spangled Banner rang out, and cheer on cheer went up from the Union soldiers, which were echoed back by the Confederates, when the band followed with Dixie's note. Then came the Star Spangled Banner, and we could hear the loud voices of the Yankees as they came in on the chorus. 'Bonnie Blue Flag' next awakened our enthusiasm, and we sang it with a religious fervor. A short time after that, and then the air of 'Home, Sweet Home' touched us with an effect which I never experienced before. The music died in that music as if it came from Heaven, and every now and then they struck some tender memory you would see one bury his face in his hands or turn away to hide his agitation, and we listened, hushed, until for full five minutes it seems to me, after the music ceased. Then from the ranks of Federals and Confederates alike a mighty volume of shouts and cheers went up, answers and answers back until the echoes of our own Mountain re-echoed from the great sounding board of Mission Ridge. I have heard the Marine band play a march by ten thousand voices, but I never expect to hear such music on earth again. I heard that night on the banks of the Tennessee," and the story teller gave a sigh as he walked away in reply to a summons from a caller.

A CLEVER DODGE.

A FEW days ago a little street musician with his violin under his arm entered a Paris pork-butcher's shop, and purchased a knuckle of ham for three francs. On feeling in his pockets he found that he had left the money at home which his mother had given him to pay for it. As it was lunch-time, and he would be scolded if he went home empty-handed, he asked the shopkeeper to take the violin in pledge; he would come and redeem it in the afternoon. The shopkeeper consented and put the instrument away in a corner. A quarter of an hour later a gentleman of distinguished appearance drove up in a landau, made purchases of *pate de foie gras* to the amount of 40 francs, and carelessly taking up the violin exclaimed: "What a superb instrument!" He tried it *en connaissance*, and offered one hundred, two hundred, five hundred, and finally a thousand francs for it, but he said that he could not dispose of what did not belong to him, but promised to try and obtain it for his wealthy customer, who took his departure, leaving as his address: "Lord Russell, Grand Hotel." A very pretty scene ensued on the return of the poor little musician. He for some time objected to parting with his favorite fiddle, but he sat, after going home to obtain his mother's consent, he gave it up for 850 francs. The pork-butcher dressed himself in a livery, called a cab, and drove to the Grand Hotel, where he was met by the man in the landau. The man as Lord Russell was staying there. The unfortunate tradesman turned all colors, excitedly insisted that he was not the man, and brandished his fiddle with such energy that he had to quit the spot. The value of the instrument has since been ascertained to be six francs.

A BRIGHT BOY GONE WRONG.

A YOUNG man lately released from the penitentiary after serving a term of four years for burglary, attempted escape during his term, and so well arranged was his plan that he was carried outside the prison walls by employees of the prison, but through a slight defect in his plan it failed. His plan which Dalton adopted, was to ship himself for sixty dozen of shoes. He had been at work in the shoe department, and from time to time as an opportunity presented itself, he removed sixty dozen of the shoes from a cart, that was ready for shipment, storing them in several highheaps of pegs.

He removed all the nails from the end of the case and cut them off close to the head, and carefully prepared the hinges and original hinges, securing the ends with ropes, such as are placed around cases before shipping. He then placed the case among those to be shipped and stored himself in it, taking a knife with him which he could cut with when he was in the case. He managed to drop out, so that he could thus effect his escape when the case had reached a favorable place. The case with the others, was carried from the building upon a cart on a wagon to the depot.

A crack was discovered in the case, however, by the teamster, who, thinking it was a defect, had it returned to the shipping room. In the meantime Dalton's disappearance was discovered, and a search made for him, but not within the walls of the prison. He remained in the case until night, when he let himself out and crawled under the floor, where he remained for two and one-half days, thinking that he might yet escape, but weakness overcame him and he was obliged to surrender himself.

During the last year and a half of his confinement he practiced writing one hour in the morning and one hour in the evening while in his cell, until he had written a large tract and is now fitted to teach writing. He has a number of beautiful designs of work which he executed with the pen.

FLOORED.

A CERTAIN infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit, when a Christian man came to his shop, of asking some one of the workmen if they had heard about brother So-and-so and what he had done. They would say, no, what was it? Then he would begin to tell what some Christian brother had done or minister had said, and he would laugh and say, "That is one of their fine Christians we hear so much about."

An old gentleman—an eminent Christian—one day, after the ship was to be launched, began about what some Christian had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few minutes and listened, and then quickly asked the blacksmith if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus. "Yes, many a time; and what of it?" "Well, you remember about the dogs, how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?" "Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content to merely lick the Christian's sores?" The blacksmith grew suddenly pensive, and hasn't had much to say about falling Christians since.

A FLOATING BREAKWATER.

A BREAKWATER of an altogether novel type is shortly to be put up experimentally on the Sussex coast, England. The greater part of the funds required are already subscribed. For the system now advocated, it is claimed by its inventors that the initial cost will amount to only ninety dollars per foot of length. The contrivance consists of a double row of floats, which are to be fastened to a cork to maintain buoyancy in case of damage by accidental collision or hostile acts in war running out into sea in parallel lines. The front facing the sea is intended to have a sharp edge, presenting to the oncoming waves its tolerably sharp edge, which is intended to divide the mass of water projected, and so to break its force. The force of the under-wave is first to be broken by a lattice of vertical twelve feet below the pontoon (a depth sufficient for all practical purposes), which will especially, when the waves are high, help to render the pontoon as heavy and steady as a waterlogged vessel. At the back of the wedge-shaped pontoon is another pontoon, also connected by an iron bar composed of water-tight compartments, which acts simply as a wall. The intervening space is to serve as a "wave trap," in which the waves passing the wedge will spend their force. The breakwater will be constructed by means of an endless cable made of non-corrodible phosphor-bronze.

CUTTING WITHOUT CONTACT.

A CURIOS scientific phenomenon is recalled by *Industrial America*. Make a disc of soft iron about 42 inches in diameter and three-eighths of an inch thick. Revolve it at a speed of 2,500 revolutions per minute. This gives a periphery speed of 25,000 feet. Against this edge a bar of steel, no matter how hard, may be brought and slowly turned. Care should be taken that contact does not take place, allowing "daylight" to be always visible between the bar and the steel, and the latter will be sheared off by the soft iron. A stream of sparks is thrown out, which are hot enough to agglomerate as they gather in a small cone under the wheel. But like the glowing sparks thrown off from a rotary wheel when grinding metal, these drops of apparently molten steel do not burn the hand, which is held in the stream of steel sparks. A bar of steel two or three inches in diameter, if rolled, polished or hardened, is cut through in a few minutes, and the operation does not heat it enough to draw its temper.

APPROPRIATE.

"I'm going to get married," said he, as he placed a luncheon counter as large as a Dutch cheese, and I want a wedding cake." "It is customary," said the pretty bakery girl, "nowadays to have the material of the cake harmonized with the calling of the bridegroom. For a musician, now, we have an oak cake, for a man who has no calling and lives on his own, we have the spouge cake, for a newspaper paragrapher, spice cake, and so on; what is your calling, please?" "Then you will sound cake!"

A FEATURE OF THE MONUMENT.

The aluminum pyramid which forms the apex of the Washington Monument has a perpendicular elevation of nine and a half inches, and each side of the base measures five and one half inches. Its weight is a hundred ounces. If it were made of copper its weight would be three hundred and twenty-six ounces. The surface appears much whiter than silver, and is so highly polished that it reflects as a plane mirror. This pyramid of pure aluminum was produced from an American ore, and it is the largest block of that metal ever cast or made in any country.

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