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BOUND VOLUMES.

VOLUME TWO is now bound and ready for shipment. It is full of good things—fascinating serial stories, short sketches, biographical matter, etc.

BEING AND SEEMING.

A FAMOUS Englishman once gave this bit of advice to a young American friend: "Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear."

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

HENRY CLAY used to practice reading and oratory, from the contents of some solid book, every day. He said of himself: "These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in the barn, with the horse and oxen for my audience."

SELF DECISION.

"How could he do so when all the rest did otherwise?" This question was asked by an anxious mother respecting her boy, who had gone wrong in spite of the influence of the others.

THE PANCAKE RUSH.

At Westminster School, England, they used to have a queer custom. On Shrove Tuesday a dignified procession went to the school-room, where the boys were assembled, followed by the cook.

WORKING WITH RUDE TOOLS.

GENIUS works its way to triumph with the rudest tools. It is not necessary for a young mechanic to have a four story machine shop to develop a great invention.

CHANCE FOR EXPERIMENT.

It is thrown out as a reproach to agricultural science that no plant of great importance has been originated for two thousand years. That is, corn, wheat, rice, cotton, sweet potatoes, potatoes, beans, bread fruit, dates, sorghum and soy have been known from three to five thousand years.

Then there are burdocks. A course of coaxing, with high manuring, might civilize them. At present they are good for nothing but burrs; and these, aside from baskets, are of no use except to tangle up the girls' hair.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

The British Premier.

No one man plays a larger part in controlling the destinies of the human race than the present Prime Minister of England. Standing at the head of an Empire which includes one-seventh of the land on the globe, and a population of over three hundred millions of men, Mr. Gladstone has gained such a wonderful personal ascendancy over the minds of his colleagues and his fellow-countrymen...

Just a hundred years ago, there came to Liverpool a young Scotchman named John Gladstone, who gradually rose to be one of the first merchants of that seaport, having a large trade with Russia, America, and the West Indies. His second son, William Ewart, was born Dec. 29, 1807, and was educated at Eton, the leading public school of England, and at Christ-church, the foremost college at Oxford.

Of Gladstone's long public career we can only give the briefest outline within the limits of this sketch. He was barely twenty-three years old when he was first elected to represent the borough of Newark in Parliament. He was, by birth and training a member of the Tory or conservative party, and opposed to those reform principles which he afterwards embraced.

During the next thirteen years, he rapidly increased his experience and reputation, and served as the able and trusted lieutenant of Sir Robert Peel in introducing the fiscal reforms which did so much to develop English commerce. This part of his life ends with the resignation, in 1846, of the seat he held in the government, and the gradual change of his political opinions, which estranged him from his former allies.

A word must be said on his literary achievements. The chief intellectual recreation of his working life has been the study of the Homeric poems. There have been more learned scholars, but none have written on the subject better and more gracefully, and his "Studies on Homer" and "Juventus Mundi" are wonderful as the work of a busy statesman.

Gladstone's private life has always been marked by simplicity and devotion to work. At Oxford, he never missed spending the hours from ten to two o'clock in solitary study, and eight o'clock saw him again immersed in his books.

classical joy over the resurrection of Italy, and Greek independence, with a lively English interest in the amount of duty on Zante raisins and the Oxford Debatting Union, of which he was president; we are told that such was the earnestness and intensity of his language and bearing, that conviction was stamped on every word he uttered.

Where the level valley of the Dee first breaks into the rolling hills of Wales, lies Gladstone's country home, Hawarden Castle. Here, whenever he could escape from the cares of office, his simple and abstemious life was being passed.



At eight o'clock he would walk down to the village church, which his eldest son is rector. The morning he would spend in study or writing; the afternoon in walking, conversing with his guests, or his favorite pastime—felling trees. In wood-cutter's attire, he has often been accosted by peasants, who did not know whom they were addressing.

He has often been seen in the humblest houses, reading from the Scriptures to the sick or dying, in his soft, melodious voice.

Gladstone has been an unselfish servant to his country; he has refused to accept an increase of salary, or any pension, though the numerous drains upon him compelled him to sell his art collections and to change his mansion in Carlton House Terrace for a smaller house in Harley Street.

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil; we cannot but hope that he will overcome the present difficulties, which surround his government, and will see his country enjoying the blessing of peace.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

NUGGETS OF TRUTH.

