THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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UNDER FIRE;

OR,

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Dave, it was a close game, but we managed to save ourselves after all their talk," said Tom Martin, referring to a base-ball match of the previous day.

"Yes, but thanks to our lucky stars that Fred Worthington was with us. If John Rexford had kept him at the store, as I was afraid, we should have been badly beaten."

"He didn't play the whole game, did he?" asked Tom, satirically.

"Of course not," retorted Dave Farrington, with some warmth, "but you know very well we should have lost it, if it had not been for him. If he saved us from defeat why not be fair and give him the credit of it, as I am sure he would you if the case were reversed."

"Well, I didn't say anything against him."

"No; but you don't appear to say anything for him."

"Why should I be so enthusiastic in his praise?"

"Well, I can say frankly that his playing was equal to that of some professionals that I have seen. The factory boys couldn't get the hang of his pitching and the best batters fouled nearly every ball."

"Don't you want some credit for catching?" asked Tom with a view to turning the conversation from Fred.

"Yes, but——" here the conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Matthew De Vere, a rather "dudishly" dressed boy, who showed very clearly by his manner that he considered himself the "swell young man" of the town. There were other marked traits about this haughty youth that will be shown up in their proper place, without inflicting any tedious description upon the reader.

"Oh, boys, I have a bit of good news for you," he cried. "Guess what it is."

"Anything startling?" asked Tom.

"No, but it is something you and Dave will both like."

"Tell us what it is. We give it up, don't we, Dave?"

"Gracie Bernard is going to have a party—a birthday party."

"A party," echoed Dave; "why, who told you?"

"My sister Annie just came from Mr. Bernard's and said so."

"When is it to be?" chimed in both boys, eagerly.

"Next Thursday evening," answered their informant.

"Well, that strikes me about right," replied Tom with evident pleasure at the prospect. "How old is Gracie, I wonder?"

"She will be sixteen next Thursday," returned Matthew.

"I'm glad some one has life enough to wake us up a little. I'm getting hungry for a 'racket,'" put in Dave. "The evenings are getting long and it is too cold to rove about much. Three cheers, I say, for Gracie Bernard! I'll engage her for the first waltz."

The cheers were given with a will, for the mere mention of a party, the first one of the season, was sufficient to electrify the boys. It meant not only a good time to them, but, perhaps, what was more to their taste—the courtesy of manhood in seeing the girls safely home; for boys always covet an opportunity to imitate their fathers, and I have often noticed that this method of asserting their manliness seems to be more agreeable to them than almost any other.

"I wonder who will be invited," said Matthew; and then added, with a scowl, "well, I don't care who is if Fred Worthington only gets left; *I hate him.* He tries to push himself ahead too much for a fellow in his circumstances, and since he has gone into John Rexford's store he is worse than ever."

"I don't know why he should not be invited as well as any of us," said Dave Farrington. "He is certainly one of the ablest boys in the village, both at his books and at whatever else he undertakes; and the fact that his father is a poor man ought not to be against him;" then, with a sly wink at Tom, he added, "and you may be certain he won't be overlooked, for he and Nellie Dutton are getting to be very good friends, and of course Gracie Bernard will ask him on her account, if for no other reason."

Now Matthew liked Nellie Dutton himself, and, like most rich boys (for his father was a retired sea-captain and President of the Mapleton National Bank), could ill bear the deprivation of anything which his fancy craved.

FRED AT GRACIE BERNARD'S PARTY.

Therefore the thought that a poor fellow, like Fred Worthington, might come between him and the object of his fancy was exceedingly disagreeable.

This was one reason why he "hated" Fred; the other was, he could not lord it over him, for Fred had a will of his own, as well as a perfect physical development, which showed Matthew, bully as he was, that it would not be well to grapple with him.

Dave's remark was a sharp one, and had the effect of bringing the color to Matthew's face, though he strove hard to hide his confusion.

Both boys noticed this, and Tom, who was always ready for fun, even at the expense of a friend, said:

"Yes, I saw Fred walk home with Nellie from Sabbath school last Sunday; and it seems to me he has to go up to her father's rather often with goods from the store. I guess the doctor will have quite a bill to pay at Rexford's, unless Fred makes two or three trips up there to carry what he might take at once. But never mind, Matthew, school will soon commence; then you will have the advantage of him, for he will be in the store."

Matthew grew decidedly angry at these remarks, and said somewhat savagely:

"I'll have the advantage of him without waiting for school, now you mark my words."

"How are you going to get it?" asked Tom with rather an incredulous look.

"You just wait and you will see. I don't tell everything I know."

"Fred has a big muscle, you know, and they say he can use his hands pretty lively too."

"There is no need of informing De Vere on that point," remarked Dave, "for it isn't very long since he and Fred gave a little exhibition at school."

"Come, Mat, tell us all about it," said Tom. "You know better about it than we."

"I won't tell you anything," ejaculated De Vere gruffly; "he can't put on airs with me any more; and if he goes to that party and pays any attention to Nellie Dutton, he will get into trouble."

"If Nellie wants his attention she will be pretty sure to have it, for you can't frighten him—he isn't easily scared," remarked Dave, in a way that irritated Matthew.

"I should say not," said Tom with a sly wink at Dave, "and judging from appearances Nellie is as pleased with his attention as he is with her company."

But Matthew possessed a good share of conceit, and knowing Nellie to be quite friendly to himself, he imagined that his advantage over Fred would be so great that he could readily monopolize the attention of the young lady in question, and therefore replied with more assurance:

"There is no fear of her bothering with him, for I propose to take up her time pretty well myself;" and then added in words that showed more clearly his low character, "Say, boys, if Worthington should be there, let us make it so uncomfortable for him that he will never show himself again at one of our parties. We can occupy the attention of the girls, so they will leave him alone to slink into the corner and hate himself, while we enjoy the waltz and make fun of him. If you will only do this I shall hope he will be there, just to let all see how awkward he is in such a place, for there is some difference between a party with music and dancing, and a Sabbath-school picnic."

Some other boys here joined the group and the conversation was broken off. But Dave Farrington took occasion to remark in an undertone to Tom:

"If Mat De Vere and a dozen more just like him should try to keep the girls away from Fred Worthington, they'd find a big contract on their hands; and the one who 'hated himself' would not be Fred either. Just wait till the party comes off, then look out for fun."

CHAPTER II.

MAPLETON is a good type of a New England village, showing everywhere thrift and energy. Of course it has a manufacturing industry of some sort, or it could hardly be a New England village; and the chief building of Mapleton, in this line, is a large woolen factory that employs about three hundred hands. There are also a number of minor industries, together with stores, churches and schoolhouses. It is not a large village, there being, perhaps, three thousand inhabitants all told.

Among so small a number, one might suppose that the people would mingle freely, and that aristocracy would not thrive. Well, at the time of which I am writing, it did not thrive to any great extent; still it was there, and showed itself principally in the refusal of the "town's people," so called, to associate with the "factory folks." Exceptions were made, however, to the head officers of the company, and the overseers of certain departments of the mill, who, by virtue of their positions, which brought them in a liberal salary, were graciously welcomed to the homes of the villagers.

These two branches of society had their different "sets;" that of the "villagers," was made up, as is usually the case, by the drawing together of the well-to-do, the influential, and the better educated citizens, leaving the others to form such society connections as their opportunities afforded.

Fred Worthington's parents mingled with the latter class, for they were far from being rich. His father was a shoemaker, and earned only a small sum weekly; but through the excellent management of his wife, they had a neat and comfortable home.

During Fred's younger days, this society distinction was wholly unnoticed; but since he had grown to be, as he considered, a young man—and, indeed, he really did possess more of that enviable bearing than most boys at the age of sixteen—he began to realize that there was such a thing as a social difference between men.

This fact impressed him more forcibly since he found that some of his companions with whom he had grown up, played, and studied side by side in school for years, were now apparently beginning to ignore him.

"Is there any reason for this?" he soliloquized; "have they suddenly accomplished some great thing, or done some heroic deed, the virtue of which gives them distinction? or is the trouble with me? If so, where does it lie? Surely I stood among the very first in my class at school—far ahead of Matthew De Vere and his sister, and some of the others that treat me so coolly. I wonder if clerking in a store is disgraceful? I always thought it a grand thing to be a merchant. They are everywhere among our most influential men.

"I have always kept good company," he continued, "and never had any trouble with the boys, except with Matthew DeVere, just before I left school, and that wasn't my fault. I taught him a lesson, though, that I think he will remember, and ever since then he has been trying to pay me for it by turning the girls and boys against me; but only a few of them have shown any change.

"I know my father and mother do not belong to the same 'set' as theirs, but that is no reason why they should slight me, and *it shall not be.* I will work my way up and make them acknowledge me, if it takes me years to do it. But as long as Nellie Dutton and some others are friendly, I don't care so much."

When Fred heard of the party to be given by Grace Bernard, he was in a feverish state of suspense, wondering whether he would be invited or not. It was a crisis with him he thought.

He had left school, but he argued that if he were only fortunate enough to attend this party, he would be placed on a good social footing, one that he could maintain as he gradually built himself up in the store; but should luck now go against him, he would be practically separated from many of his school companions, and separation meant disaster to a certain friendship that he prized more highly than all the rest, and which, as he believed, it would not be well to leave uncultivated even for a short time.

"Hello, Fred, got your invitation yet?" asked Dave, a few days before that fixed upon for the party.

"No, I haven't seen anything of it. Have you had yours?"

"Oh, yes; got it yesterday. I don't see where yours is though."

"It looks as if I were to be left out, Dave," replied Fred, with an assumed air of cheerfulness.

"That can't be. There is plenty of time. Don't worry. I'm sure you will come out all right."

This was a little reassuring and Fred tried to believe it—tried hard—but it looked to him, nevertheless, as if his case were a hopeless one.

For he reflected that the unfed fire soon dies, while that which is kept alive even by the smallest *spark* may at some time become a glowing blaze. But his fears were all for nothing, as in due time the much-looked-for invitation arrived.

On the eventful night our young hero dressed with care and taste, and gave his hair that especial attention that all boys of his age do whenever they go into company, and then hastened to Dave's home to go with him to the party.

The large double parlors of Mr. Bernard's house were well filled with girls, about Gracie's own age, when the two boys arrived. After the latter had disposed of their coats and hats, and had taken a final look to see that each particular hair was in its proper place and attending strictly to business, so to speak, they entered the main parlor rather shyly.

"Good evening, Dave," said Gracie. "I'm glad you came early, for nearly all the girls are here, and I hope you will help entertain them; and here is Fred," she added, extending her hand to him. "I am very glad you came. I have hardly spoken with you since you left school, but I see the store life has not taken away your color yet."

If Fred had a good share of color to begin with, it was not lessened by this remark. However, he made out to keep his presence of mind, and replied heartily.

"No, I hope not, but allow me to congratulate you on your birthday, for you are looking at your best. I hope you may have many happy returns of the occasion."

Some one else blushed now, and evidently enjoyed the compliment which Fred had managed very well, as indeed he ought, for he had repeated it to himself at least forty-five times that afternoon.

"I didn't know you could say such nice things, Fred, but I don't half believe you mean it," rejoined Gracie. "But there is Nellie all alone on the sofa. Come with me and take a seat beside her, and do you entertain each other while I receive Matthew and Tom, and some others who I see have just come in."

"I was afraid something would happen so that you couldn't come," said, Nellie, as he took her proffered hand.

"I couldn't very easily stay away," he replied, sitting down beside her.

"Why, how funny! and why not?" she inquired, trying to suppress a blush, for she suspected the reason.

"The evening promised to be such an enjoyable one," he answered, "and yet I hardly dared to anticipate such good fortune as I have met with thus far."

"Oh, Fred you are learning to flatter I do believe! I didn't think that of you."

"If flattery is saying what one truly means then it is flattery, for if I had arranged my own programme, you and I would occupy about the same positions we do now. It couldn't suit me better, and I only hope you are as well pleased," he added, inquiringly.

"I believe you and Gracie arranged this together," she answered, evasively, "without saying anything to me. I must scold her," she added, partially covering her face with her fan, which seemed to mean that she was well satisfied.

"I am sure I had nothing to do with the arrangement. I must thank Gracie for it, and I hope you won't scold her very hard as this is her birthday; but before it is too late let me ask you if you will favor me with the first dance."

"Oh, with pleasure," she replied, but at the same time she wondered if he knew the dance. She had never heard of his dancing, but the first part of the opening one was to be a march, and she knew he could take part in that, so if they had to drop out on the waltz it would be satisfactory.

"Good evening, Nellie," said Matthew, who now came up and extended his hand, adding, with an air of assurance, "I see the music is about ready to start up, shall we not lead the march?"

"Thank you, but I am already engaged for that," she returned, casting her eyes towards Fred.

"Then you won't march with me?" he asked, flushing with evident anger, as his worst fears proved true.

"I must keep my engagement," she replied.

"Keep your engagement with a *stick*," he rejoined, and walked sneeringly away.

The last remark made young Worthington's blood boil, but he had the good sense to take no apparent notice of it, though he fixed it well in his memory for future use.

De Vere seated himself in a remote corner—the place he had expected to see Fred occupy—and looked sullenly on as the march progressed, but evidently with some degree of pleasure at the utter failure he felt sure our hero would make. In this again he was doomed to disappointment; for to his surprise and chagrin he found his rival quite at home in the waltz and he and Nellie were unmistakably the most graceful as well as the prettiest couple on the floor.

But Matthew was not the only surprised one present. Dave looked on with amazement, and Nellie hardly seemed to believe her own senses.

"Why, Fred, when did you learn to dance so well?" she asked, as they walked around the room arm in arm. "I never had a better partner."

"Thank you, Nellie, for the compliment," he replied, with a slight blush. "I only hope I managed to get through without exhausting your patience. I was so afraid I should prove very stupid, I know so little about the waltz."

"Oh, no, you were far from stupid, and I never enjoyed a dance more; but I am awfully curious to know where you learned so much without attending dancing school."

"Never enjoyed a dance more, and with me too," thought Fred, with a delight which he could not conceal.

"My cousin from Boston, the young lady who spent the summer at my home, taught me all I know about it," he replied.

"And have you never had any other practice?"

"No, that was all."

"Well, she must have been a superior teacher, and you as good a scholar as you always were at school."

Presently the music ceased, and Dave and Gracie and others came up and congratulated Fred upon his waltzing and Nellie on her partner.

The party as a whole was a great success, and passed off gaily. With one or two exceptions, all seemed happy—so happy, indeed, as only those can be who are of that joyous age which knows little of care and trouble.

This party had no distinguishing feature from that of any other of the class. All are pretty much the same, only the rude, old-fashioned games have given place to more quiet and graceful forms of amusement.

Most of my young readers are familiar with these social gatherings from frequent experience, while the more advanced in age that chance to read this story, will doubtless look back upon similar events as among the brightest and sunniest of their lives.

