

# MIDNIGHT

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## UNDER FIRE ;

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

### CHAPTER VII.

TIM SNOTT made a very wretched attempt to obtain a night's sleep after leaving captivity, both because the night was well spent before he reached home, and because matters of too great importance rested upon his mind to allow him to bury them in slumber.

He reported at the factory at the usual morning hour, and after working a little time complained of being sick, and got released for the remainder of the day. If he was not physically ill, he was doubtless sick at heart, so he speedily sought Matthew, and told him, with more or less ill feeling, his experience in the hands of Jacob Simmons, and of the latter's demands in settlement (as he called it) for his injuries.

"And you blowed upon me?" demanded De Vere with ill-suppressed anger.

"I told him who you were, to save him from choking me to death."

"Is that all you said?"

"He told me to tell the truth or—"

"So you gave him the whole story about Worthington—fool to tell everything you know!"

"I only wish you had been in my place."

"If I had I wouldn't have been an idiot," retorted De Vere, sharply.

"Oh, you wouldn't? Some folks are very smart," replied Tim, getting angry.

"I'd have been smart enough for that."

"A lot you would. If he had had you as he had me, you would have told more than I did, and promised anything he asked."

"I'm not a lousy, I want you to understand, to cry if any one looks at me."

"No, you are very brave to have to get some one to help you get square, as you say, with Fred Worthington."

"I was a fool when I got you."

"And I was a fool for having anything to do with you in this business. You will be arrested and sent to prison, and so will I unless you pay Mr. Simmons the five hundred."

"Arrested! what do you mean?" asked Matthew, turning pale.

"I mean just what I said; if you don't pay him he will come down on us within three days."

"Did he say so?" gasped De Vere.

"Yes, he did, and he was going to take me to the sheriff last night, and that's why I told everything."

"Five hundred dollars; I can't get it without asking my father for it."

"Well, ask him, then."

"He would find out everything, and would whip me almost to death."

"Better be whipped than to go to prison, and have every one know all about it."

"I won't do either."

"How can you avoid it?"

"Five hundred dollars is too much."

"You'd better see Mr. Simmons and fix it with him."

"I don't want to see him."

"You will have to see him or send the money."

"Would he be ugly?" asked Matthew, dreading to meet the man who gave young Short such well-merited punishment.

"Probably not. He got all the revenge he wanted last night, and he wants money now."

The two boys finally appeared before Jacob Simmons and entered into negotiations.

"I ought to have more than five hundred," said the latter.

"How can I give it to you if I haven't got it?" asked Matthew.

"Your father is rich, and could give me ten times as much and not miss it."

"Oh, don't tell him! I will pay you what I can."

"If you had the money I would take it and say nothing more to him or any one; but I must have it or hand you over to the sheriff." Matthew shuddered at this thought. He was in a dilemma, and hardly knew which way to turn.

After a good amount of parley, Mr. Simmons agreed to take three hundred dollars in the place of the five originally demanded. This act, however, was not inspired by liberality or a desire to make the penalty less heavy for the boys, but with a feeling that he might get nothing if he were to take the matter to the elder De Vere, as he gathered from Matthew's conversation that he would run away from home rather than submit to the severe punishment his father would be sure to give him.

"Three hundred dollars," Jacob argued, "is much better than nothing. Matthew gave him what cash he had with

Surely something must be wrong, thought the doctor, and he began to question the boy, who on going from the cool air to a warm room had grown so suddenly sick that he looked as if he would faint.

The kind physician laid him gently on a lounge, and gave him such professional treatment as the case demanded. There is a vast difference between one who has become intoxicated by a single glass, and one who has been drinking for hours, and has thereby paralyzed his nerves and deadened his brain. In the former case, the liquor can be thrown from the stomach, and the victim soon recovers the powers of his mind; while in the other event, it may take several days to restore his customary vigor.

This sickness of Fred's was the very best thing that could have happened to him, for he got rid of the vile poison before it had time to stupefy him to any great extent. Nev-

ertheless, the dose was so strong, and the shock so great for his stomach, that for a time he was extremely sick and weak.

But after lying quietly on the lounge for an hour or so, he regained a little strength. The doctor ordered his carriage, helped Fred into it and carried him home. The latter was still so unweary that he could hardly walk, but the cool air benefited him so much that when he reached home, he managed to get into the house alone and up to his room, without disturbing his parents who had retired some time before, by informing them how sick and miserable he felt.