It's better to laugh than be crying. It's better to give than to take. It's better to live than be dying. And bread is much better than cake.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

A good Spring medicine.—Leaping over a fence several times before breakfast. "I'm looking for Spring board." "Join a circus; you'll always find one there."

A LITTLE girl watching a kite made of a daily paper: "Mamma, isn't it going very high?" "Yes, my love, it is." "Do you think it will get beyond that cloud?" "It wouldn't surprise me if it did; why do you ask?"

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

A good name is better than tons of gold. To do well one must first learn to live well. No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

CHARITY.—A service that the receiver should remember and the giver forget. The pain of life but sweetens death, the hardest labor brings the sweetest sleep.

CHILDHOOD often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to reach.

LET your discourse of others be fair; speak ill of nobody. To do it in his absence is the property of a coward, that stabs a man behind his back; if to his face, you are an affront.

INDEPENDENT is he who has no wants which he can not gratify without the least risk of being overtaken by debt or tempted to dishonesty; a man ten times richer, but with twenty times more wants, is, in reality, twice as poor.

ONE who set right will do to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood, and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

WORTHINESS.

By CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

WHATSOEVER backs purpose is evil: a pool without pebbles breeds slime; Not any one step hath Chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of Time; Nor ever came Good without Labor, in Toil, or in Science of Art; It must be wrought out thro' the muscles—born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plough in the stubble with ploughshares? Why winnow the chaff from the grain? Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since Truth is not born without pain! He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the foolish in deed; Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwinds to naught, So the song without Truth is forgotten; His poem to Man is Man's Thought; Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness worn, soul-pure, Is known to the Master of Singers: He toucheth it saying, "Endure!"

SITTING BULL,

AND THE OUTBREAK OF 1876.

As "westward the course of empire takes its way," the poor Indian is forced backward, inch by inch, disputing at every step the power that wrests from him his inheritance.

the picture language employed by the Indians, and fell into the hands of our soldiers during one of the wars with the Sioux nation. The diary is a series of rude pictures, over a hundred in number, drawn in an old roster book of the Thirteenth U. S. infantry, captured by Sitting Bull; these pictures illustrate the important exploits of the chief, beginning with the taking of his first scalp by charging a mounted Crow Indian. From the mouth of the youthful warrior, a line is drawn to the figure of a bull, sitting upon its haunches, which is the chief's symbol, or crest we might say, which appears in all the pictures, and identifies the leading figure in each. Others represent him killing Indians or whites, the former recognized by war bonnets, the latter, by white stovepipe hats. Other pictures represent him running off with herds of horses.

One of the most terrible incidents of the war that Sitting Bull carried on, was the destruction of a regiment, and the death of General Custer, the leader. As observed above, Sitting Bull still stood at bay, when the Indians had been driven into their reservations in 1868, and his continued hostility necessitated an expedition in 1876, against him and his discontented followers numbering some fifteen hundred. The force sent against the Indians being divided into three, that under General Custer, comprising a whole regiment, struck a trail on the Little Big Horn River.

tary Teller to travel through the country for exhibition and instruction. Long Dog is a prominent Sioux chief, sixty-three years of age, a terrible smoker, and still an enormous eater. Wherever they traveled, they drew great crowds eager to see these chiefs whose hands had often been literally bathed in blood, but who have now, it is to be hoped, buried the hatchet once and for all.

IN CLEVELAND'S BOYHOOD.

