

OLD TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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FACING THE WORLD;

OR,
The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
Author of "Do and Dare," "Helping Himself," "Rugged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY RECEIVES A LETTER.

"Here's a letter for you, Harry," said George Howard.
"Thank you, George. Where did you get it?"
"I was passing the hotel on my way home from school when Abner Potts called out to me from the piazza, and asked me to bring it to you."
The speaker was a bright, round-faced boy of ten. The boy whom he addressed was five or six years older. He had a pleasant face, but it was a strong face, also, and there was an air of firmness and resolution which indicated that he was a boy who knew his rights, and knowing dare maintain. He was grave, too, but this was not his ordinary expression. He had special reason to look sober, for only a week previous he had lost his father, and as the family consisted only of these two, he was left, so far as near relatives were concerned, alone in the world.

Immediately after the funeral he had been invited home by Mr. Benjamin Howard, a friend of his father, but in no manner connected with him by ties of relationship.

"You can stay here as long as you like, Harry," said Mr. Howard, kindly. "It will take you some time to form your plans, and George will be glad to have your company."
"Thank you, Mr. Howard," said Harry, gratefully. "There is no place that will seem so much like home to me as this house."
"I am old enough to work at some business directly."
"Shall you look for some employment here?"

"No, my father has a second-cousin in Colebrook, named John Fox. Before he died he advised me to write to Mr. Fox, and go to his house if I should receive an invitation."
"Do you know anything of this John Fox?"
"No; he and my father had not met for many years—in fact, since they were both boys. I believe there had been no communication between them in all that time."
"He is a prosperous man, I hear, and my father thought he would be a suitable guardian for you."
"Where does he live?"

"In Colebrook."
"That is a hundred miles away," said Mr. Howard, thoughtfully.
"So father told me."
"Have you written to Mr. Fox?"
"I shall write to-night."
"Have you any idea how your father was situated as regards property?" asked Mr. Howard, watching Harry's face with sympathetic interest.
"I am afraid there is very little property."
"You are right there. Your father had in my hands—his place with me for safe-keeping—three hundred dollars. Then there is the furniture, which will be best to sell. I suppose it will hardly bring more than enough to defray the funeral expenses."
"I expected that, sir."
"So that you inherit but three hundred dollars clear?"
"It is enough, sir, with my good health and strong arms," answered Harry, calmly.
"You are not afraid, then, to begin the world on this small provision?"
"No, sir," said Harry, with calm confidence.
"Well, I applaud your courage, Harry. I think myself that you will get along."
"I ought to say that there is one item of property besides, Mr. Howard."
"What is that?"
"Fifty shares in a Lake Superior copper mine."
"Indeed! I had not heard of it," said Mr. Howard, showing surprise.
"My father gave them to me before he died, saying that they were probably worthless, and not worth handing over to my guardian. He advised me to keep them myself, and if ever they amounted to anything to sell them."
"How long has he owned them?"
"Some years, I think. He was on a visit to the Western country, when he was induced to buy them. I don't think the mine is worked now."
"Still there is no knowing what may come of it. You had better take good care of the shares."

"I should like to leave them with you, Mr. Howard. I don't care to hand them to Mr. Fox."
"Just as you please, Harry. Is Mr. Fox your only relative?" he continued.
"There may be an exception," said Harry. "An uncle of mine disappeared fifteen years ago. He was a sea-faring man, and when last heard from he was the mate of a merchant vessel. The vessel was lost, and I suppose he was lost with it, but we never could find out. You know my father was an Englishman?"
"Yes, I know that."
"And my uncle had never been in America, unless he touched here on some voyage. Father came to this country when he was twenty-five, and married here."
"So you are American born, Harry?"
"I consider myself an American," said the boy, proudly. "Besides, my mother was an American."
"And this Mr. Fox—is he English?"
"He was born in Liverpool, but was brought here when he was about the age of George."
"I hope for your sake, he will prove a good man. What is his business?"
"I don't know, nor did my father. All I know is, that he is considered a prosperous man."
"We have kept the reader waiting for some time in ignorance of the contents of Harry's letter. The delay, however, has enabled us to understand it better. It was enclosed in a brown envelope, and ran as follows:

HARRY VANE—I have received your letter, saying that your father wants me to be your guardian. I don't know as I have any objections, but a business man it will cost easy to me, and I think your father was wise to select me, and I will take good care of it for you. Evidently your name will tell you that John Fox is a good man of business, and I will be glad to see you, and my boy Joel will be glad to have some one to keep him company. He is about sixteen years old. You don't say how old you are, but from your letter I surmise that you are as much as that. You will find a happy united family, consisting of me and my wife, Joel and his sister Ann, fourteen, and two years younger than Joel. We live in a comfortable life, but we don't gorge ourselves on rich, unhealthy food. No more at present.
Yours to command, JOHN FOX.

