THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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UNDER FIRE;

OR,

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRED was affected keenly by the spirit Nellie had shown concerning him. That she had no faith in him, or cared nothing for his downfall seemed evident, while the thought that she had gone over to De Vere and joined with him in his utterances galled our hero sorely.

Then, too, the fact that Matthew and Nellie had been so much together during the last few weeks, stirred Fred's jealousy and indignation, as will be seen in the following letter:

MAPLETON, Nov. 26th.

MISS NELLIE DUTTON: I understand there is a report circulated in the school that I am guilty of dishonesty, and that you seem quite ready to accept it. I am not surprised that gossips should tell such a story, but I did not expect you to be one of the first to put faith in it and condemn me. You have known me intimately since we were little children, and, I am sure, can have no true reason for believing this wicked slander. Gracie Bernard stood by me, I hear, while you did not, but I suppose you are no longer my friend, since you find so much pleasure in the society of such a fellow as Matthew De Vere, who is, as you know, my enemy. You probably got your idea of my conduct from him, as I understand he was very much elated over my misfortune. This matter will all be shown up in time, and when it is I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you regret your present intimacy with one who has no honor, and perhaps you may then be sorry for the treatment you are now showing me. Since that wretched night when I was led to your house by a certain person, you have turned against me and avoided me. Had you not done so I could have explained to you in confidence what I have preferred to keep secret, as I think for a good purpose. But since you judge me so hastily and seem so happy in the presence of De Vere I will not trouble you with my side of the story.

FRED WORTHINGTON.

During the day Mr. Farrington gave a great deal of careful thought to the mystery that now enveloped his young friend, and in the morning called upon Mr. Rexford to see if he could learn anything that would be to Fred's advantage. After chatting a while with the merchant, he said, as if he were entirely ignorant of what had taken place:

"Where is Fred?"

"He is not here."

"Out delivering goods?"

"No; he is through here. I discharged him."

"Discharged!" returned Mr. Farrington, with seeming surprise.

"Yes; I didn't want him any longer."

"I thought he was an excellent clerk."

"Yes, he was, in some respects; but I suspected him of dishonesty, and so let him go."

In the conversation that followed, the trader confirmed the statements of Fred in every particular. It was a good bit of tact on the part of Mr. Farrington to draw Rexford out as he did, for it not only proved that Fred had told the truth, but the merchant's manner gave him some ideas which he thought would prove valuable in solving the money mystery.

When Fred called at the mill to see Mr. Farrington at the time appointed, the latter greeted him cheerfully.

"Good morning, my boy; I see you are on time," looking at his handsome gold watch.

"Yes, I believe so; I always intend to keep my appointments."

"That is in your favor."

"Thank you, Mr. Farrington. I hope it is. But have you seen Mr. Rexford?"

"Yes, I just came from there."

"Did you learn anything new?" asked Fred with breathless interest.

"No; not exactly new."

"I suppose you went over the matter with Mr. Rexford?"

"Yes. He told the story practically as you gave it, but during our conversation I gathered a few points that may be of service to us."

"What is your theory, Mr. Farrington?"

"As it is little more than a suspicion at best, I think it would be wiser to keep it to myself at present."

"But if I knew it, couldn't I help it."

"No, I think not, and it might even make matters worse. The only way to work up this affair is to do it quietly, for if it be found out what is going on, perhaps we shall never be able to locate the money. Besides it wouldn't do for it to get out that I am working up your case."

"But I would say nothing about it," put in Fred, whose curiosity and interest were both excited as he thought perhaps Mr. Farrington had the secret that would free him from suspicion and prove his honesty.

"I don't doubt that in the least; but for good reasons of my own I will say nothing of this theory until I test it thoroughly, though it may take a long time. If it should prove to be the true solution of the money mystery, I will then tell you all about it, and also what led me to form this opinion."

