

# GOLDEN ARCADE

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. III.—No. 26.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, | 81 WARREN ST.,  
PUBLISHER. | NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

TERMS. | \$2.00 PER ANNUM,  
| SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS.

Whole No. 130.

[This story began in No. 125.]

## FACING THE WORLD;

OR,

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A NEW ENGAGEMENT.

HARRY was not a little relieved at his narrow escape. He did not propose to be taken captive without making a stout resistance, but still it was a struggle with Mr. Fox and Joel, he felt that he would be considerably at a disadvantage.

"I am much obliged to you for saving me, Professor Hemmenway," he said.

"You are quite welcome. So you didn't like old Fox?"

"Not much."

"He doesn't appear to like you any better."

"There isn't much love lost between us," returned Harry, laughing.

"How do you like the boy?"

"He served me a good turn—for five dollars—but not in a struggle with me for the same money or less."

"You seem to know him."

"He is fond of money, and would do almost anything for it."

"You thanked me for saving you from capture, my lad," continued the magician.

"Well, I had an object in it—a selfish object."

Harry looked puzzled.

"It struck me that I needed a boy about your size, and character, for a general assistant, to sell tickets, take money, and help me on the stage. How do you like the idea?"

"I like it," answered Harry, "but there is one objection."

"What is that?"

"I don't come from Madagascar," responded Harry slyly.

Professor Hemmenway laughed.

"You've been as near there as I have," he said. "Did you really think I came from Madagascar?"

"You look more as if you came from Maine, sir."

"You've hit it! That's where I did come from. I was raised twenty-five miles from Portland, on a farm. But it would never do to put that on the bills. People are ready to pay more for imported than for native curiosities. However, to come to business, I had a young man traveling with me, who wasn't suited to the business. He was a dry goods clerk when I took him, and is better adapted to that business than to mine. He left me last week, and I've been in a quandary about his successor. How much do you consider your time worth?"

"Just at present it isn't worth much. If you will pay my traveling expenses, that will satisfy me."

"I will do better than that. I will give you five dollars a week besides, if business is good."

"Thank you, sir. I think I shall enjoy traveling."

There are few boys who do not like change of scene, and the chance of seeing new places is attractive to nearly all. Harry was decidedly of opinion that he had a streak of luck. It would be much better in all ways than living with his late guardians, and working for partial board.

As they approached the village of Conway, Harry's attention was drawn to a variety of posters setting forth in mammoth letters that the world-renowned magician of Madagascar would give a magical soiree at the Town Hall, in the evening. Tickets fifteen cents, children under twelve years ten cents. The posters furthermore attracted attention by a large figure of the Professor, dressed in bizarre style, performing one of his tricks.

"That draws attention," observed the Professor, "particularly among the boys. I think I shall have a hull full this evening. An audience of three hundred will pay very well. My expenses are light. I do most of my traveling in this wagon, and at hotels I get the usual professional reduction."

"Did it take you long to learn the business?"

"I have been learning all along. Every now and then I add a new trick. I will teach you some."

"I might leave you and set up on my own hook when I have learned," suggested Harry with a smile.

"It will be some time before you look old enough for a magician. When you are I'll give you my blessing, and send you out."

Meanwhile they had been jogging along, and were already in the main street of Conway. The Professor drew up in front of the village hotel, and a groom came forward and took his horse.

"Wait a minute, my friend," said the Pro-

first boy boasting that he had a talk with the young magician. If Harry had heard himself called thus, he would have been very much amused.

Directly after supper Harry went with his employer to assist in preparing the stage for the evening performance. Though a novice he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employer who congratulated him on having secured so efficient an assistant. Half an hour before the performance he stationed himself in the entry, provided with tickets. He sat at a small table, and received the crowd. Though new to the business, he managed to make change rapidly. He found his position

"I'd lick you for a cent!" he said scowling.

"I don't allow any boy under twelve to lick me," returned Harry quietly.

This answer provoked a laugh among the crowd in the entry, and Timothy, winking with mortification, slunk in after his grandmother.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### HARRY IN A NEW ROLE.

DURING the evening Harry was called upon to assist the professor in some of his tricks. Some boys would have been embarrassed upon finding themselves objects of general attention, but Harry was by temperament cool and self-possessed. He had been fond of declamation at school, and this had accustomed him to some extent to a public appearance.

The entertainment was in two parts, with an intermission of ten minutes.

"I wish you were a singer," said the professor, when they were standing behind the screen.

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Because the audience sometimes gets impatient during the intermission. If I could put you on for a song it would quiet them."

"I can sing a little," said Harry, modestly.

"What can you sing?"

"How would 'The Last Rose of Summer' do?"

"Capitally. Can you sing it?"

"I can try."

"You are sure you won't break down? That would make a bad impression."

"I can promise you I won't break down, sir."

"Then I'll give you a trial. Are you ready to appear at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait then till I announce you."

The professor came from behind the screen and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, lest you should find the necessary intermission tedious, I am happy to announce that the young vocalist, Master Harry Vane, has kindly consented to favor you with one of his popular melodies. He has selected by request 'The Last Rose of Summer.'"

Harry could hardly refrain from laughing when he heard this introduction.

"One would think I was a well-known singer," he said to himself.

He came forward, and standing before the audience, with his face a little flushed, made a graceful bow. Then pausing an instant, he commenced the song announced. He had not sung through two lines before the professor, who awaited the result with some curiosity and some anxiety, found that he could sing. His voice was high, clear and musical, and his rendition was absolutely correct. The fact was, Harry had taken lessons in a singing school at home, and had practiced privately also, so that he had reason to feel confidence in himself.

The song was listened to with earnest attention, and evident enjoyment by all. When the last strain died away, and Harry made his farewell bow, there was an enthusiastic burst of applause, emphasized by the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet.

"You did yourself proud, my boy!" said the gratified professor. "They want you on again."

"This seemed evident from the noise."

"Can't you sing something else?"

"Very well, sir."

Harry was certainly pleased with this evidence of popular favor. He had never before sung a solo before an audience, and, although he had felt that he could, he was glad to find that he had not overestimated his powers.

Once more he stood before the audience.

"I thank you for your kindness," he said. "I will now sing you a comic song."