Harry smiled more than once as he read this letter. When Mr. Howard came in, he handed it to him.
"Your relative isn't strong on spelling," remarked Mr. Howard, as he laid the letter on the table.
"No, sir; but he appears to be strong on economy. It is a comfort to know that I shall not be injured by 'rich, unhealthy food.'"
"Do you think from the letter that you are likely to get on well with this man?" asked his friend, with a shade of anxiety.
"I don't think I shall," answered Harry quietly.
"He must be a great contrast to my dear father."
"Undoubtedly. Your father was a man of education and refinement, and it is easy to see that this man has neither."
"I will give him a fair trial, Mr. Howard. I won't allow myself to be prejudiced in advance."
"That's right. When do you mean to start for Colebrook?"
"To-morrow morning. I have been looking at a railroad guide, and I find it will bring me to Colebrook in time for supper."
"We should be glad to have you stay with us as long as possible, Harry."
"Thank you, Mr. Howard, I don't doubt that; but the struggle of life is before me, and I may as well enter upon it at once."

CHAPTER II.

THE STAGE COACH.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the conductor of the train on which Harry was a passenger, called out BOLTON.
Harry snatched up his carpet-bag, and made his way to the door, for this was the place where he was to take the stage for Colebrook.
Two other passengers got out at the same time. One was an elderly man, the other a young man of twenty-five. They appeared to be father and son, and as Harry leaned afterwards, they were engaged in farming.
"Any passengers for Colebrook?" inquired the driver of an old-fashioned Concord stage which was drawn up beside the platform.
"There's Obed and me," said the old farmer. "I guess we'd rather ride than foot it, though seventy-five cents is pretty steep just for gittin' over the ground."
"Taint so steep as the hills between here and Colebrook," said the driver, chuckling. "Still, if you'd rather walk—"
"I'm too old to walk; but when I was Obed's age, I wouldn't have minded it."
"But I do," said Obed.

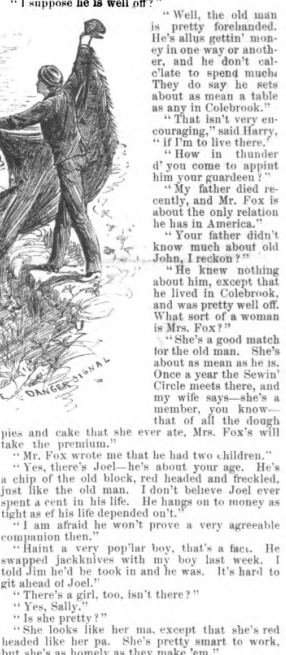
"Are you going to board with him?"
"Very likely. He is to be my guardian."
"Sho! You'll have a queer guardian. That's all I say."
"Why queer?"
"The fact is, old John'll cheat you out of your eye-teeth if he gets a chance. He's about the sharpest man round."
"He can't cheat me out of much," returned Harry, not especially reassured by this remark.
"What is the business of Mr. Fox?"
"Well, he's got some land, but he makes his livin' chiefly by tradin' losses, auctioneerin', and such like."
"I suppose he is well off?"
"Well, the old man is pretty forlanded. He's allus gettin' money in one way or another, and he don't calculate to spend much. They do say he sets about as mean a table as any in Colebrook."
"That isn't very encouraging," said Harry.
"If I'm to live there."
"How in thunder do you come to appoint him your guardian?"
"My father died recently, and Mr. Fox is about the only relation he has in America."
"Your father didn't know much about old John, I reckon?"
"He knew nothing about him, except that he lived in Colebrook, and was pretty well off. What sort of a woman is Mrs. Fox?"
"She's a good match for the old man. She's about as mean as he is. Once a year the Sewin' Circle meets there, and my wife says—she's a member, you know—that of all the dough pies and cake that she ever ate, Mrs. Fox's will take the premium."
"Mr. Fox wrote me that he had two children."
"Yes, there's Joel—he's about your age. He's a chip of the old block, red-headed and reckless, just like the old man. I don't believe Joel ever spent a cent in his life. He hangs on to money as tight as if his life depended on it."
"I am afraid he won't prove a very agreeable companion then."
"Haint a very poplar boy, that's a fact. He swapped jackknives with my boy last week. I told Jim he'd be took in and he was. It's hard to get ahead of Joel."
"There's a girl, too, isn't there?"
"Yes, Sally."
"Is she pretty?"
"She looks like her ma, except that she's red-headed like her pa. She's pretty smart to work, but she's as homely as the make 'em."
"I'm glad to know something of the family, but I'm afraid I shan't enjoy myself very much among the other passengers."
"You ain't used to livin' with foxes, then?" said the driver, with a grin.
"No, nor with people like them. By the way, who are the two other passengers?"
"Elias Jones and his son Obed. 'Lias is a farmer, and pretty well off. He's got a good farm, and a few thousand dollars in bank-stock. Obed's got a farm too."
"Are they anything like my friends, the Foxes?"
"No, they're a good sight better. Old 'Lias don't spend money foolishly—he's a careful man—but he isn't mean. Folks in his house have plenty to eat, and good wholesome food, too. Then he's always willin' to pay his share for the church and other purposes."
"He thought seventy-five cents rather high stage fare?"
"That's only his joke. He'd rather pay a dollar and a half than walk."
"Mr. Fox wrote me that he thought it wouldn't do me any harm to walk from Bolton to Colebrook, and save the stage fare."
"Jest like old John. He grudges me my livin'."
"Does he ever ride with you himself?"
"He always has a horse of his own. If he hadn't he'd walk."
"I think I've got my money's worth in information," said Harry smiling. "I'm glad I rode on the box."
"You're welcome to all I can tell you. I'm sorry you're going to live with John Fox, though."
"So am I, after what you have told me. As it was my father's wish, I shall give him a trial, but I shan't stay long if I don't like."
"You'll soon get tired of your new home, I reckon."
With such conversation Harry beguiled the way. On the whole he enjoyed the ride. There were hills, and here and there the road ran through the woods. He could hear the singing of birds, and notwithstanding what he had heard he felt in good spirits. There are times when the young, buoyed by hope, fancy it is easy to conquer the world. The future looks rose-colored, and success seems certain. Harry was in such a mood. He was counting



