

GOLDEN TREASURES

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," "Jack and Jack," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

JOEL AS DETECTIVE.

A POSITION as detective would have suited Joel. Whatever was secret or stealthy had a charm for him. He liked to pry into the secrets of other people, and had more than once managed to overhear conversations between his father and mother which they had intended to keep from him.

In the present instance he managed to shadow Harry very successfully. The task was made easier, because our hero had no idea that any one was following him. If he had turned round he might have caught sight of Joel wriggling along in such a way as to escape notice.

"So he's goin' to the railroad," said Joel to himself, when Harry's direction became evident. "Wonder if he expects to stop another train. If he does he'll have to divide with me."

Arrived at the railroad track, Harry's course diverged to the hillock, at the top of which he had concealed his treasure.

"What in the world's he goin' up there for?" thought Joel, puzzled. "It won't do for me to follow him, or he'll see me and smell a rat."

Joel posted himself at a point where he had a good view of the elevation, and could see what Harry was doing. He spied on general principles, and expected to make any notable discovery. When, therefore, he saw our hero digging at a particular spot, he concluded that he was going to hide the fifteen dollars there. What was his surprise and delight when he saw him dig up and expose to view a large roll of bills, evidently far exceeding in value the small sum which had excited his cupidity!

"Oh, cracky!" ejaculated Joel, "there must be a hundred dollars in that roll of bills. Wouldn't dad open his eyes if he saw it? Harry's a sly one, to make us think he had only fifteen dollars. If I don't get some of it, my name isn't Joel Fox."

Unconscious of observation, Harry held the money in his hand and deliberated. Should he replace it in the hole or find another place of concealment? On the whole, he decided upon the former. He reflected that some one might find it, and, if so, there would be small chance of his recovering it. He put it in his pocket, resolved to think over at his leisure its ultimate place of deposit.

Now, unfortunately, Mr. Joel, just at this moment he slipped from his perch on the branch of a small tree, and for about half a minute what Harry did was concealed from him. He clambered into the tree again, but only to see Harry filling up the hole again. This was done so as to avoid exciting the curiosity of any one who might notice that the earth had been disturbed.

"He's put it back," thought Joel. "Ho, ho! I may be he'll find it there when he comes to look for it next time."

He didn't want Harry to catch sight of him when he descended from the hill, and accordingly scuttled away sufficiently far to escape suspicion, yet not too far to lose sight of Harry's movements.

Five minutes later Harry descended from the hill, and bent his steps towards that part of the railway where the accident had occurred. Joel, who had hastened away in a different direction, went back to the hill as soon as he thought it would be safe, and eagerly ascended it. He found without difficulty the spot where Harry had been digging. With the help of a fragment of wood which he had picked up below, he in turn began to dig—his eyes glistening with expectation and cupidity.

"If I find the money," he said to himself, "I won't tell dad. If I did, he would take it all, and I wouldn't get a cent of it. I know a way that than that. I'll keep it all myself, and nobody will be the wiser. Harry won't know who's got it, and he won't dare to make any fuss. Won't I feel rich with a hundred dollars! I'll save it all up, and keep it till I'm a man."

It was a very pretty air-castle that Joel was building, and the thought that he would be

virtually stealing money belonging to another did not trouble him in the least. His conscience was not remarkably sensitive, and it only struck him as a very creditable piece of strategy.

He kept digging, but gradually became anxious, as the expected treasure did not show itself.

"I'm sure I have dug deep enough," he said to himself. "Can I have got the wrong place?"

But no! there was little doubt of that. He had watched carefully the spot when Harry had been at work. Moreover the ground had not been disturbed in any other place near at hand.

"He must have took the money when I fell from the tree," thought Joel, crest-fallen. "He's served me a mean trick. Won't I tell dad, though, and get him into trouble? Oh, no!"

Meanwhile Harry, not knowing how nar-

"Very well, my lad, what is it?" "Will you take care of my money for me? I don't want to spend it, and I am afraid of losing it."

"How much have you?" "I had nearly three hundred dollars. I should like to put two hundred and fifty into your hands."

"Suppose I should take a sudden flight to Canada?" said the president, jocosely.

"I will take the risk of that, sir."

"Well, my boy, if you really desire it, I will take the money."

"I shall regard it with a very great favor."

No sooner said than done. They went into the de-

have seen me on the hill," concluded Harry. "It's well I gave most of my money to Mr. Conway."

CHAPTER XI.

MR. FOX LEARNS HARRY'S SECRET.

HARRY had acted none too soon. It happened that his secret had been discovered not only by Joel, but by Joel's father, that very morning.

Mr. Fox had been surprised that Harry had received so little, especially when he considered how large a sum he had given to Mrs. Brock. Mentally he had stigmatized his ward as a reckless fool to part with so large a proportion of his money. Yet he had never doubted that fifteen dollars was all that Harry had left, and, small as it was, he was eager to get it into his hands, as we already know.

About ten o'clock Mr. Fox had occasion to go to the village. In the post-office he met an acquaintance from a neighboring town, with whom he passed the usual compliments.

"By the way, Fox," said his friend, "I had a narrow escape the other day."

"What was it, Pearson?" "Came near being smashed up on the railroad."

"Where?" "Here, down by your depot. Didn't you hear of the wash-out?"

"Yes. Were you on the train?" "I was. There would have been an end of us, but for a brave boy who signaled the train in time."

"That boy was my ward," said John Fox, complacently.

"You don't say so! Well, he was a lucky chap."

"I don't think so. He didn't get much for his bravery. On my word, I think he was meanly treated."

"I don't see how you can say that. How much money did he get?"

"Twenty-five dollars, and of that he gave ten to the woman whose table-cloth he borrowed."

"There's some mistake about that. There must have been forty or fifty bills put into his hands, and I know that there were two ten-dollar bills among them. I myself gave two dollars."

"Is this true?" ejaculated Fox in amazement.

"Just as true as I'm standing here. If there wasn't two or three hundred dollars I'll eat my head."

"The artful young rascal!" exclaimed Fox in virtuous indignation. "He told me he had only fifteen dollars left after what he gave to Mrs. Brock."

"Perhaps he thought you would take it from him. The boy was smart," said Pearson laughing.

"You call it smart! I call it base and treacherous!" said John Fox, very much excited.

"Did he give you the fifteen dollars?" "No, he didn't. He wanted to keep it himself. As it was a small sum, I let him do it."

Mr. Fox was silent as to the character of the efforts he made to secure the money.

"After all, the money belonged to the boy, Fox."

"I don't agree with you. Ain't it his guardian, I'd like to know?"

"I won't deny it, though I don't know anything about it. I'll take your word for it."

"Then of course I'm entitled to his money," continued Mr. Fox.

"To what money was left him, I admit; that is, to keep in trust for him. But this money was different."

"No difference at all! As his guardian it's my duty to take it from him, and not let him spend it foolishly, as I've no doubt he would."

"He must have hidden it somewhere."

"I'll find it, wherever it is. If that boy expects to outwit John Fox, he's got to get up pretty early in the morning."

"Have you received the appointment of his guardian?" "Well, no, not yet; but I was his father's choice, and of course there won't be any opposition."

"How old is the boy?"



HARRY VANE ASKS THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD TO TAKE CARE OF HIS MONEY.

rowly he had escaped being robbed, pursued his way to the railway. He had his money in his pocket, but he began to feel the embarrassment of riches. He was quite at a loss to know what to do with it. To keep it by him in the house of his guardian after the experiences of the previous night would be hazardous. Though he was fully resolved to defend his property, he was quite aware that his guardian was stronger than himself, and could take it by force if he undertook to do so.

"If I were only in my old home," he thought, "I would ask Mr. Howard to take care of it for me. Then I should know it was all right."

But Mr. Howard was a hundred miles away, and that arrangement was hardly practicable. Then he thought of the president of the railroad, to whom he was principally indebted for the money.

"If I could only see him," he thought, "I would ask him to take care of it for me."

What was his surprise, when on reaching the depot the first person on whom his eyes fell was the very gentleman of whom he was thinking.

"How do you do, sir?" said Harry, politely. "Ah, my young friend that saved the train!" said the president cordially. "I hope you haven't spent the money you received on riotous living."

"My living has been far from riotous," answered Harry, smiling. "At my boarding-place there is very little chance of my falling a victim to the gont. But, sir, I have a favor to ask of you,"

pot, and Harry, counting out two hundred and fifty dollars, passed it over to the president.

"I will give you a receipt for it," said the railroad official.

"It isn't necessary, sir."

"It is business," was the brief reply.

He made out a brief receipt, signing it "Thomas Conway, President of the Craven County Railroad," and Harry pocketed it with a feeling of relief.

"I will send it to Mr. Howard, and get him to keep it for me," Harry decided. "Then my guardian can't get on the track of it."

While he was standing in front of the depot waiting for the arrival of the 8-30 train, Joel came up.

"Goin' a travelin'?" asked Joel, with a grin.

"Not this morning."

"I wish I had a hundred dollars!" continued Joel, surveying Harry sharply.