Thus it is useless for me to describe this particular event more fully, and I should never have referred to it had not something occurred in consequence that most cruelly clouded the young days of a certain boy, and changed, for the worse or the better (of this my readers shall judge), his whole life's career.

That boy was no other than Fred Worthington.

CHAPTER III.

De Vere saw plainly that, in spite of his endeavors to injure Fred, the latter was more of a favorite than himself. He supposed that he had accomplished something of his design before the party took place, but he there found that the result of his malicious endeavors practically extended only as far as his sister. Indeed, he almost fancied that his thrusts had been turned against himself, for no one seemed to care for him especially on that particular evening.

He was very moody and sulky at his disappointment. He had overestimated his strength and importance, as boys of his stamp always do; moreover he thought Nellie treated him very coolly, and it is just possible that she did, as her time was fully taken up by another person, and the mere absence of attention on her part was sufficient to make Matthew sullen and disagreeable.

This sourness was noticed by all and they left him to himself, pretty much as he had hoped to see them treat his rival.

The tables were fairly turned upon him, as he could not fail to see. But he had intimated that if Fred attended this party, and matters went a certain way, he would have his revenge. He resolved to carry out his threat, and so passed a great part of the evening in mischievous plotting.

When it came time for the party to break up, notwithstanding the fact that he had behaved so rudely and had not participated in any of the games, or other forms of amusement, he gathered himself together, approached Miss Nellie, and proposed to serve as her escort.

But Nellie answered, with a demure look and a merry twinkle of her eye, that another young gentleman had kindly offered to do her that favor.

It is said that under certain conditions even a straw may break a camel's back, but this refusal of Nellie's was no straw to Matthew. It was rather sledge hammer blow, which brought bad temper and made him desperately angry. He seized his hat, and without further conversation with anyone, left the house and strode sullenly down the street. At the first corner, he turned up a by-path, then he ran across lots to the main street, and entered a drinking saloon.

"Why did you play then?" the bar-tender was asking savagely, as he addressed a tough-looking boy by the name of Tim Short. "You have owed me for two months and now here is another game of billiards to charge."

"I thought I should beat," said Tim with a demoralized appearance.

"That's what you have thought every time, but that don't pay me. I'm going to have my money now. If you don't pay, I will get it from your father, so come square up and be quick about it too."

"I will settle on pay day."

"No, that won't do; you have promised that before. Either give me something for security or I will see your father to-morrow."

"How much is the whole bill?" asked Matthew.

"One dollar now," replied the bar tender.

"Here, Tim, is the dollar. I will lend it to you. Pay him and come with me."

Young Short clutched the dollar, eagerly, and turned it over to his debtor with evident reluctance.

"Give us each a glass of beer, and be quick about it," said De Vere to the proprietor of the saloon.

"Indeed, sir, and here it is. Will you notice the flavor of it, and give me your opinion, for it is something new."

"It's first class, John, but I have no time for another glass. Come, Tim, let us go home; it is late for us to be out."

The latter looked upon Matthew as his benefactor, and followed him promptly into the street, and when quite alone by themselves, De Vere took him by the arm and said:

"I'm in luck finding you, Tim. I rushed down to the saloon but was afraid you had gone home, it is so late."

"And I'm in better luck than you to have my bill paid. How is it you are in luck and paying out so much money?"

"Never mind the money, Tim," he replied, nervously, as they walked rapidly up the street. "I want you to do me a favor. Will you?" he asked, excitedly.

"Well, you can bet on me for it after what you just paid for me."

"Will you promise never to give it away?"

"Yes, I will, and I will stick by you and do what you want me to."

"If you should ever tell, it would get us both into trouble."

"But didn't I say I won't tell?"

"Yes, but I want to be sure and I think I can trust you."

"I know you can."

"Well, then, I want you to go up to the old Booker barn with me."

"Not to-night?"

"Yes, as quick as we can go or it will be too late."

"All right; I said I would do what you want me to, so go on, but what's up?"

"I want to meet some one."

"Was you afraid to go alone?"

"I want to get square with a fellow, and I want you to help me," answered Matthew, evading the question as he did not like to admit his fear.

"Who is he?" asked Tim, who began to get interested, as he felt he was to be an actor in the scene that was to follow.

"It's Fred Worthington," answered De Vere in a revengeful tone. "I'll show him that he can't interfere with me and my plans."

"Fred Worthington!" echoed Tim in rather an alarmed tone, and added after a pause. "I think we better get some good clubs or we may wish we had kept away from this job. He will get away with both of us unless we take advantage of him."

"Then we will take advantage, that's all, and teach him a lesson he won't forget very soon," retorted Matthew, savagely.

The Booker barn was on the street Fred would take on his way home from Dr. Dutton's. Standing there alone as it did, with no house near by, it furnished a good hiding place for De Vere and his companion, and here the cowardly pair crouched in the shadow of the tall old barn, each with a heavy stick in his hand, ready to dart out and deal revengeful blows upon their innocent victim.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. *He can get any number you may want.*

HARD WORK IN YOUTH.

MANY young people are impatient in the work to be done as clerks or in subordinate positions, and are eager to make fortunes without the long and painful toil which is essential to success. They may learn something from the experience of the late Vice-President Wilson. He said of himself: "I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling, and to toiling men. I was born here in your county of Stafford. I was born in poverty; want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars.

"I never spent the amount of one dollar of money, counting every penny from the time I was born till I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember in October, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me nine dollars a month I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salem Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket and tried to get work, without success, and returned home footsore and weary, but not discouraged.

"I put my pack on my back and walked to where I now live in Massachusetts, and I learned a mechanics trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have endured in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every aspiration of my soul, puts me on the toiling side of my country—aye of all countries.

"The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove a team, cut mill logs and rose in the morning before daylight and worked hard till after night, and received the magnificent sum of six dollars! Each of these dollars looked as large, too, as the moon looks to-night.

"Believe in traveling step by step; do not expect to get rich at a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man more than fits and starts of fortune and speculation. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick, houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these times he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is a poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water may be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch. Large bears may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds but in little."

A HOME DELICACY IN CAMP.

THE Boston *Journal* has brought to light one of the many acts of devoted kindness performed by the women of the land toward the wearied soldiers of the Rebellion. One day a Northern lady whose noble heart bled to see the sufferings of the heroes who were fighting for their country's honor, visited the camp just as the "boys" were preparing their evening meal. A large fire had been built for the purpose of cooking coffee and toasting bread. One poor fellow who was so sick he could hardly move crawled painfully to the fire with a slice of bread stuck upon the end of a bayonet. He had approached from the leeward, but did not have strength enough to crawl out of the smoke. The lady took the impromptu toasting fork from his hand and soon returned the bread toasted to a delicate shade of brown. Looking up she saw another comrade equipped in like manner standing by her side, looking wistfully at the toast and then at his own slice of bread. She could not refuse this silent appeal and the second slice was toasted in like manner.

Before she left that block of wood she had toasted seven or eight loaves of bread, and the hungry veterans had a feast that reminded them of home comforts. After the toasting process was completed, the lady looked behind her and there beheld two or three companies of the regiment seated in a semicircle around her, devouring toast like hungry children. She says she looks back upon that supper with the Massassachusetts' 6th Regiment as one of the pleasantest events of her life.

BISMARCK'S IMPRESSION OF GRANT.

THE Boston *Herald* gives the following reported interview between Bismarck and a correspondent:

"One thing that struck me forcibly," says Bismarck, "was the clear and concise manner in which Grant talked on the various subjects that we discussed. I saw at once that he knew his subject thoroughly, or else that he avoided it completely. The impressions I had formed previously of the man as a general and as a ruler of the American people were, perhaps, slightly modified by these conversations, but, if so, not to any considerable extent. He had been to me before then, was at that time, and is still, the personification of an epoch in the United States. As a general, he was skilful, bold, cool and patient, and all the qualities needed by a great commander seem to have been united in him. He never hesitated to sacrifice 10,000 men for the sake of obtaining an important advantage, but he also preferred to retreat rather than spill a drop of blood in order to win a fruitless victory. He was always ready to expose himself to the fire of the enemy, and was astonishingly phlegmatic and modest. He was always generous in recommending his rivals for promotion, exceedingly delicate and sparing of humiliations toward the conquered. The deliverer of the slaves, the savior of a country, and the idol of a nation, Grant might have played the role of Monk when the assassination of President Lincoln threw everything into disorder. I do not think the idea of taking advantage of his position in order to usurp power ever crossed his mind."

UNTAUGHT GENIUS.

THE town of Lawrence, Kansas, claims that a genius in clay has been discovered there; that what Blind Tom accomplished in music, a negro boy by the name of Abram Hanson, age seventeen years, has the genius to create in sculpture if opportunity is afforded him. He was born in Leavenworth, Kansas. He has had only three months' schooling, but can read and write fairly well. His general intelligence only seems to be about the average of colored boys of his age. His genius lies in his ability to pick up a piece of clay and model it in a few minutes to almost any form that suggests itself to his mind with a life-likeness truly astonishing.

He had been at work down by the river bank for some days, and from the common red clay there found in abundance, without tools of any kind, without any models or designs, he forms his statues of men and his models of horses, dogs, cattle, men on horseback, negroes with pipes in their mouths, and other creatures that suggest themselves to his imagination, with a wonderful reality and no inconsiderable artistic talent. These little models he sells at from ten to twenty-five cents apiece, and the boy is making a fair living from his art already. His creations suggest wonderful possibilities, if properly trained and developed.

TENDER OF TRIFLES.

GENERAL BRINKERHOFF furnishes this anecdote, according to the Cleveland *Leader*. "People have little idea of the tenderness of President Jackson's heart. Even on his death-bed, when his body was racked with the pains of fast-approaching dissolution, his kindness of heart was shown in nearly every act, one of his daughter's stories well illustrating this. Mrs. Jackson, Jr., had some rare and tropical plants which she prized very highly and tended with a great deal of care. But a few days before he died, when he saw his end was near, General Jackson called his adopted son Andrew to his bedside, and pointing to the plants which were standing on the front veranda, said: 'Andrew, I cannot live but a few days, and when my funeral takes place there will doubtless be a great many people here. Unless you take some way to protect those plants they will be broken off or destroyed or taken away. Now Sarah is very proud of them, and I think that when that time comes you should have those plants carried to the upper veranda and lock the windows, and then they will be safe.' He died a few days afterwards. His directions in this respect were not observed, and Mrs. Jackson's plants were destroyed or carried away in pieces or as a whole, as mementoes of the occasion."

SOMEWHAT COMPLICATED.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: I became acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married the widow; my father fell, shortly after it, in love with the step-daughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is a step-mother, and I am step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my step-mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

WHY CERTAINLY.

"How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked Miss R—— of her Sunday-school class of little girls. No one ventured an answer. "If you had studied your lesson you could not have helped knowing," said their teacher. "Now, look over the verses again. Could she have gone by the cars?" asked Miss R——, beginning to lose patience, as the children consulted their books, but appeared to arrive at no conclusion. "Yes'm," said a little girl at the end of the class. "She went by steam cars." "Did she, indeed!" said Miss R——. "Well, Louise, we would like to know how you found that out."

"In the second verse," responded the child, "it says, *she came with a very great train.*"

SONG OF THE PRINCESS MAY.

MARCH and April, go your way!
You have had your fitful day;
Wind and shower, and snow and sleet,
Make wet walking for my feet—

For I come unsandaled down
From the hillside bare and brown;
But wherever I do tread
There I leave a little thread

Of bright emerald, brightly set
Like a jewel in the wet;
And I make the peach-buds turn
Pink and white, until they burn

Rosy red within their cells;
Then I set the blooming bells
Of the flowery alder ringing,
And the apple-blossoms swinging

In a shower of rosy snow,
As I come and as I go
On my gay and jocund way,
I, the merry Princess May.

[*This story commenced in No. 121.*]

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "The Guardians' Trust," "Barbara's Triumphs," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's Ring," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

(*Continued.*)

ON board the boat the little widow had it all her own way. Being assured that Earle's wound was not dangerous, she was in her element as nurse, and hovered about her victim as a bee revolves about flowers—now at his side, now at his feet, now at his head.

She had shown undoubted courage when the surgeon dressed the wound.

"So lucky you happened to be on board!" she said to the elder one, a graybeard.

"Yes—perhaps," he said, sententiously. "I was the surgeon of the Forty-seventh. I have had him under my hands before."

"Indeed? Such news! I never even heard that he was wounded."

"No, he is not the man to boast of his wounds. I took three bullets out of him."

The widow gave a little shriek, and clasped her jeweled hands together.

"He had his horse shot from under him several times," said the surgeon, gathering some lint and fastening it to a bit of cardboard.

"Oh, what a sensation it must have been!" said the widow. "So near death!"

"But the best thing he ever did was to give one of the enemy—a common soldier—the last few drops of water from his own canteen—and he, dying of thirst."

"So grand of him!" whispered the little woman, her soft eyes full of tears.

"Well, yes, it was rather," said the old surgeon; "I don't think I could have done it. When I spoke of it, he only said: 'The poor boy kept calling his mother to give him water. What could I do?'"

"Ah, so sweet of him!" ejaculated the widow, looking tenderly over to where Earle lay, chatting now and then to whoever was near him.

In her heart, love for her hero was turning to worship. His face seemed more noble in its manly beauty.

"I'm nearer his age, I love him, I will win him!" she said to herself, resolutely, thinking of Clare, whose soft, brown, fearless eyes now and then haunted her.

Beth was lower down on the deck, where she could get plenty of air. She lay there as motionless as a statue.

"What a beatiful face!" said one and another, going timidly near to steal a look at the girl's death-like repose.

Louis sat by her. He scarcely spoke, only when the surgeon came up. His face was furrowed with deep lines. He seemed to have grown older since morning. Perhaps he had, since time can be measured by heart beats. Some men have lived years in a day.

Of course everybody was talking; how could that be helped? and equally, of course, opinions were freely ventured, some crude, some cruel. The cruel ones were by far the most numerous.

"How is she, now, doctor?" asked Mrs. Lake, as he came near again.

"Much the same," was the terse answer.

"So sad! isn't there any hope?" she asked, anxiously.

"I can't tell. Yes, there's always hope where there's life. We are all liable to be mistaken. I have done telling people to make their wills—they live sometimes to spite you."

"Are there any reporters here?" asked Louis of one of his friends, lifting his gloomy head.

"You see that wiry woman, pencil in hand—black hat, curls, three feathers? She is reading what she intends to go into the morning papers to-morrow."

Louis nodded his head.

Nearly an hour afterward, when everybody was watching the water go down in the lock, the professor was seen talking with the woman who wielded the pencil. First she seemed determined, then irresolute.

"I will give you five times the price of the article," he said, with set lips; "it must be kept out of the papers.'

"But what shall I say?" she queried.