HARRY TAKES THE STAGE

"Time is more valuable than it was in your time, dad."
"That's the way with the young folks—they are all for spending."
Harry judged from the old farmer's appearance that he was not in the habit of spending much for dress. His son was better attired.
"May I ride on the seat with you?" asked Harry of the driver.
"Sartain. Where are you going?"
"To Colebrook."
"Then this is your team."
Harry climbed up with a boy's activity, and sat down on the broad seat, congratulating himself that he would have a chance to see the country, and breathe better air than those confined inside.
"Jest hold on to the reins, willd I ship some freight for the grocery store," said the driver.
"This Harry was perfectly willing to do, having a liking for horses.
Soon the driver set down on the box beside him, and started the horses.
"You're a stranger, aint you?" he remarked, with an inquisitive glance at his young traveling companion.
"Yes; I've never been before."
"Where do you come from?"
"From Ferguson."
"Never heard of the place. Where is it?"
"About ninety miles west of here."
"Sho! Do you intend to stay long in Colebrook?"
"I don't know. It will depend on how I like it."
"Are you a peddler, or traveling salesman, or anything of that sort?"
"No," answered Harry smiling. "I may be sometime, but I am afraid I'm too young to get such a place."
"Well, you do look young. I've got a boy nigh about as old as you look."
"I am sixteen."
"I reckoned about that. Are you goin' to the tavern?"
"No; I'm going to the house of Mr. John Fox. Do you know him?"
"Well, I should smile. I reckon everybody round here knows John Fox."
"I don't know him. I never saw him in my life."

"Well, the old man is pretty forlanded. He's allus gettin' money in one way or another, and he don't calculate to spend much. They do say he sets about as mean a table as any in Colebrook."
"That isn't very encouraging," said Harry.
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"JOE, THIS IS HARRY VANE."

THE FIRE-SIDE CIRCLE.

BETWEEN the gold in a peaceful home, where all the festive characters come...

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON. Author of "The Guardians' Trust," "Barbara's Triumphs," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's King," etc.

Synopsis of Chapters of this Story already Printed.

Dismissed the battle of Antietam a soldier of the Forty-seventh, wounded in the forehead, he fled to the mountains...

CHAPTER VII.

A PRIMITIVE OUPLE.

ADAM and Eve, the neighbors called them. They were a quaint couple; she with her pretty, refined face...

They had not married till very late in life, attracted perhaps by the congruity of their names...

Certainly it had been so far from the illustrations prognostics it must have been in the simplicity of their natures...

Twenty years before, they had met as fellow servants in the house of old Joshua Carle...

Adam was a fresh-looking, young old man, then, in his forties, who was not averse to having his hair powdered...

On the death of the elder Carle, the two mingled their tears together, for all the servants were devoted to the household...

The Carles had lived up to their income, and had little left but their home...

"Young woman," said Adam, as he met Eve in the hall one morning...

"Well, I've saved a little money. It is my present intention to find a little house for myself, and a little woman to take it to keep for me."

"My goodness, you are forgetting the tears, and contemplating the shroud visage of your fellow servant with undisguised astonishment."

"Oh, young woman, if you will, I have had you in my eye a year or two, and if you'll take me for your man, I'll take you for my woman, for better, for worse."

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Eve, and turned and fled up the stairs as if pursued by a legion of devils.

"She didn't say no, anyhow," muttered Adam, as he wiped his brow with a satisfied smile.

"They had now lived together, a quaint, worthy couple, for twenty years."

"What sees the other of these lovely homes that it seems to shine more gleefully there on the bare pine boards than on the thick carpets and rich upholstery of purple and blue linen?"

"At all events, they are the home of the Merriams very beautiful in its primitive, old-fashioned fashion."

