Vol. III.-No. 23.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, SI WARREN ST.,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885.

TERMS. \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 127.

[This story began in No. 125.]

FACING THE WORLD:

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

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

> CHAPTER VII. UP IN THE ATTIC.

HARRY was afraid he would be expected to occupy the same room with Joel, in which case he could hope for no privacy, aid would be unable to conceal his money, which he had little doubt his guardian intended to sceure, either by fair means or foul. It chanced, however, that Joel slept in a small bed-room opening out of his parent's chamber. So darry was assigned an attic room, in the end of the house, the sides sloping down to the eaves. It was inferior to the chambers on the second floor, but our hero was not disposed to complain. He valued solitude more than superior finish.

Harry's suspicion was roused by the circum-Harry's suspicion was roused by the circum-

than superior finish.

Harry's suspicion was roused by the circumstance that his guardan did not again refer to his money, nor did he manifest any disappointment at his ward's decliming to intrust

to his money, nor did he manifest any disappointment at his ward's declining to intrust him with it.

"He is foxy," thought Harry, smiling at the well-worn joke.

During the evening, Joel brought out a back-gammon board, and proposed to Harry to play. If there had been anything to read Harry would have preferred entertaining himself in that way, but Mr. Fox didn't appear to be literary. There were a few books in the house, but they were not of an attractive character.

"Have you any stories in the house, Joel?" asked Harry, after looking over the dreary assortment of volumes.

"No," answered Mrs. Fox, who had overheard the question. "I don't think much of story books. They only waste time. I never let-loel read stories."

"I don't want to, mam," said

ries."
"I don't want to, mam," said Joel spoke the truth, for he had no liking for books of any

"Did your pa let you read story books?" continued Mrs. Fox.
"Yes," answered Harry,

"Yes," answered Harry, briefly,
"I am surprised to hear it," continued the lady.
Harry did not reply. He did not think it would be worth while to get into an argument with Mrs. Fox, for whose judgment he had very little respect.
"You can play back-gammon with Joel," said Mrs. Fox, "unless you want to read Baxter's Saints' Rest, or Dr. Richardson's sermons."

"I think I will play back-gammon," said

"I think I will play towar government."

Partly in back-gammon, partly in conversation with the son and heir of the Foxes, the time passed till half past eight o'clock.

"Joel, you can go to bed," said his mother.
"It is half past eight."

Joel yawned, and interposed no objection.
"You may as well go too, Henry," said Mrs.

Joel yawned, and interposed no objection.
"You may as well go too, Henry," said Mrs.
Fox.
"My name is Hārry, madam."
"I shall call you Henry. I consider Harry a foolish nick-name," said the lady, severely.
Harry smiled. It really mattered little to "Mrs. Fox is right," said his guardian.
"B's good for a boy to go to bed early; Ma and I go to bed at nine. It gives us a good night's rest. Besides it saves candles."
It may be remarked that the Fox mansion was illuminated by tallow candles, probably on the score of economy, though at present kerosene would probably be cheaper as well as more satisfactory. Every few minutes it was found necessary to use a clumsy pair of sunffers, such as some of my readers are probably familiar with. The room was so poorly lighted that except in the immediate

In fact, he felt rather sleepy, and anticipated little pleasure in sitting up in the far from exciting company of Mr. and Mrs. Fox. "Joel," said his mother, "take this candle and show Harry up stairs in the attic chamber."
"Yes, mam."

"Yes, mam."

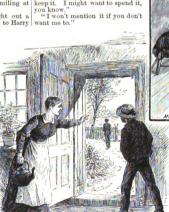
So, preceded by Joel, Harry went up two
So, preceded by Joel, Harry went up two
So, preceded by Joel, Harry went up two
Harry went up two
Harry went up two
Harry went up two
Harry went had been
Harry went been
Harry went been
Harry went been
Harry went been
Harry harry

"I thought you might be scared," said Joel.
"I thought you might be scared," said Joel.
"What should scare me?"
"I don't know, but it seems lonely and

"There is no danger. If burglars break into the house, they will visit the second floor first."
"I guess they won"

I guess they won't come here, I keeps all his money in the You've got a dollar, you know.

"Don't you tell dad! He'd take away from me, and I want to sep it. I might want to spend it, ou know."



Good night, then. Just hold the candle

self. He looked about the room, seeking for some place of concealment. Finally he noticed in one portion of the floor a square board which looked as if it might be lifted. He stooped over, and succeeded in raising it. The space beneath was about a foot in depth—the lower level being the lathing and plastering of the room below.

"That will do," said Harry, in a tone of satisfaction. "I don't think Mr. Fox will find my money here," and dropping the pocket-book into the cavity he replaced the square board. Then he went to bed and awaited results. "Good night, then. Just hold the candle while I go down stairs."

When he was fairly all alone, Harry began to look about him, to ascertain in what kind of quarters he was to pass the night. To begin with he examined the door to find out whether there was any way of locking or securing it. He ascertained that it was a common latch door, and there was no lock. There was nothing to prevent any one entering the room during the night. There was a small cot bed in one corner, a chair and an old wooden chest, which probably contained articles belonging to Mrs. Fox, perhaps blankets or bed-linen. There was no burean nor washstand. The absence of the latter annoyed Harry. He had always been in the habit of washing himself as soon as he got out of bed. "Washing linuself as soon as he got out of bed." Washing linuself as soon as he got out of bed. "Washing linuself as soon as he got out of bed. "Washing linuself as woon to be was expected to go down stairs and wash in a large in basin in the kitchen sink—wiping his face on a brown roll-towel which was used by the entire family. This was quite unsatisfactory to Harry, who was scraptously neat in his tastes. His parents had always encouraged this trait in him, but it was very evident that Mr. and Mrs. Fox differed in many respects from the father and mother he had been so unfortunate in losing so early. "This isn't a palace exactly," Harry said to himself, as he surveyed his scantily furnished chamber. "Luckly the bed," feeling of it,

probacy faminar with. The room was so poorly lighted that except in the immediate immediate vicinity of the candle, it would have been found difficult either to read or sew.

"I am ready to go to bed, sir," said Harry.

"I shall go up to his bed-room after he is seep by this time, but the expecta visit from him by violence, but I a range of which is used in the seep of the total wisit from him by violence, but I a range of which is used in the seep of the visit from him by violence, but I a range of which is used.

"How are you going to do it?" inquired beyond his usual time. He had he fox cough, and so, even before opened, he had warning of the visit, which will be the visit from him by violence, but I a range of which is the poor him by violence, but I a range of which is the poor him by violence, but I a range of which is the poor him by violence, but I a range of which is the visit from him by violence, but I a range of which

Then came the thought, "What was he to do with his money?" Perhaps he was unduly suspicious, but he could not help thinking that after he was asleep Mr. Fox might pay him a visit, and try to secure by stealth what he had refused to give up. Now Harry was determined to keep his money. He felt that he had the best right to it, and that Mr. Fox, though his guardian, had no claim to it. Yet how could he secure it? Should he put it in his pocket, he was convinced that this would be the very first place in which Mr. Fox would look. If, on the other hand, it were not found in his pocket, his guardian would search in every other place that he could think of, and probably would eventually find it.

could think of, and probably would eventu-ally find it.

Now it so happened that Harry was the possessor of two pocket-books—one, shabby and well-worn, which he had failed to throw away on buying another just before he left

TAKES HARRY'S POCKET

awaited results.

home. In connection with this, a scheme for outwitting Mr. Fox came into his mind.

He folded up a fragment of newspaper, and put it into the old pocket-book, bulging it out till it looked well-filled, and this he left in the pocket of his pantaloons.

"Now to hide the other," said he to him-

CHAPTER VIII. MR. FOX IS DISAPPOINTED. WHEN Harry had gone up to his bed Mr. and Mrs. Fox naturally began to compare notes respecting him.

"That new boy rides a high horse," said Mrs. Fox griply.

"That new boy flues a ""s"
Mrs. Fox, grimly.
"So he does," assented her husband.
"Are you going to allow it?"
"Certainly not."
"He has had his own way pretty much, so

"He has had his own way pretty much, so far, it strikes me."
"He hasn't found out what kind of a man John Fox is," remarked her husband with an air of immense determination.
"I'm afraid he'll have a bad influence on

asleep, and then it will be the easiest thing in the world to take the pocket-book without his known' it."
"He'll know it in the mornin'."
"Let him! Possession is nine pints of the law, Mrs. Fox."
"He eart do that, for I'm his guardeen, don't you see? Oh, I've thought it all over, Mrs. Fox."
"He'll be apt to make a fuss," said the lady thoughtfully.

"He'll be apt to make a fuss," said the lady thoughtfull;
"What'll it amount to? Makin' a fuss won't bring back the money. What do you think of my plan?"
"It isn't a bad one, but if I was in your place I'd take it from him by main force. I would have no shilly shally business about it.

John Fox looked with some admiration at his wife.

"You'd ought to be a man, Maria," he said. "You're bold and resolute, and ain't afeared of anything.

anything."

"Not even of my husband," added Mrs. Pox, with elephantin-humor, smiling grimly.

"Well, no, there ain't no call for you to be afeared of the part-der of your life. But, Mrs. F., there's a time to be bold and a time to be Foxy," and Mr. Fox smiled in appreciation of the well-worn joke.

time to be Foxy," and Mr. Fox smiled in appreciation of the well-worn joke.

"Well, well, I shan't interfere. I s'pose you know your business best. All I rive got to say is, I wouldn't let no boy boss me."

"No boy shall boss me, Mrs. F.," responded John Fox, loftily." My ward will find that he must obey his guardian."

"And his guardian."

"And his guardian's wife," added Mrs. Fox.
"Of course, I shall insist upon his treating you with proper received from the most obey his guardian's wife," added Mrs. Fox.

"Of course, I shall insist upon his treating you with proper received. With the most beyond the for you to regulate bar, and I should stand aside and not interfere."

Mrs. Fox was not altogether satisfied.
"That sounds very well," she said, "but I want it understood that this boy hez got to observe the rules and regulations of this house, and I'm the one that makes 'em."

"Oh, there won't be any trouble about, that, mam," said John Fox, half impatiently, for he was quite aware that his wife had a will of her own, and, though he called himself the master of the house, he was far from controlling its mistress.

A little after ten Mr. Fox, considering that

self the master of the house, he was hi from controlling its mistress. A little after ten Mr. Fox, considering that Harry must be sound asleep, decided to make him a visit. He removed his shoes, and in his stocking feet, candle in hand, began to ascend the narrow and steep staircase which lead to the attic.

d to the attic.
"Shall I go with you John?" queried his "No, I guess I can manage to carry the boy's pocketbook," responded Mr. Fox, sar-

boy's pocketbook, response castically.
"I didn't know but he might resist you,"
"I am a match for

castically.