"Say there was an accident—a lad fell and struck on the rocks. That is the truth."

"And nothing about—her?"

"Not a word. What good would it do? That concerns her family, or rather the family with whom she is staying at present. Doctor Mories advises it. He is one of the Forty-seventh, you know. You see the poor boy is dead, he cannot be tried for his life. For once let us avoid a scandal."

She looked at him.

"A scandal," she said.

"Yes, who knows what complications might be made. Colonel Earle don't want his name in the paper. He will double the amount I offer you. Your article would bring you ten dollars. I give you fifty—he gives you fifty; it would take ten day's work to make that—hard work. I know what reporting is."

"Oh, certainly, since you wish it, and your arguments are reasonable." She saw in her mind's eye a certain shop window on the avenue, whose contents had haunted her for weeks, but with which poverty had forbidden any nearer association than that tantalizing one of sight.

"I thought you would be kind," he said.

"But," she hesitated—"they will hear of it—all the editors of the city. There were ears enough that heard and eyes enough that saw."

"Very true. But I am personally acquainted with every editor in Washington. They will respect my sorrow and regard my wishes. 'Tis only one dish withheld which the public knows nothing about. They will not be hungry for it. Heaven knows in that kind of food they get plenty of seasoning."

"That is true," she said.

"Had the boy lived, it would have been different," he went on. "Now we shall never know if the deed was the outcome of insanity, or contemplated murder."

Everybody, not intent on watching the slow descent of the steamer, as one slimy board after another made its appearance, watched Louis and the lady reporter talking together.

It was a very quiet party. No music, and the young girls and the boys, old and young, had planned for dancing on the lower deck. Never had there shone upon land and water a more glorious moon. Now and then a laugh would startle one, but there was little merriment. Somebody down in the cabin was playing cards with the captain and the captain's neice.

Miss Garnet, the reporter for the Sunday ——, looked at her papers regretfully. They were the best she had written for months.

Item. The scene on the rocks—Beth's fright—her rescue by a brave, bold man, none other than the colonel of a well-known regiment.

Item. A gloomy savage, stalking from point to point, hate in his eye.

Item. Three shots from a revolver—two people wounded—the same couple she had described in her 'daring rescue.'

Item. The cry of despair—the leap overboard—death and consternation.

All this was graphically told, for the woman knew how to play upon the sympathy of her readers. In her particular line she had few superiors.

Poor old Eve sat near her darling, watching every change of the sweet, pale face. If but an eyelid moved she was all excitement, so that Adam, no less anxious but more self-contained than herself, would every now and then say, by way of warning:

"Woman, woman!" while she would respond:

"Man, I can't help it. Let me alone."

CHAPTER XVII.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

IT was after midnight when Louis Carl came home with his charge.

Clare had arranged everything, had prevailed upon her aunt to retire, and with Honty's help had prepared a room on the ground floor for Beth, the same little music room in which the child played off her charms on her dusky adorer.

Clare, having seen her aunt to her room, thought she slept.

And Madame Lucie had so far consented as to partly undress and put on a white wrap; but she could not sleep. Now on the bed and now off; now walking back and forth like a tragedy queen, her long fair arms lifted over her head—now crouching on the floor as if in the agony of despair.

When she looked up there was madness in her eyes. Shudders ran through her body. Again by a desperate effort she would command herself, scold herself, and then bewail again.

"Voice gone, husband gone—all gone!" she cried piteously.

She was in that state of mind and body when trifles light as air assume gigantic proportions. She had of late dwelt on nothing but her troubles, imaginary, some of them, others real enough to her; all tormenting.

Suddenly she heard the commotion caused by the coming of her husband. Like a statue she stood, scarcely breathing till the house was comparatively still again. Then there were steps on the stairs—through the hall.

Her door was locked. Someone stood outside and she held her breath to listen.

"Lucie," said a voice—her husband's voice.

She never moved. In the dim light of the gas she looked like a spirit.

"Lucie, love!" was repeated.

She never moved.

Again he said "Lucie," and knocked again.

Then she heard a long-drawn sigh.

"She must be asleep," he said, and sighed again. Still she never moved.

There was a rude-made lounge in the hall. She heard him throw himself upon it. Her blood ran fire through her veins—her temples throbbed to bursting.

Could she let him stay there all night, the walls between them?

Once again she heard him move and sigh. She pressed her hands against her heart.

"I am torturing myself more than him," she said—"Oh! I cannot, he must not stay there!"

She took two or three steps toward the door, then fell back again.

"My God! the first time we have ever been separated!" she cried.

"And what will he think of my locking the door? He was never unkind—but what am I? He would have told me—something—some secret he has long held—and it would have driven me mad—I know it would. But I can't let him stay there! Louis—dear Louis!"

Her strength was deserting her, but she dragged herself to the door. A singular vibrating noise assailed her ears. Everything she looked at turned red and wavered before her failing sight. When she reached the door she could not stand, but sank down crouching, her hand on the key. Heavens! she had no strength to call him—no power in her slender fingers to turn the key. Fainter and fainter grew the vibrations—the room turned dark. Was she dying?

And so she lay there half against the door, half on the floor, in a dead faint, while Louis, anxious, tired and dispirited, slept on the old lounge in the hall.

Clare meantime had gone to her own room. There was a trained nurse at Beth's bedside, and Honty, who was a nurse by nature if not by training, slept within call.

Clare was too much excited to rest. She took the pins out of her hair and the gleaming locks fell about her. Was she longing for the old home as her dark eyes stared into vacancy?

"O father, mother! if I could have kept you!" she cried, "then I should never have hated myself—never have loved him! *For now I know what that man is to me!*"

Oh! the appalling significance of that momentous *now!* She did not love Harry Arlington, her father's choice, her mother's darling, and she did love Earle—the man she had known for only a few short months—Earle, whom men called the free thinker, even atheist.

Harry's letter was in her hand and great tears were falling on it. She had not courage to read further than

"My Dear, Dear Love."

Oh! if she had never seen this man who stood for something almost grander than man in her heart. In vain she sought to banish the thrill of that love. It had come like a flash of inspiration—it would not leave at her bidding.

She had known it all at once, when he had started with the shock of the wound, and she had looked into his dark eyes troubled with the wonder of it. Something throbbed along her veins that she had never known at Harry's glance. And yet to Harry she had plighted her troth.

He would speak of it in this letter she felt sure—he always did. It seemed to make him happy to remind her of it—to picture their future, and how he was sure his mother would love her. These little touches irritated her. Why should not his mother love her? It sounded like an apology for a penniless bride. She had never quite liked Mrs. Arlington. The woman was very proud of her connections, of her birth, of her state, and it was a great cross to her that her "splendid boy," as she loved to call him, had fallen in love with the daughter of a poor parson, when he might marry into one of the richest families of Virginia.

Presently Clare took heart of grace and read on, sometimes through blurring tears, for she felt that this man's love for her, was what she felt for another. She opened the envelope to place her letter back when she saw another folded paper, and taking it out found the following:

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL:

"I take the opportunity afforded me by my boy's kind permission to write you a few lines and enclose in his letter. I suppose he has told you something of the fine times we are having. I assure you I am enjoying myself to the top of my bent, and if you could see my splendid boy, you would be delighted—*perhaps*—at the attention he receives. We have the *entree* of several very famous houses, and I find many of the nobility very charming people, and feel myself quite at home among them. Our good blood serves us here. You know how often I have shown you our family tree—the Arlingtons, Tracys and Burys. Our ancestors were many of them among the English nobility, and here I have only to mention their names to be acknowledged at once. Everybody seems pleased with my son. There is a certain lady, Letitia Langdon, whose father came near being premier once, who really is very kind. I have known her to single him out at a reunion, and pay him most distinguished attentions. She is very beautiful and high-bred, and quite worthy in her own right."

And so the letter ran on.

"What do I care about the lady friends who are kind to Harry," said Clare, throwing the letter aside with burning cheeks. "It is quite evident what this was written for. It would please her to have him marry some rich heiress. He never read that letter. Poor Harry! he has such faith in everybody—faith in me above all!"

She covered her face with her hands to hide the quick tears.

Then she reviewed the few weeks—could it be months?—since she had come here. She acknowledged to herself that the revelation of her ideal came when Earle stood in the parlor at the parsonage, looking at her with those strange, deep eyes.

The slim boy lieutenant at her side had been her only companion for years, and she had mistaken friendship for love. It was not without remorse she thought of this, for sometimes she had questioned that quiet regard, asking herself if it could be love.

Now she knew it was not love—not that strange, exultant joy, that timid trembling expectancy—that altogether new experience that heretofore she had never imagined in her wildest dreams. Harry's voice had never thrilled her—she had never felt the mysterious magic of his presence even before she saw him, as she had Earle's. The beginning and ending of it was that she felt herself in a labyrinth at every turn, meeting the face of the man that loved her or the man she loved, and striving to fly from both, yet unable.

It had been a day of days to her, and she felt as if she should never sleep again.

There was a light tap at the door and Clare opened it. Martha's face appeared under the hugh frill of her Irish night-cap.

"It's the nurse sent me, and a mighty pleasant body she be, to get some al—al—almodea, is it? Be sure I've got it wrong, but it's something for the nozzle, Miss Clare."

"You mean ammonia," said Clare.

"An' that's just it—what a memory you have to be sure! An' it's a sad house is this, an' the poor silly child at her last gasp, maybe, all for a foolish Injun to be flirtin' with. And I warrant me the madame'll be sick too—there's that in her eye has forewarned me these many days as plain as if I'd heard the banshee at the window. Poor thing! it's the trouble she's had been weighing her down, and she none too strong. And if you believe it, Miss Clare," she added, craning her neck and speaking in a half whisper—"the husband of her lies asleep in the hall-way on the green lounge in his clothes full dressed, as you may say, and the madame's door locked. Oh, warra," and she shook her head, "its bad luck as came to this house when that slip of a girl came intil it—that's what I've said from the first."

"He will be cold," said thoughtful Clare, with a little shiver.

"No, he won't, for it's after blankets I was sent, and I jest laid one over him double crosswise. Them's big blankets in the old closet upstairs—but it's quare doin's anyway."

It seemed to Clare scarcely an hour after she was abed, before Martha came in again, a wax candle in her hand. Her cap frills stood out, her hair was in disorder, and her eyes were startlingly wide open.

"You'll come as soon as you can," she said, "for it's Mr. Louis wants you this time. There's more trouble, just as I said, didn't I? Sure it was near daylight when he thought he heard a groaning in the madame's room, but he couldn't git in, not by the door. So there's a winder lets in from the hall-way which he didn't mind breakin' in, and there he finds madame raving in a fever. Didn't I say it was coming on? Things has been too much for her, and I've expected it ever since she lost her voice."

This was said while Clare was hurriedly dressing.

"What time is it?" asked Clare.

"Just the edge of daylight—I don't know by the hour—but she's quieted a little in bed, and he wants you to sit with her while he goes for the doctor."

"I am ready," said Clare, though her heart was fainter than her voice, which was very faint just then.

She hurried to her aunt. Louis was just leaving the room, looking very grey in the pallid light of day and gas mingled.

"I have been fearing this," he said.

"Is she quiet?" asked Clare.

"Yes, in a heavy stupor apparently. I will be back soon."

Clare went in and stood looking at her aunt.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "now she looks like mother. I must not think! I cannot think of those weary days and nights!"

She looked about her for something to do—picked a few trifles from the floor, straightened the chairs, now and then going back to the bed, drawn thither by that marvelous likeness.

Presently Martha came upstairs with a little tray, tea and toast on it.

"*He* said you were to be sure to eat and drink something," said Martha. "He's jest that thoughtful."

She had on her frilled cap, only she had pinned a black bow on the top. Clare noticed it.

"It isn't vain I am," said Martha, "but you see there wasn't spirit enough in me to do up my hair, and when I can't do that it's a sign I'm worrited. It was my mother, heaven bless her name, taught me to be done up before I came down to breakfast from sole to top knot."

"Have you heard how Beth is this morning?" asked Clare.

"I will not have her here, Louis, I will not have her here!" came in low tones from the bed. "Choose between us—either she or I."

Clare flew to the sick woman, who with eyes dilated and right hand raised, was wildly gesticulating.

"He will send her away, auntie—don't worry," she said, on the spur of the moment.

"And then shall I have my Louis again, and my beautiful home free from all these harassing troubles—and my voice—my poor lost voice?"

"Yes, you shall have them all," said Clare, soothingly.

"Are you one of God's angels that you dare promise so much?" was the next question.

"Perhaps," said Clare quietly.

"Then I think you might stop this burning pain in my head, lift this terrible pressure from my heart, take away these throbbing recollections. Did you hear me last night? Did I sing well?"

"You always sing well," said Clare.

"What a grand audience it was? I experienced the exultation Rouget De Lisle might have felt when he wrote the "Marseillaise." All those thousands of pulses beat at once. I felt it under my bodice, great throbs! And it was a nation's heart-beat!" she cried in a voice like a trumpet.

"I would not talk any more," said Clare, frightened at the insane light in her eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

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A GOOD NAME.

A GOOD name is above all price. To be worth a million is less honorable than to possess an unstained character. An English story relates that a man distinguished for his honesty was told by a friend that he would give a thousand pounds for his good name. "Why?" was the reply. "Because I could make ten thousand pounds by it," was the knave's answer. Even rascals know the value of that which they lack.

TRUE NOBILITY.

A BRIDGE in Verona, Italy, was swept away by a sudden rise of the river Adige. The middle arch was left, and upon it stood a poor family, shouting for help. "I will give a hundred francs to anybody who will save them," cried a nobleman standing near. A young peasant leaped into a boat, pushed out to the wrecked bridge, and after a hard struggle landed the rescued family upon the shore. "Here is your money, my brave fellow," said the count. "No," replied the young man, "I do not sell my life. Give it to these poor people, who have need of it." You see, nobility may exist in the humblest person. Don't fo get that, and practice on it.

MODERATION AND ABSTINENCE.

DR. JOHNSON once remarked: "I can abstain, but I cannot be moderate." In point of fact, the doctor at times got terribly drunk. When he took one glass he followed it with another, and so on till he was overcome. His only safety was in refusing the first. There are a great many "bumptious" boys nowadays who seem to think themselves quite superior to their appetites. They are sure they "can stop when they like," and this false presumption leads some of them to the depths of dissipation and to untimely graves.

Now if so wise and great a man as Dr. Johnson was willing to confess his own weakness, why should our youngsters be ashamed to do the same? Over-confidence is no mark of manliness. Prudent self-distrust is safest, especially where liquor is in question.

THE INNER MOTIVE.

OUR jokers often say very serious things—that is, in the application. One of them tells of a young girl who was quite too ill to help her mother wash the supper dishes, yet she recovered, half an hour later, sufficiently for a long game at croquet. It is even whispered that she sat up very late with her beau the same evening. Now this, as well as many other yarns of our funny friends, is worth more than to be giggled over.