"They lived on a wide terraced street running parallel with the river. Let us years before, this was the promenade of all the fashionable of the city."

"Within sight was that fine old structure, the Capitol. To the left, two or three old estates gave dignity to the open landscape, and the river, broad, blue and beautiful, rolled on toward the Virginia shore."

"The house was a wooden one, with a brown front door, and two wooden steps leading up to it. There were curtains of white muslin at the spotless window, there was a fire on the hearth, for the early tea was getting on."

"Presently she took the pins from her silken tresses, and they were set on the table with a luxuriance, which the sunshine catching seemed to prison suddenly in a network of gold."

"Heavens, what a lecture he gave me! that dreadful professor, looking as if he were about the time," she said to herself.

"He was half right, but I didn't know I was vain, I didn't really! What a nervous man made for to look at! I'm afraid I'm afraid they'll be all the time lecturing me at the other place, and I couldn't stand that. But anything will be better than here," she

added, looking about her at the pine chairs, the air of decent poverty over all.

"Beth," she came up the narrow staircase, and she cried the girl, hurriedly arranging her hair.

"For her character was made of various contradictions, and she was so full of contradictions, that I don't know what to think of her."

"You mean, with a twitch of his jaw, which shook his pointed beard."

"Yes, man, she's again at last, with all her wiles and wiles and fancies, and with all her sweet ways, too, bless the child," said Eve.

"I don't know, man," said Eve, knitting placidly on. "A good, honest carpenter or painter, in staidy employ, would do as good a match as we could expect."

"Perhaps," muttered Adam. "But I know, for her mother's fault, I don't know but she mightn't marry as well as anybody. Mr. Louis is intended to educate her as to earn her own living."

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"Woman," said Adam. "It's all over."

"Yes, man, we only have each other now," she answered. "I don't know what to think of her."

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"So Miss Beth declined to come to tea," said her aunt, after the table was cleared.

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The continuation of this story will be found in No. 126 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Ask your newsdealer for it. He has it on his counter.



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A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, at \$2.00 a year—weekly—contains more long stories and other valuable reading matter by leading authors, is more carefully edited, is printed on finer paper, and is better illustrated than any other publication for the same money in America.

A STORY FOR ALL. The story on the first page of this issue entitled "FACING THE WORLD," by HORATIO ALGER, JR., is one that we take great pleasure in presenting to the readers of the ARGOSY. Mr. Alger is a great favorite, as he possesses the happy faculty of making his stories interesting to all—old as well as young. In our opinion, "Facing the World" is one of his most fascinating serials, and one in which your interest will grow steadily as its mysteries unfold to you.

NEXT WEEK. NEXT week we shall publish a portrait and biographical sketch of H. G. Pearson, postmaster of New York.

HOLD FAST TO THE BIBLE. SEVERAL years ago General Grant uttered these earnest words about the Bible: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we look as our guide in the future."

GREAT CHANCES. It sometimes seems that men spring at a bound into greatness. A sudden opportunity presents itself. They seize upon it, and at once become distinguished. Lookers on say: "What luck! If I only had such a chance!" Well, suppose they had; it does not follow that they would take equal advantage of it.

MISUSED MAXIMS. THERE are many excellent rules of conduct, but these are sometimes misapplied. One who said disagreeable things to his friends, about their faults and failings, justified himself on the ground that "honesty is the best policy." He forgot the other maxim, that "the truth is not to be spoken at all times," meaning that silence is sometimes both kind and prudent.

WORTH REMEMBERING. NEVER eat between meals. NEVER stand long at a corner of a street. NEVER fret; it will only shorten your days. NEVER abuse one who was once your bosom friend.

HOW LONG WE SHOULD SLEEP. THE latest authority on this vexed question Dr. Malins says that the proper amount of sleep to be taken by a man is eight hours. So far as regards city life the estimate is probably correct.

RIDICULOUS CHIVALRY. THE practice of duelling has been more than once brought to ridicule by sensible Yankees.

HISTORICAL REVENGES.

NATIONS get their "come-up-enances"—to borrow a slang phrase from the rural districts—as well as individuals. If our readers will overhaul their histories, they will find that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove thousands of Protestants out of France. Many of these were expert artisans. They wandered sadly into foreign lands, carrying their trades with them.

These Huguenot refugees were the founders of many manufactures in Germany, which is now a powerful rival of France. There are to-day 20,000 descendants of these Frenchmen in the capital of Germany. When the Huguenots first came they were poor, many of them. They settled on sandy land in the outskirts of the city, and so barren was the soil that in derision they called it the "land of Moab." This name lives to the present, for the suburb is now called Moabit. In course of time the immigrants thrived. Those who planted themselves on this poor soil were mostly gardeners.

As the city extended, the French settlers were able to sell their land at high prices for building sites. Consequently they grew rich, and are to-day a wealthy community. They have built one of the finest hospitals in the city, and in many ways have given Berlin the benefit of their thrift. So we see that national bigotry and injustice have their punishment in due course of time. France has never ceased to suffer for her cruel act.