"I didn't know but he might resist you," explained Mrs. Fox.

"Even if he does, I guess I am a match for a boy of his size."

"Well, have your own way then."

"My own way is best, Mrs. F."

"That's what you always say. If you fail it won't be my fault."

Mr. Fox certainly did seem to be in the right of the heart of the right of

"I hope the boy won't hear me," he said to himself.

He paused an instant, then softly opened the door of Harry's chamber.

All seemed satisfactory. Our hero was lying quietly in bed, apparently in a peaceful sleep. Ordinarily he would have been fast asleep by this time, but the expectation of a visit from his guardian had kept him awake beyond his usual time. He had heard Mr. Fox cough, and so, even before the door onened, he had warning of the visit.

Joel."

"No, he won't, Mrs. Fox; I mean to subdue him. I mean to let him know who is master here. No boy shall defy John Fox."

"He wouldn't give up his money to you, though you are his guardeen."

"Very true, but I mean to have it all the same. There's two ways of doin't things, Mrs. Fox. Of course I might have taken the money from him by violence, but I'd rather get it by strategy."

"How are you going to do it?" inquired his wife, with some interest.
"I shall go up to his bed-room after he is

Harry was not a nervous boy, and had such command of himself, that, even when Mr. Fox bent over, and, by the light of the candle, examined his face, he never stirred nor winked, though he very much wanted to laugh.

"All is safe! The boy is sound asleep," whis pered Mr. Fox to himself, but the candle on the floor, and then taking up Harr's pantiations thrust his hand into the pockets.

up Harry's pantations turns us man.

The pockets.

The very first pocket contained the pocketbook which our hero had put there. Mr. Fox would have opened and examined the pocket and examined that the ward in the bed, and, apprehending that his ward might wake up, quickly put the pocketbook into his own pocket, and taking up the candle, noiselessly withdrew from the chamber.

After he was fairly gone, Harry had a quiet laugh to kimsalf.

After he was fairly gone, Harry had a quiet iaugu.

After he was fairly gone, Harry had a quiet iaugu.

"What will the old fellow say when he finds out he has been humbugged?" said he to himself. "I ouly wish I could be present."

Mr. Fox returned in triumph to his own chamber, where his wife was anxionsly waiting for him.

"Hare you got it, Mr. E.," she asked, agerly.

"Hare you got it, Mr. E.," she asked, agerly.

"Hare you got it, Mr. E.," she asked, with the control of the country of the coun

hand.
"You ought to let me have half the money,"
said Mrs. Fox.
"Why should I? You seem to torget, Mrs. F.,
that the money isn't mine. It belongs to my ward,
and it is my duty merely to take charge of it."
"I can take charge of it as well as you, I reckon.

and the make charge of it as well as you, I recomm.

For has been an and then again perhaps you can't. However, open the wallet."

This Mr. Fox proceeded to do. But no soone did his glance rest on the contents than his lower jaw feli, and his eyes opened wide in perplexity.

This will be the contents of the perplexity. The manded his wife, who was not so situated that she could see the contents of the pocket-book.

"Look at this, Mrs. F., "said her busband in a hollow voice. "There's no money here—only this sides of newsmaper."

"Look at this, Mss. F.," said her bushand in a bollow voice. "There's no money here—only this piece of newspaper."
"Well, well, of all the fools I ever saw you are about the most stupid!" ejaculated Mrs. Fox. "What you undertake you generally carry through, do you? After all the this you've brought down a "I don't understand it," said Fox, his face assuming a look of perplexity. "Surely the boy told the truth when he said he had fifteen dollard hills, and saw him take them out of his pocket-book. He must have taken them out. Did you search all his pocket." "Town't the nextext-book I thought I

pockets?"
"No: when I found the pocket-book I thought I was all right."
"Just like a man!" retorted Mrs. Fox. "I'll go up myself, and see if I can't manage better than you."

you."
"Then you'd better take this wallet, and put it back in his pocket."
"Give it to me then."
With a firm step Mrs. Fox took the candle, and took her turn in going up the attic stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. FOX COME TO GHEP.

HARMY confidently anticipated a second visit to his chamber. He concluded that when Mr. Fox examined the purioined pocket-book, and ascertained the worthlessness of its contents, he would try his luck a second time. He therefore lay awake and watchtin.

He was rather surprised when the door was again the war and Mrs. Fox entered. Opening his eyes a little way, he saw her, after a brief glance at the bed, go to the chair containing his pantaloons, and put back the deceptive wallet. She was about to prosecute a further search, when Harry decided that matters had gone far enough. He did not have further sight visits, and meant to stop them Chance further sored his design. A puff of air from Chance further light visits, and meant to stop them Chance further sign. A puff of air from

fancy their night visits, and meant to stop them if he could.

He could, he could have seen and the the could have the could have the the cow which Mes. Fox had left wide open, extinguished the candle, and left the room, as there was no moon, in profound darkness.

"Drat the candle !" he heard Mrs. Fox say.

Then a mischlevious idea came to Harry. In his native village lived a man who had passed a considerable time in the wild regions beyond the Missianity will be considerable time in the wild regions beyond the Missianity will be considerable time in the wild regions beyond the Missianity of the considerable time in the wild regions beyond the Missianity of the considerable time in the wild regions beyond the Missianity and the missianity had been an expected.

If It seare the old lady," thought Harry, smilling.

If It seare the old lady," thought Harry, smilling. Immediately there rang out from the bed, in the

to himself.
Immediately there rang out from the bed, in the
darkness and silence, a terrific war-whoop, given
in Harry's most effective style.
Mrs. Fox was not a nervous woman ordinarily,
but she was undeniably frightened at the unexpected sound.

Mrs. Fox was not a nervous woman ordinarily, but she was undeniably frightened at the unexpected sound.

"Heavens and earth, what's that?" she ejaculated, and dropping our hero's clothes, retreated cipitate flight. Dashing into the chamber where Mr. Fox was waiting for her, she sank into a chair gasping for breath.

"Good gracious, Maria, what's the matter?" exclaimed her husband, gazing at her in wonder.

"You look as if you hat seen a ghost,"
"I haven't seen anything, said his wife, recovering her breath, "but I've heard something terrible. Didn't you hear anything, Mr. Fox?"

"No: the door was shut."

"Pooh, nonsense! you must be crazy,"
"Hos my belief the attic is haunted," said Mrs. Pil's my belief the attic is haunted," said wis wife, recovering her breath, "but I've heard something terrible. Didn't you hear anything, Mr. Fox?"

"No: the door was shut."
"Pooh, nonsense! you must be crazy,"
"Hos my select the said of the waiter with the work of the waiter with the waiter was a shut."
"His any belief the attic is haunted," said Mrs. Pil's my belief the attic is haunted," said with waiter waiter was a shut."
"Hook and all about it," said her husband, his curlosity aroused.

at rible noise shook the chamber."
"What was it like, Mrs. F.?"
"I can't tell you. I never heard anything like it before. All i know is, I wouldn'tigo up there again the seep through it all?"
"How can I tell?"
"How can I tell? The candle was out, I tell you."

the bed, and he was fast asleep, for I looked at him. It made me think of—of Peter," and Mrs. Fox shud-

to mote me think 01-01 reter," and arts. Fox saudPeter had been taken from the poor-house three
years ago by Mr. Fox, and apprenticed to him by
the town authorities. According to popular report
he had been cruelly treated and insufficiently fed,
until he was taken sick, and had dide in the very
the state of the state of the state of the state of the state
This may explain how it was that a woman so
trong-minded had had her nerves so easily upset.
Though her conscience was not especially sensitive,
occasionally there passed through her mind unobserved the state of the poor fronting whose life shad
had contributed to make miser
able.

We won't talk of Peter," said Mr. Fox shortly,

"We won't talk of Peter," said Mr. Fox shortly, for to him also the subject was an unpleasant one." I suppose you didn't find another wallet."

"No, I didn't. You can order the boy to give it up to-morrow. The best thing to do now, is to go to bed and rest."

"In the suppose we will be the subject with the subject was a subject with a subject with the subject w

"we may as well speak or our ments."

"Very well, sir."

"I take it that with your small inheritance you will prefer to earn a part of your living by labor?"

You are right there, sir.

You are right there, sir.

of land, and I can give you work here.

"What compensation do you offer, sir?"

"Why, you see, you are a boy, and of course a boy cannot do as much as a man."

"I think I can do as much as some men, Mr.

"Ox."

"I think I can do as muce as "Fox."

"Well if you could, you couldn't get the same wages. If you work around according to my directions during the day, you can have your evenings to yourseff, and I will consider it in your board."

"I should like to have you tell me precisely what you will allow me, "said Harry, whom this speech you will allow me," said Harry, whom this speech you will allow the process with a very high idea of Mr. Fox is the charge you five

"I should like to have you tell me precisely what you will allow me," said Harry, whom this speech did not impress with a very high idea of Mr. Fox is liberality.

Bierality.

Bierality.

Grown of the word of t

owter give me your money to keep? You might lose it."
"You are very kind, Mr. Fox, but I am not arraid of losing it."
After breakfast Harry went to walk. His steps naturally tended to the place where he had left the had been seen hiding it, and he thought on the whole it would be better to find another place of concealment.
"Joel," said his mother, "follow Henry, and see where he goes. He may be goin' to hide his money. But don't let him see you."
"All right, mam, 'll' do it. I wish I had followed him yesterday."

lowed him yesterday."
(To be continued.)

WHITE HOUSE AND CHURCH.

Presidential piety has not been a prominent factor in our history, though most of the Presidents have been church members. Cleveland is not the first President who has been a Presbyterian. drew Jackson, though a hard case in early life, and urew Jackson, though a nard case in early life, and to his death fond of cock-fighting and horse-racing, took up the religion of his wife after she died and became a Presbyterian. He read a chapter in the Bible every night before he went to bed while he was in the White House, and had family worship in his bedroom with his adopted daughter at 10 p. m. Jackson was very strict as to church matters, and would let no one run down his pastor. One night he noticed a nobby-looking young man sitting in a pew in front of him and paying very close attention to the sermon. His actions pleased Jackson very much, and on going out he asked the young man what he thought of the sermon. He replied: "Stuff. sir! poor stuff; of no account whatever!

"Not, the door was shat."
"It's my belief the attic is haunted," said Mrs. "Pooh, more service. "It's on must be eracy."
"Pooh, mosense 'you must be eracy."
"Pooh, mosense 'you must be eracy."
"It's my belief the attic is haunted," said Mrs. "It's my have a mistaken, str." answered Jackson, and the proposition of the strength of say pool. Intil it you have a mistaken, str." answered Jackson in the room you wouldn't feel like saying it."
"It's met all about it," said her husband, is wited, and any shocking to see if I could find the surface of the said have been and the surface of the said have the said one of the chief European courts, and the ministerior is the said of the said of

gave a great deal to the church in charities and he said his prayers regularly.

