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UNDER FIRE:

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN. By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER IV

THE evening was a memorable one for Fred. His enjoyment had been far greater than he anticipated; and what a boy of sixteen will not anticipate is not worth considering. It seemed to him as he left Gracie Bernard's seemed to him as he left Gracie Bernard's with a proud step and a lightsome heart, that he had been blue over the society question for nothing, for, in fact, had he at this time possessed no friend save the single one whose arm now rested closely within his own, how would have been fully satisfied; and, perchance, in his boyish imaginings, he was more happy than he could seve be in after years, even though these dreams should become a living truth.

And it is but just to Fred to say that his fair companion, as they walked leisurely toward her home, was almost if not quite as happy as himself.

This was the first time they had ever been out together of an evening, and as he someout ogether of

This was the first time they had ever been out together of an evening, and as he somewhat timidly pressed her arm closely to his side, he felt all the pride of a hero in performing such delightful, if not dangerous, escort duty—a duty that was a profound pleasure to him. And indeed there was danger enough awaiting him, though it lay in ambush and he had not a thought of its existence.

ence.

The distance to Nellic's home was not great, but if my young reader suspects the time occupied in traversing the same was somewhat prolonged—imagines that under similar circumstances, with such delightful company, he would have used every honorable device to consume as many minutes as possible before parting with her —then I shall not dispute his view, but will be just frank enough to say that this is exactly what Fred did do.

Of course, by way of conversa-

say that this is exactly what Fred did do.

Of course, by way of conversation, it was natural to discuss the evening party and those present. Young De Vere very justly came in for a degree of censure.

"What could have been the trouble with Matthew?" asked Nellie, clinging closely to Fred as they passed a lonesome lane.

"I would rather not discuss him," replied the latter.

"Why not? Is he such a friend of yours that you will say nothing against him when you can give no excuse for his acting as he has tonight?"

"Well, you are partially right."

"In what way?"

excuse for his acting as he has tonight?"

"Well, you are partially right."

"In what way?"

"So far as this—that I dislike
to speak against any one."

"I thought it could not be you were so
friendly that you wished to shield him."

"No, for he is very unfriendly towards me.
Didn't you notice that when he asked you to
waltz with him?"

"Yes; but you did not hear his remark
about you, I hope."

"Oh, yes, I heard it—he probably wanted
me to hear it—but I could not notice it
there."

there."
"It was hateful and mean in him," replied Nellie sympathetically; "and he was as rude as he could be all the evening."
Fred had too much spirit to take kindly to being insulted, but Nellie's warm-hearted manner of sympathizing with him and criticizing his rival, made him almost wish De Vere were again present to make some insolent remark, that Nellie might still further champion his cause.
"But you did not tell me what made him so uncivil," still further queried Nellie. "No."

"No."
"Do you know?"

"Do you know?"
"I suppose he was unhappy."
"I should think he must have been very unhappy to act as he did."
"Yes, it would seem so."
"But what could have caused it, I wonder, asked Nelle with much innocence.
"Do you really want me to tell you?"

"Why, to be sure I do."
"Couldn't you guess?"
"I know I could not."
"Not if you were to try very hard?" "No."
"You should be more egotistic, then."

"You should be more egotistic, then."
"Why, what do you mean, Fred?"
"I mean that the cause that made him unhappy was the same one that made me happy and gave me the pleasantest evening of my life," replied Fred, tightening the pressure slightly on his companion's arm, and thus drawing her closer to him.
"I can't see how this affects me or proves as you say, that I should be more egotistic," replied Miss Nellie with feminine perversity to feign innocence and ignorance that she might keep Fred longer upon a topic at once so flattering and delightful.

there in the cold night wind, as he meditated upon the events of the past few hours, and imagined his rival enjoying the pleasure of secorting Neille home. The more he thought upon the matter the more vividly he pictured the situation and the greater the contrast seemed to be between his own position and that of the boy he hated.

And as he dwelt upon this picture and thought, and thought rightly, that Fred was prolonging the time in reaching Dr. Dutton'is house, his anger became more bitter against his intended victim, for being kept there so long in the gloomy night, and chilled by the cold, bleak wind of November.

It was indeed a galling situation for Mat-

cold, bleak wind of November.
It was indeed a galling situation for Matthew, and right well he deserved it for he
was on a wicked errand—an errand for which
he should have suffered a severe punishment.

ing his club as if raining imaginary blows upon the head of his victim.

"I should think so," observed Tim.
"Where shall I hit him?"
"Hit him on the leg so he can't run."
"He might get my club if he has the nse of his arms, and then it would be all day with so," put in Tim with a hint at caution.
"Don't you worry, I'll fix him quick enough so he won't bother us with his arms," replied De Vere in a savage tone.
"How will you do it?"
"Hark, now is the time!" returned Matthew, darting from his hiding place.
"Stop, villain!" rang out suddenly quetched the bear the high the powerful voice of a man—a voice that struck immediate terror to the high the powerful voice of a man—a voice that struck immediate terror to the but was raised high in air ready to descend upon his victim.

The sudden appearance of a strong man before him as if by magic, the disappointment, the danger and the surprise almost paralyzed Matthew with fear, and he dropped his club and fled like the coward that he was in, his club fell heavily upon the leg of the man that he had taken for Fred Worth.
Though he heard the command to ston and did actually break the

that he had taken for Fred Worth-ington.

Though he heard the command to stop and did actually break the force of his blow in consequence, nevertheless he struck so hard that Jacob Simmons, for that was the name of the man, thought for a time that his leg was broken. Not-withstanding this, however, he made sure of his assailant and held him in an iron grasp.

withstanding this, however, made sure of his assailant and held him in an iron grasp.

Jacob was fairly taken aback at first as the two boys rushed out upon him, but Tim's well-aimed extract and an an an aroused his temper is well. He consequently fell upon his assailant like a mad man, and choked him till he cried piteously for quarter, and was just at that time the most penitent bey in the world.

"What does this murderous attack mean?" demanded Jacob, angrily, at the same time enforcing his demand with an eloquent gesture-eloquent to Tim at least.

"I do -don-don't know," replied the boy, as he, with much difficulty forced breath enough through the grasp of the strong man's hand around his throat, to speak at all.

"Don't eh?" echoed Mr. Simmons with another one of his gestures, given, probably, with the view of bringing Tim to his sense.

sens

senses.
"It was a mistake—oh, don't; you will cho—choke me to death."
"Well, then tell me all about this business and why you assaulted me in this outrageous

manner."
"We didn't know it was you. We thought

"We didn't know it was you. We thought
""
"The truth, mind you now."
"I am telling the truth, and I say we thought you were some one else."
"It was a plot then, laid to rob and murder me or some one else, but you didn't have the courage to carry out your design."
"No, it wasn't, and I didn't have anything to do with the plot, Matthew hree me to——"
"Matthew who?" interrupted Jacob, whose anger was giving place to some extent, to his interest in the affair.
"It was Matthew De Vere."
"Matthew De Vere!" exclaimed Mr. Simmons with intense surprise, and gave vent to a low whistle. "His father rich, proud—a banker," continued the wily Jacob placing his hand to his forehead in meditation, and easing his grasp upon the throat of Tim. "And he, Matthew De Vere, is the villain who raised his club to hit me on the head—to murder me perhaps."

der me perhaps."
Young Short caught at the idea of freeing himself by imprecating Matthew, so he replied:

plied:
"Yes, he was the fellow, but when he saw
his mistake, he dusted out, for it wasn't you
he wanted."
"Of course you would plead innocent—all
outlaws do—and try to throw the blame on
some one else; but you can't get away now.



"Then I will be plainer—very plain—and say that you were the cause yourself."

If the night had been a light one, Fred would have seen a bevaludering blush cover the fair face of his companion; as it was he gressed the truth, and realized that the effect former—it could hardle be anything nore seem that the problem of the plain of the problem of the plain of the problem of the problem of the plain of the

ollection for weeks and months to come.

CHAPTER V.

While Fred was enjoying the latter part of his evening so thoroughly, Matthew was miserable in his anger, as he and his confederate remained crouched under the shadow of the old barn, chafing at our young hero's non-appearance. Every minute seemed ten to him,

"He must be the grove."
"Why would he do that when it is so much farther? Listen, do you hear it? There is a step now!" exclaimed De Vere, clutching

you were the one that almost broke my leg with your club."

"He told me to hit you on the leg, and —"

"Told you to hit me?"
"I mean to hit Fred, for he was waiting for him—said he wanted to get square with him."

"Then according to your own story, you hired yourself to Matthew De Vere to come here and waylay an innocent boy, and beat him with clubs and perhaps murder him."

"Yes, but I didn't think much about it or "wouldn't have come. Matthew hired me."

"So much the worse if you would sell yourself to do such a wicked deed. You are seguitor as Said."

"I was plainly Mr. Simmon's duty to hand jou to the worse if you would sell yourself to do such a wicked deed. You are seguitor as State."

It was plainly Mr. Simmon's duty to hand him over to the authorities, but when he found that Matthew De Vere was the principal offender, a scheme instantly suggested itself to him—a plan to extort money from the rich banker to keep the affair a secret, and save his family from disgrace. Thus Jacob's regard for the law and justice, which was sincere at first, before he saw a scheme to turn his knowledge to a money value, was now but an assumed position to draw Tim out, and to hold over his head the power that would frighten him into doing his bidding.

By entertaining this idea, of suppressing the everyd, Mr. Simmons became, in a sense, a party to the assault upon himself, and morally guilty with the boys though, undoubtedly, in a less degree. However, this did not trouble his conscience, as he was one who lived for money, and he saw here a chance to replenish his pocketbook. He took Tim home with him, and after getting his story in full regarding Matthew's object in waylaying Fred Worthington, he gave him a conditional pardom—that is, he agreed to wait a few days before handing him over to the sheriff, to see if he could get Matthew to buy his liberty by paying hand sense getting his story in full regarding Matthew's object in waylaying Fred Worthington, he gave him a conditional pardom—that is, he agreed to wait a few days

could do no better, to take the one hundred dollars in settlement for the part he played in the assantt, provided he would hold himself in readiness to testify against Matthew, for this sum only related to Tim alone. Short agreed to this proposition in full, and looked upon the magnanimous Mr. Simmons as a paragon of liberality, and as his best friend. But before leaving the presence of his benefactor, the latter was careful to note down all the facts touching upon the assault as related by Tim, and had him sign the statement.

a shall have you arrested and locked up for an attempt at robbery and murder."

""Oh, don't — don't!" pleaded Tim with tears and bitter anguish.

"Come along, I'll have you put in safe keeping, where you will not get a chance to try this game of murder again, right away."

"Please don't! oh, don't, Mr. Simms' I will tell you all I know about it, and do anything—work all my life for you—if you will only let me go."

"Let you go, after this affair? Yes, I will let you go—go to the sheriff. Come along, I say."

"It's all Matthew's fault, wanting to lick Fred Worthington;"

"Do you expect me to believe this story?

"Bo you expect me to believe this story?

"Bo you or and olear yourself when you were the one that almost broke my leg with your club."

"He told me to hit you on the leg, and "Told you to hit me?"

"I mean to hit Fred, for he was waiting for him—said he wanted to get square with him."

was safe from harm. He was not in the mood for sleep, so passed the time in thinking over the events of the evening, and in nursing his spirit of revenge.

It is a contemptable act of convadict to lie in wait for one, and, taking him thus at a disadvantage, was to convenient to lie in wait for one, and, taking him thus at a disadvantage, which was the plane of the surface of the

matter of remark to the girls as well, for they also know something of Matthew's hostility to our young hero.

