Vol. III.-No. 22.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, SI WARREN ST., PUBLISHER. NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885.

TERMS. \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 126.

This story began in No. 125.1

FACING THE WORLD:

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane. By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

of "Do and Dare," "Helping Himself," Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK

CHAPTER IV.

It was an anxious moment for Harry as he stood waving the danger-signal, uncertain whether it would attract the attention of the engineer. It did! The engineer, though not understanding the meaning of the signal, not knowing indeed but it might be a boy's freak, prudently heeded it, and reversing the engine, stopped the train within a short distance of the place of danger.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Harry, breathing a deep sigh of relief.

The engineer alighted from the train, and when he looked ahead needed no explanation.

"My boy!" he said, with a shudder, "yon have saved the train."

"I am glad of it, sir. My heart was in my mouth, lest you should not see my signal."

By this time the passengers, whose curiosity had been roused by the sudden halt, began to pour out of the cars.

When they saw the wash-out, strong men turned pale, and ladies grew faint, while many a fervent ejaculation of gratitude was heard at the wonderful escape.

"We owe our lives to this boy!" said the engineer. "It was he who

heard at the wonderful escape.

"We owe our lives to this boy!"
said the engineer. "It was he who
stood on the fence and signaled
me. We ove our deliverance to
this—table-cloth."
One impressible lady, who had
two young children with her,
trew her arms round Harry's
neck and kissed him, nuch to our
hero's embarrassment, while half
a dozen gentlemen shook hands
with him. a dozen with him

small man, somewhat portly,

A small man, somewhat portly, pushed his way up to Harry.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked, brusquely.

"Harry Vane."

"Where do you live?"

"In Colebrook—at present."

"When did you discover this wash-out?"

"Not over ten minutes since."
"And where did you get your signal?"
"In the yard of yonder house,

"You have shown wonderful promptness and presence of mind. Probably you don't know me."
"No, sir."
"In the president and leading stockholder of the road, and my property has come very near being the death of me. Gentlemen, here the president turned to the group of gentlemen around him, "don't you think this boy deserves a testimonial?"
"Yes, yes!" returned the gentlemen in chorus.

"Yes, yes! returned the gentlemen in chorus.
"So do I, and I lead off with a subscription of twenty dollars."
"Here's another twenty!"
"And here's ten!"
"So one after another followed the president's lead, the president himself making the rounds bare-headed, and gathering the contributions in his hat.
"Oh, sit!" said Harry, as soon as he understood what was going forward, "don't reward me for what was only my duty. I should be ashamed to accept anything for the little I have done."

"You may count it little to save the lives of a train full of people," said the president, drily, "but we set a slight value upon our lives and limbs. Are you rich?"

drily. But we set a sight vane upon our lives and limbs. Are you rich?"
"No, sir."
"So I thought. Well, you needn't be ashamed to accept a little testimonial of our gratitude.
"Lete do ny share," said a young lady, as she dropped a bill into the hat.
"Gertainly, miss. The ladies are by no means to be slighted."

When all so disposed had contributed, the president handed the pile of bills to Harry. "Take them, my boy," he said, "and make good use of them. I shall owe you considerable balance, for I value my life at more than twenty dollars. Here is my eard. If you ever need a friend, or a service, call on

If you ever need a friend, or a service, call on me."

Then the president gave directions to the engineer to run back to the preceding station where there was a telegraph office, from which messages could be sent in both directions to warn trains of the wash-out.

Though it has taken me considerable time to narrate this incident, the time consumed was very brief, and Harry was left with his hands full of money, hardly knowing whether he was awake or dreaming.

One thing seemed to him only fair—to give the owner of the table-cloth



some small share of the money, as an acknowledgment for the use of her property.
"Here, madam," said Harry, when he had retraced his steps to the house, "is your table-cloth, for which I am much obliged. It

table-cloth, for which I am much obliged. It saved the train."
"Well, I'm thankful! Little did I ever think a table-cloth would do so much good. Why, it only cost me a dollar and a quarter."
"Allow me to ask your acceptance of this bill to pay you for the use of it."
"Land sakes! why, you've given me ten dollars!"

ollars!"
"It's all right. It came from the passeners. They gave me something too."
"How much did they give you?"
"I don't know yet," mswered Harry thinkeg it unwise to gratify the curiosity of the

ing it unwise to gramy one good lady.
"Did they say this money was for me?

"Did they say this money was for me?" she asked.
"No; but I am sure they would think you ought to have it."
"Well, I'm sure I'm very much obleeged. Ten dollars! Why, I haven't had so much money in a long time."
"You can buy a new table-cloth."
"No, I won't; the old one will do. I'll buy me a shawl to wear Sundays. I haven't had one since I was married. You didn't tell me your name."

on that subject, but did not care to take a stranger into his confidence.
"I hope so," he said.
"If he hears you've had any money give you, he'll want to take care of it for you.
This consideration had not occurred to Harry. Indeed, he had for so short a time been the possessor of the money, of which he did not know the amount, that this was not

been the possessor of the money, of which he did not know the amount, that this was not surprising.

"Well, good morning!" he said.

"Good mornin! It's been a lucky morning to both of us. Hadn't you better see how much money you're got?"

"Not now. I'm in a hurry."

Indieed, Harry had some curiosity on the Indieed, Harry had some curiosity on the whether he ought to have accepted money for the service he had rendered, but then the president of the road thought it right, and our hero felt in his own case that he would have liked to do something for a person who had saved his life. So he quieted his scruples, and determined to accept thankfully what had been showered upon him.

"I must go somewhere where I can count this money unobserved," he said to himself. Not far away he saw a ruined shed. Near it were the charred remains of a house that had been consumed. The shed had not been much injured.

"My name is Harry Vane."

"Do you live round here? I never heerd the name afore."

"I've just come to the village. I'm going to live with John Fox."

"You don't say! Be you any kin to Fox?"

"Not very near. He's my guardian."

"Not very near. He's my guardian."

"Sho! you don't say. Well, I hope you'l like him."

She spoke in rather a dubious tone. Harry smiled. He had already made up his mind was two hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifty cents. He to ware for the table-cloth, he would have within fifty cents of three hundred dollars.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY'S SAYINGS BANK.

"ALMOST three hundred dollars!" murmured Harry, joyously.

It has been, indeed. a lucky morning for me. It has nearly doubled my property."

The question arose in his mind, "Should he give this money to Mr. Fox to keep for him?"

Had his guardian been a man like Mr. Howard, he would have had no hesitation in giving this windfall into his hands. But he had formed a poor opinion of John Fox, apart from the unfavorable accounts he had heard of him, and was beginning to be sorry he had come in his charge.

Still undecided our hero walked Still undecided our hero walked over to the ruined house, and began to look about him. In one corner he noticed a little leather-covered, black trunk, not more than a foot long, and six inches deep, which was apparently uninjured, having been thrown out of a window. It was looked, but a small key was in the lock.

An idea struck him. He would

the lock.

An idea struck him. He would convert this miniature trunk into a cash box, and deposit his wealth therein. He could no doubt conceal it somewhere afterwards.

Opening the trunk he found it empty. The lock seemed in good condition. He made a pile of the bills, and depositing them in this receptacle, locked the trunk and put the key in his pocket.

locked the trunk and put the key in his pocket.

For a place of concealment.

Herry came out of the shed, and locked sertificingly around him. Not far away was a shep elevation surmounted by trees. Without any definite idea, Harry, box in hand, ascended the elevation, and from the top had an extended view of the neighborhood. This, however, was not what he wanted. The hill was of a gravelly formation, and therefore dry. At one point near a withered tree, our hero detected a cavity, made either by accident or design. Its location near the tree made it easy to discover.

"Why not hide the trunk here?" he said to himself.

The more he thought of it, the more he liked the idea. It might not be a good permanent hiding-place, but it would do till he had time to think of another.

With a little labor he enlarged and deepened the hole, till he could easily store away the box in its recess, then covered it up carefully, and strewed grass and leaves over all to hide the traces of excavation.

"There that will do," he said, in a tone of satisfaction. Let Mr. Fox find it if he can."

He had reserved for possible need fifteen dollars in small bills which he put into his

pocket-book. He had been reduced to a single dollar after defraying the expenses of his journey, but now he felt quite in funds. Having no further business on the hillock, he descended to the railway and took his way homeward, without passing the scene of Had he done so he would have found his respected guardian with his son Joel, and quite a large number of the village people on the spot, looking curi-outly about the his son doel, and enter a large number of the village people on the spot, looking curi-outly about he had been seen to postoffice. John Fox had feat once for the scene of danger. He had a keen scent for possible advantage, and not being sure when he started but there had really been a smash-up (such was the erroneous report

not being sure when he started but there had really been a smash-up (such was the erroneous report that had come to the village), thought it possible that he might discover something thrown away by terrified passengers that would be of use to him. I am not prepared to say that he was disappointed to find that the danger had been awerted, but he was at any rate sorry that he was not likely to be repaid "How'd they hear of the wash-out?" he asked, puzzled.

wow u sney near of the wash-out?" he asked, puzzled.
"I heered that a boy discovered it, and signaled the train," said his neighbor.
"A boy! What boy?"
"A boy! What boy?"
"How did he do it?"
"Waved a shawl or somethin. The engineer saw it, and stopped the cars."
John Pox shrugged his shoulder.
"That don't seem likely," was his comment, where would a boy find a shawl? He didn't wear it, did he?"

His informant looked puzzled.
"Like as not he borrowed it of Mrs. Brock," he

sucrested.

Mrs. Brock was the woman living in the small house near by, so that the speaker's surmise was correct. It struck John Fox as possible, and he said so.

correct. It struck John Fox as possible, and he said so.

"I guess I'll go and ask the widder Brock," he said. "She must have seen the train, livin' so near as she does."

"I'll go along with you."

The two men soon found themselves on Mrs. Brock's premises. The widow was out in the yard handled as soon the term of the widow of the widow of the widow. The widow of the widow of the widow of the widow of the widow. The widow of the

"Land sakes! don't you know.

Brook in surprise.

"How should I know? I're only just come."

"Why, it was your boy."

"My boy? I left Joel at home. I don't see how he came here."

"It wasn't Joel. It was that boy you are guardeen of."

deen of."
"What! Harry Vane?" ejaculated Fox, in genu-

"Wilat: Harry vano" commended in supprise.
"I don't know his name. He didn't tell me."
"Tell me all about it, Mrs. Brock. It it was my ward, I want to know all that's took place."
"Well, you see he ran into my yard all out of breath, and grabbin' a red table-cloth from the line, asked me if I would lend it to him. "Land's sakes!" says I, "what do you want of a table-cloth!"

time, as an gradulus of bend tites, bitter in the standard gradulus of the standard gradulus of

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY DISAGRESS WITH HIS GUARDIAN.
HARRY DISAGRESS WITH HIS GUARDIAN.
HARRY And his guardian met at the dimer-table.
Mrs. Fox had provided a boiled dimer-table.
HARRY was ready to do justice, not only on account of his long forenoon walk, but also because the breakfast, taken at half past six, had not been pal-table. He gained accordingly in the good opinion of Mrs. Fox, who had decided in the morning that he was dainly, and disadianed her humble fare.
Mr. Fox seemed unusually pleasant.
"I find, Harry," he said, clearing his throat, "that you have already been distinguishing your-self."

self."
His wife and son both looked up in surprise. They had not heard of the wash-out, nor of Harry's success in saving the railroad train.

success in saving the railroad train.

train "" said Hard of the narrow escape of the train "" said Hard that but for your presence of mind, and Mrs. Brock's table-cloth, there would have been a smash-up."

and airs. Brucks 8 table-cloth, there would have been a smash-up."