Lincoln went to church occasionally, and when he did he attended the Presbyterian church.

President Arthur's church was the St. John's handless and the standard postered when Washington was a small village. Mr. Arthur sat in the pew which his wife used to occupy when she was a young girl, and he had a memorial window put into the church in her honor. This church lies within a stone's throw of the White House.

GETTING INFORMATION

THE Akansaw Traveler gives the following amusing item:

"How long have you been living here?" asked a tourist of an Arkansas man. "Wall, let me think awhile. See that dog? He

an't nothin' but a pup when I come here.
"How old is he?"

"Wall, I dun forgit his birthday. He was a

mighty o'nery pup in the first place, an' we didn't think he would live nohow, so we didn't keep up a keerful record of his age. Putty good dog, though, he growed up to be, but he's gettin' a little old now. "So you don't know how long you've been liv-

ing here?

Oh, yes, ever sense that dog was a pup.

"When was he a pup?"
"Before he was a dog, of course."

"My friend, are there many old settlers in this

of the country?"

part of the country?"
"Oh, yes."
"How old?"
"Some o' them a hundred years old, I reckon."
"You don't tell me so."
"I mean that you don to intend to convey the impression that they are that old."
"That's what I do."
"That's what I do."
"So would I."
"So would I."
"Why don't you?"
"Hey are dead, stranger. Been settled a long time."

"My friend, you are certainly a very curious

"My friend, you are certainly a very curious specimen."
"Yes; so is a water dog,"
"I am a stranger in the country, but I cannot find any one interested enough to give me any information. What is land worth by the acre?"
"Fut one price an' then another."
"Bo you want to self your place?"
"No you want to self your place?"
"An't a hurtin' to sell it."
"I fyou were to sell it what would you ask for

"Wouldn't ax nothin' fur it if I waster sell it. Wouldn't be mine then."

"Wouldn't ax nothin' fur it if I waster sell it.
Wouldn't be mine then."
"Never measured it."
"Never measured it."
"Where, in this direction, does your line stop?"
"Ain't got no line."
"Hasn't the place been surveyed?"
"Yes, but the line was burnt up when the woods
of don't believe you've got good sense.
"I don't believe you've got good sense.
"An I know you hain't."
"Cause you stop an' talk so long to a man that
you don't believe is got good sense.
"Little Rock road?"
"What a stick, I reckon."
"You are a fool."
"You are a fool."

NOTED NAMES IN BOSTON

The people of Boston may not generally be aware that many of those men who have become famous as poets, philosophers and statesmen, have been obliged, on account of the hard times, says an exchange, to engage in various business pursuits in this city. Even those whom popular belief rates among the past and gone seem to be included in this strange order of things.

A reporter looking about town the other day was surprised to find that R. W. Emerson was actively engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe trade on Summer Street. J. R. Lowell, instead of properly

engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe trade on Summer Street. J. R. Lowell, instead of properly representing this nation in Queen Vic's domains, is a member of a jewelry manufacturing concern on Washington Street, while Henry W. Longfellow displays a sign at a thriving grocery store in Dorchester district. Benjamin Franklin, good old soul, is actually keeping a livery stable at the Highlands, George Washington may be found any who always was a go-sheed man, is in eight different enterprises in town. Daniel Webster is a machinist, and boards on Shawmut Avenue; John C. Calhoun appears as a clerk on Devonshire Street, Henry Clay is in business on India Street, while Charles Stimmer owns a store on Broomfield Street, Henry Clay is in business on India Street, while Charles Stimmer owns a store on Broomfield Street, public men have previously prepared for the change of administration by obtaining other employment in good season. W. C. Chandler has obtained a good clerkship on Central Street, Robert Lincoln may now be found with a manufacturing house on Oliver Street, and Benjamin Brewster is settled or politics," has embarked in the store business on Commercial Street. James Blaine wishes to make an honest living, and solicits orders for roofing at the Highlands, while John Logan, we are sorry to say, has hung a sign over his liquor store in South Boston, Lastly, Isaac Nesson under the South A Maine rail-road, and, thanks to Pocahontas, John Smith resides at 108 places in the city of Boston.

Defendant's Counsel, (selecting a jury)—I think we will accept this gentleman, your Honor. He seems to have no prejudices that would be likely to influence him for either side. To the Juror—By the way, Mr. S., haven't I seen you before? Your face is certainly very familiar to

me.
M. S.—It ought to be. You got me sent to the Island once for eighteen months.
Defendant's Counsel—I challenge peremptorily.



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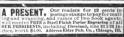


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THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE LONGING SATISFIED

THE LOTTERS SATISFIED
THEN east him round the circle fair.
To bow before the prettiest there:
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed:
Although I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

The little mate rooted in content.

His task was then anew begun:

To kneel before the wittiest one.

Once more the little maid sought he,
and bent him down upon his knee.

She turned her cyes upon the floor;

I think she thought the game a bore

He circled then, his awest behest To kiss the one he loved the best; For all she frowned, for all she chid, He kissed that little maid, he did; And then—though why I can't decide— The little maid looked satisfied.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON.

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

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

Continued.)

Continued.)

Continued.)

Continued.

(Continued.)

(Contin

praise of ner periodians of his own power.

Meantime Beth was in a little room leading from the parlor, practicing. She had wiled the Indian lad Bee from his legitimate work, and now made him turn the pages for her with an imperious little

him turn the pages for her with an imperious little nod.

His eyes were fastened upon her face, watching for the sign, but evidently drinking in its piquant beauty, forgettal of both time and place. Not one soul was concentrated in that gaze. There was that in his speaking countenance that would have made the vain little creature at the piano tremble, could she have read it aright. Instead of that she bestowed upon him her sweetest glances, proud of cost ber deer. What did she know of the burning passions of his race—their thirst for vengeance—their lawlessness in love? Like a bird trembling before the charmed eye of the basilisk, was the boy now. What would be be should a woman's caprice bid him relapse into the new liveling two names.

now. What would he be should a woman's caprice bid him relapse into the mere hireling?

"There, Bee, that will do. How well you turn the pages, and you read music pretty well, too, for I noticed once or twice you turned when I did not

the pages, and you read masic pretty well, too, for noticed once or twice you turned when it did not tell you."

"Yes," sand the lad, in a low, pleased voice, his dark eyes shining.

"And now I am guish to sing for you," said the Market of the land to land the land to land the land to land the land to lan

ishment.
"If she should overhear you!" he said, with a

"If she should overnear you."
"Who is this girl, then?" queried Reviere;
everybody is asking about her—this girl with
everybody is asking about her—this girl with
ness. I'd wager a thousand dollars that Madame
has," he added, in a lower voice. "Of course people will talk; it doesn't take much to make them
"that and there is considerable food for specuness. "I'd wager a thousand dollars that Madame has," he added, in a lower voice. "Of course peo-ple will talk; it doesn't take much to make them do that; and there is considerable food for specu-lation in this matter." "Noneenes," said Earle, irritably. "She's very pretty," said Reviere, as they gained the sidewalk. "Gently concern you "said Earle

the sidewalk.

"Well, that doesn't concern you," said Earle.

"No, because there's no use in my thinking about such nonsense of course. It will take me years to gain a competence."

"Yes, If you will persist in giving nice little wine suppers," said Earle.

"No told you that?" asked the young man,

angrily.

"I think, on the contrary, that you would do well to form a proper attachment to some good girl. It keeps a man on respectable terms with himself," said Earle, ignoring Reviere's indignant

query.
"Then why don't you?" was the significant

"Then why don't you."

Question.

Earle flushed crimson, then grew pale.
"If I am too old. You have youth and good looks, and all the world before you. You will soon earn enough to support a wife by your concerts. By all means marry."

By all means marry."

and Reverse, blushing like a strict of the strict of

by all means marry." It is not not be the control of the coll my wife, "aid Reviere, blushing like a girl. "It confess I have seen but one woman I should like to call my wife," said Reviere, blushing like a girl. "With little Beth you could coin money," asid Earle, "She is going to be a star some day." "With little Beth you could coin money," asid Earle, with a laugh. "And how old should you indge Miss Clare to be?" saked Reviere, quietly twirling his moustache. Earle stopped with an exclamation, fortunately uttered under his breath, peaking like one dazed, and staring at the andacious young man. "Yes; not over eighteen, should you think? She's really an uncommon young lady. Why, her yes rarelike deep wells, and clear, and she has the most perfect mouth I ever saw. The crowning beauty of a woman's face, if she has good eye, you beauty of a woman's face, if she has good eye, you beauty of a woman's face, if she has good eye, you with a feek of to she has the she will be a she will be seen the colonel, and it had never been so that of the seen the seen that we will be seen the colonel, and it had never been so that seen the seen the seen that the seen that we will be seen the colonel, and it had never been so that see the seen that we will be seen the colonel, and it had never been so the seen the seen that the seen that the seen that there was a woman in the seen that the seen tha

tenue, and his heavy howe ones together. He will be the contraction of plongs."

The present and the contract of plongs of the present and the contract of plongs of the present and the contract of plongs. The present and the contract of plongs of the plant of the p

time for her best Mayonnaise, and her choicest biscuits."

"So sorry we didn't have fresh biscuits to-day," said Mrs. Lake, concealing her chagrin, and intent, secretly, on finding out who was to be his companion. "Dolly seldom disappoints us. So it is to be a back afth, which was to be a back afth, and your friends, the professor will be selvent the said. "It is such a pity she can sing no more. I should hardly want to live after losing such a charming voice."

"Life doubtless presents some attractions," he said, "or we who live on the lower plane would be poorly off indeed."

"Indeed, I think you have nothing to wish for," asid the widow, with a glance as near to being tender as she dared.

der as she dared.

said the widow, with a glance as near to being tenders as he dared.

Experimentally of the professor, he said, looking up with a smile.

She cast he eres down, while a becoming color

"And yet I have been the sead looking up with a smile.

She cast her eyes down, while a becoming color mantied her cheek. She knew instinctively what he would say as she asked.

"A wife;" and he smiled again, a smile that was good to see. She only smiled in answer—it was on her lips to say, "You would not have to seek very long or very far," but her consciousness saved her.

married to."

Beth drew a long breath, and a smile spread over her face.

It think very likely," said Clare, with still heightened color. She spoke very calmly, but felt conscious of a burning desire to shake her interlocutor, now that she had committed herself.

"Dear me, and you are engaged!" said Beth, looking at he have supposed to the shake her interlocutor, now that she had committed herself.