Am of the opinion that this sudden friendship is for a purpose that Fred little asspects," said Dave Farrington, 'for you know the circumstances and remember what Matthew said to us before the party. My idea is that he is the worst boy in this village, and that we have never seen how mean he can be. Fred is a good fellow and is working hard before the party. Wy idea is that he is the worst boy in this village, and that we have needling with the affairs of other tolks, I would tell him to be on his guard." "It does seem queer," replied Tom, "that matters should have taken this turn; but I guess nothing will come of it. I know Matthew always wants his own way, though, and is bound to have it, and retirementances."

It had been Fred's custom to stay in the store nights until he got ready to go home, but since he had been under the influence of Matthew he had changed in this respect. Though he firmly intended to the firm of the stay of the stay of the control of th

It was agreed that De Vere should bring Fred in for a drink, that they would persuade him to take a glass of lager beer with them, that should contain a large adulteration of whiskey.

Tim Short was taken into the secret with a view to rendering any service that might be required of him. Matthew felt safe to trust him now.

Tim Short was taken into the secret with a view to rendering any service that might be required of him. Matthew felt safe to trust him now.

Matthew, with a pompous air, said:

"John, give my a glass of lager; I have got sick of drinking ginger-ale. It's nothing but a baby-drink anyway. Fred, you'd better try the lager, too. It's ever so much nicer'n that slop. Just try in now, and if you don't like it you need it drink. I have seen the seen of the lager, too. It's ever so much nicer'n that slop. Just try in now, and if you don't like it you need it drink. The bar-tender laughed, and after approving all that De Vere had said, he added:

"Folks is got about over drinking ginger-ale. nowadays. Lager's the proper stuff."

Fred was a good scholar, but there was a little Fred was a good scholar, but there was a little to spell; that its—no.

He drank the beer, and his fate was scaled. He was now a tool in Matthew's hands. On some pre-too, the second of the had not yet learned how to spell; that is—no.

He drank the beer, and his fate was scaled. He was now a tool in Matthew's hands. On some pre-too, the proper stuff is the second of the had not yet learned how to spell; that is—no.

He drank fish state the first proposed, and induced Fred to follow him into the longer in the heated saloon.

He was his first intention to go back to the store, thinking that if Mr. Rexford should see Fred in a tipsy state he would discharge him. But just before reaching the merchant's place of business he stopped, and, taking Fred by the arm, walked.

Tim followed close enough to nawer promptly if Matthew should summon him.

The liquor had already begun to have its desired first pred and the second of the sharply, t

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argosy. He can get any number you may want.

REV. NEWMAN SMYTH

One of the three authors who have a monopoly of financial success in the writing of religious books in this country just now is the Rev. Newman Smyth, the New-England Congregationalist. Mr. Smyth's royalties reach handsome figures, one of the facts in his life perhaps that explains his all-pervading ood nature

good nature.

His logic is always seasoned with anecdote, and he is one of the happiest of companions. On thing there is that tempts him to severity, and that is the practice some people have of taking liberties with his name. Its spelling and its pronunciation are exceedingly dear to his heart, and the poor of lender who forgets the existence of the 'y,' or falls to give it its fullest sound, treads on dangerous ground.

are exceedingly dear to his heart, and the poor of lender who forgets the existence of the ""," or fails to give it its fullest sound, treads on dangerous It is related of the preacher that when he was a boy at the Phillips Andover Academy, he had one or two interesting clashes on this point with "Uncle Sam" Taylor, of previous memory, whose genial, honest face looked out over the principal's desk in those days. "Uncle Sam" heart was big but it was hard for him to believe that any dispute that the state of the state of

Newman, calmly ignoring all addresses not in the proper shape, heard this order intended for his humilitation:

The command was a spirited one, coming as near to downright vigor as ever the good soul of 'Uncle Sam' allowed. Nevertheless, when the class started out every seat was vacated; 'Smith' was in line with the rest. Then there was a scene. Offended dignity was elbowed by humor on Presider et al. (1997) and the sea of the control of

Short agreed to this proposition in Itall, and looked upon the magnanimous Mr. Simmons as a paragon of liberality, and as his best friend. But before leaving the presence of his benefactor, the latter was careful to note down all the facts touching upon the assault as related by Tim, and had him sign the This was a little precaution probably intended to assist the boy's memory if he should happen to forget some important portant portant portain the fact of the second that the state of the should happen to forget some important portains, and then, too, it might serve him to be more faithful in his errand.

Jacob never forgot little matters like these when the interest of his friends was to be considered, and in this especial instance have summanally keen.

CHAPTER VI.

Mattriew left the scene of the assault very hastly, without even the ordinary civility of saying good-night. This, however, was in keeping with much as thank Miss Grace to her entertainment.

Twice that night he had found walking too slow for his purposes, though his object in the two cases was quite unlike. In the one he was on a mission of revenge, and in the other hew as a minator by a feet of the surface of the surface demeasor of the possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The contrainment of this sort, and this, too for the possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possessor of a fortune should ever play it. The possess





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ARCADIA.

BY ELLA W. RICKER

Is the car of the sweet white clover Low murmurs her lover the bee, The sunbeam's myriad kisses Lie warm on the lips of the sea. And she glows at the bunch and sparkle In a quiver of cestacy.

To the rigged rocks of the headland The laughing billows creep With languid, caressing motions— A swift, coquettish leap— And then, like a frightened sea bird, The waters backward sweep.

Afar, on the distant landscape, The touch of the sea-fog lies, Blending in one soft shadow The waves and the arching skies Hilling a land e_chan'el. Whence mystical visions rise.

The land of the lotts eaters
This happy island seems—
Fanned by perpetual breezes.
Brightened by fadeless beams—
A place to lie forever
In a rapture of blissful dreams.

[This story began in No. 125.]

FACING THE WORLD

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

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

CHAPTER XXII. HARRY'S DARING ACT

THIS WAS NOT NOT STATE OF THE WAS NOT THE WAS NOT BY THE WAS NOT B

"You don't talk like one.
Jack smiled.

"I suppose you mean that I never say shiver my timbers,' and use other like ex-

Pressions.

"No; but because you talk like a well educated boy."

"So I am. I was always fond of my books, and stood high in school. But for my stepfather I might be there yet. As it is, my education stopped at the age of thirteen."

"Not necessarily. You have learned a good deal since."

Not necessarily. You have learned a good deal since."

"Yes, but not of books. I hope some time to be able to continue my studies. At present it is my business to learn seamanship."

Harry had the more time on his hands, as his traveling companion, the professor, took sick and was confined for three or four weeks to his cabin. There was no danger, but still the ship's surgeon advised him to stay below.

"What makes you keep company with that with the ship's active him with the same of the stay of the same of the stay of the same of the same

"Because he is a common sailor, don't you know?"
"I think he is rather an uncommon sailor. He is very well educated."
"Oh, yes, I suppose he can read and write; but of course he can rever be admitted into society, don't you know?"
"No, I don't, Mr. Cliston. He may be a captain some day."
"But he isn't now. I give you my word I noticed this morning when you were speaking with him that his fingers were soiled with ar. That's horrid, you know."
"Don't you think he's a good looking boy, Mr. Clinton?"

Clinton?"
Well, yes, for one of the lower orders,

vane. You forget we don't have any distinction

"You forget we don't have any distinction of classes in America."
"Don't we though? By Jove! Mr. Vane, you don't put yourself on a level with those creatures that—dig ditches and climb masts and such things?" Your sentiments are very undemocratic, Mr. Clinton. You ought to have been born in England."

in England."
"I wish I had been. I like their institu-tions a good deal better than ours, don't you know?"

tions a good deal better than ours, don't you know?"

"When I first spoke with you, Mr. Clinton, I thought you might be an Englishman."

"Did you really?" inquired Clinton, with evident pleasure. "I'm often taken for an Englishman, on my honor. I don't know why it is, but postively I'm often asked when I came from the other side."

"Would you rather be taken for an Englishman han an American?"

"Well, you see, there are some Americans that are so vulgar, don't you know?—talk through their noses, and all that."

"Whore were you born, Mr. Clinton?"

"In Massachusetts, not far from Boston."

"Then you are a Yankee."

"Oh, don't call me that, Mr. Vane. I really couldn't stand it. People always think of a Yankee as a tall, slat-sided individual, like Asa Trenchard in the play of 'Our American Cousin."

"But he's a much more creditable charac but he s a much more creditable charac-ter than Lord Dundreary," said Harry, who had once seen the play performed by a trav-eling company in the town-hall of his native place. "Dundreary, though a lord, was a perfect idited."

perfect idiot."

"Still he knew how to behave in society,

"Still he knew now to be and wore good clothes."
"Would you prefer to be Lord Dundreary rather than Asa Trenchard?"
"Of course. How can you ask the question, Mr. Vans?"

Harry smiled.

yanted to get your idea on the subject.

he drunk himself into a state of stupefaction, and remained in his cabin, leaving the management of the ship to the mate, Mr. Holdfast, who was thoroughly temperate. Unfortuntely he was not always content to remain in the cabin. He would stagger up stain and give orders which might, or might not, be judicious.

Of course this state of things was perfectly well understood by all on board. One of the passengers in an interview with the mate, tried to draw him out on the subject, and saked him, if matters should absolutely require it, whether he would assume command of the ship.

asked him, if matters should absolutely require it, whether he would assume command of the ship.

"I would rather not express myself on that point," said Holdfast, cautiously, "as a subordinate it would not be becoming. It will be time enough when the contingency you speak of arrives."

With this they had to be satisfied. Indeed they though that the mate was right, and his caution increased their respect for him.
On day—it was about a month after they

they thought that the mate was right, and his caution increased their respect for him.

One day—it was about a month after they left port—Captain Hill came up on deck in one of his worst fits of intoxication. All they have been considered the capital with atom for his hand he held a pistol, which he carried in such carcless style that it might be discharged at any time.

Jack Pendleton had been sent up to the mast head on some duty by the mate. The captain's roving eyes fell upon him, and the dislike he felt for the boy found vent.

"What are you doing up there, you young lubber?" he shouted.

"You lie!" roared the captain. "I'll come down, sir," said Jack, "if you say so."

teach you to lie to me!"
"I'll come down, sir," said Jack, "if you say so."
"I'll-bring you down!" shouted the captain, furiously, as he deliberately pointed the pisted at the cabin boy, and prepared to pull the trigg:

There was a cry of horror on the part of the passengers as they saw the insane act of the captain, and realized the peril of poor Jack. But in spite of all, the boy would probably have fallen a victim to the drunken fury of Captain Hill. Jack himself fully understood his danger, and his ruddy face turned pale. His life hung in the balance, and was saved only by the courage of his boyfriend, Harry.

Of all the passengers, Harry stood nearest to the captain. When he saw the pistol pointed at Jack, he did not stop to think, but made a bound, and dashed the weapon from the captain's hand. It was discharged, but the bullet sped over the rail, and dropped into the ocean. Nor did Harry stop here. He seized the fallen pistol, and hurled it over the side of the vessel.

The captain was for a moment stupefied by the suddenness of the act. Then in a voice of fury, he exclaimed, pointing to Harry, "POT THAT BOY IN IEONS!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BENSATIONAL SCENE.

Hill

"Pur that boy in irons!" repeated Captain Hill, his eyes blazing with anger.

A to a sailor stirred. There was not one that did not admire Harry's promptness, which had saved Jack's life, and prevented the captain from becoming a murderer.

"Here, you two men, seize the boy, and carry him below!" exclaimed the captain, addressing Brown and Higgins, the two sailors nearest.

ors nearest.