"What on earth are you talkin' about, John Fox?" demanded his wife, curiously,

"Well, you see, Maria, the rain of last night washed away part of the railroad track, and the train would have been plunged into a gully, if our young boarder here hadn't seen the danger, and, borrowin' a table-cloth from Mrs. Brock, signaled the train."

don't say? What on earth was the boy do-

in' out that way?"

"I was exploring the town, Mrs. Fox," answered Harry, with a smile.

"That isn't all," resumed John Fox. "The passengers took up a contribution, and I expect gave quite a handsome sum to our young friend." "I wish I'd been there!" said Joel, enviously. "Joel is never in luck!" said his mother, in ac-

"Joel is never in luck!" said his mother, in accents of regret.
"If I'd only known there was goin' to be an accident," complained Joel.
"I didn't know," Harry felt called upon to re-

cicent," complained Joes.

"I didn't know," Harry felt called upon to remark.

"No, it was your luck!" observed Mrs. Fox, with some asperity. She was a woman who was lealous of any good fortune falling to those outside of her own family circle. She would have had all the rain fall on her husbands. The little research that harry, instead of Joel, had had the good luck to save the train.

"How much did the folks give you?" asked Joel, eagerly.

"I was about to ask that question myself," said his father, smoothly.

This was the question which Harry feared would the folks give you?" asked the father of the father than the father of the father

table-cloth." As so, some or the use of the John Fox looked disappointed and disgusted. "You don't mean to say," he ejaculated, sharply, "that you gave away almost half of your money for the use of an old table-cloth that would be dear at a dollar?" "If I hadn't had the table-cloth, I couldn't have attracted the engineer's attention," said Harry, mildly.

attracted the engineer's attention," said Harry,
multi-was the crazy to throw away money like
that," said John Fox, angrily. "As your guardian
I have a right to protest against it."
"You must remember, Mr. Fox," said Harry,
"rmly, "that you are my guardian so far as the
money left me by my father goes. This was a
"I should say you needed a guardian if you are
"I should say you needed a guardian if you are

money left me by my father goes. This was a special windfall."

"I should say you needed a guardian if you are goin' to throw away money in that style. Mrs. Fox, what do you say to his givin' ten dollars for the use of a not red table-coloris"—clother for that say that I'd sell all my tade-clike a fool!"

"A dollar would have been handsome—munificent," proceeded Fox, stumbling a little over the last word.

"Ten cents would have been enough," said Mrs. Fox, whom her best friends had never credited with liberality.
"And you might have given me the rest of the ten dollars," chimed in Joel.
"To be sure:" said his mother. "You'd ought to have thought of them that live in the same when the part you'd given ten dollars to the "When I heart you'd given ten dollars to the "When I heart you'd given ten dollars to the

"Twenty-five would satisfy me," said Joel.
"To be sure, but railroad accidents don't come

every day."
"I acted according to my judgment," said Harry, calm

calmly.

"Then I don't think much of your judgment—that's all I say," observed Mrs. Fox.

There was a little more conversation on the sub-ject, but Harry remained tranquil, and did not appear disturbed by the criticisms clicited by his convenience of the same period of the same

would not find out how large a sum he had re-ceived.

When dinner was over, Harry was about to leave the house, when John Fox said insinuatingly.

Don't you think you'd better give me that money

"Thank you, Mr. Fox," said Harry, "but I think I can take care of it myself."

"Fifteen dollars is a good deal of money for a boy like you to carry round with you."

"I don't think I shall lose it, sir."

"I don't think I shall lose it, sir."

"I on't think so, sir. I am not rich enough to

it wastefully."
"I don't think so, sir. I am not rich enough to

"I don't tallis so, su'venture to waste my money."
"I'm sorry you don't look at the matter in the right light, Harry. Allow me to remind you that am your guardeen."

right light, Harry. Allow me to remind you that I am your guardeen."
"Yes, sir; I am quite aware of that fact. The little property that my father left me will be placed in your hands."
"Ahem! It entitles me to your earnings, besides."

"Ahem! It entitles me to your entitings, sides,"
"I don't agree with you, Mr. Fox."
"I am considerable older than you are, Harry, and you can trust my judgment. You'd better hand me the money."
"I must decline to do so, Mr. Fox. I will promise you, however, to take good care of it, and not waste it."
in the word of the word of the word of the word whether he might not properly take from his ward the money by force, but it occurred to him that it would be better not to assert his authority quite so soon.

would be better not to assert his authority quaters.

"We will speak of this again," he said. "Think over what I have said, and you will see that I am in the right."

When Harry he began, "you're awful lucky."

"I think the passenger on the train were awful lucky."

"I think the passenger on the train were awful lucky as you express it."

"I wan't thinkin' of them," remarked Joel, truly, "I say, now that dad's your guardeen, that makes you and me sort of brothers, don't it?"

"Well, perhaps so," answered Harry, smiling, "And it would be only fair for you to give me haff that money?"

"And it would be only fair for you to give me half that mone; ?"
Harry eyed curiously Joel's eager face, and noticed the cupidity expressed in his eyes. It was easy to see that Joel's organ of acquisitiveness was well developed and the reason really mean that?" he asked.
"Of course I do. Brothers ought to divide, hadn't they?"

am not sure about that. Have you get any

"" I am not sure about that. Have you get any money?"

"Yes, I've got thirty-five dollars in the saving shank. It took me an awful long time to save it up."

"Then if you'll give me ten dollars of that, we'll each have twenty-five. As you say, brothers ought to divide."

"That money don't count. Come, gimme five dollars, and I'll let you off at that."

"I would rafter not," answered Harry, quietly. "However, I've got a dollar of my own besides, and I'll give you that."

I'll give you that."

He took the dollar bill from his pecket book and handed it to Joel, who satired it with avidity, and handed it to Joel, who satired it with avidity, and

I'll give you that."

He took the dollar bill from his pocket book and handed it to dollar bill from his pocket book and handed it to the who seized it with a vidity, and speculated as at to whether he could not get more out of his father's ward ster vicinity, "thought Harry." It is well I didn't bring all my money home.

wonder how soon Mr. Fox will make another at-tempt to secure the sum I have with me."

The attempt was made that same night.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL GRANT'S CHARACTERISTICS.

I HAD more admiration for General Grant than for any man I ever saw, says Ex-postmaster General Creswell in the Washington Star, and it grieves me to the soul that he should be ending his days in suffering. His qualities of true manliness were more pronounced than those of any man I ever knew. In all my close relations with him while I was a member of his Cabinet I never heard him say a harsh or petty thing; never heard him speak impulsively or use a profane word.

Grant's great characteristic was his sublime and unflinching courage. It was of that kind that no impression could be made upon it by opposition. He discharged his duties always without selfishness, never stopping to consider how an action would affect him personally. All he wanted to know was "what is just, what is right?" Grant never lost When he came so near being engaged in

what is just, what is right?" Grant never lost his head. When he came so near being engaged in a war with Spain on account of the Virginia affair, there was a good deal of excitement at the Cabmet meeting, and a war with Spain was summinent. Grant knew what war meant, and by his coolness and so by longment prevented it. He was assisted the state of the s

TELEGRAPH HEROINES.

THE newspapers here, says The Operator, are just now copying a paragraph from the London St. James' Gazette, of July 21, giving the official return of the women who are members of the Legior of Honor. "There are sixteen in all," the report says, "and just one half the number are of one religious order or another. One of the lay members, the wife of a provincial mayor, earned the cross by the wife of a provincial mayor, carned the cross by defending the mairie against an armed attack, undefending the mairie against an armed attack, undefending the mairie against an armed attack, undefended to the war, doubtless." This rough quees is all the information given. It may refer to the wife of the Syndic of Obison (Cher) who was given the cross for her brave resistance to a mob of armed men; but a telegraph paper should take pride in calling attention to another female wearer of the cross of Dedu. During the France-Prassian War Miss Dodu was operator at the railway station at Pithriers, France. The invaders were in possession, and, not-withstanding that a proclamation had been issued assigning death as the penalty for interfering with telegraph lines, either established or captured ones, retired to her from. During the night, while a party of Uhlans were in charge, the brave girl "cut in "on the line, intercepted an important message from one German commander to another and sent it to the French headquarters. She was admitted to the Legisn of Honor in July, 1879.

AN HONEST FACE.

WHEN she visited Victoria, British Columbia, a with the state of the state of the state of the state of taking every morning, simply attired, a walk through the city. Often she entered stores and made purchases without being recognized. One morning, it is said, as she was passing a little toy shop, she saw two poorly-clad urchins gazing longingly at the allurements in the show window. She stopped and inquired what they particularly wished, adding that if they would tell her she would buy it. Two cheap and gaudy dolls had attracted their attention, and the princiess stepped inside the shop to make the purchase. The amount was twenty-five cents; but the princess had left her purse at home, and the little children's faces began to fall as at the oversight, she turned to the shopman and asked him if he would trust her for a little while. The old shopkeeper, all unaware of the identity of his customer, scanned her carefully and finally remarked; "Well, yes. You have an honest face, and I guess it is safe enough." few years ago, the Princess Louise was in the habi

BASE BALL.

THE base-ball season is now at hand. ARGOSY boys will want to know where they can get the best balls and bats. A. G. Spaulding & Brother. Ricago, manufacture those that are most popular. This firm keeps all kinds of sporting goods—fish-Chicago, manufacture those that are most popular. This firm keeps all kinds of sporting goods—fishish tackle, outfits for cricket, lawn tennis, and everything for summer amusements. Write them for a catalogue. They will send it free. See their advertisement on this page.





108 Madison St. -- 241 Broadway
CHICACO. NEW YORK
n answering this advertisement mention THE GOLDEN ARGO

OLD Ebony Penell.

A SPLENDID THING Penell.

ovely Chromos with name & Agt's new Sample Book lee. S pks., note Book & this Penell 50c. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn. 25 New Fancy Gilded, all Hidden Name Cards, 10c., 7 packs and Rolled Gold Ring (warned) 50c. Trial pack, 25 Cards, 70 Scrap Pietures, Ring, and Agent's New Samples, 20c. Card & Novelty Mfg. Co., Box 52, Northford, Ct.

ANTED LABIES or GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant employment at their own homes; work sent by mail (distance no objection); \$2 to \$5 aday can be quietly made; no canvassing; no stamp for reply Please address 6lobe Mfg. Co. Boston, Mass. Box 5344



\$75 A MONTH

And expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars FREE. We mean what we say. Address STANDARD SILVERWARE CO... SALARD SILVERWARE CO... Washington Street, Boston, Mass.





CONSUMPTIO



GOLDEN BORDER

GOLDEN BORDER

BALTITUE Frefundel OCTE

BEAUTIVE Frefundel OCTE

13 Packs and Agent's ALBUM

of Samples, \$1.00, 50 Floral,

7 cts. 10 Facks and Album of

samples, \$1.00 SGRAP Frefurse

mannles rev fifted to Aquito Gond &c, in

SEGNEZOL.

The Creat Dyspepsia Cure.

Have you got Dyspepsial Are you troubled from any cause the a disordered stomach, such as sourness, a burning sention, water brash, Gastritus Plantiency, etc., arising from startic derangement following dissipation or other cause, e SEGNEZOL prepared in Lozenge form, not offensive the taste. Packages sent post paid on receipt of 25 cats.

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

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS,

FLESH WORMS AND OILY SKIN,

PLESH WORMS AND OILY SKIN,

"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KOWN harmless, pleasant, and absolutely WURE and infailfible cure. It and root good not be a supported by the property of the complexity of the complexi

MAMMOTH CATALOGUE CANTERN HARBACH ORGAN CO. PHILAD'A, PA.



