

GOLDEN ARCADE

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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(This story began in No. 125.)

FACING THE WORLD;

OR,

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Do and Dare," "Helping Himself," "Ragged 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, and would be unable to conceal his money, which he had little doubt his guardian intended to secure, 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 Harry 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 circumstance that his guardian did not again refer 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 any thing to read Harry would have preferred entertaining himself in that way, but Mr. Fox did not 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 Joel read stories."

"I don't want to, mam," said Joel dutifully.

Joel spoke the truth, for he had no liking for books of any kind.

"Did your pa let you read story books?" continued Mrs. Fox.

"Yes," answered Harry, briefly.

"I'm 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 Harry.

Early 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," said the lady, severely.

Joel yawned, and interposed no objection.

"You may as well go too, Henry," said Mrs. Fox.

"My name is Harry, madam."

"I shall call you Henry. I consider Harry a foolish nick-name," said the lady, severely.

Harry smiled. It really mattered little to him what Mr. or Mrs. Fox called him.

"Mrs. Fox is right," said his guardian. "It's good for a boy to go to bed early; 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 snuffers, such as some of my readers are probably familiar with. The room was so poorly lighted that except in the 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.

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."

So, preceded by Joel, Harry went up two flights of stairs to the attic room reserved for him. It was the only room that had been finished off, and the garret outside looked dark and forbidding.

"I would be scared to sleep up here," said his companion. "If you're afraid, I'll ask mam to let you sleep with me."

"I shall not be at all frightened, Joel," said Harry, hastily. "Besides I like to sleep alone."

"What should scare me?" said Joel.

"I don't know, but it seems lonely and dark."

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

"I guess they won't come here, Dad keeps all his money in the bank."

"You've got a dollar, you know, Joel."

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

"I won't mention it if you don't want me to."



MR. FOX TAKES HARRY'S POCKET BOOK.

"Good night, then. Just hold the candle while I go down stairs."

When he was fairly 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 bureau 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 doesn't seem to be provided for in this house," thought Harry.

He learned afterward that he was expected to go down stairs and wash in a large tin basin in the kitchen sink—wiping his face on a brown rick-towel which was used by the entire family. This was quite unsatisfactory to Harry, who was scrupulously 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. "Luckily the bed," feeling of it, "seems tolerably comfortable. If I can get a good night's rest, I won't mind the rest."

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.

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

asleep, and then it will be the easiest thing in the world to take the pocket-book without his knowing it."

"He'll know it in the mornin'."

"Let him! Possession is nine pints of the law, Mrs. Fox."

"He might say you stole it."

"He can't do that, I've his guardian, 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.

"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 afraid of anything."

"Not even of my husband," added Mrs. Fox, with elephantine humor, smiling grimly.

"Well, no, there ain't no call for you to be so scared of the partner 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.

"Well, I shan't interfere. I s'pose you know your business best. All I've 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's wife," added Mrs. Fox.

"Of course, I shall insist upon his treating you with proper respect, Mrs. Fox. Still, as he is a boy, he more properly comes under my control. If we should ever take a girl into the family, it would be for you to regulate her, and I should stand aside and see to it that 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 his 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 led to the attic.

"Shall I go with you John?" queried his helpmeet.

"No, I guess I can manage to carry the boy's pocket-book," responded Mr. Fox, sarcastically.

"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, but his wife wanted to share in the excitement of the night visit. There was something alluring in the thought of creeping up stairs, and removing by stealth, the pocket-book of the new inmate of their home.

Left to himself, Mr. Fox pursued his way up the attic stairs. They creaked a little under his weight, and much to his annoyance, when he reached the landing at the top he coughed.

"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. Mr. Fox 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 opened, he had warning of the visit.

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 himself.

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.

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, grimly.

"So he does," assented her husband. "Are you going to allow it?"

"Certainly not."

"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 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 guardian."

"Very true, but I mean to have it all the same. There's two ways of doin' 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 com-

Mr. Fox returned in triumph to his own chamber,

"You ought to let me have half the money,"

"What I did not see that it contained,"

"Oh, yes, you're terrible smart, my little know-

"Don't be impatient, Mrs. F.," said her husband,

"You ought to let me have half the money,"

"Why should I? You seem to forget, Mrs. F.,

"Well, what of all the fools I ever saw you are

"Oh, you understand me," said Fox, his face

"Of course! I took saw the money—a roll of bills,

"No, when I found the pocket-book I thought I

"Just like a man!" retorted Mrs. Fox. "I'll go

"Then you'd better take this wallet, and put it

With a firm step Fox took the candle, and

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. FOX COXES TO ORDER.