The two men looked at each other, moved

The two men looked at each other, moved a "let forward and then stopped.
"Is this mutiny?" roared the captain with a blood-curdling oath. "Am I master in my own ship or not?"
What might have been the issue, it is hard total, had not the Yankee passenger, already referred to, Jonathan Stubbs, come forward the state of the state o

own.
"I thought you knew my name," answered
te Yankee with imperturable coolness, "but

if you don't here is my card;" and he delib-erately drew a card from his pocket, and ten-dered it to the chief officer. Captain Hill struck it from his hand, and

Captain Hill struck it. from his hand, and threw it upon the deck.

"That is the way I treat your card, sir. Men, do you hear me? Put that boy in irons or must I do it myself?"

"Look here, cap'n, let's argy that matter a little," said Stubbs. "What's the boy to be put in irons for?"

"For grossly insulting me, and defying my authority, sir."

"He has prevented your committing murder, if that's what you mean. You ought to thank him."

thank him ank him."
"Take care, sir!" thundered the captain,

or I also care, sir!" thundered the captain, or I also may so in inton also."
"I seekon you night find a little opposition," said the Yankee, quietly "I'm a passenger on this vessel, Captain Hill, and your authority doesn't extend to me."
"We'll see about that, sir," said the captain, and he grasped Stubbs by the collar. Now the Yankee was not a heavy man, but he was very strong and wiry, and moreover in his early days, like Abraham Lincoln, he had been the best wrestler in the Vermont village where he had his birth. He was a very quiet, peaceable man, but he was accustomed to resent insult in an effective way. He wrenched himself free by a powerful effort, then, with a dexterous movement of one of his long legs, he tripped up the explain. of his long legs, he tripped up the captain, who fell in a heap upon the deck. The shock, added to the effects of his intoxication, seemed to stupefy the captain, who remained where he fell.

where he fell.

"Boys," said Stubbs coolly to the two sailors who had been ordered to put Harry in irons, "hadn't you better help the captain into his cabin? He seems to be unwell."

Just then the mate cause one deek. He didn't make inqurise, but took in the situation at a glance, and assisted the captain to bis feer.

"Shall I help you down stairs, sir?" he

sked. The captain silently asquiesced, and the rime actor in this rather startling scene left

The captain some prime actor in this rather startling scene reached deck.

Jack Pendleton scrambled down from his elevated perch with the agility of a cat. He ran up to Harry, and grasped his hand with many and emotion.

ran up to harry, and grasped ins hand win evident emotion.

"You have saved my life!" he said. "I will always be your friend. I would lay down my life for you."

"It's all right, Jack," said Harry rather shyly. "You would have done the same for shyly.

"Yes, I would," answered Jack heartily,
"but there's no one else who would have done

np to the captain nace "frighten you."

"No, I wasn't much scared," drawled Stubbs, contorting his features drolly. "But I say, young man, I've got a piece of advice og give you. You don't seem to be much of a favorite with the captain."
"It don't look so," said Jack laughing.
"Just you keep out of his way as much sey you can. When a man gets as full as he does,

you can. When a man gets as Itil as he does, he's apt to be dangerons."
"Thank you, sir; I will."
Among the spectators of the scene just described, the most panic-stricken, probably, was Monigomery Clinton, the Brooklyn dude.
After the captain had gone below, he walked up to Harry, whom he regarded with evident

admiration.

admiration.

"I say, you're quite a hero. I was awfully frightened, don't you know, when that big bully aimed at the sailor boy."

"You looked a little nervous, Mr. Clinton,"

"You looked a little nervous, Mr. Clinton," said Harry smiling.
"You were awfully brave to knock the pistol out of his hand. Idon't see how you dared to do it.
"I didn't stop to think of the danger. I saw that Jack's life was in danger, and I did the only thing I could to save him."
"I'm glad you're not put in irons. It must be awful to be in irons."
"I don't think I should like it, though I never had any experience. You'd have stood by me, wouldn't you, Mr. Clinton?"
Clinton was evidently alarmed at the suggestion.

answered:

"I look upon you as a brave man, Mr. Clinton. When I get into trouble, I shall be sure to call upon you."

"O, certainly," stammered Clinton; "but I say, Mr. Vane, I hope you'll be prudent, I do really. Captain Hill might shoot you, you know, as he tried to shoot the sailor boy just now."

now."
If he does, Mr. Clinton, I shall expect
you to interfere. You are not as strong as the
captain, but a bold front will go a great way.
If you threaten to—to horsewhip him, I think
it might produce an effect upon him.
"Really, my dear Mr. Vane," said Clinton,
turning pale, "I don't think I could go so far
as that."

as that

as that."
"I thought you were my friend, Mr. Clinton," said Harry reproachfully.
"So I am, but I think you are too—too bloodthirsty, Mr. Vane. It is beat to be prudent, don't you know? There's that Yankee,

Mr. Stubbs, he would do a great deal better than I. He's stronger, and older, and—you'd better speak to him, don't you know."
"A very good suggestion, Mr. Clinton." said Harry gravely.
"I am straid I should fare badly," thought

"A very good suggestion, Mr. Cinton, said Harry grovely.

"I am straid I should fare badly," thought our hero, "if I depended upon Clinton to stand of the start of the stuff they make the start of the sta

it.

"He seems a good fellow, though not exactly a hero," he shid. "I am glad to have his good will."

"He is more of a tailor's dummy than a man," said Stubbs. "I always want to laugh when I look at him. Hist! there's the captain."

when I look at him. Hist! there's the cap-tain."

Harry turned quickly toward the compan-ionway, and saw Captain Hill set foot on the deck. A glance satisfied him that the captain was sober.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argosy. e can get any number you may want.

A PRO TEM. CHAIRMAN.

DAVE LINEGAR is a member of the Illinois Legis-lature from a Chicago district. While filling the bill in many respects he does not brag about par-liamentary attainments. One day during the presliamentary attainments. One day during the present session, Haines called Linegar to the chair. The members at once proceeded to cet the protein. Speaker at sea. It wasn't much of a job. A young newspaper correspondent, who knows something of the Cushing Manual, crawded up by the side of the Speaker to give him pointers. Somebody made a motion. "That's out of order." whilepered the motion. "That's out of order." whispered the respondent. "Out of order." yelled Linegar. "Mr. Speaker," cried two members at the same

time.
"Merritt was up first," whispered the corres-

pondent.
"Merritt was up first," shouted Linegar.
"Make the other fellow sit down," the corres

make the other fellow sit down," the correspondent prompted.
"Make that fellow sit down," said the Speaker, turning a turkey red in the face as the House

roared.

"Give it to 'em," chuckled the correspondent.

"Give it to 'em," screamed Linegar, hammering
on the desk with the gavel, while the House got up
and howled as the pro tem. beckoned to Haines for

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE other day, Attorney-General Garland was stopped on the street by an old negro who, after bowing politely, said:

"I reckons yer is kep' putty busy now, sah."

"Yes, very busy."
"Yer doan' 'pear ter reco'nize me."
"I remember your face but I cannot recall your

"Tememor your second."
"Da's whut I thought, sah. I'se Ely Buck, an'
uba's whit I thought, sah. I'se Ely Buck, an'
uster be er jestice o' de pence an 'yesse' f uster practict after an ever fended described gennerman whit stale de hog trum de white pusson, does yer? Wall, I sees dat yer's in a hurry. Good mawnin'. Jes stoppin' heah in de city an, would like fur yer ter call 'roun' an' see me."

JOURNALISM IN CUBA.

In Cuba two hours before a paper is distributed on the street, a copy must be sent, with the editor's name, to the government and one to the Cen-sor. When the paper is returned with the Censor's sor. When the paper is returned with the Censor's indorsement the paper may go out to the public. One of the newspapers of Havana disregards the law, publishes what it pleases and when it gets ready. Every few weeks the government lines the paper appears under a new name. Its frequent brushes with the government advertise it, and people buy it to see what new indiscretion it has committed. The subscribtion price is \$24 s under the monitorial of the paper appears of the paper appears to the paper appears to the paper appears under a new name. Its frequent public was a paper appears to the pa

KIND BUT FIRM.

A MERCHANT who had repeatedly dunned a man, sent him a bill of the amount due, says the Arkaneau Traveler. In addition to the necessary rule and figure work, the merchant added the folrule and figure work, the merchant added the fol-lowing: "I am becoming tired of the indifference with which you treat this matter, and I desire to hear from this bill at onec." Several days afterwards the merchant received the following written on a postal card; "Accept my thanks for the bill which you were kind enough to send. I have never trou-bled you about the matter. When I owe a man it is my disposition to treat him kindly, but firmly. I never hang around him. Well, whenever you have-n't anything else to do, send me another bill."

WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE.

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was a question put to an unhappy-looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are al right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relation that are causing the trouble."

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—contains more long stories and other valuable reading
matter by leading authors, is more carefully edited, is
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any other publication for the same money in America.

A HINT

In is said that three hundred thousand pairs of roller skates are manufactured every month in the languish when it is known that the pastime is going out of fashion in England. Somebody had better turn his attention now to roller sleds. It would be no more absurd to slide than to skate on wheels.

THE LAST HOUR.

"Never do anything which I would be afraid to do, were it the last hour of my life." How many are there who live up to this severe rule? And yet, is it not reasonable? Should we not be as pure and high toned every hour of our lives as we would hope to be in our last? Now, if any of us are in doubt whether our conduct is right or wrong, here is a test.

KISSING.

RIDDLES and puzzles probably belong to another department of the Argosy, vet to stimulate the Bible research of young puzzlers, it may be men-tioned here that there are forty-four cases of kissing reported in the Bible. Among these are twenty-three different kinds of kisses referred to. Look ing these cases up need not be Sunday employment, but our curious readers may take it up at some other leisure time.

SHARP TONGUES.

"THE tongue is boneless, yet it breaks many ones." This is an Oriental proverb, Arabic or Turkish. The Bible says something to the effect that the tongue is set on fire of hell. It is a fact that unkind words inflict keener stabs than dag-The knife may bring instant death, but the slander poisons the soul, and the victim of it drags himself to his death through years of suffering. A bridle for the unruly tongue is the proper thing. The little member is more dangerous than dyna-

BOTHERS OF FAME.

IF there are any girls among our readers who are anxious to become famous, they had better stop and reflect. The famous woman is, as the novels say, "the cynosure of all eyes." Not a hair must go awry. Her boots and gloves must be irrego awry. Her boots and gloves must be irre-proachable. A smirch on her face would be fatal. Her dress must be mathematic. And then, the rage for her autograph!

Adelini Patti is very good natured and obliging.

but she is obliged to keep a regiment of maids and secretaries to protect her from the zeal of auto-graph hunters. She has finally been compelled to give out a printed circular, saying that her autograph is reserved for particular friends. Our ambitious girls will do well in resolving to be good rather than famous.

IDLE ARISTOCRACY

An English nobleman, recently in the United States, remarked to an American triend that he States, remarked to an American triend that he liked our people immensely, but he missed one thing. "And what is that?" he was asked. "Oh, I miss the aristocracy." "And who are the aristocracy." "Why, they are the people of leisure, you know; whose fathers did nothing for a living, whose and whose grandstates." you know; whose fathers and nothing for a living, you know, and whose grandfathers did nothing."
"Oh, I see," answered the American, "we have plenty of those folks here, but we call them

Some foolish youngsters think it would be grand to do nothing. Lying under an apple tree all day and getting paid for it, is their idea of bliss. But there are few who can support a life of idleness without going to the dogs. Even the Englishman's aristocracy must occupy their minds or go to seed.

