

GOLDEN ARCOON

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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Whole No. 126.

(This story began in No. 125.)

FACING THE WORLD;

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.
Author of "Do and Dare," "Helping Himself," "Rugged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK.

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, "you 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 stood on the fence and signalled me. We owe our deliverance to this table-cloth."

One impressive lady, who had two young children with her, threw her arms round Harry's neck and kissed him, much to our hero's embarrassment, while half a dozen gentlemen shook hands with him.

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, sir."

"You have shown wonderful promptness and presence of mind. Probably you don't know me."

"No, sir."

"I am 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.

"So do I, and I lead off with a subscription of twenty dollars."

"Here's another twenty!"

"And here's ten!"

"Here's five!"

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, sir!" 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?"

"No, sir."

"So I thought. Well, you needn't be ashamed to accept a little testimonial of our gratitude."

"Let me do my share," said a young lady, as she dropped a bill into the hat.

"Certainly, 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 a considerable balance, for I value my life at more than twenty dollars. Here is my card. 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

"My name is Harry Vane."

"Do you live round here? I never heard 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."

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

She spoke in rather a dubious tone. Harry smiled. He had already made up his mind

Harry entered the shed and sitting down on a log, took out the bills, which he had hurriedly stuffed in his pocket, and began to count them.

It is not necessary to detail the counting. The sum total is what we want to find out. It was large enough to amaze and gratify him. Though a majority of the bills were small, there were many of them, and the aggregate sum was two hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifty cents.

The fifty cents had been dropped into the hat by a child.

Had Harry retained the ten dollars given to the owner of the table-cloth, he would have within fifty cents of three hundred dollars.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY'S SAVINGS 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 into his charge.

"No," he decided. "I won't give him this money. I won't even let him know I have it." Where then could he conceal it? He could not very well carry it about with him all the time. Moreover, it would be dangerous, if he could put it in a savings bank, that might answer, but should Mr. Fox learn that he had a deposit anywhere, he might, as guardian, have power to claim it. On the whole Harry felt puzzled to know what to do with his suddenly acquired wealth.

"I wish I had asked the president of the road to take care of the money for me," thought Harry. "It would have been safe in his hands."

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 locked, but a small key was in 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.

Now for a place of concealment. Harry came out of the shed, and looked scrutinizingly around him. Not far away was a sharp 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 strewn 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



HARRY VANE REMINDS 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 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!"

"It's all right. It came from the passengers. They gave me something too."

"How much did they give you?"

"I don't know yet," answered Harry, thinking it unwise to gratify the curiosity of the good lady.

"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 obliged. Ten dollars! Why, I haven't had so much money in a long time."

"You can buy a new table-cloth."

"No; but 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.

"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 surprising.

"Well, good morning!" he said.

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

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

Indeed, Harry had some curiosity on the subject himself. He was not quite sure 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.

THE LIGHT OF SEAS.

BY EMMA CARLETON.

When violets bloom and soft winds play, When fleckles skies float o'er the earth, When all its youth and joy and mirth, Life's aim is happy and its purpose true, When violets bloom and soft winds play, When summer joys have all gone by, When morning skies hang o'er the world, When May's gay beauties are no more, Life's aim is usefulness, we sigh, When summer joys have all gone by.

[This story begins in No. 118.]

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

BY CAPT. DAVID BOWTHICK.

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 that his heart bounded with joy, and before he was within ten yards of them he shouted:

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

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 Jack.

"Kill him, I suppose," was the answer. "He deserves it," exclaimed Alfred; "you have now an opportunity of getting even with him for his arrogant and insolent behavior."

"I would scorn to do that," said Jack. "Had I caught him out alone, I might have punished him as he deserves. I do not believe in revenge when you have all the advantage especially on such cowardly as he is; and he is beneath one's contempt."

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

Jack asked the young chief how he had captured Runman, and he replied that they found him travelling alone on horseback, and that he had been surprised.

So intense was the cowardice displayed by Runman, that the young Indians looked at once with surprise and contempt at him, and Jack had but little difficulty in persuading them to accept of him as a warrior, and brought good medicine to a warrior to kill a worthy foe, man or beast, so it would bring the extreme of bad fortune to kill so wretched a creature as this.

Jack obtained permission for their white captives to depart for the nearest station, nominally under the escort of Runman, but it might be more correctly said that they were to accompany the women, not one of whom was so base and cowardly as this wretched young fellow.

For another four months Jack and Alfred remained with the tribe, attending to the necessities more than once to battle against the Sioux, and joining in all their games and exercises. At the end of that time, considering that they had now resolved to depart, they prepared to slip away, knowing that the Indians would, if they had an inkling of their intention, place every obstacle in their way.