HARRY continued to amuse the second visit to

He was rather surprised when the door was again

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

"Then a mischievous idea came to Harry. In

"I'll scare the old lady," thought Harry, smiling

Immediately there rang out from the bed, in

"Heavens and earth, what's that?" she ejacu-

"I don't know," gasped she.

"I haven't seen anything," said his wife, recover-

"I went upstairs and put back the wallet," said

"How can I tell? The candle was out, I tell

"Perhaps he blew it out."

the bed, and he was startled, for I looked at him

Peter had been taken from the poor-house three

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

"How did you sleep, Henry?" asked Mr. Fox.

"I didn't wake up," said Harry with truth.

"The boy must sleep sound," thought Mrs. Fox.

"Very well, sir."

"I take it that with your small inheritance you

"I have considerable to do on my twenty acres

"Why, you see, you are a boy, and of course a

"As a boarder I should have to charge you five

"I don't think, Mr. Fox, that is rather low

"I will pay full price for a week, Mr. Fox," he

"I may not offer you as favorable terms a week

"By the way, Harry, don't you think you had

"You are very kind, Mr. Fox, but I am not

After breakfast Harry went to walk. His steps

"All right, man, I'll do it. I wish I had fol-

WHITE HOUSE AND CHURCH.

PRESIDENTIAL piety has not been a prominent

"I think you are mistaken, sir," answered Jack-

"I think you are mistaken, sir," answered Jack-

"I think you are mistaken, sir," answered Jack-

gave a great deal to the church in charities and he

Lincoln went to church occasionally, and when

President Arthur's church was the St. John's

"How long have you been living here?" asked

"Wall, let me think awhile. See that dog? He

"How old is he?"

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

"So you don't know how long you've been liv-

"Oh, yes, ever since that dog was a pup."

"Before he was a dog, of course."

"My friend, are there many old settlers in this

"Oh, yes."

"How old?"

"Some of them a hundred years old, I reckon."

"How do you know I don't?"

"I mean that you do not intend to convey the

"What I do do."

"I would like to talk to one of them and listen

"So I would."

"Why don't you?"

"They are dead, stranger. Been settled a long

"My friend, you are certainly a very curious

"Yes; so is a water dog."

"I am a stranger in the country, but I cannot

"What is land worth by the acre?"

"Just one price an acre another."

"Do you want to sell well or cheap?"

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EARNINGS GETTING LEVEL.

It is one of the signs of the times that wages are everywhere tending upward, while interest on accumulated property is tending downward.

LITERARY ATHLETES.

SOME worthy people seem to fear that their boys will play too much while getting their education. They report of a match at foot ball or base ball brings out many a sneer.

NOTICING LITTLE THINGS.

AMONG the "secrets" of success in business, art, science and every other pursuit of life, is included the close observation of little things.

HEREDITARY TRADES.

It is often 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.

IN THE MOOD.

It is a habit with some not to attend certain work, at some given time, because they are "not in the mood for it."

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 permanent.

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.

CHEEK AND PROPER BOLDNESS.

WHAT is commonly called "cheek" is not worth cultivating. It includes a boldness beyond what is merited, or more than circumstances warrant.

A short time ago a famous necromancer died in Berlin. He was very skillful in sleight of hand, and had been known as the "Court Artist."

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

"Be kind enough to attempt it, your majesty." The emperor began to write, but not a word could he form with the magic pen.

MAN AND ANIMAL.

We human folks seem to be two-fold beings. There is the spirit in us that soars into poetry, that dreams 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.

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.

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 forward to the next, and whatever he did between was of minor interest and sometimes a bore.

THE WORTH OF GOOD CLOTHES.

Is one of Frederika Bremer's Swedish novels, the heroine is represented as putting on her shabbiest dress for the purpose of testing her lover.

Now there is a right and wrong to all this. A man is certainly more than his tailor makes him. A woman is not altogether a creature of silk and lace.

If one is poor, it is a mistake to ape the costumes 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.

LOUIS RIEL. The Leader of the Rebellion in the Northwest. A Bit of History, and the Fate of a Strange Life. BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THE Territory of Dakota and the State of Minnesota are separated partly by the Red River, which, flowing northward, passes through a little square of territory called Manitoba, and empties into Lake Winnipeg.

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 greater 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.

Such an undertaking had to be performed twenty-six years ago, and it was Wolsley, now bronzed and scarred by many later campaigns, was put to lead the expedition against the rebels.