"Dear me, and you are engaged!" said Beth, looking at he have supposed to the supposed of the subject again," said Clare. "And remember, I forbid you mentioning it to any one."

"Please tell me where he is that he never comes one you," asid Beth, lingering.

"In Europe, traveling with his mother."

"Post me—I than was engaged," said Beth, last the server of the subject said beth, largering.

"In Europe, traveling with his mother."

"You talk foolishly." said Clare.

"Maybe I do, but if you hadn't any friends or relations, nobody in all the world to care whether you lived or died, and maybe plenty willing you should die, you'd be glad of the sympathy of a poor.

The speech touched a tender chord in Clare's sympathetic heart, but she nerved herself to administer a lecture, by which the girl was not a little startled. To her argument that it was only a bit of fun, Clare opposed the fact that he was as much alone as she, as much dependent upon the alien, and that it was only a cruel kindness to single him out as she did, and would be looked upon as wanton coquetry.

"Then, I suppose," oried Beth, with a little sob, that I must send him about his business. It's too bad, for there's nothing he won't do for me, it is not like an ordinary servant, at horough swaveg in his instincts," said Clare.

"It seems to me, woman," said Adam as he sat in his arm chair by the fire-place, poking the to-bacco into the bright-hued pipe that had been Beth' gift, "it seems to me that the sun is paler o'dways than it used to be."

"It's for the little one's good, maybe," said Adam.

"I don't know—maybe. We used to be pestered, man, with her—

"Woman !" said Agam, waggung ... r-beard,
"Man!" replied Eve, "I'm telling the truth, and
you know it."
Beth looked from one to the other in a momentary wonderment—then kissed them good-by.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A MAN fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned; the shock of finding the halter around his neck aroused the is very ignorant, and though possessing this instincts," said clare.

"I'll do it," said Beth; "farewill Bethoven," said clare was beguiled into a laugh by her serio-comic air.
"I'll do it," said Beth; "farewill Bethoven," said clare was beguiled into a laugh by her serio-comic air.
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"I'll do it," said Beth; "farewill Bethoven," said clare was beguiled into a laugh by her serio-comic air.
"I'll do it, used to be."
"I know it, man. We thought her a care and a rouble, and see where it has brought us. We're both a pinini for her."
"I know it, man. We thought her a care and a rouble, and see where it has brought us. We're both a pinini for her."
Adam.
"I don't know—maybe. We used to be pestered, man, with her—we couldn't help the young men coming and her talking to 'em—and it is doubtless all for the best."

She did not tell him that only the night before



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EARNINGS GETTING LEVEL

It is one of the signs of the times that wages everywhere tending upward, while interest on ac-cumulated property is tending downward. That is, the rewards of hoarding are growing less, while the rewards of labor are growing better. This tendency is bringing rich and poor more to a level. It slow process but sure, and it is an argument nst "Socialists," who wish to turn all society against "topsy-turvy," to right their supposed wrongs.

LITERARY ATHLETES

Some worthy people seem to fear that their boys will play too much while getting their education.

The report of a match at foot ball or base ball brings out many a sneer. Yet many famous brain workers were distinguished in athletics while young. Sir Walter Scott, who was called "the great blockhead" at the university, could ride or spear a salmon, with the best. Lord Palmerston Lord Palmerston in his youth was in the front rank of oarsmen, runners and jumpers. Burns was noted for leaping, pulling and wrestling; and Barrow for boxing.

The list might be extended to great length. It is safe to say that plenty of active, wholesome exercise will help the mind as well as the body. There may be dissipation in athletics, but the are excesses in all good things.

NOTICING LITTLE THINGS

Among the "secrets" of success in business art, science and every other pursuit of life, is in-cluded the close observation of little things. The electric telegraph has grown from the discovery that a frog's leg would twitch when brought into contact with different metals. Steam power originated in the blowing off of the cover of a tea kettle. Somebody noticed it, and began to experiment. Columbus quelled the mutiny on his ship by his sharpness in seeing the weeds which floated along-

A lad who is keen in his observation of small things, has a good prospect of making his mark Some of the greatest inventors have won success by turning some trivial discovery to account. Who makes a good use of the small items will be pre pared to make much of the great ones.

HEREDITARY TRADES

In old times it was a good deal of a fashion for sons to follow the trades of their fathers. In matters of business it is somewhat so to-day, especially in the great manufacturing houses of England. But, in general, modern facilities and methods tend to scatter milies, and to stimulate a thirst for getting ahead fast, and on one's "own hook."

In Florence there was a family which had been

chemists and doctors for three hundred years, before it became better (or worse) known to fame as the Medici. The ancestors of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith artist of Antwerp, had been in the blacksmith artist of Antwerp, had been iron workers for two hundred years. At Bruges the Memling family were house painters and decorators for three centuries. Many such instances might be given. Such handing down of trades shows a pride in work which might be profitably cherished nowadays.

IN THE MOOD

It is a habit with some not to attempt doing ce It is a not write some given time, because they are a late their more careless comrades would throw it "not in the mood for it." We are perhaps con away. It is not the quality of the cloth, but the scious at times of "moments of inspiration," when care taken of it, that marks the gentleman. Nor the mind acts quickly, and intellectual work is just its money or clothes that makes the gentleman; easy. Even "try young students have these mo! it is nobleness of heart."

ments, though they do not always notice, but think, perhaps, that the lesson is easier. But all who incline to wait for the right mood should remember that the higher moods and emotions are never per manent. Nor do they often come. The mind could not bear it. A high state of feeling of any sort is exhausting if kept up. Those who for some manent. reason continue in such a state burn out like a candle

This is fact and philosophy. The point of it is that students and brain workers should school themselves, as far as possible, not to depend upon moods. Let the will start the mental machinery, and leave inspiration to come, or go, as it may.

CHEEK AND PROPER BOLDNESS.

What is commonly called "cheek" is not worth ultivating. It includes a boldness beyond what is merited, or more than circumstances warrant The "cheeky" young person is always in bad odor. But there is a proper form of boldness which comes into play very usefully. It is that self-assertion, at the right moment, which asks for what is reasonably due. This sort of "push" is often the foundation of great success.

A short time ago a famous necromancer died in Berlin. He was very skilful in sleight of hand, and had been known as the "Court Artist." This story is told of him. Some years ago he asked permission to exhibit his skill before the emperor. It was granted, and his tricks gave great pleasure to was granted, and his cross gave great present the royal spectators. At length he offered the em-peror a pen and sheet of paper, asking him to write "Bellachini is a worthless fellow," or something of the sort.

"But," said the emperor, "I cannot write so, because it is not true.

pecause it is not true."

"Be kind enough to attempt it, your majesty."

The emperor began to write, but not a word could be form with the magic pen. "How is this?" be cried, "the pen will not pay its master such compliments." "It will write what I like," such compliments." "It will write what I like," replied the conjurer. "What is that?" asked the kaiser. "Bellachini is appointed Court Artist." The emperor tried this and succeeded. He was so pleased with Bellachini's ready wit that he put his royal signature to the paper.

MAN AND ANIMAL

WE human folks seem to be two-fold beings There is the spirit in us that soars into poetry, that as of lofty deeds, that indulges in magnificent hopes of immortality, that floats away in a flood of holy emotion toward God and things too divine for comprehension. There is the animal, clamoring to be well fed, wanting to be pampered with goodies, craving for all sorts of stimulating delights, and sometimes groveling in the lowest forms of vice. Now our characters depend upon which of these res gets the upper hand.

It is not a question merely for grown up men and women, or for philosophers. The fight between the animal and the man begins in the cradle. It becomes hot in our school years. It is usually decided by the time we reach manhood. Either the man has the animal bitted and broken, or else the animal is tearing away dragging the man at his heels. This figure of speech gives a correct picture of the struggle which every boy and girl must have. Which shall gain the mastery, the higher or the lower nature?

A young man was horrified at the discovery, one day, that his real life counted by cigars. That is, having finished one smoke, he began to look for-ward to the next, and whatever he did between was of minor interest and sometimes a bore. He was so thunderstruck at finding what a low animal he was growing to be, that he set vigorously about a reform. After a severe struggle, he got his ani-mal bitted, and after that the man was master.

THE WORTH OF GOOD CLOTHES

In one of Frederika Bremer's Swedish novels, the heroine is represented as putting on her shabbiest dress for the purpose of testing her lover. He is so absorbed in the lady that he does not observe her dress, and so all comes out well. Both in novels and in real life a great deal turns upon dress. Hearts are won by a brilliant toilette, and are lost by a glimpse at the beloved object in shabby calico. This is in romances; in real life many people of merit are overlooked because their attire is not fashionable.

Now there is a right and wrong to all this. A nan is certainly more than his tailor makes him. man is certainly more than his tailor makes him.

A woman is not altogether a creature of silk and
lace. She has a mind and heart; and intelligence
may be hidden under an illy fitting gown. All
boys and girls should despise the idea of being
prized simply for the showiness of their dress. Yet there is one thing which should not be forgotten. Namely, that neatness and appropriateness are always of the chief consequence.

If one is poor, it is a mistake to ane the costume of the rich. The dress should be simple, but well cared for. Always be neat, and do the best with what we can afford, is the right rule. Some young people will make an old suit do duty for months people will make an old suit up unity and after their more careless comrades would throw it

LOUIS RIFL

ler of the Rebellion in the Northwest. A Bit of History, and the Tale of a Strange Life. BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH

THE Territory of Dakota and the State of Minne-sota are separated partly by the Red River, which, flowing northward, passes through a little square of territory called Manitoba, and empties into Lake Winnipeg. A little further northward, the Sas-Winnipeg. A little further northward, the Sas-katchewan River comes from the west and flows into the northwestern part of this same lake. It is in this small compass that events are now happen-ing that keep all Canada in a state of wild excitement and fear, and like tiny gnats in summer, buzz in the ears of England, bothered on every side with similar disturbances that completely destroy the peace of the public mind. The origin and the cause of these troubles in the Northwest, as this district is called, may be traced back to 1869. By a grant te, a very

large tract of land in the Northwest was given to the Hudson Bay Company, which established a sort of local government, and carried on a gigantic trade monopoly from that time forward. This land was peopled in the first place by ans, and then by hardy and daring settlers from the east; the two races, gradually intermingling, formed a class known as half - breeds, and these e the three races compose the parts to-day.

Under the government of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, the rights of the people were not any too greatly respected; but when, in 1869, the Company sold the great-

er part of their possessions to the Canadian government, the half-breeds feared they would be even further deprived of their liberties and rights of property; those in the vicinity of the Red River accordingly rebelled against the authority of their new masters. Such a rebellion, when peaceful people are at the mercy of excited and lawless men, is an affair of fearful import even when composed of but comparatively few men, as was this rising in '69. But add to this the fact that the scene of events is in a wild, unexplored territory, far removed from civilization, and approached only through primeval forests and over rapid rivers and the most rugged land, it can be seen what a gigantic undertaking is necessary to transport the force necessary to quell the disturbance.