It is a great misfortune when young folks require to be tickled into exertion by some outside motive of an agreeable character. We have not the slightest objection to "fun" of the right sort. Far from it; "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Yet even in the matter of pleasures every boy and girl should be something more than the slave of impulse. A good character cannot be formed till we learn to master ourselves—that is, play when we will and work when we will, whether we like it or not. That is the rule of the inner motive.

Perhaps you have seen a butterfly sailing about in a high wind. Here and there he drifts, quite at the sport of the gusts. That is all well enough for an insect, but human folks should be superior to the gusts of whim and inclination. The lazy girl who could not wash the dishes was merely a slave to indolence. Show her a sealskin sacque at the end of a hard ten-mile walk and she would have gone after it even with sharp pegs in her shoes. We ought to blush to see ourselves in the mirror when we are so easily controlled by our whims.

GOLDEN OPINIONS
OF THE
THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE following are but specimens of the vast number of letters of this character we are constantly receiving, and they prove conclusively that the ARGOSY has found warm favor with its many readers. We appreciate these kind utterances from our readers, and try to show the same by constantly improving the ARGOSY in one way or another.

Dear Sir: I have been a subscriber of the ARGOSY for two years, and would not do without it at any cost. Find enclosed two dollars to renew my subscription.
L. T. SHANKLIN, Ballard, Cal.

Dear Sir: My little boy is delighted with the ARGOSY. I think it a splendid paper for boys and girls, and the price very reasonable.
MRS. W. A. GRAHAM, Henrietta, Tex.

Dear Sir: My boy has been taking your paper for the last six months. Allow me to compliment you upon its neat, handsome appearance, and high character. I think it must be doing a great good in displacing much of the cheap, pernicious reading that is so injurious to the young. I have become greatly interested in your biographical department, and my wife reads the stories with as much interest as my boy.
FRANK SHULTZ, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir; I have taken the ARGOSY over two years and have found it the most entertaining and instructive paper I have ever read. My father and mother read it with as much interest as myself. This year I am taking it of our newsdealer, as it comes easier to pay by the week. I have got you half a dozen readers among my friends, who buy it regularly.
FRED D. SIMONS, Albany, N. Y.

Dear Sir: We must have the ARGOSY another year. Enclosed are two dollars to pay for the same. At this rate it costs less than four cents a week. It is worth many times this amount to my family.
WM. D. HUSTON, Galveston, Tex.

Dear Sir: Enclosed are two dollars for another year's subscription to the ARGOSY, commencing with whole number 121. Money is so scarce we thought we would not take it this year, but we find we cannot do without it. I am as much interested in it as the children.
MRS. WOODMAN HARTWICK, Denver, Col.

Dear Sir; Find enclosed two dollars to pay for another year's subscription to the ARGOSY. Commence with number 131. Don't let us miss a paper. We all watch eagerly for its coming, and could not do without it.
MRS. W. R. ELLIS, Portland, Me.

Dear Sir: I have taken THE GOLDEN ARGOSY ever since it started. It seems to me it grows better and better every week. Enclosed find $2 for my renewal. I would not be without it if it cost twice as much.
BEN. COLEMAN, Springfield, Mass.

GOING UP HIGHER.

IN our free country we pride ourselves in thinking that any boy, however humble his birth, may arrive at the dignity of President of the United States. But it is true, the world over, that men reach the heights of their eminence from very lowly beginnings Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and founder of the cotton industry of Great Britain, began his working life as a barber's apprentice. So did Turner, the famous English landscape painter. Shakespeare's father was a butcher. Ben Johnson wrought at the trade of a mason. Inigo Jones, a distinguished English architect, was a carpenter by trade. Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, was a weaver, and Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel a shoemaker. Admiral Hobson, one of the most famous English commanders, was a tailor. Of course we mean that these great men began life in those humble occupations. They rose out of them by diligent study, and by making use of every opportunity. Watt, the inventor of steam engines, worked at the trade of instrument maker. Faraday, the natural scientist, was the son of a poor blacksmith.

In fact, not to pursue the long list further, more of the distinguished men of modern history arose from humble life than from favorable circumstances. This is a great encouragement to all young people of brains and energy who feel cast down by their poverty or their unlucky station in life. There are no difficulties so great that will not yield to patient, determined energy. Men are what they make themselves, not what circumstances make them. Not small men, we mean, but great men.

COMMON BLESSINGS.

How little heed we give to some of the common blessings which civilization and progress in art has given us. In some respects our times are not superior to ancient days. Recently, near Berlin, some gold and silver table ornaments were dug up which had been buried by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. They were equal in every respect to the best work of the jewelers of to-day. The old Egyptians who built the pyramids displayed a mechanical and engineering skill that has never been surpassed.

But in those things that we call the necessaries of life, what a change! The Roman boys and girls, whose fathers and mothers tax our memories in school days, did not know what candy was. They may have learned their lessons well, but they were never rewarded with jam, or jelly, or sweet cakes, or taffy, because there was no sugar. To be sure there was honey, but it was the luxury of the rich, since it was dear. The Greeks were great artists and accomplished athletes, yet the Athenian beau could not treat his sweetheart to ice cream, nor could his too indulgent mother nurse his stomach with tea and coffee.

Fancy what our modern life would be without sugar! And yet these blessings of civilized art bring their compensations. The life of the ancients was simpler than ours, but they were a hardier race. Bilious headaches, from too much pie, were unknown in those days. We are given to abusing our blessings, and the health of the race suffers in consequence. For all that, we should be thankful for these gifts of human invention; and we should show our appreciation by using them wisely.

PRINCE BISMARCK,
Chancellor of the German Empire.

THERE is a word in the vocabulary of the German that is inexpressibly dear to him, and that word is —Fatherland. It brings back to the mind of the struggling emmigrant all the cherished associations of a native land, that must always animate the wanderer, no matter what new allegiance he may have taken upon himself; it recalls all the tender reminiscences of childhood, ever pleasant to remember through the softening mists of years; and it must revive a feeling of national pride, never to be extinguished, when it reminds him that the land of his birth is, in German eyes at least, the most powerful nation of Europe.

It is due to Prince Bismarck that the last sentiment can have being.

Germany was for centuries a vast empire, composed of kingdoms, duchies, and principalities, and torn by internal strife that completely precluded the existence of a united nationality of these peoples who were in every way akin. To this succeeded a confederation of these states, when at last the empire came to an end, and still national unity did not exist. All this time it was Austria that held the power: her king was the emperor, or she was the protectress. But she was to the confederation as a step-mother to a family, the ruler, but not the relative by any of the ties of national kinship and characteristic, except, perhaps, language.

The necessity of a closer union was appreciated; and it was also obvious that these powers must be sifted, and that the unrelated elements composing Austria must be cast off. How to do it was the problem. How to solve the problem was the conception of Bismarck. The successive steps he took in this great undertaking cannot be narrated within these contracted limits, involving as they do the history of decades, the struggles of a lifetime. The proportions of the task can be comprehended, the struggles necessitated, and the genius brought to bear can be imagined and appreciated, even though the process be but indicated. Bismarck saw that a firm and purely *native* government must be established; that Prussia, his country, was the one to constitute this supreme power. He enabled Prussia to take things into her own hands, forced a rupture with Austria, the great antagonist to national progress, conquered her, and has cemented most of the race-relations into one great, powerful Fatherland.

Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born at Schonhausen, Prussia, on the 1st of April, 1815. His family is one of the nobility of the realm, holding a high rank in the party called Conservatives, who believe in the institution of kingship and its divine rights. Bismarck inherited this view, only he tempers it with the broad belief of the obligations of kings to their people, holding that if their rights are from a divine source, they hold them in trust from a higher power, and on condition that they use them only for the interests of their subjects. Thus his conservatism grasps hands with liberalism, and desires a government of the people.

Young Bismarck was sent to various schools in his youth, where he exhibited surprising talents and many pleasing traits of character. He was quiet and observant, but companionable; sympathetic, with a great love for dumb animals. His father made him a perfect horseman, and his favorite exercise has always been in the saddle. He early became an intrepid hunter. A humorous anecdote is related bearing upon this accomplishment of Bismarck. When, in later years, he represented his country at the Russian capital, he one day went bear hunting with seven others. "On their return, one of the seven was asked, 'How did things go?' and he replied, 'Very ill for us, father. The first bear trotted in: the Prussian fired, and down fell the bear. Then came the second, and I fired, missed, and Bismarck shot him dead at my very feet. Then came the third bear; Colonel M. fired twice and missed twice; then the Prussian knocked him over with one barrel. So Bismarck shot all three, and we could get no more. It went very ill for us, father!'"

By the time he was seventeen, he was ready for the university, and entered that of Gottingen to study law. This is where the duelling clubs exist. Before he had time to be enrolled Bismarck had fought his first duel. In his college career he fought some twenty or more duels and was wounded but once, and that was by the breaking of his adversary's sword-blade; but this wound was, for that reason, not allowed against him. He carries the scar to this day. Indeed, Bismarck led a wild life at the university, and happily, when the time came to him, as it does to us all, to choose whether we shall follow the path of good or evil, he chose the right one, and how undeviatingly he has followed it, all can see.

He was graduated in 1835. Then he was appointed clerk of the City Police of Berlin. He shortly left the Courts of Justice to take a place under Government, and joined the Jager Guards to fulfil his military duties. Then he retired to a country life on his family estates, and devoted himself to agriculture to better their condition. Here time passed wearily, though he occupied successively numerous civil positions.

Before 1847 he was little heard of, but about that time he began to attract attention in the Prussian Parliament. His diplomatic career commenced in 1851, when he was appointed chief secretary of the Prussian Legation, at the resuscitated German Diet at Frankfort. Here he began to manifest that zeal for the interests and aggrandizement of Prussia, which has undeviatingly guided him. In 1862 he acquired the special confidence of the king who sent him as ambassador to Paris. In the autumn of the same year, he was recalled to take the portfolio of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the Presidency.

He precipitated the war of 1870 and 1871 with France, and regained from that country the provinces she had wrested from Germany in the time of the first Napoleon. He was soon raised from the rank of count to the dignity of a prince and chancellor of the German Empire.

Among all the decorations he wears on his breast is one, a simple medallion, the Prussian Safety Medal, which he values more than many of greater dignity. This, his first decoration, was gained in this wise: One day in 1842, when at the military exercises, he stood on a bridge over a lake with a number of officers, his groom, mounted on a horse fell with the animal into the water. A cry of horror arose. Bismarck tore off his sword and uniform, and dashed into the lake after his servant; he reached him, but the man clinging to his rescuer, drew him down beneath the surface, where they staid, locked in deadly embrace, while the crowd stood horror-struck, watching the bubbles of air rising to surface. By a superhuman exertion Bismarck brought the man to the surface and safely ashore.

A noble diplomatist, some time after, noticed the single decoration thus nobly gained. He asked, superciliously, what it might mean. Straightening himself to his full height, Bismarck quietly, but scornfully replied, "I am in the habit sometimes of saving a man's life." The sneerer was abashed. Indeed, Bismarck is a proud man and never allows himself to be lightly treated. One day, before he had attained his present eminent position, he visited a certain count, who received him with unpleasant familiarity and indifference, coolly smoking a cigar, and not asking Bismarck even to sit down. Bismarck pulled out his cigar-case, took a cigar, asked easily for a light, and took a vacant chair in which he stretched himself at ease, and commenced the conversation.

The attempt on his life in 1866, was a narrow escape. He was walking in the street when two shots were fired at him from behind, one bullet grazing his side. Turning, Count Bismarck grappled with his assailant, who fired a third shot, taking effect in the shoulder. Then, with lightning rapidity, the assassin passed the pistol to his left hand, and fired two more shots, one of which took effect in the count's ribs. The wretch was overpowered and locked up, and while in confinement committed suicide. He was probably the tool of a conspiracy against the Bismarck administration.

Bismarck's career is characterized by great foresight, firm adherence to principle, an iron will, a fine talent for diplomacy and the greatest capabilities for administration. These have raised him to the position, almost, of Dictator of Europe, for if two nations are at odds, the weight of his alliance on either side, will bring victory with it, or plunge a continent in war.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

AN EVERY-DAY THOUGHT.

THE kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forebear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

TRICKERY comes back to its master.

THE mind's the standard of the man.

HE who converses with nobody knows nothing.

FROM the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

WHEN you go forth to do a good deed put on the slippers of silence.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

UNLESS what occupies your mind is useful, the pride you derive from thence is foolish.

EDUCATION begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

THE bravest trophy ever man obtained,
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath gained.

CHARACTER is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think.

THE seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

NOTHING can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

NOTHING wears out a fine face like the vigils of a card table and those cutting passions which attend them.

MEN spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.

THE difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

THE COMEDY ENDED.

It may have been all for the best, who knows?
That a tiresome farce should draw to a close.
That actors, aweary, should cry for rest,
And a change of parts, ah! yes, it is best.

It is best to bow to the will of fate;
To submit to her as she may dictate;
For fate, though cruel, is sometimes kind,
And opens the eyes of those who were blind.

You and I have played, each his little part
In the farce, and each was proud of his art.
But each may regret, who knows? who can tell?
The parts may have played so, in seeming well.

Will we be glad when the play is over?
You, that I failed in playing the lover,
As we move away from the footlight's glare;
And I in my heart that I do not care.

[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 XIX.

THE PASSENGERS.

The Nantucket (Captain Jabez Hill master), was a large vessel, stanch and strong, and bore a good record, having been in service six years, and never having in that time met a serious disaster. It was a sailing vessel, and primarily intended to convey freight, but had accommodations for six passengers. Of these it had a full complement. Harry and the professor I name first, as those in whom we are most interested.

Next came John Appleton, a business man from Melbourne, who had visited the United States on business. He was a plain, substantial-looking person, of perhaps forty-five. Next came Montgomery Clinton, from Brooklyn, a young man of twenty-four, foppishly attired, who wore an eye-glass and anxiously aped the London swell, though born within sight of Boston State House. Harry regarded him with considerable amusement, and though he treated him with outward respect, mentally voted him very soft. Fifth on the list was a tall, sallow, thin individual, with a melancholy countenance, who was troubled with numerous symptoms, and was persuaded that he had not long to live. He was from Pennsylvania. He carried with him in his trunk a large assortment of pills and liquid medicines, one or another of which he took about once an hour. This gentleman's name was Marmaduke Timmins. Last came a tall, lean Yankee, the discoverer and proprietor of a valuable invention which it was his purpose to introduce into Australia. Mr. Jonathan Stubbs, for this was his name, was by no means an undesirable addition to the little circle, and often excited a smile by his quaint and shrewd observations.

It was the third day at sea, when Harry, who had suffered but little from sea-sickness, came on deck, after a good dinner, and saw the dudish passenger, till now invisible, holding himself steady with an effort, and gazing sadly out upon the wild waste of waters without the help of his eye-glass.

