Vol. III .- No. 25.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, SI WARREN ST.,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

TERMS. \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 129

[This story began in No. 125.]

FACING THE WORLD:

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "Do and Dare," "Helping Himself," "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

HARRY ESCAPES.

HABRY ESCAPES.

IF Mr. Fox had been wiser, it would have occurred to him that it would be more prudent to wait till he had actually received the appointment of guardian, before he pushed his ward to extremity. But he was of a bullying disposition, and had a good deal of faith in his ability to manage boys. Harry was inferior to him in size and physical strength, and he felt sure he could strength, and he felt sure he could subject him to his authority in time. He didn't know the boy with whom he had to deal. Our hero was not difficult to manage by an appeal to his reason, but

hero was not difficult to manage by an appeal to his reason, but his spirit rose indignantly, when any one attempted to bully or brow-beat him.

When he heard the bolt slide in the lock, he said to himself, 'Mr. Fox and I can never agree. He has not yet been appointed my guardian, and he never will receive the appointment. I have the right to choose for myself, as Mr. Howard told me, and I mean to exercise it.

Mr. Howard told me, and I mean to exercise it. Some of my readers may per-haps picture Harry, as forcing open the door of his chamber, and rushing from the house, breathing loud defiance as he went. But he was a sensible boy and meditated nothing of the kind.

breathing fond defiance as he went. But he was a sensible boy and meditated nothing of the kind.

"I can wait till morning," he reflected. "I don't think i shall be here twenty hours hence, but I mean to get a good night's sleep. It will be time enough to decide in the morning what I will do."

So, in spite of his imprisonment, Harry enjoyed a comfortable night's sleep, and was awakered in the morning by hearing his door opened.

Mr. Fox entered, and set down on a chair by the bed.

"Good morning ir." said Harry, composedly. "I hope you had a good night's rest.

had a good night's rest."
"I say, boy, you've got cheek,"
remarked Fox, puzzled. "You
are talkin' as if nothin' had hap-

are talkin as h by pened."

"Nothing has happened to prevent my being polite, Mr. Fox."

"Much you care about my night's rest.! Ef Lhad acted as bad as you, I couldn't have slept a wink."

"I slept very well, thank you, Mr. Fox."

"I didn't ask," snapped Fox, "and I don't care. What I want to know is, have you made up your mind to do as I told you last night?"

night?"
"About the money?"
"Sartain, about the money."
"I prefer to keep it in my own possession if that is what you want to know."
"So you ain't subdued yet! I guess I'll have to keep you here a little longer."
"Then be kind enough to send me up some breakfast."
"You don't deserve none."

me breakfast."
"You don't deserve none."
"Still, as I am paying my board, I shall
eget to paying unless I get my meals regu-

is consideration weighed with John Fox,

This consideration weighed with John Fox, and he sent Joel up with a cup of coffee and some dry bread, five minutes later.

"Don't let him get out, and bolt the door after yon, Joel," said his mother.

"Here's your breakfast, Harry," said Joel, his speckled face overspread with a grin.

"Thank you, Joel. Didn't you have anything better than that?"

"Yes, we had sassiges and pertaters, but sad and man are awful mad with you, and mam says this is good enough for you."

"It will keep me from starving, at least," and Harry began to dispose of his meagre meal.

"I say, Harry, you'd better give in. The ors. "Now's my time," thought Joel, "Mam's away,

"The old man has undertaken a large job, Joel," said Harry, quietly. "You don't mean to say you'll stick it

out?"
"I think I shall."
"You've got spunk!" said Joel, admir-"Thank you, Joel, so I have when I know
I am right."
"S'pose dad should keep you here a
month?"

month?"
"I don't think he will. By the way, Joel,
come up here about the middle of the forenoon, I want to say a few words to you in

private."
"All right, I'll come. I must go down

now."
"What did he say, Joel?" asked Mrs. Fox, as her son and heir descended the stairs.
"He asked if that was all we had for breakfast, mam."

sure to get to talkin' with Mrs. Bean, and stay half an hour or more."
He ran up the garret stairs, and drew the bolt that held Harry explive.
"Well, Harry, Eve come," he said. "You wanted me to come, you know."
"Yes, Joel."
"Have you got anything to say to me?" said Joel, suggestively.
"Yes, Joel, I want you to let me out of this place."

place."
"Oh, gracious?" exclaimed Joel, in apparent dismay. "Dad would give me the wust kind of a lickin'."
"Would he know how I got out?" asked

Harry.
"I don't know. What are you willing to

give?"
Harry saw that it was merely a matter of bargaining, and finally prevailed upon Joel to release him for a five bollar bill. Of course

She found Joel wijing his eyes.

"What's the matter, Joel?" she asked. "Is your headache wuss?"

"Yes, ma, and that isn't the wust of it."

"What's happened? Tell me quick!"

"That boy, Harry, called me up stairs, and got me to open the door. Then he give me an almighty clip on the side of my head that almost stunned me, then he knocked me over, and ran out of the house as fast as he could run—my head aches awful!"

"The owdacious young ruffan!" ejaculated Mrs. Fox. "To beat my poor, dear Joes of Never mind, Joel, dear, I'll give your a piece of pie and some cake. As for that boy, he'll be hung some day! I reschu! pie, which were made in that fragal household, Joel said he fell better. He went out behind the house, and taking out the five dollar note, surveyed it with great satisfaction.

CHAPTER XIV AN EXCITING CHASE.

When Exciting chass.

When Exciting chass.

When Exciting chasses were also a considered to the village he usually stopped first at the tavern, and invested ten cents in a glass of whiskey. Though economical to the verge of meanness, he generally induged himself once a day or more in the constant of t

as he hid down his glass on the counter.

"Yes," answered Fox, complacently, "The his guardeen."

"He's the boy that saved the train, ain't he?" asked Latimer.

"Yes, that's he".

"Folks say he got a pile of money for doing it."

"He got a pretty stiff sum," answered Fox, cautionsly.

"How much now?"

"What do you say to two hundred dollars?

"I'd save ten trains for that money. Do you keep his money?"

"Yes."
"Yes."
"How much property did his

"Yes."
"Yes."
"Its."
"The switch property did his father leave him?"
"The cattach hasn't been settled yet," said Fox, who knew how to keep his own counsel. "I can't say how much money there is."
"How did he happen to apply to yon?" asked Eben Bond, curiously.
"There's a sort of relationship between us, ben."

Eben."
"Is he easy to manage?" asked John

Well, some folks might find trouble with "Well, some folks might find trouble with him," said Fox, complacently. "The fact is, gentlemen, I don't mind telling you that he's been tryin 'to buck agin' his guardeen a'ready. Where do you think I left him?" continued Fox, chuckling.
"Where?"
"Up in the attic locked up in his chamber. I'm goin' to feed him on bread and water awhile, just to show him what sort of a man John Fox is."

n Fox 18."
grin overspread the face of Eben Bond,
had just looked out of the front window.
So you left him in the attic, hey?" he

rho had just stored with the attic, hey?" he aid waggishly.
"Yes, I did. Do you mean to say I didn't?"
"I'll bet you a quarter he isn't there now."
"I'l know he is, Eben Bond. Seems to me rou're making a fool of yourself."
"Maybe I am, but I'm willin' to bet he isn't

there now."
"What makes you say that?" asked Fox, suspiciously.
"Oh, I'm foolin'. It don't make any difference what I say," returned Eben with a com-

ence what I say, returned both with a conical leer.

"You jest tell me what you mean, Eben Bond!" said John Fox, provoked.

"I mean that I saw that boy of yours—I don't know his name—go by the tavern only in the same since "

two minutes since."
"Is that true?" gasped Fox,

"Turned up his nose at the breakfast hey? more was demanded, but, on the whole, Joel It's more'n he deserves after such goin's was satisfied with the terms finally agreed

It's more'n he deserves after such goin's on."

"I wonder what he wants to see me about!" said Joel to himself.

Joel made a pretty shrewd guess, and resolved by all means to keep the appointment. He was anxious to get his father out of the way, but John Fox was unusually deliberate in his motions. Finally, about half past nine, he left the house for the village. Mrs. Fox went in and out about her work as usual. She was somewhat surprised to find Joel remaining in the house contrary to his custom. "What makes you hang round the house, Joel?" she asked.

"I've got a little headache, mam," answered Joel, drawing down the corners of his mouth. "Shall I mix you some camomile tea, Joel?" shall I mix you some camomile tea, Joel?"

Joel?" "Now some canonine examine the remembered very well the bitter taste of this, his mother's sovereign remedy. "I guess it'll go off bimeby."

Presently his mother said, "Joel, if you'll stay and mind the house, I'll run over to Mrs. Bean's and borrow some sugar, I never thought to ask your father to get some. If you was well, I'd ask you to go up to the store."

thought to sell, I'd ask you to go up to the store."
I'll stay and mind the house, mam," said Joel, with avidity.
His mother put on her bonnet, and started across a field to her nearest neight

was satisfied with the terms manly agreed upon.

"I want the money now," said Joel.

"How do I know that you will do as you have agreed?"

"Give me the money, and I'll tell you."

Harry passed over the bank bill, and Joel

said:
"Dad's gone to the village, and mam's
gone over to Mrs. Bean's. All you've got to
do is to go down stairs, and walk out."
Harry was by no means slow to take the

"Good bye, Joel," he said, extending his and; "I won't forget the favor you've done

me."
"Ain't you comin' back?"
"Not at present. I find that your father and I will never agree, and I prefer to go away somewhere and face the world by my-sole"

self."
"I don't know what dad'll say. There'll be an awful fuss. Just give me a box on the ear, won't you?
"What for?"

"What for?"
"Il tell dad you give me an awful clip on
the side of the head, and ran off though I
tried to stop you."
"All right," said Harry, laughing.
He gave Joel the required box on the ear,
tripped him up, laying him gently on his
back on the landing, and then with a friendly
"good bye" he ran down the stairs, and before Mrs. Fox returned from her call was a mile

"True as gospel! I reckon he's more'n a match for his guardeen, hey, boys?" "Where did he go? in what direction?" demanded Fox eagerly. "Down towards the river." "There ain't no trick about it?" asked Fox

suspiciously.

"Ask Sam Wallace—he must have met

Sam Wallace, a stout young man, had just

entered the room.
"Did you meet my new boy, Sam?" asked
Fox, turning to the new-comer.
"Yes, I met him down the road a piece; he
seemed in an awful hurry."
"He's running away." Fox said to himself
in dismay. "How in the world did he get
out?"

in dismay. "How in the world dud ne geount?"

He ran up the road gazing anxiously on this side and on that, hoping to come upon the runaway. One thing was favorable; it was a straight road with no roads opening out of it for at least a mile beyond the tavern. It ded by the river at a point half a mile ne. "Fox reflected, his courage beginning to return. "When I get hold of him I'll handle him pretty rough. He'll find he cant cut any of his dido's on me." "Have you seen a boy up the road?" he asked of Georgie Foster, a small boy whom he met.

e met.
"Yes," answered Georgie carelessly.
"Who was it?"
"It's the boy that's livin' at your house—I
"It's the boy that's livin' at your house—I

"Who was it?"
"It's the boy that's livin' at your house—I
don't know his name."
"Thank you, Georgie! That's a nice boy.
I'll give you a cent some time."
"Hadn't you better give it to me now?"
asked Georgie shrewdly.
"I haven't got any now. Where did he go?"
"I guess he went down to the river."
John Fox pushed on breathless, and a
minute later came in sight of the fugitive.
Harry had sobered down to a walk, thinking himself no longer in danger. If Mr. Fox
had been wise enough to keep silent till he
had come within a few rods he might have
caught him easily, but excitement and anger
were too much for prudence, and he called
out angrily." Just wait till I get hold of you,
you young villain! I'll give you a lesson."
Harry turned quickly and saw the enemy
close upon him.
That was enough. He set out on what the
boys call a dead run, though he hardly knew
in what direction to look for a refuge. But
through the trees at the west side of the road
he caught sight of something that put new
hope into his heart. It was a boat, floating
within three feet of shore. In it sat a boy of
about his own age. It was Willie Foster, a
brother of Georgie.
There was no time for ceremony. Harry
sprang into the boat, and seizing an idle oar

brother of Georgie.