"Suppose you had, what then?" "I'd make a journey out West. Say, Harry, did you ever have a hundred dollars in your pocket?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you've got it now?" "Where should I get it?" demanded Harry, eyeing Joel sharply in his turn.

"I do no. Jest empty your pockets, and let me see how much you've got."

SPRING ROSES.

By G. ORMSBROOK.

A breeze flush upon the air, From roses in full bloom; Methinks the summer looks this way, And will be on its soon. The garden bluebells like a girl, As love's first wish to see; And delicate the rare perfumes That all our senses greet. If these spring roses throw such charms Upon our eyes, And what will it be when summer opens The portals of the day. And, coming through the golden gates, Laden with perfume, Throws beauty over all the earth, And fragrance everywhere? How beautiful the roses seem, Clapped in the arms of spring! Priced dearly both for what they are, And what we know they'll bring. A brighter blush of color rare, An art of sweeter scent, Blue skies, gold rays, and green arcades, In one fair picture blend.

[This story commenced in No. 121.]

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON. Author of "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's Ring," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued.)

Nor far from the door, as she left the little place and feasted her eyes on the glittering Potomac, brightened with a hundred sails, stood a splendid carriage drawn up to the door. Beth tripped along, almost forgetting the mixed character of her visit in the clear air, amid the dear old surroundings. Suddenly she was accosted by a tall young man in a slouch hat. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Beth, in sudden confusion, for there was nothing to beg his pardon for, unless it was that she had almost been blown up her pathway. Then suddenly her face flushed, and pride came to her aid. "I cannot stop," she said, "let me pass."

"Miss Beth—have you forgotten me?" and the son of a powerful senator removed his hat as he spoke. "Do you remember promising me that you would come to the city with me?" "If I did I have changed my mind," said little Beth, with dignity. "Allow me to pass, sir." She stepped aside, quite as if by her manner. She moved on, but with heightened color, that Revere was coming towards her, and that she glanced contemptuously toward the senator's son and his equipage. "And he saw me talking with him," she said to herself with burning cheeks. "I was promised Mr. Louis I would bring you here if I found you," said Revere, turning back. "He was anxious about you."

"Will he think I have been riding with that man?" she said to herself, yet knew not how to speak of it. "I couldn't resist the temptation of visiting my old home," said Beth in an undertone. "I don't recall it," said the handsome young man, yet Beth thought she detected an undertone of doubt. "Shall you go to the picnic to-morrow?" he asked. "Mr. Louis expects me to go, I believe," she answered. "It will be a very brilliant affair without doubt," he said, and all the time was instituting comparisons between this wild, careless, beautiful creature, and Clara no less beautiful, but so much more circumspect—so much more rarely cultured.

"If I told Louis that she followed," he thought to himself, "he would be furious." It would be like this, but he shall not say a word. "Good night," she said, at the door, "and thank you for your services." In spite of his theories, the lovely, bright face haunted him all the way home. "Beetle Beth in his face changed when he saw who it was. He stood up straighter—he even began to smile. "Are they all home?" she asked, quietly. "Yes," he said, a look of adoration lighting up his dark, proud features. "I didn't ask you to say yourself," said Beth, haughtily. "You must learn to know your place. You are one of the servants."

looked as if he thought I had made some terrible mistake. Perhaps he thinks I have been riding with him, as he must have turned a corner to come on so suddenly, when, in fact, I had refused very ungraciously to do so," said Clara. "I will tell you will tell Colonel Earle, and Colonel Earle will tell Mr. Louis, and I shall have to go over the whole explanation, and then, perhaps, not be believed."

"You are a blessed, unselfish darling," said Beth, "and I only wish I were ever so little like you. I should not get into such scrapes." "I am sure you will take care of yourself," said Clara, for Beth had been standing in the doorway all the time. "My old nurse is here, you haven't seen her yet."

In came Beth, eager and a little dishevelled, for she had pulled off her hat. "Laws missee, you're so little and so peart!" laughed Tony, who stood up, herself a picture, in a yellow Madras turban, white dress and black apron, which latter was of the finest silk, worn now to grace the occasion of her arrival, and she dropped a deep courtesy. "Is so glad to see you, child, honey! An' I come to live here, an' I hope miss, you're one black Honty'll be friends, missee."

"I'm real glad to see you, sunny," said Beth with the frankness of a child. "And Miss Clara, I've given poor Bee his conge, isn't that what Mr. Revere called it, and I don't expect the poor fellow knew what I meant, for he just stood and looked at me as he was frightened," or was. "Maybe he'll scalp me," she added, with an expression of comic terror. "I hope not, because I'm very proud of my hair, and I don't want it to be cut off."

"Clara looked at her with a keen pain. Never did anything attraction bring out more salient points. "Uncle Louis's face!" thought Clara, turning away. "I wouldn't have said Aunt Lucie see her now for worlds."

"Whether fate, whose irony is sometimes as pronounced as its certainty, sent Madame Lucie to the city, or whether she had come to see her, she was, starting fixedly at Beth, who was herself a fixture, her eyes being attracted by her own image in the glass.

"I have seen the picture of my mother," said Beth, to the dear old professor had hidden away. "I know, but I found it after that he left with Adam. She wore her hair this way!" "I came up to talk to your nurse," said a voice. "I don't think she is going to be here," said Clara, trembling excessively, but placed a chair for her aunt. "No, no, never mind, dear," said Madame Lucie. "I will go to-morrow, and she will be here." "But wasn't she pale, though?" queried Beth, who stood with her luxuriant hair hanging down. "I don't know," said Clara, looking at her. "Between you and I, I believe she looks more over that lost love than anybody thinks for."

CHAPTER XIII.

"No, I'm not going!" said Beth, angrily, the next morning. "I don't want to go to the picnic that way. Mr. Louis and the madame are to ride, and there's plenty of room in the carriage. They want to put me on the boat with the crowd, in the afternoon, and no going company with Bee and Martha, so I'll stay at home," she added, with an undecy yawn, her lips trembling. "I don't think it is in the carriage with the baskets, fishing-rods and all the paraphernalia of the expected excursion—the servants flying over all parts of the house seemingly at once, everybody talking, and everybody in a hurry."

Clara met Beth in the hall, and said to her that she had better put her hat on, when the girl replied as stated above. "You'll want that," said Clara, pointing to her hat, some of the best people will go by boat."

"It doesn't make any difference. They don't care, and I don't think I'll stay at home and practice," she added, half slyly. "I don't think I'd deny myself a day's pleasure when I could go just as well as not," said Clara. "Not if you went, that way, queried Beth, crowding back the tears. "Are you going in the boat?"

"I don't know," said Clara, her cheeks eloquent with color. "Mr. Earle is coming for me." "Then you'll go in style," said Beth, pleased, yet pointing. "Never mind—perhaps it's the best thing I can do for you, and I'll be a letter just come." Clara thought often of that little speech only the next day.

A few moments after that Clara ran up stairs in search of Beth. "Hurry, Beth," she said—Beth was rummaging over her scanty dress, to keep herself from thinking, she said, but the tears kept falling in spite of her forced composure. "You're to go with us!" "Oh! you don't mean—" said Beth, with a glad little cry.

"I don't mean to say you were to go with us—and didn't ask you, either," she added, reading Beth's thoughts. "There is plenty of room." "That's grand!" said Beth, all smiles and sunshine. "I'll be ready in five minutes." Two of the finest blooded horses in Washington, and a turnout that was the envy of all the parvenu, stood in front of the house. A dashing coachman in a blue suit with bright buttons, led the ribbons. In the capacious body of the vehicle were two seats, and Colonel Earle smiled as he seated himself in front of the coach. "I'll be ready in five minutes," said Clara, while the passers by indulged their curiosity by both open and stealthy glances.

"My dear," said Mrs. Carl, addressing Clara, as she sat in the carriage. "I have a letter just come, and she showed a foreign postmark. "There is no time to take it into the house—the door is locked. What shall do with it?" "Clara held out her ready hand. Her cheeks were as red roses. Beth smiled significantly, and Earle looked away. "You'll find if you wish to read it," said Earle, courteously. "Oh, it doesn't matter," said Clara, "it will keep." "Now, I couldn't do that," said Beth, with a thoughtless laugh and glance that amounted almost to impudence, but Clara only smiled, angry with herself for her thoughtless remark. "I'm not different to all the past, forgetful of every man's trouble, enjoyed her position the more that Madame Carl was the witness of her felicity. As for

Clara—her mind was in a tumult. She could have wished, if she had dared, that the letter had been given her at so inopportune a moment. She had thrust it in her bag, and tried resolutely to forget it, but she remembered it then took her to task because of her indifference.

It was a lovely October day. Nothing could be more beautiful than the broad arch of the sky unobscured by a single cloud. The trees were laden with the gorgeous banners of autumn. Afar could be heard the notes of a band, on its way with the veterans to the boat. Clara did ever, her letter, in her hand, remembered it then took her to task because of her indifference. "Their carriage is not half as lovely as ours," she said in an aside to Clara, "and their driver looks like a nobody, while ours might pass for a count in disguise, he is so handsome and important."