THE LIGHT OF YEARS. RE RIGHA CARLETON

When violets bloom and soft winds play, When fieckless skies float o'er the earth, When all is youth and joy and mirth, Life's aim is happiness, we say, When violets bloom and soft winds play.

When summer joys have all gone by,
When frowning skies hang o'er the world
When Hope's gay banners all are furled,
Life's aim is usefulness, we sigh,
When summer joys have all gone by.

[This story began in No. 118.]

JACK WHEELER.
A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE looked about as terror-stricken an individual as it was possible to conceive, for he seemed to be dying by inches through fear. When he saw the consins his heart bounded with joy, and before he was within ten yards of them he shouted:

"Please save save me, oh do; and I'll do anything for you."

"Please save save have thing for you."

He received no response from them, however, and Alfred felt glad that he had been caught.

"What are they going to do with him?" he asked

Aw hat are they going to down an imm " is asked "Kill him, I suppose," was the answer.

"He deserves it," exclaimed Alfred; "you have now an opportunity of getting even with him for his lites, arrogance, and persecution."

"I would scorn to do that," said Jack. "Had I caught him out slone, I might have punished him you have all the advantage, especially on such cowards as he ig; and he is beneath one's contempt."

cowards as ne n; suc ne second tempt."

When the braves reached the centre of the encampment they indicated to the prisoner to dismount, and he tremblingly compiled; but he had no sooner toched the ground than he threw himself on his knees, and implored the consins to save

mount, and he trambingly compiled; but he had mend on the trambingly compiled; but he had need on the trambingly compiled; but he had need on the trambingly compiled; but he had need on the consists to save him.

Jack asked the young chief how he had captured Rumman, and he replied that they found him traveling alone on horseback over the plains.

So intense was the cowardice displayed by Rundley and the save he had but the save he had not the save he had but intention of the save he had but intention of the save had been promise that he would, at any rate for a time, remain with the tribe and help them against their enemies, Jack obtained permission for their white captives to depart for the nearest sation, nominally under the escort of Rumman, but it might be more correctly said that he left under secort of the horse correctly said that he left under secort of and save had been save he had been to the save had been save he had an inking of their intention, place every obstacle in their way. At high was chosen by Jack and Aifred for their hospitality, the lads prepared to alip away to the horse lines. They had tethered their mustangs at the end of a line of horses, and had herefore no difficulty in finding them. Quelty they put on the saddles, hastened their bundles in their way. At high was chosen by Ja

quite dry, they lighted it by firing loose powder out of their rifles.

This was placed under the brushwood, and they had the satisfaction of having a hot fire in a short time. After drying their buckskin clothes, which, fortunately, were smoke-tamed, so that they would not shrink after a derenching, they commenced to this of breakingth with them some briffind fest. They had brought with them some briffind fest. They had brought with them some briffind fest. They had brought with them some briffind sout for an hour of more, they did not even see a ground squirrel or a prairie dog.

This was rather disappointing, and they were about returning to their shelter, when Alfred noticed the stalks of prairie potatoes, and called Alfred noticed the stalks of prairie potatoes, and called as a good omen by Jack; and he said that they had already received the benefit of observing what roots the Indians had gathered. He thought the knowther than the said that they had already received the benefit of observing what roots the Indians had gathered. He thought the knowthen the said that they had already received the prehending any danger from hunger.

Drawing their knives, they commenced digging

hunger.

Drawing their knives, they commenced digging hanger.

Drawing their knives, they commenced digging the potatoes, and in less than an hour had enough for breakfast. They roasted these; and having sleep in the shrubbery. Their alumber was as calms if they were in bed in St. Louis, until four o'clock, when they were aroused by a hissing noise. Jack started up immediately, and saw a huge rattlesnake coiled near the fire, and very near his legs. Its head being raised as if about to strike, he glanced in the direction that it gazed, and saw, about thirty lest away, which seemed to be the coalblack eyes of a man, which peered out of the long that the same of the same than the same than the same than the same that we have the same that the same than the same that we have the same that the same that the same that it is not visible, he fired in the direction of the eyes. The detonation had not died away before a wild scream was heard, and this brought the consins to their feet with a startled bound.

rdi San

body, and was astonished to find it was Running Horses, evident that this man, who had since they joined the Indians been their deadly foe, had by some means, probably by accident, discovered their flight, and followed them for the purpose of killing them in their sleep, and returning to the camp in triumph with their scalps.

Alfred said, looking at the body of the dead Indian. "Because," was the response, "we have ruined him as a medicine man, and I have been his constant, though unwilling opponent."

Jack also said, that he fancied that he had seen had no doubt followed their trail, which was the had no doubt followed their trail, which was an easy matter, as the ponies were shod, especially

had no doubt followed their trail, which was an anter, as the ponies were shod, especially when they led in a straight line. "It is lucky," lack concluded, "that he did not come up until our sleep was just over." Quiver of arrows from the dead varrior, who had been shot through the neck, and dragging the body into the bushes, covered it with leaves and brushwood to conceal it from wolves and other beasts of pray." When they returned to the fire, Alfred said: "So you have the wisdom of the saake after all; so you have the wisdom of the saake after all; as true."

and that Indian tale about the father of all snakes, "was the answer," as I fear there is more knavery than goodness in. I have no objection to snakes acting answer, "as If fear there is more knavery than goodness in. I have no objection to snakes acting the answer," as I fear there is more knavery than goodness in. I have no objection to snakes acting the answer, "as I fear there is a state of the control o owned as this. Finally, after several more distime promise that its would, at any rate of the
two promise that its would, at any rate of the
two promise that its would, at any rate of the
two promises that it would, at any rate of the
two promises and the several more of the
two promises and two promises and the
two promises and two promises and two promises
the several more of the
two promises and two promises and two promises
the two promises and two promises
the two promises and two promises
the several more of the
two promises and two promises and two promises
the several more of the
two promises and two promises and two promises
the several more of the
two promises and two promises and two promises
the promises and two promises and two promises
the promises and two promises and two promises
the promises and two promises and two promis

would not stray about in this will and uncertain. They followed the wanderer in his wanderings, and finally came upon a body lying on its face in a dense clump of weeds. Turning it over they found it was young Runman, but instead of being dead he was only sound asleep.

Their conversation and the when he Their conversation when he Their conversation when he when he Their conversation in the same of horror, and asked them not to kill him.

"He is wandering in his mind," said Jack.
Then speaking in the most soothing tone he could assume, he asked Runman if he did not recognize him.

"He is wandering in his mind," said Jack. Then speaking in the most soothing tone could assume, he asked Rumman if he did not recognized the said of t

lying where he had fired. On drawing closer he saw it was an Indian. He finally turned over the body, and was astonished to find it was Running Horse. Sevicient that this man, who had since they longed the Indians been their deadly foe, had by some means, probably by accident, discovered their flight, and followed them for the purpose of killing them in their sleep, and returning to the camp in triumph with their scalps.

"I wonder why this Glow hated us so much." It wonder why this clow hated us no much." It wonder why this Glow hated us no much." It wonder why this Glow hated and indian. "Because," was the response, "we have ruined him as a medicine man, and I have been his constant, though unwilling opponent." It wonder why the scale is the constant, though unwilling opponent." It wonder was only sound asleep.

Jack also said, that he fancied that he had seen a fagure moving just as they left camp, and that he had seed had no doubly followed them and that he was an late of the properties of the propert

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

According to the Bengali legend, there once lived on the banks of the holy river Ganga a Rishi, or sage, in whose hut, made of paim leaves, there was a mouse which became a favorite with the seer, and was endowed by him with the gift of speech. After awhile, the mouse, having been frightened by a cat, at its earnest solicitations was changed by Rishi into a cat; then, alarmed by dogs, into a dog; then into an ape; then into a bear; then into an elephant, and finally, being still discontented with its lot, into a beautiful maden, to whom the sage gave the name of "Postomani," or the "poppy-seed lady." One day, while tending her plants, the seed lady." One day, while tending her plants, the wited to rest and refresh himself by Postomani, who offered him some delicious fruit. The king, however, struck by the girl's beauty, refused to eat until she had told him her pafentage. Postomani, to deceive the king, told him she was a princess whom the Rishi had found in the woods and had brought up. The upshot was that the king made brought up. The upshot was that the king made sage. She was treated as a favorite queen, and was very lappy; but one day while standing by a well she turned giddy, fell into the water, and died. The Rishi then appeared before the king and begged him not to give way to consuming grief, assuring him that the late queen was not of royal blood of the same and the water of the water and a lovely girl. Let her body remain in the well; fill up the well with earth. Out of her flesh and bones will grow a tree, which shall be called after her? Posto; that is, the 'poppy-tree.' From this tree will be either application of the will be either application of the will be mischievous, like a mouse; findly, like an ape; savage, like a bear; and high-tempered, like a queen." then into an ape; then into a bear; then into an elephant, and finally, being still discontented with

A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes the following remark-able dog story to the London Spectator:

able dog story to the London Spectator:

One Sunday afternoon a group of children were playing at the end of a pier which projects lato Lake Ontario, near Kingaton, U. S. A. The proverbial careleas child of the party made the proverbial backward step off from the pier into the water. None of his companions could save him, and their cries had brought no one from the shore, when, just as he was sinking for the third time, a superb New-

had brought no one from the shore, when, just as he was sinking for the third time, a superb New-foundland dog rushed down the pier into the water and pulled the boy cut. Those of the children who did not accompany the boy home took the dog to a great a variety of cakes and other sweets as he would eat. So far the story is, of course, only typical of scores of well-known cases. The individuality of this case is left for the sequel. The next atternoon the same group of children with the most of the day before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods. There being no occasion this time for supplying him with delicaties, the children only stroked and patted him. The dox, however, had not come out of pure candy stood to him in the close and obvious relation of cause and effect, and if this relation was not clear to the children, he resolved to impress it upon them. Watching his chance, he crept up behind the child who was standing nearest to the edge of the water, then sprang in after him, and gravely brought him sahore.

To those of us who have had a high respect for the disinterestedness of dogs, this story may give a melancholy proof that the development of the interaction of the interaction of the order of the shall be a novel interaction of the interaction of the order of the shall be an anotal nature, is by no means exclusively human.

AN OLD DOCUMENT.

THE following "Certificata" is from an old Temperance Almanac of the year 1837. It deserves republication:

publication:

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardean aparita, as a drink, is not only needless but hurtful; and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United Scales, and the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

(Signed)

JAMES MADISON,

ANDERS MADISON,

JAMES MADISON, ANDREW JACKSON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

October, 1834.

AN EPITAPH ON A FIREWORKS MAKER.

Colonel —, who made the fireworks MAKER.

Colonel —, who made the fireworks in St.

James's Square, London, upon the peace of Ryswick, being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph just then see up in the Abbey on Mr. Purcel's monument.

"He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded."

own marmony can be exceeded."

"Lord, Colonel," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering one word only:

"He is gone to that Place where only his own Fireworks can be exceeded."



THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance, or five cents a number on news-stands. All newsdealers will furnish the ARGOSY on application.
ALL COMMUNICATIONS for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

SUBSCULTIONS to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

THE NUMBER (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name. THE ARGOSY is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

THE ARGONY IS SON. ON SUPPRIVATE ASSOCIATION AND ASSOCIATION AND ASSOCIATION A

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, at \$2.00 a year - we —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.

"FOOTPRINTS IN THE FOREST."

We have had a large number of inquiries to know when Mr. Ellis's new story, "Footprints in the Forest," would commence. We non have the ory on hand, and shall begin it at the close of Mrs. Denison's story, "The Daughter of the Regi-

AN AMENDED PHRASE

A PHRASE in common use is, "be virtuous and you will be happy." For some people we prefer to you will be happy and you will be virtuous." The reason is, that, it seems easier for most people to keep out of the grosser delinquencies when all goes right. But to be happy one needs to be busy.