LATE HOURS.

YOUNG students easily fall into the habit of working late at night. The stillness brings a feeling of ease. There seems to be a high tide of nervous sensibility. The mind is clear and the faculties work readily. This is the experience of many, and they forthwith decide that night is the time for their best efforts. Now there is a penalty to be paid for this indulgence, and young people will do well to keep it in mind. It is a fact that many of the workers on morning journals break down prematurely. Yet most of them will tell you that they enjoy night work, and find themselves in the best trim at that time.

Medical authorities tell us that the reason of the mind's feeling so at ease in the night is a lowering of vitality. It is really low tide of the system instead of high. In this state the nerves are more susceptible to impressions. Hence one falls easily into the fever of composition or other mental work. But the night labor is accomplished at the expense of an unnatural drain upon the vital force. Hence, in course of time, the majority of the night workers give out nervously.

Dyspepsia, sleeplessness, neuralgia, and other maladies naturally follow upon physical prostration. Therefore the night worker is tempted to employ tobacco, tea, coffee, liquor, or other stimulants. The use of these only aggravates the trouble, in the long run. It is a serious train of evils that follows upon persistent night work. Young people had best avoid the habit. Morning work is more healthful, and the mind is then really in better trim.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

NEVER speak in a contemptuous manner of womankind. NEVER anticipate too much; disappointment is not pleasant. NEVER taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal. NEVER spend many of your evenings away from your family. NEVER speak of your parents as the "old man" or "old woman." NEVER seek to create a laugh at the expense of religion and the Bible.

HOW LONG WE SHOULD SLEEP.

The latest authority on this vexed question Dr. Malins says that the proper amount of sleep to be taken by a man is eight hours. So far as regards city life the estimate is probably correct. Proverbial wisdom does not apply to modern conditions of social existence. "Five (hours) for a man, seven for a woman and nine for a pig," says one proverb; and a second, quoted by Mr. Hazlitt in the English Proverbs, declares that nature requires five, custom allows seven, laziness takes nine and wickedness eleven." These conclusions were, however, drawn from observation of country life. Physical fatigue is more easily overcome than intellectual. Men who follow an intellectual pursuit are exceptionally fortunate if the processes of restoration occupy less than seven hours. More frequently they extend to eight or nine hours. Kant, I see it stated, took no less than seven hours. Goethe owned to requiring nine. Soldiers and sailors, on the other hand, like laborers, do with much less quantity.

ALEXANDER HENRIQUES.

Vice-Chairman of the New York Stock Exchange.

By ARTHUR HAMILTON.

CURIOS strangers seldom fail to visit the New York Stock Exchange, the great financial centre, where stock transactions of great magnitude are daily recorded. As the visitor looks down from the gallery at the tumultuous crowd of brokers, who appear more like schoolboys on a lark than financiers engaged in the purchase and sale of important securities, he is not a little puzzled in his effort to reduce their apparent chaos to order. After a while his attention will be drawn to a trim, alert figure on the rostrum, calmly overlooking the surging throng, guiding the course of business, and prompt to interpose his authority when the tumult exceeds its proper bounds.

This is the Vice-Chairman, Alexander Henriques, perhaps the most popular officer who has ever presided over the Exchange.

Though past his sixtieth year (he was born in 1818), Mr. Henriques has the erect figure, the quick movements, and the elastic step of a man twenty years younger. His complexion is dark, his eyes large and expressive, and he seems thoroughly at home on the rostrum. For a presiding officer he has rare qualifications, and were he a member of Congress he would stand an excellent chance on the ground to be elected Speaker. He blends official dignity with a grace of manner and a social affability which make him a personal favorite with his brother brokers, so that even among the youngest he is known as Alick Henriques, or Alick, for short.

Though one of the best known among the citizens of New York, he is not a native of the city, nor even of the United States. His father was a Londoner, who emigrated in early life to the island of Jamaica, where he married, and reared a family. Alexander was still a boy when his father became a resident of New York. He was a prominent broker, possessed at first of large means, and occupying a high social position. Being naturally studious, the future Vice-Chairman was sent first to Columbia Grammar School, and afterwards to Columbia College, where, under the instruction of Prof. Charles Anthon, he became an excellent classical scholar. He left college, however, before graduation, to enter upon a strange and romantic experience.

General Houston had established in Texas an independent republic, of which he was elected the first president. Young Henriques, then barely eighteen, was offered the post of his private secretary. This he accepted, and starting from New York, after a long and fatiguing journey, reached the Lone Star republic. There was much in the journey to impress a young man of his age—the long stretches of country, hardly redeemed from the wilderness, with here and there a lonely cabin peeping from its leafy covert, the primitive mode of travel in the old fashioned lumbering stage-coach, and the excitement of an occasional upset. At last the journey was over, and the young New Yorker was introduced to the bluff soldier who had wrested an empire from Mexico to present not many years later to the United States. Brought up in luxury, he found at the court of the President of Texas a simplicity and even rudeness far exceeding the vaunted simplicity of Jefferson. He soon became accustomed to his duties and won the confidence of his chief. Though Texas was small (in population), and poor, he found the same official jealousy and the same intrigues which prevail on a larger scale in more important governments. Mr. Henriques, though he occupied his position less than a year, often reverts with interest to this charmed period of his youth, and always mentions with sincere respect the sturdy and successful soldier with whom he was for a time in such intimate relations.