He sang a song very popular at that time, the words and air of which were familiar to all. While it did not afford him so good a chance to show his musical capacity, it was received with much greater favor than the first song.



one in which he had a chance to study human nature.

An old lady entered with a British looking boy as large as himself.

"Give me a whole ticket and a half," she said, offering a quarter.

"Who is the half ticket for?" asked Harry, with a glance at the boy.

"For my grandson here. Did you think 'twas for me?" demanded the old lady aggressively.

"Is your grandson under twelve?" asked Harry with a smile.

"Can't you let him in for ten cents?"

"I am sorry, but it's contrary to orders."

"It's real mean, I vow 'tis! Timothy, I guess you'll have to go home."

"No, I won't!" said the boy. "If anybody's goin' home, it ought to be you, granny. What does an old woman like you want to see the show for anyway?"

This proposal, however, did not suit the grandmother.

"I'll give you the extra five cents to-morrow," she said to Harry.

"That won't do, madam. Please stand aside, as others are waiting."

Finally after a great deal of grumbling the old lady managed to discover a three-cent piece and two pennies which she tendered to the young ticket seller, and this removed all difficulties. But Timothy, who was provoked at Harry's inflexible refusal to let him in for a half ticket, launched a farewell shot at the young financial agent.

Professor. "Harry, you can help me take out my implements in the back of the wagon."

These "implements" were of a heterogeneous character.

All of the boys drew near him, cautiously, but all would come in use in the evening. A number of boys watched their transfer with mingled awe and curiosity.

"What's them?" Harry heard one ask another in a half whispered tone.

"Those," said the Professor in an impressive tone, turning towards the boys. "Those are paraphernalia."

The boys looked more awe-struck than ever. All inwardly resolved to go to the Town Hall that evening, and get a nearer view of the articles which had such a grand name.

After while Harry came down stairs from the room assigned him, and stood on the piazza.

One of the boys drew near him, cautiously.

"Are you the magician's son?" he asked.

"No," answered Harry smiling.

"Do you come from Madagascar?"

"I have not been there recently."

"Are all the people there magicians?"

"Not quite all."

This information was rather scanty, but it was whispered about among the boys, the

There was a perfect whirlwind of applause, and a third song was called for.

"I would rather not sing again, professor," said Harry.

"You needn't. They would keep you singing all the evening if you would allow it. Better leave off when they are unsatisfied."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "Master Vane thanks you for your kind applause, but he makes it an unvarying rule never to sing but two songs in an evening. He never broke over that rule but once, and that was at the special request of the Governor General of Canada. I shall now have the pleasure of performing for your amusement one of my most popular experiments."

"I wonder when I sang before the Governor General of Canada," thought Harry amused. "My new employer seems to be a man of vivid imagination."

When he asked the professor after they returned to the hotel, the magician answered: "My dear boy, we can't get along without a little humbug. The people like it, and if you don't indulge in it you can't keep up with your competitors."

"But suppose that they find out that I was never in Canada?"

"How are they going to find out? Even if they did they could only laugh. You know that Barnum has been a colossal humbug all his life, but everybody likes him, and he never fails to please the people. Well, you have pleased the people, and that is the main point. By Jove! my boy, you've got a lovely voice."

"I am glad you think so, sir."

"You will prove a very valuable addition to my entertainment. I mean to show my appreciation, too. How much did I agree to give you?"

"Five dollars a week if business was good."

"It's bound to be good. I'll raise your wages to ten dollars a week, if you'll agree to sing one song, and two if called for, at each of my evening entertainments."

"I'll do it, sir," said Harry promptly. "It's a surprise to me, though, to find my voice so valuable to me."

"It's a popular gift, my boy; and all popular gifts are valuable. When I get my new bill printed, I must have your name on it, so you may left Count on the next day."

During the forenoon, Harry, in walking through the village street found himself an object of attention. Among others he met the boy whom he refused to admit for half price.

"Good morning," said Harry, smiling.

"Mornin'!" answered the young rustic.

"Say, I wish I could sing like you!"

"Perhaps you could if you tried."

"No, I couldn't. Granny says I've got a voice like a frog."

"Not so bad as that, I am sure."

"My voice is as good as hers anyway. When did you sing before that bigbug the old man told of?"

"I must ask him," said Harry, smiling.

"I don't do for me to tell tales out of school."

"Well, I wish I could sing like you. There's a gal in the village I'm kinder shinin' up to. I heard her say last night she wished she knewed you."

"Give her my regards, please," said Harry. "If she likes music you might learn to play on something, and that might help you win her favor."

"I guess I will. I can play on the jew-harp now."

"I think the violin or flute would do better."

"You're a good fellow after all. Last night I felt like lickin' you."

"It's better to be friends. What's your name?"

"Timothy Tompkins."

"Then shake hands, Timothy. I wish you good luck with your girl, and shall be glad to meet you again some day."

"I think I shall be getting self-conceited before long."

"I certainly never expected to become a public singer. I wonder what my 'guarden, as he calls himself, would have said if he had been in the audience last evening?"

The Foxes, however, were destined to hear of Harry's success. The *Conway Citizen* was taken in the family, and much to their astonishment, this was what they read in the next number:

The magical entertainment of Professor Hemmenway on Thursday evening was even more successful than usual. He has had the good fortune to secure the services of a young vocalist named Harry Vane, who charmed both young and old by two popular selections. His voice and execution are admirable, and we predict for him a bright future."

Mr. Fox read this aloud in evident wonder and excitement.

"Did you ever hear the like?" he said.

"Who'd have thought it?" chimed in Mrs. Fox.

"I wonder if he gets good pay," said Joel.

"I say, dad, I believe that old fellow in the wagon was the magician, and Harry was in behind. That was all a blind about the small-pox."

"Shouldn't wonder if you were right, Joel," said his father. "I wish I'd known the boy could sing so well. I'd have got up a concert and had him sing. I might have made it pay."

"Shall you try to get him back, dad?"