A dark night was chosen by Jack and Alfred for their attempt to escape the Indians; and when the camp was asleep they slipped up their rugs and stole unobserved into bundles, and stole quietly away to the horse lines. They had tethered their Mustangs at the end of a line of horses, and had great difficulty in getting them out. Quietly they put on the saddles, fastened their bundles to the pommels and cantles of the saddles, and then vaulting into their seats, rode off at full speed from the camp.

They rode on throughout the night as fast as their ponies could travel, and found themselves by day-break near a small stream, on whose banks a few straggling bushes grew. After scanning the ground for any indication of foes, they came to the conclusion that it was safe to stop where they were.

They unsaddled the horses, they turned them out to graze; then cut down some shrubbery within their tomahawks. They piled this up until it made a large heap, and having secured some of the inner bark of the bushes, which was quite dry, they lighted it by firing loose powder out of their rifles.

When 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-tanned, so that they would not shrink after a dressing, they commenced to think of breakfast.

They had brought with them some buffalo beef, but having a preference for fresh meat, they started out in quest of game. After wandering about for an hour or 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 his cousin's attention to them. This was hailed as a good omen by Jack; and he said that they had all now received the news of their escape, and that the Indians had gathered. He thought the knowledge then obtained would enable them to travel onward without apprehending any danger from hunger.

Drawing their knives, they commenced digging the potatoes, and in less than an hour had enough for breakfast. They then took up their camp, and eaten them with some buffalo flour, lay down to sleep in the shrubbery. Their slumber was as calm as if they were in bed. Still, until four o'clock, when they were awakened by the noise of a rattlesnake started up immediately, and saw a huge rattlesnake coiled near the fire, and very near his legs.

His head being raised as if about to strike, he glared in the direction of the snake, and saw, about thirty feet away, what seemed to be the coal-black eyes of a man, which peered out of the long grass, but as the body was not visible, he thought he had made a mistake, and he again fell asleep.

He knew too much about the plains, however, to take any risks, and seizing his rifle, he fired in the direction of the eyes. The detonation had only barely been heard, when the rattlesnake started, and the consins took to their heels with a startled bound.

Perceiving the presence of the snake in the new adventure, Jack leaped over the fire, and, with rifle in hand, advanced towards the object which he saw

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.

It was 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 for the purpose of killing them in their sleep, and returning to the camp in triumph with their scalps.

Wonder why he had hated us so much," 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 enemy."

Jack also said, that he fancied that he had seen a figure moving just as they left camp, and that he had no doubt followed their trail, which was an easy matter, as the ponies were dead, and he knew when they leant in a straight line. "It is lucky," Jack concluded, "that he did not come up until our sleep was just over."

They took the bow and quiver of arrows from the dead warrior, who had been shot through the neck, and dragging the body into the bushes, covered it with leaves and brushwood, so conceal it from wolves and other beasts of prey.

When they returned to the fire, Alfred said: "So you have the wisdom of the snake after all!"

"The Indian tale about the father of all snakes is true."

"I don't want the wisdom of snakes," was the answer, "as far as there is more knavery than good sense in them."

Alfred suggested that it was a just retribution upon him, and if he had not died that he would have killed them if he could.

They collected enough to last them for two days; and when they finished their evening repast they went to sleep, and Alfred said Jack: "so let us go and gather some potatoes for dinner."

They travelled at night, in order to avoid war parties of savages, and to give them the day to look for the grass and shrubs, to see if Indians had been following them to see the ground distinctly, when they commenced a critical examination of the grass and shrubs, to see if Indians had been there lately.

Having satisfied themselves that there were no Indian signs there, they started back to their camp, but as they were proceeding, they perceived their hearts were sent bounding almost to their mouths by the loud gobble of a turkey.

Jack thought at first that the sound had been uttered by an Indian, and he lifted his rifle mechanically, in order to sell his life as dearly as possible; but when the call was repeated he dropped the weapon, and, after a moment's reflection, he kept quiet and he was not bag that turkey.

Both then retired, as noiselessly as possible, into a clump of bushes; and Jack drew from his breast a small piece of wood, which he had cut out of cottonwood trees by dawn, and there halted, until it was light enough for them to see the ground distinctly, when they commenced a critical examination of the grass and shrubs, to see if Indians had been there lately.

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be rapid, and cast a little ahead. After riding for about six miles they found that the footpaths trended southward, then to the east, and finally to the west.

"This man is lost; he is wandering in a circle," exclaimed Jack.

"Evening is past," said Alfred.

"I don't know what to do," said Alfred.

They followed the wanderer in his wanderings, and finally came to a body lying on its face in a dense clump of weeds. Turning over they found it was young Runman, but instead of being dead he was still alive.