The mystery, never yet penetrated, which overshadowed the life of General Houston, with his marked personality and commanding qualities, will always make him conspicuous in American annals. As an illustration of political intrigues not wholly unknown in our own days, Mr. Henriques relates the fact that on one occasion, in his presence, a member of the Texas President's Cabinet. "What proof have you to offer of the truth of your charge?" asked General Houston. "None is needed," was the answer. "The charge alone is enough to damn him." Politicians nowadays are not so frank, but quite as unscrupulous. He was still a young man when he became a member of the Board of Brokers, in which he has been a conspicuous figure for forty years. It is

only of late years that he has withdrawn from active membership, and become one of the two presiding officers.

Mr. Henriques has at times contemplated writing a History of the Stock Exchange. His long membership, and his intimate acquaintance with all whose names have from time to time acquired prominence upon the floor, fit him for the work in an especial manner, and would enable him to make a valuable contribution to the financial and personal history of the city.

For many years Mr. Henriques has been President of that veteran military organization, the Old Guard, and with them he has appeared on many important public occasions. His military rank is that of Captain. He has decided military predilections, and was only prevented by domestic reasons from taking an active part in the civil war.

He entered the service in 1861, as Quartermaster, but was recalled from Washington by duties at home.

The subject of our sketch is an easy and fluent speaker, and is very much in demand on public occasions. He is especially happy in what has been pronounced the most difficult branch of oratory—after dinner speaking. On two occasions he has had occasion to speak in Faneuil Hall, at a reception given by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. His classical training is evinced by his elegant diction, and had he become a lawyer, which he is himself disposed to think the profession which he would most have enjoyed, there is little reason to doubt that he would have taken high rank as a pleader.

Of a social nature Mr. Henriques has a very large circle of acquaintances and friends. He is eminently hospitable, and delights to entertain his friends in his pleasant home in the upper part of the city, being ably seconded by his accomplished wife. He has three sons, the eldest of whom is a graduate of Columbia College, and officially connected, like his father, with the Stock Exchange. The youngest son is also preparing to enter the same college. The two older sons, inheriting their father's military tastes, are members respectively of the Seventh and Twenty-second regiments, and would doubtless be ready to serve their country in time of need. Mr. Henriques has two brothers, both of whom occupy positions of prominence—Francis, connected for many years with the flagstaff of H. B. Claflin & Co., and William, is reported to be the witliest member of the Board of Brokers, besides being a daring and successful speculator. Another brother, Joseph, who has forsaken the city and its excitements, has a plantation in Maryland, not far from Havre du Grace.

Happy in his family relations and outward surroundings, the subject of our sketch is gliding peacefully down into the vale of years. As we take leave of him we may say with his favorite Latin poet,

"Serus in cœlum redeas."

MAKE ROOM.

THINGS must ebb and flow, man, Currents have full play; Make room for the water, Don't block up the way.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

GOOD and bad men are both less than they seem. THE root of all benevolent actions is filial piety and fraternal love.

By the streets of "by and by" one arrives at the house of "never."

To appreciate a difficulty is an important step towards overcoming it.

BENEFITS conferred on base-minded people are like drops of water thrown into the sea.

FRAME your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. I am thoroughly satisfied that all the pleasant days of this life pass away like a shadow or dream, or fade like a flower of the field.

NOBODY talks much who doesn't say unwise things, things he did not mean to say; it is no person plays much without striking a false note sometimes.

RESOLUTION on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconsistency in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.

If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascades over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through in its still calm purity?

In the lottery of life there are more prizes than blank checks, and to one misfortune there are five advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.

Nobility of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind, if it did it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions, but it sometimes acts as a clog rather than a spur. No one who has not suffered deeply has ever loved deeply, prayed deeply, enjoyed deeply. The plow which cuts sharp furrows in our hearts alone enables them to bear their richest harvest. WHAT a vast deal of time and ease that man gains, who is not troubled with the spirit of impertinent curiosity about others; who lets his neighbor's thoughts and behavior alone; who confines his inspections to himself, and cares chiefly for his own duty and conscience. JUST as a child learns to know the spirit, the wisdom and the love of an earthly parent by submitting to his discipline, by observing all his regulations, by eating of the fruits, do we come to know God by the trust that obeys. His character is in the commandments that he gives.



THE BLUE, THE GRAY, AND GRANT.

They sat together side by side. In the shade of an orange tree. One had followed the flag of Grant. The other had fought with Lee.