"It's no use now," said John Fox, shaking his head.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

THEY commenced a round of travel—what the Professor called a professional tour. By

day they traveled in the wagon, carrying their "parade machine" with them, stopping at the principal towns, and giving "concerts" and entertainments. At many of these places the magician was well known, and his tricks were not new. But he had an attraction in his young assistant, who was regularly advertised on his posters as the "celebrated young vocalist, whose songs were everywhere received with admiring applause."

Indeed this was very near the truth. Harry was really a fine singer, and his fresh, attractive face, and manly appearance won him a welcome in all the towns on their route. Sometimes a young girl in the audience threw him a bouquet. This made him blush and smile, and the donor felt rewarded.

Where was it going to end? Was he to continue in the service of the Professor, and at the same time become himself a magician and a traveling celebrity? Harry was not sure about it. He saw that it would pay him better than most kinds of business, and he also discovered that Professor Hemmenway was a man of better office than he represented. Yet he was not quite ready to sell the same profession, but, being only sixteen, felt that he could afford to remain in it awhile longer.

One day the Professor gave him a surprise. "Harry," he said, as they were jogging along a dusty road, "do you think you would like to travel?"

"I am traveling now," answered Harry with a smile.

"True, but I don't mean that. Would you like to go a long journey?"

"I should like nothing better," replied Harry promptly.

"I'll tell you what I have been thinking about. I recently read in some paper that a man that I have had made a trip to Australia, and reaped a rich harvest. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm, and made as much money in one month as he would do here in four. Now why shouldn't I go to Australia?"

"It would be a fine thing to do," he said.

"Then you would be willing to accompany me?"

"I would thank you for taking me," answered the boy.

"Harry," said the Professor in a tone of satisfaction. "I confess I shouldn't like to go alone. It would be a great undertaking, but with a companion it would seem different. But is there anyone who would object to our going?"

"Yes," answered Harry smiling. "Mr. Fox, my 'guarden' would."

"We won't mind Mr. Fox. Very well, then, Harry, we will consider it settled. I shall rely on you to help me by your singing there, and to take care of your wages. I may be able to pay you more."

"Never mind about that, Professor. It will cost you a good deal to get us there. I am perfectly willing to work for the same sum I do now, or even less, on account of the extension of the trip."

"Then you leave that matter to me. I won't take advantage of your confidence, but you shall prosper if I do."

"How soon do you propose to go, Professor?" asked Harry with interest.

"As soon as possible. I shall ascertain when the first packet leaves Boston, and take passage in her."

The Professor's decision pleased Harry. He had been a good scholar in geography—indeed was in his favor in study, and he had hidden read as many books of travel as he could lay his hands on. Often he had wondered whether it would ever be his fortune to see some of the distant countries of which he read with so much interest. Though he had cherished vague hopes, he had never really expected it. Now, however, the unattainable seemed within his grasp. He would not have to wait till he was a rich man, but when still a boy he could travel to the opposite side of the world, paying his expenses as he went along.

Two weeks passed. Each day they halted in some new place, and gave an evening performance. This life of constant motion had at first seemed strange to Harry. Now he was accustomed to it. He never felt nervous when he appeared before an audience to sing, but looked upon it as a matter of course.

At last they reached Boston. They were to give two entertainments at a hall at the south end of the city, and Harry had heard of no less cordial than that accorded to him in country town.

They were staying at a modest hotel, comfortable, but not expensive. Harry was sitting at the reading table, when a card was brought in a card. It bore the rather remarkable name of

DR. MENDELSSOHN BROWN.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Vane," said the waiter.

Harry rose and surveyed the stranger in some surprise. He had long hair, of a reddish yellow, with an abundant beard of the same hue. His suit of worn black fitted him poorly, but Dr. Brown evidently was not a devotee of dress. No tailor would have conformed to him, and say with pride, "That man's clothes were made at my shop."

"Do I speak to Mr. Harry Vane, the young vocalist?" asked the stranger with a deferential smile.

"That's my name," answered our hero.

"You are alone?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry a little puzzled.

"It is well. I will come to business at once. You have probably heard of me, eh?"

"Probably I have, but I do not remember names well."

"The name of Mendelssohn Brown is pretty well known. I flatter myself," said the doctor, complacently. "To be brief—I heard you sing last evening, and was much pleased with your vocal organ."

Harry bowed.

"I am about to form a juvenile Pinafore company, and would like to have you take the leading part. You would make an excellent admiral. I propose to take my opera company all over the United States. I should be willing to pay you, as the star performer, twenty-five dollars a week."

Harry opened his eyes in amazement.

"Do you think me capable of singing in opera?" he asked.

"Yes, after being trained by your humble servant. What do you say?"

"I thank you for your flattering offer, Dr. Brown, but I don't feel at liberty to leave Professor Hemmenway."

The doctor frowned.

"Let me tell you, you stand in your own light," he said, impatiently. "There is a wide difference between a common juggler like the magician of Madagascar (the doctor laughed ironically) and a well-known musical director, who could make you famous. Does Hemmenway pay you as much as I offer?"

"I thought so. Then how can you hesitate?"

"We are about to make an Australian tour," answered Harry, "and, apart from all other considerations, I am glad to have a chance to travel."

"Couldn't you put it off?"

"No, sir."

"Then," said Dr. Brown, rather crestfallen, "I can only bid you good morning. I think you are making a mistake."

"Perhaps after I have been to Australia I may be ready to accept your offer."

"It will be too late," said the doctor, gloomily.

"Twenty-five dollars a week is large pay," thought Harry, "but I should like to have ever get it. Dr. Brown doesn't look like a capitalist."

Half an hour later, Professor Hemmenway entered the hotel.

"Well, my boy," he said, "the die is cast! Next morning we sail from Long Wharf, bound for Australia."

"But, professor, I have just had an offer of twenty-five dollars a week to sing in Pinafore."

"And have accepted!" exclaimed the magician in dismay.

"No; I respectfully declined. I would rather go with you."

"You shan't regret it, Harry!" said the professor, relieved. "If I am prosperous, you will be so, too."

"Thank you, professor, I am sure of that. What is the name of our vessel?"

"The Nantucket. It's a good, solid-looking craft, and I think it will bear us in safety to our destination."

(To be continued.)

POISON AT THE FRONT DOOR.