The next morning he awoke with a severe headache, and seemed generally out of tune. The mere thought of what he had done—how he had disgraced himself by going to a public bar, and there drinking to intoxication—caused him sufficient sorrow and regret; but when he fully realized what a severe wound his conduct would inflict upon his mother and father, and how they would grieve over it—when he thought what the people of the town would say, and remembered that he had actually called at Dr. Dutton's in this lamentable state—the place of all others in the world that he would wish to have avoided—he became sick at heart as well as in body, and his tumultuous feelings were only soothed by tears of honest repentance.

However, Fred hurriedly dressed himself to the stores as usual, and commenced his accustomed labors. He saw at once, by Mr. Rexford's appearance, that he did not know what had happened the previous night, and this afforded him a slight temporary relief; still, he knew it was only a question of time before his employer would learn the whole story. When this took place, what would be the result? Would he lose his place in the store? He knew that Mr. Rexford was a stern man, having little charity for the faults of others. That his clerk would have been intoxicated the previous night, would undoubtedly irritate him greatly.

Fred imagined that every one whom he saw knew of what he had done, and looked upon him with disgust. He felt tempted to leave the village, and never be seen there again, where he had so disgraced himself. Could he only go to some new place, among strangers, and commence life over again, he might go ahead and work his way up to the top of this shame would always hang, like a dark cloud, above him.

On reflection, however, he saw that it would be both unmanly and ungrateful to leave his parents alone to mourn his act and his absence.

No; he was the guilty party, and he must stay here, where the unfortunate occurrence had taken place, and here try, by the strictest discipline, and the most watchful care, to regain his former standing among his friends.

As Fred thought over the occurrences of the past few weeks—of Matthew's decided hostility, of his course at the party, and his sudden friendship since that time—of his treachery and meanness the night before, in getting him to call at Dr. Dutton's while intoxicated, and his deception in so suddenly leaving him at the door—he saw clearly that he had been made the victim of De Vere's revenge.

Moreover he did not believe that a single glass of beer would have produced such an effect upon him, and so he strongly suspected the truth that he had been drugged with a stronger liquor.

Still, he decided to bear the blame himself, and not throw it upon another, though there might be justice in such a course. He felt confident that the truth would at some time come to light, if he said nothing about it, whereas, should he assign his suspicion as an excuse for getting tipsy, the charge would be once denied, and then he would be less liable to fix the guilt upon the young villain, who had made him the plaything of his malice.

Now, also, that he was to blame for having visited the iniquitous den at all, and much more for allowing himself to be persuaded to indulge even in what is popularly considered a harmless drink.

Whoever lives in such a way, is not half living. He is not broad, intelligent, liberal and sympathetic, but is narrowed down to a sordid, grasping existence.

I often pity such men, for though they may have wealth in abundance, they know not how to enjoy it. Neither do they possess the faculty of deriving pleasure from kindness and generosity to others.

They can see no beauty in art or nature, and when they become unfit for pursuing their vocation, they have nothing to forward to. The life beyond is something to which they have given little thought. They have starved their nobler nature that thinks on higher things, until it is dwarfed and shriveled, while the reflection of its pale and sickly hue is manifest in their countenance.

Fred's most trying ordeal of the day, was



HE TOLD THEM THE WHOLE STORY.

him—seventeen dollars—and his watch, and signed an agreement to pay the balance within six weeks. He also indorsed the statement that Tim had signed about the assault as being true, and the careful Mr. Simmons replaced it in his large pocket-book for future use if it should at any time be needed.

### CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN FRED found himself in Dr. Dutton's house and that Matthew had disappeared—had deserted him—he was at a loss to know what to say or what move to make. His mind was far from clear, and his tongue so unwieldy that he could hardly manage it. He stood silent for a moment, evidently trying to collect his thoughts and make out his situation; then muttering some half-intelligible words, he made a start as if to leave the house.

The doctor who answered the summons of the bell, and who was struck nearly dumb by the sight that greeted his eyes, closed the door, and taking the youth by the shoulder, supported his unsteady steps to his office.

The fumes of whiskey readily indicated the cause of his unfortunate occurrence, but the doctor was at a loss to know why Fred should be in such a state. Was he not one of the most exemplary boys in town, and did he not belong to the Sabbath School of which he himself was superintendent?

ertheless, the dose was so strong, and the shock so great for his stomach, that for a time he was extremely sick and weak.

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A TRASHY BOOK.