[This story continued in No. 116.]

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS;

THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS. BY JOHN GINGOLD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was with difficulty that Walter secured admission to the college building. "The colonel is too sick to see any one, especially at this hour," said the servant.

you offer on condition that you in return oblige me by accepting this slight token of my esteem. Don't think I offer it in payment of any service you have rendered or intend to render, but only as a keepsake from a friend.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WALTER had been so thoughtful on his way, that he scarcely realized the fact when he reached home, that it was very late and the heat of the day had been of the private entrance.

"Walter turned round, and to his great astonishment, beheld Clifton, with a satirical smile on his noble formed features. Walter started at him as at a ghost—but there was no doubt of it—the cold, smile, elegant figure and careless assurance could only be that of Clifton in the body.

"I would let you into your own room," replied Walter, "only I left my key on my table."

"You've been quite a fighting cock of late, and I am glad of it. I came to see you for two reasons; first, to see you again and gossip with you, and secondly to talk serious with you on your future."

"At the same time, I am very romantic to be parted from you," continued Walter. The two friends chatted well nigh through the night, but managed to get a few hours' sleep before office hours commenced.

"I only wish to know, Mr. Vandye, whether you will grant me leave of absence or not. I know I will not be confined to any extraordinary privilege."

"Go and ask her in person," replied the merchant. Clifton only too readily accepted the invitation,

and when Walter half an hour later had put matters right as far as he could in the office, and further delay would have caused him to miss the train, he was obliged to call the trifling Clifton more than once.

As the two traveled on their way southwards, Walter observed a perceptible change in his friend's manner, an unusual gravity, especially when he mentioned Dorothy Vandye's name and referred to his own "vagabondish disposition."

The Great Soap Wonder, Allison's "DEATH ON DIRT," Is The Very Best Laundry Soap In The World.

No Boiling is Required, and But Very Little Rubbing. The Steam, Slop, and Heat of Washing-Day are Avoided.

A Tea-Kettle Full of Boiling Water is Sufficient For A Large Wash As The Water is Used Only Luke-Warm.

The Washing is Done With Less Labor, Less Fuel, Less Time, and Less Trouble Than With Any Other Soap.

If used according to directions you will be surprised at the result.

Cardlets of Testimonials Show That No Housekeeper Who Has Once Tried It Will Be Without It. See Circular Sent With Sample Cake.

Sold by Grocers, or Sample Cake Sent On Receipt of Twelve Cents, To Pay Post-age. (Stamps Taken.)

Manufactured Only By ALLISON BROTHERS, Middletown, Conn.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Writing Cards, 100 each, Guaranteed Best, Sold, Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 Days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STRAPERS, Tallent, Ohio.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught. Students prepared all pupils with complete and efficient. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

25 New Fancy Gilded, All Hidden Name Cards, 100 each, 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

WANTED LADIES or GENTLEMEN to take light pleasant employment at their own homes; work sent by mail (distance no objection); \$2 to \$5 a day can be quietly made; no canvassing; no stamp for reply. Please address Globe Bk. Co., Boston, Mass. No. 5544.

40 Hidden Name Cards, 100 each, 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

SO LOVELY NEW CARDS, 100 each, 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

ELEGANT AND STYLISH CARDS, 50 Different Styles with your name engraved, 10 each, 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES and TRICYCLES, The POPE MFG CO., 577 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

SATIN FINISH GOLDEN BORDER CARDS, 100 each, 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

AMSON'S COUGH BALSAM, Pleasant, and Cures as by Magic. Sold by Druggists & Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

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50 Perfumed, Embossed, Hidden Name etc. Cards, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

50 New Embossed Chromo Cards or 12 gold edge hidden name cards 10c. 5-pks. Box. Ivory Card Co., Ivoryton, Ct.

\$75 A MONTH. And expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Send us your name, address, and we will send you a FREE FULL PARTICULARS FREE.

RUPTURE. Cured without operation or interference with labor by DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Book with endorsements of Physicians, Clergymen, Merchants, and others.

HAIR. or woman making less than \$40 per week should try this easy money making business. If you are not satisfied we will refund you the money.

40 HIDDEN NAME CARDS, 100 each, 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring, Sample Book & this beautiful New Sample Book, No. 1, JONES & CO., New Haven, Conn.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, FLESH WORMS AND OILY SKIN.

"MEDICATED CREAM" IS THE ONLY KNOWN harmless, pleasant, and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes all clear, complexion and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS only leaving skin clear, smooth and unblemished always.

SEGNEZOLE. The Great Dyspepsia Cure. Have you got Dyspepsia? Are you troubled from any cause with a disordered stomach, such as sourness, a burning sensation, water-brash, Gastritis Flatulency, etc., arising from any cause, or indigestion, or any other cause?

AMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. FOR THE BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, SPASMODIC HOARSENESS, CRUP, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, SCARLET FEVER, SORENESS OF THROAT AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BRONCHIAE.