Of all ways of spending time, loafing is the most

WILL AND WAY

Where there is a will there is a way" is a familar maxim. Now in this case "will" does not mean "wish," though many people act as if they thought it did. Simply being willing is of no ac count. The Russian General Suarrow used to say of people who failed that they only half-willed. He wanted "I don't know," "I can't," and "impossi-ble" blotted from the dictionary. Napoleon is credited with saying: "Impossible is a word only

creatted with saying: "Impossible is a word only found in the dictionary of fools." "Learn, do, try" were the words which Suarrow wished substituted for those which he so detested. "where there is a will" one must learn, do and try. If one wills, he controls his habits in all respects, and compels himself to do the things requisite to success. Merely to wish, to long, to hope, is utter folly. Gold does not rain from heaven ; men have to dig for it.

SILLY EXTRAVAGANCE.

RECKLESS and swaggering youngster once as shed his schoolmates by "skipping" silve A RECKLESS and Swagering youngster once at tonished his schoolmates by "skipping" silver half dollars on a mill pond. He only ceased this foolish exhibition of extravagance when his pocket money gave out. It may as well be said here of this young fellow, that later on when his funds ceased to be equal to his squanderings he was guilty of stealing. His parents had the mortifica-tion of seeing him tried and sentenced in a police

But all the improvident ones do not get reduced to this strait. They do not land in the police court, but many of them have to suffer the pinch of poverty and pressing want. And they really deserve it. One young man, who had recently come into a fortune "amused" himself by lighting a cigar with a five dollar bill. His friends were not as amused as himself; nor were they surprised to hear, a year or two later, that he had galloped through his fine property. Such extravagance as this has no excuse or reason. Some men are excessively generous. Such we can admire. One good parson in Boston would often come home without a cent in his pocket, having given all he had to poor people. Sometimes, when he was ex-pected to buy his luncheon outside, his stomach had to suffer for his benevolence. In this case, his wife used to abstract the cash from his pocket book to prevent his too thoughtless generosity. Yet she always honored him for his good heart, and so did his neighbors and all the poor folks who knew him.

If one has more money than he can profitably spend upon himself, there are many useful ways of disposing of it. There is no need of imitating such cases as have been mentioned, or some of the more startling ones recorded in history. One of these is that of a courtier in the reign of Louis XV. He wished to make a present to a lady whom he admired, but she forbade him to give her anything of He had a portrait of her pet canary en elled, and covered it with an immense diamond, The beauty returned the gift, whereupon the noble-man had the gem reduced to powder, and used it to sand the letter in which he acknowledged the re turn of the present.

LESSON OF A MONKEY.

Nor long ago the writer had occasion to pen a sketch relating to the happy family of a shoemaker. There is much to be learned of shoemakers, and readers of the Argosy cannot have failed to notice from its columns that some shoemakers have turned out famous men. This particular shoemaker's family consisted of a varied collection of pets. There were doves, squirrels, guinea pigs, chickens, white mice, monkeys, and parrots—all living blissfully in cages, and enjoying the merry tick-tack of their master's hammer, and the occasional lessons which he gave them in deportment.

Perhaps the gem of the collection was Jocko, a white-faced monkey. His mission was to amuse his master's visitors, and put them in the humor to have their shoes cobbled at that particular shop. It was a praiseworthy mission, and Jocko did his Little children loved dearly to come to the shop, and of course they brought their parents, and many an old shoe, and many a dime, followed after. Jocko received great praise, and dozens of apples, from his master.

But, alas! Jocko became possessed of a vain am bition. He wanted to "see the world" and "have a lark." One night, a short time ago, he turned the button of his cage door and slipped out. He chased the guinea pigs, pulled the tails of the chickens and doves, and made the little shop hide ous all night. Then he wound up his spree by drinking a bottle of liquid blacking and chewing down four boxes of matches. When his master arrived in the morning, he could scarcely believe his eyes. The pets were all in terror and confusion, and dismal screams rent the air on every side Jocko gave two or three pitiful gasps, crept to his master's feet, as if begging forgiveness, and breathed

This is what a monkey is capable of when ambition becomes twisted. He was a story-book monkey, too, quite above the common ape who skips after a hand-organ. And from his sad fate we may all take warning. We should never above learning from humble things, and Jocko We should never be though he was funny, and was even wise when he was good—was an humble thing. Boys and girls, and grown folks also, are sure to go astray when their ambition turns aside from hon-

VICTOR HUGO,

Author of "Les Miserables," "Toilers of the Sea,"
"Napoleon the Little," etc., etc.
The venerable poet, novelist, dramatist, orator and patriot. Victor Hugo, aged eighty-three years, died May 22. He was one of the colossal men of the age: a profound philosopher, a versatile poet, an entrancing story writer, and a firm and out spoken friend of the people. He was born at Be-sancon, France, in the year 1802, during those stirring times, the history of which is painted in the colors of the cannon's flame, the flashing breastplate and the dun war-cloud, with the first Napoleon frowning in the foreground. Napoleon was then deep in his scheme for the establishment of the empire. Hugo's father was a colonel in Napoleon's army, and his mother, though a thizer with the expelled royalists, followed with rare devotion the steps of her husband in the train of the conquering army.

Says Hugo, "I trav ersed Europe almost before I began to live." These childhood scenes engendered the poetic fancies and the brilliant imaginings with which his brain has since constantly teemed. In 1809 he returned to Franc and lived a quiet life in the country, immersed in classical studies with in the walls of a quiet convent, and also un der the tutorship and companionship of an old royalist general. who was sheltered from the vengeance of the usurper by Hugo's mo-ther. The boy naturally grew up with his sym pathies in unison with his mother's, which were by no means lessened by the spec-

tacle of the discovery, seizure, and execution of his aged mentor at the rifle's mouth in the open square. Meantime. Hugo's father had risen to the rank of general, and, receiving the appointment of major domo in Bonaparte's palace at Madrid, removed to that city with his wife and family. Amidst the as-sociations of a history brilliant with the exploits of the Moor and the Spaniard, young Hugo's romantic turn of mind was nourished and strengthened. At this early period of his life the poetic spring began to bubble up and the young poet began his writ-ings. At the age of fourteen he outlined a tragedy in the style of a great writer of antiquity, and two years later he sent two odes to the French Acade which were both publicly crowned with the laurel wreath, according to a French custom. From this time the onward march of Hugo began toward fame and eminence. He began to write in a style most distasteful to the critics of the day, casting off entirely the rigid models then affected, and giving full swing to a romantic mind that brooked no nar row rules such as governed the literature of the day. It is not the aim of this sketch to speak so much of his style as upon the character of his work and the character of the man. As the age of intellectual germination came upon him, he looked abroad and saw the error of his early royalist sympathies, which were gradually but certainly displaced by the deepest sympathy for the cause of the people. and a belief in political independence. When at last the royalists returned to their throne, the then king, Louis Phillippe, raised Hugo to the rank of a peer in recognition of his genius, but from the seats of the nobility in the upper chamber of the House of Deputies he boldly avowed his republican prin ciples. When the ancient monarchy again met its downfall, Hugo was returned to the National As-sembly, where, as one of the few great orators, he championed the cause of the people. Napoleon III.'s supremacy saw Hugo one of the most bitter opponents of that monarch, and he was banished from the country. From the island of Guernsey, whither he retired, he penned one of the bitterest and most scathing of diatribes, directed against Na-poleon. With the establishment of a republican government in France, he returned to his country, and lived in one of the quietest corners of Paris.

It is amazing with what veneration and love Vic tor Hugo was regarded by the masses. Every man, woman and child in Paris knew him at sight, and whenever he appeared in public he was immediately surrounded by a crowd, eager to testify to their devotion for their champion. pressed around his carriage, and held up their children, imploring his blessing on their budding lives. Hats were doffed and waved on high in enthusiastic salutation, and cries of "Long live Victor Hugo!" vere wont to rend the air.

This veneration for him in the hearts of the lower classes was of the deepest and most powerful sort. It was a sort of religious love. On one occasion, Hugo was in a carriage following in the funeral train of a famous lady. The cortege approached a managerie, and as Hugo's carriage passed the place, the lions set up a simultaneous roar that shook the very houses. A murmur rose among the crowd and a wondering whisper went round: "The lions know the other (Hugo) is there.'

It was frequently the case for a cabman..who may have happened to take the sage to his home, to refuse his fare, saying that the honor of having driven Victor Hugo was sufficient recompense, or for the conductor of an omnibus to put that Hugo had given him, into a safe pocket as a

that Hugo had given him, into a sate pocket as a souvenir of the great friend of the people. One snowy evening, he was returning late to Paris from a Senate session at Versailles. He found the railway train so filled that he was forced to resort to the fourth-class section, which is composed sort to the fourth-class section, which is composed of seats on the roofs of the carriages. A workman, recognizing the great man, would not permit him to be seated until he had cleared the seat of the melting snow, and wiped it dry with the skirt of his blue working blouse. Hugo thanked the man, and shook hands with him. Said the humble low: "I am so happy, sir, to have had the honor of seeing and touching Victor Hugo."

The author had a passion for riding thro Paris on the top of the omnibuses, which all have seats on the roof. At such times he would sit, his gaze lost in vacancy, and his mind plunged in intense piunged in intense thought. During these moments he would be composing. The atten-dants of the vehicles and the people were ac-quainted with these moods, and they always treated him with the most respectful consideration, and were most careful not to disturb the deep current of his thoughts.

Of children he was exceedingly fond. He was at the head of the school directory, and through hisinstrumentality

there is every year a "Fete de la Jeunesse" (Young People's Holiday), when all the schools are closed for days, and all Paris, young and old, gather in the garden of the Tailleries, among the booths and the menageries and strolling shows of every description, that have congregated from every part of France.

He had two little granddaughters whom he idolized, and his greatest delight was to lead their games and furnish amusement for them, his most frequent diversion for them being Punch and Judy shows and doll theatres, in the working of which vas an expert.

His sociability and hospitality were unbounded. He regularly gave homelike dinners and informal receptions to his friends, which the ladies attended in street costume and the gentlemen in ordinary dress. Seated on the sofa between favorite friends, he conversed with the most delightful ease and familiarity, which most effectually banished every trace of formality and embarrassment, but which could not diminish the evident homage of his friends. At an early hour they with one accord retired in consideration of his age, first reverently lifting his hand to their lips.

Victor Hugo was an early riser; on fine spring

mornings he would be out amidst the sunshine and the flowers at six. No day passed without some literary work. Indeed his life has been all too short to see the accomplishment of all the works he framed in his mind. His working days are over, and he descended into the grave amidst a national sorrow, by its depth and its extent, rare in the history of the world. JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

> ALL-POWERFUL For rank is good and gold is fair, And high and low mate ill; But love has never known a law Beyond her own sweet will.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE good are heaven's peculiar care. CUNNING is a sort of short-sightedness.

Happiness is no other than soundness and perfec-tion of mind.

on or mind.

Life is no life without the blessing of a friendly and n edifying conversation. an edifying conversation.

Modesty is to merit as shadows to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor ; an extravagant an grows poor by seeming rich.

an grows poor by seeming rich.

Be then the first true merit to defend:
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.
One minds are like old borses, you must exernem if you wish to keep them in working order,
Mucch learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.

Even reckonings make lasting friends; and the way make reckonings even is to make them often.

The most divine light only shineth on those minds hich are purged from all worldly dross and human

ncieanness.

I have often observed that vulgar persons, and pubc audiences of inferior collective intelligence, have
dis in common: the least thing draws off their minds
hen you are speaking to them.

nen you are speaking to mem.

Don's waste life in doubts and fears; spend yo
in the work before you, well assured that the
erformance of this hour's duties will be the ber
aration for the hours or ages that follow it.