His conversation awoke him, and when he opened his eyes he gave a scream 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 did not get only one reply out of him, however, and that was a senile petition to spare his life.

Seeing that he was thoroughly bereft of his wits, the consins lifted him on a horse, and while Jack held him, Alfred went to the well and drew water.

They travelled back to the station in this manner, and reached it about noon. Runman was screaming for something to eat, and Alfred made a grab for the bird's nest eggs, but knowing he would not injure himself if he gorged his stomach, they would not give it to him.

When he was allowed him to eat as much as they thought was good for him, they placed him on Jack's pony, and resumed their march, as they were afraid of remaining near the station for any length of time.

Jack walked beside Runman, and questioned him about the events which caused him to go wandering about not knowing what he was doing.

He was so ravenously hungry that he swallowed the whole of the bird's nest, and made a grab for the bird's nest eggs, but knowing he would not injure himself if he gorged his stomach, they would not give it to him.

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ever met, heard, or read of. Why, he is endangering our lives every moment by his laziness and pig-like selfishness.

Before going out the next morning, the consins made a careful examination of the ground surrounding the woods, and found that Indians had been traveling over it the previous night. This caused them much tribulation for if their horses were discovered they knew it meant immediate death, or torture at the stake, for themselves.

They were not to be deceived with Runman they would have struck out on their own, and depended on the speed of their ponies to take them out of the region of hostilities, but they did not want to desert their much tribulation for if their horses were discovered they knew it meant immediate death, or torture at the stake, for themselves.

(To be continued.)

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

ACCORDING to the Bengal legend, there once lived on the banks of the holy river Ganga a Richi, or sage, in whose hut, made of palm leaves, there was a mouse which became a favorite with the sage, 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 Richi into a bear; 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 maiden, to whom the sage gave the name of "Postmani," or the "poppy-seed lady." One day, while tending her plants, the king approached the Richi's cottage, and was invited to rest and refresh himself by Postmani, who offered him some delicious fruit. The king, however, struck the girl's breast, and she fell, and until she had told him her parentage. Postmani, to deceive the king, told him she was a princess whose name was Richi, and that she had been brought up in the palace.

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A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes the following remarkable dog story to the London Spectator:

One day, after dinner, a group of children were playing at the end of a pier which projects into Lake Ontario, near Kingston, U. S. A. The proverbial careless 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 Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier into the water and pulled the boy out. Those of the children who did not accompany the boy home took the dog to a confectioner's in the square, who fed him with as 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 legends. The individual of this case is left for the sequel.

The next afternoon the same group of children were playing at the same place, when the canine hero of the before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods. There being no occasion this time for supplying him with delicacies, the children only stroked and patted him, and he before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods.

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AN OLD DOCUMENT.

THE following "Certificate" is from an Old Temperance Almanac of the year 1837. It deserves preservation.

Believing, satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless but hurtful; and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health and virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United States, and especially all young men, discountenance entirely the use of the ardent spirits, and the promoting of our personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

(Signed) JAMES MADISON, ANDREW JACKSON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

October, 1834.

AN EPITAPH ON A FIREWORKS MAKER.

Colonel _____, who made the fireworks in St. James's Square, London, upon the peace of Elysium, being in company with some ladies, was invited to read the epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on Mr. Puff's monument.

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

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

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

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS \$2.00 PER YEAR, payable in advance...

THE NUMBER (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

RENEWALS—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrangements are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

NO RETURNED MANUSCRIPTS will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

"FOOTPRINTS IN THE FOREST." We have had a large number of inquiries to know when Mr. Elton's new story, "Footprints in the Forest," would commence.

AN AMENDED PHRASE. A PHRASE IN COMMON use is, "be virtuous and you will be happy."

RETRIEVING BLUNDERS. It is not always the best life that is the most free from mistakes.

STYLISH. A LITTLE girl was overheard saying her prayers one night, and the listener was not a little shocked by her last petition.

VALUE OF A MOTIVE. ONCE upon a time two school-boys set out upon a long tramp.

ADMIRABLE ECCENTRICITY. A WELL-KNOWN character recently died in Paris.

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP. As'er the glacier's frozen sheet

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. HE that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.

JEALOUSY is the sentiment of poverty, but envy is the instinct of theft.

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

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

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

THESE are a great many duties that cannot wait, unless they are done the moment they present themselves.

STORIES heard of a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten.

THERE is nothing more sure, we take it, than that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a rival of genius are the least touched with his beauties.

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

AND all these passages to and fro of fruitful showers and grateful shade, and all these visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moist winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robes and clover hay, but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and distinctness and dearth of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

"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.

Sometimes, however, the motto is misapplied, especially by people who have suddenly acquired wealth. They seem to consider lavish display, and needless extravagance, as something befitting their financial grandeur.