No article entering so generally into the food of every family as the ordinary household adulterated tinning powder. For the purpose of underselling those powders of absolute purity and wholesomeness which alone are safe for use in food, hundreds of dealers are putting up bakings powders with cheap and adulterated cream of tartar, which contains lime, earth, etc., adding strength by the free use of saltpetre.

These adulterated powders are "showed" upon the public with the greatest persistency. They are first given away—left in samples at private residences, with circulars containing bogus analyses and certificates, and false representations as to their value, etc. This fact of itself is sufficient to condemn them. A first class article will sell on its merits. No manufacturer of these goods can afford to give them away, and none but the cheapest make, and most inferior or unmarketable goods require to be distributed free in order to get the public to use them. This method is adopted only by parties who have failed to dispose of their wares through the ordinary and legitimate channels of trade.

Free samples of articles of food left at the house should be regarded with suspicion. There is no guarantee of their wholesomeness, while there is real danger that they contain a fatally poisonous compound. Many instances of poisoning from the use of such samples are recorded.

The only safe way is to consign all such samples immediately to the trash, and to turn a deaf ear to the statements made by their vendors. It is not worth while to trifle with life and health to the extent of testing every adulterated baking powder that comes along. Better to rely upon an old and reliable brand, like the Royal, which has by a quarter of a century's constant use proved its superiority over all competitors, and to whom it is adopted that is not so worthless and cheap that its proprietors can afford to give it away by the cart-load. It is in its favor that the Royal Baking Powder is never sold by any way sold by means of lotteries, not accompanied by chromos, spoons, crockery, or other gifts, except the gifts of absolute purity, wholesomeness, full weight, and superlative leavening power. Its own merits have been its chief advertisement, and they have secured for it the constant patronage of the American people to an extent that is the combined sale of all other baking powder. The Royal Baking Powder is certified by all the Government chemists as absolutely pure and perfect.

BENEFIT OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

"CAPTAIN," said a grocery-keeper, addressing a well-known gentleman, "do you remember that sack of flour you bought some time ago?"

"Oh, yes; I remember it."

"I suppose so, but I don't remember that you ever paid for it."

"My dear sir, I am not responsible for your bad memory. I have remembered my part of it. Memory is a peculiar faculty, and is susceptible of great cultivation. Some of the Grecians could repeat volumes of poetry. Well, good morning."

**CLUBS**

**THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO**

Give us your testimonials to these smoking clubs for the use of their TEAS and COFFEES. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WILLIAMS' TEA SETS of 48 silver pieces with \$10.00 of orders. DECOHERATED TEA SETS of 48 silver pieces with \$15.00 and \$18.00 orders. STEAM WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15.00 orders. GOLD BARS, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00, \$55.00, \$60.00, \$65.00, \$70.00, \$75.00, \$80.00, \$85.00, \$90.00, \$95.00, \$100.00. We will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 120 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

**CURE FITS!**

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING RIGIDITY a life-long cure. I never try to merely to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send me once for a medicine and a Free Bottle of my Infalible remedy. Give Express and Post note. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 188 Pearl St., N. York.

**CARDS**

100 Large, Fancy Advertising Cards, 25c. go All Gold, etc. Large Wholesale Catalogue of Blank Cards for Printers free for 2c stamp. 100 Handsome Embossed Pictures, 25c. 100 Transfer Pictures, 25c. Lot for \$1. No two alike in above package. No postal cards noticed. CARD CO., Montpelier, Vt.

**WANTED LADIES or GENTLEMEN** to take light, elegant employment at any of our monthly magazines sent by mail (distance no objection); \$2 per 45 day can be quickly made; no canvassing; no stamp for reply. Please address—Globe Mfr. Co., Boston, Mass. No 5444.

**\$75 A MONTH**

And expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars sent free. Write us what we say. Address STANDARD SILVERWARE Co., Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**ELEGANT and STYLISH CARDS**

50 Different Styles with same engraved, 10c. a Doz. and Gold and Silver embossed, 15c. a Doz. Send for samples. Card Co., Wallingford, Conn. This Company does not deal in Irish.

**COLUMBIA BICYCLES**

Illustrated Catalogue. THE POPE CO. OF BOSTON. TRICYCLES.

**A Wonderful Airing with every pack FREE with every pack!**

Send for 50 of our beautiful Embossed Cards with name, for only 10c. and a small card of our new Perfume Packets, all for \$1. We make this offer to show our customers that we will not be undersold. Call N. Mills, Northford, Ct.

**RUPTURE**

CURED without operation or interference with labor by DR. J. A. SHERRIN'S method. Book with endorsements of Physicians, Clergymen, Merchants, Farmers and others mailed for 10c. Office, 251 Broadway, New York.

**The Great Soap Wonder,**  
Allison's  
**"DEATH ON DIRT,"**  
Is The Very Best Laundry Soap In The World. It Is Beneficial To The Clothes And Makes Them Whiter, Cleaner, And Sweeter Than Any Other Soap Can Make Them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Manufactured Only By ALLISON BROTHERS, Middletown, Conn.

'TIS WORK THAT WINS.

'Tis no fable-land where dreams are wand-transformed into the real: No idlers' Paradise, where Fortune's wheel; But, realized, from Fortune's wheel;

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

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

CHAPTER XV.

(Continued.)

Louis was on the spot, and with eloquent eyes thanked Earle. "My dear fellow," said the latter, "there wasn't the least danger in the world; I'll warrant Miss Clare would have been as safe as a queen in a dozen times without danger. But Miss Beth—"

"Yes," said Louis, with a heavy sigh; "but a child with such a possibility of coming to grief, when she realizes—"

"I'm glad my father had the grace to be frightened," said Beth, with a smile, "but I don't think I did not know he cared anything about me."

"Pray tell me who that picturesque red fellow is, with the long hair?" asked the widow, catching sight of Bee. "Anything but tragic in practice, but looking at you just now, I never saw off the stage."

Beth grew confused. Her conduct for the past few months suddenly loomed up in its true light. She had made a play-thing of the boy's untrained hand—she had kept herself in practice by using her small artillery of smiles, sweet speeches, honeyed praises, telling herself it was fun; and then suddenly she had dropped him, ignored him with studied care. Many a rough and calloused man would have been shocked at the mere sight of his heart. Nobody sees the wound that changed the whole current of his life, blasted every sweet davor of sentiment, and made one, tender by nature as a woman, hateful, untrusting, and even malignant.