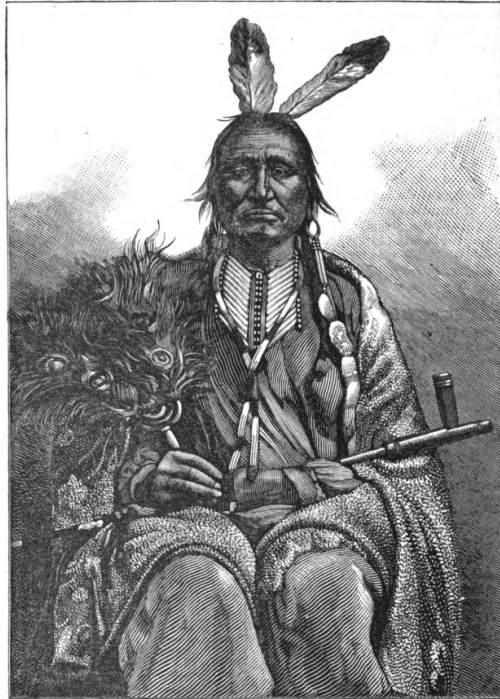
THESE comes a pleasant story to my ears of President Cleveland, says a writer in the *New York Times*. "Cleve"—his title in the days I write of—happened to be spending a few days at the home of a relative in a respectable hamlet. The young man's visit was during the winter, when the place was desolate and dreary enough. When he got his bearings, tired of tramping about in the snow and ice, he sometimes dropped into "Uncle Silas's," the village store. One gray-skied afternoon he came upon the regulation circle of gossips. One of the characters of the place was sandy-haired, small-eyed, pucker-faced Ike Sanders, a prodigious boaster. This local Sir Oracle was a confirmed checker-player. Lazy and shiftless, the long winter hours were passed by him up at Uncle Silas', where from a favorite corner he watched for

Once more the firkin was removed into place, and the knot of spectators peered over the shoulders of the contestants, and old Silas again resumed his wonted attitude. As the game advanced there was no sound in the room save the clatter of the wooden blocks as they changed from square to square. The young player's black men wedged themselves boldly in among the "whites." Isaac began to pucker up his thin lips. Soon his fingers opened and shut nervously as his fist lay against his hip, and his left foot tapped impatiently on the pine boards. His moves became hasty and his manner irritable. Lookers-on took in the situation; glances of relief were interchanged, some bolder ones nudging their neighbors, and soon half-suppressed snickering was heard. Ike "didn't know what folks meant by disturbin' the game."

When a few more moves effectively placed him in coventry, and his remnants were completely hedged in, he began really to understand; his under lip dropped, and he had only voice enough to murmur: "Wa'al, the first game's yorn, and that's all ye kin reckon on." The second game started. The result was as before. Ike's enemies crowded round to see him "put down by that there young Grove Cleveland." Another and another victory was wrested from the crestfallen Ike. When the fifth contest failed to change the tide, Sanders, unable to control himself



SITTING BULL.



LONG DOG (SIOUX CHIEF.)

He sees his kindred fall around him on every side, and his nation thinning out, slowly, but as certainly as the hand of the clock travels its slow circuit. It is hardly to be wondered at then, that an implacable hatred of the conqueror should be kindled in the breast of this untutored savage, and that the cruelest instincts of his nature should be developed to their utmost intensity. Hence the constant and terrible Indian wars of past years, which, indeed, have been continued until the present day, in the form of occasional outbreaks. It so happened that in 1868, the Indians as a whole had been subdued, and driven into the territories set apart for them by our government. But there were still a number of "Nations" that doggedly refused to submit to force of circumstances, and stood at bay, defying the power of the conqueror. Among these the Sioux were the most to be feared, for their hatred of the whites was the most implacable, and their attitude was the most threatening of all the nations that were known as the "hostiles." This conduct was due to the presence of a chief who combined all the characteristic qualities of an Indian, such as unflinching stubbornness, brilliant heroism, warlike spirit and uncompromising ferocity, together with the unusual powers of mind and a great talent for generalship.

The Indians are hero worshippers. A red-skin may nominally inherit the dignity of chieftainship, but he only holds the ascendancy of his rank by virtue of a daring spirit and valorous deeds. And in this respect, none in those days exceeded the famous Sitting Bull, who thus had all the hostiles at his beck and call, and incited them with a word to the most fearful deeds of violence, and influenced them to the most obstinate resistance.

Little is known of his early life. A general idea of it has been gathered from a diary, so to speak, kept by the chief. It is written in

They speedily found a large Indian village, this they attacked, and a fearful battle ensued, lasting from half past two in the afternoon, until six o'clock in the evening of the following day. The regiment was annihilated, and General Custer killed. 26 officers, 247 recruits, 5 civilians and 2 Indian scouts, a total of 280 men, were slain.

In General Custer, the government lost a brave officer, and the one most valuable for Indian fighting; by reason of his coolness and his great knowledge of Indian character and methods. Being a great general, a hard fighter, and a man of the highest courage, he caused the Indians to fear and respect him; and these sentiments had been strengthened by means of many feats of jugglery he had learned, and practiced before their astonished eyes, so that he was believed by them to be a great medicine man.