There was no time for ceremony. Harry sprang into the boat, and seizing an idle oar pushed out into the river.

The owner of the boat, who had been thoughtfully gazing into the water, looked up

and need the same to the water, looked up in surprise.
"Well, that's cool!" he ejaculated.
"I beg your pardon," said Harry, still plying the oar; "I couldn't help it, Mr. Fox is after me."
"What."

ing the oar; "I county and after me."

"What's he after you for?"

"I'll tell you presently."

John Fox by this time stood on the river bank shaking his fist, with a discomforted expression at his intended victim.

"Come back here!" he shouted.

"Thank you, I would rather not," answered Harry, still increasing the distance between himself and his guardian.

"You, Willie Foster, row the boat back!" hawled John Fox.

"You, Willie Foster, row the boat back!" bawled John Fox.
"Is your name Willie Foster?" asked Harry, turning to his companion, who was looking with a puzzled expression from one to the other.
"Yes"

the other.

"Yes."

"Then, Willie, if you will help me row over to the other side of the river and set me off there, I'll give you a dollar."

"I'll do it," said Willie, seizing the other ear, "but you needn't give me any money."

To his intense disgust Fox saw the boat, propelled by the two boys, leaping forward energetically, while he stood helplessly on the bank.

The other bank was half a mile away, and could not be reached except by a bridge a considerable distance away. The two boys said little until the trip was accomplished.
"I hope you won't get into any trouble with Mr. Fox," said Harry, as they drew near the bank.

the bank.
"I don't care for old Fox, and father doesn't

"I don't eare for old Fox, and father doesn't like him either. Why are you running away?" Harry told him in a few words. As he got out of the boath e pressed a dollar into Willie's reluctant hand.
"Don't be afraid! I ver got plenty more!" said Harry. "Now which way had I better me?"

go?"
"Take that footpath. It will lead to Medeld. There you can take the cars."
"Good-by, Willie; and thank you."
Willie didn't row back immediately. John

Fox was lying in wait on the other he didn't care to meet him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAGICIAN OF MADAGASCAR.

HARRY pushed on till he reached a highway.
He felt in doubt as to where it might lead him, but followed it at a venture. He wondered whether John Fox would pursue him, and from time to time looked back to make sure that his guardian was not on his trail. In about three hours he found himself eight miles away. Then for the first time he felt that it might be safe to stop and rest. In a

village a little way back he had entered a bake shop and purchased some rolls and a glass of milk, which he ate with a good relish. He resumed his walk, but had not gone a quarter of a mile when he heard the noise of wheels, which on coming up with him came to a halt.

Shall I give you a lift?" said the driver of

tooking up he saw that it was a covered wagon with four wheels, such as is often to be met in New England towns. The man who held the reins was of large frame and portly, with dark hair and whiskers. He might be

with dark hair and winskers. He might be about forty-five years of age.

"If you prefer riding to walking, my young friend, jump in!"

"Thank you, sir," said Harry. "I do prefer it at the present moment, for I am getting

"I don't know," answered Harry, doubtfully,
"Don't know! Well, that is curious.
Don't you live round here?"
"No; my home is a hundred miles away,"
"You ain't goir West to kill Indians, are
you?" inquired his companion, jocosely.
"No; I'm willing the Indians should live.
The fact is, I'm seeking my fortune, as they
sav."

say."
"Well, you ought to find it," returned the other, after a deliberate survey of his young companion. "You're well built, and look healthy and strong. Have you got any

money?"

"A little. My father died lately and left me three hundred dollars. He recommended to me as guardian a man named John Fox, living eight miles back. Well, I have tried Mr. Fox, and I prefer to be my own quardian."

"I've heard of John Fox. He's fox by name, and fox by nature. So you and he didn't hitch horses?"

"Not at all."

didn't httch norses (
"Not at all."
"When did you leave him?"
"This morning. I don't know but I may say that I am running away from him, as I left without his knowledge or permission, but as he is not yet my legal guardian, I don't consider that he has any right to interfere with ma."

consider that he has any right to with me."

"Tell me what sort of a time you had with him, if you don't object."

"Upon this Harry gave a graphic account of his experiences, as already detailed. His companion seemed very much amused, and laughed repeatedly.

"That's very clever," he said. "You out-

"I don't believe they will find out. Joel will be cunning enough to invent some story." "I should like to be there to see how they

ort up."
"I wouldn't," said Harry. "I don't care
to set eyes on any of the family again.
There!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I've forgotten something."
"What is it?"

"What is it?"
"In owing Mr. Fox for board."
"How long have you been with him?"
"About two days."
"Then it can't be much."
"I'll mail a letter from the first place that is far enough off to be safe, and inclose five dollars."

"I'll mail a letter from the first place that is far enough off to be safe, and inclose five dollars."
"I will pay the week's board. I won't give him any reason to charge me with dishonesty. Then we shall be even, and I needn't think of him again."
"Perhaps you are right. You haven't told me your name yet."
"My name is Harry Vane."
"A good name. Who do you think I am?"
"You may be General Grant," answered Harry You may have heard of the thest of my knowledge. I am the Magician the best of my knowledge. I am the Magician the west of my knowledge. I am the Magician the west of my knowledge. I am the Magician the west of my knowledge. I am the Magician the west of my knowledge. I am the Magician toked slightly disconcerted. "I have been before the public for many years," he said. "I give magical entertainments, and in the course of the last twenty years have traveled all over the continent."
"You see," explained Harry apologetically, "I have always lived in a small country town where there were few amusements, and so I know very little of such things. I never saw a magical entertainment in my life."
"Didn't you indeed? Then you shall see me perform to-night. I am to give a magical soiree in Conway, the town we are coming to."
"I should like it very much, Mr. —?" and Harry paused in doubt.
"I am called Professor Hemenway—Hiran Hemenway," said the magician, "I was vasied in Connecticut, and my parents tried to make a farmer of me. But it was of no use. The

a Connecticut, and my parents tried to make farmer of me. But it was of no use. The ublic needed me, and I became what you a farmer of m

"Money isn't to be despised, my young friend, and I earn it in a pleasant way."

By a fortunate accident Harry happened to turn in his seat and look through a small window in the back part of the wagon. What he saw startled him. In a buggy, ten rods back, he recognized his late guardian and Joel. They were making good speed, and will have been supported his discovery to his companied hy imparted his discovery to his companied. I may be seen in the sead of the season will be seen in the season of the season will be season will

"I say stranger, sau ros, alongside." All right, my friend, go ahead and say it!" observed the professor, blandly. "A boy ran away from me this morning. Perhaps you have seen him." "Perhaps you have seen him." "Perhaps you have seen him." "A boy of the work of the work

him?"
"Certainly not. He wouldn't obey my rightful authority."
"I saw a boy about a mile back," said the magician, reflectively, "a stout, good-looking lad, dark-brown hair, and a pleasant expression, didn't look at all like you."
"Why should he? Didn't I say he was not my son?" said Mr. Fox, appearing annoyed.

not my some moved.
"I chatted with him awhile. He said he was leaving a man who claimed to be his guardian, but wasn't."
"The young liar I' ejaculated Fox, wrathfully. "Where is he now?"
"Is he in your wagon?" put in Joel,

"Is he in your wagon?" put in Joel, sharply.
"If he were you'd see him, wouldn't you?"
"In behind you?"
"Yes, are you kidnapping him?" demanded Fox, fiercely.
"There is a boy in the back of my wagon," said the magician, coolly. "If you ain't afraid of small-pox, you may see him. Which shall it be you or the boy?"
A pallid hue overspread the face of John Fox, which was increased by an agonizing moan, which appeared to proceed from behind the magician.
"Turn the horse, Joel!" was all he said.

moan, which appears in the hind the magician.
"Turn the horse, Joel!" was all he said.
He whipped up his horse without a word, and did not pull up for half a mile.
"You can come out now, Harry," said the professor with a queer smile. "I am a ventrolloquist, and that moan did the business."

(To be continued.)

#### BEFORE PAPER.

Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead, and copper were also used at an early period; after which the leaves of These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree, but this being too coarse, the inner bark came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans liber, the Latin word for book, and these bark s, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called volumen, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats, and asses were the next materials used, and so nicely were they prepared that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of certain reptiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated fact that the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. This roll was one hundred and twenty feet long, and was deposited in the great library of Constantinople, which was destroyed by fire in the sixth century. The next material was parchment—skins smoothed and polished by pumice stone—to which succeeded vellum, a finer description of parchment, made from the skins of very young animals. On this vellum gold and silver letters were stamped with very beautiful, requiring much time and labor to prepare and complete them, and the more carefully they are examined the more do we admire the taste and ingenuity displayed. tiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated

#### THE PRESIDENT'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

REV. AARON CLEVELAND, the President's great grandfather, says a writer in the New Haven Pal-ladium, was known in New England as poet, preacher, orator and wit. In 1779 he was a member of the Legislature of Connecticut, and was or dained soon after to the Congregational ministry. The following anecdote, taken from Goodrich's "Recollections of a Life Time," is illustrative of his wit: "About this time there was in the eastern part

of Connecticut, a dergyman by the name of Cleve-tor Connecticut, a dergyman by the name of Cleve-lary of Connecticut, and the construction of Cleve-lary of the connecticut, as he was riding along the connecticut, as he was riding along the connecticut, and the connecticut, as the was riding along the connecticut, and the connecticut, as the connecticut, as a state of the connecticut, and the connecticut, and the connecticut, as a state of the connecticut, and the connecticut, and the connecticut, as a state of the connecticut, and the connecticut is the connecticut, and the connecticut is the connecticut of the connecticut of the connecticut is the connecticut of the connec

How are you, priest?" said the stranger.
How are you, Democrat?" said the parson.
How do you know I am a Democrat?"

one.
"How do you know I am a priest?" said the oth other.
"I know you to be a priest by your dress," said the stranger.
"I know you to be a Democrat by your address," said the parson.



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BY HATTE TYSO GRISWOLD.

HOH roared the flames upon the hearth,
The wind howled flatfully without.
And wind and flame like reveilers
Seemed gleefully to laugh and shout,
As Mand and I before the fire
Leaned thy back and smiled and sighed,
Her robe of violet veiler in ung
In shadowy folds down at her side.

Her golden hair in rippling waves Hung carelessly below her waist Hung carelessly below her waist.
And creamy lace from shoulders wh
Fell, and its web-like pattern trac
Her gaze was always on the fire,
And mine was always upon her;
The faint, sweet smell of sandalwoc
Came over as her fan did stir.

A score of years—and once again
I sit within the olden room.
And back upon the air there floats
The faint, sweet sandal wood perfume
Parted world, wide are Maud and I,
Yet, like a subtle, shy caress,
I feel anear use fail the folds
Of that soft violet velvet dress.

[This story commenced in No. 121.]

#### THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON..
or of "The Guardians' Trust," "Barbara's Trisphs," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's
Ring," dc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XIV. A LITTLE PIECE OF STRATEGY.

A LITTLE PECE OF STRATEOY.

BOWLING along again, this time in advance of the steamer, the clear notes of the band sounding in their wake. The position of the parties was slightly changed. Reviere occupied the carriage with Professor Louis and his wife; Mrs. Lake sat regally by the side of Colonel Earle, who could do no less than invite her, when they were so far from the party; and the boy Al destinguished himself by giving the driver a few points in horsemanship, as he sat perched up on the driver's cushion.