A busy person is rarely unhappy. Perhaps, then, we had better give the phrase another turn, thus:

"Be busy and you'll be virtuous."

RETRIEVING BLUNDERS

It is not always the best life that is the most free from mistakes. There are persons who are too cautious, or too indolent, to take any risks. They rarely make mistakes, nor do they often accomplish anything of moment. Far more honor is gained by retrieving mistakes than in being too cowardly to risk any. One may fall into astounding blunders in any positive course of action, which may result in spurring him on to splendid victories. Who is afraid of risking mistakes need not hope for great triumphs.

STYLISH.

A LITTLE girl was overheard saying her prayer one night, and the listener was not a little shocked by her last petition. After running through "Now I lay me," etc., rather glibly, she added with great I lay me," etc., rather glibly, she added with great fervor: "And, Lord, make me very stylish." Now if all our girls do not actually breather that prayer, many of them act it out every day of their lives. To be stylish seems, alas too often, to be the aim, rather than to be pure, to be refined, to be useful.

It is an old proverb that beauty is but skin deep. It is so with "style." If there are no solid qualities to confirm it, "style" takes on sameness and becomes wearisome. A parrot may be stylish, and so may a dunce. But delicacy and refinement are of more value, and these are the proper birthright of every woman.

VALUE OF A MOTIVE.

ONCE upon a time two school-boys set out upon a long tramp. One of them assured the other that, while riding with his father the day before, he noticed a broken iron stove cast away in a thicke the roadside. This he was certain would fetch a handsome sum at the junk store, and he proposed to "go halves," if his comrade would help him bring the treasure home. The pair started off with The motive of pocket money was inspiring. For four or five miles they tugged along, only to find at the end that the supposed iron stove was a tin "kitchen," or baker, and utterly value-The wearisomeness of the tramp home can best be imagined by those who have been in such a

Scrape themselves. The motive was gone.

Now the value of a motive is equally great in more important things. And the higher the monobler the efforts it will inspire. Mere money making is a strong motive, but a low one. But even in money making it is necessary to be led on by hope. The hopeless worker will not succeed. sary to believe in one's own ability, and in the certainty of winning. To accomplish heroic tasks a high motive is also needful. Patriotism carries a man to death for his country. Philan-thropy leads him to sacrifices for his fellow men.

beliefs greatly affect our moral nature. One who believes nothing makes but cold-blooded efforts. The Christian faith is the most inspiring of all motives. It stimulates a man to making the best of himself, and it triumphs over all the disasters and sorrows of life

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

This is an old French motto, and its meaning is worth careful study. Having its origin in feudal customs, it referred to what was becoming in one of noble birth. That is, a certain dignified and high-toned demeanor and action was due to rank and station. In our republican country we apply the motto somewhat differently. We have no ranks but we instinctively feel that something is due to character and position. That is, one representing the government would feel bound to keep himself above meanness or pettiness in his actions. would take pains that his surroundings and his conduct were consistent with his honorable mis sion. So in regard to character: due respect for one's self would keep him from a low-or dishonor able course of conduct.

Sometimes, however, the motto is misapplied, es pecially by people who have suddenly acquired wealth. They seem to consider lavish display, and needless extravagance, as something befitting their financial grandeur. It is an old saving in England that on the railroads those who ride first-class are "Lords, fools and Americans." This grows out of the foolish pride of display which so many of our countrymen seem to have. Sometimes, also, it is due to the free-handed habits of our country. An American in Paris astonished his friend by giving a cabman a tee of one dollar. The correct fee would have been about five cents. "What extravagance!" exclaimed the friend; "you will ruin the man." "Oh, if I see at all, I couldn't think of less than one dollar," was the magnificent reply. In fact this class of Americans have been a cause of increased prices in Europe. "We used to buy our gloves for three francs," said a Parisian, "before these lavish Americans came over here; now we have to pay five." Old travelers, who must manage economically, avoid the hotels patronized by our too generous countrymen, to save expen-They can get the same accommodation elsewhere at a far less price. So much for false notions of noblesse oblige. A dealer in turs once had a large stock of seal

skin jackets which he was forced to sell low. fashionable lady came to look at them. "The price of this one is one hundred and twenty-five doll said the dealer. "Have you nothing better? asked the lady, with a shade of disappointment of "I think I have, I will see." The dealer her face. "I think I have, I will see." The dealer brought from another room a jacket of the same quality. "Two hundred dollars," he said, "for this one." "I will take it," she answered, quickly, "I always want the best." The dealer told the her face. story afterwards to a confidential friend. " The only idea that woman has of value," he said, "is a high price. But then, she makes it possible to sell cheaper to more sensible people." She had set up a false standard by mistake for a true one; that's all.

INTENSE PATRIOTISM.

LOVE of country is admirable, and the sentiment could be encouraged in young and old alike. Some of the most eloquent pages of history and etry are those which celebrate the deeds of patriotism. It ought to be a part of the education of young people to instill respect and devotion to the land of their birth. Sometimes, however, the love of country takes on ridiculous forms. More than one peevish American has been heard growling at all the beauties and peculiarities of the Old World. because he could not have buckwheat cakes for

In Europe, where neighboring lands have cominto collision so often, the sense of patriotism is perhaps more keen than with us. It is an interest-ing fact that in the German Universities there is an association of students, grown up mostly since 1865, whose object is to influence education so as to make it national. That is, they seek to have demake it national. That is, they seek to have use votion to the fatherland the central and grand mative in the training of German youth. Three hundred out of the five thousand students in Berlin belong to this society. In France the boys and girls are trained in the belief that Alsace and Lorraine, the provinces taken from France by Ger-many in the last war, must some day be recon-

Often this pugnacious sort of patriotism go great lengths. At a recent meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society, a new map of the Congo basin was presented by Professor Kiepert, a celebrated geographer. The explanations on the man were in the French language. The president made an excited protest against it, whereupon the professor took his hat in wrath and left the room, de-claring his intention of having his name stricken from the roll of the society.

ADMIRABLE ECCENTRICITY

A WELL-KNOWN character recently died in Paris At a certain hour every day he was wont to appear in the Tuileries garden with his pocket full of bread

in the Tulleries garden with his pocket full of bread crumbs. The birds flew after him in flocks, catching the morsels as he flung them about him. He was an object of great curiosity and delight to the nurses and children who frequented the garden. He papers spoke of him as "eccentric."

If that is a proper term for this innocent form of diversion, we hope it may some day come to be diversion, we hope it may some day come to be and hurful pleasures. That sort of eccentricity would be an improvement on the present state of things. Giving pleasure to little birds and other simple creatures is far more commendable than pampering the appetite and squandering the gifts of Providence.

HENRY G. PEARSON. minent Example of a Self-Made Man. BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THE New York Post Office may be said to be the enter of the business portion of the metropolis of the New World. To it from morning till night the messenger boys of thousands of business houses hurry with their mail bags, and through the narrow slits drop their winged missives that determine the ebb and flow of millions. From the doors of the lofty granite building, processions of carriers, loaded down with bursting pouches, issue on their weary rounds; and hour after hour the great gaudy wagons bearing the words "U. S. Mail," back up to the platforms and deposit bag after bag and ton after ton of the correspondence of the continent. Inside, the stranger finds a scene of constant and confusing activity. The stampers make the place

noisy with their perpet-ual pounding, making a winning race with the cond hand clock; and the distributors shoot the letters into their proper boxes with astonishing rapid ity and unfailing accu-

Henry G. Pearson, the gentleman who watches and regulates this intricate "mafive years ago at the very bottom of the service. He stamped his thousands of letters each day, or made them fly in showers until his arms fairly ache can tell what hopes animated this young lad of eighteen as he pounded away hour after hour? It would be interesting to know if the ambitious

imaginings of youth dared to trace the advan course that he was destined to nursue. At any worked and studied for the attainment better things, but this suddenly appeared to have been of no avail when one day in the summer of 1863, he was handed a letter of dismissal.

The cause of his sudden misfortune was this The New York postoffice played for many years a very important part in State, and even in National politics. Positions were conferred on those who had worked for the success of the victorious party, and these positions were held only on condition of continued aid in various ways. Thus when Mr. Pearson was seen to take no active interest in the political schemes that engaged his superiors, but attended only to his own proper work, he had to make way for someone who realized that stamping or sorting was perhaps the less important part of his duties under this free and enlightened govern ment.

Thus the political executioner operated on Mr. Pearson whose career in the public service see forever closed; but official appreciation deemed it wise to resurrect him, and, accordingly, he was apwise to resurrect him, and, accordingly, he was ap-pointed assistant clerk on the New York and Washington Railway Post Office line in the following year, owing to the extended knowledge of route distribution he had acquired by the faithful work of his three years' service.

From this point his promotion was steady and continued. He was made clerk, head-clerk and chief head-clerk in the course of the following few years prior to 1873, at which time he was appointed superintendent of mails in the New York Post office. When Mr. James was given the postmaster ship, he appointed Mr. Pearson acting assistant postmaster, and shortly after assistant postmaster.

When Mr. James was called to Washington as Postmaster General in 1881, the President recognized in Mr Pearson, the man best qualified to fill the very important vacancy in New York. He appointed, and has since filled the position to the satisfaction of every disinterested person, not ex-cepting the newly inaugurated President, who, though the representative of the party antagonistic to Mr. Pearson's, has so far maintained his political independence as to reappoint the latter to the post-mastership of New York, as being the right man in the right place.

is act of President Cleveland recalls a principle of Mr. Pearson's own administration that has greatly helped him in improving the gigantic service he controls; that is, the principle of civil service reform. It would have been singular and inly very heartless, if he should have kept up the same old custom of putting out those men who refused to put their shoulders to the political wheel, when he, for that reason, had been deprived of the means of a livelihood, when a struggling young He undoubtedly remembered blow when he was given the power to appoint and blow when he was given the power to appoint and remove, and has always retained all those who knew their business and promoted those who showed that they were fitted for higher positions. was before the present law had been passed on the subject, that the postmaster took his bold, determined stand. By it, he gained the confidence of his employes, and so purified the service that it no longer had the bad name of a very big wheel

in the political machine, and, better yet, obtained the valuable services of picked men. The law now makes it necessary for the applicant for a position to pass an examination and gain his appointment by the evidence of a superior ability; and, if a man in one department shows himself more able than the poorest worker in a higher, the two ex-change places. This is the principle Mr. Pearson

has always worked out.

But if he has thus gained the confidence of those under him, it unfortunately cannot be said that he is greatly liked, because he will have the business done, and done thoroughly, no matter how hard every one has to work. So the men are often over-worked, and though they grumble sometimes, they always see the postmaster himself, as hard at work as they, always at his post, constant and untiring. Mr. Pearson takes his place at nine

o'clock every morning and leaves at six. He works every day in the year, and never, except when compelled, takes a day off. His days off are never holidays. It is said he did once go off, on a Fourth of July. He met with an accident, and taking this presumably as a timely warning never took another vaca warning,

Mr. Pearson's service of twenty-five years in the department from the lowest to the highest position, has given him an invaluable, practical familiarity with the dudivision, so that he can give the most minute supervision of all their workings. It is needless to say that he knows everything that goes on

scrutinizing every in all the departr As an illustration of his worth as a practical man, it should be known that much of the furniture and some of the appliances valuable in saving time and

should be known that much of the furniture and labor, are of his invention.

Mr. Pearson is rather under the average height, compactly built, carries himself with dignity and grace. His hair is light, not to say blonde, and his complexion clear. It is not an exaggeration to call him a handsome man, and this together with his politeness and courtly demeanor, invariably chambers and control of the complex of t

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet Breathes soft the Alpine rose, So, through life's desert springing sweet, The flower of friendship grows.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend. Be brief in thy discourse, for what is prolix cannot e pleasing.