NEVER bring a human being, however silly, ignoran and weak, above all, any little child, to shame and confusion of face. Never, by petulance, by suspicion by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste, never above all, indulging in the devilish pleasure of 's neer, crush what is finest and rouse up what is coars est in the heart of any fellow-creature.



THE FIRST LOVE BY T. W. STODDARD

When Maud goes by I feel a glow (But why it is I do not know) As if a tiny elfn race Of archers flew about her face, And each had shot me with his bow.

Though earth be wrapped in wintry s That merry pricking warms me so, I revel in a Summer grace, When Maud goes by.

See her all decked in satins go.
On every one a word bestow.
Yet never pause nor slack her pace,
So nimbly follows she the chase
Of wit. Ah! 'tis a gallant show.
When Mand goes by.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

BY GEO. H. COOMER.

The voyage we made to Laguna was to me a most interesting one. To begin with, it was something out of the common course. Every sailor, almost, is acquainted with Liverpool and Havre, and such everyday places, but very few know anything of the Mexican ports, such as Laguna. Sisal, Tampico and Vera

ruz. I had always a fancy for out-of-the-way

places.

Laguna is in Yucatan, on an island at the entrance of Lake Terminos, between that and the bay of Campeche. We went there after a cargo of logwood, and carried out a load of four and other provisions from New Orleans. It seemed quaint enough to us, this old Mexican town, but all the more interesting for

ican town, but all the more interesting for that.

The negroes would get up in the belfries of the really costly churches on saints' days, and call the people to mass by pounding the great bell with hammers. It was a lazy way of ringing a bell, we thought; but everything was done after the same fashion, and I mention this only as an illustration.

After discharging our cargo, we went over to the Usumasinto river, distant about fifty miles, to take in our logwood, after which we were to return to Laguna to obtain our clearance papers for home.

The Usumasinto is a long and very broad stream, but like other out-of-the-way things, is not much known. Perhaps few of my young readers have ever heard of it; and yet it is larger than the Connecticut or the Merrimae.

mac.

Here we found squads of logwood cutters along the banks, and hundreds of cords of the wood put up in piles. There was also an abundance of mahogany growing about—a soft wood when green, though hard when dry.

wood put up in piles. There was also an abundance of mahogany growing about—a soft wood when green, though hard when dry. It seemed queer to see mahogany trees as common as maples in New England, and, like all common things, of very little account.

There was a small hamlet opposite our anchorage place, and we soon got on good terms with the families composing it. They sold us milk, and butter, and eggs: and we could sometimes hear the children and young peel talking of "los Americanos del Norie," and making fun of the strange language we spoke. It was "mucho malo," they said; they never could talk such lind.

We were delayed there a number of weeks, which had been struck by lightning as we ware coming over from Laguna; and so we had ample opportunity to form acquaintance with these simple people.

There was one family that we especially liked. It was a family that had seen better days. The husband and father was always given the title of "Don" by his neighbors, though he was as poor as they. "Don Carlos de San Luis de Castanos," was his full appelation, which was saw from a Spanish document which came under our eyes.

His family consisted of his wife and two daughters, and with those daughters any susceptible Americano might well have fallen in love. They were beanties, and apparently as good as beautiful. I think our sailors looked upon them with a kind of reverence.

The other people of the hamlet tried to tell us of Don Castanos and his misfortunes; but we understood so little Spanish that the recital was nearly lost upon us. We gathered only that he had been deeply wronged, and was the rightful owner of a large property

In eother people of the hanket tried to the use of Don Castanos and his misfortunes; but we understood so little Spanish that the red only that he had been deeply wronged, and was the rightful owner of a large property which was held by another. Once he was "uno mucho graude hombre," but now he had become a poor person like themselves.

While we lay in the Usumasinto, there was a violent freshet which carried away some of the piles of logwood, and did other damage, but we were told that this was not equal to some of the great inundations which had taken place years before, by one of which Don Castanos himself had suffered great losses.

As we got up our anchor for departure, we saw Anita and Inez de Castanos standing on the river bank, and I shall never forget what picturesqueness they seemed to give to the scene. We set topsalis, courses, and topgalabout the second of th

vessel was out of sight—probably nearly into Laguna.

That day was the most lonesome of my life. I was a veritable Grusoe. In that part of the world, vessels are not as often seen as in Long Island Sound and in the Chesapeake; and how long I might be a prisoner, with the bay of Campeche keeping guard about me, was a problem that troubled me exceedingly. I might remain there a whole year—and if one year, why not too years? In fact I could fix upon no particular term. I might be sentenced for life! The idea was appaling. I could see the Mexican coast, and must reach it in some way.

There was not a tree on the island. But luckily there was no lack of fresh water, for it was now the rainy season, and there were, must eat raw, for I had no means of making a fre.

I wish my young readers could have seen those birds. In some places they sat on their nests like people in the pews of a church; and they would peek at me as I approached them, as if they were afraid I was about to hand out a contribution box!

However I had no intention of making one of the congregation a great while, if I could



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

the first chance. And I thought, too, they, would be glad to be rid of me. So we should be agreed, after all.

Looking about the island, I found an abundance of drift wood and other articles that had from time to time floated off from the main land.

dance or drift wood and other strictes that from time to time floated off from the main land.

In the main land, the strict is length, like that I had seen by the Usumasinto, and it was plain that some freshet must have swept it out of the river. At one point, I found a badly wrecked boat, with some pieces of rope attached; at another, an old broken table; and at a third, an old chest with handles at the ends.

"Wonder if there are any stoves or iron bars up off there?" I said to myself; for there seemed to be almost everything else.

"Now, if this logwood has floated off here," I thought, "it can float back. Probably it came off in a calm, when the trade wind had died out; but now there is a fresh breeze from east-by-north, with a good, lively swell, and it would go along pretty fast if it were once launched. If most go towards the man and the strict of the

night.

The hen-coop struck me an ugly blow, but rather the was ready for sea, in all except provising. Before daylight it struck the shore of the little island, and when the sun rose, the while on the passage. I might be a long the little island, and when the sun rose, the while on the passage.

The current was running strongly outward, but the raft was caught by an eddy that hur-ried it swiftly towards the shore. A hundred yards from me, the river tide was rushing seaward, while the counter cur-rent, which was an effect of this, swept just

rent, which was an effect of this, swept just as fast landward.

A low point at the mouth of the river was completely submerged by the meeting of the waters, the tropic verdure seeming to rise directly out of the waters.

I have never known anything more picturesque than that scene. I moved my oars gently, and floated in among the tree trunks. The raft soon touched ground, and it may be imagined with what relief I stumbled overheard from my prison of rude logs, and waded to dry land.

It was not till next day that I reached the

waded to dry land.

It was not till next day that I reached the poor little shed that sheltered the Castanos family. I felt sure of a welcome there, and was not disappointed. Senor Castanos felt a desire to see my raft, and in the afternoon I accompanied him to the place where I had left it.

left it.

Somehow the sight of the old chest which held my bird's eggs, and had served me for a seat during my voyage, appeared to fill him with an eager curiosity. He opened it, as I had done, and there was apparently nothing is the brite.

had done, and which in it but eggs.

He took them out hurriedly, and then with
his knife worked a moment on the inside of

the chest.
A thin, false bottom was lifted, and to my surprise, I saw under it a wide but very shallow tin box. This he opened with some difficulty, and took from it a number of papers. Scanning them keenly, as if to make sure of their identity, he turned toward me with a look that I can never forget.

"Gracios a Dios!" he exclaimed, "my family is saved! I am a new man!"
Then he poured forth a torrent of the most intense and joyful feeling, but all in his own sonorous Spanish, so that I could understand but very little beyond the spirit that inspired it.

sonorous Spanish, so that I could understand but very little beyond the spirit that inspired it.

On our way back to his house, he informed me, as far as I could understand, that the chest had been lost at the time of the freshet of three years previous, which had washed away most of his movable; and that those papers established, beyond all question, his right to a large estate which had been withheld from him by the most outrageous villainy.

The wife and daughters of the good senor, on seeing the papers and being informed of the strange manner of their discovery, outlininy.

The wife and daughters of the good senor, on seeing the papers and being informed of the strange manner of their discovery, outlininy.

The wife and daughters of the good senor, on seeing the papers and being informed of the strange manner of their discovery, outlined to the strange manner of their discovery, outlined to the papers and being informed of the strange manner of their discovery, outlined to the strange manner of their discovery, outlined to resume the position in society to which they were born.

What thanks, in the soft language of Castile, they showered upon the marchical Americano, who had happily been the instrument of this great service!

"Our true home," said Don Castanos, "is the city of Mexico. There my daughters were born, and thither they shall return."

I could not help feeling deeply affected by the joy of the little household. I went over to Laguna, and thence took passage for home, and was soon after gladdened by a letter from the excellent husband and father, telling me that all his expectations had been realized. So my accident in the bay of Campech took the form of a most unlooked-for blessing.

GEN. GILLESPIE'S ARAB HORSE.

THE confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his Titz confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspiceously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Gen. Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who being present on the race course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindu festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar spear which was in the hands of one of the crowd rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger probably was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shricking beings flying from him in all directions, with the attitude of preparing to spring to him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small gray, afterward sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Radunga, his favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Rolls of the competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the Eighth Dragoons, who contributed their prize money to the amount of £500 sterling to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always lead at the head of a regiment on a march, and the station of Cawnpore was indulged with taking the station of Cawnpore was indulged with taking the commander of passing squadrons was given at drill and our eviews. When-the regiment was ordered home, crowd and informed that a tiger had escaped from his ancient station at the color stand, where the salue of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When-the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he corps had marched and the sound of trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and, galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

THE SOPRANO'S PREDICAMENT.

In one of the hill towns of old Litchfield County is a soprano of a Congregational church noted for her fine voice, says the Hartford *Times*. The other Sunday, the white-haired old elergyman lined out the opening hymn, and the organist, after a lingering glance at his necktie in the little mirror, cocked his head on one side, slammed both hands down on the keys, and kicked at the pedals. The cocked his head on one side, staining obtain hand down on the keys, and kicked at the pedals. The choir stopped laughing and gossiping, cleared their throats, and arose to sing. They struck into the hymn in good style, that is, all excepting the soprano. Not a sound from her musical throat. Her working convulsively. When it came to her solo part, she was dumb. The choir couldn't believe their ears, the congregation craned their necks at the choir, and the old gray-headed clergyman pushed his specs away up on his forchead and stared. The choir sang a single verse and stopped. By this time the soprano was at a red heat, and he had gray-headed clergyman pushed her best Sunday bang. At last, with a final yank, she yanked her teeth apart, and exclaimed in aundertone: "If I ever ketch that Jones young 'un that gave me that hunk of maple taffy, I'll break her neck."

"Let us pray," said the gray-headed clergyman, solemnily. But everybody within earshot of the choir, stopped to grin first.

A BOY GETS UP STEAM.

A YOUNGSTER of a geological turn of mind picked up a piece of unslacked lime on his way to school the other day, says the Norwich Bulletin, and put it in his jacket pocket. During the session he it in his jacket pocket. During the session he jammed a wet sponge into his pocket, and at once steam began to pour forth. He didn't know just what to do, the whole school was in a roar of laughter, and the irightened teacher flew to he hastened to remove the combustibles from his pocket. In doing so her hand was severely burned. He took a lecture upon his stupidity from his teacher with an air of amiability which suggested that he was satisfied if she was.

CUSTARD AND MUSTARD

Sugar-toothed Dick
For dainties was sick,
e slyly stole into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
oticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and delicious,
How they'll scold at the rats
Or the mice or the cats,
For of me I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mere little cup.
for want of a spoon I must drink it,
But 'tis easy to pour—
Hark! who's that at the door?"
the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shrick he sprang up:
To the floor dashed the cup.
Then he howled, tumbled, spluttered and blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in—
He had swallowed a cupful of mustard!
— Cultivator.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY BALFII MORGAN.