Reviere was unusually brilliant, the pro-Reviere was unusually brillant, the pro-fessor silent, though apparently enjoying the drive, and Madame Lucie wore her accus-tomed calm of manner, talking serenely and pointing out familiar places on the road. "I haven't seen this road for twenty years," said Louis at last, rousing himself from a

reverie.
"That was long before you knew me," said his wife, with a smile.
"Yes, I was not much more than a boy then—let me see, perhaps twenty-two. It

then—let me see, perhaps twenty-two. It was a mery party was the great and the see and the

"Your parents were living then?" said Reviere.
"Yes, hale and hearty. They were old-time people who were proud of their ancestry, and liked English enstoms. My mother had an English maid called Eve, and my father's coschman was named Adam. Adam would powder his hair like any British laquay. They are both on this excursion, and the old man has passed his eight-sixth birthday and is still vigorous and bright."
"Are they not the people with whom that child was staying?" asked his wife, without looking up.

child was staying?" asked his wife, without looking up.

"You mean Beth," he said—"yes."
"She is really remarkably pretty," said Beviere, "though not to be compared to Miss Clare. In her all the graces of a perfected womanhood seem to melt."
"I thank you," said Madame Lucie, with a smile. "She is a sweet girl, and I am very fond of her. I confess I am prejudiced against the other one."
Her manner expressed more than her words. As she looked up her eyes encountered those of her husband.

of her husba

or ner nusuand.

There was that in his face, a consciousness
of guilt—as she interpreted it—that haunted

her.

In reality it was undisguised displeasure that she should have spoken so freely before a comparative stranger of her antipathies.

With lightning-like rapidity she matured her plans. She would seek out these two old people, attach herself to them, and if possible lead them to speak freely about themselves, and the family they had served so long. To do this she would avoid letting them know her name and position.

do this she would avoid letting them know her name and position. In the state of th

was true.

"It is said she is as scrupulous in herathem quarrel, though they often multiple or even to dinary attention, such as handing him the shoe buttoner, opening the door for him, bringing a book."

"It is said she is as scrupulous in herathem quarrel, though they often differ."

"It is said she never leaves her dressingrom, unless she is carefully and even ele-

gantly attired for the morning, greeting him as if they had not met for a long time." Finally, it is said "there is a serpent in every Edon, and there must be one in theirs, in spite of all their felicity!"

And so some very good people talked on and on, speculating upon their neighbors, as men will, and women, too, till the day of doom

And so some very good people caused on, and on, speculating upon their neighbors, as men will, and women, too, till the day of doom.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lake enjoyed her ride in spite of the close proximity of two young and beautiful women, for above all things she liked prying into motives, dissocing emotions, inding or fancying she found out secreta which escaped the notice of the generality of people. Curiously enough she labored the control of the cont its avenues whereby it compasses much in-genious reasoning, and a great amount of mental traveling to convince itself of the in-tegrity of its motives in matters of love and

tegrity of its motives in matters of love and law.

Besides she knew that she was really very pretty, and with skilfully applied cosmetics looked younger by ten years than her real age. And so, all the scheming and heat-burning and rivalries met on common ground again when they reached their destination; the parties were installed in the hotel and raniling over the grounds.

Adam and Eve sat by themselves, a conspicuous looking old couple, upon whom many comments were passed. Mrs. Carl, whom they had never met and of course could not know, sought them out, remaining behind when the rest of the party set off for the falls. Louis offered to stay with her, but she declined, and urged him so pleasantly and persistently that he could find no good excuse for remaining.

He had also volunteered to take the old couple to the falls, but they were tired and

and persistently that he could find no good excuse for remaining.

He had also volunteered to take the old couple to the falls, but they were tired and preferred to rest awhile. Perhaps later, after the moon came up they might go, they said. So Louis left them in their nook in the parlor, and his wife reading on the porch, and reluctantly joined Earle and his party, who were all very merry over the occasion.

When the rest were out of sight, Mrs. Carl left her book, which, to tell the truth, she had read little save the title.

She stood for a moment looking at the rural beauty of the scene. Two country lowers seated in a swing, he with his arm about the buxom waist of the girl, seemed to know nothing of earth or its inhabitants save each other. They talked and laughed and chuckled, utterly oblivious of the stately, handsome woman, who made no secret of her presence. The earth was very fair just there—waving grain-fields, old orchards, picturesque hills and valleys. Now and then the merry pleasure seekers sent a shout behind them, which echoed for moments.

"I'm very tired, woman," said Adam, mopping his face with a white silk handkerchief only used for grand occasions.

"End parties are hard octation." See, yonder, what a handkerchief only used for grand occasions.

"See, yonder, what a no, end-looking lady! and I do believe she is coming our way. Now, man, don't forget yourself."

"Mind your own business, woman," he retorted, in perfect good nature, "and I will mind mine."

"Modame Lucie, beautiful, graceful, smiling, took a seat near them. She had always been noted for her talk, and knew how to draw out the most cherished, even secret opinions of others. So charming was she that no one could resist her when she exerted her genius to attract.

Adam and Eve were put at once at their case.

that no one could resist her when she exerted her genius to attract.

Adam and Eve were put at once at their ease. They forgot their plain clothes and manners, and spoke as freely to her as if they had been in their own humble room at home. How gradually she led them to speak of the Carls, of their early and late service there, we need not narrate, but suffice it that they were soon deep in the description of the old fam-ily.

soon deep in the warm.

"I happen to know Mr. Lonis Carl," said Madame Lucie, smiling and displaying a lovely set of teeth.

"Then you know a nobleman, madame, a paragon!" said old Adam, caressing his beard even to its silver point, and smiling to him-

self.
"I believe he is considered a very good
man," she said. "That is a pretty little girl
he has lately taken into his house."
The two old people glanced at each other
in a startled way, not so suddenly, however,
but that Mrs. Carl had seen and interpeted

for our interest to guard."
"You mean little Beth," said Eve

"You mean our little girl," said Adam.
"Why do you call her your little girl?"
asked Madame Lucie. "Is she a relation of

asked Madame Lucie. "Is she a relation of yours?"

"She has beer in our care," said Eve evasively, taking hea.'t by another steathy look at her husband.

"The poor little thing is an orphan, I have heard," said the madame.
"Indeed; where may you have heard that?" queried Adam, and the question was so direct that Mrs. Carl was nonplussed for the moment.
"At least her mother is dead," said Eve.

the moment.

"At least her mother is dead," said Eve.
"Woman!" exclaimed Adam, significantly—then ended the sentence indifferently. But Eve seemed frightened and irresolute; began to speak again, stammered, and finally paused, flushed and trembling.

"How old is she?" asked Mrs. Carl, determined not to be drawn from the point.
Adam made a significant motion, as if he were taking his pice from his mouth.

mined not to be drawn from the point.

Adam made a significant motion, as if he were taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Somewhere about sixteen—maybe seventeen," he said with a little hestistion, "but if custions in the case of the condition of

Activation of facts to suit her theories.

"The father of this young lady—is he liv-

lection of facts to suit her theories.

"The father of this young lady—is he living?" she asked.

"It may—be," said Adam, slowly. He had taken his cane and was nursing its ancent-ivory head against his chin. It was evident that he was becoming suspicious of his questioner. Old men are keen at reading motives, and he was no exception to his class. He wished to end the catechism and did not hesitate to do so in his blunt way.

"Madame—I suppose I may tell you that this child has no rightful claim on any but one living man. That man's name is our secret. We love him and respect him. Perhaps that will satisfy you."

"And that man is Louis Carl," she said, "my tongue is sealed."

"Is he her father?" came from between the white lips in frozen syllables.

"In God's name, woman, how I know!"

"And did not heed her—"remember she is alad,"

"And who says I forgest?" shouted Adam.

a lady."
"And who says I forget?" shouted Adam.

"And who says I forget?" shouted Adam.
"Woman, leave me my coat tail for heaven's sake, and let me get out into the air or I shall be wrathy. Lord, Lord, thou dids't well to make her the weaker vessel or she'd pull up the earth by the roots."
"Madame Carl!" cried a voice from the ownside.

"Madame Carl! crieu a vove contside.

Presently Mrs. Lake, the piquant little widow, with dress awry and bonnet shaken over her face, appeared at the door.

"So sorry! My dear madame—the terrible accident! your daughter, you know! I ran all the way—and there isn't bit of breath in my body—the poor little darling!"

Mrs. Carl stood still, unterrified but outlone.

rious. "My good lady, I have no daughter," she

"My good 1849, 2 ....."
said.
"What! she not your daughter? So astonished—and so very like! well, well—and he bringing her here in his arms!"
She drew a long breath and slid into a

chair.

"It's his child then, by a former mar-riage," she said to herself.

"Is it little Beth you are talking about?" queried Eve—catching hold of Adam as if to draw him back, though he never thought of

moving.
"That's what they call her."
"What of her?" asked Mrs. Carl, haugh-

tily, with eyes ablaze.
"So dreadful! She's murdered!" was the wful respons

#### CHAPTER XV. THE THREE SHOTS

THE THERE SHOTS

THE PARTY HAD left the cerriages and proceeded on foot through the woods, mely, noisy and happy. All the time the distant roar of the falls sounded clear and distinct. The trees burned in their October beauty—the branches were full of bright plumaged birds, keeping up a continual melody. Colonel Earle in his quiet way still monopolized Clare. Reviere and the widow bandled sallies of wit, and Beth, the third party, felt herself one too many. Even the Indian would have been welcome, but he was following in wake of Louis, who, grave and alone, strode forward full of gloomy thought.

Something weighed him down—oppressed his spirits, made him a prey to melancholy. For him the sun shone and the birds sang in van. He had passed a night full of vivid dreams, and for him to dream was to dread.

"We have a secret between us which it is or our interest to guard."
"You mean little Beth," said Eve.
"You mean our little girl," said Adam.
"Why do you call her your little girl," said Hadam. sked Madame Lucie. "Is she a relation of ours?"
"She has beer in our care," said Eve evalvely, taking hear t by another stealthy look ther husband.
"Then in the morning some words had passed about Beth, and he had asserted himself strongly—a little too strongly, perhaps, though list wite lad paid him the compliment of not ours?"
"She has beer in our care," said Eve evalvely, taking hear t by another stealthy look ther husband.
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him, even for a moment.

Doubt to some natures is harder to bear than death.

nim, even for a moment.
Doubt to some natures is harder to bear than death.
He was revolving in his mind how to end it all. On one hand was the shame of confession—on the other the hope of compensation, which weighted heavily because it mast be bought at so high a price.
He was a grand man, this Louis Carl, one of the grandest in all the attributes that go to the formation of a perfect character. His wise had worshipped him for his superior man, but a profession, and as man worth his buffered of thousands who was fonder of her than of his money, and with whom she might have made the tour of the world.

Bee travefed on, intent on his own thoughts, for he looked neither to the right or the left. Reviere and the widow overtook him, and the former said something in a light vein; but the Indian never looked up or replied. There was a smouldering fire in his eye, a sullen frown on his brow, a rigid line between his shin lips. Not till Reviere had passed, did he deign to glance toward him, and then his expression was dangerous.

Presently Beth and Clare stepped aside them.
Louis also fell back and joined Earle.
"No; she has rather a dread of the falls.

Earle.

"No; she has rather a dread of the falls. Besides she has seen them often. I shall revive old memories, for I am almost a stranger

here."

He thought, perhaps, of one dead face, once
the dearest thing to him on earth. In all his
life he had had but two loves—both pure—
both fervent and sincere.

There was a cry from Clare. Earl and Louis
bounded saide, and ran down a shelving path
literally covered with vines.

Earle arrived first.