JEALOUSY is the sentiment of poverty, but envy is he instinct of theft. THE truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

other body an injury.

What would have become of you if it had pleased
Providence to make the weather unchangeable?

Fan beyond my deserts have been the blessings sent,
And I should be ashamed, if I were not content.

THE truest happiness springs from consciude. It is the consciousness of perfect p God.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

nappening to yourself.

A wone of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from the broken string.

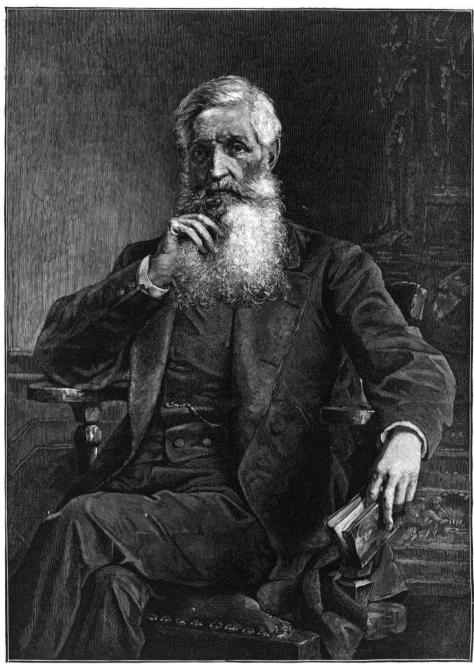
There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all.

serves, it is not worth while to do them at all.
Srouzes heard at a mother's kines are never wholly
dries up in our journeying through scores dries up in our journeying through scorebing years.
THEME is nothing more sure, we take it, than that
those who are the most alert in discovering the faults
of a work of genius are the least touched with its
beauties.

CAUTION.

THERE is nothing which so helps us to feel that our lives have been worth living as the humble but grate-ul consciousness that we have helped some other soul of fulfil its destiny.

AND all these passings to an dro of ruitful showers access that the passing of the dro of ruitful showers access built about the horizon, and voices of meaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and clower ray are but to deepen in our off the simple words. Your Pather, which art in Heaven."



GEORGE BANCROFT, THE GREAT HISTORIAN, IN HIS LIBRARY,

GEORGE BANCROFT, the venerable historian, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary at Newport, R. I., on October 3d. He is still in the full vigor of his mental powers and in excellent general health. We present a picture of him as he appears in his library. He was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800. His father was the Rev. Aaron Bancroft. In 1817 he was graduated at Harvard College, and in 1820 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Gottingen. His setts, without his consent, and refused to study in America and at the German University was extended and thorough. He became of the United States appeared in 1834, and

a school at Northampton, Mass. He then published a translation, a small volume of poems, and also began collecting materials for a history of the United States. He avowed his principles to be for universal suffrage

he was tutor of Greek in Harvard, and he contemplated entering the ministry. In 1823 contemplated entering the ministry. In 1823 colonies. At times health as been engaged in pointed Minister to Prussia. He was accreditely contemplated entering the ministry. In 1823 colonies. At times the has been engaged in the joined the late Dr. Cogswell in establishing political speaking, and drawing up resolutions and addresses. President Van Buren appointed him Collector of the Port of Boston in 1838. He was defeated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1844, but received a large vote. and uncompromising democracy. In 1830 ing the administration of Polk, he was Secre-he was elected to the Legislature of Massachu-tary of the Navy. He planned and organized the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He acted as Secretary of War pro tem. for a month and gave the order for General Taylor to march

1869, and to the German Empire in 1871. In 1868 he had concluded important treaties. In August, 1868, he received the degree of Doctor Juris from the University of Bonn, and he is a member of many learned societies of America and Europe. He has published numerous essays of a learned character, and is still engaged in literary labor. On his recent birthday anniversary, he was the recipient of congratulations from his friends in the United intimate with the most distinguished men of Europe. He traveled extensively, and returned to the United States in 1822. For one year period down to 1782, ending with the estab-

HIDING AWAY

No little steps do I hear in the hall; Only a sweet suiver laugh, that is all, Only a sweet suiver laugh, that is all, it was the laugh of the control of the laugh of the Two little hands a wee face to screen, Two little hands a wee face to screen, Baby is hiding—that "plain to be seen, "Where is my precious I've missed on all day!" "Papa can't hid me!" the pretty lips say.

**spaces and note the pretty lips say.

"Dast mal! I wonder where bub yeas be?"

Thest go by, and protend not to see.

"Not in the parlor and not not be sairs?"

Then I must peep under the soft and chairs!"

Then I must peep under the soft and chairs!"

The dars little regue is now langting outright.

Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight.

Home will indeed be sad, weary and lone,

When paps can't find you, my darling, my own.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

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

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

Going out at a side door Clare ran lightly up the steps. The gas was very bright in the lower half, but the great music room was somewhat dim, coming in it, as she did, suddenly.

Somebody was clapping hands with enthusiasm, and presently, when her eyes became as the continued of the

vanity.
"And are they all coming? Is the Madan

"And are they all coming? Is the Madame oming? She had risen and motioned to the led to put up his violin, which he did, speedily. "I think not," said Clare, "the Professor and one or two of his pupils."
"Then I'll stay," said Beck. "I'm sorry they are coming, though. I was having such a good time!—a little fun on my own account. What a strange creature that boy it what wonderful eyes he has! Did you notice? They grow bigger and darker when he plays, and then he looks at one so—well, half frightened—and you've got to praise him to reasure him and keep his courage up. I rather like him. There they come; I'll gio in the shadow and watch them in hiding."
Presently in came Louis, followed by Reviere, Earle, and two or three gentlemen to whom Clare had been introduced.
"Remember, please, this is all on your

"Remember, please, this is all on your count," whispered Reviere, as he passed

whom Clare had been introduced.

"Remember, please, this is all on your account," whispered Reviere, as he passed Clare.

Before she could answer he was gone. Louis seated himself at the old organ, and from under his touch issued the weird, wild, rich tones for which the instrument was famous. The light, faint as it was, just touched the silver of his face seemed changed.

Reviere's beauty was also exagerated by the soft lights and shadows the soft should be the soft lights and shadows the soft them. The rich tones the spirit of the them. The rich tones the spirit of the them. The rich tones with safe with something more than mere human passion, and the soul that rang through their changes brought tears to Clare's eyes.

"Oan you understand?" asked Earle, in an awed whisper.

"No; for it seems as if coming from rather than ascending to heaven," she replied. "It is as if some glorious spirit had returned to emphasize the new strength, beauty and harmony it has attained to.

"The dead never return," said Earle gloom lily, standing with folded arms. "That they are going. "That they can be shown to be visible to our senses," murnered Clare her lips trembling. "That they for my mother—"

"Her voice failed her.

"I' understand you," said Earle, with a look expressive of the real sympathy he folt, and that went to her heart. "They are going. You would, perhaps, like to pass out first."

Her voice failed her.

"Her voice failed her.

"Her voice failed her. "They are going. You would, perhaps, like to pass out first."

Her tears were falling now, and she could not repress them. She hurried up to her room. Presently Beth followed.

"May I come in?" she asked. "I saw you were crying; and so am I. I never heard such singing! That man must be an angel tould a wicked mur sing like that? And you had, oh, if you could have seen him from where I diid! He looked more like a saint from heaven than a man. Isn't he handsome, hough? But just think how they can make one, you was county! Well, good-night. I seems so odd to have nobody

And she was gone.
"I wonder," mused Clare, "if aunt Lucie

will miss me. I had rather not go down stairs again. I had rather not meet them all. I will read Hanry's letter again. Poor Henry! By this time he is on the ocean, miles and miles away. Perhaps if I write to him it will chase this dreadful cloud away. Strange he dislikes Colonel Earle. I wonder why? He is intelligent, manly, and I believe a better man than he passes for. He has strange way of looking at one-magnetic eyes—Nonsense; what am I saying?"

And for a moment she put her hands over the face.—When she took them down, the crimson had all faded out.

Her little writing deak was in her lap. On

Her little writing desk was in her lap. On the left-hand corner of the delicate paper were the words: "Dear Henry.

were the words:
"Dear Henry."
Again and again she essayed to write further. Such a tumult of thought burdened her brain—so many recollections, now of Review, with his dainty manners, begging for mignonette; now of Earle, with his haunting eyes, asking for only one bud; then of the scene between Beth and the Indian lad, on whom that young lady was practicing her immature coquetries—that presently she threw down her pen in despair.
"It is so different from the dear old parsonage," she murmured, half in tears. "I wonder if I shall ever be sorry I came here." No use of my trying to write to-night." So, as she went to sleep, the grand and pathetic notes of the old-time song, sung in the dim light of the music room, Louis swaying with the sobbing accompaniment, the thought of her mother, all pressed upon her brain. It was no wonder that she feld unrefreshed after such a night, and that her aunt exclaimed at her pale checks when she went down stairs in the morning.

CHAPTER X. THE QUESTION SETTLED.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

MARTHA burst in upon her mistress like a storm-cloud the day after Honty's arrival.

"And is it in unut share the charge of this house with a black nagur?" she asked. "If the control the control the control the control to the control t

"It's the nagur," said Martha, in a more subdued voice.
"Yes, I understand. Honty, as she calls herself, was Miss Clare's nurse, and she has been in the family for thirty years, and has no home. I thought she could attend to all the up-stains work, and so save you that much labor, so I sent for her."
"The Injun' was bad enough," muttered Martha, making an effort at a sob, as she wijed her eyes again. "An it's too bad as that slip of a girl should 'han him round her finged' sale added, resentfully.
"What do you mean?" saked Madame Lucie.

inkeness, said her mistress, her cheeks musting hotly. "Don't let me hear you allude to
that matter again. You have'nt told me yet
what you mean."

"It's the girl as says go an' he goes—and
just beckons an' he comes. Can't see the
cunnin' that's in her? Sure it's the Blarneystone shed have kissed an' she d been born
in the ould country. There don't be a both
ate can't make do as che plases—all but my?

"But what'll you be paying me for before
the end of the month?" she asked with a
plank stars.

"Sure, what'll you be paying me for before
the end of the month?" she asked with a
plank stars.

"Why, you said you wanted to leave me,
Martha," responded her mistress, taking out
her pocket-book.

"Ah, wurs! that be the way of the world,"
cried Martha, a few matural tears failing down
her ganut cheeks. "An' is it that I haven't
served you honest, an' made your welfare my
own in every rispect that you turn me off?"
and now the distress was genuine.

"But it was your own wish, Martha," said
Mrs. Carl, moved at her tears. "I don't
want you togo. But, of course, I can't keep
you against your wish. You didn't want to
tay because Honty came.

"Well, if it's a respectable nagur she be,
an' were Miss Carl's nurse for thirty years,
barring the young lady don't look twenty,
why, I suppose I can put up with her, and
she up stairs, and her meals with the Injun'
if so they can keep from fighting, and sure I'll
try my best if you won't turn me off—me
that's been more friend than servant."

"Why, Martha, you know better. I never thought of turning you off. I shall be glad to have you stay, and you know it, but I shan't coax you—you know that too."

"It's no coaxing I want, Miss Lucie, an'that you well know, its only the permit. There's that careless Injun' letting the bread burn. I could smell it a mile, sure, an'it's right under my nose; "and she flew through the door, forgetting her dignity, perhaps glad enough of the respite.