Clara listened and smiled. "Naturally they were out in the open country, and bowling along at an easy pace by the side of the canal. The two steamers by that time had got under way, and made a pretty sight with their long, thin, white bows, and their tall, thin masts, against the glorious blue of the sky. Everything was new to Clara, and she put away from her all vague discomfort, and tried to thoroughly enjoy her ride. She sometimes felt a little uneasy, as she lay alongside the gay groups on the boat, and could have talked with them. Earle rather enjoyed the glances of the fair widow, whose eyes, under a pink tulle, followed the equipage with motions that he never guessed at. Beth, too, forgetful, nodded and smiled towards the dark face of the Indian who

steered the boat. "I have two ladies I see," said one of Mrs. Lake's busy-body friends, adding, with the worst possible taste, "I wonder he didn't take you. There's plenty of room!" said the widow, lying bravely. "Yes, and then people might talk, you know," said the other, but she will talk in any case," said the widow, wrathfully, and almost turning her back on the speaker, began pointing out the beauties of the shore. "What pretty girls the old gentleman has got with him!" said Al, who had not heard a word of all his mother had said. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

"He couldn't marry but one," said his mother. "I'll bet that one in the black and white hat there—the other is too young," said the sapient old gentleman, who had been looking at Clara, and can see the color of her eyes, and she stands the glass, too," he added, meaning that under the opera glass her beauty was just as evident. "I don't think you're talking about Al," she queried. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

"He couldn't marry but one," said his mother. "I'll bet that one in the black and white hat there—the other is too young," said the sapient old gentleman, who had been looking at Clara, and can see the color of her eyes, and she stands the glass, too," he added, meaning that under the opera glass her beauty was just as evident. "I don't think you're talking about Al," she queried. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

"I shouldn't wonder if it was some of the foreign legation," said Al. "There's a touch about them, but I don't think you're talking about Al," she queried. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

The programme carried out would take them to Cabin John Bridge, where they were to remain for two or three hours, stroll round, dance, eat and drink, and then to the house of Mrs. Lake, where they were to go to Great Falls, enjoy their beauty in the early evening, and come home by moonlight. "I don't think you're talking about Al," she queried. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

Revere at once attached himself to Clara, walked at her side, talked with her, and carried her shawl. "I don't think you're talking about Al," she queried. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

Had she not noticed him once! But so, proud and preoccupied, she looked up in the handsome face of her brother, and he had a letter just come, and she showed a foreign postmark. "There is no time to take it into the house—the door is locked. What shall do with it?" "Clara held out her ready hand. Her cheeks were as red roses. Beth smiled significantly, and Earle looked away. "You'll find if you wish to read it," said Earle, courteously. "Oh, it doesn't matter," said Clara, "it will keep." "Now, I couldn't do that," said Beth, with a thoughtless laugh and glance that amounted almost to impudence, but Clara only smiled, angry with herself for her thoughtless remark. "I'm not different to all the past, forgetful of every man's trouble, enjoyed her position the more that Madame Carl was the witness of her felicity. As for

"I'll take the love story," said Mrs. Lake, smiling.

"Well, even that is uninteresting, rather. Two brothers, John and Jacob, came here from the old country, built a house, and then they went to the Virginia mountains, and Jacob loved her also. There was some trial for choice, I have forgotten what, but Jacob was the victor and married the girl. John could not tolerate the sight of his brother's happiness, came here in the wilderness, and built a rude cabin where he lived and died. That's all."

"He smiled as he met Clara's eyes. She had followed his recital with much interest, and she said, "Rachel was horrid, no doubt," said Revere. "I shouldn't wonder if she had red hair, a stumpy nose, and a face that would require a good deal of 'I never heard,' said Earle. "But I have known some heroines with fewer charms whose love was fated to happiness," said the widow, "it is so, how some natures attract undying love in the opposite sex. It is, I suppose, a species of enchantment. I confess I would it was an endorsement of mine. I dare you say, turning to something of that kind," she said, returning to Earle.

"I have always been a worshiper of beauty, Mrs. Lake, and had with a courtly bow, the remark, "Very nearly turned," muttered Revere. Earle seized the opportunity of speaking in a low voice to Clara, and the two moved off together.

"Five minutes later, when the widow, who had held the arm and ear of Beth. In that time she had learned Clara's parentage, standing and engaged in conversation with her. "I don't think you're talking about Al," she queried. "Old Earle," said the boy, irreverently, "they're both handsome. I'll bet he's going to get married."

"I can understand the negro," said Clara. "He is generally harmless and amiable." "Miss Beth can tutor the untutored savage," said Earle, a humorous twinkle in his eyes, which made Clara smile. "You think she knows that the old folks came," he added a moment after. "The old folks?" Clara repeated. "Yes, the old folks," said Earle, smiling at his droll manner.

"Let Paradise this A. M.; are on board the boat, but too late to amble about the intricated Cabin John Bridge. She will see them probably at the falls. Either Louis or I can take them in a carriage as far as a carriage will go. Fancy, they have a horse and carriage, and they are not so far from home before as this. Miss Clara, he added in a lower voice, "it occurs to me that you might, for a minute to yourself in which to read your letter."

Her letter! she had actually forgotten it! she thought with a qualm of conscience, and he had read it! "I'll be right back," she said, and she was gone. "Here they are!" cried a chorus of voices. Mrs. Lake, her son, Beth and Revere came in view.

"Louis seemed anxious to see you," said Revere, "and I think he would like to find you. I think it must be something important. If you wish to go, I will take charge of Miss Clara. A very few minutes, and she will be back of herself," said Earle, in a low, significant tone. "I have found that out."

"We will all go to her together," said Clara in a fluttering speech, and she took her leave. "Yes, that is better," said Earle. "The boat's bell is ringing."

Revere frowned, and his handsome face grew stern. "Be in your nook glided warily off. He had finished his work, quite ignorant that he had done so, and he had the well-cared revolver, carefully loaded, concealed under his coat. (To be continued.)

STILL WONDERING.

The Boston Courier gives the following take-off on the dude: "I do not—see," said he, as he withdrew the head of his cane from his mouth, "why there should be so much objection to—aw—roller-skating; it is a harmless amusement." "Some physicians say it is injurious to the health," she observed as she plied her crocheted needle.

"Perhaps so," he rejoined, "but—aw—they all seem to agree in the opinion that '—here he blushed slightly—"that—aw—it strengthens the calves." "I'm indeed," she said with an arch smile; "do you feel any stronger since you began to skate?"

He is still wondering what she meant by putting her question in that form. A LOGICAL HEN. Every one has heard of the distress of the hen on beholding young ducklings hatched by her taking to the water. This occurs so frequently as to attract little remark, except when observed by any one for the first time. Mr. Jesse, in his natural history "Gleanings," records a singular incident. A hen which had hatched three successive duckling broods got so accustomed to the aquatic tendency of her pupils, that on hatching a set of her own eggs she led the chickens to the pond, and in surprise, when they all willingly swam like the other, actually pushed some of them in, and several were drowned before the awkward situation was observed and the survivors rescued.



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AFTER all, philosophy in every day affairs is an excellent thing. The youngster who was half back in his football team, and was kept out of a match by a sick headache, consoled himself by saying: "Well, I shan't have a broken shin, anyhow."

This is rather the comic side of it. But in serious matters we may well console ourselves for disappointment by the thought that, if we have lost the pleasure, we have escaped the pains.

UNHAPPINESS.

It is the chief ambition of many people to "have a good time." This feeling is especially natural in youth, the period of sunshine and gladness.

Therefore, to get on comfortably in life, one must expect days of sorrow and pain. How hard it is for a child to bear disappointment!

ODD BLUNDERS.

The blunders of dull schoolboys are very funny sometimes. It is related that, in a recent examination of an English school, one boy was asked for a definition of conscience.

A Sunday School class, taken to the seashore, were very anxious to see the "dinamies." "What do you mean by that?" asked the teacher.

ON HAND.

"ONLY five minutes late; that's nothing!" Oh, no; of course not. It is only three hundred seconds. As a man can make up his mind to something in a second, why not three hundred decisions?

An important business position was vacant, once on a time, and there were two candidates for it. The principal was waiting in his office. The first candidate appeared. He was one of those slow, plodding fellows, but very faithful and persevering.

very brilliant fellow, who was conceited enough to think that the world could not revolve unless he governed the axle.

"Well, sir," the principal said to the last arrival, "you are a trifle too late for the position. It was filled three minutes ago by this young man," pointing to the first comer.

WORTH OF ENERGY.

"No talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without energy." This was a saying of Fowler Buxton, who was a famous leader in the British Parliament half a century ago.

How often is Buxton's experience repeated. The bright boys, the geniuses, who take first prizes at school, very often fall to the rear when they are exposed to the long and weary competition of real life.

It is related that among the pupils at Dr. Arnold's famous Rugby school, was one so dull that his cronies called him "a stupendous booby."

AN EMPEROR'S DAY.

THE life of an emperor is not all play by any means. Though he may be surrounded by wealth, and pomp and luxury, he is burdened with responsibility, and he has his daily work to do just like any of his busy subjects.