"Mr. Earle, Beth is in a dangerous spot,"
said Clare. "She would climb, and now she
is dizzy"

is dizzy."

He looked up to the ledge where Beth stood,

ne scoked up to the ledge where Beth stood, pale as death, and clinging to the rough sides of the rock. There was a rude descent, but it required a steadier brain than hers, and she was crying with where faint.

it required a steadier brain than hers, and she was crying with sheef fright. "O I cannot move—I must let go, my head swims so!" she cried in heart-rending ac-cents. "I am so frightened! don't let me kill myself!"

kill myself!"

Almost before she knew it Earle's bearded face was beside her.

"There's no danger at all, Miss Beth; give me your hand," he said.

But Beth, not too much frightened to feel within her the moving of coquetry, protested now that she was too giddy—she knew she should fall—but what coald he do—and what, oh! what would she do?

This terror looked genuine—a part of it was.

"There is only one way, Miss Beth," said Earle, while to himself he anathematized her for a silly child, though she did look wonder-fully pretty in her trouble; "you must less me carry you."

Earle, while to himself he anathematized her or a silly child, though she did look wonderfully pretty in her trouble; "you must less me carry you."

"Then we shall both fall," she half sobbed. For answer he bent forward a moment and caught her in his arms.

Almost before she knew it, her arms were about his neck, and then she was loosing them, standing on terra firma, with a quick-beating heart, and hardly knowing whether to be pleased or angry.

"Really there was no other way," he said, laughing, "than a coup de main; your fright might have brought about a catastrophe."

Clare's eyes were shining; she liked bravery in man or woman, and Earle looked so strong, so every inch a man!

Bee's eyes were shining, too, but with vindictive hatred. He had watched the whole proceeding from a short distance, standing as still as though cut in bronze, the only sign of emotion the dark red on either cheek. He made a sharp click between his teeth as he saw Beth turn laghing and triumphant to Reviere, chatting the story of her rescue, like a merry child who thinks the whole world interested in all its little doings and "aways, its pleasures or misfortunes." (To be continued.)

its pleasures or misfortunes.

(To be continued.)

### BOBBY'S REWARD.

CONTRARY to orders, Bobby had taken the family Bible from the parlor table, where it was very carefully kept, and by the time he got through with it the signs of wear and tear were painfully apparent

For this act of disobedience he received a severe whipping, and was sent supperless to bed.

"It is a source of great gratification to me," said the minister, who was making a call that same evethe minister, who was making a call that same evening, as he littled the book from the table and discovered its condition, "to find that in this hease-hold, at least, the Bible is not neglected. It is too often the case, a regret to say, that the contents of the content of the case, a regret to say, that the content of the content of the case, a regret to say, that the content of the case of the content of the case of the



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#### BEING AND SEEMING

A PANOUS Englishman once gave this bit of advice to a young American friend: "Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear. Is this piece of wisdom needless? Look about you and see how difficult it is to judge men by their appearance. They "are not always what they seem."
Pride often makes people appear good, when they are bad at heart.

#### PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

HENRY CLAY used to practice reading and ora tory, 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 were made, sometimes in a corn-neid, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in the barn, with the horse and oxen for my audience." It was by this diligent practice that Henry Clay became one of the most persuasive of American orators. Such skill is not gained in a moment, nor derived from

#### SELF DECISION.

"How could he do so when all the rest did other This question was asked by an anxious mother respecting her boy, who had gone wrong in spite of the influence of the others. The mother's idea was good. Her son ought to have been in-fluenced. But then, she had never taught him the fluenced. But then, she had never taught him the right ground of decision. If all the rest had gone wrong, should he therefore have gone wrong? Young people should decide firmly for themselves on the principles of honor and rectitude. Yielding to the mere majority is dangerous.

#### THE PANCAKE RUSH.

AT Westminster School, England, they us have a queer custom. On Shrove Tuesday a dignified procession went to the school-room, where the boys were assembled, followed by the cook. This personage, clad in white apron, jacket and cap, bore aloft a pancake on a tray. This he duly cast down among the boys, and he who picked it up unbroken received a handsome prize.

This was merely a frolic, founded on old legends and customs. But something of the same sort is kept up all over the world. The tumultuous scramthe pancake is repeated over and over again in real life. The Westminster boys only got their coats and trowsers ripped in the struggle. But in the strife for a few superfluous dollars, men will suffer their health, their good name, their happiness and comfort, to be torn to tatter

#### WORKING WITH RUDE TOOLS

GENIUS works its way to triumph with the rudes tools. It is not necessary for a young mechanic to have a four story machine shop to develop a great Nor need a scientific youngster depend invention. upon a large library to give direction to his thoughts and experiments. In reading the history of art and science, we are often surprised at th magnificent results achieved by the use of very simple means.

It is said that Ofic was asked by what magic process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains," was his reply. Fergusen made a wooden clock that measured the hours accurately, with a common penknife. Dr. Black discovered latent heat by means of a pan of water and two thermometers. Newton studied the composition of light and the origin of colors with a prism, a lens and a sheet of pasteboard. Wilkie practiced ns and a sheet of pasteb drawing on a barn door with a burnt stick. Franklyn used a kite, a silk handkerchief and a key, to discover the identity of lightning and electricity.

Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough handle. Sir Joseph Paxton made his first sketch of the Crystal Palace at London, on a sheet of blotting paper, in a railroad of

Such examples might be given indefinitely. Therefore, if any of our young readers feel the stir-rings of genius, they need not begin to look about for a wagon load of tools and apparatus. Let them make use of the rude and simple things within their reach. The lad who will live to forge a steel cannon does not need a trip hammer in his cradle.

#### GENERAL GRANT'S CIGARS.

THE peculiar illness of so distinguished a man Grant is worthy of special notice. The General trans is worthy or special notice. The General has been noted for his excessive use of cigars, and this habit has resulted in the cancer on his tongue which may cut short his illustrious life. Of course this will be held up as an awful warning against smoking. Yet the question should be dis-cussed candidly. Not every person who smokes will die of cancer. In fact many men smoke comfortably during a long and healthy life. An old Indian woman in Connecticut, lived to the age of 105, having been for seventy-five years excessively given to smoking a pipe. All people who go sail-

ing on Sunday are not drowned.

It is impossible, you see, to lay down a rigid rule for one example. Yet there are rights and wrongs about all habits. Smoking tends to poison the blood with nicotine, and there are more persons whom smoking is almost fatal than there are who can indulge in it with impunity. If it be true that all Sabbath breakers are not drowned, yet it is none the less certain that we never ought to be caught doing anything in which we are not con-scientiously willing to die. All boys and girls can settle this question for themselves.

Now smoking not only causes cancer, but it pro duces painless diseases of the spine and legs, which are not detected till they are far advanced. Men go on using tobacco till they begin to feel sudden twinges in their legs, or a "giving out" when they attempt to walk Their limbs are unsteady be neath them. This disease has a long medical name, but its victims yield to it just as surely as if it were

spelled with three letters.

It is always safest not to use tobacco at all. Yet if boys will smoke cigarettes, let them do so in eration. They should recollect that the money spent for smoking during an ordinary life will buy a good home. And, it may be added, there is little aid and comfort derived from tobacco, which cannot be had from exercise and good digestion. Therefore, we confine advice to this point: let our young smokers "go slow." Best of all, don't smoke.

#### A SAD CASE.

A CERTAIN New England village was startled or morning by the news that a well-known lad had been arrested. This happened not long ago, for, it is sad to say, such things take place too often in these enlightened days. He was of a respectable family, and had enjoyed good advantages Vet he was arrested for stealing money from the village store. It appears that he had been suspected; a careful watch was kept, and at length he was caught in the very act.

What was the cause of it? The boy had a good trade; his parents were able to pay all his proper expenses, such as his earnings did not suffice to meet. Why should he steal? He was not naturally dishonest. Indeed, he was a lad of good ability. and quite high-minded, in his own esteem. What was the trouble? He had formed expensive habits, that is all. And they were not good ones. He had become fond of drinking beer and liquor, of smoking, and of playing billiards. He kept these habits as secret as possible. Especially did he avoid telling his parents, a mistake which every honorable boy should avoid. It is far better to take the father into confidence, even at the risk of chiding or punishment.

Naturally his expenses in these favorite dissi tions outran his earnings. He dared not ask his parents to give money for his indulgences. So he took to pilfering. A small sum answered at first, Then he grew bolder. When he was arrested, he was known to have stolen fifty dollars from the vil lage store. When exposed, he became repentant, but it was too late. His reputation was blasted When will boys learn to avoid such courses, and to live within the limits of their pocket money

#### 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, bananas, bread fruit, dates, sorghum and soy have been known from three to five thousand years. This ought not to be. If we were to cultivate some of our common weeds, no doubt they might become equally famous. Try "pussley," for example. Al country boys know its virtues in getting up back-But, besides, it is good f or green knows but it might, if developed to gigantic size,

be a good substitute for asparagus?

Then there are burdocks. A course of coaxing, with high manuring, might civilize them. At pres ey are good for nothing but burrs; and t aside from baskets, are of no use except to tangle up the girls' hair. Why not not try to make a veg-

#### WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. The British Premier

nan 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, that the responsibility of the government rests almost entirely on his own shoulders. An interesting contrast is presented by the two leading statesmen of the present day in Europe; Bismarck, the grim old soldier, the restless and successful diplomatist; Glad-stone, the lover of peace, the champion of popular rights, the orator and man of letters. The great influence of the one rests on the achievements of his

iron hand and will: of the other, on respect for his ability and purposes, his character and career.

Just a hundred years ago, there came to Liverpool a young Scotch man named John Gladstone, who gradually rose to be one of the first erchants of that sea port, 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 Eng land, and at Christ church, the foremo These lege at Oxford. early years had a great influence on the future statesman's character: owed his financia talent and business apti-

Oxford He graduated with high honors in 1831. and spent some time in traveling on the continent

of Europe.

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 en he was first elected to represent the borough of Newark in Parliament. He was by purth and training a member of the Tory or conservative party, and opposed to those reform principles which he afterwards embraced. A contemporary thus describes the young member: "He is one of thus describes the young member: "He is one of the most rising young men on the Tory side of the house. His appearance and manners are in his favor; he is a fine-looking man. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and highly intellectual; there is not a dandy in the house but envies his jet-black hair. His complexion shows that he possesses an abundant stock of health."

During the next thirteen years, he rapidly in creased 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 develope English commerce. This part of his life ends with the resignation, in 1845, of the seat he held in the government, and the gradual change of his political opinions, which estranged him from his former allies. We see him, as mem ber for Oxford University, fighting now on this side and now on that, often almost alone, but always on the side of justice and liberty. Finally, we see him rejected by the University—his opinions had be-come too pronounced for so conservative a body and taking the leadership of the Liberal party; a leadership which has now lasted for seventeen years, with a brief interval; a leadership so com plete, that Mr. Gladstone has almost been the Liberal party. He has served six times as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for more than ten years as Prime Minister: he has met with a few failures, such as fall to the lot of every statesman, but has gained many triumphs, and his opponents allow that h has done good service to his country, and earned the first place in its citizens' esteem.

A word must be said on his literary achieve ments. The chief intellectual recreation of his working life has been the study of the Homeric There have been more learned scholars but none have written on the subject better and more gracefully, and his "Studies on Homer" and entus Mundi" are wonderful as the work of a busy statesman. Gladstone has also published a host of writings on historical, ecclesiastical and political subjects. One of his essays, entitled "Kin beyond Sea," speaks of America, a country for which Gladstone felt and expressed the warmest regard. "The England and America of to-day," says he, "are probably the two strongest nations of the world. But there can hardly be a doubt, as of the world. between the England and America of the future that the daughter, at no very distant time, will be unquestionably stronger than the mother.'