After many hard battles, the Sioux were forced to surrender, bringing in, during the month of October, about 2,000 men, women and children, as hostages. Sitting Bull and a few followers fled northward, escaping for a while, when circumstances at last forced him to complete submission.

In person, Sitting Bull is of sturdy frame, with a massive head, and a face heavily pock-marked. Age and the roughest of lives have at last deprived him of that prowess that won for him such supreme ascendancy over his people, but his mind continues as clear as ever, and the respect in which he was held has not diminished.

Last year a party consisting of Sitting Bull, Long Dog, Spotted Horn Bull, Crow Eagle, Flying By, God Sounding Iron, Gray Eagle, Seen-by-the-Nation, Sitting Bull's wife, Te Ta San, another squaw, and a sixteen-year-old girl, Princess Red Spear, Sitting Bull's niece, Louis Primeau, a stalwart Frenchman, and Paul Blum, an Indian trader, acting as interpreters, obtained a permit from Secre-

retary Teller to travel through the country for exhibition and instruction. Long Dog is a prominent Sioux chief, sixty-three years of age, a terrible smoker, and still an enormous eater. Wherever they traveled, they drew great crowds eager to see these chiefs whose hands had often been literally bathed in blood, but who have now, it is to be hoped, buried the hatchet once and for all.

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longer, dashed board and checkers to the floor, and pushed his way out through the door, followed by jeers and laughter from former victims, now become tormentors.

Young Mr. Cleveland received enthusiastic congratulations, his eyes flashing triumphantly, and a smile lurking in the creases of his chubby face. It is related that he only laughed quietly the next day when he heard the dictum of Mr. Isaac Sanders, which has made a good many folks in these later days rank plagiarists:

"Some folks do have dod-gasted luck!"

POETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

HE was a poet, and he was talking to Miss Ethel in the conservatory, and as she toyed with the ice which he had just brought her she inquired: "Mr. Binner, you write a good deal of poetry, don't you?" "Oh, yes, Miss Ethel," he answered, "and it comes so easily to me. Why, do you know, I expect it is more work for you to read my poems than it is for me to write them." "Yes, I expect it," she answered, coyly; "and it must be so much pleasanter to write them than to read them." And then he looked up at the shrubs that grew around them and said nothing, while she continued to toy with the chilly orange-flavored ice.

A CURIOUS BLUNDER.

A LEADING dry-goods store has lost a customer, one of the handsome clerks has lost his situation, and all through his miserable education at the telephone. The lady in question is deaf and carries a little tin tube with the usual mouthpiece to speak into. The other day she came up to the counter, and as a preliminary to the conversation concerning her proposed purchase, she put the tube to her ear and handed the mouthpiece to the clerk. He immediately put his mouth to it and called out "Hello!" and before he recollected himself the customer had flounced out of the establishment.

HELPS.

When 'er a noble deed is wrought,
When 'er a spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

SAVING THE LIFE OF BOONE.

A True Incident in the Early Settlement of Kentucky.

BY RALPH MOGAN.

Read the lives of Boone, Kenton, the Zanes and their compeers, and you will be impressed that they were raised up by Providence to subdue and conquer the land for the white man—for civilization.

Boonesborough was one of those forts, or stations, erected by the early settlers of Kentucky, to protect themselves and families from the incursions of their savage foes.

'Twas the first birthday of Independence—the fourth of July, 1777. The sun, which was just peering above the eastern horizon, gave token of a brilliant day.

The gate of the fort opened and two young men issued therefrom, who took their way to the adjoining fields to commence their daily toil.

But a few days before the scouts had been out, scouring the country on both sides, and no trail or other evidence of their presence had been seen.

He then took no precaution against an attack, not even taking their guns with them. Fatal mischance! that very moment a body of redskins were creeping silently and stealthily through the underbrush of the adjacent forest towards the fort.

Two Arkanzaw Acquaintances. "Captain, what was the matter with your son when he died?" "Nothing the matter with him when he died except that he was dead."

place without alarming the inmates of the fort. When, however, Boone and others, called out by the sound of fire-arms, rushed to the gate, nothing was to be seen or heard but the firing in the woods, and the corpses of the youth and Indian in the foreground.