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A BIGGER THING.

We have all been bragging of our Washington Monument as the tallest tower on earth. But a Frenchman proposes to erect, for the next World's Fair in Paris, a "tower of Babel" 1,100 feet high.

MORE THAN HE DREAMED.

THE MAN who first made a thimble, to protect the finger of his best girl, little dreamed what a great inventor he was.

THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

AFTER ALL, the whole color of our lives depends upon ourselves. Somebody who had read Miss Mitford's "Our village" called upon her, expecting to find her living in a most picturesque villa.

OTHERS' FAULTS.

HOW prompt we are to take notice of the faults of our friends. All with whom we associate have some weakness or failing, and we are often quite too ready to point it out.

KINGLY UNCERTAINTY.

RICH kings and other public "mugwumps" are very handy, when their ideas happen to take a patriotic turn. In such cases they beautify their capitales with public buildings, monuments, and works of art.

THE SCOTCH parson's persistence was no greater than that of many of our friends. Perhaps it was more absurd. Yet if you listen carefully, you may be surprised at the astounding statements which people make in common talk.

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THE GEM of the art gallery in Dresden, Saxony, is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." It is a glorious painting, and tourists go hundreds of miles to study it.

or for some other reason more practical than patriotic, has offered to sell this famous picture to the English government for £150,000.

A GOOD NAME.

WHAT is more valuable in any pursuit than a good name? It is often the key-note of success in your calling. It is worth ten times its cost to its possessor during life; and, after death, what more precious legacy can be left for your children?

TO A young man, ambitious for a position of honor and profit in the business world, a good name is of the first importance.

EGYPTIAN EDUCATION.

THE Egyptians have not much to boast of in the way of education. That is to say, a New York graded school is far, very far, above their understanding.

WHAT Egyptian children learn is, to reverence the aged, and their parents. An American child, if he is ill-mannered, is given to call his father "the governor," or the "old gent."

REASONABLE OBSTINACY.

ONE of the leading French generals said of General Grant that he was the world's greatest soldier, because he possessed in the highest degree that "reasonable obstinacy" which is so necessary in these days of improved weapons.

NOT only in military affairs, but in every department of life, that perseverance which is founded on reason is the mark of greatness.

EXAGGERATED LANGUAGE.

NO habit is more common—We will not say among boys and girls, but with folks of all ages—that exaggeration of language.

A SCOTCH preacher was once accused by one of his flock of exaggeration in his sermons. The preacher denied it, and begged that Sandy would whistle right out in church whenever he heard anything of the sort.

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FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, Late Ex-Secretary of State.

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, ex-Secretary of State, who passed away on the twentieth of May, was a notable man, not only because he rose to such a distinguished position in the greatest country of the New World...

MR. Frelinghuyesen was born at Milltown, N. J., in 1817. His ancestors were among the old Dutch stock that early broke ground in New York State.

ABOUT the middle of the last century one of the Frelinghuyens, a clergyman, removed to the State of New Jersey, and became the founder of the family branch that always occupied a worthy place in that state.

IN these days, a minister's flock would demand his resignation. These early Americans, with unassuming humor, effected the same purpose by placing in the church porch a pair of shoes and a stout walking stick.

LATER, Frederick Frelinghuyesen, the grandfather of the late secretary, was a delegate to the Continental Congress, and flew to arms when the Revolution was inaugurated.

HIS son, Theodore, also was a Senator, serving uninterruptedly for nine years. He was a man of great culture, being for some years Chancellor of the University of New York...

THE late secretary was the latter's nephew and would be supposed that he would possess a refined intellect, and he proved himself a thoroughly worthy descendant.

UNDER the personal supervision of his father by adoption, he received a very careful and thorough education, and thanks to his ability and great fondness for study, he was graduated from Rutgers College in 1836 with high honors.

AFTER being graduated he took up the study of the law and entered the ranks of that profession in 1839. Newark was the scene of his early practice, and he soon gained the substantial reputation of a careful, conscientious young lawyer...

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MR. Frelinghuyesen declined this position, which is considered by many to be the most distinguished in the power of the nation to give. He made no secret of his reason for this act—unfitness for the place.

SO he stayed at home, and his party, not to lose the services of such a weighty counsellor, sent him again to the Senate in 1871. He remained in office six years. In the Senate, his gentleness, consideration and moderate conduct gained him the respect of opponents and supporters alike...