At the battle of Eduats Springs, in the midst of the conflict, as the two armies were hurled on each other with a fearful force, two officers of the same rank became engaged in a desperate personal conflict. Their swords flashed with inconceivable rapidly; now one advanced, and now the othersical properties of the same rank became engaged in a desperate personal conflict. Their swords flashed with inconceivable rapidly; now one advanced, and now the other-income and the same rank became engaged in a desperate personal conflict. Their swords flashed with inconceivable rapidly; now one advanced, and now the other-income rank of the did not not have a superior of the same rank of the did not have a superior of the same rank of the sa

then fled raputy, rearrow rios enemy, whom they outnumbered by many foots of the property, who they outnumbered by many for the property of th

accounted for, and, perhaps their art straining personal resembnance thus occame as a cause.

The joy of the American family in discovering a kinsman so lofty in virtue, and possessed of all generous qualities, and one who brought to their circle high talents and brilliant parts, that daily like appearance of an attachment springing up between the new-found cousin and a sister of the American. This lady was amiable and highly accomplished, and, charmed by the bearing of the generous stranger, she soon yielded to him more of affection and a moved by her beauty and her many amiable traits, and thus they became betrothed, to the unbounded satisfaction of the brother. The Englishman had as effectually been conquered by the beauty of the sister as by the superior strength of the brother. He was a princer, see many be assured that what we write is not faction, though it sounds marredously like legends of knightly love and conquest in the olden time. The facts of the story are given by Dr. Caldwell, author of a life of Gen. Greene, who knew the parties when a boy, and saw them our romance now becomes a tragedy. The stern front of Mars breaks in upon the scene, and Fate, with his iron hand rends the happy picture. The youthful foreigner has been exchanged, and a sammons comes demanding his presence in his regiment. The duty is an above the property of the complete of the order of the brother of the order of

liness, or accompanied by the blessings of superior beauty. Their parting was a scene of woe and tenderness. The future was a blank, with no landmark that might show them where to hope. Danger and death hovered on the horizon, and gloomy uncertainty necked the present. The brother was to two friends were again to assume to each other the deadly front of war. But they parted, duty pointing to each his course. Ere the lovers separated, however, they pledged themselves to remain faithful or each other, and, in the event of a happy reunion, to become united in wedlock. With ministry of the control of th

BAKING POWDER TRAMPS.

BAKING POWDER TRAMPS.

The danger to the public health from the indiscriminate use of the many lime and alum baking powders of commerce has been so fully exposed that everybody desires to avoid them. As "fore-warned is forearmed," housekeepers will thank us for apprising them of the special efforts at present being made to dispose of such powders in this "The proprietors of some of the worst of these powders are now going from house to house, trying by means of a trick, or so-called test, with heat and water, to show that their article is as good as the Royal Baking Powder, making the comparison with this brand because everlyody recognizes it to be the state of the Royal, which housekeepers have for so many years relied upon to puff up the morning biscuit, and to make the light, patatable, and wholesome roll, cake, and pastry for which it is famous. The housekeeper will do well to be on her grandligent person knows that any goods peddlied from house to house in this manuer, or that are given away in samples, or sought to be introduced by secretly traducing the character of other goods well known to be pure and reliable, have no merits of their own, and have failed to find purchasers therefore the state of th

ONLY ONE WAY OF DUPING THEM.

ONE of the delights of a bridal trip to Washing-One of the designs of a origin trip to washing-ton has always been the custom prevailing at the Treasury department vaults to hand to each bride who entered it a package containing \$\$,000,000. They were allowed to hold it for a second, says an exchange. It was then carefully taken from them and put away. It has also been generally under-stood by the knowing ones, that this five-millionstood by the knowing ones, that this five-million-dollar package, which has been the bridal portion temporarily of so many brides, did not contain much money; but it was never exactly ascertained much money; but it was never exactly ascertained what was in the package until a few days ago, when the count of the treasure in the vault was commenced. It was found that this five-million package, which has been so fondly handled, and over which so many endearing words have been said, was simply a huge joke, containing three or four heavy old government documents, such as would sell in a junk shop hor two cents per pound. The package weighed lifteer pounds, and as old paper has the package weighed lifteer pounds, and so did paper carefully tied up again, and it will continue to be used to make brides happy. It will suit them just as well as if it contained real money.

ACQUIRING A BUSINESS EDUCATION

"Now. Jakey," said Mrs. Isaacstein, "ven vor puys a bair of bants for fifty cendts, und sells him for dhree tollar vot profid vas dot?

nor three tollar vol. profid vas dot?"
"Dot vas choost phree hom.—"
"Vat kind of a lesson vas dose?" expostulated
Mr. Isaacstein from the front room. "You talk
aboud selling a fitty cends bair of bands for only
dhree tollar to a lectle innocent schild like dot,
Make dot bants five tollar. Mebbe you vant to
schpoil Jacob."

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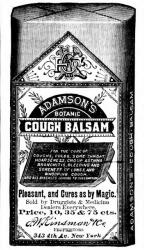


BICYCLES. THE POPE



RUPTURE

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T did my soul good," said Mrs. Puffy, "to see old Parson Wil-der come in, the dear old soul; he looked as smiling as a besaret of ching and it was chins, and it was

a nice morning, the sun shining right into our setting-room; and, as luck would have it, I'd just got all cleaned up and had put on a clean calloo and white apron, and, if I do say it, I looked as slick as a whistle; and our garden—well, you'd slick as a whistle; and our garden—well, you'd cougher to see in t—a mass of posies and blossom everywhere; and as it had rained in the night everything was as fresh as a covenumber. Well, well! says the parson, 'this is a picture one could enver forget,' and he looked at my floor and kitchen-table; they were both white as now, and my milk-pans—well you could just see your face in 'em, and everything was as neat as pink.



"I cut him a pie and got him a pitcher of milk, cause I could see he was powerful hungry, and when he gotfilled up he commenced: 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness; now,' says he, 'what makes o Godliness; now,' says he, 'what makes the look so bright and pure as the lily! Says I, 'It's Sapolio!'



"'How?' says he, putting his hand to his ear, cause he's a little deaf. 'Sapolio!' I yelled in his ear. 'No,' says he, 'no; it's virtoo, moral virtoo, that's er shining through it all,' and he kept that up till supper time, and stayed and eat a big supper (I'm afraid they ain the refeeding the old man as well up to his houseas they ougher); and after he had gone hum, I couldn't help thinking, as I looked at my floor, table, pans and etesterer, that it may be moral virtoo shining through 'em, but 'tt takes Sapollo to fetch tt out!' If your grocer does not keep Sapollo he can order it from any wholesale grocer in the U.S. WIXII IS SAPOME? It is a solid, handeome cake of

What is Sarolio? It is a solid, handsome cake of couring scap which has no equal for all cleaning pur-oses except the laundry.

What will Sapolio do? Why, it will clean paint, make oiledoths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves

a new appearance.

It will take the grease off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly.

The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink, will be as clean as a new pin, if you use SAPOLIO.

One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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the paper, also one Lady's Elegant Alligator sam Hand Bag, free; and you will also have 2 chances for 2 prizes. SEND YOUR ANSWER AT ONCE. Address AGRICULTURIST 123 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

HE HEARS.

BY H. G. KEENE.

SPENT with long wanderings in the heat of day.
At night I reached, or seemed to reach the gate;
But weak, alone and weary with the way,
I could not enter; I had come too late.

I gazed in envy as the crowd went by Bearing rich offerings, and from many lands: For me I could but bow my head and sigh, And weave in vain my ineffectual hands.

Yet in that hour there came a pause of calm, As if I felt the things that others see: I prayed, and praying wrapped me in its balm "Keep him in peace whose mind is sta Thee!"

That ear, methought, even here, receives my mean.
Even here, though glory be not, there is rest;
And as I fell upon the threshold stone,
"It is Thy will," I said, "and that is best."

[This story commenced in No. 121.]

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

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

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

Omtinued.)
Presently the doctor came. He was a pompose little man, with a short, round face, dark almost as a sero's, flashing black eyes, and a general slouchiness of apparel.
"Ah! brain fever!" he said, as he stood by the bedside.
"Not that doctor y y ..."

by the bedside.

"Not that, doctor, I hope," said Louis, with drawn lips.

"Just that, sir!" said the doctor with a frown, as if deprecating the professor's lack of faith in his medical infallibility—"just that and nothing else. The loss of her voice induced brooding—that brought on melancholy—and that sagain, with other matters, perhaps, intense cerebral excitement. A decided case of phennitis, sir."

Clare remained till the doctor went, received his directions, and then stole down stairs.

case of phrenits, sir."

Clare remained till the doctor went, received his directions, and then stole down stairs, leaving her uncle with his sick wife.

At Beth's door she paused. She could see also a see a se

Clare on her knees, bravely keeping back all traces of her smotion.

She felt deeply, wonderingly, pityingly, but all she did was to press and pat the little pallid hand.

"I've been telling her the doctor says she'll pull through," said the broad-faced nurse, who though a sister was loquacions, and a comfortable, well-developed person, ranted by nature to stand long seiges of physical discomfort. "He never went away till an hour ago." an hour ago.

an hour ago."
"I'm so sorry for it all," said little Beth, and then her lips went grieving.
"We'll take time to be sorry when we get round again," said Clare. "At present we must keep quiet and get well."
"God knows I wouldn't have had a hair of his head touched," faitered the pale lips. Clare thought like lightning. Was it Bee? Did she fancy Reviere had been hurt? Or did she know and mean Earle?
A little spasm of jealousy shook her at this.

A little spasm of jealousy shook her at this.

"Is it very bad?" whispered Beth.

"You mean Colonel Earle?"

"Yes," nodded the girl.

"I believe he is not dangerously hurt."

"O thank you! thank you! That makes me happier—happier!" murmured Beth, and her eyes were eloquent.

"I must go now," said Clare, getting up from her knees. Then she kissed Beth on the forehead, and went upstairs where Honty was busy.

This woman knew where and when not to talk. Seeing the preoccupied look in Clare's eyes, she was silent now.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. "Ir's so curious!" said Mrs. Lake, adjusting the folds of her pearl blue wrapper so that the well-arched instep of one small foot could be seen.

the well-arched instep of one small foot could be seen. Earle had not yet moved from the break-fast table, or rather the breakfast table had not been moved from him, for it had been wheeled up to the head of his lounge, that he might enjoy the morning's meal more com-fortable.

fortably.

He knew what she meant. There was a covert smile on his bearded lips, but he said

"Not a word about the terrible doings of yesterday," she went on, after scanning every inch of the paper. "Yes, here is an item."

ACCIDENT AT GREAT FALLS

ACCIDENT AT CHEMAL FALLS.
At the Vectoral pinnip, peaterlay, at Great Falls, an Indian boy, not much known in the city, fell on the rocks, striking his head in such a manner as to kill him instantly.

"Curious!" muttered the colonel, still

smiling. "Inn't it? Not a word about you! One would think, you are so well known—and particularly when she was taken up for dead."

Earle could have explained it. He chose

so. ader if the poor little thing is alive? "I wonder if the poor little thing is alive?
So sad!" said the widow.
"O yes—better—out of danger, I believe,"
said the colonel.
"How do you know, pray?"
"I sent my man over there early this

mor orning. "O! indeed. So kind of you," she said,

"I indeed. So kind of you, she seem, disposing of another and more contrary fold.
"I think a good deal of that little girl," said the colonel, whose arm was in a sling— "a good deal.
"She was

ne was adopted by your regiment, was So generous of them!" was the

she? So generous of them!" was the re-pioinder.