Beth had been in the house several weeks, and still she felt herself almost a stranger. Hours were spent looking in the direction of the dear old house occupied by Adam and Eve. She imagined herself unhappy, though a vein of her natural vanity ran through all her surmises. Even the professor seemed at times cold, hard and unnatural. The Madame scarcely tolerated her. Colonel Earle was times cold, hard and unnatural. The Madame scarcely tolerated her. Colonel Earle was deaf and blind to all her pretty wiles, and oven Reviere, with his perfect face and glo-rious voice, seemed to prefer Clare to herself. "I would just like to know who I am," she

often said, unconsciously adopting the sad rhyme of Hood's:

"Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother?"

Who was her mother?

Had she a sheet??

Had she a brother?

Red she a brother?

Nor was she the only curious one with regard to a question so all engrossing. Even martha had her theories. To Madame Lucie she was a continual thorn, and Clare watched her with a melanchly sort of interest. Only the Indian lad met her from day to day, unquestioning admiration in his eyes, obedience and admiration in all he did for her comfort or at her bidding.

Madame Lucie had said but little concerning the loss of her voice, but it was evident that the misfortune weighed heavily upon heart. Every day she sat down at the pinner of the control of t

always go."
"I beg you not to think, aunt, that it ever

"I beg you not to think, aunt, that it ever can be more than a pleasant friendship. I never told you, but I am engaged to Lieuten-ant Arlington."
"Really engaged! that settles the question of course. I'm sorry, for the Arlingtons are a sickly race—not but what your lieutenant may be an exception. I was not here when he came; I wish I could have seen him. Be handsome?"

he came; I wish I could have seen him. Is he handsome?"

"He is called so," said Clare, who for some reason had lost all her color. "We have known each other from the time we went to school together—he was nine and I was seven."

"Ah, a regular Paul and Virginia affair," laughed her aunt. "Sometimes these long friendships, ending in matrimony, lead to the best results—sometimes to the contrary. Human nature is a curious thing."

There was a knock at the door, and at the madame's "Come in," Reviere presented himself.

madne's "Come in," Reviere presented himself.

(1 appear before you, ladies, in the deepest
anguish," was his salutation.

"Your face certainly bears the marks of
woe, said Madame Lucie, laughing. "Pray,
what can we do for you?"

"Our amiable professor is in the last extremity of hurry. Three patients.—I beg
pardon—three pupils to attend to within an
hour, and mountains of manuscript to be
copied, which must be done by noon. I, under
preach, or I lose my fame. Now what's to be
done?"

"I sometimes copy for him," said Madame Lucie, with a glance at Clare, "but, unfortu-nately, this morning I expect my dress-maker."

mately, this morning I expect my dressmaker."

"If I can be of any assistance," said Clare.

"My dear young lady, you know not from
what a calamity you have saved us," he said,
gazing with ill-concealed admiration at Clare's

"Tell him what you please," said Clare,
"Tell him what you please," said Clare,
smiling at his grotesque earnestness, "I will
be there in a moment."

"Did you ever see such a monkey?"
laughed Madame Lucie; "never rational only
when he sings. Then one might conjecture
he had a soul, poor fellow—poor in truth,
unless Earle has adopted him.

Clare put her work aside and went up
stairs, all that her aunt had said about Earle
still ringing in her ears. Earle might be all
they said—rich, generous, noble in endowments of mind and person—still he was, he
could be, nothing to her. She would go
straight on, be as frank, as ittd, as ready to
convince hands and said the said of the convince of the said of the said of the convince of the said of the convince of the said of the said of the convince of the said of the said of the convince of the said of the s

He sat just back of the great writing desk, at a curiously iniaid table.

She could not but notice how his whole face changed at her entrance. Nor could she help the sudden rush of color that marked how she did notice it.

"Miss Clare!" he said, in his wonderful voice, "this is indeed a pleasure."

"Aunt was coming," said Clare, "but could not on account of her dressmaker, and I volunteered to take her place." She really hardly knew what she was saying, as she looked round for a chair.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOUSEKEPEE.

ANOTHER moment, and Earle had gently forced her to occupy his own chair, while he coolly seated himself at her side.

It was a glorious day. The sun shone in through the open windows, and summer-like puris of wind litted the draperies.

Clare began her work, but something filled her with a vague unrest. It was the image of Henry Arlington—pale, sad, reproaching. Every time she encountered Colonel Earle's glance, his phantom seemed to stand before work and rushing from the coom.

"Miss Clare," he said, presently, "did yon ever hear of Great Falls?"

"Aunt Lucie told me about them," she said, writing rapidly. "You go up the Potomac don't you?"

"Yes, by boat—or you can ride. I prefer two good horses. It is a grand sight; I don't know of anything grander of the kind. I had a chance to test their tender mercies once. They tossed me about like a feather. Venturing in too far, I was engulfed by the rapids, and could not help myself."

"Why, I thought it was sure death!" said Clare. "A man went in two or three days ago and on the common of the first had been as the said of the work of the was a boy of eighteen not much younger than Reviere there. I can only say that I live to tell the tale. How they sucked me in I can remember to this hour; how they find me harden of the tree beyond."

"They are cruel, but beautiful all the same," he said. "I was a boy of eighteen not much younger than Reviere there. I can only say that I live to tell the tale. How they sucked me in I can remember to this hour; how they flung me from rock to rock, from roaming cascade to smooth and treacherons water, under which yawned the black mouths of caverns; and all the time till I lost consciousness, I saw the beauty of the sky and the shore—I heard the birds sing and the soft wind in the branches of the trees beyond."

"The tonglith—" he panted in moment and his voice grew even softer—" of my mother. I was a poor boy then, and she was a widow. I was her only dependence, and it seemed to once more about my-neck—but

I degree I am, indeed, to distress you. I forgot—"
The girl's head had dropped lower, until only the shining coils that were braided about it could be seen, and on her hands and on the paper hot tears were falling.
"It was very sweet of you," she at last found voice to say, as soon as she had conquered her emotion. "It seems to me I should have thought only of death."
"I don't know that I did," he resumed. "I suppose like all lads, I wanted to live. I would did then?"
"Oh, please don't end your many the say that the condition of the condition o

"Oh, please don't end your wonderful story with cowardly regrets! It is better to earry scars of the battle of life, I think, than dia inclusion the

die ingloriously."
"Thank you," he said, and his face grew

carry scars of the battle of life, I think, than die ingloriously."

"Thank you," be said, and his face grew bright again.

"Well, I lived, though they took me up for dead. I don't think there was a sound piece of flesh in me, I was so cut and bruised. But my mother nursed me back to life and health, and here I am, the only person in history who has done the falls thoroughly, and lived to tell of it," he added, laughing.

"I should think you would never like to look at them again," she said, her eyes like stars.

"On the contrary, I often go there. There is something bewitching to me in their endsous turnoil. If I were a painter or a poet I should wish no grander theme. You must. There is to be a grand excursion next Wednesday to Cabin John Bridge, from there to the falls, which at this time are at the height of their turbulence and beauty. Mr. Carl and Mrs. Carl are both going. The excursion is one arranged by some of our old soldiers. Fray do not make me miserable by a refusal. You will go?"

Almost before she knew it her eyes had said 'yes,' and the tongue, a little unwilling. Has sold enough to be my father, "she said to herelf. "Surely there is no harm. I don't think Henry himself would object."

"Why had she a thought of excusing herself? The charm of this man's presence was upon her, and she seemed to have no power to say no.

(To be continued.)

OFFERING AN INDUCEMENT.

"I now't know about going bail for you, Sam. You are a bad nigger, and ought to be locked up. Tou're a disgrace to the community."
"I know I is, sah. I'se a bad niggah ebbery way. But if yoll go my bail dis time, bose, I'll jump de country to-morrow mawnin' and nebber come hack. "Deed I won't."

FANCY'S REVELS. FARCY'S REVELS.

BY ALICE TRUMBULL LEARNED

HER dress is ragged and torn and old.

Her feet are bare, and the day is cold;

Some shaving curls on her shoulders fall,

And a train is made of a worn-out shawl.

Some flowers that once were a beauty's pride, And now are withered and thrown aside, She holds as close as her fingers can, While a crumpled hand-bill serves for a fan. You would never have guessed as you saw her With those withered flowers, and feet all bare. That the gloomy street was a brilliant hall. And she dancing there, the belle of the ball.

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS

THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS.

BY JOHN GINGOLD

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE village of Sulzerville where Edward Gordon was stationed, was an important outpost of the Unionists. Continual skirmishing went on there and not a little sharp fighting. When our two and not a little sharp fighting. When our two travelers reached the spot at night time after plenty traveiers reacased the spot at night time after plenty of adventures, they found the village consisted of a few tumble-down shanties and a couple of farm houses in fair repair, the other buildings being completely demolished by fire and bombs.

"Can I see Lieutenant Gordon?" asked Walter

completely demonstant fordon?" asked Walter
of a soldier.

"Probably," said Walter. "I did not know he
had been promoted."

"Quick promotion now-a-days," quoth the other.
"I scarcely think you can speak to him now, as we
are expecting the enemy to attack us every ment."

are expressing survey.

"Well," said Clitton, "he might not be averse
to receiving a couple of stout fellows in his troop;
besides we have an important message to deliver
to him."

to receiving a couple of stout fellows in his troop; besides we have an important message to deliver to him. So have a nimportant message to deliver to him. So have a missing the solid with solidiers under cover. There, at the head of a troop of men, they met Major Gordon, who was very pleased to see Clifton, and expressed still more pleasure and astonishment when Walter took him aside and mentioned the reason for their coming.

Our here on the back, after Walter related all details and answered various questions. "You should have seen how he behaved himself some months back, Clifton."

"Like a fire cater, I've no donbt, you gaid a ran—"That he did. The gentleman you gaid a ran—"That he did. The gentleman you gaid a ran—"On the seen of the

willage. "Now for it," whispered Clifton to Waller.
"Let us make a sally, boys, forward," exclaimed the major, leaving twenty-five sharp-shooters within the farm house.
At a quick pace the troops crossed a common, and at the word of command poured a steady voley into the enemy's flanks. This caused confusion in their crowded ranks. The mass after some wild firing, dispersed, rushing wildly over the plain, not a superior of the steady of the second of the secon

slaught of the Unionists with some degree of uncerpline.

"I'll find out if he be lead proof," said Clifton, close at Walter's side, and leveling his rifle fired at the mounted leader.

"Thanks," cried the latter, tottering on his house, while his last expiring effort was to fire the house, while his last expiring effort was to fire the your major who was galloping against him.

After a few minutes, the country surrounding the village was clear of the enemy; night covered the fugitives, and the victors returned to the common. Here Walter was kneeling on the ground, supporting the major's head in his arms. With tears in his friend, who was standing with a group of officers, much affected, by his side. The shouts of victory

frience, a new much affected, by his sue, had died away, and slowly the motionless nous had died away, and slowly the motionless nous had died away, and slowly took the dead man's place while Walter and Clifton, having witnessed the martial burial of Major Gordon soon returned to New York.

It would be useless to describe the feelings of the feeling of the story of t

It would be useless to describe the feelings of the agonized parents of Major Gordon, and file grief of the two friends who had to break the terrible news. Colonel Gordon did not outlive his son many months, the shock having caused a relapse, and he died expressing a wish that his son's corpse be buried with his own—which desire Clifton and walter caused faithfully to be fulfilled.

Barnet Cohen was accused of theft, forgery and embezdement by his master. Moses Solomons, and many other unpleasant little traits of his character some years in the penitentiary. Mr. Solomons himself left Baxter St., and retured from business simultaneously, the death of his beloved son having completely undermined his otherwise harsh nature.

nature.