Gladstone's private life has always been marked by simplicity and devotion to work. At Oxford, he ever missed spending the hours from ten to two o'clock in solitary study, and eight o'clock saw him again immersed in his books. His classical tastes, as we have already seen, lasted into his late life; one of his critics remarked: "He unites a deep

classical joy over the resurrection of Italy, and Greek independence, with a lively English in in the amount of duty on Zante raisins and Italian He distinguished himself at the Oxford Debating 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. This very ear-nestness once caused his great rival, Disræli, to rejoice that so substantial a piece of furniture stood between him and his opponent in the House of Commons.

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 has been passed. At eight o'clock he would walk down to the village church,

of 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 woodcutter's attire, he has often been accosted by peasants, who did not know whom they were addressing. Many sto-ries are told of his kindness to his rustic neighbors; how, for instance, he put his shoulder to wheel to help a carter up hill, whereupon the grateful peas-ant offered him a glass of beer On Sunday, he in his son's church : but this attracted such a crowd of sight-seers, that he discontinued the

tude to Liverpool, his classical attainments to practice. He has often been seen in the humblest Eton, his moral fervor and deep religious spirit to houses, reading from the Scriptures to the sick or 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 saary, or any pension, though the numerous drains upon him compelled him to sell his art collections and to change his mansion in Carlton House Terace or a man to house in Harley Street. The long and distinguished public service, have been at his dasposal, but he has chosen to remain one of the people. For him, now in his seventy-sixth year,

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;

cannot but hope that he will overcome the sent difficulties, which surround his govern-nt, and will see his country enjoying the bless-

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 sev-ral times before breakfast.

eral times before breakfast.
"I'm looking for Spring board."
"Join a circus; you'll always find on ethere."
Corrors seed is sued by Southern planters to fatte cattle. Cotton in another form is used by human b peds to produce stoutness. If you doubt this stick pin in the call of an actor.

pin in the call of an accor.

They talk now of the nervous system of spong We always supposed they traveled on their che though it must be confessed that all we have et come in contact with have displayed a good deal

erve.

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

"Well, I thought if it went as far as that the dear Lord might be able to read the news."

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

on name is better than tons of gold.

To die well one must first learn to live well. No man is born into the world whose work is not orn with him.

Good company and good conversation are the very HE that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil man can be guilty of.

man can be guilty of. CHARITY —A service that the receiver should re-nember and the giver forget. THE pain of life but sweetens death, the hardest la-or brings the soundest sleep.

bor brings the soundest sleep.

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

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into centasies, full of danger and followed by reactions.

LET your discourse of others be fair; speakill of no-body. To do it in his absence is the property of a coward, that stabs a man behind his back; if to his face, you add an affront to scandal.

face, you add an affront to scandal.

The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration
of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and
that only can be gained by a constant cultivation of
those qualities which she knows he most values.
INDEPENDENT is he who has no wants which he can
not graifly without the least risk of being overtaken
by debt or tempted to dishoner; a man en times
richer, but with twenty times more wants, is, in reality, twice as poor.

ONE watch 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'MALLY

WHATEVER lacks purpose is evil: a pool without peb-bles breeds sline:
Not any one with of Thme.
Not ever came Good without Labor, in Toil, or in Sci-ance of Art;
It must be wrought out thro'the nuscles—born out of the soul and the heart.

the soul and the heart.

Why plough in the stabble with ploughshares? Why
winnow the chaff from the grain?

Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since
Truth is no born witness the collection of the
grain of the stable of the stable of the
hard of the winnowithy, the weak, or the foolsish in deed, the worthy, the weak, or the foolwish in the stable of the stable of the
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 Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness woven, soul-pure, Is known to the Master of Singers: He toucheth it, saying. \*\*Endere It\*

#### 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 be given to be a support of the history of the control of the chief 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 storepipe halts. 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 stater.

Wherever they traveled, they drew grest conditions that 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.

There comes a pleasant story to my ears of President Cleveland, says a writer in the New York Times. "Cleve "—bis title in the days I write of—happened to be spending a few days at the home of a relative in a reposeful 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 Silass'," 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-laced like 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





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 conquere should be kindled in the breast of this unturored 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 fared, for their haired of the whites was the most inheast the Sioux were the most to be fared, for their haired of the whites was the most inheatening of all the actions that were known as the submitted of the submi He sees his kindred fall around him on every

They speedily found a large Indian village, which they attacked, and a fearful battle ensued, lasting from half past two in the afternoon, until six oʻlock 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.

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25 total of 280 men, were slain.

26 total of 280 men, were slain.

27 total of 280 men, were slain.

28 total of 280 men, were slain.

29 total of 280 men, were slain.

29 total of 280 men, were slain.

20 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 hostsges. Sitting Bull and a "wille, when cid nortward, escaping for him to complete submission.

In person, Sitting Bull is of sturdy frame, with a massive head, and a face heavily pockmarked. 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 tever, and the respect in which he was held has not diminished.

and valorous deeds. And in this respect, none in those days exceeded the famous Siting Bull, who thus had all the hostiles at his beginned to the most fearful deeds of violence, and instead them to the most fearful deeds of violence, and instead them to the most fearful deeds of violence, and instead 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 at least of the statement of the

victims. On the afternoon that Grover entered, the excitement over in the corner seemed to be running over. A milder-faced middle-aged little man was nervously bent over Ike's slow and impressive moves of the checkers. The game was close, and Sanders' opponent, no other than the village school-master, had held a slight advantage; suddenly Ike surrendered one of his men to the foe, who promptly seized the opportunity. Another man was yielded, and then the trap became apparent, and the devoted dominic rushed to his ruin.

"Ha-ha! ho-ho! Why, you can't play checkers any more than you can scrape the sky," was Isaac's taunt as he grasped his victory.

checkers any more than you can scrape the sky," was Isaac's taunt as he grasped his victory.

The poor schoolmaster, his thin checks pinking with mortification, shrank back with a faint excuse for his defeat. The carclessly rearranged the dranghts, boastfully placed the board over on the firkin, and booked up the board over on the firkin, and booked up the board over on the firkin, and booked up to the board over on the firkin, and booked up to the board over on the firkin, and booked up to the board over on the firm of the property of the board over the board over the same that the same and was making preparations to place the checkers on the desk, when the young stranger, pitying the defeated schoolmaster, found voice.

"I say, Mr. Sanders, would you mind trying a game with me?"

"With you? Sho, young fellow, you don't want to play against like Sanders!"

"Well, I would be willing to try."

"Well, I would be willing to try."

"On, come; you can't play nothin' against waste your time, young man."

"I might give you some trouble, though."

"Humph! you're sassy enough about it, and to take down your conceit a peg or two I'll et you have a game."

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 tormentox:

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. Rimer, 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 excomes so easily to me. Why, do you know, lex-pect it is more work for you to read my poems than it is for me to write them." "Yes, I expect it is," 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 teleand all through his miserable education at the tele-phone. 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 concern-ing her proposed purchase, she put the tube to her ear and handed the mouthpiece to the clerk. Ho immediately put his mouth to it and called out "Hello!" and before he recollected himself the customer had founced out of the establishment. HELPS.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought, ene'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts in glad surprise To higher levels rise

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

### SAVING THE LIFE OF BOONE.

A True Incident in the Early Settlement of Ker tucky.

#### BY RALPH MORGAN.

Ruan the lives of Boone, Kenton, the Zanes 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. How else can we account for that indomita-ble courage, that determined energy and self-sacri ficing devotion, which marked the length and breadth of their career. To them war was a pastime, and suffering, danger and privation the ac-companiments of their daily life. Fear they knew not; and when danger fled before the approaching not; and when danger net before the approximing footsteps of innumerable settlers, they pursued it even to its strongholds. Possessed of the cunning, subtlety and artifice of the Indian, they had all the energy and resource of the pale face, and it is not a step by step toward the setting sun, until the "places that once knew them shall know them no more forever."

Roonesborough was one of those forts, or sta Boonesborough was one of those forts, or sta-tions, erected by the early settlers of Kentucky, to protect themselves and families from the incursions of their savage foes, and was the scene of many a trilling and soul-stirring incident. It was erected in April, 1775, by Daniel Boone, and was located on the southern bank of the Kentucky River. It was the first fort built in that region, and its erection excited the fears of the Indians, who were highly excited the fears of the indians, who were nightly inconsed at the rapid advancement of the whites into their beautiful hunting grounds, which feeling was still further increased by the British, who had forts north of the Ohio, and offered them bribes for every scalp, or prisoner, they took. Such being the incentives, Boonesborough was besieged on several occasions by the Indians in large parties, sometimes assisted by their white allies

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 birds had laved themselves in the clear, cold rills, and were commencing their inal songs in welcome to his coming p All Nature recognized the opening day, and decked itself in its gaudiest hues to meet it.

The gate of the fort opened and two young mer

issued therefrom, who took their way to the adjoin ing fields to commence their daily toil. They en-tertained no fear of immediate danger from the proximity of Indians, as it had been the practice to send scouts up and down the river every week to look for Indian "signs."

But a few days before the scouts had been out, scouring the country on both sides, and no trail or there other you 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. Totally unconscious of their peril, the youths w until they were within about sixty vards of the In dians' covert, when, as they were about commencing their labor, they were fired upon by at least a dozen rifies. The whole scene passed under the eyes of a young man, who had for a few preceding one to a young man, who has on a new preceding instead of the property of the erect, his nostrils dilated like a war horse in action his hands firmly grasping his faithful rifle, and with his eyes fixed on the spot where the smoke was lazily rising in the morning air, he stood, the very per-sonification of intense excitement. The young The young men in the fields, who had been uninjured by the of the Indians, were now running fo toward the lort, while immediately behind them followed a dozen swarthy warriors, thirsting for their blood and scalps. They had nearly reached the wished-for goal, when a shot from the leading Indian, who had paused a moment for the purpose, brought down the hindermost one within seventy yards of the gate. Dropping his rifle, the savage sprang forward with a shout of triumph, and pro ceeded leisurely to scalp the yet warm corpse. He had presumed too much, however, on the distance between himself and the fort, and paid the penalty of his presumption. Springing his rifle to his shoulder with a jerk, Simon Kenton—for he it was who had been watching the scene from the gateway —drew a bead upon the red-skin and he tumbled over dead. Calling then upon his companions who had by this time come up, he bounded forward, regardless of the superior numbers of the enemy, in pursuit of them. They, retreating gradually, drew Kenton and his companions into dangerous proximity to a large body of their fellows, who were concealed in the adjacent woods.

It must not he supposed that all this had taken

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 fore ground. Ordering those around him, to the nu of ten, to follow him, he started to the scene of conflict, to which he was directed by the now increas-ing reports of rifles. He found the Indians as well Kenton and his companion treed. The latter might easily have been overwhelmed by numbers, but this was not the object of the savages. ton, observing a warrior aiming his piece at Boone's party from behind a tree, by which act he exposed his person, aimed, fired first, and brought him

Boone, turning to cheer on his men, disc that a body of the enemy had got between him and the fort, and cut off 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. Out of fourteen, seven were wounded, among whom was Boone himself, whose leg was broken by a ball from the rifle of a stalwart warrior who rushed forward to tomahawk him and secure the scalp, a trophy which would have made him a chief. was not destined, however, to attain the much covted honor. Kenton, who had just rammed down his last ball, and who was on the retreat, saw the danger of his chief, met and averted it. not a second to lose : the savage was already over him, and the next instant would decide the fate of With the fury of an Kentucky's noblest captain. enraged tiger, and with the impetus of one of his own bullets, he sprang forward, and not waiting to bring his piece to the shoulder, he thrust it full at the breast of the Indian and discharged it. Such was the force of the blow and the discharge, that the savage measured his length at least six feet from his tracks. Dropping his rifle, Kenton took mander in his arms no light load-and carried him in safety within the

After the gates had been made fast and every After the gazes had been made hast and every thing was secure, Boone sent for Kenton, and tak-ing 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. Kenton had well d it, however, for he had killed three Indians with his own hands, and saved the life of his leader.