In this rebellion, as in that of 1869, it is the untamed Louis Riel, a hot-blooded, French Canadian, who influences and incites the natives, and controls them by his magnetism and bravery, as a master of the fence his keen and glittering broadsword.

Louis Riel comes from a family in which a brave, hardy, liberty-loving and religious spirit has been prominent. His grandfather settled in the Northwest in 1810, and was a good, just and respected officer of the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

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 sprang 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 had been averted! But no! One day the young friend turned pale in class, staggered, and fell to the floor.

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 it that he had once more—to be executed. Let us mourn a man, made in the image of his Maker, so sadly, so terribly perverted.



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 it that he had once more—to be executed.

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-whop 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.

Three times has Louis Riel journeyed to the East: once to college, once as a representative to Parliament from his people, and once as the inmate of an insane asylum. He may possibly make the journey once more—to be executed.

CONSIDER WELL.

Not what you eat, but what digest, Give you your strength, you'll find, Not what you read, but comprehend, Is what improves your mind.

FUNNY SIDE.

A PAIR of "nippers"—two old toppers. ORIGINAL Western settlers—Pistols and knives. A BOXING match—competition between rival confederates.

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

"Let me go, my dear," yelled a passenger on the West Side street car yesterday. "I beg your pardon," said the other man, "I thought I had hold of the strap."

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

"What did Caesar say when he saw Brutus among his assassins?" To which one boy replied—"Wait till you see the whites of my eyes and then fire."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WORK with all the speed and ease you can, without breaking your head.

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

Penitence reaches not the mind and makes the will supple, it hardens the offender.

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

Some men are so covetous as if they were to live forever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die the 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.

It is little the sign of a wise or a good man to suffer temperance to be transgressed in order to purchase the repulse of a generous entertainer.

THERE is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them off shorter.

It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself.

ROUND AND ROUND.

BY THOMAS DESS ROSSELL.
 HERE from the bow of the hull I took
 Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
 On the old gray mill, with its gambrel roof,
 And the mosses and ivy that grew about,
 I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
 And the rushing water's sound,
 And I see the big wheels rise and fall
 As the wheel goes slowly round.
 I rode there often when I was young,
 With my grout on the horse before,
 And talked with the miller's girl,
 As I waited my turn at the door,
 And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
 And flirted and giggled and smiled,
 The wheel might stop or the wheel might go—
 It was all the same to me.
 "In twenty years since last I stood
 On the spot where the mill is,
 And Nellie is wed and the miller is dead,
 And the mill and I are gray,
 But both, till we die, in a wreck,
 To our fortune of lot are bound,
 And the man goes, and the stream flows,
 And the wheel moves slowly round."

IN A SUMATRA JUNGLE.

BY T. A. COLLIER.

It was in the late autumn of 1866 that the 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 to 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 pepper, and such choice coffees and gums as could be gathered in a lengthened stay. It was late in the evening when the captain returned from the shore, where he had gone immediately after the anchor was dropped, and I heard him ask the steward if he had any news gathered in the lengthened stay. The steward told him that I had just come in from the deck, and was eating my supper, and he immediately 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?"

"Not very much. I have been some distance inland with a young native, but six months is the extreme of my knowledge."

"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 said that they had word from their agent in Palembang saying that he had about two hundred and fifty tons of choice pepper, and a lot of other goods for them, and would ship them by the first vessel bound for Boston. It is not quite time for any ship to sail there, and they thought that if I could get word to the agent, it would be cheaper for them to have the goods brought home in the Walton, as she could call for them without making much delay. There are two ways in which this can be accomplished. I could stay here with the ship, and make provisions for the cargo we are to take in here, while you went across the country to Palembang, and told the agent that we would call for them on our way home, or I could leave you here, and take the ship around and get them, and then return here; but in this season, with the wind against us, this would be tedious, and a ship might call before we arrived. The best way is for a messenger to travel across the country. Are you willing to go?"

"For a moment I was so surprised that I could not reply, and thinking that my hesitation was caused by my inattention to make the journey, the captain said:

"Of course you need not go unless you wish to, for I can send a native, but I thought that it would be better to send a person on whom I could rely."

"I had recovered my self-possession, and was able to put myself right in a few words."

"It was not dislike to the work, captain, but rather an excess of pleasure. I have always had a desire to make just such a journey, and shall be only too glad of the chance."

"I am happy to hear you say this. Of course you can have attendants and horses. The consul will furnish both."

"Do you think I could have the young fellow we used to employ as the boatman? His name is Artoo, and his home is in the mountains between this place and Palembang."

"I think you can. He is with the consul now, for I heard he called this afternoon."

"When am I to set out?"