IN 1880 Mr. Frelinghuyesen was a warm supporter of General Grant for a third term, but threw all his weight into the contest in favor of General Garfield when the latter was nominated.

THE estimation in which he was held, cannot be more tersely, if inelegantly, expressed than by saying that he had a "level head." The following description, written not long before his death, aptly paints his personal appearance:

"PERSONALLY he is of very pleasing appearance. His dignified yet gentle bearing, his uniform courtesy and devotion to everything pure and noble in private life, mark him as an exalted man, while his clean-shaven face and an abundance of iron-gray hair remind one of the idea we form of the statesmen of the early days of the republic.

IN his face there is a strange blending of gentleness and resolution rarely seen, and every feature impresses one that the man is possessed of ability and honesty."

HE had the distressing feature of casting the patient into a profound stupor during the six weeks immediately preceding his death, and even to the end. He could recognize no one. Wheeled up to his window, he would gaze for hours out into the country beyond with no sign of intelligence.

IT is well in closing, to repeat what was said of Frederick Frelinghuyesen in opening, only in words from the pen of a great poet, and written in praise of one who, if more famous, was not more worthy:

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear."

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

AN OLD PROVERB.

KEEP NO MORE, nor sigh, nor groan, Sorrow calls on thee that's gone. Violets plucked, the sweetest rain Makes not fresh nor grow again.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

I AM a king when I rule myself. THE FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God. FAME never made us lie down contentedly on a death bed. FORTUNE gives too much to many, but to none enough. NO pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vaulted ground of truth and duty.

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THE SPINNER.

Like a blind spinner in the sun I tread my days; I know that all the threads will run Apportioned to me...

MY FIRST LION HUNT.

BY S. T. MILLS.

My first shot at a lion! That was an event not easily to be forgotten, a "red-letter" day in the calendar of my life...

One time I reached my goal, Fort Armstrong, and received a hearty welcome from my friends, Captain Moultrie and Captain Sutton...

his horse, and walk with straight and rapid strides right up to where the lion lay crouching, and thrusting his rifle close to the lion's face...

An after-ride was sent by Moultrie to our camp, and told not to spare his horse in getting there as quickly as he could.

GRASSHOPPER TALES.

Since the invasion of Northern California by the grasshoppers, says the San Francisco Alta, there has been a marked revival in the literature appertaining to this interesting insect.

"I remember in '71," said a member of the Grain Exchange recently, "I was coming across the plains. Well, sir," I was seated in a car reading a newspaper about noon, when suddenly it grew quite dark, and I thought sure a terrible storm was upon us...

"What do you mean?" asked the broker. "Just this, I was caught in the same fix you have found about, once in Kansas. I was in charge of a mule team, hauling supplies to a railroad camp...

"No, sirree; they hauled our wagon for over seventy-five miles, when they broke down and we began to starve for food. I had some powder, but there it had occurred to me—'But his audience had gone, and the Western man growling, 'I suppose these damned fools think I'm green,' walked off to find a more credulous and attentive audience."

AFFECTION AND NOT MONEY.

HELFINSTEIN keeps a clothing store, and the other day a stranger stopped to look at a coat hanging by the door. Helfinstein saw him and rushed out.

"Dot sheh a splendid arteele, mine frent, unt so sheeh as nodnik," he said, with a smile.

"I reckon I'll go inside and take a look," said the stranger.

"Vat ish your name, my frent?" sniffed Helfinstein, taking him by the arm.

"Wiggins, sir; Mr. Wiggins, of Kentucky."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Wiggins, in astonishment. "But how did you know, when you were talking his last breath, he called me to his site, and whispering ferly low, he said: 'My brudder, I am going away from der clothing pizness forever, and I have but ten minutes to get my affairs in order. My brudder, I am going away from der clothing pizness forever, and I have but ten minutes to get my affairs in order. My brudder, I am going away from der clothing pizness forever, and I have but ten minutes to get my affairs in order."

M. RENAN, in a congratulatory letter to the projector of the Panama Canal, gives several examples of the way in which M. de Lesseps gained his wonderful ascendancy over Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, at the time when the concession for the Suez Canal was granted the French company.

was still in good condition. The situation was unfortunate. One day you noticed that the well-trained camel that carried your dishes was replaced by an unruly and almost wild one. You were careful not to object. In a few moments your Sevres ware was in pieces. The Viceroy burst into a laugh, and the canal project was safe.

A MORNING WALK.