"I can see a little of everything in Washington. So curious!" laughed the widow; "from Indians to your humble correspondent, who touches us up very nicely, dresses, morals and all, for the newspaper-world of readers. Perhaps you don't know that recent tall, thin, ungainly woman walking over looking at your fluffy hair. Well, she will dish us up in the dainties, to-morrow morning, and if she saw you borne like a lamb lost over night, down the mountain precipices, you may thank your lucky stars. So rustic!"

"O! he'd laugh; he laughs at almost everything. What of the men rave over he just turns into ridicule."

"It was ridiculous," said Beth, seeing at a glance the other side of the matter; "and I expect every time he thinks of it, it will make him laugh. I do hope they won't be so silly as to think of putting it in the papers. Suppose we ask her not?"

"Better let her alone. The poor thing earns her bread and butter that way, and she wouldn't spoil a sensational paragraph for anything you could offer her. So opinionated!"

"I wish I hadn't been so silly," said Beth, thinking the matter over. "What did I go up there for? I'll never forget how he caught me up, though, and before I knew it he was dragging me round the corner and rattling with him?"

"Such a question!" said the widow, lifting her arched eyes-brows. "I live in his house."

"O, do you?" said Beth, nestling closer to her. "I've never been very rich and his house very lovely."

"Such taste!" said the widow; "a Rubens, a Vandyke, a Teniers, yes, and even a Murillo."

Highest style of art, or none, for him. And then, bless you, he has picked up such treasures in Italy! He has his Roman cabinet and his English corner—his French museum, his Polish retch and his Chinese love things! Well, one can travel, looking at them. I can assure you Mr. Earle is no ordinary man."

"But he's an awful infidel," said Beth, the awe in her face giving way to contempt. "I don't marry him unless he became a good Christian."

"So funny!" laughed the little widow. "Why, Mr. Earle is the type of a Christian gentleman; and as for marrying—well, he's not a bad sort of fellow, after all."

Beth thought of his strong arm, and the merry way he laughed, and colored. "How dearly I could love him!" she said to herself, the better part of her nature coming to the surface; but to him I am only a child! I wish I were, and could sit on his knee, and rest my head on his shoulder."

"He's awful fond of Miss Clare," said Beth aloud, her angelic blue eyes looking up confidently in the widow's piquant face. "It just makes you think so," asked Mrs. Lake, almost dumb still, the exclamation took her so by surprise.

"Why, it wouldn't take long to convince you, if you saw them together," responded Beth, who was beginning to find out the widow's great power. "I'm engaged to a young lady! So interesting! Do you happen to know who to? And are you sure?"

"She told me so herself, when I hinted at Mr. Earle's attentions. Her face grew red as scarlet, and she was very angry. How did I know she loved me so much? She never told me, and I must say he is handsomer than Mr. Earle. So you see he is only a friend. O, pray excuse me."

She saw Clare walking by herself. By this time the door had begun to burn in Clare's pocket where she had put it, but she saw no chance of reading it. She was walking with a pre-occupied gaze, looking neither to the right or the left.

Beth's lively little sallies provoked no response. "Where is Mr. Reviere?" asked Beth. "He went back after something he had forgotten," said Clare.

"I wonder if it was a corker?" laughed Beth. "I saw a basket of champagne."

"O! they are drink plenty, except perhaps Mr. Earle. He is what they call a fanatic," said Beth. "But oh! look! what a lovely sight!"

Clare's glorious prismatic hues burst upon their vision. Flashing, leaping, dancing in its own glorious colors, every spray having its own individual tint and lustre. In every direction stood the bold, gray rocks, some of them piled twenty to forty feet in height, and gay with the pictures presented to the eye among the rapids the moss-covered boulders shone like low hills, covered with diamond dust. The mighty area of water in commotion, restless and resistless in its onward rush—the low-flying clouds against a background of blue, and just in view of the scene combined to make a scene beyond the power of the most gifted artist to place on canvas.

Earle helped Clare and Beth up some jagged rocks, from the top of which the whole weird glow of the picture presented itself. Clare was struck speechless—while Beth, with the volubility of a child, explained and commented and emphasized her pretty little opinions.

"I looked and looked—through tears. Who would Earle have thought, could he have seen her inmost heart at that moment, and known that she was thinking just then of that awful peril of which he had formed so terrible a feature. She saw him rushing through the swirling rapids, beat against the pointed rocks, sucked under yawning whirlpools, beaten and bruised and torn."

Clare was only a girl, and there was a hidden vein of romance in her composition that she herself had never even suspected. How could she laugh and jest in view of that scene? Had he forgotten, or was it because men were braver than women—or in nature harder and less susceptible to the emotions of gratitude? It seemed to her that he should be weeping and howling with grief and rage. He pointed out a scarlet-plumaged bird, sitting on a spray that seemed red by the rushing waters—a boy, whose white legs, strapped to the knees, looked under the shallow yellowish water in shore, like two perfect shapes of chrome.

Beth was at her best in spirits. She had forgotten everything save that she was enjoying herself, and Mr. Earle treated her so kindly; and people admired her—she never failed to appreciate a glint of admiration. She had been so close to Earle, in that position just behind them, in fact so near that occasionally Beth found herself leaning against him.

Suddenly there was a strange commotion. A thrill of impalpable terror ran through a hundred hearts, as the Indian lad appeared in a hollow of the rocks behind the group of three, armed with a revolver.

To aim, to fire, once, twice, thrice, was the work of a moment.

"The Indian had thrown up his arms, uttered a yell that sounded unearthly, gave one awful leap into the seething waters, and lay like a log where he struck."

CHAPTER XVI.

ON BOARD THE BOAT RETURNING.

ALL was confusion now. Women shrieked, men shouted—a band of men and boys rushed down the steep embankment with peril to life and limb, but they never minded.

Louis came up, breathless. He uttered no word as he looked down upon the inanimate body of poor, pretty little Beth, the blood flowing from a wound near her shoulder, her cheeks like clay, her body limp and lifeless.