But strange to relate, Clifton settled in New York, and after some years, tired of leading a lazy Hie, entered the firm of Vandyke & Hubbard—for that was the name of it—and was admitted a full partner.

er. Vandyke had grown old, and was glad to let eins fall into the hands of two such able young coadjutors. There is also every reason to believe that the larr Dorothy Yandyke was the main reason for Ciliton's settling down in life—while in fashionable circles it is rumored that Frances, daughter of the late Colonel Gordon, is engaged to be married to Walter Hubbard—a self-made young man—and jumior partner the minent firm of Vandyke, Hubbard & Co.

THE END.

A GIANT'S COURTSHIP

"I understand you are to be married, Chang. How is it?" a reporter asked Chang, the Chinese

smile passed over Chang's face-it tool quite a while to get over it-and a blush was just

Yes, I am to be married, though I expect to go home to China first."
"Who is the lady?"

"Yes, I am to be married, though I expect to go home to China first."

"Who is the lady?"

"I would rather not tell her name. She lives in "I would rather not tell her name. She lives in "I would rather not tell her name. She lives in a worth \$100,000 and worth \$150,000 and \$150,000 an

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

THE danger of buying a boy an amateur printing press is well illustrated in the story of a lad, who a short time ago, overheard his mother and eldest short time ago, overheard his mother and eldest sister, talking about the young lady's approaching marriage and who they should invite. The mother insisted that the McFadden tribe should not be in-vited, while the marriageable daughter was positive she did not want old Mr. Wilkinson. So it was finally decided that all friends of the family should receive an invitation (of course they would bring flowers, the mother said), with the ex-ception of the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkin-

d bill-board for blocks around:
Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry
Mr. James Travers
at the church next Thursday at 7.30 sharp.
All the Friends of the family
with the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Common of the Mr. Start and bring
loss of flowers.

The wedding was postponed, the boy sent off to poarding school, and the printing press and types were sold for old junk.

COMPELLING THE CLOUDS

COMPELLING THE CLOUDS.

It is generally believed that the discharge of artillery tends to dispel clouds and mists in the immediate neighborhood. A French electrician combast this theory, and maintains that the effect of a series of sufficiently violent detonations would be to compel the clouds to discharge their moisture. He even goes so far as to say that it would be perfectly possible to produce a fail of rain in this way. He suggests a method by which he believes this about. His plans is to send up one or more balloous freighted with panclastic or some other equally explosive compounds. They are to be connected with a battery on the ground by means of a fine wire, and when they attain the necessary attitude—that is, when they enter the cloud zone—the spark and a refreshing shower will be the result. Farmers and others who suffer heavily from the effects of a prolonged drought will probably be anxious that the French savant's system should be given a trial, no method hitherto devised for obtaining rain having proved quite efficacious.

ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCES

A woman stood at the front gate watching he neighbor's dog coming down the street with a ket tle tied to his tail. It amused her vastly.

Presently the owner of the dog scurried by in hot pursuit, whereupon the woman at the gate laughed a gleeful, unneighborly laugh.

Then a little boy rounded the corner with a bright, mocent look upon his face, as who should say I-am-on-an-errand-for-my-dear-ma-so-don't-detain

The stopped and said to the woman at the gate:

"What are you laughin' at?"
She replied with hilarity:

"I'm laughin' at old Bullrag's dog with a kettle
tied to his tail."

"It's awful funny, ain' it?" the little boy said
as he hurried on. "The kettle is your,"."

Then the woman at the gate suddenly stopped

CATS AND CLOVER.

An instance of the complex relations that exist between various forms in the scale of nature, sh termining the sudden occurrence of any animal in termining the sudden occurrence of any animal in large number in any district, was cited by the late Charles Darwin. It appears that humble-bees alone are able to fertilize the red clover. The number of field mice, which destroy theorem the number of theid mice, which destroy the other than the control of the control of

"that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine through the intervention, first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flower in that district."

A PECULIARITY OF THEIR RACE.

"Whose dog is that, old man?" asked a gentle an of an old negro.
"Whut, dat dog?"
"Yes."
"Ain't he yourn?"
"No."
"Sartin o' it?"
"Yes."

- "Yes."
 "Den he's mine. Heah, heah, come heah ter me, sah. Whut yer prowlin' roun' de country fur?"
 Anything that does not belong to some one else, says the Arkunsave Traceler, always belongs to the colored gentleman.

THE EDITOR VISITS CHURCH.

The editor of the Deadwood Roarer attended church for the first time last Sunday, says the San

church for the first time last Sunday, says the San Francisco Post. In about an hour he rushed into the office and stouted to the telegraph editor: "What in blazes are you fellows doing? How about the news from the seat of war?" "Why, all this about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red Sea. Why, the minister up at the church was telling about it just now, and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle round, you fellows, and get the facts or the Snap Shot will get a beat on us. Look spry, there, and run an extra edition if necessary, while I put on the bulletin board, 'Great English 'l'ictory in the Soudan.'"

DIDN'T LIKE THE MOTTO.

The Detail Journal gives the following amusing.

The Detroit Journal gives the following amusing discussion of mottoes:

discussion of mottoes:

"Jim, did yer git one o' them 'ere little motter cards o' Bradford Smith! ?"

"You bet!"

"Sorter so so. Knowed all o' them 'ere things as what'd yer git one of them 'ere things as whost o' them 'ere motters was all right, but thar's one o'm as is bad—awfol bad !"

"But Tustlin!"

"But Tustlin!"

"But Tustlin!"

The trustlin! That 'ere's queer sort of advisin' or a bootblack to 'arn his grub an 'chawin' terbacker on!"

PITES—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvel-ous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases, end to Dr. Kline, 501 Areh Ss., Fhila, Fi.—Adv.

Send to Dr. Kline, 801 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

"The last Is of Adansans" Botanic Counth Balsam is gone, and you can make us another sinjunent of 22
gross. We have never sold any county preparation that
gross. The properties of the properties of the properties of the
unand is constantly increasing. "Geo. C. Goodwin & Co.,
We England Telant Medicine Warehouse, Stoon—Adv.

Consumption Cared—An old physician, retired from
practice, having that placed in his bands by an East India
speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Broachtis,
Catarrih, Asthum, and all Three and Lung Affection, allog a
constantly and the properties of the properties of the
worst Complaints, after having tosted its wonderful curative
yous Complaints, after having tosted its wonderful curative
shown to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive
and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of
ref. Edils, with full directions for preparing and using.
Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naturing this paper.

A NOTES, if the over Blook, Schederk, N. A. Add.

A NOTES, if the over Blook, Schederk, N. A. Add.

The Great Soap Wonder. Allison's

"DEATH ON DIRT,"

Is The Very Best Laundry Soap In The World. It is Beneficial To The Clothes And Makes Them Whiter, Cleaner, And Swaeter Than Any Other Soan Can Make Them.

No Boiling Is Required, And But Very Little Rubbing. The Steam, Slops, 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. Comparisons Are Courted.

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

Cartloads 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 Postage. (Stamps Taken.) Manufactured Only By ALLISON BROTHERS, Middletown, Conn.



210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS

50 Chromo Advertising Cards, all different, for 10c. WM. DONALDSON & Co., 113 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

200 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Album of Samples mailed for Dc. U. S. CARD CO. Centerbrook Conn.

20 Hidden Name or 40 New Chromos for 1885 and this Rolled Gold Ring for ten 2c. stamps

BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton St., New York

60 New Style, Embossed Hiddeu Name and Chromo Cards no 2 alike, name on, 10c., 13 packs \$1. Warran sold. Sample Book, 4c, L. JONES & CO., Name

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

BIRDS! EGGS. AGENTS WANTED to sell fine assortments on approval at 25 per cent. commission. Terms for stamp. W. C. GRAY, RÖCHELLE, ILL.

CARDS 300.; so All Gold, 300. Large Wholesalt States and States an



25 USEFUL ARTICLES, 4
BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMU CARDS
size 5x3, and an Illustrated



I CURE FITS!

OPIUM HABIT QUICKLY

dPHLET, with charges, medical endorsement testimonials, sent Free. Strict Privacy H. H. KANE, 174 Fulton St., New York



AWAKE

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD Drifting, drifting, sad and slow, Out to the sea, where all things go. What hand firm my boat shall guide. What hope save, on the waters wide?

Gayly, gayly, a month a-near, My bark glode o'er the river clear, Flowery banks and braes in sight, Nothing swerved to the left or right.

Soothly, soothly I did sleep, Languors o'er all my senses creep, My false bark slipped out with the tide, Away from the shore and its haven tried.

MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD.

In an unpretentious two-story brick dwelling at IN an unpresentious two-story orica awening at the intersection of High and Seventh streets, Keo-kuk, Ia, lives Orion Clemens and his wife. The former, says a writer in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, is the eldest brother of the famous "Mark Twain," is the eldest prother of the famous "Mark rwain," and is a lawyer by profession. He is the person-age who was the "Governor's Secretary" at Car-son, Nev., and who gave Mark the subordinate position which resulted, with its attendant experi-ences, in the production of probably the most thrillingly realistic portrayal of frontier life ever given to the world—the book "Roughing It." Mr. Orion Clemens now lives a very quiet and secluded life, Clemens now lives a very quice and secuaced me, being much given to literary pursuits, in which he is assisted by his graceful and accomplished wife. They have no children.

With them resides Mr. Clemens's mother, who

will be eighty-two years of age next June. The writer, being stranded in Keokuk for a few hours, improved the opportunity to make a call upon the venerable lady, and in the course of an hour's pleasant conversation which tollowed received from her lips many anecdotes concerning her most noted son which will be new to the generality of

"Sam was always a good-hearted boy," said Mrs. Sam was atways a good-nearred boy, sam arrs. Clemens, "but he was a very wild and mischievous one, and do what we would we could never make him go to school. This used to trouble his father

Clemens, "but he was a very wild and mischievous one, and do what we would we could never make him go to school. This used to trouble his father and me dreadfully and we were convinced that he wo." or amount to as much in the world as his thers, because he was not near so steady and sober-minded as they were."

"I suppose, Mrs. Clemens, that your son in his boyhood days somewhat resembled his own 'Tom Savyer,' and that a fellow-feeling is what made him seed the suppose, Mrs. Clemens, that your son in his boyhood days somewhat resembled his own 'Tom Savyer,' and that a fellow-feeling is what made him seed the suppose of the suppo

ear-trumpet, is well-preserved and sprightly for her years.

"Mark Twain inherited the humor and the taltates which have made him famous from his mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens. "He mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens. "He mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens. "He mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens "He mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens "He mind. Tom Sawyers as strongly in person as in mind. Tom Sawyers as strongly in person as in mind. Tom Sawyers as direct portraits of his mother." Mrs. Clemens was Miss Jane Lampton before her marriage, and was a native of Kentucky, Mr. Mrs. Clemens was Miss Jane Lampton before her marriage, and was a native of Kentucky, Mr. Mrs. Clemens was Miss Jane Lampton before her marriage, and was a native of Kentucky Mrs. Lemens was the family at his death nothing but, in Mark's own words, "a sumptuous stock of pride and a good old name," which, it will be allowed, has proved in this case at least, a sufficient inheritation."

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN.

Col. Lew Weitzel relates the following incident in President Lincoln's caller, which he believes has never before been made public:
"After the fall of Richmond and the flight of the

After the fall of recommond and the might of the Confederate Government, my brother Godfrey was placed in charge of the city. His headquarters were in the Capitol, and President Davis's cabinet placed in charge of the city. His headquarters were in the Capitol, and President Davis's cabinet room was kept just as it was when last occupied, President Lincoln arrived the day after the occupation and called at the Capitol, and several officers, among the number myself, accompanied him through the building. When we reached the cabinet room my brother said, 'Mr. President, this is the chair which has been so long occupied by President Davis. He pulled it from the table and motioned the President to sit down. Mr. Lincoln's face took an extra look of care and melancholy. He looked at it a moment and slowly approached and wearily said down. I expected to see the President manifest some spirit of triumph as he sat in the seat so long occupied by the rebel government; but his great head fell into his broad hands, and a semilar secured to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of a nation scalar seemed to come from the soul of the sacrifices. His military is the soul of the sacrifices without a word and left the room slowly and sadly, the same shown as the sacrifices. The BESIT WE CAN.