"Yes: and I might say, almost, in the lan-guage of the great Russian general, Foblisk-something-or-other, 'I am the regiment!' There are so few left of the grand old Forty-seventh. By good rights, she belongs to me."

"It's currous you didn't take her."

"Not at all. Somebody else had a prior

claim

claim."

"O, so nice, I'm sure! You would have found her a burden."

"Not at all, but a precious jewel, rather. There's no doubt of the child's genius. Mr. Carl was telling me about her, yesterday. He says there has not been such a voice since the days of Jenny Lind. She ought to be splendidly trained. She ought to go abroad. No —no," he added quickly, and a change came over his face. "I don't know that I would give her that test," he added, as if to himself.

self.

"Now, Colonel, you might marry her, and take her abroad with you," said Mrs. Lake, fingering the one costly diamond she always wore, and looking at him sideways.

"Why, yes, true, I might," he said with a subdued smile; "but there might also be an insuransahla obstacle."

isuperable obstacle."
"And that----" said the widow, breath

y. She wouldn't have me."

"She wouldn't nave me.
"I don't know," was the response; "I don't know. She did little else but talk of you and your goodness, yesterday—and then she is poor. It would be such a piece of good for-

Did he see that she was trying to prepare Did he see that she was trying to prepare the way in order to mention Clare? If so he was shrewd, for he kept his lips closed. "The other girl is very pretty," she said, presently, driven to it. "So stylish!" Still he was silent. "Very young, too, for an engaged young lady."

lady."

"Engaged!"
She smiled furtively at his vehemence.
"To some lieutenant—he's abroad. So romantic!"

"To some lieutenant—he's abroad. So romantie!"

"Yes. I supposed she must be engaged:" he said slowly and naturally, and then changed his position. His face was toward the wall. How could she know that a pain like a sword had gone through his heart.
And yet in a manner, as he had said before—he had known it.
"I have no right—none in the least," he had told himself again and again, "yet here is the one woman I have been searching for. I am forty!" The years stood up in his brain like so many spectres. Twenty-two years ahead of her young, sweet life! What right had he to link her destiny with his, even if he could?
No, blessed the man who could sound the

if he could?

No blessed the man who could sound the No blessed that fine nature; it was not for him. As for her, she was bringing him back to a faith he had never hoped to find again - the faith he had learned to revere from a mother's lips. He had been called a scoffer. He had been sacoffer honestly, and for truth's sake, he thought, but that girl with her dove's eyes, lips dropping pearls, and honest daring, had set him to thinking whether, after all, he was one of the world's saviors, as some had called him.

A singular revulsion came over him, how-ever, when he recalled the young lieutenant, as he saw him that day at the parsonage.

as he saw him that day at the parsonage.

He smiled pityingly.

"She will never be happy with him." he said. "He is not able to sound the depths of that beautiful nature, love her as ardently as he may, and love her he does. He was jealous if I looked at her. He is young, handsome, soldierly. I am rich, his superior in rank—but—old!"

He smiled grimly and endeavored to turn his thoughts. In vain—everywhere he looked he saw but one image—the face of Clare, in its half griish, half womanly beauty.

"I wonder Reviere don't call," he said pettishly.

"We did have words. You see the young fool is in love—and—"

"O dear me," laughed the widow, "you quarrelled about her," and her breath came short.

One would think I was choking," she said

"One would think I was choking," she said to herself, angrily.
"Something like it," said the man, with a low laugh. And then there came over him such an unconquerable yearning to see Clare's face! Only for one little moment. The pity in her soft, steady eyes would ease the burning pain of his wound. Why could it not be? He had always dared.
"Is he very fond of Miss Clare?" queried the widow, with a furtive glance.
"Who the mischief said it was her?" he asked, an almost menacing look in his eyes.

asked, an almost menacing look in his eyes.

"Oh! so sorry! if I've got the wrong lady,"
said the widow with a titter. "but I noticed his attentions to her yesterday.

There was a ring at the door that peeled through the house.
"Talk of angels!" muttered Earle—"that's Reviere, with a vengeance."
It was Reviere. His beauty seemed to fill the room as he stood there, hat in hand, broad low brow, dark flashing eyes, lips his, beauty seemed to fill the stood of the stood of the stood of the stood of the whiskers. Indeed in style he looked the embodiment of perfection. His form matched well with his face, although he was not tall, yet its thorough symmetry made him seem a larger man than he was.
He came up with a quick tread, bowed gallantly to Mrs. Lake—motioned her to keep her chair as she rose to leave, and stood over Earle.

Earle.

"How is the arm to-day?" he asked.

"O better—almost well, as far as it concerns me. It was only a flesh wound, though an ugly one. I don't mind it."

"He has had so many worse ones," said the

"I'm going to sing to-morrow night. I'm afraid you won't be able to go. However here are tickets."

Earle shook his bear

"Is it for your benefit?" he asked.
"Yes," said Reviere.
"Then you know I won't take them except to exchange for a V. I happen to have one ere. Mrs. Lake and her son will enjoy it I ware."

am sure."

"Oh, so kind!" murmured the widow.
Why would he always pair her off with that
boy? After a little chat Reviere left.
Then came the thought like a flash of light-

Reviere was going over to Louis' to invite Clare! Now that he looked back over the in-terview, he wondered it did not occur to him

They neither of them knew that Madam

They neither of them knew that Madame Lucie was siral vast a twinge.

"If I had then arms in slings, I'd make an effort," he mutters in slings, I'd make an effort, "he mutters is said Mrs. Lake, half an hour later, when she saw Earle's carriage and coachman at the door, "you are not going

He went up into the music room. It seemed deserted. Not an instrument in sight that was open—no music scattered about. Louis absent—pupils none.

"This is strange," he said, looking round. Then Martha made her appearance, but not having removed her cap she rebounded with a little squeak, and off she ran.

He went down stairs. Clare was just coming in. She had her bonnet on, and her cheeks were reddened with exercise.

"Mr. Earle!" she exclaimed, with a flush of pleasure—he could not be deceived. She was glad to see him.

He followed her into the parlor.

"I hear little Beth is better," he said.
"Yes." said Clare, if no fever comes on, she will do very well. But my annt is very sick—almost hopelessly so."

"I did not know that," said Earle, astonished. "She looked in health, quite, yesterday."

"It has been long threatening." said Clare,

terday."
"It has been long threatening," said Clare,
"and it comes suddenly. She is very ill
with brain fever."

'Oh! I am deeply pained to hear it," he said.

said.

A note lying on the card-table caught her eye, and her color deepened. His eye followed her's, he knew Reviere's hand-writing, and Reviere's card was beside it.

"What made her color so?" he said to himself, suspicion taking the place of indifference.

ence.
"Indeed, I didn't think to ask after your
wound," she said. "Are you not rash to be

out?"
"That's what our surgeon asked me when I went out of hospital with an unhealed wound, to take command in an unlookedfor danger. I think it cured me. Unless my feet were disabled, I don't know what kind

pose in view," he went on, "but nnder the circumstances, and seeing that you have a prior invitation, of course, I could not think of asking you." You must have good sight," she said, laughing faintly.

"I have," was the simple answer, still looking at her, not boldly but ardently enough to confuse her.
"I will open the note," she said, playfully, "and see if you are right."
She made quick work of it for her nerves were not quite under control, and her hands trembled.

And this was what she saw.

And this was what sue cav.

Miss Clark WILDOORS! I am going to take an unpardonable liberty, and yet I dare my fate. Since I
fast met you I have loved you. I am poor, but I shall yet
not always be; unknown to fame, but I shall yet
mount its highest plinnacle. May I tell you so tonight? Yours with unbounded love and respect,
where the property of the property o

In the your agree your less poor. The house the mount its highest pinnacise. May I tell you so to night! Yours with unbounded love and respect, and the analysis of the property of the analysis of the year were full of lightning.

"Was I right!" asked Earle, who read her emotion differently the said, softly, "that he is like a son to you."

That made him wince.

"I am certainly old enough to be his father, "was the grave reply.

The quick blood dyed her cheeks again.

"I did not mean that—oh, I have nobody to go to! But this is unparalled. I have—met him so lately—so few times—"

"I see—she has made love to you. Audacious! but you must know he is the idol of the women. He has been flattered, feed, fondled by the pretty fools all his life. you understand I speak of silly women," he added not abating his gravity.

"Oh, but I did not ley you," said Clare, the color face the blush.

"Wo had I did not have who rash, headstrong humor and impulsive temperament. I knew, also, that he was not quite in his right mind when he penned you that note. I knew him—knew his rash, headstrong humor and impulsive temperament. I knew, also, that he was not quite in his right mind when he penned you that note. I knew him—knew his rash, headstrong humor and impulsive temperament. I knew, also, that he was not quite in his right mind when he penned you that note. Perhaps it was last night—perhaps—"he was silent, looking down in deep thought; "perhaps he would not reconsider—this morning."

Clare looked both abashed and distressed. Unwittingly she had betrayed a man who had confided to her the dearest wish of his heart. She had not tressed. Unwittingly she had betrayed a man who had confided to her the dearest wish of his heart. She had not trees when he was silent, looking down in deep thought; "perhaps he would not reconsider—this morning."

Clare looked both abashed and distressed. Unwittingly she had betrayed when he makes such a proposal in good faith, and though Reviere was in some sort iqued by what Earle had said to him, and dete

her.
"I understand tittle Beth is better," the

"I understand little Beth is better," he said.
"Yes; they found the ball last night, and it had not gone so deep as they had feared, consequently there was less danger of fever. She has been talking of you, seems to feel that she cannot quite believe you are alive till she sees you. She thinks she is to blame for it all."

"I might put the poor child at ease by just looking in upon her, I suppose," said Earle.
"Oh, would you? I assure you it would relieve her greatly:" and Clare rose. "I have something to carry in to her; that was my errand out this morning."
(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ABGOSY. • He can get any number you may want.

HARD LINES

"SIR," he said, as he took a chair and seated himself in close proximity, "can you give me the name of some responsible party in England who would recognize your signature

"Anybody in Ireland, Scotland or France?"

"Germany, Italy, Spain, China, Japan or Aus-

"Not a one."
"Not a one."
"How about Madagascar or the Sandwich Islands?"
"Don't know anybody."
"Well, this is h-a-r-d luck indeed. This breaks."

"Well, this is hard luck indeed. This breaks we up."
"Why live borrowed money of every man in shut a live by the borrowed money of every man in shut out of Europe I might as well give up the struggle this every day. Try—try lard, to recollect some old acquaintance of yours in Alaska or at the North Pole." a dime to tide him over Snnday.

was given a dime to tide him over Sunday.

POOR MAN'S GULCH.

Think it cured me. Course for the color was a season in the guien on many colors of the advised of sickness would keep me tied to the house."

"Oh, it is dreadful!" said Clare with a sick shudder.

"Yes, for two at least," said Earle, studying her sweet face over which the color went and came. "I fancy you will pardon mentat Reviere came to invite you to his concert," he said, lightly.

"It may be—I should not think of going, however," she said, hurriedly.

"I confess that I came with the same pur-A MINER named Noah Helm, toiled ses

THE BALLAD OF THE BABY.

Bain of head and red of face.
I'm only a baby, weak and small;
A bundle of long, into error fall,
For there's not a thing on this earthly ball,
Or big or little, or old or new.
That holds the world in completer thrall:
Come, list to the deeds that I can do,

Come, list to the decess that I can do:

I can shrick a shrick to rend all space,
Can choke myself with my broidered shawl;
Can send my nurse on a frainti chase
I can send my nurse on a frainti chase
I can make my pa, so brave and all,
Say curlous words, just one or two,
As he walks the door to hush my squall;
Come, list to the deced that I can do.

come, ist to the decest that I can do.