"How do you feel, Mr. Clinton?" asked Harry.

"Horribly, Mr. Vane," answered Clinton, with a languid shudder. "I never thought it was such a bore, crossing the ocean, don't you know? I've a great idea of offering the captain a handsome sum to land me somewhere, I don't care much where."

"I don't think we shall go near any land, Mr. Clinton. I think you will have to make the best of it."

"There isn't any best, Mr. Vane. Really, I give you my word it has taken away all my ambition. I don't even care for my looks. You won't believe it, but I haven't shaved since I came on board. Couldn't do it, don't you know? My face feels horribly rough. It this goes on I shall soon look like a tramp."

Harry surveyed the smooth vacant countenance of his fellow passenger, but could not discover the stubbly beard which it might have been expected to show.

"I look horrid, don't I?" drawled Clinton.

"I shouldn't know but you had shaved this morning," said Harry, bluntly.

"You are very kind, I'm sure," lisped the dude, "but I know I am a sight to behold. If there were any ladies on board, I should be dreadfully mortified, I give you my word."

"I haven't shaved myself since I came aboard," said Harry, gravely. "Would you notice it?"

"Well, no, I don't think I should," answered Clinton, after a scrutinizing look.

"Thank you," said Harry, appearing relieved, "but perhaps that is because you have not your eye glass with you."

"On my honor, your face looks very clean. You are only a boy, you know."

"How does it happen that you are making a sea-voyage, Mr. Clinton?"

Montgomery Clinton heaved a deep sigh.

"You touch a tender chord, Mr. Vane," he replied. "If I tell you it must be in strict confidence."

"You can depend on me."

"Then I don't mind telling you. It is a relief to confide in a friend. It is because my heart is broken, Mr. Vane."

"Indeed! May I ask how long it has been in that condition?" asked Harry, with commendable gravity.

"Ever since I met Blanche Devere at Saratoga. She's a daisy, Mr. Vane, if ever there was one. I got mashed on her directly."

"Did she return your affection, Mr. Clinton?"

"I think she did," said Clinton, pensively. "She always smiled when she saw me. Wouldn't you regard that as encouraging?"

"It seems like it," answered Harry, gravely, though he could imagine another reason for smiling.

"One day I proposed to Blanche. She hesitated and appeared agitated. Then she told me she had a cousin, a military officer, who was desperately in love with her, and had threatened to shoot any one else who offered her attentions. She said she expected him the next day, and said she hoped no one would tell him of my attentions."

"What did you do, Mr. Clinton?"

"I left Saratoga that night, Mr. Vane," answered Clinton, sadly, "but my heart was broken. I decided to make a sea-voyage, hoping it would help me, but I didn't know the sea was so beastly horrid. I think I shall die, don't you know?"

Hearing a step behind him, Harry turned and his eye rested on the melancholy countenance of Marmaduke Timmins, the chronic invalid.

"Good morning, Mr. Timmins," said our hero, "I hope you stand the voyage well."

"I've had several new symptoms since I came on board," responded Mr. Timmins, gloomily, "and I've made a dreadful discovery."

"What is it?" inquired Montgomery Clinton in alarm.

"I find I've mislaid or forgotten to bring my box of Remedial pills. I don't know what I shall do without them."

"I've got a box of Brandeth's pills down stairs," said Clinton. "You're welcome to a part of them, I'm sure."

"They wouldn't do! What can you be thinking of, young man? Do you think there's no difference between pills?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, don't you know?"

"Young man, you are sadly ignorant," said Timmins, severely. "I've got five other kinds of pills down stairs, for different maladies I am subject to, but none of them will take the place of Remedial pills."

"Will any of them cure sea-sickness?" asked the dude, eagerly.

"I can give you a remedy for sea-sickness, Mr. Clinton," said Mr. Holdfast, the mate, who chanced to overhear the inquiry.

"WHAT ARE YOU TWO BOYS CHATTERING ABOUT?"

"What is it, Mr. Holdfast? I shall be really grateful, I assure you, if you can cure that beastly malady."

"Swallow a piece of raw salt pork about an inch square," said the mate gravely, "and follow it up by a glass of sea-water, taken at a gulp."

"That's horrid, awfully horrid!" gasped Clinton, shuddering, and looking very pale. "It actually makes me sick to think of it, don't you know?" and he retreated to the cabin, with one hand pressed on his stomach.

"That young man's a fool!" said Mr. Timmins. "He knows no more of pills than a baby."

"Nor do I, Mr. Timmins," said Harry, smiling.

"I pity you, then. My life has been saved several times by pills."

"I'd rather live without them."

Marmaduke shook his head as he walked away.

"That man's a walking drug-store," said the mate, looking after him. "I'd rather go to Davy's locker, and be done with it, than fill myself up with pills and potions."

"You're looking chipper, my boy," said a newcomer, in a nasal voice. "Haven't been seasick, I guess."

Harry recognized the voice of the Yankee inventor, Mr. Jonathan Stubbs.

"No, sir; I have had very little trouble."

"I'm goin' to get up a cure for sea-sickness when I have time—a kind of a self-acting, automatic belt—I guess there's money in it."

"It would be a great blessing, Mr. Stubbs. Poor Mr. Clinton would no doubt be glad to buy it."

"Do you mean that languishin' creeter with an eye-glass and spindle legs? What are such fellers made for?"

"Rather for ornament than use," answered Harry, gravely.

The Yankee burst into a loud guffaw, and regarded Harry's remark a capital joke.

CHAPTER XX.

A CLOUD IN THE SKY.

The voyage was to be a long one, and after a couple of weeks all had their sea-legs on. All had become acquainted, and settled down to a regular routine. But the time dragged, and as there were no morning or evening papers, something seemed necessary to break up the monotony.

"Harry," said the professor, "I have an idea."

"What is it, Professor?"

"Suppose we give an exhibition for the benefit of our fellow passengers and the crew."

"Why do you say *we*, Professor?"

"Because I shall want you to assist me, as you did on shore."

"I am ready to do my part."

"Then I will speak to the captain."

The result was that on the first quiet day Professor Hemmenway and his assistant gave a matinee performance on the deck of the Nantucket, at which all who could possibly be spared were present. To some of the sailors it was a novelty, and the magician's mysterious tricks actually inspired some with the feeling that he was possessed of supernatural powers.

"Will you lend me your hat, Mr. Clinton?" he asked presently of the dude.

"Certainly, Professor," drawled the young man.

The professor took it, and tapped it.

"Are you sure there is nothing in it?" he asked.

"I am sure of it. Really, I don't carry things in my hat, don't you know?"

"What do you say to this, then?" and Professor Hemmenway drew out of the hat half a dozen onions, a couple of potatoes, and a ship biscuit.

"My dear sir, I think you are mistaken," he said. "I see you carry your lunch in your hat."

All present laughed at the horrified face of the dude.

"On my honor, I don't know how those horrid things came in my hat," he stammered.

"Are you fond of onions, Mr. Clinton?" asked Harry gravely.

"I wouldn't eat one for—for a new suit of clothes!" protested Clinton earnestly.

"Allow me to return your hat, Mr. Clinton," said the professor politely. "I suppose you want the vegetables too. Here are the onions, and the rest."

"They are not mine, on my honor," said Clinton very much embarrassed. "Here, my good man, can you make use of these?"

The sailor whom he addressed accepted the gift with a grin.

"Thank you kindly, sir," he said, "if so be as I ain't a robbin' you."

"I have no use for them, my good man. I never ate an onion in my life."

"Then I don't think you know what's good," said Mr. Stubbs. "An onion, let me tell you, is mighty good eatin', and healthy, too."

At the close of the magical entertainment, Harry sang by request, and no part of the performance was more popular. He received many congratulations.

"Really, Mr. Vane, you sing like a nightingale, don't you know," was the tribute of Clinton.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Timmins, "I was so absorbed in your song that I have forgotten to take my catarrh medicine."

"Thank you, sir; that is the best compliment I have received," returned Harry with a smile.

Mr. Timmins did not hear him. He was already half way down stairs, in haste to repair his omission.

Little has been said thus far of Captain Hill, the chief officer of the Nantucket. He was a stout, red-faced seaman, nearing fifty years of age, and had been in service ever since he was fifteen. He was a thorough sailor, and fitted in every way but one to take charge of a ship bound to any part of the world. His one disqualification may be stated briefly—he had a passion for drink.

It was not immediately that this was found out. He took his meals with the passengers, but it was not then that he indulged his appetite. He kept a private store of liquors in his cabin, and had recourse to them when by himself, under the impression that he could keep it a secret. But intemperance, like murder, will out.

Harry and the professor were standing by the rail looking out to sea, one day, when a thick voice greeted them, "Good morn'n', gentlemen" this address being followed by a hiccough.

Both turned quickly, and exchanged a significant glance when they recognized the captain.

"Yes," answered Professor Hemmenway, "it is indeed a fine morning."

"That's what I shay," responded the captain in a combative tone, "and what I shay I mean."

Professor Hemmenway answered him in a conciliatory way, and shortly after the captain resumed his march, plainly unsteady on his legs.

"I am sorry to see this, Harry," said the professor gravely.

"Yes, sir; it is a pity any gentleman should drink too much."

"Yes, but that isn't all," said the professor earnestly; "it is a pity, of course, that Captain Hill should so sin against his own health, but we must consider furthermore that he has our lives under his control. Our safety depends on his prudent management."

"He seems to understand his business," said Harry.

"Granted; but no man, however good a seaman, is fit to manage a vessel when he allows liquor to rob him of his senses. I wish I had known beforehand the captain's infirmity."

"Suppose you had, sir?"

"I wouldn't have trusted myself on board the Nantucket, you may be sure of that."

"It may be only an exceptional case."

"Let us hope so."

This happened when they were a week out. It must be stated that the captain did not for a long time expose himself to observation again when under the influence of his potations. Yet that he still continued them was evident enough from his appearance. There are certain indications that may be read in the face of an intemperate man by any one of experience, and these convinced not only the professor but others that Captain Hill drank every day.

The next occasion on which the captain displayed his infirmity was rather a laughable one. He came up from the cabin about three o'clock in the afternoon so full that he was forced to stagger as he walked. Directly in front of him the young dude, Montgomery Clinton, was pacing the deck, carrying in his hand a rattan cane such as he used on shore. As he overhauled him, Captain Hill, with the instinct of a drunken man, locked arms with the young man, and forced him to promenade in his company, talking rather incoherently meanwhile. Clinton's look of distress and perplexity, as he submitted to his fate, caused Harry nearly to explode with laughter. They were indeed a singular pair.

Finally there came a disaster. A lurch of the vessel proved too much for the captain, who, in losing his equilibrium, also upset Clinton, and the two rolled down under one of the ship's boats which was slung up on one side.

Montgomery Clinton picked himself up, and hurriedly betook himself to his cabin, fearing that he might fall again into the clutches of his unwelcome companion. The captain was helped to his feet by the mate, and was persuaded also to go down stairs.

"The captain was pretty well slewed, Professor," said Mr. Stubbs, who chanced to be on deck at the time.

"It looks like it," answered Professor Hemmenway gravely.

"If he does that often it'll be a bad lookout for us."

"Just what I am thinking, Mr. Stubbs. I wish we could do something about it. I feel that our lives may be in peril from this unfortunate weakness of the chief officer."

"I've a great mind to speak to Captain Hill about it. He ought to have his duty set before him."

"If you don't object, it may be advisable to do so, Mr. Stubbs."

Jonathan Stubbs, who was a very free-spoken person, took an early occasion to carry out his plan, but with ill success. Captain Hill became furiously angry, vowed that Stubbs had insulted him, that he had never drank too much in his life, and threatened to put him in irons if he repeated the offence.

Mr. Stubbs was not frightened, but saw that further remonstrance would be unavailing. He shrugged his shoulders, and walked away.

"There's no arguing with a fool or a drunkard," he said to the professor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

The crew of the Nantucket consisted of twelve sailors, and a boy, not counting the officers. This boy was about Harry's age, but an inch or two shorter, and with greater breadth of shoulders. He had a good natured face, and was a general favorite on board, as is apt to be the case with a boy, if he possesses any attractive qualities. He came from New Hampshire and he was known as Jack.

It was natural that Harry, as the only other boy on board, though a passenger, should be attracted to Jack. He took an opportunity when Jack was off duty to have a chat with him.

"How long have you been a sailor, Jack?" he asked.

"Three years; I first went to sea when I was thirteen."

"How did you happen to go in the first place?"

"Well, you see, Mr Vane——"

"Call me Harry. I am only a boy like yourself."

"So I will, if you don't mind. Well, Harry, I may say, to begin with, that I always liked the water. I was born in a little village bordering on Lake Winnipiseogee, and was out on the lake whenever I could get the chance, either in a rowboat or sail-boat. I felt as much at home on the water as on the land. Still, I never should have gone to sea but for my step-father."

"Then you have a step father."

"Yes. My father died when I was ten, leaving my mother a little farm and a comfortable house. I was a young boy, and it is hard for a woman to carry on a farm. A man came into town, and started in some small business. He pretended that he had money, but I guess he had precious little. At any rate he didn't object to more. Pretty soon he fixed his eyes on our farm, and finding that mother owned it clear, he got to coming round pretty often. I never liked him, though he pretended to be fond of me and used to pat me on

the head, and bring me candy. I wondered what made him come so often, but I didn't mistrust anything till one day mother called me and said she had something important to say to me.

"'Jack,' she said, 'what do you think of Mr. Bannock?'

"'I don't think much of him,' I answered; 'what makes him come here so often?'

"'He's going to come here oftener,' she said, looking displeased.

"'Then he might as well board here,' said I.

"'He's going to live here,' answered mother.

"'What's that for?' I asked, still not dreaming of the truth. But it all came out in a minute when she said. 'He is to be your father, Jack. I have promised to marry him.'

"'You may marry him,' I answered hotly, 'but he will be no father of mine. My father lies in the churchyard. I wish he were alive again.'

"'So do I, Jack,' said mother, wiping her eyes, 'but we know that can't be.'

"'What makes you marry again, mother?' I asked.

"'I need some one to look after me and the farm, Jack,' said mother. 'A woman has a hard lot when she is alone.'

"'Wait till I am old enough, and I will take care of the farm, mother. Don't marry that man!' I pleaded. 'What does he know of farming anyway? He keeps a store.'

"'His father was a farmer, and he was brought up on a farm,' answered mother.

"Well, I teased and teased her not to marry Mr. Bannock, but it was no use. She had given her promise, and her mind was made up. It wasn't long before the wedding, which I wouldn't attend, and mother became Mrs. Bannock. It wasn't long before old Bannock showed himself up in his true colors. It turned out that he was worth scarcely anything. Though the farm was still mother's, he got her to agree to have a mortgage placed on it, and the money he put into his business."

"How did he treat you, Jack?" asked Harry, interested.