At ten o'clock he begins his audiences with his minister of war and other members of his cabinet. Then come his official receptions, during which he remains standing in spite of his age.

Notwithstanding this, he takes no rest in the daytime, but refreshes himself with a drive and walk in the park. His meals are as simple as those of some of his poorer subjects.

ONE THING VERY GOOD.

A "Jack of all trades" is very much admired by many people. Indeed, it is handy to be able to do a little of everything. You will notice, however, that these available persons, however expert in trivial things, are rarely at the head of anything important.

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, had among his maxims this one: "He who does well one work at a time, does more than all." It matters little how humble may be the work.

It is a mistake to suppose that care and accuracy are only needed for important matters. Whoever slighted his duty because it is humble can never be trusted in any important post.

MRS. SARTORIS.

The Amiable Nellie Grant of Former Days.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

IN August, 1855, on a little farm near St. Louis, Mo., Nellie Grant, the daughter of Ulysses Grant, first saw the light of day. All unconscious of the struggles and fears that agitated her parents, she passed her childhood in girlish pastimes amid contracted surroundings and scenes of rigid economy.

When she arrived at an age to appreciate such circumstances her father was well on the way to fame and eminence, and thanks to the excellent training of good and devoted parents, she was fitted to enter on scenes far different from those of earlier days.

Then came the great event in her life, her marriage. Mr. Sartoris, an English gentleman visiting this country, met her. A mutual attachment sprang up, developing into a genuine love affair, which time and circumstances fully proved.

It was no secret that Mr. Sartoris had some difficulty in gaining the consent of Miss Grant's parents to their union; not that any objection could possibly be made to the gentleman, his family or his character.

May 21, 1874, dawned bright with the warm sunshine of spring, a happy sight for the many faces that peeped out anxiously; for one of the most prominent weddings the country had ever seen was to take place.

By half past nine, a long line of carriages was crawling slowly to the left portico of the White House, and law-makers and ambassadors, and richly dressed ladies were crowding their way to the spacious East Room where the ceremony was to take place.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the bridal procession appeared. The ceremony was performed with a solemnity worthy of its importance, drawing tears from many friends. Congratulations and handshakings were then in order, and all went merry as a lark on such occasions, especially around the tables on which were displayed the magnificent presents, aggregating in value some \$60,000.

The couple proceeded to England, where Mrs. Sartoris aids her husband in doing the honors of good old English hospitality, taking her place as a greatly respected member of refined society, and filling the place of a kind and gentle wife.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

EVEN to our own boys, the young America we proudly watch growing up into vigorous manhood, the story of the English Dick Whittington and his cat is not unknown. Who has not seen his picture in the story book, poorly clad, with the stick over his shoulder and his little bundle of clothes on the end, marching boldly on to London, with that wise cat of his at his side?



MRS. NELLIE SARTORIS.

During the latter part of the reign of Edward III. of England (1326—1377) it chanced that Richard Whittington, an orphan, turned his face toward the great city which to boys in his circumstances was as a city of untold wonders.

He soon found employment, with a kind and upright master, for whom he worked faithfully and long; and, rising in his master's estimation and confidence, married his daughter, and in time rose to be a worthy and prominent merchant.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child, Weeping thus sat, while all around thee smiled; So live, that sinking in the last long slumber, Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

FUNNY SIDE.

MAN wants but little here bill owe, but wants that little paid. Tax rooms in Danish hotels are like bald-headed men—they have no locks.

CHARLES LAMB, the essayist, noted for his ready and unexpected wit, was once asked by a lady, "And how do you like ladies?" when he instantly replied "Boiled, ma'am."

"WALL," said Mrs. Spriggins in response to a remonstrance from her husband, "I go dried sittin' up there all alone in solitude, so I jist went down and percolated through the crowd!"

"How's times, Smith?" "Booming!" "Why, I thought otherwise. What makes them boom?" "So many firms exploding!"

Mrs. —away while cleaning house, asked her husband to mail up some []; he refused; she looked it at him, told him his conduct was without it and beat him with her [] until he saw []. He now lies in a [] case and may soon be a subject for dissection. "I asked a little New York boy, 'do they build houses out of fruit?'" "Why, Johnny, what a foolish question!" "But, pa, I read in the paper that a house on Mulberry street was to be pulled down because the walls are out of plumb." "If the house is made out of plums won't those fellows have a nice time pulling it down?"

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

TRUE humility is the low, but deep and firm foundation of all real virtue. No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

The learned is happy Nature to explore, The fool is happy that he knows no more. He who, when calm and cool, presses his rights to the utmost, will, when actuated by passion, overstep them.

It is ordained, in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions govern them, not their reason.

We sympathize more readily with excess of sorrow, than with exuberance of joy. Sympathy increases with the former, and decreases with the latter.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

The good man feels no injustice so strongly, as that done to others; that committed against himself he sees not so clearly; the bad man feels only injustice to himself.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself; that you may be filled with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you that you may learn contentment.

THE SCENT OF A FLOWER.

The scent of a flower is a wonderful thing. It plays round the heart like the zephyrs of spring; So mild, so soft, so subtle, so divine. No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower.

Some odors so blend with past happier years, They move us like melodies breathing through tears; For they bring back the face of the one who has died, And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of gold.

A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know (Dear pledge of a love in the sweetest long ago), When tastes were more simple, and pure our pleasures, And gifts of sweet blossoms were holier treasures.

One eve when the dew on the leaves glistens bright, He suffered the fragrance of the flowers to speak; And my spirit grew faint with ecstatic emotion, For I felt in that flower lay a life-long devotion.

He is gone; yet the scent of that delicate flower Still holds me with all the old passionate power; And off my sick heart would lie down in despair But that merry divine melts my sorrow in prayer.

Consider the lilies! Lord, grant us to be, By the field and the garden, brought near to Thee, To read in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and power, And an infinite love in the scent of a flower.

THE FOUNDER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Among the honored pioneers of the New World, among all those who have built up the great Republic of the West, there is no more worthy name than that of John Harvard, founder of the first American college. The world has seen many a man whom it called greater; but how few have yielded a greater influence for good than his. His sacred work of learning does more for the race than ever did warrior or statesman.

Little is known of John Harvard himself, or his personal history. The few brief facts which remain to us show that he resided at Emmanuel, one of the colleges of Cambridge University, in England, and took the ordinary degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1632. Of his previous life, his birthplace and his parents, we have no record; but the date of his emigration makes it probable that he was born about 1609. He now became a Puritan minister; he may perhaps have imbibed Puritanical ideas at Cambridge, a university which has ever shown a decided leaning for free thought against authority. Scant favor was shown to one of his calling in the England of that day; and, after taking the degree of Master of Arts, Harvard followed in the wake of the Mayflower, and landed in the New World, where he officiated at the settlement of Charlestown, Mass.

In 1636 the Massachusetts Colony made a grant of \$2,000, twice the amount published by the young community, to found "a school or college" at New Town, a name altered in the following year to Cambridge. This school was begun on a small scale, but, not receding quite a few years, in 1639, when John Harvard died at Charlestown, and left his library and \$4,000, a considerable sum to the pioneer of that date, to endow the new foundation. The college was reconstructed, and named after its benefactor; from this germ, its growth has been steady and rapid, till it is now among the first of universities. A charter was granted in 1650, which defined the purpose of the institution as "the education of the English and Indian youth in this country in knowledge and godliness." "Indian youths" would, no doubt, be welcome, if any appeared as candidates for admission.

The first Harvard class graduated in 1642, and numbered nine students; the four classes—seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen—now amount to 1,006; the modest original endowment has been increased to about four million dollars by the benefactions of alumni and friends; and the buildings, which stand on an estate of sixty acres, comprise fifteen brick and stone edifices. Harvard University includes, besides Harvard College itself, schools of divinity and law, medical, dental, science, zoology and agriculture, the Lawrence scientific school, and an observatory, and a library which has over a quarter of a million volumes. The course of study at Harvard is regulated by a less unending rule than at the English universities, and its tendency is to make fewer and fewer studies compulsory, Greek having been lately voted optional. About three-fourths of his work is selected by the student himself, the freshmen year being devoted to prescribed subjects. The average expense of a year's course is set down at \$812, the least possible at \$484; the cost of rooms varies all the way from \$25 to \$300. No less than 109 scholars, including the best established by Harvard's benefactors, which are worth from \$40 to \$350 each year; and though these are hardly so rich as those of Oxford and Cambridge, yet no good scholar of high character need leave the college for lack of money.

Among all the possessions of Harvard, the most striking to a stranger—for what college can show the like?—and the most precious—for it was bought with the best blood of her sons—is the hall which contains the records of the students and alumni who fell in the civil war. Ninety-five memorial inscriptions tell a tale of devotion and patriotism of which all Harvard men may well be proud; yet many of it long before such another monument is built!