I can coo and coo with tender grace,
And bring my subjects at beck and call,
With cunning smile and a soft-brace,
While into mischief I strightway crawl;
My mamma's sarger strightway crawl;
My mamma's sarger can peck-a-boo,
I can charm, enabave, deduck, appall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do,

Come, use to the deeds that I can do,
ENVOY.

With my tiny hands I can build life's wall
As true and strong as the skies are blue;
I am the monarch of hut and hall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

LIFE AT FORT RENO.

BY JULIAN HUET.

LIFE AT FORT RENO.

BY JULIAN RIFET.

About six months since, being at the time a clerk in a large wholesale store in Philadelphia. I was offered a position and side of the property of the p

niture department, under the offices of W. Krause, of Philadelphia.

Krause, of Philadelphia.

Frause, of Philadelphia.

Frause, of Philadelphia.

Frause, of Philadelphia.

Frause of the special use of the officers and their guests. In the rear are various shops.

Firewood has to be hauled twenty-five miles and costs twelve dollars a cord. We have to cut it our selves, having an eight horse supphire.

Frause of the control reed.

With Mapira, 121 Broome St., N.Y. City. Nearly five dook is scalping knile, ripped the sanck from end to end, scattered or with his followers and took ten acks instead of one, cursing the agent at a fearful rate, for presuming to offer so great a chief as he was, so small an allowance as one sack. He walks in and out of the agent's office daily. Such a thing as punishing him for the offence, it ever contemplated, was never attempted. This is sufficient to show that there are the side of the Indians as well at the sum of the indians as well at the side of the Indians as well as the side of the Indi

ver and rabbits. There is no large game at this place. The swimming and boating are not of much account, for the rivers, though small, are for of quicksands, very treacher one. We have plenty of room for foot-ball, which we play quite often. The clerks in the store frequently play a picked eleven from among the soldlers, or accept a challenge from one of the Indian schools at Darlington, or the clerks of the agent at that place. That we have by the fact that we have play the fact that we have performed to the play the play and the play the fact that we have yet tried the rollers.

I have tried to give Eastern boys an idea of how we live on the frontier. I do not advise any of them to come out here to kill Indians, because they might find themselves at the wrong end of the gun, but they would see much to interest them, and could not fail to find the visit a pleasant one.

TWO KINDS OF TEETOTALERS

A GOOD story of a prominent English agitator, Mr. McCurry, is told in "Life's Battles in Temperance Armor," by Thomas Whittaker:

"On one occasion Mr. McCurry was a speaker at the anniversary of the Westminster Broadway Society. One of the committee of that society was not what is called the second of the second "On one occasion Mr. McCurry was a speaker at man who had circulated the Bible. Of course that was a firebrand in the crowd, and produced much uneasiness, and threatened to produce distance sensitives. Moreover, the control of the course of the

POST-OFFICE ROMANCES.

On one occasion a gentlemanly-looking person called and expressed a fear that he had inclosed two letters in the wrong envelopes, and that all his prospects in life depended on his having his letters back and correcting the mistake, inasmuch as they back and correcting the mistake, inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to save two mercantile houses in the same line of business, whose interests clashed at every point. A similar blunder occurred in a more delicate affair, when a young lady was most urgent to have her letters returned, as she had accepted the wrong offer of marriage. The local postmaster was unable to remarriage. The local postmaster was unable to resist her earnest entreatuse, and thus prevented a painful catastrophe. But a whole romance might be written on the following incident: A young lady who had been engaged to a prosperous young manifacturer, was informed a few days before the marriage was fixed for, that the firm was insolvent. Not a most posted breaking the engagement; when, within two hours, it was discovered that the report was entirely unfounded. The report continues: "The daughter with her parents rushed to the post-office, and no words can describe the scene—the appeals, the tears, the total letter restored, but, alsa' all was vain, the rule admitted of no exception."

WENT HOME PENNILESS.

Henry Clews finds happiness sometimes in talk-ing of the old times when a Wall-street panic bumped into him.

oumped into him.
"One morning," is the way he tells one story,
"I came down town worth \$5,000,000, and that
night I went home penniless."
"What! penniless?" asked one hearer the other
day.

"What! pennices; a season of the day."
"Yes, sir; penniless, practically penniless: I only had about \$60,000 lett along with my seat in the Stock Exchange."
Friends say that Mr. Clews is richer now than he was even before the smashing days of 1873.

EXCHANGES.

By WE cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discertion in the publication of the and few in number. We cannot insert all that come in If one party sends them oftener than once or twice a year. Do not ask us to insert notice of exchange of worthless articles, or those that should properly appear is the alternative for Confederation.

that should properly appear in the advertising columns,
C. M. Wilson, Moark, Ark. Arrowheads for Confederate money and specimens of cork wood.
Edite Gibson, and the Confederate Money of Confederate

books and 18 novels (value \$3), for a brass or wooden reel. Wm. Shapira, 121 Broome St., N.Y. City, Nearly five volumes of Golden Days, for a self-inking press and



CORRESPONDENCE.

L. G. A., Springdale, Ark. Measles are an acute in-flammation of the skin, internal and external, com-bined with an infectious fever. It attacks old as well

and with an infectious fever. It attacks old as well as young.

H. S. B., Fowhatan, Ark. Sickness does not retard the growth of children; on the contrary, such acute diseases as fevers are said to be favorable to a stimulation of the growth of the bonese not seen any numerical music and by houses of reputation. However, the same of the property of

valley, N. Y. About 10,000 acres were cultivated for this, but western competition is driving the trade out of the eastern country.

D. P. H., Bailmore and the control of the castern country.

D. P. H., Bailmore and the control of the control of

w. M. B., Pleasant Plain, N.Y. We are told that a cheap telephone, to cover a few hundred feet, can be made thus: Take a wooden tooth-powder box, and make a the bottom. Take a disc of tinned fron, such as can be had from a preserved fruit can, and place it on the outside of the bottom of the box and fit, the cover on the cover of the cover o

PU771 FDOM NO. 182

PUZZLEOOM NO. 182
CONDUCTED BY DOCUMELE.

OBMODAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write our either of the paper osix, and spart 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. Hems of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Add restricted the Tark Goldon Andrews, 30 Marrin Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 127.

No. 1.	No. 3.
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RATLINE	AMARINE
ATLANTA	BALANCE
CLATTER	BRACKEN
KINTYRE	LINKING
ENTERER	ENCENIA
TEARERS	SEENGEN
No. 2. Home-made pies	No. 4. Stone-still.
No. 5.	No. 7.
8	M
CUD	PER
PAPES	PALEA
PURPLED	PELISSE
CAROLINES	PALACECAR
SUPPLICATED	MELICERISES
DELICATES	RESERATES
SENATOR	ASCITES
DETER	EASES
SES	RES
D	8
No. 6. Preside	ent Cleveland.
No. 8. Straw-be	erry-short-cake.
No	
CHEDIFF	

SHERIFFALTIES NEIDERWESEL OVERISSUE ISPAHAN TARIN ASA

WESTPENDERSON STAR WEST OF WEST COTTENDERSON STAR DEPENDENCE AND ALTON STAR DEPENDENCE AND ALTON

AJO, SENBAB, ROMERO. Total, 42.
Complete lists—MINNER and F. AITCHELL. The first wins 6 Mos.
Best incomplete lists—MAUD_LINN, 8; ST. ELMO. 8.
Peries for Single Solutions. No. 1, SENBAB; No. 2,
VIOLA; No. 4, BOSTON BOY; No. 5, PEARL; No. 8, NORTH
STAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

NYAS, 6 Charades; Moonshine, 2 Diamonds; St.

ELMO, 2 Diamonds, 2 Inverted Pyramids; Skip, 1
Square, 1 Octagon.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. DIAMOND.

(To "Momus.")

1. A letter: 2. A step; 3. Emptler: 4. A singular vegetable production, having the appearance of a lamb; 5. S. Things relained: 9. A male man meaning "Gift of Jupiter"; 10. A peak of the Himalaya: 11. A better.

New York City.

No. 2. METAGRAM.

Pale Luna gazed with mournful eye
O'er the battle plain from her cloudess sky;
Many a brave man had that far been alain,
And their ghastly corpses next on the plain.
Third wreaths that should have crowned their brow,
And banners fourth are all forgotten now.
ALIENTON, MALIENTON, MOST LUNA.

No. 3. DIAMOND

No. 3. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A large thb; 3. Mantles; 4. Large antelopes of South Africa; 5. Voting; 6. Certain trees of China; 7. Ratitled; 8. Having lines or cords inserted between two pieces of cloth; 9. The bandle of a scythe (Proc. Eng.); 10. A Scottish inventor (1690-1749); 11. A letter.

PEARL.

No. 4. DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGNA.

In "rich and fair," In "curly hair," In "beauty rare." In "saucy stare," In "trysting pair."

In "trysting pair."
When first his muse upon him smiled,
Led on by her illusions,
He many pleasant hours beguiled,
In writing short effusions—
Effusions which at first were fair,
But as her smiles grew brighter,
So did his mind; now I declare
He is a botal writer.
New York Circ.

NESTOR

1. Town, Indre, France $(B\dot{y}_i)$; 2. Bristled; 3. Italian tourist, 1662-1730 $(B\dot{y}_i)$; 4. One who produces; 5. Lacerating; 6. Strict; 7. Parental affections.

MIAMI, Mo.

No. 6. CHARADE.

No. 6. Charade.

Her eyes were sad! her face was fair;
And waved in curis her athurn bair;
She sighed, and then in sweetest tone,
Behearsed this the time will be an element of the composition of the comp

MACK.

No. 7. SQUARE. (Poetized by "Gwendolynne.")

(Poetized by "Gwendolynne.")

1. From seventeen and sixty-nine
The Bijous says this Frenchman breathed,
Till 1846, when "Mine."

2. Found in the ocean, as the gen

3. French dramatist, in '20 born,
Whose plays the Crapaud stage adorn.

4. An author of our own hand see,
But he was will often five the heart,
And bid the haunting gloom depart.

6. A Latin or Greek proper name,
Which undefined from Webster came.

7. The fast about the Belde of hay, sir,
Ginson, PA.

ODOACER.

No. 8 CHARADE

No. 8. CHARADE.

(Partly by sound.)

"Come, Tom, you're looking awful glum, What's up, old boy? Confess.

You're dealer looking of the looking suffered by the looking awful glum, What's up, old boy? Confess.

We'll step into the lose dead broke, we'll step into this grocery, and get a nipper these looking loo

No. 9. DIAMOND. (To "Maud Lynn.")

(10 "Mand Lynn.")

1. A letter; 2. A genus of animals; 3. French physician (1741-1819); 4. Starting posts; 5. A genus of mushrooms; 6. A kind of imesione; 7. A certage sonified natural power or elementary spirit (Ger. Fict.) 9. A colloquial mode of expression; 10. A festival in English country places; 11. A letter.

New York Christian (1998).

No. 10. DIAMOND.

No. 10. DIAMOND.

1. In "Golden Argosy": 2. The fourth tones of the gamut (Muz.): 3. A tribe of Scythians who settled in Scotland: 4. Certain small firearms; 5. The fruit of Scotland: 4. Certain small firearms; 5. The fruit of as a plant; 7. A sort of tree; 8. Tricked (Rare); 9. Consisted: 10. To drink a little at a time; 11. In "Golden Argosy."

MYSELF.

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

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The first

Of the 42 solvers to No.127 only seven solved En.

No. 2,

S. No.