A dealer in furs once had a large stock of Seal-skin jackets which he wanted to sell low. A fashionable lady came to look at them.

INTENSE PATRIOTISM. LOVE of country is admirable, and the sentiment should be encouraged in young and old alike.

IN EUROPE, where neighboring lands have come into collision so often, the sense of patriotism is perhaps more keen than with us.

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

HENRY G. PEARSON. A Prominent Example of a Self-Made Man.

THE New York Post Office may be said to be the center 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.



Henry G. Pearson, the gentleman who watches and regulates this intricate "machine," began twenty-five years ago at the very bottom of the service.

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.

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.

WHEN Mr. James was given the postmastership, 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.

THIS 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.

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 exchange places.

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.

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 duties and needs of every division, so that he can give the most minute supervision of all their workings.

Mr. Pearson is rather under the average height, compactly built, carries himself with dignity and grace. His hair is light, not yet fully white, and his complexion clear.

Mr. Pearson's career furnishes a striking example of what pluck and perseverance can do for a man. He was born in Beckman Street, New York, in 1842.

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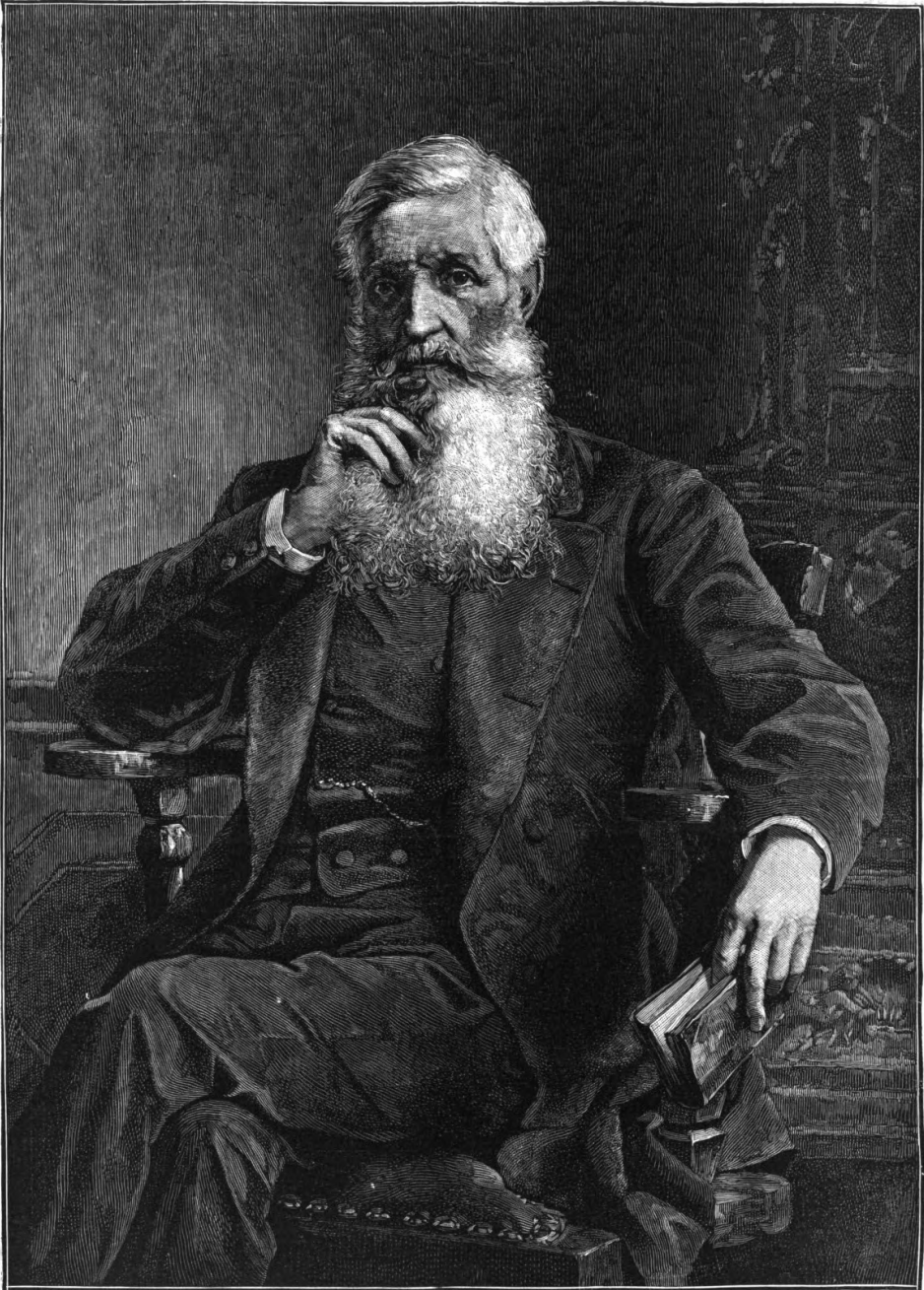
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GEORGE BANCROFT, THE GREAT HISTORIAN, IN HIS LIBRARY.