#### THE WAY MEN SHOULD LIVE.

GEN. IMBODEN relates the following, in the Cen-tury Magazine, of Gen. Stonewall 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 battery and see that the guns were properly almost and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask G n. Jack son's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then het enough to make him feel well. His eyes sintly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm toward the up his left hand with the open palm toward the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of lying missiles, and as he spoke be jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed: 'General, you are wounded.' He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket, as the cross that he was a transfer of the contract of the c person he was addressing. He threw up his hand

#### TWO ARKANSAW ACQUAINTANCES

"Captain, what was the matter with your son

- "Nothing the matter with him when he died exept that he
- Pretty sick, though, before he died, wasn't e?"
  "Well, he wasn't as peart as he had been."
  "Died a natural death, I suppose?"
  "Yea."
  "Whishere"

#### COVERED THE GROUND.

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

"Oh, well," responded Blobson, absent-mindedly
"that covers the ground, of course; there is no
need of explanation."

#### 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. Edieaving behind her three young children, has son, le recalled the odd story of his courtship, which, says

an exchange, took place thus:

When Edison first formed Miss Mary Stillwell's acquaintance he was about twenty-five years of 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. The telegraph, notwithstanding this, however, became subservient to the Morse system While working on the chemical telegraph he em-ployed several young women to punch the holes in the paper. Among them was Miss Mary Stilwell. One day he was standing behind her chair examining a telegraphic instrument.
"Mr. Edison," remarked Miss Slillwell, suddenly

turning around, "I can always tell when you are behind me or near me."

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," ahe quietly auswered;

"but I seem to feel when you are 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 if you are willing to have me, I'd like to marry you."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed Miss Stillwell, "I—I never—"

"You astonish me!" exclaimed alies Suarea, "I—I never—" 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 of-hand, menting upon a new mode of courtship: "Let me know as early as possible, and if you consent to marry me, 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 favored the success of the same proposal before her mother.

It is hardly necessary to add that the highly favored lady laid the abrupt proposal before her mother.

"I have been a superior of the superio

#### 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 ofit; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my mem-ory in some way, and called my attention to it.

ofti; I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory—a warm memory, with a red place all around it.

Then 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-bull it. I was prose how the lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rose-bull it. I wrapped a wet sheet sround it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could got hrough the folding doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet. The busy little homet gathering new from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club more as a practical joke than anything, and he came and lit in my sumy hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my geaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermeion all over my head. If he hadn't trun out of tracks, my head would have hadn't run out of tracks, my head would have hadn't run out of tracks, my head would have hadn't run out of tracks, my head would have hadn't run out of tracks, my head would have head of the hornet, but he has an odd, quasint way, after all, that is forever new.

#### BETTING ON THEIR BABIES.

A NOVEL wager was made in Middletown the other day, between a young lawyer and a gentle-man engaged in business in New York, says an exchange. Each is the father of a boy baby, of which change. Each is the father of a boy baby, of which he is very proud, and the conversation happening to turn upon the youngsters, each father was emplatic in his assertions that his offbring was larger and more promising than that of his friend, and the standard properties of the standard properties and increase and should deposit \$100 in the axings bank, there to remain with principal and interest untouched, until both the babies have attained the age of twenty-one years. On attaining his majority each of the 'abbies is to be weighed, and the one tipping the exales at the greatest weight is to be entitled to the \$200 and interest.

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THE FIRST PORIN

Oh, I'm the first robin, just dropped into t Peewee! peewink! peewiddlede Catch on to my ulster, all lined with swam Peewiddledewiddlewink!

Pray pardon my voice, I've a frog in my throat! And I really can't tackle my 'way-up note With my feet in the pockets of my stuffed coat! Peewiddledewiddlewink!

So this is the new life of Beautiful Spring!
Peewee! peewink! peewiddlewir
I b'lieve it has frozon my northeast wing!
Peewiddledwiddlewink!

reewindiesowindiesink:

To just had my breakfast of ice-cream and toast!
nd long for a hot stove to get a shin-roast!
f my nose gets much redder I'll kindle this post!
Peewiddleewink!

If this is the best style of spring you've on hand— Peewce! peewink! peewiddlewink! Just stuff it or frame it, d'you understand? Peewiddledewiddlewink!

This story began in No. 118

#### JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK. CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

By the time this tale was finished, they were near the objects of their rearch; and to prevent them from becoming frightened, Jack commenced shouting. He was answered in a short time; and the deserted ones, who were as much pleased as they were surprised at the turn affairs had taken, returned to camp with their guides.

The party sat down to a hearty dinner of venison, mutton cuttets, beaver's tail, bear steak, and wild roots, soon after reaching the wickinp; and, as all were in good humor, jokes and repartees were flying about rather actively.

wickinp: and, as all were in good humor, jokes and repartees were flying about rather actively.

When the meal was finished, Ross lit his pipe, and stretching himself at full length before the fire, whiffed sway for a few minutes in silence. He then turned to Jack, and asked him if he was going to hunt up that mountain of gold.

"If I knew where to search for it, I would," was the answer.

"I know where it is," said Ross. "I met a Crow chief last winter, who told me it was in a huge valley between a chain of mountains; and that the place could easily be found by the howling of the thunder bird, and the spouts of boiling water that the demons, or bad spirits, were always throwing up into the air to keep people from seeing it. "We might travel for ever and not find such a place as that. It must be a mere superstition," said Jack.

"Well, I know a place very much like it, about a week's march north of here. I saw it last winter, while I was trapping on the Yellowstone; so I don't think the redskins are yarning."

"I'm willing to go in search of it, if that is

Yellowstone; so I don't think the redskins are yarning."

"I'm willing to go in search of it, if that is the case," Jack replied.

"So am I." exclaimed McDonough. "Trapping is slow work when you can find a whole mountain of gold at once by just going to it." They all agreed to start next day; and in the morning Ross, when out with Jack to collect the steel traps, gave him some particulars as to his father's life.
"Your father," said he, "is the son of the

as to his father's life.
"Your father," said he, "is the son of the famous General Wheeler, whose name is now in the school books. Your father was his only child, and, of course, he doted on him. He gave him the best of educations—your father has been to college—but that was about all he could give him, except a few thousand dellars.

all he could give him, except a few thousand dollars.

"When your father returned home from the university, he managed, like all young men, to fall in love with a young lady; and as her parents would not even took at him, because he was too poor for them, he ran away with her and she described, for the family in not well, and at the rest of the family in not well, and your father also, for I knee showed with him when I was a boy. Wen well as the well and your father also, for the family in not showed to the family in the father of the father

emigrants who crossed the plants—and refellow cheated him so bodly, that he did not leave him a cent.

"As your favour to help him out of his difficulties; on the could not pay his debts, be had to clear out. They said all sorts of bad things against him in St. Louis; and he was denounced as a swindler by those who ought to have taken his part—the Marshalls.

"The blot on the family name killed your grandfather, the general; and when your faher saw what he had done he became almost wild, and wandered to the plains, where he lived the best way he could until the Stage Company was started, when he hired out to that Runnanshi machine as a station—master. Your mother stuck to him through thick and thin; and though they were poor, they were so fond of each other as if they had millions, and maybe more so.

and maybe more so.

"I didn't know all this, or even who your father and mother really were, until lately, when the whole story was told to me by one of the directors of the North-Western Fur Company."

The directors of ompany."

For a time Jack was furious at the news of is father's wrongs; he soon, however, relanswer,

minded himself that these things had happened long before, and, banishing the houghts, he became in arcreted month the houghts, he became in arcreted up the traps, and killed the captives whenever he came to one, by simply tapping it on the back of the skull, with a short waddy, or club.

They soon came to a spot where a trap ought to have been, but it had disappeared.

"That thief we mistook you for, has been at work again," said the trapper.

"Who can it be? Surely no man would steal a single trap."

steal a single trap."
"I don't know about that; some men are

steal a single trap.

"I don't know about that; some men are mean enough to do anything."

Jack dismounted, and commenced scrutinizing the ground for tracks, and soon saw several that closely resembled those of a young bear. Following them up, he came suddenly upon what he thought was a cub, for it stood partially erect on its hind legs, and held one of its forepawa scross its face, as if it were shading its eyes from the glare of the sun in order to enable it to discern the approaching object.

Jack fired at it without any ceremony, and killed it immediately, by sending a bullet crashing through its brain. Picking it up, he carried it to where Ross was standing, and threw it on the ground.

he carried it to here Ross was standing, and threw it on the ground.

"Jee-rusalem!" said that individual, in long-drawn tones, of astonishment. "What a fool I was not to think of that thist."

"Inn't it a young bear?" asked Jack.

"Not a bit of it; that's a glutton or wolverine—the biggest robber known. I've heard Injuns say that no person could kill it, as it had such strong medicine that it could spit out the balls as fast as they entered the body."

ody."
"That fellow didn't spit out my ball," said

"That fellow alune spr..."
Jack, laughingly.
"No; and that proves you have the very strongest medicine known. You've killed a grizzly and this critter; now you have only to kill a large rattlesnake to have double medicine; and that is strong enough to beat anything."

thing."

Jack told him about the snake he had slain

thing."

Jack told him about the snake he had slain, and the trapper, slapping him on the back, scalaimed joyfully:

"Everything is for the best, after all. But for the work of that thief, we might not have met. If old Runman and old Marshall had not been so mean to your father, you wouldn't have come out here. Now you'll be riched that the season of the season of

way after their search for the mountain woold.

They were off on their journey the next morning by daylight; and as they expected to be successful in finding their object, owing to the specious reasoning and sanguine feelings of the old trapper, they were in high glee, notwithstanding the bitter coldness of the weather.

Their route led them over hill and dale, through deep forests and treeless plains, for four days; but further progress was checked by a band of River Crows, who at first refused to let them pass, but who were finally pursuaded to do so by a display of Jack's magical experiments.

ical experiments.
"I swon to Jerusalem," said the trapper to

tused to let them pass, but who were finally pursuaded to do so by a display of Jack's magical experiments.

"I swon to Jerusalem," said the trapper to Jack, as soon as they were out of the camp, "but you have stronger medicine than any burn that water?"

"It's a very simple thing," was the reply. "The penshed on rapidly after getting out of the sight of the camp, and in the evening entered a huge chasm, whose depth was so great that no sunlight could penetrate it. The beeting walls towered above them to such an altitude that it seemed to be thousands of feet to the summit. As they were not able to take their horses through this, they left them in a small park-like valley, which was generously covered with bunch grass.

They rested in the inky precipice that night, but they could not sleep owing to the turbulence of an angry river that was lashed into foam by rocky obstructions. They commenced their march by daybreak, but they found it almost impossible to travel, owing the walls, and the number of stupendies regard that barred their passage at intervals.

The silence of this wild chasm was so great that it caused a feeling of depression in the minds of all; yet the rattling of a few stones, as they rolled down the bank produced an each that rang throughout the place, like so many salvoes from a battery of artillery.

Finding it impossible to traverse this savage precipice, they tried to reach the summit, but as they were compelled to climb up the perpendicular face of the walls, they had to relinquish it after one or two efforts. They were about retracing their footsteps, when funnan called their attention to an animal that was climbing the bluffs on the opposite side. They watched its movements eagerly, but it soon disappeared from sight.

""But how are we going to get across the river?" asked Jack.

""I' But how are we going to get across the river?"

Moving a little further up the canon, to there some alder and willow bushes grew, where some alder and willow bushes gre-they threw their packs on the ground, as Ross and McDonough set about making

they threw their packs on the ground, and Ross and McDonough set about making a cance.