THE BEST WE CAN

A STORY is told of a king who went into his gar-den one morning and found everything withering and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the gate what the trouble was. He found that it was sick of life and determined to die because it was sick of life and determined to die because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was going to throw its life dawy because it could not bear grapes like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not bear grapes like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect and have as full of cheerindness as ever. Said the king:

"Well, hearth's ease, I am glad to find one brave little flower in this general discontentment and dying. You don't seem one bit disheartened, my your Majesty, I know I am of small account of the work of the work

UP TO TIME.

Some years ago the floods carried away a bridge on the Michigan Central, and until it could be re-placed there was a suspension of traffic. Said the placed there was a suspension of traffic. Said the general superintendent to the blunt, hard-working old master bridge-builder: "You must put all your men on that bridge; they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. The chief engineer shall fornish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning the general superintendent, in a very doubtful frame of mind, met the old bridge builder. "Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge builder. "Yell," said the general, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge builder." returned the old man slowly, "the bridge is done, I don't know whether the pictur' is or not."

EDUCATION AND IGNORANCE.

EDUCATION AND IGNORANCE.

A YOUNG Doane College student was visiting his grandmother during vacation, and one morning at the breakfast table he took an egg, and holding it the present of the property of the

EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

***P. We cannot insert exchanges of frearms, birds' eggs, or singure on the property of the proper



CORRESPONDENCE.

H. D. O., Belleville, Ill. John Brown was hung Dec. 2, 1859.

2, 1850.

E. H. S., Hartford, Ct. See announcement on the editorial page of this number.

D. H. S., Martinaburg, W. Va. 1, 40 cts. per line. 2.

On an average, nine words to the line.

E. J. B., New Orleans, La. "The Duchess." author of "Phyllis," stc., is a Mrs. Argles of England.

ENGURMEN. 1. It would probably cost you \$3 to have your papers bound in New York. 2. Fifty-five cents.

L. S. F. Havana, N. Y. The highest mountain in the Last Page 18 to 18 cents. The control of the co

178 feet, or 5 1-3 miles high.

M. J. B., Petersburgh, Pa. The popular name for the State of North Carolina is "The Turpentine State," from the immense quantities of that article produced and exports.

and exported.

W. V. O., Hamilton, O. We will not undertake to easy how fast the wind can go. The signal officer on Pike's Feak recorded the swiftest wind ever experienced there at 110 miles per hour, when 'the instruments broke, and the cord wood began flying down the mountain.

G. B. S., Wadley, Ga. The various imitation leathers are made by electrotyping and printing. A reproduction of the surface of the leather to be imitated is procured in metal, and the less valuable substance for the imitation is thus impressed with whatever marks appeared on the original.

the imitation is thus impressed with whatever marks appeared on the original.

A. S. D., Minerville, N. Y. The first lady in the land

A. S. D., Minerville, N. Y. The first lady in the land

A. S. D., Minerville, N. Y. The first lady in the land

President be marked as a the White House; if the

President be marked as a first late of the land of the la

ond.

H. I. J. Prescott. Iowa. The expression is rarely used in this country, but in England, it is quite common. It originated thus: In England Snacks, made his plaque of that year, a wretch named Snacks, made his living by plundering the clothes of dead men. With the increase of the epidemic his field so enlarged that offered half the profits of the business to those who workers had been allowed by the profits of the said to "go with Snacks." Hence the origin of the expression.

PUZZLEDOM No 198 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper oxiz, and apart
Webster or Lippincott are. When works not in
Webster or Lippincott are same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must
same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must
be so fagged. Hems of interest relating to Puzzledom
Webster or Lippincott are "Puzzle Editor."
The General Assocs, 18 Warron Streek, bev 10rk City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 121. ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 121
No. 1. For the first complete list.
No. 3. Midsummer Night's Dream.
No. 2.
C E R A M I C
E L E V A T
E L E V A T
E L E V A T
E L E V A T
E V E L E R
E V E L E R
E V E L E R
E V E L E R
E V E L E R
E V E R T
I T E R A T E
E P A R E
E V E R T
I C E P A A R E
E S E N
L E S S E N No. 4.
C RUSTAL
RESERVE
USURIES
SERVERS
TRIESTE
AVERTIN
LESSENS

No. 6. No. 8
VAM PLET KARAMAN
A SARONE AVERARA
A MAJORAT REMELTS
FROJECT AREOTIC
EN ACTOR ALTES E
EN ACTOR NATES EN T
ETTERS NASCENT
0. 9. The Elevated Railroad system in cities
No. 11. Liberty enlightening the world.
No. 10. No. 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED

TANTRUMS, 2 Diamonds, 1 Half Square, 1 Polygon St. Elmo, 2 Diamonds, 1 Polygon, REK Ford, 1 Square MYSTIC, 2 Transpositions: Colanner, 1 Rhombold, MINNIE, 2 Numericals; BY Law, 1 Square, 1 Half Square, 1 Charade, 1 Numerical; JAREP, 1 Numerical; SMON Eass, 3 Square, 1 Numerical; JAREP, 1 Numerical; SMON Eass, 3 Square, 1 Valage, 1 Numerical; JAREP, 1 Numerical; JA

ENIGMA COMPETITION.

ENIGMA COMPETITION.

The following have been accepted: Traddles, 1 Q. L., 1 T. L.; Pearl, 1 Q. L., 1 T. L.; MORNING STAR, 1 D. L., 1 Q. L.; FLORENCE, 1 Q. L., 1 T. L., 1 D. L.; ST. ELMO, 1 D. L.; COMANNET, 1 T. L., 2 D. L.; MEPHIRST, 1 D. L.; EMPHATIC, 1 D. L.; NESTOR, 2 D. L.; DAMON, 1 D. L.

D. L.
PRIZE WINNERS —Best Q. L. Enigma, TRADDLES; best
T. L. Enigma, PEARL; best D. L. Enigma, NESTOR; 2d
best D. L. Enigma, DAMON.

NEW PUZZLES

NEW PUZZLES.
No. 1. ANAGRAM.

FACT I ENCHANT D CITTLES SIGNIFY TO ME
That enchantment to the view is lent
By distance. And far as eye can see

By distance. And far as eye can see
In pleasing horrow and thills are blent
In pleasing horrow and this the view.
That from the towering dome unfolds to you.
VASHINOTON, D. C.

MACK.

No. 2. Square.

No. 2. Square.

1. A priest (Obs.); 2. To contain; 3. A phrase dencting a mere result; 4. A see-mew; 5. Having a title (Obs.); 5. A supposed power of fascination; 7. Desiste.

TAUNTON, Mass.

No. 3. CHARADE My first and second are the same,
Though each we give a different name,
Though each we give a different name,
The first to rear and plunge doth mean,
The next to jam, as in a seam.
To schole the facing of my pants
Will give the clue, at one brief glance.
New BLOOMFRELD, PA.
JSTR.

No. 4. SQUARE. (Rhyme by "Gwendolynne.")

1. Light coverings, parenthesized, As (Rare) when rightly scrutinized.
2. A substance crystalline obtain, Which doth the Supplement contain.
3. These plants their growing charms display in tropical America.

(Alas, the rhyme! Pray do not mock; America's the stumbling block.)

The fourth drops easier to verse:
A pass of Texas, boats traverse.
A pass of Texas, boats traverse.
The fifth, dost wash. Oh, c-s-t,
We thought that you had gone to rest
The locked jaw now falls in the lineMoet fate for goesip too malign.

7. The star-fish, that lies on the sand,
Just aptly fills the last's demand.

SLATER, Mo.

No. 5. CHARADA

No. 5. Charadde.

Come, solvers, your sitention turn
On what's defined thus: "to adorn:"
Then to surmount the poser's tricks,
An adjective to that affix.
An adjective to that affix.
Here is the clew—"to chide, "to scold."
The whole [in Webster motet arrows in the defined defined thus," to compare."

NYAS.

No 6 Drawows

No. 6. DIAMOND.

'To The (GENERAL.)

1. A letter; 2. An ancient name of a gum; 3 To surround; 4. Made a mark in; 5. Natives of a certain city of Asiatic Turkey; 6. Those holding the same rank as apostles (Rare); 7. Helping (Sup.); 8. A sloping roof (Rare); 9. A den; 10. To feel; 11. A letter. BAST BOSTON, Mass.

Berroom Box.

East Boston, Mass.

No. 7. CHARLER.

No. 7. CHARLER.

I'm the queerest little animal, no larger than a cat: My gait is not little animal, no larger than a cat: My gait is not little animal, no larger than a cat: My gait is not little animal.

My gait is not supply that it is not little animal to long the supply of the supply of a command? I'm unable to obey.

Was Itali it.

Was Itali it.

Yas the supply that it is not worth the supply that is not worth the supply that is not worth the supply that is not worth the living:

I did it hard to get along; this life's not worth the living:

In the hard state of the state

any.

any.

any.

bit he if miss his calculation who says there is not any.

if I go to any other land, it's much against my will.

It has cost me a great effort to rush so into print, be but I heard you had a "Corner," and I wanted to be int.

Freeror, Lil.

Happt Thought. HAPPY THOUGHT

No. 8. Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. To work at: 3. Fruits of the Pyrus Communis: 4. Scansorial birds of the genus Petitacus; 6. A check rein which passes over a Norset India, 6. A check rein which passes over a Norset India; 6. A check rein which passes over a Norset India; 6. A check rein which passes over a Norset India; 6. A check rein which will be a season of the passes over a Norset India; 7. A check rein which is a season of the passes over a Norset India; 7. A man of social authority; 11. A letter.

PERML.

No. 9. CHARADE.

No. 9. CHAMADE.
A Legend.
A Legend.
A Legend and a strile, and chivalry.
Thrilling the hearts of old and young
the strile and the strile and the strile.
An obscure poet penied a song,
And flung it first unto the alr;
The zephyrs bore the song along
For many days, now here, now there.
Due to the song dropped gently down
the sang the lay and gained renown,
And filled his bearer's souls last joy;
Bit o'er the verse he pondered long,
The strile strile strile strile strile.
And filled his bearer's souls last joy;
To recompense him to unknown muse
To recompense him to unknown muse
And in his soul new life infruse.
Wandering first, sfar one day
Wandering first, sfar one day

And in his soul new life infuse.

Wandering fort, afar one day
Alone within the desert wide.

Where an oasis smiling lay,
A hermit's but hoson capied.

Complete unto the cot he strode
In search of shelter, food, and rest,
And found that was the abode
Of him whom he had been in quest

Of him whom he had been in quest. The aged poet calmly head The tale the youthful minstrel told. Of praise declined to hear a word, And quietly refused the gold; He dwelt, content to know his verse Gave Joy unto his fellow men, Gave Joy unto his fellow men, Without resorting to his pen.

BAYONNE, N. J. MYSELF.

MYRELF.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first complete list of solutions, The Golden.

Answers six months. For the best two incomplete lists, three months each.

CHAT.

CHAY.

WE have decided to give the prizes for single solutions to tyros if they solve, but when tyros do not solve the prize goes to the first vecran solver. This accounts for this week's award. Our reason for this course is that we have decided to squander the whole of the magnificent weekly compensation, which we result to the composition of the solution of the composition of the coupons from our bonds, that we have neglected the composition our prize winners for several weeks, but hope to have a hall in this soon, then our prize winners shall hear from us.