"As soon as possible, for we do not wish the agent even to engage freight for the goods, you know."

"I can be 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 some money."

"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 preparations, and had given the second mate charge of such things as fell specially to me in the work of the ship.

Then I told the steward to call me at five, and sought my berth. At first I did not sleep much, for my mind was full of strange visions, 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 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.

Artoo, 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 Artoo'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 savage snort, and turning with a quickness that was surprising in so large an animal, faced the forest way from which he had come.

"A tiger," whispered Artoo; "there will be 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.

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 comer off, and faced it. A moment they crocheted, watching each other, and we saw that the attacking animal was, as Artoo had said, a tiger, and a superb specimen of his tribe,

I assented, and remounting our horses, we continued our journey. Late in the afternoon we reached the lower range of hills, and traveled until quite late, as this was the most comfortable time. We stopped at a village, where Artoo 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 Artoo's nativity, and as we drew near it, noticed that an unusual number of the streets with hurrying and noisy people.

Hastening forward, Artoo 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 Artoo.

"The son of the chieftain, Minzee," was the answer.

"Is it my sister's," said Artoo; "which way was it taken?"

The man pointed toward the eastward jungle.

Unslung my rifle, I sprang to the ground, followed by Artoo. Quickly giving the attendants orders to care for the horses, I told Artoo 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 showed the track of the brute. A bit of white cloth hanging to a bramble made the trail more marked, and here our guide grew so wild with fear, that he was of no use.

Telling Artoo to send him back with word that we were following the leopard, I went on, Artoo 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 lianas swung their pendulous litherness 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 immense tree, whose sturdy trunk and low and knotted branches, were bound about and festooned with strong and heavy vines.

We were not far from this, Artoo being a little behind me, and we both sought to locate the cry. A sudden parting of the leaves, as though 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, for a sharp report echoed through the wood, and the leopard tumbled to the ground, the ball having pierced his brain.

Only waiting to see that he was dead, Artoo 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 hand.

Artoo 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.

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

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

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

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

Nothing of note enlivened the remainder of the journey, nor did my return prove adventurous. I remained but three days in Palembang, and reached the village where I had agreed to call two days afterward.

Here I found the skin of the leopard nicely dressed and packed for me, and the mother of the child I had helped save, gave me a cluster of rare gems. No honor seemed too great for the stranger who had dared to risk his life for her child.

Why the leopard had not killed the little one, I cannot say, a wonder to me, unless it was my hasty pursuit, and the noise of this, that kept him watching. Fortune was kind in this, and Artoo was prompt to sound my praises. I found that I was quite a noted person, and to seek a leopard in the lair to which he has carried his prey, was considered a heroic deed.

I shall certainly never forget either the journey or the adventure, and though I have never visited Sumatra since that time, the place and its wilds a very prominent place in my memory.



I PULLED THE TRIGGER, BUT IT SNAPPED WITHOUT RESULT.

been used to bring packs of coffee from 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 wears the eye, some new form of beauty appearing at every turn. Color predominated in all its varied shades, birds, beasts, insects and plants vying with each other in the glory of their garments.

For a time, the way was populous with travelers, but in an hour or more, Artoo turned from the main road, and struck into a less frequented path, which he said was more direct. In this, we were forced to be more cautious, 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.

Once we heard a savage growl, as though he 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 Artoo 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 little deer and antelope come out from the shadows and drink at this.

Suddenly Artoo 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 he 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 followed, told that he had been badly hurt. But his hold was not shaken this time, and we saw his powerful claws working in swift and savage fashion along the rough coat of his foe, whose quivering body and fierce 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 rage was fearful to witness. His claws and teeth were savage in their attacks, and left deep marks of their power, but the rhinoceros seemed to understand his advantage, and while he stolidly took the severe punishing they gave, he kept his foot firm, and watched his chance.

Suddenly, and with a force that was irresistible, he drove his horn into the leaping flank of his foe, and pinned him to the earth.

There was a short, sharp cry 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 withdrew his horn, and looked curiously at his 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 Artoo, "and will soon be well. Shall we go on now?"

BY LIFE'S GOOD-BYE.

BY MARY FEASLE GARDNER.

I never hear the world good—
From those I hold most dear,
But what the heart gives back a sigh
Or speaks a silent prayer.

There's something in the last fond look—
A feeling that I dare not brook—
That makes me say "good-bye" and try
To smile where I say "good-bye."

Good-bye, Ah, well! It is good-bye—
When weary ones lay burdens down,
And when the glories of the crown,
Lift up the cross and give the crown.