The most noticeable of the ornaments of the Harvard grounds is the bronze statue of the founder. This was unveiled Oct. 15th, 1884, having been presented to the university by Mr. Samuel J. Bridge. It was executed by Daniel C. French, and is raised six feet by a solid granite pedestal, on the sides of which are sculptured the arms of Harvard and of

Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The figure is entirely an ideal one, as there is no extant picture of the Puritan pioneer. It represents a young man, tall and slender, dressed in the costume of his age, and a Cambridge Master of Arts' gown, seated in an armchair, and holding an open book. His attitude is graceful and natural, and his countenance has a thoughtful and noble expression. The erection of this statue, and the addresses delivered at the unveiling helped to draw attention to the personality of John Harvard, and to create a desire to remove the obscurity which clouds his history. This desire has taken definite shape, and a representative will be sent over to England this summer to make all possible endeavors to trace out his lineage, birthplace, and early history. It will be interesting to learn what success attends this effort. We cannot but be interested in John Harvard, when we see the influence which he, in his death, has exerted upon America. His college was the first among the Pilgrim Fathers, and largely helped to mould the character of New England's rising generations; New England has in turn given character to the whole wide country. Harvard, with its thousand students and fifteen thousand alumni at the present time, and the force of its example throughout the past, has become the starting point of all the American collegiate system, and has played the foremost part in the country's education. John Harvard, who died almost unknown in early manhood, has left a name behind him, and something more; on his statue might be inscribed:

"Si monumentum queris, circumspice."



STATUE OF JOHN HARVARD.—THE FOUNDER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

"if you are seeking my monument, look round you; look at the noble buildings that grew from my foundation; and beyond them, at the broad land that thanks me her benefactor, from ocean to ocean."

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

On April 15th, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death, the Washington *Critic* published the following:

Mr. J. Harry Ford, who is managing the Opera House in this city, is a brother of Mr. John T. Ford, who owned the old Tenth Street Theatre. Mr. John T. Ford, on the night of the assassination, was in Richmond, visiting some friends. Mr. Harry Ford is in the box office. With him were J. S. Sessford, who is also connected with the present Fords, and the husband of Laura Keane.

Miss Keane was then playing an engagement on Tenth Street, the piece for that night being "Our American Cousin." Mr. Ford had invited the President and General Grant to attend the performance. The National Theatre had also extended to them a similar invitation. Mr. Lincoln accepted Mr. Ford's invitation. General Grant could not do so, because he had left that day to visit his mother who was living in New Jersey.

To a *Critic* reporter to-day Mr. Ford said: "Booth, you see, as an actor and friend of the house, had the full run of the place. He could go anywhere he wanted to. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to find his way without hindrance and without difficulty to the President's box. He came in once during the day. I told him that we expected President Lincoln and General Grant at the play that night. I also told him that we were going to have those two distinguished men on one side and General Lee on the other. Booth broke out into a denunciation of Lee for having given up the sword of Virginia, which he had promised never to surrender.

He, however, showed no unusual excitement.

"Did you see him when he came to the theatre in the evening?"

"Yes; he came in about 8 o'clock. He stopped at the box office and chatted a few minutes. He laid a cigar stump on the ledge in front of him, saying with a laugh as he did so: 'He who would this stump displace, must meet J. Booth face to face.'"

"When did you next see him?"

"After the shooting. We heard the shot in the box office, but paid no attention to it at first. If you recollect there is a scene in 'Our American Cousins' in which Sir Edward Trenchard puts a pistol to his head with suicidal intent. The pistol is snatched from his hand. We in the box office thought the pistol had gone off accidentally. But the noise and confusion which followed, and the remembrance that the attempted suicide did not take place until the third act, made us change our minds. I threw open the wicket looking from the box office upon the stage. Booth was crouching on the stage, with a knife in his hand. He was crouched upon his side. I saw him get up and run across the stage, from the rear of which he made his escape.

"I did not hear the words 'sic semper tyrannis.' They were used by Booth in the box. I do not think that there is any doubt that Booth injured himself when he jumped from the box. I had, in the absence of the man who usually attended to such matters, arranged the box during the day. I had procured the loan of flags from the Treasury Department and had hung in front of the box a picture of

in the morning, take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a horse and hitch it to the toppling and dash her out. Husband has no further need of this doctor.

HOW CIRCUS BOYS ARE TREATED.

I CAN corroborate from an indelible recollection what Mr. Whittingham says about the barbarous cruelty by which circus boys are taught to perform their tricks for the amusement of the public, says a writer in the London *Pail Mail Budget*.

I once went into a well-known circus in the daytime—it is a far better known circus than Ginnette's, but I shall not name it, as I do not wish to be obliged to prove my words in a court of law—and I saw a poor little devil of about eight or ten years of age going through his morning drill in the ring. He had nothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and he had to make a certain number of somersaults, five or six, without stopping, from one line drawn in the dust to another. In order to come back to his starting line he had to pass every two or three minutes, giddy and panting, between the cushioned ring and a gentleman, one of the proprietors of the circus, who held in his hand a long, heavy, cutting whip. I imagine a cowboy might use to subdue a buck-jumper. If the little beggar performed the prescribed number of somersaults, Mr. Merriman would give him a sixpence and one—only one—long, playful cut across the shoulders, a facetiousness which always elicited a howl from the victim and a grin from the groom. But if he failed in one of his somersaults, if, as often happened, the little arms were too weak to support the body in the reverse position, then the cruellest jockey that ever lived would strike by a neck was an angel compared to Mr. Merriman.

The long cutting whip traveled, with an indescribably horrible sound, from the nape of that child's neck to the calves of his legs, and the flimsy cotton shirt and ragged breeches were little or no protection. I was only a boy then, and could do nothing but go away sick. From that day to this I have never been able to go to a circus, though I hoped, until I read Mr. Whittingham's account, that the system had disappeared along with a great many other barbarities.

Now, I never shall go to a circus again, for whenever the young gentleman in pink tights and spangles should appear smiling, his sallow cheeks smeared with rouge, somehow or other a horrible vision of a waled back would come before my eyes and the swish of that terrible whip would sound in my ears.

WHERE A WOMAN GETS THE BEST OF IT.

"Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?" asked the woman's rights advocate, as she adjusted her spectacles and looked around upon the audience.

"That's it," said a bald-headed man in one of the rear seats; "that's it. Put it to 'em."

"You see," pursued the lady, "we are not without our friends among the male sex. Again I ask, is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?"

"Good, good," cried the bald-headed man, enthusiastically, "she can do more. A woman can do things that a man can't do. I know it."

"You hear," said the lady, triumphantly, as she waved her hand, "you hear that the champion of our down-trodden sex says; a woman can do things that a man can't do. Tell us, my friend, what a woman can do?"

"She can talk a man to death, by jingo," said the bald-headed man. A wet blanket fell over the meeting.

TOOTHPICKS BY THE THOUSAND.

"The toothpick trade has assumed enormous proportions within the last few years," remarked a wholesale dealer on Broadway to a *Mail and Express* representative.

"Where the business ten years ago was hundreds it is now millions. Factories have sprung up in the heart of the Maine pine forests, and are kept running night and day. They export toothpicks to France, Germany and England. The demand in those countries for American soft white pine toothpicks is very great. Ten years ago a case of picks sold at \$16; now they can be bought for \$4 a case. They are put up in cases of 100 boxes. Each box contains 2,500 picks. These are two kinds, the soft wood picks and the hard wood picks. I think the fact that white pine is soft and not injurious to the enamel on the teeth has had the effect of increasing the demand. Indeed, they are more popular than any other toothpick in the world. The goosequill picks are all imported from Germany and France. They come in paper bundles, 1,000 in each bundle. They sell at 65 cents and \$1 per thousand. There are four different sizes, numbered 2, 3, 4 and 5."

SAMUEL S. COX.

SAMUEL S. Cox, the newly appointed Minister to Turkey, received the nickname of "Sunset" soon after he had become editor of the *Ohio (Columbus) Statesman*, thirty-two years ago. He wrote for his paper a highly sophomoric account of a fine sunset he had witnessed, which was so widely commented upon and ridiculed that he was dubbed Sunset Cox, and has never got rid of the sobriquet, though very few persons who use it have any idea of its origin. In 1845 the editorial editors opposed to him in politics, were wont to amuse themselves by writing him down as Citizen Samcox. He has borne in his time a great deal of military and satire with commendable good nature. Indeed his good nature has been a fertile source of his popularity.

HE WOULD STRIKE A WOMAN.

Two little boys talking: "Say, Johnnie, would you strike a woman?" "Why, Johnnie, would you strike a woman? No man would, unless he was a coward." "Well, I would. I'd strike my own mother." "What for, you would?" "I'd strike her for a nickel to buy a kite string with."

MEDICAL ADVICE BY TELEPHONE.

HUSBAND—My wife has a severe pain in the back of her neck and complains of a sort of soreness in the stomach.

Physician—She has malaria fever.

Husband—What shall I do for her?

[The girl at the "central" switches off to a machinist talking to a sawmill man.]

Machinist to husband—Think she is covered with scales inside, about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up

THE DEAD LEAVES OF WINTER.

BY M. M. POLAKO.

The dead leaves of winter look all out of place. 'Mid the merry surroundings of spring's budding grace. Tossed hither and thither, Their little rock whither; A blot and a stain on the sunshining weather.