Boone, turning to cheer on his men, discovered that a body of the enemy had got between him and the fort, and out of his retreat. Quick as thought he gave his orders, "to the right about fire! charge!" and at it they went, one to ten. It was fearful odds, and the whites suffered accordingly.

After the gates had been made fast and every thing was secure, Boone set for Kenton, and taking him by the hand, said, "Well done, Simon! you have behaved yourself like a man; indeed, you are a fine fellow." This, coming from Boone, who was naturally taciturn and not much given to compliment, was no faint praise.

THE WAY MEN SHOULD LIVE.

GEN. IMBODEN relates the following, in the Century Magazine, of Gen. Stoneval Jackson in the battle of Bull's Run. He says: "The fighting was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes.

TWO ARKANZAW ACQUAINTANCES.

"Captain, what was the matter with your son when he died?" "Nothing the matter with him when he died except that he was dead."

COVERED THE GROUND.

"WHEN I want my children to mind," said Pop-injay. "I don't stop to explain the reasons to 'em. I just put my foot down, and that's the end of it."

EDISON THE INVENTOR.

THOMAS A. EDISON'S marriage, was quite in keeping with his highly electrical modes of action as well as his pursuits. The recent death of Mrs. Edison, leaving behind her three young children, has recalled the odd story of their courtship, which, says an exchange, took place thus:

When Edison first formed Miss Mary Stillwell's acquaintance he was about twenty-five years of age. He had just invented the chemical telegraph, by means of which could be transmitted, he claimed, on a single wire three thousand words a minute.

"Mr. Edison," remarked Miss Stillwell, suddenly turning around, "I can always tell when you are behind me or near me."

"How do you account for that?" mechanically asked Mr. Edison, still absorbed in his work.

"I don't know, I am sure," she quietly answered; "but I can feel when you are behind me or near me."

"Miss Stillwell," said Mr. Edison, turning round now in his turn and looking his interlocutor in the face, "I've been thinking considerably of you of late, and I am wondering if you are willing to be married by next Tuesday."

"I—I never!" "I know you never thought I would be your wooer," interrupted Mr. Edison, "but think over my proposal, Miss Stillwell, and talk it over with your mother. Then he added in the same off-hand, business-like way, as though he meant no serious mentioning upon a new mode of courtship: "Let me know as early as possible, and if you consent to marry, and your mother is willing, we can be married by next Tuesday."

This was the extent of Mr. Edison's courtship. It is hardly necessary to add that the highly farcical reply laid the abrupt proposal before her mother.

"Ma has consented," she told Mr. Edison the next day.

"We will be married a week from to-day."

And so it was. The two were married in a week a day from the beginning of Mr. Edison's novel and precipitate courtship.

"Suppose it is?" he quickly answered, setting to work with renewed zeal. "The Gold and Stock country is in a bad way, and we must get our instruments to-morrow, and they've got to have our marriage, or no marriage; so here goes."

The wedding trip of Mr. Edison ran into the mysteries of invention. His wedded life, however, is said to have been a singularly happy one.

BILL NYE ON HORNETS.

LAST fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I procured one of the large size, after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring.

When warm weather came something reminded me of it; I think it was a hornet. He joggled my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. I was awakened a memory—a warm memory, with a red place all around it.

These some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rose-bud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet, gazing at him, and he came of a rose, years ago. I stuck him up with a comb as a practical joke than anything, and he got in it in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—more promising than that of his friend.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet, gazing at him, and he came of a rose, years ago. I stuck him up with a comb as a practical joke than anything, and he got in it in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—more promising than that of his friend.

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50 Perfumed, Embossed, hidden name, etc. Cards, Sample Book & Scrap Albums, 10c. Globe Co., Northford, Ct. 40 HORSEHOE HAND BOUQUET CHROMO CARDS, 10c. C. W. BROOKS, Putney, Vt.

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

By G. WEATHERLY.

HARASSED by foolish doubtings, born of pride in mental power. I chanced to stray, one Sunday morn, Beside a country house...

An aged dame read God's own Word, Spoke of His wisdom and grace. And, all intent, two children heard, Faith written on each face...

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WALTER DANIEL Webster was considered one of our ablest statesmen, it is related of him that he showed the worst sort of management of his own personal business matters.