What joy to feel the moment when
Our loved ones smile and bid us "good-bye,"
No pain nor death can dim the eye,
Or fond hearts break 'neath life's good-bye.

(This story began in No. 118.)

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.
BY CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER XV.

THE cousins had scarcely reached the camp before they saw a body of Indians riding towards them on the opposite side of the stream, and this caused them to throw themselves flat on the ground in the shelter of some bushes, in hopes of being able to escape observation. They thought their fate was sealed, but when the savages plunged into the water not thirty yards above them, but seeing them dash through the woods they gave a sigh of relief.

Rumman had been holding on to Alfred like grim death during the passage of the stream, and piteously pleading to be saved; so when the savages passed on, Alfred became so incensed at his action that he hurried to dismount one of the first drove of wild mustangs they met.

The cousins then held a consultation, and decided that they would either have to die on the plains with Rumman or get him a horse, so they resolved to try and assassinate one of the first drove of wild mustangs they met.

Breaking camp, they moved down the stream for a mile or more, then crossed the stream, and ascended to the west. They met antelope in large numbers, but dared not fire at them, for fear of making their position known to prowling savages. Towards evening a drove of wild mustangs, and these fled before they could get near enough to chase them.

They determined to capture one if possible, however. So they were away, and as soon as they were, and after halting their horses, started after the runaway. They came upon them again in the course of half an hour; but the stallions that stood as sentinels detected them, and the whole bounded away over the prairie with the fleetness of the wind.

They presented a most stirring spectacle to the cousins, for they were of many colors, and their long tails swept the ground, and their dense manes floated in the wind. They seemed to be in the most playful mood; for they whined, neighed, and reared up their heads, and stamped and gazed proudly at their pursuers.

The latter followed them up in the most dogged manner, and by passing in and out of the brush and to their rightward. The moon had risen by this time and bathed the country in a soft, silver light.

While riding leisurely along, they were astonished to see the mustangs come rushing back towards them.

"What can be the matter with the horses?" asked Alfred in an alarmed tone.

"The Indians are chasing them," was the answer. "Lie low on your pony, and when the drove passes by help me to lasso one. We can capture it and be off before the savages come near us. They are probably a party of the same." "When the maddened throng drew nigh, the lads moved to one side, then rushed in, and whirling their lariats, they threw together at a magnificent cream-colored colt some of a long, slender mane and tail, which led the van."

Jack caught him by one of the fore-legs, while Alfred lassoed him by the neck. Taking a quick turn of the lariat around the necks of their saddles, they hurled him headlong to the ground, and for fear the drove would close on them and force them away in a wild rush, they gave a series of yells, which sent the colt bounding towards the lasso to one side, leaving them free to deal as they pleased with the captive.

The struggle between the youths and their magnificent prisoner was not very arduous, for every time he rose from the ground and tried to break away, he was thrown by getting the ponies to charge themselves against his knees. The colt was pretty well bumped, Jack dismounted, breathed into his nostrils, patted him on the neck, and spoke kindly to him. This soothed him, and though his frenzied rider held him by the ears to be unfettered, and when Jack mounted, he answered to the call of the lariat around his neck, and moved off with the cousins as readily as if he were a pet pony. The captors were delighted with their prize for he seemed to be a perfect type of speed and endurance.

They had not captured him a moment too soon, for the savages had followed so rapidly that they were compelled to break away at full speed, and to bend low on the necks of their steeds to prevent their outlines from being seen; for if they were seen they knew they would be in the power of the pursuit of the mustangs for a dash after their scalps and goods.

The Indians evidently thought the group of three composed solely of mustangs, for they relinquished the chase in a short time, and followed the drove. The cousins rode straight for camp, and found it without any difficulty. They raised their tents from his melancholy reverie, and told him to mount in hot haste if he would save his life.

He grumbled at first, but when Alfred threatened to desert him if he did not hurry, he became more lively, and scrambling to the back of the pony, was soon riding away at full speed. Jack mounted the new captive without any saddle, while his bridle was fastened to the lariat, which was fastened round the animal's jaw.

They galloped onward throughout the night, and the next morning came to a series of high rolling plains, from which the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains. They had no idea where they were; but as their route was westward, they hoped in time to strike the overland trail, which would lead them to civilization.

They had no food that day except prairie dogs, for they would not stop to hunt antelope, as they feared to fire a rifle in such a savage-haunted region. They were obliged to do without water, and this caused themselves and their horses much suffering.

They were fortunate enough to reach a river in

the evening; and of this both riders and steeds drank copiously. The latter, which were thoroughly fagged out and almost famished, threw themselves on the ground before the companions, and after resting an hour, they began nibbling the grass near them.