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 study in America and at the German University was extended and thorough. He became intimate with the most distinguished men of Europe. He traveled extensively, and returned to the United States in 1822. For one year

he was tutor of Greek in Harvard, and he contemplated entering the ministry. In 1823 he joined the late Dr. Cogswell in establishing 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 and uncompromising democracy. In 1830 he was elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts, without his consent, and refused to take his seat. The first volume of his History of the United States appeared in 1834, and the tenth and last volume was published forty years later, in 1874. This volume includes a period down to 1782, ending with the estab-

lishment of peace between England and the colonies. At times he has been engaged in 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. In 1845, during the administration of Polk, he was Secretary 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 into Texas. In 1846 he became minister to Great Britain; in 1866 he delivered, at the request of Congress, an address in memory of

Abraham Lincoln, and in 1867 he was appointed Minister to Prussia. He was accredited to the North German Confederation in 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 States, and by cable, from England, France and Germany. The reception was largely attended by prominent persons.

HIDING AWAY.

No little steps do I hear in the hall. Only a sweet silver laugh, that is all. No dimpled arms, that I could hold me tight: I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright. Two little hands a wave to be seen. Why is hiding—where is the pretty play? "Where is my precious? I've missed so all day?" "Papa can find me in the pretty play say." "Dear me! I wonder where baby can be?" "Then I go by, and pretend not to see. "Not in the parlor and not on the stairs? Then I must peek under the door upstairs!" The dear little rooster is now laughing outright; Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight. Home will I indeed be in the pretty play say. When papa can't find you, my darling, my own.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "The Guardian's Trust," "Barbara's Trial," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Mother's Ring," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

Going out at a side door Clare ran lightly up the steps. The gas was very bright in the lower hall, 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 accustomed to the interior, she saw Beth seated beside the grand piano, while near her, with eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed, stood the Indian lad who had been so generous.

"I never heard anything so sweet," Beth was saying, her rare beauty heightened by a smile of exultation. "You fairly make me envy you; I don't wonder they call you Beethoven. Do you know who Beethoven was?" "He was a great man," promptly replied the boy, who stood as if rooted to the spot before this pretty vision.

"Yes, a great musician, just what you will be, and have people who crowd me and throngs to hear you. They'll come a great deal quicker because you're a savage; no, I mean an Indian. It will be so funny, you see, Indians were never born to do such things. But you will make your race famous, you know, and be a great music chief—oh, gracious! who's there?"

"I am here," said Clare, who did not know whether to laugh or scold at this exhibition of vanity.

"And are they all coming? Is the Madame coming?"

She had risen and motioned to the lad 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," 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 is! What wonderful eyes he has! Did you know, and be so generous and dicker when he plays, and then he looks at one so—well, half frightened—and you've got to praise him to reassure him and keep his courage up. I rather like him. There they come; I'll go in the shadow and wait for the ladies."

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 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 locks, and the whole character of his face seemed changed.

Reviere's beauty was also exaggerated by the soft lights and shadows. He seemed transformed and was yet the same of the theme. The rich tones vibrated with something more than mere human passion, and the soul that rang through their changes brought tears to Clare's eyes.

"Can 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 gloomily, standing with folded arms.

"Not to be visible to our senses," murmured Clare, her lips trembling. "That may have to do with it, but I never heard of a wicked man sing like that? And yet I hear them say things—that he is wild, you know—and likes late suppers and drinks too much. Could one ever hear, hearing him? And, oh, if you could have seen him from where I did! He looked more like a saint from heaven than a man. Isn't he handsome, though? But just think how they can make you cry! Well, good-night. It seems so odd to have nobody to kiss."

"You may kiss me," said Clare, smiling.

"Oh, may I—thank you. It will seem like some, somehow. I always kissed Adam and Eve. Good-night. And she was gone."

"I wonder," mused Earle, "if aunt Lucie

will miss me. I had rather not go down stairs again. I had rather not meet them all. I'll read Henry'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 a strange way of looking at one—magnetic eyes—Nonsense; what am I saying?"

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

Her little writing desk was in her lap. On the left-hand corner of the delicate paper 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 Reviere, with his dainty manners, begging for mignonette; now of Earle, with his haunting eyes, asking for only one bad; then of the scene between Beth and the Indian, of whom that young lady was practicing her immature coquetry;—that presently she threw down her pen in despair.