"I am coming to that. He never liked me, especially when he found I didn't attend the wedding, and didn't like him at all. He tried to impose upon me, and order me round, but he didn't make out much. Still he was always annoying me in mean little ways, and finally I got all I could stand, and the long and short of it is, that I ran away to Portsmouth, and went on a coasting voyage. After I got back I shipped from Boston for Liverpool, and ever since I've kept sailing in one direction or another. This will be my longest voyage."

"Haven't you been to see your mother since you left home three years ago?" Harry inquired.

"'Of course I have," said Jack, promptly, "I always go to see her as soon as I get home from a voyage."

"Do you ever see your step-father?"

"I have seen him twice. Once he was out of town, and I wasn't sorry."

"Has he ever tried to detain you?"

"No, the fact is," said Jack, laughing, "I expect he was very well content to be rid of me. He made up his mind that I was a pretty hard boy for him to manage. There's only one reason why I should like to be at home."

"What is that?"

"So that I could stand between my mother and that man," said Jack, gravely.

"I hope he doesn't ill-treat her."

"He doesn't strike her, if that's what you mean. I'd like to see him do it!" exclaimed Jack, with flashing eyes. "But he teases her, and has his own way in everything, but she won't allow any one to interfere. Poor mother! she was looking pale and thin when I saw her three weeks ago. I am sure she has repented marrying, but she won't own up. When I'm a man——"

"Well, Jack, when you're a man?"

"I'll see that she has a better time, and if old Bannock don't like it he can clear out. I think he will, anyway."

"Clear out?"

"Yes; he will have spent all the property by that time, and when that is done he won't make much objection to going away. Then I will take care of mother, and see that she does not suffer for anything."

"You are right, Jack. I sympathize with you. I hope you'll be succeed. I only wish I had a mother to look out for," and Harry's fine face wore an expression of sadness. "But there's one thing I can't help saying, though I don't want to discourage you."

"What is that, Harry?"

"I don't see how you are going to lay up much money in going before the mast. Your pay must be small."

"It is. I only earn ten dollars a month," replied Jack.

"And out of that you must buy your clothes?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Then how do you expect to better yourself?" asked Harry, looking puzzled.

"I'll tell you if you won't say anything about it," answered Jack in a lower tone.

"Go ahead."

"We are going to Australia, you know, I've heard there are good chances of making money there, in mining or herding cattle, and I mean to leave the ship at Melbourne. Of course I don't want anything said about it."

"Would the captain try to prevent you, Jack?"

"I think he would. He don't like me at any rate."

"Why not?"

"That is more than I can tell, but I can see that he has a prejudice against me."

The boys were so absorbed in their conversation that they did not notice the approach of the captain till his harsh voice was heard.

"What are you two boys chattering about?" he demanded with a frown.

Jack turned round startled, but Harry faced the captain calmly, and did not speak.

"Will you answer me?" he repeated, raising his voice.

"I was talking about home and my mother," said Jack.

"Mighty interesting, upon my word! And what were you talking about?" continued Captain Hill, turning to Harry.

"That can be of no interest to you, Captain Hill," said Harry coldly. "You appear to forget that I am a passenger."

As he walked away, the captain regarded him with an ominous scowl. He wished that for fifteen minutes Harry had been one of the crew. It was fortunate for Jack that his temper was diverted, for apparently forgetting the young sailor, he strode on, and Jack managed to slip down to the forecastle.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. *He can get any number you may want.*

NOT SO BAD.

J. I. CASE, the owner of Jay-Eye-See, has a little grandson now who has almost supplanted the famous horse in the gruff millionaire's big heart.

When Mr. Case's youngest daughter lost her heart it went into the possession of a young fellow who had no money, and who had simply a moderate place in the office of the Racine Plow Works. "Oh, yes, take her if you want. You don't get anything with her, though, mind that; not a single penny," was the answer which the suitor got when he asked the old man's consent. There was only a modest wedding, and then the couple moved into a little cottage rented by the husband. "Give them a house? No. Let them hustle a little," was the way the father met a plea from the girl's mother. "Didn't we have to hustle, eh? Are they any better than us?"

The old man went along and spent thousands on his famous gelding. The young couple moved along in a humdrum way like scores of other modest couples in Racine. The young man "hustled," got around every day, paid his debts promptly and saved a little money. Then came a little youngster—a boy. Rough old Case got around to see it; got around oftener after that. He used to dance the boy on his knee.

"What are you going to call him?" he asked one day.

"We thought we'd name him after his grandpa," said the pretty young mother.

"See here, young fellow," said the rough man of money, who started life as a blacksmith, "here is $10,000 for you. I'll start you in business."

So now the old man dances his grandson on his knees, the young man hustles on his own account, the young mother looks prettier than ever, and Jay-Eye-See's nose is completely broken.

TITLES FOR PLAYS.

IT is difficult to name a play. At least the author makes it so. As much thought is often expended upon selecting a title as upon the writing of a whole act. Sub-titles are now almost discarded. Brevity is the object sought. Many of our most successful plays have titles that are comprised in one word. Some authors prefer two: others, after raking their brains to no pursose, reluctantly submit to three. The name of the play is often the last sentence written in the manuscript. Sometimes the titles, from their brevity or the odd selection of a word, are misleading.

But it is in the naming of the so-called farce comedies that oddity runs reckless. Here titles go to any length. "Fun in a Pullman Palace Car," some six or seven years ago, was the entering wedge. We have had fun in everything since then—"Fun on the Bristol," "Fun in a Boarding School," "Fun in a Photograph Gallery," and so on ad lib. The author of "A Parlor Match," while out riding with a friend one day, reined in his horse to light a cigar. "I've struck it!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Struck what—the match?" said his companion, facetiously. "Yes, 'A Parlor Match,' the name of my new skit."

A reporter suggested to an author that he write an exaggerated skit on the doings in a newspaper office. The author was pleased with the suggestion, and at the moment his eye fell upon a bottle of ink, and communicated to his brain an inspiration. "A Bottle of Ink" was the outcome. But there was not much fun to be extracted from the dull routine of a newspaper office, and the "Bottle of Ink" soon dried up. Another author is making a feeble effort in the same direction, and has named his farce, "Is the Editor In?" The author will probably meet the sheriff before the question is often answered.

"It's a Cold Day When We Get Left," is the most absurd title of all. It is a boomerang to its concoctors. When the farce draws a bad house the morning papers play upon a "cold day" and "getting left." A western manager is about to produce a farce bearing the rather vulgar title of "A Pair of Sox."

A SEVERE REPROOF.

HERE is a story which illustrates the desirability of elderly gentlemen strictly observing the truth in their communications with the third and fourth generations. A grandfather, well known in the English House of Lords, was the other day amicably chatting with his granddaughter, who was seated on his knee.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" the little maiden asked.

"I am very old, my dear. I was in the ark," said his lordship, with a reckless disregard for truth.

"Oh," said her little ladyship, regarding her distinguished relative with fresh interest, "are you Noah?"

"No, I am not Noah."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No, I am not even Ham."

"Then you must be Japhet," insisted the little maiden, at the end of her historical tether, and growing somewhat impatient at the difficulty which surrounded her aged relative's identification.

"No, I am not Japhet," said his lordship, wagging his head, intensely enjoying the joke.

"Then, grandpapa," said the little maiden firmly and decisively, "you must be a beast."

HOW THE "FIFTY" PLAN WORKED.

"I REMEMBER," said a Detroit boy to his Sunday School teacher, "you told me to always stop and count fifty when angry."

"Yes? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"

"You see, a boy he came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going with him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized. I remembered what you said and began to count."

"And you didn't fight?"

"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count fifty and then run."

KING SOLOMON AND THE BLACKSMITH.

THE blacksmith has sometimes been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned the distinction.

The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table, to become better acquainted with his workmen.

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Soloman said:

"What is your trade?"

And the reply was:

"A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stonecutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man whom King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, and, seemingly, almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the king.

"Blacksmith," replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make 'em myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

INGRATITUDE INCREDIBLE.

FIFTY years ago, the Jay Gould of the time was a man named Prime. A correspondent relates that Prime, once, when a poor young man, went to a Southern planter, on a visit at the time to New York, and asked for a loan of $5,000.

"What security can you give?" asked the planter.

"The word of an honest man," answered Prime.

The planter eyed him for an instant, and then replied: "You shall have it."

This sum gave Nathaniel Prime his great start in life, and he soon paid the debt. Years rolled on and he became the leading banker of the city. One day the planter who had befriended him at the outset of his career, came to him in poverty, and asked him for the loan of the same sum that he had lent Prime so opportunely. The banker remembered him well, but asked:

"What security can you give?"

"The word of an honest man," answered the planter, echoing Prime's own words of years before.

"That won't do in Wall Street," was the banker's reply.

The planter seemed dazed by such an answer, and left without a word. The man who was capable of such ingratitude had become a miser, a monomanic on the subject of money, and in his old age becoming insane in the midst of wealth, over the thought that he might by some possibility die poor, committed suicide by cutting his throat in his mansion.

FULL TILT.

THE New York pilot boat Alexander M. Lawrence came into port with the story of a very unusual experience. A few days ago she was sailing along about twenty miles east of Nantucket under a fair wind and making about thirteen miles an hour.

Suddenly the vessel shook from stem to stern as if she had struck a rock, and then gave a terrific lurch to starboard. Her port bow seemed to rise up into the air, while the starboard railing went under water. It seemed to the terrified crew that the vessel was capsizing. The water had nearly rolled up to the hatches which guard the companionways when the vessel suddenly righted.

The men could make out under the bow a dark object in the water, which boiled like a caldron. The object disappeared almost instantly, however, and the vessel kept on her course. The trouble was caused by a whale, which ran headlong into the port bow of the vessel. The planking where the animal struck was not injured. The crew of the pilot boat were well shaken up, but none of them were injured.

A Norwegian bark of several hundred tons, bound for this port, was run into and sunk by a whale about six years ago. The escape of the Lawrence, which measures only eighty-three tons, was a narrow one.

GREAT CONSIDERATION OF A GROCER.

"WHO was it that rang the bell, Jane?" asked the lady of the house.

"The grocer, mum."

"With a bill, I presume."

"Yesum."

"You told him to come next week?"

"Yesum."

"What did he say?"

"He said, mum, he had been here a dozen times already, and he wouldn't come again, and to tell you so."

"How considerate. I didn't think it of a grocery-man."

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IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow;
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Has tempted even kings;
For station high,
That wealth can buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

JACK WHEELER.

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

By CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK.

CHAPTER XIX.

The travelers held a consultation, as soon as the scout departed, as to what should be done. The discussion was very brief, however, for Jack proposed they should bury the gold, or conceal it in the grass, and go to the aid of the besieged. He thought they could easily reach them if the Indians were engaged in making medicine.

"Besides," said he, "I am evidently the cause of this war, by giving that wretch of a medicine man the fire spirit."

"It saved our lives," said McDonough, "so we can risk them again to get even."

The idea was no sooner suggested than acted on. The gold was secreted in the bed of a dry ravine; and when this was done, they breakfasted, and painted their hands and faces with red ochre—which Jack always carried, so as to use it in cases where he desired to pass for a savage.

They started for their destination after sunset, and reached it in an hour and a half. Leaving their horses behind a ridge, they crawled on their hands and knees for more than half a mile, and as the night was pitch dark, and the Indians busily engaged in their superstitious ceremony, they were able to creep up to the sentinals guarding the train, without being detected.

When they made their presence known, they were led before Colonel Longstaff, who received them in the most cordial manner, and thanked them for their daring deed and kind assistance.

Jack asked what the possibilities were for defeating the Sioux; and the colonel replied that he could not tell, but that he could do nothing until he received reinforcements.

A sudden thought struck Jack. He asked eagerly:

"How far is it to the Pawnee country?"

"About a hundred miles; but the tribe is now encamped on the North Platta, about sixty miles from here. Why do you ask?"

"Because I can get them to attack the Sioux."

"Secure them by all means if you can; and if you do, I shall get the Government to give you a commission in accordance with the number of warriors you muster."

"I don't want the commission," was the reply.

He then stated that, if he could induce the Pawnees to come, he would attack the Sioux as soon as he came in sight of them; and the colonel said he would back him.

The cousins started off without saying another word, and on reaching their horses, dashed off at full speed. The animals seemed to know they were engaged on some important mission, for they kept at a steady pace all night, and were in Nebraska the next morning.

The first thing that greeted the youths, as soon as the sun arose, was the Pawnee camp, which was pitched on the banks of the stream. They dashed in at full gallop; and when their presence was made known, the braves and warriors turned out to greet them. Jack told them in a few words what he wanted, and Little Dog, who was then the chief—Talahaw and Keewawk having been killed by the Sioux in a great battle—called a council at once, and his proposal was accepted in the most unanimous manner.

Every male above sixteen years of age arrayed himself in his war costume, and all were ready to take the field in two hours. They wished to indulge in a war-dance before starting, but Jack urged them to postpone it, as he would make good medicine for them on the road. Having the utmost confidence in his powers, they accompanied him at once, and sang their war-songs as they dashed westward at full speed.

They reached the vicinity of the train at night, and concealed themselves behind a hillock. As soon as the dawn appeared, the Sioux mounted their horses and commenced showering bullets and arrows on the little band that guarded the square of canvas where women and children were cowering.

When Jack saw the yelling warriors form into a line, evidently for the purpose of trying to break through the wagons by mere force of numbers, he told Little Dog to form his men in a single line, charge the Sioux at a full gallop, and end the contest by a hand to hand fight, as they would not stand that.

The chief did as he was directed, and when his warriors were mounted, they debouched on the plain. Halting for a moment, as if to get their breath for the onslaught, at a signal from Jack they rode straight on at a steady canter for a short distance, then broke into a mad gallop, while their fierce war-whoops rent the air.

The Sioux were so much surprised at this unexpected assault that they were thrown into a momentary panic; but they soon recovered themselves, and used their spears, knives, arrows, and rifles in a manner worthy of their reputation.

When Colonel Longstaff saw this attack, he led his troopers against the foe, and their sabres were soon gleaming in the sunshine.

A body of teamsters attacked the Sioux in another quarter; and the detonations of their rifles and revolvers mingled with the war-whoops of frenzied savages, the cheers of the cavalry, and the screams and moans of the dying.

The fight did not last long; for the Sioux fled precipitately, leaving many scalps and prisoners in the hands of their enemies, while some of their bravest warriors had been sent to the happy hunting-grounds.

When the contest was over, and the lads returned from the pursuit in which they had accompanied their savage allies far on the plain, to mitigate if possible their cruelty to their defeated foes, the colonel embraced the cousins, while the troopers and emigrants cheered them for several minutes; and when they entered the square formed by the train, the women swarmed about them, and while some blessed, others kissed them, or wept with emotion when they saw them calmly receiving the congratulations of persons old enough to be their grandparents.