They slept without any fire that night, for fear of their positions known to prowling Indians, and did not even unroll their blankets, but were content to sleep on the bare earth. Slumber was out of the question, however, for the prairie wolves kept up their wailing all night long, and the stentorian tones of the gray wolves were loud enough to arouse the seven sleepers.

Rumman was very much afraid of these, and Jack in the morning killed three as no danger. They saddled their mustangs at daylight, and moved off at a brisk canter, after having feasted on prairie dogs, which Jack killed with arrows.

The route led over the rolling plain for two days, and on the third they commenced ascending the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Having ridden until dark, they sought shelter in a dense forest of fir, which extended to the snow-line. They had met no savages on the march, but signs of their presence in the neighborhood were numerous; for smoldering fires, the remains of burnt animal debris camps were scattered in every direction.

In the morning they mounted their steeds, and after making their horses as comfortable as possible, so steep that they had to lead their horses in a short time, and when they reached the snow-fields, the latter could hardly travel at all.

The ascent of the mountains was a matter of trouble, as it was so dangerous to retreat as to advance, and to do either seemed almost impossible. While they were debating what to do, a fierce thunderstorm burst over their heads, and the rain was accompanied by violent torrents of rain; but not a drop fell on the mountain, as it was above the line of the shower.

They beheld from their exalted position was sublime in the extreme; for below them, on the distant plain, the air seemed to be a dense mass of sulphurous glare and bluish-black lines, and the thunder cracked, growled, rumbled, and roared about their heads with such fearful intensity, that they felt as if they were in the midst of a storm of fire and brimstone, and that a white light. The thunder cracked, growled, rumbled, and roared about their heads with such fearful intensity, that they felt as if they were in the midst of a storm of fire and brimstone, and that a white light.

The hearts even of Jack and Alfred quailed on beholding this awful spectacle. But they had anticipated such a scene, and in fact they felt a curious sensation in the body, as if they had received a shock from a strong electric battery.

They experienced a peculiar "crawling" feeling; and so they were obliged to crawl up the mountain, being propped down their backs; and their muscles trembled, much as they would when a person is recovering from a "sleepy foot." Their faces blanched and they would not look up at the sky, for a man finally became so overpowered with emotion that he fell down on the snow. Even the horses trembled with fright, and whinnied when the thunder rolled above their heads.

The storm died away in the course of half an hour, and as the distant echoes of the thunder became fainter and fainter, so did the prickly sensation in their bodies, and they were again as they had been when they started. The cousins looked at each other when they felt in their normal condition, and both owned that they had been far more frightened than they would admit, and that the storm had done them no harm, and that the altitude that they ever had been by the tumultuous contests of screaming savages.

They continued to ascend the shower, and the air became crisp and clear. This revived them so much that they tried to advance, but the horses slipped and floundered to such an extent that they were obliged to retreat, and when they were started by a thundering report above them.

Leaping, rather than turning round, they were horrified to see a vast field of snow giving way to a mass of black rocks, and they were so appalled by the new danger that they stood riveted to the spot on which they stood, and gazed at the slowly moving column as if they were petrified. As it moved on, they were obliged to retreat, and when they were again started by a thundering report above them.

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The cousins returned to the blazing pile in the course of half an hour, and found the snakes groaning around it, and enjoying its glow and heat. Some of the groans were so loud that they were heard sardonically over their victory, and pointed out a dozen or more whose erect heads and swift-moving tongues indicated that they looked upon the affair as good jokes.

They emptied their revolvers at these; but the fusillade, instead of scaring them, only aroused them into fury, and they hissed and rattled, and thrust out their red tongues with the rapidity of lightning. Recognizing the hopelessness of the contest, the cousins returned to where Rumman was rolled up in the blankets, and, wrapping themselves in them, they sat down to wait until the foot of a tree, and began speculating about their future.

Having discussed the possibility of being able to reach California, or discovering a gold or silver mine, even if they did not find the famous mountain, they stretched themselves on the ground and tried to sleep; but this proved a difficult matter, for they were frequently roused from their dozing by the weird sounds of snowy owls, or the sharp screams of cave-rats, which were prowling about the foot of the mountain, and the noise of the preventive of slumber, but, towards midnight, these disquieting elements partly ceased, and they were able to obtain a little repose.

At sunrise in the morning they were surprised to see about six inches of snow on their blankets, and Alfred wondered it had not smothered them; but his cousin told him it rarely did that, and that they were indebted to it for their brief sleep, as it kept them warm by excluding the raw atmosphere, and also suppressed the cries of the howling animals.