They first out two sticks about two inches in circumference, and fastened them together in the shape of a round hoop, with vines and thongs of buffalo hide. This formed the bow, and a similar contrivance being arranged for the stern, both were united by light pieces of wood, which extended along the sides and keel. A buffalo hide was drawn over these, and tied to the brim and ribs with thongs.

When finished it looked like a huge basin, being about twelve inches deep. Having secured two long poles to propel it, the traveless entered it, and were soon madly dashing down with the current. They tried to push it ashore, but could not succeed, owing to the strength of the stream and the violence of the whirlpools, which sometimes spun it around as if it were a cockle shell.

It was so buoyant, however, that it shipped no water, and this gave all of them confidence except Rumman, who was holding on to its sides with a death-like grip, as if that would keep it from getting swamped. The current carried it away at such a rapid rate that they could not control its movements in the least, and the result was that they found themselves in a branch of the main river in a short time.

The water being less powerful in this, they

and the result was that they found themselves in a branch of the main river in a short time.

The water being less powerful in this, they were able to land after awhile, and as the banks were not very steep they soon found themselves in the upper world once more.

After enjoying a hearty dinner of permincan, they slung their packs on their backs, and started in a northerly direction, where some wooded mountains loomed up against the sky. They travelled until nearly dusk, and started for the starty of the starty of

in earnest conversation—for the closer in the old trapper. When he asked the latter if he were going on a trapping expedition, he replied that he was not and explained his ob-

The Indians looked surprised at this, and told them all would be killed by the evil spirit if they dared to enter the region in which the mountain of gold was situated.

Ross said Jack had medicine strong enough to beat every demon in the country; that he was known as the Evil Spirit; and was going to try his strength against the guardians of the cold.

1. Cristecoom Sah!" (Evil Spirit), exclaimed

"Ah," (Yes), said the trapper in a tone that signified there was not the least doubt of

. The medicine men here said something in a whisper to the chief, and the entire war par rode away at a gallop, without even sayi

winsper to the circ, and the entire war party rode away at a gallop, without even saying good-bye.

The travelers continued their journey uninterruptedly after this, and having reached the aumnit of the highest mountain on the country they were enabled to the country they are they are the country they are the country while the earth appeared to be one vapor, while the earth appeared to be one vant water volcano. They gazed on it long and earnestly, and with mingled feelings of admiration and fear. Having feasted their eyes on its wonders, Ross called their attention to an isolated peak that rose directly out of the valley, and whose base was enveloped in dense clouds; and when they said they saw it, he exclaimed:

"That's the mountain of gold as sure as we're here. I know it; because the redskins have often described it to me, long before I saw this Evil Spirit here."

This was exciting news, and its announcement was received with hearty cheers, which were repeated several times. The cousins were delighted beyond the power of expression, for they were already drawing largely on their fancy for the scenes that would occur in St. Louis, when they returned as part-wowers of a solid mountain of gold.

They were so cager to see and touch the metal which was to bring them so much joy, that they urged an immediate advance; and this request was readily acceded to, as every one seemed as light-hearted as it is possible for a human creature to be.

When they were abrout half way down the side of the densely wooded mountain, they were brought to an abrupt half by a furious fallen suddenly out of the sky. The fleey particles came down in such blinding masses that the travelers could not see two paces that the travelers could not see two paces had of them, while th ode away as a good-bye.

The travelers continued their journey un

crashings and detonations, and threatened them with death every moment.

They were fortunate enough to find shelter near some huge volcanic crage that rose out of the ground to a height of a hundred or more feet; and when they were safe behind these, floss wiped his face, gave vent to several "phews," and exclaimed: "It is place is guarded by evil sprits. The evidently don't like our company. You'll hem down, or they'll kill us as sure as we're here."

Jack laughed, and said he would try it whenever he met them.

The storm continued for three days, and in that time the snow had fallen to a depth of fifteen feet, so that it was impossible to travel without snow-shoes. The trappers had theirs with them; but as the others had none, Ross set about making them a set, and was able to finish his task in a week. As neither Alfred nor Runman could walk on these, the party remained in camp until the novices learned how to use them, to a certain textent, then resumed the march, as they had penmican enough in their packs to last them for a few days. In order to save it as much as possible, however, McDonough killed a deer the morning they started, and by giving each person a share to carry, it did not become much of a burden.

Alfred and Runman found that walking on they perspired ward as well as laborious, or they perspired ward as well as laborious and they went along, however, und by yeven along were able to walk well enough to keep themselves from falling. The party were compelled to camp in the open valley without any shelter that night, but they soon learned that they could not go to sleep, unless it was to be their everlasting sleep, owing to the benumbing cold.

They had no means of making a fire; but even if they had no fire they could have beyt away the deadly cold, or saved them from death if they went to deep the deadly and the more than the point of the poi

built would have kept away the deadly cold, or saved them from death if they went to aleep.

The long night came to an end at length, but not the dangers, for they had barely commenced their march before a famishing pack of wolves, which had been on their trail, exhaust the second with the second with

ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH

A LETTER written by Elihu Burcitt, the learned blacksmith contains a Mr. Burritt mentions that, being one of a large

family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed him-self, when very young to a blacksmith, but that he had always had such a taste for reading, that he carried it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were not half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of one winter. He next studied Greek, and carried the Greek grammar about in his bet and carried the Greek grammar about in me mas, studying it for a few moments while heating some large iron. In the evenings he sat down to Ho-mer's "Iliad," and read twenty books of it during the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and went to New Haven, where he recited the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and went to New Haven, where he recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and at the end of two years he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He next commenced Hebrew, and soon mastered it with ease, reading two chaphour at noon, being all the time he could spare from his work. Being unable to procure such books as he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking he could there meet with books at the different ports he made to the standard of the heard of the heard of the heard of the heard of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester. Thither he beath his steps, and arrived in the city in the most utter indigence. Here he found a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental found a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental in one place. He was there kindly allowed to read what books he liked, and has reaped great benefit from this permission.

He used to spend three hours daily in the hall, and he made such use of these privileges, as to be able to read upward of fifty languages with greater or less facility.

#### KILLED BY WHICKEY

A COBONER'S jury returned a verdict to the effect that a certain prominent man had died of alcohol-ism, says the Arkansaw Traveller.

"Your verdict is absurd," said some one to the oroner.

coroner.

"Why so?"
"Recause he was never known to drink."
"Brat's a fact."
"That's a fact."
"You are right."
"You are right."
"Then why do you say he died from the effects of alcoholism, when we all know that he was shot?"
"That's all very true." the coroner replied, "but he man who shot him was drunk. Don't alk to me, if you please. I understand my business. Deceased was killed by whiskey."

#### CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

BY G. WEATHERLY.

HARASSED by foolish doubtings, born
Of pride in mental power.
I chanced to stray, one Sunday morn,
Besides country, one Sunday morn,
All the stray of the stray of the stray of the stray
I change the open pane
The George story, sweet and glad,
Was told to me again.

Was told to me again.
An aged dame read God's own Word,
Spoke of His wondrous grace,
And, all intent, two children heard,
Fail of white the money of the fail of t

Trusting implicitly.

Oh. for the childlike faith of old,
That knew not doubt or fear,
That heard the Bible stories told,
And held them very dear!
God grant such faith to me again—
The pure faith of a child—
To prison all my pride, and reign
With reason reconciled. again-

#### DANIEL WERSTER.

WHILE DABIEL WEDDIER.

WHILE 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. Ben Perley Poore gives in the American Cultivator the following, which illustrates this peculiarity of the great statesman. He says:

Mr. Augustus Peabody, who was connected with Mr. Webster in the business of his law office in Boston, used to relate that on one occasion Mr. Webster had made all his preparations for a Summer tour in his own carriage with his wife, and had drawn the money for his traveling expenses out of the bank the day before his intended departure. The next morning the New York mail brought a lexic was one of the parties. This letter, with its enclosure, Mr. Peabody took down to Mr. Webster's house, and found him already seated in his carriage about to take the road to Saratoga. He gave him the letter, and saked him to endorse the check. But Webster put the check in his procket with the remark that he might need it before he returned, and so it turned out. When he came back to Boston the whole of the \$1500 had been spent, in addition to the money he had previously drawn.

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 to market the him. He we was a stationer in the lower story. John came back to Boston the whole of the \$1500 had been spent, in addition to the money he had reviously drawn.

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 to market the him. He was a stationer in the lower story. John came back and stated that Mr. Burritt had not five dollars, but sent him ten, which Webster took and put in his waistocat pocket. Pretty soon a poor woman came in on an alma-saking erand. Said Webster, still writing, "I know a had here a stationer in the l

### BAD FRENCH.

THERE is a class of ladies in Washington who este IHERE IS a class of sauces in wasningsoft was osecuted in the proper performance to chatter in bad French at all times and upon all occasions, says a correspondent of the Commercial Gazette. A bevy of these young women approached Mme. de Struve at a reception in the White House and began chattering in more or less broken French, and she replied

ing in more or less broken French, and she replied in her rather lame English.
"Why," said one of the party, "do you not speak French, madame? I am sure you must be able to speak it."
The Baroness gave them a keen glance, and replied: "Yes, I speak French, but not in the house of the American President. Though I speak English poorly, I speak it here, of course, as well as I can."

lish poorly, I speak it here, of course, as well as I can."

The party were not dull enough to miss the rebuke in the calm and ladylike remark, and the Baroness continued: "I do not like to speak French anywhere. It is a foolish and frivolous language and I dislike it. Why should one use it when one can express hersell in the English, which is the no include a speak to be a speak to be a speaked in the speak to be a speaked to the product of the produc

#### 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. He was one of the poorest and worst-dressed men in Rochester. He dwelt in a cheap house in an ob-scure part of the village. In the central and west-ern counties of the State, however, he was then as great a power in politics as at any subsequent pe-riod of his life. He was often sent by his associ-ates on missions of grave importance into various States. He sometimes had to borrow clothes to give him an appearance befitting his talents. I was standing one day in the street with Mr. Weed and

States. He sometimes had to borrow clothes to give him an appearance betting his talents. I was standing one day in the street with Mr. Weed and Frederick Whittlesey, who was subsequently Vice-Chancellor and Judge of the old Supreme Court, when up came Weed's little son and said: "Pather, mother wants a shilling to buy some bread." Weed put on a queer look, felt in his pockets, and remarked: "That is a home appeal, but I'll be hanged if I've of the shilling." Whittlesey pulled the large of the post of the shilling. Whittlesey pulled with the property of the shilling. Whittlesey pulled the shilling was a state of the large of the shilling. Whittlesey pulled the shilling was so poor should be so great. Spattered with ink, and with bare arms, he pulled at the old press of the shilling was shilling with the shilling was so poor should be so great. Spattered with ink, and with bare arms, he pulled at the old press of the shilling was been shilling was to the last degree acrimonions. Weed's leadership in the anti-was shilling was been shilling was to the last degree acrimonions. Weed's leadership in the anti-was of the shilling was been a shilling was to the last degree acrimonions. Weed's leadership in the anti-was of the shilling was been shill was a strenged of a list was worth. Weed was a tremendous power at the polls. With one hand full of ballots and the other on the shoulder of a hesitating voter, it was impossible for his prisoner to escape the influence of his magnetic eye. Weed's opponent was a prominent member of the First Preshyterian congregation. If was deemed important that every the shade of the was a should be would was a prominent member of the First Preshyterian congregation. If was deemed days, during which the election. He borrowed some garments, came to the last days and the other earing a wretched cravat and a shocking bad hat. The next day he abstained from the polls, but could not help taking a seat in a lot which overlowed the principal voting place of the waster of the should be shaded as a

#### HER MAJESTY'S REGULATIONS.

At the last drawing room there was a small row, says the London Truth, because certain ladies thought fit to ignore the regulation as to white gloves, and it was only after a short altercation with some of the Lord Chamberlain's officials that the offenders were allowed to pass on towards the Throne Room. The Queen is very tenacious about these matters, and was exceedingly angry. Strict orders have been issued that if any lady presumes spect contravenes Her Majesty's regulations, such person is on no account to be permitted to enter the Throne Room, but is to be ruthlessly turned back. Gloves, indeed, are always a fad of royalty. The Duchess d'Abrantes gives an amusing account in her "Memoirs" of how a Lady of Honor in-slisted on her putting off her gloves before appearance of Spian, the crule being as transcious against gloves in Spain as it is for them at St. James's. some of the Lord Chamberlain's officials that the

#### THE STOVE-METRE OF RANK.

Ir 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

than their heels; but here is a "Blue Grass" native who says it inn't so in his State.