Such an undertaking had to be performed twenty-six years ago, and it was Wolseley, now bronzed and scarred by many later campaigns, was put to lead the expedition against the rebels. When the troops at last arrived on the scene, the rebels fled, and the government of their own which they had and the government of their own which they made set up was dissolved. But their endeavors were not without success, for each of the discontented half-breeds were given 240 acres of land. The present outbreak is on the part of the half-breeds of the Saskatchewan district, who were not accorded like privileges in 1869. They may have wrongs to incite them to rise up, and justice to support them in their struggle, but their lack of the gentle teachings of religion lets them loose to commit the wild atrocities that tend to deprive them of the sympathies of those from whom they seek redress

In this rebellion, as in that of 1869, it is the un tamed Louis Riel, a hot-blooded, French Canadian tamed Louis Riet, a non-modern, French Canadam, who influences and incites the natives, and con-trols them by his magnetism and bravery, as a master of the fence his keen and glittering broadsword. His is a wild, lurid history; a character fiery and restless as a volcano.

uis Riel comes from a family in which a brave hardy, liberty-loving and religious spirit has been prominent. His grandfather settled in the North-west in 1810, and was a good, just and respected officer of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, His son was educated in lower Canada, and he, also, entered the service of the company. But he early espoused the cause of the natives, oppressed by the gigantic and despotic monopoly, and by his acts contributed in no slight degree to the breaking up of the great power. His son, the present Louis, was born in 1843 in the old homestead of his family, where his aged mother, widowed since 1846, ily, where his aged mother, widowed since 1846, still lives amidst the quiet of that almost primi-tive wilderness. Louis was sent to a Catholic seminary in Canada, where young men were trained for the priesthood. To all around him he displayed a rude, harsh, unsociable nature, which made him disliked and also feared. His was not disposition for the sacrifices of the priestly life.

and the bear the rigid restraints of the semi-lary life, but like a caged loin, he fretted and strained, longing for the freedom of his early home. He but one day from a neighboring university a mild, gentle boy came to the seminary, and became the class-mate of Riel. A curious friendship syrang up, between these two—natures as wide apart as the poles. Yet with his friend—his only friend—Riel

was as gentle as a mother. Inseparable, they studied and they walked together arm in arm, the first to rise and the last to lie down, always together. Why could not these two always have been thus? What dreadful consequences, not alone to one, but to hundreds, might thus have been averted! But no! One day the young friend turned pale in class, staggered, and fell to the floor. Hastily parting the crowd that knelt around the prostrate form, Louis Riel, fiercely but tremblingly, forced his way to his friend, lifted him in his arms, so strong, but ah! so gentle now, and bore him swiftly to the sick-ro-Pale and gentle sisters of Charity flitted around the bed, cooling the fevered head as the doctors felt the pulse and noted the signs. Night came and went, yes, days and nights, and still Louis, pale and motionless, sat beside his friend. He had the small. pox. Entreaties, commands, could not move the watcher. The danger of contagion was unheeded,

nor could the hideous de velopment of the disease appal him into desertion of his post. Once he followed the doctor from the room—it was his last visit—and be-seeched to know what hope. None! Louis slowly returned. The figure of his friend moved, the eyes opened, the lips spoke a few loving words of parting, and Louis Riel's friend, his first and last real friend, was gone. Louis left the seminary

then, and went, no one knew where. The memory of the dark, moody student passed away. Years afterward his name was heard again. and swift to all his class mates came back the recollections of that

former time, and though they pitied, they could not wonder, that this man was leading on a crowd to pillage and to bloodshed.

Riel had plunged into the wild scenes of his youth, taken up the cause of the half-breeds, and incited them to attack the forts, and permitted, if not impelled, them to acts of bloodshed that recalled the awful wars of years ago, when the war-whoop was the death note far and wide. That rebellion was crushed, only to revive again

just now. The latter part of March brought news of similar events—the half-breeds have risen, the Indians are joining them, forts have been taken, garrisons besieged, and no man's life is safe. An armed force is marching to the rescue, but, though sure of victory, conscious of the awful happenings that may occur before they arrive.

Three times has Louis Riel journeyed to the East:

once to college, once as a representative to Parlia-ment from his people, and once as the inmate of an insane asylum. He may possibly make the journey once more—to be executed. Let us mourn a man, made in the image of his Maker, so sadly, so terribly perverted.

CONSIDER WELL

Nor what you eat, but what digest Gives you your strength, you'll fin Not what you read, but comprehen Is what improves your mind.

A PAIR of "nippers"—two old topers.

ORIGINAL Western settlers—Pistols and knives.

A BOXING match—competition between rival coffinakers.

makers. We had rather have a mon squall outside our windows than a cat, any day.

"Yas," he said, "before marriage I thought I could live on love. I am now living on my father-in-law."

"Lar go my ear," yalled a passenger on the West Side street cat yesterday had you greated the street of the could be other man. "I thought I had your particle," said the other man. "I thought I still a street cat yesterday. Wax Fannie bit her tongue one day the temper of the could be supported by the said of th

tongue."
"Were you ever caught in a sudden squal?" asked an old yachtman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so!" responded the good man, "I've helped to bring up eight babies."

ip eight bables."

One of the questions at a school examination read, one of the questions at a school examination read. What did Cassar say when he saw Brutus among his assassins?" To which one boy replied—" Wait till ou see the whites of my eyes and then fire."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Work with all the speed and ease you can, without eaking your head.

breaking your head.

WICKENDESSE may prosper for awhile, but at the long
run he that sets all knaves at work will pay them.

If punishment reaches not the mind and makes the
will supple, it hardons the offender.

PRTY is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Some men are so covetous, as if they were to live prever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die ne next moment.

What must be, shall be; and that which is a necessity to him that struggles, is little more than a choice to him that is willing.

ROUND AND ROUND. BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

HER THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

HERE from the brow of the bill I look
Through a lattice of boughs and lea
on the old gray mill, with its gambrel
And the moss on its rotting caves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young, With my grist on the horse before, And talked with Sellie, the miller's girl, As I waited my turn at the door. And while she tossed her ringlets brown, And firted and chatted so free, I was all the same to me.

It was all the same to the.

"Its twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nellie is wed and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fail into ruin and week,
To our fortune of toil are bound,
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

IN A SUMATRA JUNGLE

BY T. A. COLLIER.

Ir was in the late autumn of 1866 that the ship Richard Walton ran into the harbor of

ship Richard Walton ran into the harbor of Bencoolen, on the south-western coast of Sumatra, and anchored. I was first mate of the ship, a fine half clipper belonging in Boston, and was kept pretty busy all day in putting the vessel in good order, for we expected to remain in port nearly two months, the purpose of the voyage being a cargo of extra fine peoper, and aneed the a long heard stay. It was late in the evening when the captain returned from the shore, where he had gone immediately aftar the anchor was dropped, and I heard him ask the steward where I was. The steward told him that I had just come in from the deck, and was eating my supper, and he memediately came forward into the cabin where I was, and after greeting me and handing me some letters, said:

"Here is your mail, Mr. Ross. By the way, have I not heard you say that you have been in Bencoolen before?"

"Yes, sir, I have been here three times since the war closed."

"And do you know anything of the country between this place and the port of Palembang?

"Yes, sir, I have been some distance inland with a young native, but sixty miles is the extent of my travel."

"Palembang is about three hundred miles away, by the most direct road, or so our consul informed me, and now, to come directly to business, I received a letter from the owners in my mail, and they say that they have had word from their agent in Palembang saying that he had about two hundred and fifty to business, I received a letter from the owners in my mail, and they say that they have had word from their agent in Palembang saying that he had about two hundred and fifty too business, I received a letter from the owners in my mail, and they say that they have had word from their agent in Palembang, saying that he had about two hundred and fifty too business, I received a letter from the owners in my mail, and there and they thought that if I could get word to the agent, it would be cheeper for them to have the goods brought home in the Walton, as she could call for them without making m

the agent even to engage tregat for the goods, you know. The ready by to-morrow, for I can answer my letters to-night."

"I am much obliged for your assistance in this matter, Mr. Ross, and the owners shall know of your readiness to do this, and they will not forget it. Of course you will need arms?"

arms?"
"Yes, I should like a good rifle."
"You can select one from the ship's armory, and the money will be furnished by the

consul."
"Very well, captain, I will be all ready for a start in the morning."
"I will leave you to finish your supper, and read your letters, and will send a note to the consul, so that he may have everything in readiness for you to-morrow morning. When your meal and correspondence are attended to, come into the after cabin, and we will

complete the arrangements," and the captain went out on deck to give the men their mail. Before I retired I had made all prepara-tions, and had given the second mate charge of such things as fell specially to me in the work of the six.

tions, and had generally to me of such things as fell specially to move work of the ship.

Then I told the steward to call me at five,

Then I told the steward to fall of strange vis
and the strange visits and the strange visits of the stra

and sought my berth. At first I did not sleep much, for my mind was full of strange vis-ions, and eight bells had struck for midnight before my even closed in the control of the control

ions, and eight bells had struck for midnight before my eyes closed in that deep slumber which brings rest.

I was roused by the call of the steward, and found my breakfast waiting, the captain joining me in the meal. He gave me a few more directions, and said good-by to me at the gangway. the gangway.

The distance to the landing, and from there

to the consul's was not great, and by seven all preparation were finished, and I was ready to start.

start.

Arroo, my companion in previous excursions, greeted me at the door, and to him the consul confided the guidance of the expedition. There were two other Malays in the party, people of Arroo's choosing, and the horses provided were strong and wiry beasts, well versed in mountain travel, as they had

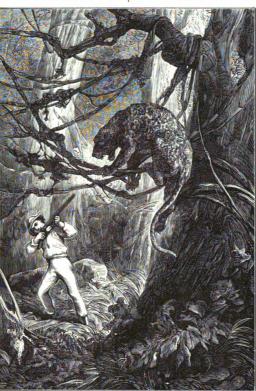
Suddenly he threw his head up with a avage snort, and turning with a quickness hat was surprising in so large an animal, and the forest way from which he had

come.
"A tiger," whispered Arroo; "there will be a fight

a fight."