"It is so different from the dear old parsonage, she murmured, her heart so full, 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 smoking room, Louis's singing with the sobbing accompaniment, the thought of her mother, all pressed upon her brain. It was no wonder that she felt unrefreshed after such a night, and that her aunt exclaimed at her pale cheeks when she went down stairs in the morning.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

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

"And is it I must share the charge of this house with a black nigger?" she asked. "Indeed I'll not do it, and I must ask for my leave. I'd a kept on, hard as the work was, but to have to share an share with him, it's not my self I'll do it, barrin' I've been in the family more'n ten years come the next blessed Christmas that ever was."

Madame Lucie looked up from her sewing. Martha had dropped in a chair, and was now busily wiping her eyes upon her white apron, while she fumbled in her capacious pockets for a handkerchief.

"Well, Martha," said Madame Lucie, after a little pause, "perhaps you had better go. You've threatened me so often that I am getting tired of it. Suppose I pay you now, and you can start at once. You can go to your sister, can't you?"

"Martha let both apron and handkerchief fall and sat staring at her mistress with round gray eyes.

"Is it my sister you talk of, living down in that dirty city, and eight children to the fore, with only the two rooms, and Mike coming home with the grey hair every Saturday night? Sure an' I thank you, Miss Carl! An' it's after my ten years' service ye say that I'll never see the like ingratitude."

"Well, Martha, you wished yourself to go. I've asked you to, said the Madame.

"It's the nigger," 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 she has no house, and she could attend to all the up-stairs 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 wiped her eyes again. "In it's a pity, that slip of a girl should wind him round her finger," she added, resentfully.

"What do you mean?" asked Madame Lucie.

"Her that has the family look, an' I'd swear to it," she said with energy.

"Nonsense, Martha—a purely accidental likeness," said her mistress, her cheeks flushing hotly. "Don't let me hear you allude to that matter again. You have at told me so many times."

"It's the girl as says go an' get ye—just beckons an' he comes. Can't I see the cunning that's in her? Sure it's the Blarney-stone she'd have kissed an' she'd been born in the cold country. There don't be a body she can't make do as she pleases all but me!"

"That will do, Martha," was the calm response; "how much do I owe you?"

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

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

"All wurra! that be the way of the world," cried Martha, as a few more coins fell to her gaudy cheeks. "An' it is that I haven't served you honest, an' made your welfare my own in every respect that you turn me off?" and now the distress was genuine.

"Why, Martha, you know better. I never thought of turning you off. I shall be glad to see you stay, and you know it, but I shan't coax you—you that look 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 of life go on the floor, and he's not his 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. Honty 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 first cold, hard and unnatural. The Madame scarcely tolerated her. Colonel Earle was deaf and blind to all her pretty wiles, and even Reviere, with his perfect face and glorious 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?"

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 melancholy sort of interest. Only the Indian, he said every day to day, unobtrusively questioning admiration in his eyes, obedience and admiration in all he did for her comfort or at her bidding.

Madame Lucie would but little concerning the music of her voice, but it was evident that the misfortune weighed heavily upon her heart. Every day she sat down at the piano hoping against hope; every day she left the instrument with a sadder face and deeper sigh.

Clare spoke to her about it only once, and the Indian, who expressed such sympathy as she never made the attempt again.

"What do you think of Mr. Earle, now?" he had asked one day.

The sudden question sent the eloquent blood even to the girl's fair forehead.

"I think him—interesting," she said, "though we never agree. He says my face is the signal for a pitched battle."

"So much the better, dear. People who begin with a quarrel are apt to end with a wedding."

"Oh, aunt!" and there was a kind of horror in her voice.

"Why, don't you know, he's a millionaire?" said her aunt, laughing. "I was a little surprised when he came to the city. He has one of the finest houses in Washington—had two forefathers left him. Wait till you see his establishment. He gives two or three grand soirees through the winter. We always go."

"But he's not to think, aunt, that it ever can be more than a pleasant friendship. I never told you, but I am engaged to Lieutenant Arlington."

"Really engaged! that settles the question of course," said her aunt, who was evidently a sickly creature, not but what your lieutenant may be an exception. I was not here when he came; I wish I could have seen him. Is he handsome?"

"He is called so," said Clare, who for some reason or other 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.

"I 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, unfortunately, must precede him, will, therefore, preach, or lose my fame. Now what's to be done?"

"I sometimes hope for him," said Madame Lucie, with a glance at Clare, "but, unfortunately, 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 face. "I thought she could attend to all the best results—sometimes to the contrary. Human nature is a curious thing."

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

She found in the office a man who held 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 a pleasure that I never dreamed of."