The dead leaves of winter! Ah! cutting and cold! Were the rough winds that severed The last tender hold: Thrown and scattered and crushed Where the wild torrent raged, 'Neath the nest of the singer whose song are ye hushed.

The dead leaves of winter! They call to my mind The outcasts, the waifs And the wrecks of my kind: No kind word or spoken— Soulike and heartbroken— Of hope in the world not a tithes or a token.

[This story began in No. 118.]

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY resumed the march in the course of an hour, and traveled quite rapidly until evening. The region traversed was bleak and inhospitable in the extreme, yet they saw wretched families of Diggers occasionally, who were out in search of roots, but the moment they saw the cavalcade they ran off, and sought shelter behind crags or in deep caverns.

Jack told Alfred during the journey what he had seen in the hole, and deduced from it that Indians were not only devoted to their children, but were much kinder to the aged and infirm than many civilized people. To prove this, he contrasted the difference between the Cheyenne chief, who was ready to offer himself as a sacrifice at the stake for his son, to old Runman, who had endangered his son's life for the sake of making him earn a few dollars, and the treatment his own father had received from his mother's kindred, to that given to the venerable creature in the cavern by the half-starved Diggers.

Alfred called his attention to the squaw who had destroyed herself among the Pawnees, because she had no one to provide her with food; and Jack replied that there were exceptional cases in everything, and that it was only the tribes who lived by the chase who deserted the aged, when the latter could not travel. He thought so-called barbarians were much kinder to their relatives, or even to one another, than those who boasted of learning, wealth and civilization.

Alfred intimated that some whites were good; and Jack said he knew it, but that they were not as good as they ought to be, considering their advantages.

Runman, who had been absent during this conversation, rode up in a state of great excitement, and said he had seen a bear a short distance above them on the mountain. Jack suggested that they should kill it, as they wanted fresh meat for dinner, but the news-carrier demurred to this, on the ground that an attack might be dangerous.

"Why, there is danger everywhere, and in everything," said Jack, "and the greatest danger that threatens us at present is hunger. We can obtain no food on this bleak mountain, and we don't know when we shall get across it, so this bear is, in my opinion, a present sent to us."

Alfred said he was willing to attack it; and Runman finally consented to take a revolver, and fire at it if he saw it inclined to assail his companions. He then led them towards Bruin's retreat, and there, sure enough, was a huge grizzly, which was engaged in searching the ground for nuts, grubs, mice or anything else in the form of pabulum it could find.

When it saw its foes it gave a gruff "huf-huf," and looked vicious enough to eat them. Bearing itself on its hind legs, it stared at them in the most defiant manner, and seemed to challenge them to combat. Jack, seeing that Runman was beginning to show the white feather, asked him to dismount, and take shelter behind a large granite rock, about a hundred yards away.

That hero obeyed the order with the promptest alacrity, and was safe behind the rampart in a few moments. Jack asked his cousin to fire first, as he wished him to have the honor of killing a grizzly single-handed, and thereby prove himself the equal of any Indian chief in bravery.

Alfred gladly consented, and took aim at the bear's brassy chest, but the moment he fired, his mistake, which was very nervous through fright, moved to one side, so the bullet went wide of the mark.

Bruin, having learned that attitude signified nothing in such a contest, broke away at a fast though lumbering gait, and headed down hill. Jack dashed after it, but his wild speed being much more frightened than his cousin's pony, he could not induce it either to close on the animal, or to keep still while he fired.

As the bear was going directly towards Runman, Jack shouted to the latter to mount and get away. He did not understand the cry, however, and poked out his head to see what was the matter. The first thing that attracted his attention was the grizzly advancing at full speed, and this so unnerved him that he did not know what to do for the moment.

The fast advancing plantigrade soon aroused his stupefied wits, however, so he bolted away on foot at his best pace.

The grizzly, which was somewhat irritated at the yell behind him, put on an extra burst of speed, and started in pursuit of the fugitive, whose hair stood erect through fear. When the cousins saw the case, Alfred yelled out: "Run! Runman, run!" While Jack shouted: "Throw yourself on the ground, Runman, and keep still!"

He did not understand a word of what was said to him, however, owing to the deadening of all his faculties by terror, but the impulse to escape being strong, he took Alfred's advice involuntarily, and ran in a manner worthy of his name. His pace availed him not, however, for the grizzly overtook him in a few moments, and striking him on the back with its paw, dashed him to the earth.

The fall stunned him, and he lay as unconscious as a stone, while the bear sniffed him to see if he were alive. Thinking he was dead, it ambled away, but it had not gone fifty yards before Jack opened fire on it from the summit of a crag. The first ball having struck it in the shoulder, it turned about, and with open jaws charged the rock on which its foe was perched.

Before it could reach the base, however, it fell dead, a bullet having entered through its eye and penetrated to the brain, causing immediate death. The slayer announced his success by a hearty halloo, which was responded to by Alfred.

When he arrived on the scene, both went to Runman, and saw him lying where he fell. They supposed at first he was dead, but on lifting him up they found that he was more scared than hurt, and that the bear had not even broken his skin.

"Is it not very strange conduct for a bear," queried Alfred, "not to touch him after knocking him down?"

"Not at all; a bear never touches a man if it thinks he is dead. That is the reason Indians say that a person lying down is medicine to a bear."

"A very lucky thing for Runman that it is so."

"Not so lucky," said Runman; "if it didn't kill me it nearly scared me to death, and that is as bad."

"Not quite," said Jack; "but we can't lose time here in talking. If we do not get out of these mountains as soon as possible, we are liable to be snow-bound, and to perish miserably of cold and hunger."

"I wish I was dead," exclaimed Runman; "death would be preferable to this horrible life."

"I thought you were very fond of life," said Alfred.

"I am when I have plenty to eat and drink, a good house to sleep in, and no trouble; but I hate this kind of life," he replied petulantly.

"Death will come soon enough," said Jack. "You should act on Milton's advice:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou'rt in: Live well; how long or short permit to heaven."

"It is all right to talk," answered Runman; "but Milton was not lost on a mountain, threatened with starvation, and knocked down by a grizzly, or he wouldn't have been so calmly philosophical."

"That little speech proves you are all right," exclaimed Jack, "so come and help us out up the bear."

The three then set to work on the grizzly, and soon had it skinned. They cut off the best parts and rolled it up in the hide; and after this was strapped to Alfred's saddle the march was resumed, and continued until midnight, when they went into camp.

When they commenced their journey the next day, they found that the country was covered with snow, a foot deep, as far as the eye could see. This worried them a great deal, for they did not know what moment the fiery perils might fall in such quantities as to make traveling impossible, and then they knew they could expect no other fate than to die of cold and hunger.

They suffered severely from hunger after the third day, for all the bear meat they had taken with them gave out, and they had nothing to keep soul and body together, except the few nuts and roots that were saved by Jack. They produced violent nausea at first, but after while they were greedily devoured, even by the fastidious Alfred.

Their horses suffered more than themselves, however, as they were without any food, except what they could procure in patches near rocks which were bare of snow. They were also frequently without water for twenty-four and thirty-six hours, and this reduced them so much that they were hardly able to totter along.

On the seventh day the wayfarers entered a dense forest of firs, which was almost clear of snow. Turning their famished horses loose in this, they started out in quest of game, and were fortunate enough to come upon a band of bighorns near the brink of a precipice, which it frequented for water. The "spirits" killed two of these, and Runman wounded another, but his quarry turned upon him, and striking him in the stomach with his huge horns, tumbled him over as easily as if he were so much wool. The cousins laughed heartily at his mishap, for he made the most ludicrous faces as he rubbed himself fore and aft, and exorcised mountain sheep in general.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY feasted royally on mutton outlets that evening; and as their mustangs were also able to find an abundance of herbage and water, all were in excellent spirits the next morning. They encamped there for two days, in order to recruit their horses and secure some more meat, and they succeeded in doing both, for big horns and mountain goats were so tame and abundant, having never seen a man, in all probability, that they allowed the hunters to approach them to within a few feet from the lowest before they made away.

The travelers resumed their wanderings the third morning, and continued them for forty-eight hours without any interruption, or meeting any incident of note. On the evening of the second day, when they were about going into camp, Jack noticed the imprints of moccasins in the soft earth. Dismounting in a hurry, he gave his mustang to Alfred, and followed the tracks for over half a mile, until they were lost on the brink of a scorching river that roared through the forest.

He traveled down the bank of the stream, to see if he could trace them any further, and suddenly came upon a line of mink traps, which apparently extended for miles, for he followed them for over a mile. Thinking that the region was a favorite trapping ground for Indians, he hastened back to his companions, told them what he had seen, and urged immediate flight if they would not lose their hair in a most discreditable manner. When Runman heard this news he turned as pale as a ghost, then fell in a swoon.

They took him to the river immediately and bathed his temples, and when he recovered, Jack started up stream to see whether the tracks led in that direction; if they did not, he intended to retreat on that line until he came to some point from which he could survey the country, in order to take his bearings. He had not proceeded 300 yards past the water's edge, and on making a closer examination, he thought some of them seemed to be made by a boot, as the heel was sunk deeper than the fore part.