"Earle, you too are wounded," he said, in a hard, hollow voice.

Then Earle, who had sat in a sort of daze, looked up with disengaged hands. "What is it?" she cried. "Oh! there is blood! What has happened?"

Earle stood up and looked over into the falls. They were bringing the dead body of the Indian up the banks to where the rocks ran gradually down. He had struck on his head and been instantly killed.

"That red devil!" he muttered between his teeth—holding on to his right arm, through which a bullet had torn—"what grudge had he against me?"

Clare, with a rush of returning consciousness, for she had been faint with terror, saw it all. Bee had evidently taken Earle for reviere, and so aimed at him. One of the bullets had gone between Clare and Beth, the other had struck the crown of Beth's head, entering the lung. Only an instant between supreme pleasure and sudden death, at least, to all appearances.

Two surgeons were on the ground, and Beth was confined to their care, while Earle, who had been standing with his arms and hands attend to her, adding that there was time for him afterward.

The moon was slowly rising. It shone on Bee's swarthy, upturned face, for they had laid him on the rocks, several of the rocks men gradually gathered round him, one for him and one for Beth, who lay happily unconscious.

Men and women spoke in hushed voices. Who, on that beautiful morning, looking upon a scene so happy, care-free faces, would have dared to predict a tragedy before night-fall? The widow had been straining her eyes for Reviere, who had not yet returned. She had rushed from the place at the first hint of trouble, and now stood wringing her hands.

The saw the crowd coming, which so frightened her that she sprang into Earle's carriage in waiting outside the woods. Into this carriage Louis also entered, and the unconscious girl was placed in his arms to be taken to the hotel.

In this way Mrs. Lake was first to break the news, hurrying from the carriage to be in advance of all the rest, and broke in upon Mrs. Carl as before stated.

"You are Louise's wife, madam," said the old man, and there was reproach in his face. "You should have told me the first. His wife would have been welcome to what facts we are at liberty to tell."

"It doesn't matter," said Madame Lucie, who had seated herself gloomily, "it doesn't matter at all—I have had a little quarrel with Louise," she added, with white lips, "and he has won!" And then she began to despise herself for her sudden lapse from truth.

"And our poor little girl our poor little girl!" he murmured.

"Oh, may I not care!" sobbed Eve. "You must!" said Adam, grimly. "Then for you, or the likes of any of us, to say you will and you won't and you can't, woman. But I'd give my life to have the little one again." "You must be kinder," he asked, turning to the widow with contracted brows. "An Indian that lived with the professor. So strange! They are horribly vindictive, those creatures!"

"There was a stir outside. Candles were lit, and there was a rush in his face. Madame Lucie moved into the shadow as her husband entered, bearing in his arms a lifeless burden.

He laid her on the old sofa, and hung over her, touching her hair, her cheek, regretfully, longingly. There was that in his face that compelled sorrow.

"He does not think of me!" said Madame Lucie to herself, bitterly, "he does not ask for me."

"I wonder where Reviere is!" asked Louis in a low voice.

"I am here," said the former. He was just entering.

"I was going to ask you to take my wife home," said Louis. "The surgeons have decided that the child must return by the boat, and go with her. Oh, you are here, Lucie."

Reviere left the room. Madame Lucie had stepped out of the shadow. The room was nearly empty now. "Yes, I am here," she said in a low voice, shuddering.

"I wish to hear nothing; sir, I will hear nothing," she said.

"In concealing—"

"He nodded from her with a gesture of resignation. "So be it," he said. "I shall be spared a humiliation."

Reviere appeared at the door. "As I am commissioned to escort you, Mrs. Carl, and as I have a horse in an adjacent voice, we had better be going. Miss Clare is in the carriage. They are ready for her," he added in a whisper, to Louis, "and think it better for you to carry her to the litter, which is very comfortable. They say the doorway is too narrow to bring it in."

Louis turned to his helpless charge and lifted her tenderly. Mrs. Carl waited until he had gone, then gave her arm to the tenor, who escorted her to the carriage.

"O! aunt, what a wretched business this has been!" said Clare, who held out her hand. Madame Lucie's hand burned Clare's cool fingers. She could just see that her aunt's face was flushed and that her eyes had a singularly wild expression.

"You see, I said, what a madame, turning her glittering eyes to Clare, "if I only loved him less! It is that that is killing me!"

Clare looked her bewilderment. "What was I saying?" asked the madame, in a sudden transition. "Do you mean my head feels strange? I think it will burst."

"It is this excitement, aunt," said Clare. "You will feel better when we get home. Poor little Beth?"

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Carl, in a whisper. "Never mention her to me again."

"But, aunt—" protested Clare, much frightened.

"I tell you to be silent. I hope the girl will die!"

"O! aunt!" cried Clare, bursting into tears—"she will—the surgeon said so."

"Better for her, better for me," was the hoarse reply. "Oh, if God would only give me back my voice! My poor lost voice!" she said, and hid her face in her hands. At that moment Reviere sprang in, and spoke to the driver.

Meantime Madame Lucie made a strong effort to regain her tranquility, but nearly lost it again as they passed the litter, followed by a crowd, Louis leading the head.

It looked like a funeral procession, and the moonlight, now intense, gave it a weird character.

Suddenly Madame Lucie spoke. "I observe that this is not the carriage we came in."

"No, this is Earle's carriage," said the tenor.

"Oh, yes, and his superb grays. But where is Earle?"

"The surgeon advised him to go by boat. It is easier."

"The surgeon!" exclaimed Madame Lucie. "Did you not know that he was hurt?" asked Clare, in a trembling voice.

"Shot through the arm and an ugly wound," said Beth, with a shudder.

"I had not heard the particulars," said Mrs. Carl, with some hesitation. "Not so bad a hurt, though, as poor little Beth. It is well the Indian killed himself. He would have been hung to the nearest tree!" "Great heaven! Is there a chance of horrors!" exclaimed the madame in a startled voice. "Be dead!"

"Yes, madame—extremely dead," said Reviere. "After the shooting he threw himself into the falls as he was, and in consequence of presenting a tragic spectacle when the rapids had him in their grip, but an anxious rock had the bad distinction of ending him."