The rhinoceros stood with braced haunches, and head alert, his small eyes fixed on a place where the wood curved away, and left what might be called an alcove in the thick growth. We could not see this, for the jutting branches hid it, but we knew the foe that the great beast stood prepared to meet was there.

was there.
Suddenly a savage growl sounded along the glade, and the rhinoceros braced himself firmly, and held his head in a strange but seeming immovable way. The next instant, a large body bounded out from the shadow, and landed just back of the ears of the brute we had been watching.
With a sudden movement that was astonishing, the rhinoceros shook the new comeroff, and faced it. A moment they cro tched, watching each other, and we saw that the attacking animal was, a Arroo had said, a tiger, and a superb specimen of his tribe,



I PULLED THE TRIGGER, BUT IT SNAPPED WITHOUT RESULT

been used to bring packs of coffee from th higher plateaus of the Barisan heights to the

higher plateaus of the Barisan heights to the coast.

The day was a brilliant one, and the surroundings that environed the way were of that gorgeous tropical nature which never waries the eye, some new form of beauty appearing at every turn. Color predominated in all its varied shades, birds, beasts, insects and plants vieing with each other in the glory of their garmentage.

For a time, the way was populous with travelers, but in an hour or more, Arroo turned from the main road, and struck into a tess frequented path, which he said was more direct. In this, we were forced to be more cautions, for there were marshy jungles scattered along it, and these were known to be the haunts of tigers, and those gigantic reptiles, whose fierce and sudden attacks are so destructive.

repuies, whose merce and sudden attacks are so destructive.

Once we heard a savage growl, as though we had roused a foe, but the crashing in the undergrowth went from us, and we knew that we were not to be molested. We camped under a large banyan for our noon resting, and Arroo soon had a fire made, and added to our lunch some of the most fragrant and delicious coffee that I ever tasted.

The place where we were was so situated as to give us the command of a narrow glade running in through the dense forest growth. A brook from the mountains bubbled through this, and as we rested we saw lithe deer and antelope come out from the shadows and drink at this.
Suddenly Arroo laid his hand on my arm,

drink at this.

Suddenly Arroo laid his hand on my arm, and pointed down the glade. I turned my gaze in the direction indicated, and saw a huge rhinoceros come lumbering out from among the trees, and after taking a lazy look at the expanse open to him, proceeded to the brook and drank.

with brawny limbs, and a long and restless tail that swept swiftly from side to side.

Only a moment did they stand thus, and then the tiger made a savage spring. This time he was met by a quick thrust from the horn of his foe, and the howl of rage that foliated the standard of the save his powerful claws working in swift and savage fashion along the rough coat of his foe, whose quivering body and farce efforts told that they were severely felt.

The struggle with the rhinoceros was to shake his foe clear, that he might trample and gore him, and this the tiger tried to prevent. But the first thrust of the fight must have been severe, for soon we saw that the tiger was losing his power, and while we looked, the rhinoceros suddenly flung his opponent off, and before he could rise, planted his foot upon him.

The tiger struggled desperately, and his Lue tiger struggled desperately, and his rage was fearful to witness. His claws and teeth were savage in their attacks, and left deep marks of their power, but the rhinoce-ros seemed to understand his advantage, and while he stolidly took the severe punishing they gave, he kept his foot firm, and watched bis chance. s chance. Suddenly, and with a force that was irre

Suddenly, and with a force that was irresis-tible, he drove his horn into the teeming flank of his foe, and pinned him to the earth. There was a short, sharp ery of pain, and then the tiger lay limp and lifeless on the earth. The rhinoceros waited a short time, as though watching, and then slowly with-drew his horn, and looked curiously at his dead foe.

drew his horn, and loose the dead foe.

As the tiger did not move, he turned, and seeking the brook, began wallowing in a marshy portion of it.

"He is washing his hurts," said Arroo, "and will soon be well. Shall we go on now?"

I assented, and remounting our horses, we continued our journey. Late in the afternoon we began ascending the lower range of hills, and traveled until quite late, as this was the most comfortable time. We stopped at a village, where Arroo was acquainted, and continued our journey early the next day, nothing of note transpiring during that, and the two following days.

On the evening of the fourth day of our travel, we approached the village of Arroo's nativity, and as we drew near it, noticed that an unusual commotion filled the streets with hurrying and noisy people.

Hastening forward, Arroo asked the first person whose attention he could arrest, concerning the cause of the commotion, and was informed that a child, the son of one of the leading men, had been carried off by a large leopard.

"Whose child?" cried Arroo.
"The son of the chieftain, Minzee," was the answer.
It is my sister's," said Arroo; "which way was taken?"

The man pointed toward the eastward integer.

The man pointed toward the eastward

"It is my sister's," said Arroo; "which way was it aken, or "it is my was it aken."

The man pointed toward the eastward jungle.

Unslinging my rifle, I sprang to the ground, followed by Arroo.

Quickly giving the attendants orders to care for the horses, I told Arroo to bid the man guide us to the spot where the leopard had disappeared, and as he obeyed, followed him.

We soon came to where a well-defined trail to the soon came to where a well-defined trail to the soon came to where the leopard had disappeared, and here our guide the train more marked, and here our guide that we were following.

The thickness of the forest, which was full matted vines, made the light dim, but a sailor's eyes are accustomed to working in this, and I could distinguish the trail easily, and our progress was swift, for our eagerness hurried us forward, and made light of difficulties that at any other time would have seemed almost insurmountable.

Just as we came to a portion of the forest where the growth was thicker, and llianos swung their pendulous litheness from bough to bough, and bole to bole, we were stopped by a faint cry that seemed to come from among the thick matted foliage near an imense tree, whose sturdy trunk and low and knotted branches, were bound about and festered the cry. A sudden parting of the leaves shough a head was thrust out from among them, showed two eyes gleaming like coals in the deeper gloom of the thicket.

With a quick movement, I brought my rifle to my shoulder, and pulled the trigger, but it snapped without result, and with the sound, the leopard sprang up among the vines that swung down from the lower branches of the tree, and with glittering teeth shining in his open mouth, watched me.

Quickly recocking my rifle, I again took good aim at the brute, and fired.

There was no miss this time

leopard tumbled to the ground, the wan mar-ing pierced his brain.

Only waiting to see that he was dead, Arro-and I scrambled into the thicket, wherein the cries had grown louder, and there found the child we sought lying in what showed to be the lair of the beast lying dead so near at

the hair of the beast lying dead so near at hand.

Arroo said that I must bear the child to its mother, I having been the principal in rescuing it, and taking my gun, he led the way.

Joy gave us speed, and the sun was still gilding the leaves when we emerged from the forest, and found the people waiting for us.

The cry that greeted our arrival, and the appearance of the child, cannot be described.

Arroo quickly told the story of the rescue, and the mother, 80 quickly changed from sorrow to joy, knelt at my feet and thanked me, her husband bowing just behind her.

I was a hero now, and the chieftain insisted I should lodge with him, and having sent a party back to secure the leopard, we sought the village, where a series of thanktril festivities were inaugurated in honor of the happy event.

went.

A feast followed the rude singing and dancng that opened this, and after it I retired.

Only my determined manner made my
ourney the next day possible, and even then
he chieftain and his wife with a large escort,
ccompanied me for a considerable distance,
and made me say that I would stop with them
on my refure. on my return.

Nothing of note enlivened the remainder of

on my return.

Nothing of note enlivened the remainder of the journey, nor did my return prove adventurous. I remained but three days in Palemturous. I remained but three days in Palemturous and the search as the

which he has carried his prey, was conscioud as heroic deed.

I shall certainly never forget either the journey or the adventure, and though I have never visited Sumatra since that time, the island still holds a very prominent place in

NATURE EVER BEAUTIFUL

Ax, do not quarrel with the seasons, dear, Nor make an enemy of friendly Time. The fruit and foliage of the falling year Rivat the buds and blossoms of its prime Is not the harvest moon as round and bright As that to which the nightingales did sing? It was that to which the nightingales did sing? When steadfast sunshine follows fitful rain, And gleam the sickles where once passed the Since tender green has grown to mellow grain Love then will gather what it exettered how. And, like contented respers, rest is head. Upon the sheavest itself has harvested.

A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.

BY RALPH MORGAN.

MARY STOCKER was the noble-hearted wife of one of the bravest soldiers of the Southern army, and was a fair specimen of the heroic women whose influence was so sensibly felt in the Carolinas at the period when the revolutionary storm was deluging that section with all the horrors of civil war. Lieut. Slocumb, her husband, like many others whose patriotism would not allow them to remain at home in the enjoyment of ease and comfort, while their country called for the exertion of her sons, had attached himself to the regi-ment of Col. Caswell, who, at the period of which I write, had collected his friends and the yeomen of the surrounding country, to give battle to Donald McDonald, and his Highlanders and tories, then on their way to battle to Donald McDonald, and his join Sir Henry Clinton on the Cape I after having escaped from Col. Moore at Cross Creeks. In the battle of Moore's Creek which followed, Lieut. Slocumb and his detachment, by turning the flank of the enemy, secured the victory to the patriots, and captured a large portion of the royal Highlanders, among whom was the brave McDonald him-It was a hard-fought and bloody battle and Slocumb, in after years, delighted to relate the incidents of the obstinately contested field, among which none was so interesting as his meeting with his wife on his return from the pursuit of the defeated tories. It seems that on the night after the departure of her husband and his detachment, Mrs. Slocumb had dreamed of seeing her husband's body, wrapped in his military cloak, lying upon the battle field surrounded with the dead and So strong was the impression upon her mind, that she could sleep no more, and she determined to go to him. Telling her woman to look after her child, and merely saying that she could not sleep, and would ride down the road, she went to the stable, saddled her mare—as fleet a pag as ever trayeled-and in a few moments was on her way after the little army, which was some sixty miles distant. By the time she had ridden some ten miles, the night air had cooled her feverish excitement, and she was tempted to turn back, but the thought that her husband might be dead, or dying, urged her on, and when the first faint tints of morning illumined the east, she was thirty miles from home. At sunrise, she came upon a group of women and children, who had taken their station in the road, to catch any tidings that might pass from the battle field. Of these she inquired if the battle had been fought, but they could give her no information, as they were as much in the dark as herself, and she rode on, following the well-marked trail of the troops

About eight or nine o'clock she heard a ound like distant thunder; she stopped to listen; again it boomed in the distance, and she knew it must be cannon. The battle was then raging.

"What a fool !" quoth she, "my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now! still, as I am so near, I will go on and see how they come out."

Every step now brought her nearer the field, and she soon heard the sound of the musketry, and shouting. In a few moments she came out into the road a short distance below Moore's Creek bridge. A short distance from the road, under a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps twenty men. They were wounded.

"I knew the spot; the very trees; and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centred in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard cloak, lay the body of my husband. How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the spot I never have. I remember uncovering the head, and seeing a face olothed with gore from a dread-tal wound across the temple. I put my hand yards from my saddle to the spot I never

on the bloody face; 'twas warm; and an unknown voice begged for water."