This brought a flood of hope to his mind. "What it after, all they should prove to be white men; what a joyful thing it would be," he thought. Glancing carefully around him, he noticed several bundles of reeds lying on the bank, and a stout pole on the top of them.

Thinking they must have been used for a raft, he pulled at them, and found they were fastened together with cords of long reeds and some twine. The thought then flashed across his mind that he would cross the river on these and see whether the footsteeps were to be found on the opposite side.

To think with him was to act; so he launched the primitive raft, and taking the pole in his hand, pushed away. When he entered the middle of the stream he found the current too strong for him, so, instead of reaching the opposite shore, he was carried whirling down the river at a tremendous rate of speed.

He passed his companions on the bank, and they forgetting their dangerous situation, yelled at him, and Alfred burst into tears, as he feared his cousin would be swallowed up in the bolterous whirlpools, or dashed to death against the crags that loomed up in the stream at intervals.

Jack did not lose his head, however, and steered his frail craft as carefully as possible. After running down for a distance of about three miles, he entered dead water, which was so shallow that he was able to pole ashore. As soon as he landed he started back to his comrades in high glee; for he thought there were no Indians in the immediate neighborhood, or they would have seen him and made an effort to capture him.

He had proceeded about a mile, perhaps, when he came suddenly upon a wicketup made of boughs, which nestled under a huge fir. This unexpected sight startled him, and he was about retreating in a hurry, when two figures sprang out of the darkness and approached him at a rapid run.

Thinking his fate was sealed he drew his revolver, intending to make his death as costly as possible to his foes.

"Don't shoot!" cried one of the men.

He dropped his weapon immediately, for the blood came surging to his heart so violently that he became faint and nervous, owing to the sudden revulsion of his feelings. He felt the truth of the old adage, that it is "endlessness which kills," for he was almost as weak as a baby.

The men were beside him in a few moments, and before he knew what they were about they seized his arms and tied them with raw-hide thongs.

He was so overwhelmed with the abruptness of this movement that he did not speak a word while he was being bound; nor did the men, except to grunt with satisfaction as they wound the thongs around his wrists.

When he was securely fastened, however, one of the men exclaimed in a most complacent tone:

"So we've caught you at last, you thief! We've been watching for you; and now that we've got you we'll let you dance in the air, and that will stop your thieving career!"

"I'm no thief!" exclaimed Jack, energetically. "I never knew a thief who acknowledged he was," replied the other; "but as our opinions differ, we'll try the effect of a little Lynch law on you! Light the fire, Harry!" This was addressed to his companion, Harry

went back of the wicketup, and in five minutes had a rousing fire. Jack was then led towards it, as his guard said he wished to have a look at his "ugly mug" before his soul was sent to the happy hunting grounds.

When the light fell full on the face of his captor, the prisoner thought he recognized him, but could not recollect where he had seen him. Both were evidently laboring under the same impression, for they stared at each other for half a minute perhaps, when they were startled by the cry of the man called Harry, who had returned from the wicketup, who exclaimed:

"Heavens and earth! Is that you, Jack?" The captive looked at him, and his eyes beamed as he said: "Why, Harry, is that you?"

"Yes!" The old man did not say a word; but, drawing his hunting knife from his belt, cut the thongs with one stroke, and, seizing Jack by both hands, began shaking them for fully a minute, while he upbraided himself for being meaner than a skunk, a rattlesnake, and a Digger Indian combined.

When he had finished shaking, Harry took his turn at it, and kept it up at intervals for four or five minutes; for after resting a short time, he renewed it so vigorously that Jack thought he was going to pull his arm from the socket, sprain his wrist, or break his fingers.

The men who were to send him dancing in mid air were no others than Harry McDonough, the courier, and Ross the trapper. They explained the cause of their mistake by saying that some person or thing had been stealing the minks and martens out of the traps, and sometimes carried away even the traps; and as they knew there were no Indians in the neighborhood, they supposed, when they saw him dashing down the river, that he had been on a thieving expedition, and had been carried away by the current. They even intimated that they would have shot him had he not disappeared suddenly behind a bend in the stream.

Jack said he had cause to feel thankful for the mishap that befell him, and so Ross also thought. "Everything turns out for the best," said the trapper; and he was about to prove it by his own experience, when Jack stopped him by saying he would have to go in search of his companions.

When the trapper heard who they were, he said he was sorry Runman was in the party, as he was unfit to be among men.

"I know his breed," he continued. "Why, there isn't one of his name that wouldn't sell his father's tomestone for money. That's all they care about; and when they've got it, they don't know how to use it, except to make a show before people who are as vulgar as themselves."

Jack intimated that as he was one of the company now, they ought to look after him as much as if he were a good man.

McDonough having assented to this, they seized a bundle of blazing pine torches, and started through the inkly forest in the direction where the wayfarers were supposed to be.

While they were on their way thither, Jack told them about his adventures since he had run away from school.

"You're the very fellow to find that mountain of gold," said Ross, enthusiastically. "After going safely through all these scurrimages you can do anything."

Jack only laughed at this, and said he hoped he would find it.

McDonough asked him what had brought him so far away from the plains; and he replied that he was trying to reach his parents in California.

McDonough told him that his parents had gone east to contest Runman's claim, and had left the service of the express company. This was most unexpected news to Jack, and he felt grieved to think that he had wasted his time and opportunities in trying to reach a country which had no attractions for him if they had left it.

The ex-courier also gave a short sketch of his own life after leaving the station with the despatches. He carried these as far as Salt Lake City, and delivered them over to the commander of the garrison there, who forwarded them to California. On his way back he learned that Runman had not only dismissed him from his post, but had made a claim on the Government for the sum which the senator had offered for saving the despatches. Fortunately about this time he met Ross, who offered to take him as a partner in trapping.

(To be continued.)

BRIGHTENED AS HE TOOK HIS LEAVE.

"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Trotter."

"Why, Johnnie?" "Because it makes sister Rosa so happy to have you go away. You ought never to miss an evening." They missed Trotter for the rest of the evening.

HE WAS RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT.

"What is the amount of your defalcation, sir?" asked the lawyer, as he tendered the gentleman an easy chair.

"Fifty-seven dollars."

"Fifty-seven dollars? And you come to me, sir," said the lawyer, rising with indignation, "to me, an honest man, and ask me to defend you for an admitted crime? Begone, sir; I will assist no man who admits that he is guilty. Begone, sir!"

"After the man had 'begone' the lawyer resumed his seat with the remark: "Fifty-seven dollars! and I thought it was a \$10,000 case at least."

NOT LIST.

All is not lost when our ships go down. That we've freighted with hope and launched with care. And watched with pride as they sailed away. When the sea was smooth and the wind was fair.

A DAY AT THE CIRCUS.

BY J. L. HARBOR.

"FIVE, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five." Five nickels jingled in the dusky palm of Julius Henri looked at the crowd.

"FIVE, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five cents. Pooty big pile of money, ain't it, Julius Henri looking with great satisfaction on the nickels.

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boosom. To be sure he went bare footed and his pantaloons were in such a ragged and patched condition that they could hardly be called 'spectable.'

His little sister Gloriana May was resplendent in a flaming red calico dress, blue and pink ribbons, yellow shoes and a great veil.

The ringmaster gave the gold piece a ring; it fell at the feet of Julius; he picked it up and walked out of the ring amid the prolonged shouts of the multitude.

"I see as pron of you, Julius Henri Jackson, as if you was son of ob de president," said Mr. Jackson, giving his son's curly head many pats of tenderness.

"I know dat," said Mrs. Jackson a little soberly, "but yo' knows I see wanted a cow mighty had dis many an' many a day."

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it went, once, twice, three, and then a dozen times. Once fairly started it seemed determined not to stop.

Julius sat up straight and pulled and tugged at the bridle. The animal paid no heed until he had gone around as many as twenty times, when it came a sudden standing still.

"Shame! shame! Give it to him! He earned it fairly! He deserves every cent of it!" came angrily from all parts of the audience, while several excited and impatient men sprang to their feet and started toward the ring.

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

No Boiling is Required, and But Very Little Rubbing. The Steam, Stops, And Heat Of Washing-Day Are Avoided.

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

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ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM. FOR THE CURE OF BRONCHITIS, COLIC, SPASMS, HOARSENESS, COPD, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, BLEEDING AND SORENESS OF LUNGS AND THROAT.

WHERE SHE PUT THE STAMP.

MASTER—Well, Susan, did you post my letter as I told you? Faithful servant—Yes, sir, but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put on another stamp.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits or other ailments.

CONSUMPTION CURED—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, etc.

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OPIMUM HABIT CURED. 20 Hidden Name of No. Chronic for 10c, and this Remedy of No. Chronic for 10c.

OPIMUM HABIT CURED. 20 Hidden Name of No. Chronic for 10c, and this Remedy of No. Chronic for 10c.

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. MAY HILEY SMITH.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars will shine in glory on the plain...

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me...

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's ween, We find the wornword, and rebel and shrink...

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend...

But not to-day. There he content, poor wretch! And he plans like a lion, and white beard!

CUSTOMS OF AN INTOLERANT RACE.