"Poor Bee!" said Madame Lucie, much agitated. "The girl—she stopped suddenly—covered her face with her hands, trembling from head to foot."

After that they rode on in silence. Each one was occupied with the saddest reflections.

(To be continued.)

A TRIBUTE FROM THE BRITISH.

THE most wonderful transformation scene I ever saw in the matter of hats, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, was on Fleet Street, London, after President Garfield's death. It became known that the Queen had ordered the great bell of St. Paul's to be tolled, an honor never before accorded, except to the memory of an English sovereign.

Fleet Street and Lambeth Hill were one mass of hats, tall, black, glistering hats. All traffic was suspended. The old phrase, "a sea of hats," was crowded out of the bell-tower, and was replaced by the Black Sea. Probably no one in the thousands there had ever heard the mournful sound of that great bell. The immense crowd waited patiently for hours, and then the toll tolled, and the great stroke of the long-silent bell. Instantly every hat was removed and the change from a sea of hats to a sea of heads was most magical. The English crowd stood, while the toll tolled, with uncovered heads, a token of respect for the uncrowned monarch who lay dead beyond the ocean.

A MAN OF ARMS AND LEGS.

A LADY is showing a visitor the family portraits in the picture gallery.

"That officer in the uniform," she says, "was my great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate men—he never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm and a leg carried away."

Then she added, proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."



THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS \$2.00 PER YEAR, payable in advance...

ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

SCRIPTIONS TO THE ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story...

THE ARGOSY is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance...

RENEWALS—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

In ordering back numbers enclose five cents for each copy. NO SUBSCRIBER'S PRIVACY will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 31 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, at \$2.00 a year—weekly—contains more long stories and other valuable reading matter by leading authors...

We shall commence in the next number a serial story entitled UNDER FIRE;

Fred Worthington's Campaign.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

The reader will, it is hoped, become interested in the young hero, in his struggles and trials, and applaud his brave, manly conduct under fire.

CURIOSITIES OF HEARING.

A SHEEP has greatly the advantage of some boys that we know. She can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among a thousand, all bleating at the same time.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

PEOPLE do not propose to starve to death because ordinary meats are dear. Statisticians show that horseflesh is eaten in England more and more each year.

SOME TURKISH PROVERBS.

We mostly have bad ideas about the Turk. We have declared "Marco Boszaris" in our schools till we think every Moslem ought, very properly, to be slain.

BISMARCK'S DOCTOR.

SOME four or five years ago, a medical professor in a German university was guilty of a heinous offence against morality. He was obliged to leave the university, and he was criminally convicted by the courts.

ficials are extremely severe. Now the appointment of a man of such bad moral record was an offence to the German conscience.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

It has long been the dream of Russia to gain possession of British India. As great Britain has really no right to India except the right of the strongest, it is not surprising that Russia sees no reason for not disputing the supremacy.

A year or so ago, the Russian troops moved forward to Merv, which place may be found upon good school maps. This action greatly excited the English people, but nothing was done except scolding.

In the month of January of this year, the Russian posts were advanced to forty-five miles from Herat. This created a storm of indignation, and John Bull began at once making mighty preparations for war.

Afghanistan is under the protection of Great Britain, though that country has no dominion there. Its ruler, or Amer, is apparently friendly to England, but as the Russians are expert at intrigue, it is natural that the English should fear to have them approach any nearer their ally.

FORTUNE, GENIUS, AND PATIENCE.

FORTUNE is often spoken of as blind. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the men who seek fortune are blind. That is, they do not see the right things.

Success is often ascribed to genius. But what is genius? There are cases of brilliant intellect, which easily vanish what are mighty difficulties to most men.

Now, then, while all are not gifted with uncommon powers, like Shakespeare, or Mozart, or Newton, all may aspire to those other qualities of genius, patience and close attention to minute things.

On the other hand, Bidden the "Wonderful Calculating Boy" of England, learned his art by years of practice. He used to say that anybody could do it who would give sufficient time and attention to it.

ALEXANDER III.

Czar of Russia.

By JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

ONE Sunday afternoon, March 13, 1884, the streets of St. Petersburg were a lively spectacle, with the troops of soldiers coming from a great parade, and the crowds that viewed them as they passed, or rode in their train from the field.

This terrible tragedy elevated to the throne Alexander Alexandrovich, the eldest surviving son of the late emperor, who then became Alexander III., emperor of all the Russias. He was the second son of Alexander II., and he probably lived for years without even imagining he would ever ascend the throne of his father's mighty empire.

When the elder brother died, the future monarch turned his attention to affairs of State, and showed himself no dull scholar in that department, though his early reputation as a self-willed and quick-tempered boy, gave his family some fears as to his fitness to rule an empire.

In 1866 the Prince Imperial married. Upon this event being decided upon, Alexander II. presented his son with a separate palace, with a great retinue of servants, and all the appurtenances of his station as an independent sprig of royalty.

There is a bit of romance that crops out here, and a sad bit indeed, but is a splendid memorial to the nobility of character of him who was to have been the Emperor—that is, the elder of the two brothers.

As he was the future ruler, it became necessary at an early date to look around for the power and the person with whom a matrimonial alliance would be most advantageous.

The negotiations tending toward this matrimonial compact were duly brought to a successful completion, whereupon the betrothal of the Prince and Princess took place. But the crowning event thus provided for never took place. The heir-apparent was snatched away by death.

and the dignity befitting her station and position in the world, but she makes a wife as devoted and as tender as any peasant. Indeed the possession of those virtues which so move, rather than the accomplishments which awe, the humbler classes, has greatly endeared her to her low-born subjects.

The Czar is, intellectually, fully equal to the necessities of his position.

As before remarked, he early participated in affairs of state, and besides receiving from his father an education in the science of government, his voice was not unheard on many occasions during his father's reign.

He has instituted what reforms he considers politic and feasible, and has shown for his subjects a spirit of consideration and solicitude that has greatly tranquilized the nation.

While on state occasions, he appears resplendent in uniform and insignia, when he rests from weighty affairs in some country chateau at home, or when on a friendly visit to the family of his father-in-law, he is dressed in a suit of washed shepherd's plaid, and disdains such dainties of dress as gloves, watch and ring.