After saddling their horses they went toward the fire to see if they were still alight, but on reaching it they found it covered with snow, while the snakes were about to retreat, and the limited quantity of hibernation from which they had been awakened by the deceitful heat. As they had no means of procuring water for themselves or their horses, except by melting snow, they were obliged to push on until they came to a stream or a lake.

They rode until mid-day without meeting even a panmigan; and so far as they were rather hot, and the glare of the snow-floes which admitted no direct sunlight, and that they were indebted to it for their brief sleep, as it kept them warm by excluding the raw atmosphere, and also suppressed the cries of the howling animals.

About one o'clock they saw a thin smoke rising vertically into the sky from the mountain. This was a welcome sight, and they hastened toward it as fast as their horses could scramble. When they reached the spot whence it issued, they found it to be a small opening in the earth, whose top was covered with mountain shrubs, prominent among which was a species of heather.

They did not know what to make of this strange place, and were in doubt as to whether it was a human habitation or a miniature volcano. Jack resolved to find out what it was, and, dismounting, he went to the opening, and examined it carefully. He could see no door, or the semblance of one, but he saw quite a large hole.

Looking at the ground near this, he was surprised to find several imprints of several naked feet; and noting how they differed in size, he concluded that the mound was occupied by Indians. He was obliged to creep up the mountain, and when he was within a few feet of the opening, he was surprised to find a large hole.

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prised at the absence of the latter, and seizing a fresh brand, began searching every nook and cranny for it. After groping his way into a gloomy recess or a sort of cave, he was startled by a pair of black eyes, which seemed to glitter in the darkness, staring vacantly at him.

Thinking they belonged to a snake he was about to retreat, when a hollow voice muttered some gibberish, which sounded like the croaking of an ogre. His heart gave a bound on hearing this, but he soon recovered his self possession, and lifting the brand over his head, he saw by its dim light the form of a mummy-like square lying on a couch of almost rotten mountain grass and sage brush.

She had only a small quantity of clothing over her, which had features, thick, parchment-like skin, and watery eyes showed that she was suffering from cold, old age, hunger, and the choking, blinding smoke.

She evidently did not recognize him as a stranger, for she repeated her gibberish in a tone which Jack assumed to be an interrogative.

Not knowing how to say, he threw the brand into the fire, and retreated as rapidly as possible into the open air, for the stench of the place was what might be called horrible, while the atmosphere was so thick with smoke that he was asphyxiated if he remained there much longer.

When he found himself once more beneath the clear sky, he breathed heavily several times, to fill his lungs with fresh air, and as soon as he had recovered from the nausea produced by the foul gases of the hole, he and his cousin examined the stores he had brought away.

These consisted of various species of pine-nuts, acorns, which were made into cakes, and such roots as the corn, yampah, camas, or wild yam, arrowhead, or swamp potato, tobacco-root, and other articles of food.

Some of these were in their natural state, while others were made into hard cakes, which had, apparently, been dried in the sun. He asked the Indian to give him some to eat with these, and he replied that he would take a little of each sort, to see how they tasted, and return the remainder.

Having placed all that he did not need at the mouth of the cavity, he started in quest of the crevice where the savages had disappeared, and soon found the hole looked down into this, but could not see anybody.

Not caring to descend, he shouted down, and asked the Indians to come out, and this was taken up by the Indian, who, in answer, called out that it seemed as if myriads of men were calling at the same time.

Every shrub and stone in the immediate neighborhood appeared to echo, and as soon as he had remarked distinctness, and then sent it rumbling and crashing to the distant snow peaks, until it finally died away in murmuring whispers, only to come thundering back again with tenfold energy, after the lapse of a few seconds. It was heard first in one direction, then in another; now far, now near; now here, now there.

The Indians came rushing out of their cave in the greatest state of alarm, before the massive volumes of sound had died away, and by unintelligible words, and expressive looks, began to plead for mercy. Jack was glad to understand by pantomimic gestures that they were perfectly safe, and by making signs of drinking, made them comprehend he wanted water to cool their throats.

The old man, who was armed with a bow and arrow, beckoned him to follow, and led him down into a deep, Plutonian chasm, through which a narrow brook was seen to flow, and to be understood by the upper world, the Indian started for his cave, and he and his entire family returned in a short time with some waterproof baskets, which were made of coarse grass and the fibres of the cedar trees.