What a revulsion; it was not her husband, then, after all. She brought water, gave him some to drink, washed his face, and discovered that it was—Frank Cogdell. He soon revived, and could speak. revived, and could speak.

"I was washing the wound on his head. Said he. 'It is not that: it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg.

She sought for some healing leaves, bound up his wounds, and then went to others, whose wounds she dressed, and while engaged in this charitable work, Colonel Caswell came up. He was surprised, of course, to see her, and was about to pay her some compliment, when she abruptly asked for her husband.

"He is where he ought to be, madam, in pursuit of the enemy. But, pray, how came you here?

"Oh, I thought," said she, "you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one," going to Frank, and lifting up his head so that he could drink some more water, "would have died before any of you men could have helped him."

Just then she looked up, and her husband, covered with blood and dirt, stood before

her.
"Why, Mary! what are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest repro-bate in the army!" he exclaimed.
"I don't care," she cried, "Frank is a

brave fellow, a good soldier and a true friend to Congress.

"True, true! every word of it!" said Ca well : "you are right, madam," with the lowest possible bow. "I would not tell my husband," said she,

what brought me there. I was so happy and so were all! It was a glorious victory I came just at the height of the enjoyment. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement had all subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them some very obnoxious; but the worst of the tories were not taken prisoners. They were for the most part left in the woods and swamps, whenever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt but such as had been guilty of murder and house burning. In the middle of the night I again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till the next morning, and they would send a party with me : but no : I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me."

Could the inventive genius of the most able writer of fiction suggest a more thrilling narrative? Alas! how many such intensely interesting incidents are buried in the graves of those noble men and women who sacrificed everything but honor, that we, their children, might live free and independent.

How many females of the present age could be found to ride a hundred and twentyfive miles in less than forty hours, even on such an errand?

BETWEEN THE ACTS

"Too bad I had to go out to see that ticket seller about seats for next week," he remarked to his new wife as he settled himself down after a trip down stairs between acts. The affair quite slipped my mind as we came in. Were you annoyed, my

"Oh, no! I didn't mind it in the least, the

."
And what was that, love?"
Why they call the front curtain the drop.'
I see. Did you succeed?"
Yes, I think I got the correct answer."
And that was—."

"Because so many men go out for a drop when it is down, my dear."

Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an necdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindu nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilized world as an

to stop; but tim to duty.

HE COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT.

The proprietor of a tannery having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to con-sider what kind of a sign would be most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and and stuck a call's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a gravelooking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Working," epiled the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"Woart to buy leather?"—"No."

"Ane you a farmer?"—"No."

"Are you a farmer?"—"No."

"Lawyer?"—"No."

"Lawyer?"—"No."

"Doutor?"—"No."

"Doutor?"—"No."

"What in thunder are you then?"—"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that call foot through that augerhole, and for the life of me I can't make it out!" looking person standing near the door, with

PLAYING GAMES.

LADIES as a rule play games as a pastime-LADIES as a rule play games as a pastime—as sort of a stimulant to conversation, while men play to win. In commenting upon this peculiarity of the fair ones the Chicago Ledger gives the following: Playing euchre with a woman is something like this:

ke this:

"Whose play is it?"

"Who took that trick?"

"What's trumps?"

"What was led?"

"Whose ace is that?"

"Did I take that?"

"What's trumps?"

"Is it my play?"

"That's the left bower, isn't it?"

"Is that mine?"
"Ain't you got a club?"
"What's trumps?"
"Did they euchre us?"
"How many did we make?"
"Whose deal is it?"

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of cloth over the instrument, "are you ready?" "Ye replied the customer. "Well, just keep your eye that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the v which read, "Positively no credit," "and look ple ant."

Useful articles for both sexes are offered among the Bar-gains advertised in this issue by J. A. Rose & Co., Boston, Mass. This firm warrants all goods and makes bona-fide offers.—Adv.

Kearney says the Chinese must go: but, before

hey go, we wish to inform them and everybody else that LOAMSON'S BOTANIC BAISAN continues to win the day in uring coughs, colds, and all difficult breathing.—Adv. FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Klinc's Great Verve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvel-ous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases, tend to Dr. Kline, 931 Areh Sr. Philla, Pa.—Adv.

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WHEN MY SHIPS COME HOME.

BY LOUIS STEPHENSON. WHEN my ships come home from set Oh how happy I shall be! And my little darlings, too, Lorimer, and Bess, and Sue. They shall share and share with me, When my ships come home from set

Lori shall have a silver hoop,
And a whistle of yellow gold,
And, every marble an agate,
More marbles than he can hold;
Never a boy so glad as he,
When my ship comes home from sea.

And what shall Bessie have?
A comb of mother-of-pear;
A diamond-rose to wear in her hair,
And never a queen alive shall wear
Such robes as my sweet girl!
Many a kiss she'll give to me,
When my ships come home from sea.

ruen my snips come nome from sea.
Susic shall have a Paris doll,
That winks with a knowing air,
And dishes of rare chine,
And such a love of a chair!
Oh, how happy all will be.
When my ships come home from sea.

When my ships come home from sea.

When will my ships come home from sea?

As near as I remember home from sea?

As near as I remember home from sea?

In the cold winds of December;

Or when the snow of December;

Or when the snow of December;

At twelve o Clock at midden,

Under the light of the moon;

Under the light of the moon;

Be sure, if sleeping, to waken me,

For then my ships are coming from sea!

PRICES OF WILD BEASTS.

"WANT to know the prices of the animals, do you?" asked the veteran trainer, George Arting-stall, as he came out of the ring at Madison Square stan, as he came out of the ring at manness organic Garden after performing his "great act," and pulled off his dress coat. "Well, I dont know that I can give you any definite information. The show business is a good deal like the retail jewelry trade. You ask all you think you can get, and get the most you can. Some animals are almost beyond price. That white elephant, for instance— Yanderbilt couldn't buy him. He cost us all of \$200,000. A well-trained elephant will bring from \$30,000 to \$40,000. Five of these together," pointing to the herd quietly munching their hay behind the ropes, "cost \$150,000."

"The average green elephant costs \$3,000 or \$4,000 in this country after his passage and the duty at the Custom House has been paid. If you go to an agent in Ceylon he will charge you from \$700 to \$1,000, while he pays the natives who capture them about half that, in all probability. This

classification holds in all cases:

"First, comes the educated or performing ani mal, which will always bring a good price. Then comes the tame animal that will stay in a cage without tearing itself to pieces and chewing up everything within its reach. Then the green speci-men, that has just landed and which is liable to do all these unpleasant things and everything else that its ingenuity may suggest. Finally, and low-est of all is the animal in its native wilds at the place of capture. The figures that I am giving you are for either the first or second class. We have a fine lioness that cost \$6,500, but average male lions range in price, from \$1,000 to \$3,000.

"A good tiger costs \$4,000, while inferior speci-

mens can be bought as low as \$800. The tiger is a more truly royal beast than the lion and does not stand captivity as well. The man who goes out to bag a full-grown tiger has a large contract on his hands. A good trick bear will bring \$1,500, while the ordinary show beasts range from \$150 to \$300.

A white Polar bear that has become acclimated and can live without his two or three tons of ice a day, 1s worth \$3,000. Brazilian and African leo-pards range from \$1,000 to \$2,000.

"The giraffe is a delicate subject. The longest he was ever known to live in captivity was two years, and it is rare that one lasts half that time. It is difficult to teach them to put their heads down to eat and drink. When in the wild state they drink from the cup-like leaves of the palm tree. A single specimen is worth form \$5,000 to \$10,000. A herd of fifteen was once sold for \$100,000. There are more than sixty varieties of the antelope fam-ily, from the elk and horned horse or gnu down,

are more than sixty varieties of the antelope family, from the elk and horned horse or grud down, costing from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each. The cand sorts from \$800 to \$2,000, and we bought a lot omcofrom a speculator who had made an unsucceessful stempt to acclimate them in Texas, way below those figures. In the desert a camel is worth about as much as a horse and lives to the same age. The hippopotamus is rather uncertain in price. The prears ago one would have cost \$50,000. They reclude the prears ago one would have cost \$50,000. They reclude the prears ago one would have cost \$50,000. They reclude the prears ago one would have cost \$50,000 and the price and the price and the price and the price and we have to content ourselves with chimpanzees at \$3,000 each. A large estrich will bring bring and worder bring the price and the price

100.000.000 ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE.

THE language in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote was the language of but 5,000,000 or 6,000,-000 of people in their day, and as late as one hundred years ago English was spoken by not more than 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 people. At the same period French was the mother tongue of at least 30,000,000, and German, in one or other of its forms, was the language of from 35,000,000 to 40,-000,000 people. This state of affairs is now com-pletely reversed. Between forty and fifty years ago the English language equalled the German in the number of those who spoke it, and now the latter is left far behind in the race. German is spoken by

is left far behind in the race. German is spoken by 10,000,000 persons in the Austro-Hungarian empire, 46,000,000 in the German empire, 46,000,000 in Suterland, and is the native tongue of some 2,000,000 in the United States and Caanda. This gives a total of about 6,000,000 on With French the case is much the same. The gain during the past century has been smaller than that of German. French is now spoken by the 35,000,000 of people of France, by 2,250,000 in Belgium, 200,000 in Alsace-Lorraine, 600,000 in Switz-600,000 in Marty, and by 1,500,000 in Algra, India, the West Indies, and Atrica; in all about 45,000,000.

000. English is now spoken by all but some 500,000 of the 37,000,000 of persons in the British islands, by 53,000,000 or of the 53,000,000 on inhabitants of the United States, by 4,000,000 persons in Canada, 3,000,000 in Australia, 1,700,000 persons in the West Indies, and perhaps by 1,000,000 in India and ther British colonies. This beings up the total to 100,000,000, which cannot be very far from the truth.

A STARRY BOMBARDMENT.

Mr. J. Thomson deserves credit for the skill and humanity he displayed in his hostile operations against savages. When he and his little band were threatened by the Wa-Kiboso, he brought science and gunpowder to bear upon the latter in a some what novel way. Just at dusk, the savage Wa what novel way. Just at dusk, the savage Was-kiboso were drawn up in battle array along the crest of a hill; so, taking up a position on a hill-lock opposite, the leader of the Kilima-Njino expe-dition promptly arranged the artillery he had pro-vided himself with in anticipation of such an emergency. "No sooner, had darkness set in," says he, "than I blazed forth upon the astonished natives with Bengal lights, red fire, Roman candles, serpent squibs, and, lastly, a magnificent flight of rockets." Without watting to see the last of this ignominious retreat, declaring alterwards that they could not contend against the white man, who was able to pull the stars from the firmament and cause them to fall upon his enemies' heads.