To his wife and children five in number, he is a kind devoted husband and father, with a great enjoyment for the homely comforts of the domestic fireside.

At this time he has the making of an important chapter of the world's history. For his aggressive policy in Asia may be the cause of a great and memorable war. Some question arose as to the boundary between the Russian dominion in Central Asia and Afghanistan, a country of which England is the protector.

FATHER is the angel, beautiful, serene. That raises from dull earth man's drooping head. And points afar to where a sunny gleam Paris through the dreary clouds of earth outspreads.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery. In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer. A MAN'S hobby rides him a great deal oftener than he rides it.

A WISE man is strong; yet a man of knowledge increases strength. GENIUS at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline. PROSPERITY is no just scale; adversity is the only balance of which man cannot buy.

THE certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others. To me more dear congenial to my heart, One native charm than all the gloss of art. The Old Friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet.

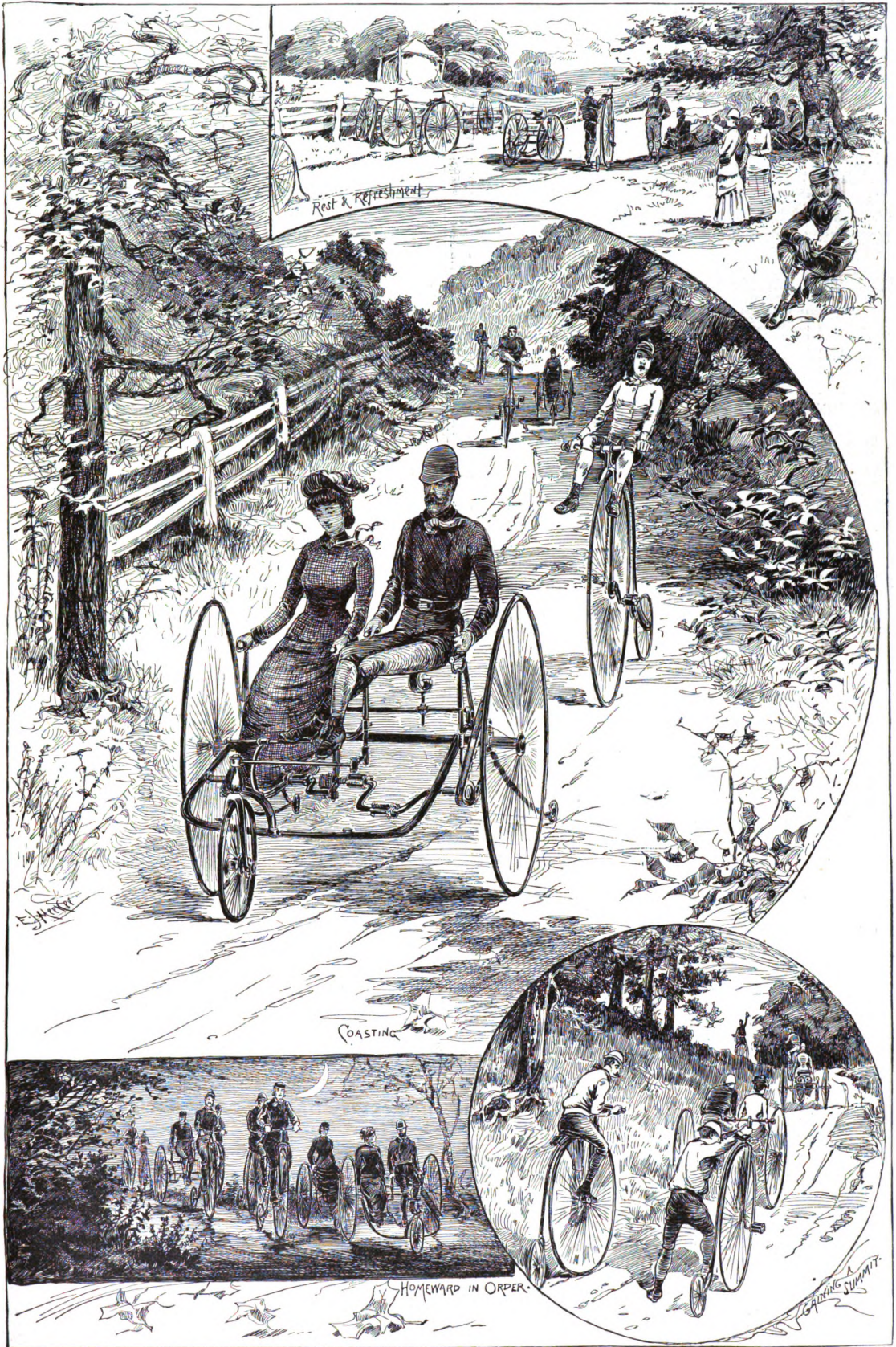
HEALTH is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy. It is not a lucky word, this same impossible; no good comes to those who have it so often in their mouths.

I HAVE lived, said Adam Clark, to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate. A GOOD book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit unobscured and treated up on purpose to a life beyond life.

EVERY duty well done adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity grasped is the key to large privileges. FALSE friendship is like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.

IN doing good we are generally cold and languid and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the worst makes us hot and ardent and quick in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand, touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that all the world are conscious whenever we oppress and persecute.





POPULAR STEEDS FOR THE BOYS.



THE SONG OF BASE BALL.

You may talk of the places statesmen take In the temple of democracy...

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ross turned around at this moment, and asked what was up; and on being told, he suggested that Runman should be left to his fate...

They were loth to leave the spot in which they had taken shelter, as the air was delightfully warm, owing to the steam arising from the innumerable springs.

"Return through the valley, and get out of it on the north. That will take us into the Blackfoot country; and as we have given them horses and strong medicine, they might let us pass through their hunting grounds."

were not at an end, and for the Sioux stopped them as soon as they crossed the Rocky Mountains. They escaped from these fierce braves, however, by giving the chief the robe and claws of the grizzly Jack had killed, and by showing the oldest doctor how to make a fire spirit out of water—a secret which he thought would make him the most powerful mystery man in the country, and enable the Sioux to conquer all foes.