"OUT in Portland, Oregon, where distances are so desiccated, a very amusing incident occurred last summer among a party of friends with whom I was traveling," says a writer in the Boston Courier.

"Inquiry was at once instituted as to what might have become of him, when it was ascertained from the clerks that he had gone to Mt. Hood for a few days, and with a very merry laugh he said, 'I have been to the mountain that it was in the distance. Upon being told that it was Mt. Hood, he said to me, 'I am going to take a trip over there to get up an appetite; I will be back again in time for breakfast.' Now Mt. Hood is some twenty or thirty miles from Portland, and the probability of being not over two or three. As the hour for breakfast approached, our party began counting its numbers, but Mr. A. was nowhere to be found."

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

COLONEL GABE WHARTON, late United States district attorney of Kentucky, is a character, says the Philadelphia Times. He tells a good story and enjoys one. He crossed his lat legs the other night at the Continental and related this clever anecdote:

"One day, since the war, when sitting in my office in Louisville, a lady called and asked me to sign a paper for her school. Her husband, son, who had, while on a spree, enlisted in the army. 'It will do no good,' said I, 'for you cannot get him out, and what do you know about managing such things as Washington?'"

"I was wrong, and at the time appointed returned and was readily admitted to the President's room. There, sitting near Mr. Lincoln, was my brother. As soon as he saw me, he said: 'Here is the man you were talking about. Take him and leave the city as soon as you can. If you delay Mr. Stanton may have him arrested again, and I haven't much influence with the President.'"

"I thanked him for his interest. Just as we left the White House door, I turned and asked my brother if Mr. Lincoln had made no conditions as to his return to the army. 'None,' he replied. 'All he did say was, 'George, you mustn't be fighting against the government.'"

ACTOR AND CLERGYMAN.

"MANAGERS are besieged by persons desirous of witnessing a performance from behind the footlights," an old actor was recently heard to remark, "and these persons are not all 'swells' or admirers of actors and actresses, but often clergymen and others who seek to have their views of the wickedness of the stage indubitably confirmed. Talking of clergymen coming behind the scenes, I remember when I was supporting the first Philadelphia Theatre the old man, who was always called the 'stranger' in 'the wings.' 'Who's that idiot?' growled the old man to the stage manager. 'That is the Rev. Mr. Deane, one of our most celebrated divines.' 'Umph,' grunted Forrest, 'I suppose he's too mean to pay for a seat.' 'Not at all, sir. The fact is, Mr. Forrest, he is a great admirer of your plays, but his minister has threatened there would be a row if he were seen in front, and he got permission to come behind.' And the stage manager rubbed his hands, believing the complaint would mollify the old man. 'So,' said Forrest, eying the intruder, and loudly enough to be heard by him, 'he's not mean, only a hypocrite.'"

A MODERATE AMBITION.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life: are you to be president or vice-president of this concern?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president of this concern," said the bride, "but I will be content with a subordinate position."

A PECULIAR WEAKNESS.

"I FEARED not guilty," said a man who had been arraigned on a charge of drunkenness. "I was perfectly sober." "The officer says you were staggering along the street." "Possibly." "How do you account for it?" "Well, judge, with me it is this way. I drank a great deal of wine, and I was very tipsy. Exercising a mighty effort, I stood, but ever since then, when the time for a spree comes round, I stagger like a drunken man."

HIS PRETTY NAME.

JIM WEBSTER was recently blessed with a son. His wife determined that the son and heir should have a high-sounding name, and selected a very beautiful one. When the child was presented to the clergyman for baptism, the latter said: "The name of the infant." "Jim scratched his head for awhile, and finally said: 'It's a pretty name for a Christian child. 'Snawflower, den.' Once more the clergyman shook his head incredulously. 'Jim Webster, that's not your name, and I wish to give the right name.' 'A Hyacinth,' she replied. 'Well, I knowed it was some kinder garden truck.'"

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PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. C. S., Rome, Ga. The following correspondents desire to open communication with you...

H. H. J., Enterprise, Fla. Mimus was the god of mirth among the ancients. He amused himself by satirizing the gods...

H. L. A., Allenport, Pa. Accept our thanks for your kind letter. Your critical decision is well developed...

H. D. D., Roslyn, N. Y. A good drink for fever patients is rhubarb tea. Slice about two pounds of rhubarb...

H. M. C., Port Marlborough, O. The following is official number one surfman take-off his regular patrol with the other six surfmen...

PUZZLEDOM No. 183 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE. ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department.

- ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 128. No. 1. Contested. No. 3. Rice Bird. No. 4. No. 10. No. 11. No. 12.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 128 were correctly solved by JAREP, WILL AM, D. O. NUTT, A. G. MAY, A. ANDREWS, A. SOLVER, THE GENERAL, ELDRED, AXEL, F. STEINDEL, DAMON, HAYES, EDWIN, BOSTON BOY, FRANCIS, APHIO, ST. OLMER, SENAB, MAT, BO PEER, MELBEP, MADCAP, OSORODOT, DEKADRAMAD, JAZZ, MORNING STAR, VIOLA, LU. C. EVERING STAR, BOAL, JANCRED, ESKIMO, BLACK RAVEN, ED. EDDY, EDWIN, BOSTON BOY, NUT, MAY, CHEM, EMPHATIC, JO, MURTHA, DELMONT, T. U. AMIGO, ED. MAL. Complete lists—None. Prizes for Single Solutions: No. 6, PRIZE No. 7, AXEL; No. 8, SENAB; No. 9, EMPHATIC; No. 10, VIOLA; No. 11, ESKIMO.

No. 2. POLYGOON. (To "Ed. Ward.") 1. A male descendant; 2. A flower bud used in packing; 3. A provider; 4. Containing severe censure; 5. A laborer; 6. Certain fossil shells; 7. A rehearsal; 8. To involve; 9. A French article. EAST BRADY, Pa. ST. ELMO. No. 3. CHAERADE. My first is a forest as you will see; A stalk of hops my last will be; The housewife's task For whose fluid, (Rare) A fragrant vine, With flowers fair, U. BET. KIMMET, TENN.

No. 4. POLYGOON. 1. To propose; 2. Water passages (Procr. Eveng); 3. A plant; 4. Varieties of cabbage whose leaves are not formed into a compact head; 5. Mountains of Brazil (Bri); 6. Leaves alone; 7. Dissolves; 8. Shines (Obs); 9. A town of Asia Minor. BROOKLYN, N. Y. TANTRUMS.

No. 5. CHAERADE. If solvers will but persevere In coming Webster, you will clear The first of langes from "severe." And then, for final, adding, "What's often 'sing' and 'and' or 'feed.'" Or "just proportion," may, indeed, Give final, and the whole will read "aerial" in "not gadding." WASHINGTON, D. C. NYAS.

No. 6. HALF SQUARE. 1. Certain parts of the upper decks of vessels; 2. Performance to excess; 3. Sorry for sin; 4. Certain muscles; 5. Distinct parts; 6. Quilted leather jackets; 7. Certain marks in writing; 8. Certain metals; 9. A large number; 10. A type measure; 11. A letter. PHILADELPHIA, Pa. MYTHO.

No. 7. CHAERADE. Existence would but prove a mis- Mere race through doubt and gloom: Its every path devoid of bliss. Lone footstep to the tomb; If in our first, resplendent bright, Proceed not some beacon light To last and guide through clouds of life, And bid us onward speed, Nor fear the turmoil and the strife That oftentimes impede; Prepared with faith and foe to war, Whom we as our totus sumus. NEW YORK CITY. ALPH A. BETCAL.

No. 8. HALF SQUARE. 1. A letter; 2. Two letters; 3. A subject; 4. To inhale; 5. Cavalry; 6. An island of the Indian archipelago; 7. Hailing; 8. A near neighbor; 9. Having a margin; 10. A cloth made of wool and the wool of very fine wool; 11. Aromatic evergreen. VALPARAISO, IND. TOM A. HAYK.

No. 9. ANAGRAM. O! HO! H! WELL SANG—NO FIT FLAWS GO. This song has brought Fame lifelong sought— Into the world of those Whose rare mind see Into sweet veins, Few are not those Than he, who wrote That we all grieve, So pure and bright, With sure delight, This Indian song, Pray read are long. INDEPENDENCE, Mo. ROMERO.