McDonough shook them warmly by the hand; and when they inquired for Ross they learned that he had been fatally wounded while leading the emigrants in a charge. They asked to see him, and were led to a wagon in which he was lying. When he saw them he tried to smile, then gasped out:

"I knew you had the medicine to save the train. Take this paper, it explains everything. Good-bye!"

He could say no more, for the gurgle of death sounded in his throat, and in a few moments his brave and generous spirit had gone to join the great majority.

Turning from him to quit the tent, Jack gave a start of surprise, for next to him lay the body of his father's enemy, Runman. For a moment he could not believe his eyes, but there could be no error.

It was Runman himself. Confiding in the protection of Colonel Longstaff's troops, he had ventured once more out on the plains.

Asking those standing near, he heard that Runman had been in his iron coach, but that the very first shot fired, before he had pulled up the shutters, or was aware that the fight was about to begin, struck him, and inflicted a fatal wound. The scream which he gave when hit attracted attention, and he had been taken out and laid down on the ground. For a time he had groaned and cried, but just as he grew weaker the trapper was brought in, also mortally wounded. Both were, however, sensible, and able to speak, and a conversation, of which none could hear the import, was held between them. Then a clergyman who was with the train had been called in, and he had drawn up from Runman's dictation a paper, which the latter had signed. This done, the clergyman had prayed with them until Runman expired, just before the lads rode in from the pursuit.

Jack and Alfred were but little affected either way by the death of the wretched director. All their thoughts were absorbed by grief for that of their trusty companion, whose honest worth and noble nature they had learned to appreciate. They were pleased to see that he was buried with military honors, and they joined in the volleying salute to his remains with as much feeling as if he were a near relative.

The colonel said he would make a report of their conduct to the government, and that their valor would, no doubt, be recognized in a suitable manner, by commissions in the army, which would be an honor at least, even if they were not accepted.

The commissions were subsequently issued, Jack being made a captain and given the command of a body of Pawnee scouts, while Alfred was appointed his lieutenant, as both were active in inducing that tribe to make a permanent treaty of peace.

After securing the concealed gold, the cousins and McDonough started for St. Louis, which they reached in due time. Their fame had preceded them, however, for the papers were filled with their exploits. The reception of the youths by their own kindred was warm in the extreme, and even old Mr. Marshall actually saw something good in Jack and his father, when he heard of the gold mine the wanderers had discovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, who had been in Washington, looking after their claim against the government, hastened to St. Louis on hearing that Jack was there, and the meeting between them was affecting in the extreme. Jack asked them if they had received any money from the senator, and Mr. Wheeler replied that he had, and that but for it he would not have been able to engage legal aid to contest the case against Runman.

Jack then handed him the paper given by Ross, and when he read this, he kissed his son affectionately, and said their troubles were now over, as Runman had made over to him by it all the money out of which he had cheated him, with interest, and cleared his name of all the aspersions cast upon it.

The fame of the cousins had become so great, that they were offered a public reception by the citizens, and it was accepted on their behalf by Senator Power. The meeting was held in the theatre, and that was thronged by the elite of the city.

The mayor presided; and after eulogizing the bravery of the cousins, and their nobility of character, he said their courage, goodness, and self-reliance ought to be models for all young men.

Referring to their youthfulness and their deeds, he closed with the lines:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Two of the most interested auditors were Bella and a fair cousin of hers, who are to-day the most devoted helpmates to two of the wealthiest, kindest and most charitable young men on the continent.

The fable about the mountain of gold is still in existence, and many adventurous spirits are now seeking for it.

THE END.

PROFESSIONAL HANDS.

Few people understand the art the hand alone is capable of portraying, much less the finer effects produced by its management under various circumstances, says an exchange. The cultivation of the voice, gestures, attitudes and poses seems to have crowded from the same attention the culture and discipline of the hands, that sometimes talk as intelligently as the eyes. The power or capability of the hand is not appreciated as it should be by actors and actresses.

Hands have a thousand intelligent little manners, ways and habits. There is a language in some hands that expresses what volumes of words could never express. In the past days of the stage no one made such decided and graceful emphasis with the hands as Charlotte Crampton. In her impersonation of Shylock, her nervous clutching of the hands, or the half-fondling, subtle action indulged in, illuminated the text more plainly than hours of talk could have done.

Lydia Thompson owed her success to the fascinating play of her hands. She seemed always to be keeping time in a sort of silent rhyme to her every motion. Lucille Western could move her audiences, it is said, by motion of her hand, when nothing else would arouse them. The strong point of Robert McWade's "Rip" is in the spasmodic yet "graceful awkwardness" of his hands. James Murdoch has been called the hand-eloquent actor, and E. L. Davenport never let slip an opportunity of emphasizing a point by some graceful turn of his hands.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is credited with having the most awkward pair of hands ever uncovered before an audience, while the hands of Rev. Thomas Starr King, it is said, could preach a sermon of themselves. "Patti's hands can sing" is a common expression, while the graceful curves, lines and emphasis of Ellen Terry's hands mean more than tongue or pen can express.

Hands of different nationalities, however, differ. The German hand is thick, short-fingered, short nailed, with a wide palm. The Spanish hand is noted the world over for its tapering fingers and rare flexibility. The French and Italian hand is long and narrow, and capable of close pressure, but the English and American hand is the best-knit, firmly set hand, blended with all the variations of typical beauty known.

AN ANECDOTE OF SPURGEON.

An English lady had occasion, some time since, to travel without escort from Suffolk to London, and she was forced to take a train on which there were no carriages reserved for ladies.

"There is a compartment occupied only by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon," the guard said in answer to her expression of disappointment, "perhaps you do not object to riding with him."

The lady acquiesced, and accordingly was so placed.

An inquiry on the part of the reverend gentleman in relation to the window opened the conversation, and presently the two travelers were discoursing amicably upon general topics. At length they reached Mr. Spurgeon's native village, where the train paused a few moments.

"I presume, madam," the gentleman observed with genuine enthusiasm, "that you have heard of Spurgeon, the great preacher. This village has the honor of being his birthplace."

He went on from this text, drawn out somewhat it is true, by the lady, and praised himself most unsparingly, declaring Spurgeon to be the greatest divine in all England.

When London was reached, he politely assisted the lady into a cab, and was bidding her good-bye, when she said:

"I thank you very much for your kindness, Mr. Spurgeon."

Surprise, chagrin and anger all painted themselves upon the face of the other, but he apparently struggled to maintain his countenance and his temper. Striking himself melodramatically upon the chest, he exclaimed:

"Down, temper! Down, temper, down!"

And turning upon his heel, he abruptly left her.

MERCHANT OR TRAMP.

Charles Clark, with the appearance of a tramp, was charged in the Harlem Police Court with drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

"What's your business?" asked the Justice.

"Merchant," boldly.

"Merchant?" in astonishment.

"Yes, your Honor, trimmings," with a sickly smile.

"Ah!" light breaking in on the judicial mind, "I see. Delirium trimmings. One month, Charles. Next!"

BUT I MUST.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by Jove, but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thee has sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

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BE FIRM AND TRUE.

A MAXIM take my boys and girls,
And this I would suggest,
Be firm and true, and work away,
And do your very best.

If lesson long and difficult
Should be to you assigned,
Get down to work and study hard,
And do not lag behind.

Whate'er the work you have to do,
Be sure you do it right;
March boldly up, strike firmly out,
And do it with your might.

In all your business, work and play,
Be honest, true and square,
Let nothing turn you from your course,
But firmly do and dare.

And when you've grown to riper years,
Hold to the maxim still;
Be firm and true, and work away,
With mind and heart and will.

ROUTING THE TOWNIES.

BY V. M.

THERE was one winter when sliding on Drag Hill became an uncertain and perilous pleasure. As with most boarding-school communities, collisions with the townies were not of unusual occurrence at all seasons; but heretofore in our school-life the townies had not proved very strong nor very frequent enemies, perhaps because of the fact that in our ranks were some old boys of mighty size and muscle, as well as pluck. But in the fall of the year I now write of, college, counting-room and farm had taken from our number all the big boys, and in our rambles through the village, and on Saturday picnics, the townies came to learn our weakness.

Old Mother Cracken, of whom we bought and ate mince-pies, buckwheat cakes, cheese and candies on Saturdays, when flush with the week's spending money, had a grandson about eighteen years of age, who had come home from somewhere that fall. I believe he had been a hand on a New York market-sloop.

At any rate, he was a rough-looking customer, and seemed to have taken up his station now behind Mother Cracken's counter, where his only duty on Saturdays was, apparently, to rest his elbows between the pies, and eye us fellows threateningly and contemptuously, as we tried, in most enthusiastic manner, to ruin our stomachs and dispense our pennies.

His portrait, first impressed on my memory as he loomed and lolled over the counter, the harpy of our Saturday feasts, became soon afterward our dread. In Jake, "Spicy Jake," the townies found "the coming man"—one to make the Academies tremble; and we, to our sorrow, knew there was no one boy among us to stand successfully against Mother Cracken's grandson.

However, there were those among us who were not to be turned from any accustomed path of sport by fear of Spicy Jake or any other champion. Go they would to skate or slide or roam the village, whether the townies could whip them or not.

Bill Hazelteen, a handsome, average-sized, fairly formed, quiet-voiced boy from a Florida plantation—an excellent fellow—favorite with the girls because of his black eyes and pleasant manners, and favorite with the masters and boys because of his decided character and upright principles—first of all had no fear of Spicy Jake, and there were others also, companions of Bill in his independence.

Concerning the sliding? Jake robbed it of much pleasure for all of us, while some, rather than experience the constant annoyance of Jake and his low companions in snowballs, jokes, and thefts, stayed nearer home, where sliding was safer.

Sometimes they caught one of us alone on the top or at the bottom of the hill, and got off with such a one's sled before his companions could be summoned. The name being scratched off, the sled repainted and renamed, would reappear in a week's time on the hill, the property of Spicy Jake's gang. They raced with us, and being generally beaten, crowded us off the road, or else indulged their anger in oaths and threatenings. They took points on the hillside and pelted us as we passed with snowballs—no, not always snowballs—too often, to our pain, were their missiles *ice*-balls. In a thousand ways they schemed to worry us.

Now my brother Alfred was one of the younger boys in our school. His was a nature too gentle and refined for the coarseness and buffetings of a boarding-school world. At first in the new life he did not understand the unkind usage of his companions. Boys are proverbially quick to read character. They soon discovered that there was not a line of either meanness or cowardice in the new boy's disposition, and, laughing at his innocence and mildness, let him alone.

But a little event, which Spicy Jake had a hand in, first really introduced the under-spirit of Alf to his companions.

Alf was among those who forsook the coasting on Drag Hill because of Jake and his companions. As the winter went on, and each evening brought another report of some new outrage, theft or challenge, most of those who now coasted on the hills near school feared more and more to venture again on Drag Hill, or congratulated themselves on their discretion in having beaten a retreat long ago: but not so with Alf. His blood was stirred, and pondering over what he heard and what he felt, he could not sleep at night, but tossed on his bed, questioning himself as to whether he were really *afraid* of those townies, stung by a sense of the injustice of such oppression, apprehensive lest the honor of the school might be in jeopardy.

Alf's bed was next to mine, and his restlessness awoke me one night.

"Alf," I said, "what in the mischief is the matter? Why don't you go to sleep?"

There was no answer until I had repeated the question, and then he replied in a troubled voice:

"O Charley, I can't sleep—if—if I am afraid of Spicy Jake! What a bully he must be! Charley, *I shall go to Drag Hill with you to-morrow!* Good-night!"

"Good-night, Alf; but I don't know what you mean."

The next afternoon, after school hours and dinner, when Marley and Bill Hazelteen and some half a dozen more were starting for Drag Hill, Alf pulled his sled off with theirs.

"Halloa, Alf," said Marley, "you going? Why, I thought you were one of those who were willing to let that mince-pie and buckwheat cake grandson drive us off Drag Hill. I thought you belonged to the philosophers, who had chosen the better part of valor."

We all laughed but Alf, who blushed and only answered—"Did you?"

As we walked on and drew near the hill, Bill Hazelteen said: "Boys, Jack and his chaps are getting pretty troublesome. They seem to be spoiling for a regular row; but I think we had better keep quietly on, paying no attention to their blackguardism until they try to really *rub it in*—then—well, all I have got to say is, that if Jack can lick me, he *can*, but I shan't *stay* licked; and if you all say the word, forty Spicy Jacks can never drive us off Drag Hill."

There they were on the hill before us—about ten fellows—Jack smoking a cigar that afternoon; all coasting. Among the sleds it was easy to recognize three which had once been ours.

As we were about ready for the first course, the townies returned to the top from their descent.

"My eyes! here is them 'cademy swell-heads agen," sang out one; "come for a *nice* time, I guess. Don't they wish they may get it?"

"Hi!" said another, flapping his arms against his sides, and crowing like a small hoarse Bantam rooster before he spoke—"Hi! what a rummy chicken that is," pointing to Alf; "don't remember to have sot eyes on him afore. Just look at his *comb*, will you?" At which his comrades set up a shout, for Alf had on one of those scarlet hood-hats that were then getting fashionable in the cities, but which rather astonished country eyes.

Alf was off on his sled before the joke had died away, but in the volley of snowballs following us, one hit with some force the most attractive target—Alf's red cap.

In returning up the hill, Alf led the way with his sled, and on it he had placed a heavy log of wood, which he found and rolled on at the bottom of the hill.

"Why," said Bill Hazelteen, bursting into a laugh, as he saw Alf's load, and the quick way he was traveling up hill—"why, Alf, what are you about with that great log?"

"Oh, nothing much, Hazelteen," replied Alf; but I noticed that his face looked very set and pale, and that his words had a hardness in them I had never known before; "I am only going to keep my side of the road going up, and I sha'n't be driven into the snow by those rowdies. If they want to try running down my sled, let them do it—that's all."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Hazelteen, "our 'chicken,' as the townies call him, is a *game* chicken. Who would have thought it? But, Alf, here they come full tilt, and I wouldn't be the *causa belli*. I wouldn't make the first *overt* act."

"I sha'n't. I leave that to them," and before Alf's answer was done, the townies were only half a gunshot off, shouting, "Out of the way, you swells! Off in the snow, I say, or we'll smash you to tinder!"

But Alf only moved far enough on one side to give the townies a sight of the log on his sled. It was enough. The rowdies steered back to their own side of the course, and dashed by, one after another, savage with rage, and swearing like pirates.

As we advanced to the top of the hill, and turned occasionally to notice our antagonists, who had finished the coast and started to plod up again, we noticed that they came slowly, and clustered together as they walked. Half way up, where there was a small curve in the road, they halted, and we saw them, in a moment, busy making snowballs, with which, from their chosen field of attack, to punish us, on our way down, for Alf's assertion of rights.