After filling these with water they took them to the horses, and the poor creatures drank until they seemed to be satisfied. Jack, however, was not quenched their thirst in the stream, which was cold enough to send a painful shock through their teeth, then returned to the upper world, the brook came rushing out of their cave in the greatest state of alarm, before the massive volumes of sound had died away, and by unintelligible words, and expressive looks, began to plead for mercy.

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SHREWD FORESIGHT.

A RECENT writer, speaking of the late John Jacob Astor, thus speaks of the mode by which he acquired his great wealth: It was neither furs nor teas that gave him twenty million dollars. When he arrived in New York it contained only twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In 1809, when he had begun to have money to invest, the city had begun to double in population, and had advanced nearly a mile up the island. Astor foresaw the future growth, and bought the lands and lots just beyond the river, where the city was to be built. His little anecdote will show the wisdom of his proceeding. He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall St., in 1810, for eight thousand dollars, which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed to chuckle over his bargain. "Why, Mr. Astor," said he, "I have bought a lot for eight thousand dollars, and you have sold it for twelve thousand dollars, my eighty lots will be worth eighty thousand dollars." "Which proved to be the fact," said the writer, "for the island was dotted all over with Astor lands, to such an extent that the whole income from his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses, without buying any more land."

HIS OTHER NAME.

A BOMBY little boy, about three and a half years old, to whom his mother had on several occasions repeated the Lord's Prayer, surprised her by asking one day, "What was the name of the bird that said it is God Hallowed?" "This same little fellow wants to know 'if the birds talk off their feathers when they go to bed.'"

NATURE EVER BEAUTIFUL.

BY ALFRED ADEN.

SAY, do not quarrel with the seasons, dear. Nor make an enemy of friendly Time. The fruit and foliage of the falline year...

A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.

BY RALPH MORGAN.

MARY SLOCUMB was the noble-hearted wife of one of the bravest soldiers of the Southern army, and was a fair specimen of the heroic women...

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...

"Why, Mary? what are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army!" he exclaimed.

"True, true! every word of it!" said Caswell; "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."

"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."

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.

"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 stockings, 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 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.

"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 Caswell; "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.

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 twenty-five 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 dear?"

"Oh, no! I didn't mind it in the least, thank you. I was quite busy working out a mental problem."

"And what was that, love?" "Why they call the front curtain the drop."

Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an associate of canine fidelity which, had it been told been heralded throughout the civilized world as an instance of humanity's supremest devotion to duty.

ledge, but crouching low, was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice, he stopped the train and went back, beside the dead dog was a dead child, which, it is supposed, had wandered on to the track and had gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but, unheeded, had died at its post, a victim 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 consider what kind of a sign would be most attractive.

"Good morning!" "Doctor replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign. "You want to buy leather?" "No." "Want to sell hides?" "No." "Are you a farmer?" "No." "Are you a merchant?" "No." "Lawyer?" "No." "Doctor?" "No." "Minister?" "No." "What in thunder are you then?" "I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to see how that sign had got through that angelic hole, and for the life of me I can't make it out!"

PLAYING GAMES.

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:

"Whose play is it?" "Who took that trick?" "What's his trump?" "What was led?" "Whose ace is that?" "Did I take that?" "What's his trumps?" "Is it my play?" "That's the left bowler, isn't it?" "Is that mine?" "Ain't I got a club?" "What's his trumps?" "Did they euchre us?" "How many did I make?" "Whose deal is it?"

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

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

Kearney says the Chinese must go; but, before they do, we wish to inform them and everybody else that Adams & Botsford's Balsam continues to win the day in curing coughs, colds, and all difficult breathing.—Adv.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

The Great Soap Wonder, Allison's

"DEATH ON DIRT,"

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

No Boiling Is Required, And But Very Little Rubbing. The Steam, Slops, And Heat Of Washing-Day Are Avoided.

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

The Washing Is Done With Less Labor, Less Fuel, Less Time, And Less Trouble Than With Any Other Soap. Comparisons Are Courted.

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

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

Sold By Grocers, Or Sample Cake Sent On Receipt Of Twelve Cents, To Pay Postage. (Stamps Taken.)

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50 New Embossed Chromo Cards or 12 gold edge & hidden name cards 10c 5 pcs. set. Ivory Card Co., Ironton, Ct.

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100 NEW FANCY Scrap Pictures, large Horse's Head, Kittens, Dogs, Girls, Motions, etc. and 4 (no two alike) large Remembrance Cards. 10c. BOOK CO., Nassau, N. Y.

60 New Style, Embossed Hidden Name and Chromo Visting Cards no falls, name on, 10c. 12 packs \$1. Warranted best sold. Sample Book, 4c. LEONARD & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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