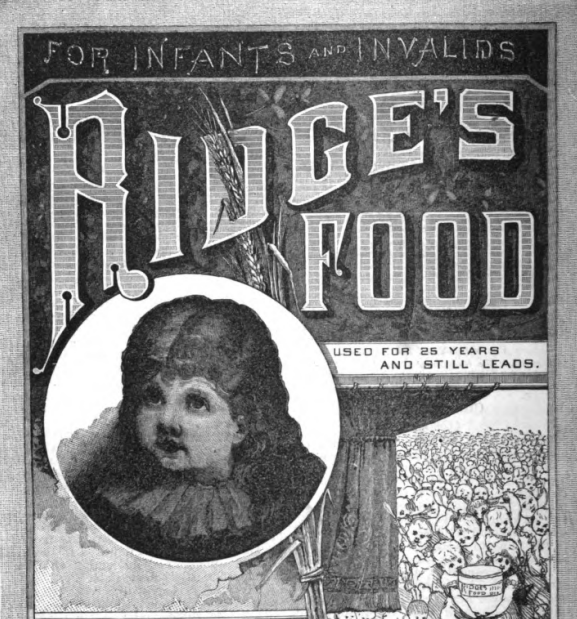
No. 10. DIAMOND. (To "Rochelle.") 1. A letter; 2. Twice; 3. Flat pieces of pastry; 4. The flat roof of a house; 5. Judges who take bribes for giving judgment (Soc. Law.); 6. Imitations of musical sounds; 7. Appointed; 8. Thought utterly unworthy of one; 9. Offended through oversight; 10. Heavy; 11. A letter. BROOKLYN, N. Y. MOOSHINE.

No. 11. TRIPLE-LETTER ENIGMA. In "pleasant days of yore," When we were young together, In love's "sunnet time," In fair unclouded weather; In "airy thistle down" As light as any feather, A slender flowering plant, With delicate white sweet Is first, and its beauty rare Is for any garland meet. The next is termed a fruit, and abundantly it grows In the fall of the year when the frost Has whitened the cold, damp ground. From various fruits and plants E is alike produced; 'Tis useful for many things, This little trifling word. The whole is a kind of bird, 'Tis from the first next obtained; 'Tis used on the table, 'Tis heard And its value is oft profounded. BROOKLYN, N. Y. VIOLA.

No. 12. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2. A genus of ruminant quadrupeds; 3. A river of Abyssinia; 4. A kind of light French wine; 5. Exchanging; 6. A plant of the genus macra; 7. Cruciferous plant of the genus caille; 8. A blind for horses; 9. Gall; 10. To locate; 11. A letter. EAST BOSTON, Mass. BOSTON BOY.

ANSWERS, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list and plans, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY six months. For the best two complete lists, three months each. Prizes for Single Solutions: For first correct answer to Nos. 4, 5, 10, or 11, 20 cents in stamps. CHAT.

As the time approaches for the semi-annual meeting of the E. P. L. members begin to think of the approaching election officers, and no doubt many of you like to see elected. As we do not wish to be out of fashion when one that will please me. Here is, for President, Jas. B. MCGEE "Mack," Washington, D. C.; 1st Vice, Geo. B. HAYWOOD, "Bols," Rutherford, N. J.; 2d Vice, J. W. LUTHER, "Pepper," Milwaukee, Wis.; Rec. Sec., G. S. BOBERT, "Myself," Bayonne, N. J.; Cor. Sec., CHARLES H. WHART, "Marion," Buffalo, N. Y.; Treasurer, HEAVY E. EYRE, "C. Simon East," Newark, N. J.; Official Editor, HARRY C. VAN NEST, "Mand Lynn," Baltimore, Md. We make four claims for this chat. First, every puzzle named is well qualified to fill the office for which we designate him; second, it is sufficiently scattered to disarm any claim of sectionalism; third, it is sufficiently centralized to insure the probable attendance at conventions of all except the 2d Vice; fourth, if there are discordant elements in our league—and we hope there are none—this ticket ought to harmonize them. "Let us have peace." ROSWELL.



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A DOG WITH A CONSCIENCE. STORIES of sagacious dogs are plentiful enough, but they always form pleasant reading, chiefly because they are true. Here is a dog with a conscience, says THE HOUR. He is a Skye terrier. The owner had a dish of mutton cutlets for his lunch. When the repast was finished there was one cutlet left on the dish. The gentleman was reading the newspaper, and appeared to be taking no notice. The dog saw the cutlet, and his mouth began to water. Then he smelt it. It was very nice. Doggy resolution could stand it no longer. The terrier seized the cutlet, and bolted under the sofa. The master took no notice. The terrier paused for a moment, expecting to receive a kick or a torrent of abuse. Nothing of the kind. The master took no notice. Somehow all the flavor of that cutlet seemed to have departed. The conscience-stricken terrier refused to touch it. He looked pitifully around for a time. How could he offend, good a master? He would not. He simply picked up the cutlet, laid it at his master's feet, hung his head in shame, and slunk away, with his whole body expressing the sentiment of shame as plainly as anything this world has ever seen. The master did not beat that dog, but gave the cutlet to him.