On another occasion Mr. Webster had invited some friends to dinner. As he left home in the morning he requested his wife to send John down to the office about ten o'clock to go market with her...

THURLOW WEED.

WHEN I came to Rochester, says Henry B. Stanton, Mr. Weed was the editor of a weekly Clintonian newspaper, called the Monroe Telegraph.

In 1827 it was resolved to run Thurlow Weed for the Assembly. The campaign was to the last degree an unpopular one.

HER MAJESTY'S REGULATIONS.

As the last drawing round there was a small row, says the London Truth, between certain ladies thought fit to ignore the regulation as to white gloves...

THE STOVE-METRE OF RANK.

It has been commonly supposed that men owe their dignity and grade in life to their heads rather than their heels; but here is a "Blue Grass" native who says it isn't so in his State.

EXCHANGES.

Do not insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or other chemicals. The publisher reserves the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange.



CORRESPONDENCE.

M. E. T. Engene, Oreg. We never heard of such a publication. I. E. F. Mt. Carmel, Ky. We think you have got your terms mixed. Explain to us what you mean.

E. J. E. Whitehouse, O. I. We would prefer that you ask some firm in Boston, as it might be better qualified to answer that delicate question. Richard M. How invested the typo-revolving press in 1847.

PUZZLEDOM No. 120.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper only, and apart from all other communications.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 124.

No. 1. The civil service reform act. No. 2. Biceps. No. 3. Jig-Jog. No. 4. PRE NONS, M H I R CAP, REMANET, H A D O BERS...

2 Diamonds, 2 Half Squares; 3t ELMO, 1 Hexagonal Numerical; JANUS, 1 Square; BLACK BAYN, 1 Square; ...

NEW PUZZLES. No. 1. NUMERICAL. 1, 2, 3, 4, ACROSS; 4, 5, 6, VERTICAL; 7, 8, 9, A vulgar, low-bred person; ...

No. 2. CHABRAE. The one I've often heard to be A tall and shapely forest tree; My brothers, sisters, sons, grand, Are too with cousins in our haunts.

No. 3. SQUARE. 1. A pronunciation of the Greek etc, like in y in they; 2. Bay of Greece; 3. Spanish explorer, C. Columbus; ...

No. 4. TRANSPORTION. He was a cruel tyrant king, He made decreed servants bring The largest bundles they could find...

No. 5. NUMERICAL. Along the 6, 9, 7, 8, The wicked fool'd speed, His 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 10, For good for the law he fled.

No. 6. SQUARE. (Music by "Owendynne.") The followers of Piero Dime, A French noble of his day, The quaint cart moor, with sails addow, Safe at this Turkish seaport town.

No. 7. CHABRAE. My two go not to one, I wish to see you hold; You will find it is no fun, Facing dangers manifold.

No. 8. NUMERICAL. A 1 to 8, no count the sky, A 8 to 10, on the sea, A 4 to 7 has wings to fly. Though it can move but sluggishly, In 10's 4, it whirls away.

No. 9. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2. In great part, 3. A small island of Denmark; 4. Vertical pieces separating the panels in the frame of a door; ...

No. 10. CHABRAE. Upon the beach where Aris are caught, An mystery coil of twine, Two sons of Erin, newly brought Across the railing sea.

No. 11. DIAMOND. 1. In '87, 2. Hanger; 3. Governed; 3. Small fishes of silvery color; 4. Pertains to; 5. One of a group of scap reptiles; 6. A land-crab; 7. A certain profession; 8. Acted with a show of pity; ...

No. 12. CHABRAE. The ground rains, Pat! I Said Michael to his starning mate, Who vowed he never saw 'd' late; And then they made a total grab, With wondering chat.

No. 13. DIAMOND. 1. In '87, 2. Hanger; 3. Governed; 3. Small fishes of silvery color; 4. Pertains to; 5. One of a group of scap reptiles; 6. A land-crab; 7. A certain profession; 8. Acted with a show of pity; ...

No. 14. CHABRAE. The one I've often heard to be A tall and shapely forest tree; My brothers, sisters, sons, grand, Are too with cousins in our haunts.

No. 15. SQUARE. 1. A pronunciation of the Greek etc, like in y in they; 2. Bay of Greece; 3. Spanish explorer, C. Columbus; ...