"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.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

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 puffs of wind lifted the draperies.

Clare began her work, but something filled her with vague uneasiness. It was the image of Henry Arlington—pale, sad, reproachful. Every time she encountered Colonel Earle's glance, his phantom seemed to stand before her, till at times she felt like giving up her work and running from the room.

"Miss Clare," he said, presently, "did you 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 as much as 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 never came out. They found his dead body. It was raining, and the accident brought up the matter. I felt for a moment as if I never wanted to see them, it seemed so cruel! How did you escape?"

"They are cruel, but beautiful all the same," he said, smiling. "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 roaring cascade to snarl and treacherous 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."

"What an experience!" said Clare, with heightened color. "What did you think?"

"I thought—" he paused a 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 dependent, and it seemed to me that if I could only feel her dear arms, but once more about my neck—but, Miss Clare, I am heedless—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 wonder if it wouldn't have been better if I had died then."

"Oh, please don't end your wonderful story with cowardly regrets! It is better to carry scars of the battle of life, I think, than die ingloriously."

"Thank you," he 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, and to live and health to her, and so 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 endless turmoil. If I were a painter or a poet I should wish to paint or to sing of them. You must see them, Miss Clare—indeed 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. Pray 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 unwillingly, assented.

"He is old enough to be my father," she said to herself. "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 don't know how you going to get you, Sam. You are a bad nigger and ought to be locked up. You're a disgrace to the community."

"I know I is, sah. I's a bad nigger ebbery way. But if you'll go my bail dis time, boss, I'll jump de country to-morrow mawin' and nebber come back. Deed wot."

FANCY'S REVELS.

BY ALICE TREMBLE LEARNED.
Hers dress is ragged and torn and old.
Her feet are bare, and the day is cold;

THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS; OR, 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.

"Can I see Lieutenant Gordon?" asked Walter of a soldier.
"I guess you mean Major Gordon," replied the soldier, smiling.
"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 moment."

"Well," said Clifton, "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."

"The soldier directed them to the rear of one of the farm houses, which was filled with soldiers under cover.
There, at the head of a troop of men, sat Major Gordon, in a military uniform, and he saw Clifton, and expressed still more pleasure and astonishment when Walter took him aside and mentioned the reason for their coming.

"You're a fine fellow," said the major, slapping our hero on the back, after Walter related all the details and answered various questions.
"You should have seen how he behaved himself some months back, Clifton."

"Like a fire eater, I've no doubt."
"Then he did it, the gentleman you paid a ransom to, Hubbard, never spent the money, and moreover, never will.
I had the pleasure of a hand to hand encounter with him, and balanced accounts, as the merchants say.
But what do you fellows propose doing now?"

"Can't you make use of us?" demanded Clifton.
"We both carry revolvers."
"O, that's your only claim?
I can give you each a Remington, and am glad to get a couple of thoroughbreds among us, as I feel we shall have to fight."

"I had scarcely been appointed to their places, when the roll of the enemy's drums was heard, then a heavy roll of musketry, and a distant hurrah.
They're coming, boys," shouted Major Gordon, "shoot low and steady, when you get the signal."

"A dark mass became visible at the end of the village.
"Now for it," whispered Clifton to Walter.
"Let us make a Sally, boys; forward," exclaimed the major, leaving twenty-five sharp-shooters within the farm house.

"It was a quick pace the troops crossed a common, and at the word of command poured a steady volley into the enemy's ranks.
This caused confusion in their crowded ranks.
The mass after some time firing dispersed, rushing up over the plain."

"Now follow boys," cried the major; "fix bayonets, and give them a taste of cold steel."
The enemy, who were endeavoring to regain their combative energy, for rallying at the command of the leader mounted on a spirited horse, met the onslaught of the Unionists with some degree of discipline.

"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 horse, while his last expiring effort was to fire the contents of his pistol into the breast of the young man who was engaged in attacking him.

A GIANT'S COURTSHIP.

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

A slight smile passed over Chang's face—it took quite a while to get over it—and a blush was just perceptible.

"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 Kansas City. She is rich and is worth \$200,000. I am worth \$150,000 and I think we will not be in need when our marriage is consummated. The lady is large. She is six feet, six inches in height, and her dress makes her look much larger. She is an American lady and lives with her parents. She is first saw me on exhibition and talked to me a long while. The next day I was sitting in a parlor in a hotel, playing on the piano. I can play nicely on the piano, and would like you to hear me. Well, I was playing on the piano when I heard the lady enter the room. I turned and saw her. She looked rather timid at first and I said: 'Come in, lady, I will not charge you fifty cents to hear me.' She laughed and sat more at ease. I played many pieces, which seemed to please her not a little. Finally I got up and placed one hand on her shoulder, said she was a nice big woman, and I would like to have her for a wife. She laughed and ran merrily out of the room. A week later I received a letter from her father, asking me if I really wanted his daughter in marriage, and asking me what I intended to do if married. I said I wanted his daughter, and would become a tea merchant. The engagement was then made. I will go to St. Louis, settle down there, and open a tea store."