A HERO'S LIFE IS NOT AN EASY ONE. "I SEE you have become quite a hero, pard," remarked tramp No. 1. "Saved a train, given a free ride to the other end of the road and a big purse by the passengers."

"You're right there," answered tramp No. 2, complacently. "What was the particulars?" "Well, you see, the express was nearly due and I had no flag, so I tore the sleeve off my red shirt, and tied it on a pole and waved it like mad just as the train came thundering around the curve, and the engineer he seen me and downed the brakes and reversed the engine and got her stopped just ten feet from the broken rail."

"First class." "Then they took me aboard, fixed up the track and gave me a free ride to where I wanted to go, and a lot of money besides." "Bully!" "Good enough; but I wouldn't do it again."

A GREAT BUSINESS PRINCIPLE. "JOHN," said a grocer to his new clerk, "to succeed in the retail grocery line, it is necessary to practice a reasonable amount of economy. 'Willful waste makes woeful want' is a truism you should always bear in mind." "Now, I was surprised," the grocer went on, "when you picked the flies out of the sugar barrel this morning, that you didn't brush their legs off. Don't let it happen again, JOHN."

HOW BENNETT LOST HIS EQUIPOISE. "I DON'T remember that ever I saw young Jim Bennett started out of habitual self-possession but once," said an old Herald man, "and then it was by Mrs. Stanton. The paper had that morning reported a woman suffrage convention, and in so doing characterized Mrs. Stanton as a 'thieving advocate' of the movement. Bennett had just returned from one of his long stays in Europe, and had started in to stir up and reorganize the staff, according to his dreaded custom. Mrs. Stanton had come in. He went out word for her to enter. Perhaps he meant to give, for the benefit of his editors, an exposition of how to crush a sanctum bore. But Mrs. Stanton's port quite overcame him, and when she impressively inquired why the Herald had called her a thief, he was the shattered one of the two. I don't know what vengeance she would have wrought had she not in two years' time. Do not say that a typographical error had been made. It was a 'thriving' advocate, not 'thieving,' that the reporter had written her down."

EXCHANGES. We cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange. Exchanges must be made as early as possible and few in number. We cannot insert all that come in if one party sends them often than another sends few. Do not send a large number of exchange of worthless articles, or those that should properly appear in the advertising columns. A. J. Healy, Greenwch, D. Tobacco tags for the same. Geo. B. Logan, 858 Marlborough St., Phila., Pa. A large font of typewriter type, for the first three numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Vol. I. A. R. D. Dunly, 168 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A volume of the Food's Company, and two books by Alger, for a pair of roller skates, all-lamp preferred. Oliver Wadsworth, 181 Wharton St., Pittsburg, S. C. A magic lantern with 15 views, and a pair of roller skates, for a printing press, (base not less than 3x3x1-2), and type. Geo. T. Gilchrist, 110 Exchange St., New York. A press and complete outfit, comprising everything a printer uses, for a youth's chest of first-class books. Write for list. Also, Vol. 11 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for Y. V. of Golden Days. W. B. Baker, Jr., 1416 So. 17th St., Pa. 25 foreign stamps, including Mexico, India, and Jamaica, for the last edition of Scott's or Durbin's Stamp Catalogue. Also two Australian newspapers, one Mexican, two French, one English and several Canadian, for the best offer of stamps. C. F. Rogers, Gouverneur, N. Y. A solid silver hunting case watch, patent lever, full jeweled, in first-class order, cost \$25.00, for a good row boat. Also, a fifty year old watch, and a gold watch. A press and silver trimmed, for a good accident or other musical instrument. Ben. H. Wilder, Randallia, Iowa. Photographic outfit, will take plates 4 in. by 5 in. vertically or horizontally, for a 4 in. rubber tire steel spoke bicycle. Also, "Trappers and Hunters of North America," for "The Gold Hunters in Australia," or for Nos. 1 and 9. Pa. An upright steam engine, battlereed and shuttlecock. The North Pole, "Andrew's fairy tales," "Hunting Quarters in the West," and the "Art of Second Sight," by Harmon, the lot valued at \$6.25, for a pair of vineyard mucke plated skates, all clamp, size 8, and a mucke plated oar.