A MILD KICKER.

"I UNDERSTAND the old man doesn't want you to come to see his daughter," said one young fellow

"That's the state of the case, but I went all the

"Yes. Was there last night."
"Did he kick?"

"Did he kick?"
"Some."
"Much?"
"Well, no, not a great deal." was the hesitating reply, "that is, not as much as he might have done. He only kicked me from the parlor to the front door, and I went the balance of the way by myself."

ENOUGH TO BEGIN WITH.

Wilson Candless, one of the most poverty-stricken young men of Galveston, says the Texas Siftings, applied to Colonel Richley for the hand of his daughter.

his daughter.

"In the first place I've sent in my application to President Cleveland for a position in one of the departments."

"Have you any other resources?" asked the prospective father-in-law.

"You bet I have. I'm seriously thinking about giving up smoking."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young lady, "that's enough for us to begin with, ain't it?"

ENJOYING A SQUARE MEAL.

ARE you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister, who was taking a Sunday dinne

"Yes, Bobby," responded the minister, pleas-

antly.
"Mamma said this morning that she thought you small would, as she didn't suppose that with your smal salary and big family you got much to eat from on week's end to another."

EXCHANGES.

\$57-We cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right reserve the right standard of the reserve the reserve the reserve the reserve the reserve that the reserve the r

oreign stamps, reading matter and the bacco tags.

J. C. Boseman, Jones Sta., Tenn. The Koran of Mo

J. C. Boseman, Jones Sta, Tenn, The Koran of Mohammed and an incandescent electric lamp complete, for solid Hierature.

For solid Hierature.

Solid Hierature.

Solid No. State of the State of Title Golden Agook, Vol. II.

3 and 4 of Title Golden Agook, Vol. II.

Solid Hierature.

Solid Hierature.

Both Of Title Golden Agook, Vol. II.

II. of Title Golden Agook, Vol. III.

III. of Title Golden Agook, Vol. III.

One of Holden State of Golden Days, and books by Alger, Opit, Ellis and Castelmon.

Jano C. Freeman, Southbridge, Mass. Golden Days, and books by Alger, Opit, Ellis and Castelmon.

Jano C. Freeman, Southbridge, Mass. Golden Days, Opit, College Days, Opit, Colle



CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

S. W. A. H., Trenton, N. J. 1. Cannot be had, 2. Cannot be had, 3. None.

W. G. Q., Colton, N. Y. The highest latitude yet reached was attained by Lieut. Lockwood and Sergean Brainard, who reached a point 396 miles from the Pole.

G. J. B., Shelby, O. Weeping and other forms of giving away to emutions, greaning, for instance, re-livence, and reduces the pulse to a wonderful degree.

F. C. R., Dexter, Me. Those little beads or specks of light that float before the eyes are due to slight de-fects in their tissues and fluids. Every one is simi-larly effected, and their presence is not necessarily a sympton of disease.

sympton of disease.

J. J. D., Freeport, Ills. The process of instantaneons photography is about perfected. Railway cars at
full speed are no longer thought much in that line,
when it is known that a German professor has secured
some remarkable photographs of a pistol bullet in its
flight.

flight.

W. E. H., Medina, O. We would say that milk and eggs, not beef, are on the whole the most nutricious food for patients. A celebrated doctor is said to have remarked that starvation had often ensued from too greatly estimating the value of beef tea and meat

Juices.

F. L. H., Beverly, W. Va. The length of time it takes for a person submerged in water to drown, varies in different cases, so that no rule can be made. Generally a person drowns in anywhere from one to ten minutes.

ten minutes.

J. K. E., Murdock, Minn. The old English and Scotch superstitions connected with goats, is that they can never be seen all through the twenty-four hours; during which time they are with the Evil One who is combing their beards.

combing their beards.

A sursacrinus. Bagpipes are made only in Scotland, where they cost about \$40.00. With transportation focas, etc. they would cost on arriving here about we will put you in communication with parties who experiments in the surface of Great which Russias is encroaching to the anger of Great which Russias is encroaching to the anger of Great which Russias is encroaching to the anger of Great which Russias is encroaching to the anger of Great which russias is encroaching to the anger of Great which we have a surface of Great and the surface of the surface of Texas alone surface of the surface of

smoke, but as smoke.

G. C. I. Westmoreland, Kans. Ozone is oxygen in an active form. It is a powerful oxydizer and annihilator of offensive smells. It is produced when electricity flashes through oxygen, notably during a thunder storm. Its peculiar door is observed on such occasions. Flowering plants generate ozone which attacks the organic master of the air and renders it intokes the organic master of the air and renders it intokes the organic master of the fair and renders it in

potent.
W. L. O, Gifford, Ills. As things stand now, Russis has the larger army, though England's is in all probability the more intelligent and complete, if not effect-builty the more intelligent and complete, if not effect-builty in the complex of the complex

PUZZLEDOM No. 127. CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

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ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the pages oxiz, and apart Webster or Lippincot are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be ot tagged. Hense of interest relating to Puzziedom will be gladly received. Addresse "Fuzzie Editor." THE GOLDEN AMORGE, SI WARTON STEER, SEW ONK CITY,

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 122. No. 1. The Golden Argosy.

SALEM	COACT
DAMARAN	ZOANTHA
ALAMEDA	HANSARD
NEREPIS	OCTAVIA
MADID	THRID
NAS	ADA
No. 3. Nowh	ere (Now-here.)
No. 5. Attendar	ace (At-ten-dance.)
No. 6.	No. 8.
C	G
COR	CIS
MANES	CORES
MORSELS	CORDATE
CARBONATE	CORALRAGS
CONSOLATING	GIRDLESTEAD
REENACTED	SEARSBURG
SLATTED	STATUES
STIED	EGERS
END	SAG
G	D

No. 7. Landwarrant (Land-war-rant.) No. 9. Tuckahoe (Tuck-a-hoe.)

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 122 were correctly solved by By Law, A. Solver, Boeton Boy, D. O. Nutt, Jo. Mulliss, Rex Ford, Danos, Mack, Tyro, Bolis, Tax-crep, Jahre, Willie Willowaye, Ed Ward, Myself, Madolf, Mat B., Odostori, Lasalla, Shook Ease, Bo-Pere, Diradoxauthy, Monthe Star, Jax Fer See, Liv PEEP, DREADNAUGHT, MORNING STAR, JAY EYE SEE, LU C., COBB WEBB, DAUNTLESS, INTREPID, EMPHATIC, NA-VAJO and ENDL. TOtal, 31. Complete lists—BY LAW and A. Solver. The first

x months.
incomplete lists—Boston Boy, 8; D. O. Nutt, 8.

D. O. NUTT, 2 Charades; Rex Ford, 1 Diam fr. Elmo, 1 Square; JUNIPER, 1 Charade; J. Knight Spring; GWENDOLYNNE, 2 Transposition

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. Square.

1. The cheek of a mortar carriage; 2. A small line traversing the shrouds; 3. A city of Georgia; 4. To prate; 5. A peninsula of Scotland; 6. One who makes a beginning; 7. Those who rave with violence.

REXTOR FALTA, N. Y.

No. 2. TRIPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "the maple sugar tree,"
In "the land of liberty,"
In "the lemon stick candy,"
In "the deep and dark blue sea."

Only the total
On a window lay,
Smoking, brown and crisp,
On a summer day.

Only an urchin,
Whistling merrily,
Happening to see them,
Took one joyfully.

Only a mother
Saw the bold deed,
Then strapped him and said
Now sonny take heed.
N. Y.

Minister of the control of the contr GIRS

No. 4. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "masterpiece of man's invention,"
In "nation free from all contention,"
In "partiotic feeling,"
In "fair and honest dealing,"
In "liberty," the last we mention.

In "liberty," the last we mention.

The Washington monument rearing on high.
Froudly boilting its apex toward the bine sky.
Froudly boilting its apex toward the bine sky.
But should be shown that of all others.
When ages have past may this first leat stand, whole,
A type of the goodness and greatness of soul
And whose mem'ry his countrymen ever will nourish,
New Yoak Cirx.

NEW On Cirx.

A letter; 2. A quid; 3. Popes (Obl.); 4. Dyed to a deep red color; 6. Sliver coins of Italy; 6. Carved; 7. Niceties; 8. A king's councilor; 9. To prevent by fear; 10. Seems (Wor. Sup. O.); 11. A letter.
 PHILIDELPHIA, PA. MORNING STAR.

No. 6. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

No. 6. DOUBLE LETTER ENDMA.
In the "Delta in the "critical and "critical

No. 7. DIAMOND. No. 7. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. For; 3. The interior husks of grasses; 4. A slik robe worn by ladies; 5. A luxurious railway arriage (Sup.); 6. Encysted tumors; 7. Opens (90s.); 1. Dropsy of the peritoneum; 9. Moves gendly; 10. mail Fortuguese coins; 11. A letter.

TANTRUMS.

No. 8. QUADRUPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

No. 8. QUARRITE LETTER ENGMA.
In "scabbards" where the swords repose,
In "chattering birds" upon the plain,
In "snow-capped peaks and Northern flose,"
In "garnered shocks" of golden grain,
In lightning "speed of rallway train."
I care not a first for the beautiful snow,
when white flakes are falling and icicles form.
I shiver, and long for the days that are warm,
When rusees can bloom, and the first scond grow,

I cannot be mute, But want to say "shoot" The beautiful, beaut-Iful snow!

The beautiful, beautiful, the state of the state of the state with state with state of the state

LIMA, O.

TRADDLES

No. 9. HOUR GLASS.

No. 9. Hour Glass.

1. Jurisdictions of a sherif; 2. A strongly fortified town of Bhenish Prussia; 3. To issue in excess; 4. a gum; 7. A lotter; 8. A river of England (19); 9. A class; 10 Fours out; 11. Fine, smooth stuffs of silt, 21; Post-office of Johnson Co, N. C; 13. Fost-office of Johnson Co, N. C; 13. Fost-office and the stuff of the

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

Special Prizes for Solutions.—For numbers 1, 2, 4, 5, and 8, 20c each.

and 8, 20c each.

We met ADONE on the street yesterday, and in the course of a pleasant the witth the famous expuzier, asked him his reasons for leaving the Don, but were only told that his reasons were a secret which he had not yet given away to any one, but he had what he he hought were good reasons. He assured us also that gates of all the shating rinks in America should not prevail against it. This statement comforted our troubled mind, as 6, U. N. had some time ago put the balme of delay on roller statement. Comforted our troubled mind, as 6, U. N. had some time ago put the same of the power of the statement of the prevail against it. This statement comforted our troubled mind, as 6, U. N. had some time ago put the same of the same of the prevail against the prevail against the prevail against the prevail against the same of the