"Yes, sir," said the Kentuckian, as they sat by the store, on whose top gracefully reposed the ped-als of that individual, "you kin tell a man's rank in his State thusly: if you see a man with his feet on the top of the store, he's a gineral; but if his feet is on that rail about half way up, he's a kernel; and if he keeps them on the floor he's a major."
"Ah, yes! "said his companion. "That's good as far as it goes. But how are you going to distingually and the said of the said is considered with the said is considered."
"Stranger, we don't so no lower than major in Kentucky."

#### EXCHANGES.

52" We cannot insert exchanges of frearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange, and the property of the angle of the property of the advertising columns. Sidney Mosher, 157 Main St., Jackson, Mich. A wall tent, 10x12 ft., and a self-inking press, for a 50 or 52 in, bleycle.

Sidney Mosher, 157 Main N., Jackson, Mich. A wall Sidney Mosher, 157 Main N., Jackson, Mich. A wall blockle. It., and a self-inking press, for a 80 or 52 holicycle.

Stillwell N. Dallyruple, 61 Barrington, Mass. Nol. V. of Folden Days. for any of the "Sportsman's Club" Charles and Stillwell N. Dallyruple, 152 Assales St., Chicago, III. A large accordeon, and over 100 photographs, for a printing press, pair of open algasses or books. I. of The Golden Bays. for no printing press, pair of open algasses or books. I. of The Golden Bays. for a pair of the relation of the Property of California and 2 Vols. Star" preferred.

Geo. O. Nicholson, Leeburg, Fla. Florida curiository of California and 2 Vols. of Lever's works, for the Waverley novels by Scott.

Jac. C. Cek. Rudsonville, Miss. 4 vols. of the First Assales of the Property of California and 2 Vols. of Lever's works, for the Waverley novels by Scott.

Jac. C. Cek. Rudsonville, Miss. 4 vols. of the First Massales of the Property of California and 2 Vols. of Lever's works, for the Waverley novels by Washington Ave., Brügeport, Vols. I. of The Golden Ancory, Property California California and Scott Massales a



#### CORRESPONDENCE

M. E. T., Eugene, Oreg. We never heard of such

I. E. F., Mt. Carmel, Ky. We think you have got your terms mixed. Explain to us what you mean. S. D., Coffeeville, Miss. The question is a very frivolous one for a young man to ask, not worth the spending of any time upon it.

ing of any time upon it.

F. H. C., Ashley, Idah. The spaniel is so called because the variety probably originated in Spain. The St. Bernard belongs to the class of spaniels.

COIN RUSSHING. The correspondent who sent the rubbings of the two sides of a coin, is hereby notified that it is an English half-penny, quite common and of

that it is an English nair-penny, quie common or value.

J. E. P., Whitehouse, O. 1. We would prefer that you ask some firm in Boston, as it might be better qualified to answer that delicate question. 2. Richard M. Hoe invented the type-revolving press in 1847.

A. P. J., Brooklyn, Iowa, 1. \$4.75, all expenses paid. Refer to this No. 2. Say \$80. 3. A few hundred pounds, at say 35 cts. per pound, would be needed. 4. Address Curtis & Mitchell, Boston, Mass, for particulars as to presses, and other manufacturers for estimates in their several lines.

at any 35 cits. per pound, would be needed. 4. Åddress curtis & Mitchell, Boston, Mass, for particulars as to curtis described. Poston, Mass, for particulars as to reversal lines.

B. D. C., Cifton Falls, Va. The origin of the term 'Blue Laws' is thus accounted for: The principles of the early sottlers of Connecticular were rightly moral, and the control of the state of the early sottlers of Connecticular were rightly moral, and the control of the state of the early sottlers of Connecticular were replicated on the paper covers. Copies went to England, became known as Blue Laws, and in time the term 'blue' was applied to the doctrines and cannot of every strict sect. F. R. II., Cakville, Tex. Spontaneous combustion at any control of the control of

#### PUZZLEDOM No. 129.

PUZZLEDOM No. 129.
CONDUCTED BY DOCHELLE.
ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper oxux, and apart from all other communications. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Items of interest relating to Puzzisdom will be glady receivers relating to Tuzzisdom will be glady receivers relating to Tuzzisdom will be glady received.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 124. No. 1. The civil service reform act.

No. 2. Biceps. No. 3. No. 4. Jig-jog. No. 5. No. 3.
PREMISS
REMANET
EMBRACE
MARANTA
INANDIN
SECTILE
STEANED No. 5.

HALFCAP
ADORERS
LOYALTY
FRANTIC
CELTISH
ARTISTE
PSYCHES No. 7. The Fenian Brotherhood. No. 8. To-day.

No. 6.

NEWENGLAND
EXONERATE
WOODSERE
ENDITED
OREED
GREED
LARD
ATE
NE
D No. 10. Postern. No. 11. Upset.

A A CONTROL OF THE ACT OF THE ACT

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 124 were correctly solved by North Star, Rex Ford, Janus, Black Rayes, At-HA. DESSON, FORD, JANUS, BLACK RAYES, AL-PHA. DESSON, PROPERTY, MAY, BLASALE, ODOSTOTO, BOYEEF, BOLIS, T. OWLE NAS, MORSING STAR, JAN FUR SEE, LU C., EVENING STAR, SIMOK EASE, CRUES, NESTON, ATHON, NAVALO, MACK, DASON, EMPHATIC, AX-Complete lists—None. Black Ford, Property of the Best incomplete lists—JANUS, 10; NORTH STAR, 9. Best incomplete lists—JANUS, 10; NORTH STAR, 9. Single Solution—REX FORD, NO. 2; NAVAD, No. 7; T. Single Solution—REX FORD, NO. 2; NAVAD, No. 7; T. in, the prize was not won.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

JAREP, 2 Hexagons; Doc. Jr., 1 Hexagon; COHANNET,
Anagram, 1 Reversed Rhomboid; Pearl, 1 Square,

2 Diamonds, 2 Half Squares; Sr. Elmo, 1 Hexagonal Numerical; Janus, 1 Square; Black Raven, 1 Square; EMPHATIC, 1 Square; OUTLAW, 1 Charade, 1 Anagram.

#### NEW PHZZLES

No. 1. NUMERICAL. No. 1. NUMERICAL.

1,2,3,4, Acorns; 4, 5, 6, Vellication; 6, 7, 8, A vulgar, low-bred person; 8, 9, 10, To deceive (Obs.; 1 to 10, A part of a bridle.

BALTIMORE, MD. MINNIE.

No. 2. CHARADE.

The one I've often heard to be
A tail and shapely forest true,
My brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts,
Complete a vessel useful quints.
Complete a vessel useful quint,
Its contents yellow, sometimes white.

DELMONTE. No. 3. SQUARE

1. A pronunciation of the Greek eta, like ey in they;
2. Bay of Greece; 3. Spanish explorer, C. 1540; 4. One of the Maldive Islands; 5. Carves; 6. Stubbles (P. Z.);
7. P. O. Conejos Co., Colorado.

C. U. Rious.

No. 4. TRANSPOSITION.

He was a cruel tyrant king,
He made decrepti servants bring
The largest bundles they could find,
Upon their backs the weight did bind.
He loved to whole his men and beasts,
And at one of his yearly feasts
He made wen trot who had been lame,
Just to annue some giddy dame.

NEWELDOR, N. S.

DEECE. BEECH NUT.

Along the 6, 9, 7, 8, The wicked total sped. His 3, 4, 2, 5, 1 was great, For from the law he fled Indeed, good need had he to flee
The scenes of his designs,
For mercy they had none to give,
Those workers in the mines.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. HAWKEYE.

Moorely, N. Y.

No. 6. Square.

(Music by "@wendolynne.")

1. The followers of Pierre Bame,
A wise French scholar of his day.
A wise French scholar of his day.
Safe at this Turkish seaport town
Safe at this Turkish seaport town
Bom seventeen and thirty-one,
The span of his service run.
Bom seventeen and thirty-one,
Titanic iron ores was writ
When Elemer was dening it.
And finely channelled, next he says,
But not like puzzlesite ways.
From routic counties and make law.
An island in the Adriatic.
LITTLE BOCK, ARK.

My two go not to one, Be not so rash and bold; You will find it is no fun, Facing dangers manifold. For unseen perils hide.
At this total you will find;
While unknown dangers ride
The deep, and providence s
SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

No. 8. NUMERICAL.
A 1 to 7 can mount the sky,
An 8 to 11 can swim the sea,
A 4 to 7 has wings to fly
Inough it can swim out sluggishly.
In long it can move say,
On tiptoes go, till morning's light
Breaks in the east, and brings the day.

Breasts in the east, and brings the day.

Beneath the dark blue ocean's waves,
The total swims, and revels free,
And slumbers in the deep sea caves,
Where nymphs and sea-gods have their glee.

DUBOIS, ILL. ASPIRO

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; 5. A dandy; 6. Ideal; 7. A bold, turbulent fellow; 8. Things whole and unmingled; 9. Sixes at dice; 10. A chariot of war or triumph; 11. A

letter.
REXFORD FLATS, N. Y.

No. 10, CHARADE.

No. 10. CHARADE.

Upon the beach where first are caught, A mystery to those untaught, Two sons of Erin, newly brought Across the raging sea.

Were poring o'er each novel sight—At home they lived far inland, quite Away from ocean's waters bright where winds blow cool and free.

where winds now coot and tree.

While o'er he bleaching sand they passed,
Some jets of water, upward cast,
Their faces set "I'm d'aming, last
The ground rains, Pat!"
Said Michael to his staring mate,
Who vowed he never saw the "bate;"
And then they made a food; great,
With wondering chat.
BROOKLID, N.Y. BYENSE

No. 11. DIAMOND

1. In '' 8. T. Ranger''; 2. Governed; 3. Small fishes of a silvery color; 4. Pertaining to a deanery; 5. One of a group of acaly repities; 6. A land-crab: 7. A certain profession; 8. Acted with a show of piety [R, 1; 9. A landholder under the degree of a knight or a squire; 10. Not this merely, but also; 11. In 'Nyas.'' New York Ciry.

\*\*RING ARTHUR.\*\*

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

Special Priest for Solutions.—For the first correct solution to Nos. 1, 4. 6, or 9, a Stylographic pen.

Снат.

ONE Poser sent nine solutions, but did not sign name. NYAS does not often send sols., but when he does the following is his style.

ROCHELLE.

see the following is his style. Some Stame, Navaol that you admit, You've been to "see the elephant"— That is to say, you "took a nip". Too much, which made you walk salant. Twan not a roo orgait you trod,. But tacking windward and to lee, Then a not a roo orgait you trod,. But tacking windward and to lee, Then a not orgait you walk salant. Then a not orgait you walk salant. They advertised your midnight apres. Our Wood B. Burmer comes Too. Law With territying ode on Spring—Say, BOCHELLE, use your club to slay All those who to the vernal sing. Oh, JUNITER I your girl sat up. Too law had a desting a transfer of the property of the