"What news?"

"Why, all this about the Egyptian army being brought in the Red Sea. Why, the minister up at the church was telling about it just now, and I word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle round, you fellows, and get the facts of the Soap Show will get a boat never. Look sorry, there, and run an extra edition if necessary, while I put on the bulletin board, 'Great English Victory in the Soudan.'"

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

The danger of buying a boy and an amateur printing press is well illustrated in the story of a lad, who a 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 invited, 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 did not want old Mr. Wilkinson).

The boy, who was the happy possessor of an amateur printing press, and imagined he had the head of Benjamin Franklin, thought this was the time for him to get his work in. He listened to the conversation of his mother and sister with more than ordinary attention. Then he went down to the cellar, to his mammoth printing establishment, and was not seen about the house for the remainder of the day. The next morning the neighbors were surprised to see the goats licking off the paste on the following "poster," which adorned every fence and bill-board for blocks around:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry Mr. McFadden, of the famous Travers family, at the church next Thursday at 7.30 sharp. All the friends of the family are invited to the wedding with the exception of the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson.

Come early and bring lots of flowers. The wedding was postponed, the boy sent off to boarding school, and the printing press and types were sold for old junk.

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 combats this theory, and maintains that the effect of a series of sufficiently violent detonations would be to compel the clouds to retain their moisture. He even goes so far as to say that it would be perfectly possible to produce a fall of rain in this way. He suggests a method by which he believes this highly desirable result might be attained. His plan is to send up one or more balloons freighted with panalistic or some other equally explosive compound. They are to be connected with a battery on the ground by means of a fine wire, and when they attain the necessary altitude—that is, when they enter the cloud zone—the spark is to be transmitted, and the result will be, a refreshing shower will be the result. Farmers and others who suffer heavily from the effects of a prolonged drought will probably be anxious to try the French savant's system. It is largely a trial, no method hitherto devised for obtaining rain having proved quite efficacious.

ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCES.

A WOMAN stood at the front gate watching her neighbor's dog coming down the street with a kettle 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, unheighly laugh.

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

He stopped and said to the woman at the gate: "Who 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't it?" the little boy said as he hurried on. "The kettle is your'n."

Then the woman at the gate suddenly stopped laughing.

CATS AND CLOVER.

An instance of the complex relations that exist between various forms in the scale of nature, showing how difficult it may be to trace the reasons determining 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 humble-bees in a district depends upon the number of flies which destroy their combs and nests. "The number upon which depends, as every one knows, upon the number of cats, and hence it is quite credible," says Darwin,

"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 flowers in that district."

A PECULIARITY OF THEIR RACE.

"Whose dog is that, old man?" asked a gentleman of an old negro.

"Whut, dat dog?"

"Yes."

"Ain't he yourn?"

"Yes."

"Sartin' o' it?"

"Yes."

"Den he's mine. Heah, heah, come heah ter me, sah. Whut ever prowlin' round de country far."

"Anything that does not belong to some one else, says the Arkansas Traveler, always belongs to the colored gentleman."

THE EDITOR VISITS CHURCH.

The editor of the Deadwood Reformer attended church for the first time last Sunday, says the San Francisco Post. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted to the telegraph editor:

"What in blazes are you fellows doing? How about the news from the seat of war?"

"What news?"

"Why, all this about the Egyptian army being brought in the Red Sea. Why, the minister up at the church was telling about it just now, and I word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle round, you fellows, and get the facts of the Soap Show will get a boat never. Look sorry, there, and run an extra edition if necessary, while I put on the bulletin board, 'Great English Victory in the Soudan.'"

DON'T LIKE THE MOTTO.

The Detroit Journal gives the following amusing discussion of mottoes:

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

"What yer think o' what it says onto 'em?"

"Sorter so so. Knowed all o' them 'ere things afore, though."

"About 'em 'ere motters was all right, but that's one o' 'em as is bad—awful bad!"

"What's that?"

"Be trustin'. That 'ere's queer sort of advisin' or a book-look to 'arn his gear an' clawin' ter-backer on!"

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Backache Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous relief. Treatise and B.M.O. trial bottle free to fit cases. Sent to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Ady.

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Consumption Cured.—A physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other Affections of the Throat and Lungs, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive he has prepared a full and complete recipe, with full directions, to all who desire it. This recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressing with stamp, sending the price, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Ady.

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