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

A SACRED MISSION.

MISS L. E. R.

Art thou weary, O fond mother,
Train'st thou little hands and feet?
Both thy way sometimes seem dreary...

minutes. And now tell me who you are, and how you came in this sorry condition.
" No matter about my name," said the young man...



CORRESPONDENCE.

J. L. B., Talcoville, Conn. About the same number of
solvers as last week.
A. T. A., Irvington, N. Y. That has nothing to do
with it. Try reading it slowly, carefully and distinctly...

NO. 3. ANAGRAM.
LARD AND CHANT PRIZES, NOT TO ALL.
But only to our God above.
Who see our every deed...

NO. 4. NEW STYLE DIAMOND AND SQUARE.
The Square is found in the Diamond.
Diamond: 1. A letter; 2. A chart; 3. Harlequin by
color; 4. H. J. Wesson, Miss. About twenty million acres...

NO. 5. NUMERICAL.
When Adam and his charming mate,
Broke law God did enunciate,
A different kind of fruit they ate...

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

She did not look at all like a Samaritan. In all
the pictures I have even seen of the Good Samaritan,
(and they are many), he is represented as a
tall man, clad in flowing robes...

COLUMBUS' REMAINS.

A CURIOUS controversy has arisen as to the ashes
of Christopher Columbus. The honor of possessing
the remains of the discoverer of the New World is
claimed by two cities, and the dispute has been
carried to such lengths...

PUZZLEDOM NO. 12B.

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department.
Write on one side of the paper only, and apart
from the other communications.
S. R. C. A. S. M.
A. D. V. A. S. M.
C. U. S. A. S. M.

NO. 6. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. An explanation expressing contentment;
3. Bender cone-shaped; 4. Italian parties (1495-1543);
5. A view of the world; 6. A picture of Murray Co.,
Miss.; 7. Household gods of ancient Rome...

NO. 7. CHARADE.

Say, solver, please tell me the name and the nature
of this velvet quadruped, nondescript creature,
with somewhat of a mane in its pugnacious features...

NO. 8. DIAMOND.

1. In "Cerebrations"; 2. Possesses; 3. An interior
church; 4. A district or province (India); 5.
Promover; 6. Slipperwort; 7. Laces used by
carriage makers...

NO. 9. CHARADE.

In a dingy little district court,
The judge sits in a high-backed chair,
The Apples of every kind and sort,
Filled his pockets and his hat...

NO. 10. CHARADE.

Answered, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.
For the first complete list of solutions in THE GOLDEN
ARGOSY six months. For the two best incomplete lists,
three months each.

NO. 11. CHARADE.

In awarding prizes to tyros, the question very naturally
arises, "Who are the tyros?" A tyro is a beginner...

EXCHANGES.

A. T. Allen, Box 155, Irvington, N. Y. Stamps, cards
and rare postmarks from all over the world, for
exchange.

NEW PUZZLES.

NO. 1. NUMERICAL.
1 to 4 is a "boundary."
In Webster may be seen:
4, 5, 6, 7, a subacute
of blindness; 8, a fungus;
The 7, 8, 9, an animal
That lessons teach, I ween,
Of the globe, and of the sun;
In Spencer's "Fairly Queen."

NO. 2. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND.

1. In Trenton; 2. A province of Morocco; 3. A market
town of Italy; 4. A river of Naples; 5. A town of
Bavaria; 6. A parish of England; 7. A parish of
England; 8. A river in Utrecht, Netherlands; 9. In
Madagascar.

NO. 3. NUMERICAL.

One of the most valuable employees in the office of
the Valley Railroad is a plain, unassuming man, whose
name of "Pug" like the dog he resembles, has his
perfect points leave no room for doubt that his blood
is of the bluest, and that his ancestors were familiar
with palaces...

UNLIKE HIS FELLOWS.

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with palaces...

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

PROBABLY one of the greatest Ministers, says the
St. Louis Globe Democrat, we ever had abroad,
was Washburne at Paris. He made more of a
mark for himself in modern times than any Minister
we have sent to Europe...

RELICS OF THE FIGHT.

CORNELIUS SMITH has the contract for sawing into
lumber a large number of logs cut from trees standing
on the fields of Antietam at the time of the battle.
He says that all sorts of missiles, from cannon
balls to musket-balls, are almost daily met with in
the timber...

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NO. 1. STAR-LIGHT.

No. 3. Plumber. Lumber. UMBER.

No. 2. S. R. C. A. S. M.

No. 4. A. D. V. A. S. M.

No. 5. C. U. S. A. S. M.

No. 6. B. A. R. E. T. O.

No. 7. C. A. R. T. A. R. E. T. A.

No. 8. S. T. A. L. I. O. N.

No. 9. S. T. A. L. I. O. N.

No. 10. S. T. A. L. I. O. N.

No. 11. S. T. A. L. I. O. N.

No. 12. S. T. A. L. I. O. N.

No. 13. S. T. A. L. I. O. N.

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