"Well, we must run the blockade as best we may," said one of us, when all were ready for another coast. "Come on!"

"Look here!" Alf spoke up, addressing himself to Marley and him who had said "Come on;" "you two go first, will you, as if you were racing? Draw the townies' attention. Then let me go next, and as soon as I am off, the rest of you follow, and do as I do, will you?"

"Why?" asked I, "what's the idea, Alf?"

"No matter! you'll see; come, let's be off!"

"Agreed," we said; and away went Marley and the other fellows with a hard run and slam.

Alf followed with a plucky look in his face that argued mischief. The rest of us went after, close together, and a few rods behind him, dashing along like a troop of noiseless cavalry on a charge.

Ahead we saw the two racers just passing the enemy, and the white storm that greeted them. It seemed as if they must be hit on every inch of their bodies. In a second more they were making ready for us, Spicy Jake, the central figure, being the most active. But—in the same second, Alf, instead of following the usual road-curve around where our adversaries stood, had steered directly across it, and his sled struck Spicy Jake low in the calves, and cast him—as the railroad engine's cow-catcher would strike a beast from the track—far on one side. We followed on the enemy's ground, and scattered the astonished townies, hurling them off their feet in a manner that crowned Alf's idea with brilliant success. The bottom of our coast was reached, and we looked at Alf and at each other as if to say, "How quickly it was all done!" but there was no time to laugh or rejoice over the deed yet.

Bill Hazelteen spoke first.

"We must, probably, fight our way home. Let's start up the hill now and boldly. Keep together—do your best—and don't give in. Jake will want to get at you, Alf, but he shan't. I'm his boy."

Up and forward we went, but—hurrah!—there was no more fight in the townies that afternoon. One fellow's leg was out of joint, dislocated at the knee. They were pulling him home on a sled as fast as two others could do it. Spicy Jake had a badly sprained ankle and a scratched face. He was limping along, helping himself by the shoulder of a comrade. The remainder had only suffered tumbles and what they call in the army demoralization.

The redoubtable townies disappeared, and we were left to the full enjoyment of the hill. No sooner had our enemies gone than Bill Hazelteen rushed up to Alf with a handful of snow and washed his face therewith, shouting out, "We name thee, most plucky young one, Game Chicken!" and then with his strong arms he pinioned Alf's from behind, and, making his blushing, smiling, sensitive face front the rest of us, proposed three cheers for our Game Chicken.

I tell you we gave them with a roar that probably reached the discomfited townies.

WHAT HE HAD.

THERE had been some illness in the family, and when a kind-hearted but inquisitive neighbor asked Johnny who had been sick, he promptly answered:

"Oh, it's my brother, that's all."
"What was the matter with him?"
"Nuffin, only he was just sick."
"I know, but what ailed him?"
"Oh, I dunno."
"What did he have?"
"He had the doctor."

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS AND PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

L. D. R., Morris, N. Y. Chatauqua is a corruption of an Indian word, signifying "foggy place."

G. F. B., Danville, Pa. The oldest coin extant is considered by high authority to be a specimen of the gold stater of the Ionian city of Miletus, now in the British Museum, of about 800 B. C. It has a lion's head on the obverse, and a rude indented punch on the reverse.

JACK 66, B. G., Ky. 1. We have often tried to procure such an article for our own use, but could never find it the proper size. It could be made to order, but we know of no house that would wish to make a single one. 2. We are not fully decided on that point. Due notice will, of course, be given.

W. G. R., Water Cure, Pa. There is no such animal as the unicorn such as is seen on the coat of arms of England. True, the animal is mentioned in the Bible, but the term is a mistranslation, probably, of a Hebrew word. There is a sea unicorn—the narwhale—about fifteen feet long, with a tusk of fine ivory from six to ten feet long.

H. H. F., Baltimore, Md. Most of the punctuation marks are purely arbitrary, but some were reasonably instituted. The interrogation mark was originally the first and the last letters, one over the other, of *Questio*—question. The exclamation mark was the Latin word *Io*, which means joy, the *I* being written above the *o*. The cedilla, section and paragraph have an equally reasonable origin.

H. L. G., East Lynn, Ills. About the simplest way of making a magnet if there is none in the neighborhood, is to take a bar of slightly tempered steel, hold it vertically, that is, straight up and down, and strike it several times with a wooden mallet. It will then have acquired the property of attracting iron filings at its extremities. This property may then be easily transferred to other bars *ad infinitum*.

F. M. C., El Paso, Ill. The Seven Sleepers were seven Christian youths of Ephesus, who, in the third century of this era, were put to death for their faith, their bodies being enclosed in a cavern. More than two centuries after, their bodies were found, more or less well preserved, and were exposed to the veneration of the faithful, with the remark that they "were asleep in the Lord." The ignorant took this literally, believing the seven to be but asleep, and the legend was soon made current that they at last awoke.

P. S. M., Kokomo, Ind. It is indeed a fact that heat, as well as sound and light, can be reflected. Experimenters prove this by a curious experiment. Two copper reflectors are used, similar in form to the reflector of a locomotive's headlight, and constructed with great accuracy as to scientific detail. These are placed directly facing each other at a distance of some feet, so that a candle light placed at the *focus* of one reflector, casts upon it rays of heat which are reflected directly to the second reflector. Here these rays of heat are reflected all to one point—the focus of this second reflector, at which point matches will be quickly kindled, although many feet from the source of heat.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 131.

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, 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 Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 126.

No. 1 The city of magnificent distances.

No. 2.

P R E S T E R
R E C E I V E
E C B A T I C
S E A M U L E
T I T U L E D
E V I L E Y E
R E C E D E S

No. 4.

S A M A R E S
A M A R I N E
M A R A N T A
A R A N S A S
R I N S E S T
E N T A S I A
S E A S T A R

No. 3. Buckram. No. 5. Equiparate.

No. 6.

I
A S A
C L A S P
C R E A S E D
A L E P P I N E S
I S A A P O S T L E S
A S S I S T I V E
P E N T I C E
D E L V E
S E E
S

No. 8.

B
T E W
P E A R S
P A R R O T S
T E R M I N A L S
B E A R I N G R E I N
W R O N G D O E R
S T A R O S T
S L E E T
S I R
N

No. 7. Unau. No. 9. Forthwith.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 126 were correctly solved by A. SOLVER, TANTRUMS, BOSTON BOY, JO. MULLINS, ELBERT, BEECH NUT, MYSELF, MADCAP, MAY B., BO-PEEP, LASALLE, ODONTOID, DAUNTLESS, DREADNAUGHT, INTREPID, MORNING STAR, SIMON EASE, JAY EYE SEE, LU C., EVENING STAR, DAMON, NAVAJO, ROMERO, FLORENCE, BOLIS, JAREP, TANCRED, LEON J. TYNAN, EMPHATIC. Total, 29.

Complete lists—None.

Best incomplete lists—A. SOLVER, 7; TANTRUMS 5.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

BLACK RAVEN, 1 Square, 1 Octagon; THE GENERAL, 2 Diamonds; REX FORD, 1 Diamond; JAREP, 1 Rectangle; JANUS, 1 Half Square; JO. MULLINS, 1 Square; VIOLA, 1 Triple Letter Enigma; COHANNET, 1 Double Letter Enigma, 1 Triple letter Enigma.

No. 1. SQUARE.

1. Mounds (*Obs.*); 2. A galloway; 3. A weight equal to 15.432 grains of avoirdupois or troy; 4. An animal of the genus *Mustela*; 5. A town of British India; 6. Handles of scythes (*N. Eng.*).

OLNEY ILL. BLACK RAVEN.

No. 2. ANAGRAM.

ALL OUR GREAT, RAREST, MINT MEN SKATE, LET US GO?

This is sport for young and old,
And it's growing, so I'm told,
Pleases girls as well as boys,
Bringing to them merry joys.

TAUNTON, MASS. COHANNET.

No. 3. SQUARE.

1. An unreal image (*Scot.*); 2. An instrument used to retain parts in their places (*Surg.*); 3. A spongy, combustible substance, which grows on old trees; 4. Pertaining to a supposed acid; 5. Circulates; 6. A kind of breech-sight for a cannon.

BALTIMORE, MD. MAUD LYNN.

No. 4. ANAGRAM.

WE HAIL TO A STRONG-WILLED MAN.

Born without pedigree
By ways industrious
He attained a degree
Truly illustrious.
With conscious rectitude
Ever inspirited—
He in senectitude
Gains rewards merited.

RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLIS.

No 5. DIAMOND.

(To "Elbert," with regards.)

1. A letter; 2. Part of the hoof of a horse (*Far.*); 3. Lanes (*Prov. Eng.*); 4. A softening of statement for the sake of avoiding censure (*Rhet.*); 5. Containing plants; 6. Offices; 7. A lady's work bags; 8. The ergots of rye; 9. Satisfies the desire of; 10. French article; 11. A letter.

DAYTON, OHIO. LEX TALIONIS.

No. 6. CHARADE.

My *first* is an animal fierce
And vicious and wild;
Though fierce, it domestic appears,
Very loving and mild.
'Tis also an old-fashioned game,
That was played with a ball;
And the name of the bat was the same
As the game, 'mong us all.
My *third* is a toilet concern
Not by any means rare,
And is handled by all who would learn
To have beautiful hair.
My *whole* is a cave, or a grotto,
Subterraneous place;
'Tis a literal *suburb*; its motto
Is addressed to our race,
And its import is weighty and rare,
Very serious and deep:
"Come hither, ye dead, and prepare
Here to take your last sleep!"

LEESBURG VA. NANG PORTE KEY.

No. 7. DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Across: 1. A letter; 2. A little pocket; 3. A Scripture proper name; 4. A marine animal; 5. Wrestlings; 6. Certain precipitates; 7. Admitting extension; 8. Presses together (*Rare*); 9. Sanctifies (*Rare*); 10. The rump; 11. A letter.

Down: 1. A letter; 2. Apropos; 3. Magicians (*Obs.*); 4. Certain chemical substances; 5. A window blind; 6. Pertaining to a house of religious retirement; 7. Increasing the good qualities of; 8. Pressures; 9. Keeps safe (*Rare*); 10. The water flower de Luce (*Obs.*); 11. A letter.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. MYTHO.

No. 8. RIDDLE.

Of lowly origin and simple birth
I am the choicest blessing of the earth.
Riches and honor, grandeur and estate,
The costly fame of those the world calls great,
Confer me not, and yet beyond a doubt
Envy and malice may but cast me out.
The scholar seeks me in a volume vast;
For me the sailor climbs the lofty mast;
In poorest cottage, or in palace dome,
Alike I dwell not or I find a home.
Eve, in the blessed garden, knew me not,
Else she would ne'er have left that favored spot.
I am a jewel on a maiden's brow,
Or richest crown of peaceful age, I trow.
I heed not circumstance, nor time, nor place,
Nor mark a servile tribe, or kingly race.
Do you not know me? Then you search in vain
Earth's fairest lands, or sail upon the main,
Useless the roving, vain the anxious quest,
Unless I am at home within your breast.

CANTON, ILL. TRANZA.

No. 9. Pyramid.

Across: 1. A letter; 2. Mothers; 3. Violent palpitations of the heart; 4. Cruciferous plants of the genus *Brassica*; 5. A small outwork (*Mil.*); 6. The occupant (*Law*); 7. Folly.

Down: 1. A letter; 2. A city of China; 3. Boggy land; 4. High hills (*Sup.*); 5. A small bird allied to the snipe; 6. A hammer; 7. A compound of a certain acid with a base; 8. Upright pieces in framing; 9. Twirls; 10. To mount by steps; 11. A point of the compass (*Abb.*); 12; An abbreviation; 13. A letter.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. SIMON EASE.

No. 10. CHARADE.

(With sympathy to "Barnyard.")

Oh, hie to the rink, the rollicking rink,
The rink where the skaters sojourn,
And there you will get all the pleasure, I think,
That you could desire. To learn
Is an ordeal that all hesitate to begin,
But once on the rollers you start.
Oh, what is *first* bump, or mangled-up shin,
As long as you master the art?

The bruises will heal on the back of your pate,
And arnica cure every sore,
And then you can laugh at the ones tempting fate
Who make their *debut* on the floor.
To the music so charming to gambol around,
With *prime* maiden beside you so sweet,
And execute movements the crowd to astound,
Is a pleasure that cannot be beat

Then on with the rollers—slippery things—
And out on the floor, smooth as glass,
And soon like the rest you will seem to have wings
And *whole* with the crowd gaily pass.
Your pedals at first may be obstinate quite,
And determined to have their own way,
Ere *last* you will find you can handle them right,
So hie to the rinklet to-day!

BUFFALO, N. Y. MARMION.

No. 11. INVERTED PYRAMID.

(To "Moonshine,")

Across: 1. A town of Central America; 2. Combines with oxygen so as to form an oxide, containing a greater number of equivalents of oxygen than of the base (*Obs.*); 3. Those invested with royal rights; 4. Conceals; 5. Pieces placed temporarily upon the head of a pile; 6. A cape (*Lipp.*); 7. A letter.

Down: 1. In "Moonshine"; 2. A Flemish flower painter; 3. Lot; 4. A native of Arabia; 5. Allures by some bait; 6. Inquiry (*Rare*); 7. One who cites (*Rare*); 8. Writers of lyric poems (*Sup.*); 9. Becomes lank (*Obs.*); 10. A tribe of Indians; 11. Perceives; (*Worc. Sup*); 12. Like; 13. In "Moonshine."

BROOKLYN, N. Y. ED. WARD.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first *complete* list of solutions, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY six months. For the two best *incomplete* lists, three months' each.

Prizes for Single Solutions. For first correct solution to Nos. 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, or 9, a stylographic pen.

CHAT.

No. 5, Charade, in No. 126, by NYAS, was not solved by anyone. No. 2, Square, by COHANNET, and 6, Diamond, by BOSTON BOY, were highly complimented by BEECH NUTT, and we think the compliment well merited. We welcome VIOLA as a contributor, and she will accept our thanks for the pretty Enigma she sent and which we have accepted. The two Diamonds sent by THE GENERAL are indeed beauties. The Rectangle contributed by JAREP is the first we have had. We want another by some other poser; then we will publish a pair of them. NANG PORTE KEY, in the Charade which we publish this week, leaves *second* to the ingenuity of the solver without furnishing a clue. The Riddle by TRANZA is one of the very best we have ever seen. The stylographic pens which we offer for prizes are really worth trying for. The May number of *The Western Plowman* comes to hand with O. M. C. well filled with fine puzzles sent to MORNING STAR in competion for the champion medals. It also contains a sketch of MOSES, from which it appears that he made his debut as a puzzler in *The Household Guest Magazine*. We edited that magazine, but CARL MORA edited the puzzle department. At that time we did not suppose we could edit a puzzle department if we tried, but we have since tried, and some of our friends in the Dom think we have succeeded.

ROCHELLE.