YARBOO M. NEESAN, a handsome Persian who is studying for missionary service in his country...

"There are only three newspapers in Persia," he says. "The women are uneducated, and can't even read the language of their country..."

"They are more tolerant of Christianity," he went on. "Formerly when a Mahometan killed a Christian he was fined \$15..."

"The Kurds are a pretty bad lot. They are warlike and ferocious. The women are very pretty, though they wear veils and drink nothing but water..."

"What is that to you?" said the storekeeper, with a look of surprise. "Oh! nothing," replied Howe, nonchalantly...

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THEY WERE SO BUSY TO-DAY!

A BOY about twelve years of age entered a store on Michigan Avenue, and asked for the proprietor, says the Detroit Free Press...

"I wanted to ask you for some information about El Mahdi. Man up the street said you were posted and that you'd be glad to help a boy along..."

"Ye-es," said the proprietor as he scratched his ear, "jess so. El Mahdi—ye-es. Say, bub, I'm awfully busy this morning..."

"The boy passed along to the gentleman mentioned and said: 'My teacher wants me to find out all I can about El Mahdi. Where was he born? How old is he?'"

"The floor-walker looked the innocent boy in the eye for a long half minute. Then he pulled a quarter from his vest pocket, passed it over and kindly whispered: 'Not to-day, my son, some other day. They'll probably tell you next door, as they aren't rushed.'"

BOYS ONCE MORE.

ALTHOUGH Gen. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, much of his boyhood was spent at Ripley and Georgetown, Brown county...

Every old man and woman they had known in childhood they visited, leaving with the poor a substantial reminder of their visit. Among other boys...

While everybody wanted the honor of entertaining such distinguished guests, the two men elected to go to Aunt Mary King's, as everybody called her...

"I don't know," replied the quartermaster. "Well, how much is owed them?" blantly asked the private...

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CORRESPONDENCE.

W. W. B., Milwaukee, Wis., The "cents" less nickle is worth five cents, and not a half cent...

F. H. W., Lindley, Va., Mt. Etna is not as yet an extinct volcano. It smokes and rumbles constantly...

H. W. G., Milton, Ill., The specific gravity you see so often mentioned, is a standard of reference for scientists...

G. W. D., Xenia, O., Cattle-flesh is the shell of that animal. It is but a broad plate imbedded in the outer membrane of the animal...

H. W. G., Milton, Ill., The specific gravity you see so often mentioned, is a standard of reference for scientists...

Original communications are collected for this department. Write on one side of the paper only, and separate from all other communications...

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12. No. 1. Plymouth-Clack. No. 3. Persian-nightingale. No. 2. No. 4. No. 5. Ill-hood. No. 7. Tooth-pick.

UPTRAOSE SMARTER PYRNAS MADERNO TRIGONS MADRINO REGIONS BELADES ANOTHER TRIDENT CANONIST DA SARBATS DOGSTAR

MONASTERIAL MASTICATION TRIBULATION DISTILLING BARRELS TRANSES SINCE MILES APT N

PER SIB CALEB FEIGS PA PAPER BELADES MELANOSIDAAMORES REVOKEDAREPOSIT BENTON RYDIBIGEST SAGINATES

PUZZLES IN PUZZLEDOM No. 127 were correctly solved by THE GENERAL, JAREP, JO, MULLINS, MACK, F. ATTORRELL, APPELO, AXTE, HES, FORD, DAMON, WILL, L. AM...

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED. MAUD LYNS, 2 D. L. Enigma, 4 Charades, 5 Diamonds, 1 Square, 1 Colonnade, 1 Hexagonal Numerical, 3 Octagons, 1 Black Raven, 1 Octagon.

NEW PUZZLES. No. 1. HEXAGONAL NUMERICAL. 1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. To pursue. To be united closely. To scatter.

No. 2. Square. 1. A village of Italy; 2. Heavy durable woods; 3. Mountainous lands; 4. A salt. 5. A town of Spain; 6. The number four; 7. A town in Belgium. INDEPENDENCE, MO. K. T. DDD.

No. 3. CHAERADE. My first is used for food; And in the South it is found; The next doth build its home Above the clouds; My whole is a beautiful bird I see, And in the south-land it is seen.

TROT, N. Y. MATTHEW MORRELL.

No. 4. SQUARE. 1. Italian historical painter (d. 1580); 2. A sparkling; 3. Dost engaged in riot; 4. To boil up; 5. A hare-craze; 6. A sixpence; 7. That which is within. SOMEVILLE, MASS. EDWIN F. EDGORTT.

No. 5. ANAGRAM. (To Morning Star.) MEN COMPOSE SO IN THE FLATS. I can't sing their peaky pieces; Think I'll take some 'Formus' in mine; As a governor released a Prisoner and turns him out, So I'll now set you all free—Wishing to be a member of the club Who will right this riddle see? WASHINGTON, D. C. MACK.

No. 6. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2. Since (Oma); 3. One who acts in a furious manner; 4. Scolded; 5. Containing severe censure; 6. A sentence; 7. That which is within. CERTAIN SHELLS; 8. Rehearses; 9. Certain small fishes; 10. Medical notes; 11. A letter. EAST BRADY, PA. ST. ELMO.

No. 7. ANAGRAM. He! I seem to have lost or MONDAY. You should require to suit your convenience, Any hilarious jingle upon O'D. Bloss or other bon-motical Fennans—Hither come either; You need but to specify How many columns you wish, and, although it requires some labor, I'll do it, I guess, if I use my machine for production of poetry! RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLDS.

No. 8. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2. A kind of brewing tub (Prov. Eng.); 3. An instrument for paving; 4. Small water spouts; 5. Certain animals; 6. A lighting; 7. Graduations of color between black and light; 8. Positive shade; 8. Tissues of the eye; 9. Clons (Hare); 10. Fellow of the society of artists; 11. A letter. NEW YORK CITY. MADMO.

No. 9. TRANSPORT. Oas rick. How strange The change! A transportation Will make Or break A disposition. I hope the puzzler has transposed. Whose gems of fanciful verse we prize, Will never keep the cover closed Of our table-land and sandy eyes.

For in varied notes he sings: Of the woodland's whisp'ring; Of the purr of crystal springs— Of all that! Of the foibles of man; Of a witty couple's joy; Sing of mirth and fun he can Very pat. GERMANTOWN, PA. GRENOLDITINE.

No. 10. REVERSED RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Certain coins; 2. Leasable; 3. Repaired; 4. Shot; 5. Came unexpectedly; 6. Exhalate; 7. Invested with all hands; 8. A letter; 9. To circulate; 8. Melted; 4. A rattle; 5. To unite; 6. One who tears; 7. To breathe; 8. A letter; 9. A title of a lawyer; 10. Suckers from the root of a plant; 11. To ascertain the statement from the gross weight or quantity of goods; 12. A scriptural proverb; 13. A title of a lawyer; 14. A village of the Netherlands; 15. A letter. BROOKLYN, N. Y. YOURS TRULY.

No. 11. CHAERADE. First. 'Neath Africa's burning sun, The primal you may hunt Or for table-land and sandy strand And by the river front. Of genus K. singing, From all hands, By lash or rope this antelope As fleet as is the wind. But roaming at his will, He'll hunt the lion and the plain, He is as free as Curtis' joy, Who wouldn't you be for Elaine.

Oh, good last days of long ago, Whence is it you have fled? Where are the friends I once did know Ere I was cast into the world? (By stealth) upon my head? Where are the mates with whom I'd play When Youth was in its bloom? I have a fat mate, and he will say Have one by one all passed away To rest beyond the tomb!

Total. Little Gretchen, tired and weary, for her work was hard and long. Takes her candle from the mantle, humming to herself, Goes to bed up in the attic to dream of her sweetest Hans. Who she'll see upon the morrow, if he meets with no mischance, And I watch her in her slumbers, guard her safely from all harm.

Milk the cows and churn the butter, do odd jobs upon the farm. Sweep the floor, mix the batter for the breakfast buckwheat cakes— How her little eyes will glisten in the morning when she wakes. BALTIMORE, MD. MATD LYNS.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of solutions, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is fortunate. For the best two incomplete lists, Special Prizes for Solutions. For the first correct answer to Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 or 11, a Stylographic pen.

CHAT. The question is sometimes asked by solvers, "Do you take distance into account in awarding prizes?" We answer yes, and also take into account the date of mailing the letter containing solutions, but as post-marks are not always legible the date should be given by the solver. We shall send the prize-winners when they do not receive THE GOLDEN ARGOSY should write to the publisher instead of the puzzle editor. In making such complaints specify the number missing. Don't say "I have not had it for three or four weeks," or "I didn't get it last week or two weeks ago," for the number due was mailed in the State last week would not be due in California or Louisiana until several days later.

Answers received quite a number of compliments from our best solvers. Unfortunately we have no more room for them. We shall send the prize-winners to our two earlier. They are generally just in time to be too late. MAUD LYNS, your last batch of cons. contains some mistakes, and we appreciate the favor. We are sorry to hear that WILL DEXTER'S O. P. C. has gone to the shades. It was a first-class column.