Fred colored a little at this, for he had grown somewhat sensitive now, and said earnestly:

"I hope, Mr. Farrington, you too don't suspect me. It almost seems——"

"Oh, no, my boy," interrupted his good friend, "don't worry about that. My suspicions run in a totally different direction."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, for I didn't know but Mr. Rexford had convinced you that I took the bill."

"No, indeed; I believe you are innocent, and I shall do all I can to aid you."

"You are very kind to me, and I thank you sincerely."

"I am glad to help you, Fred. It is my duty to do all the good I can."

"And you are always helping some one," replied Fred gratefully. "Now I can do nothing to clear up this mystery, I would like to get to work. Can you give me anything to do?" he continued.

"Yes; I have arranged a place for you temporarily down stairs on the 'flockers.' You said yesterday that you would like factory work better than nothing. This, however, is about the meanest job in the whole mill, but it is the only thing that I could possibly give you, though I don't like to see you at such work."

"All right; I guess I can stand it for a while," returned Fred, gratefully.

"Then you may try it and see how you get along. I will advance you as soon as there is a vacancy—if I find that you deserve it," he added with a sly wink.

"Very well; I shall try to satisfy you. When shall I commence?"

"You may come in to-morrow morning at the regular hour—six o'clock. I will discharge Tim Short to-night."

"Oh, you are not going to send him away simply to give me a place, are you?" inquired Fred with evident regret.

"No; I should never discharge one for such a cause, though I wished the place for my own brother. I have been looking for several days, trying to find a boy, as I had made up my mind to get rid of Tim, who isn't faithful in his work, and besides is always making trouble."

"I am sorry to have him discharged; I would rather go without work myself than to feel I have his place. His parents will be obliged to support him, and they are very poor."

"I like to hear you talk that way, for it shows that you have a kind heart. I, too, am sorry for them, but it will not do to let sympathy interfere with the successful management of business. Such a course would not be just to my employers, for I am convinced that Tim causes more mischief than a little, every day."

"Then if you are bound to discharge him any way, there would be nothing wrong in my taking the place, would there?"

"Certainly not. Some one else will have it if you don't."

Mr. Farrington's assurance that there would be nothing dishonorable in the proposed course, seemed to satisfy Fred's compunctions to some extent; still as he entered the mill next morning at the call of the shrill whistle, long before daylight, he could not help feeling a little guilty. He felt also that he was entering upon a new course, and one, too, that seemed anything but pleasing. An utter change had taken place in his life. He was now only a common-factory hand, and was about to begin work as such.

The "flockers" were located under the stairs, down in the basement of the mill, in a dark and dingy corner. When Fred arrived there, he saw, standing beside one of the machines, a medium sized man with small gray eyes, that were shaded with immense bushy brows nearly an inch in length. His features were dull and expressionless, and over the lower portion of his wrinkled face a scraggly, mud-colored beard seemed struggling for existence. His clothing appeared to indicate a penurious, grasping nature.

A single look at this uncouth specimen was sufficient to make our young friend shudder at the thought of being under his control; however, he walked straight up to him, and said:

"Is this Mr. Hanks?"

"That's my name—Christopher Hanks. Be you the new boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's yer name?"

"My name is Fred Worthington."

"Fred Worthington, d'ye say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I s'pose yer father's the cobbler?"

"He has a shoe shop, sir."

"Be you the chap I heerd them men speakin' of, as stole some money?" said Hanks, with a demoniacal grin, which revealed to Fred two upper front teeth that were exceedingly long, or rather seemed so from the fact that they alone kept guard of that portion of their owner's mouth. They had also been in the service so many years, or had been so poorly treated, that now they were unsteady in their places, and rattled together, and wavered back and forth in a ridiculous and repulsive manner.

"Perhaps they referred to me, sir," retorted Fred with dignity, "but they had no right to accuse me of stealing."

"Yis, yis; that's how such allers talks. But I guess thar a'n't nothin' here for yer to git yer hands onto, 'ceptin' work—I'll see't yer a'n't sufferin' fer that."

"Very well, sir; I came here to work."

"I s'pose ye're perty strong, a'n't yer?"

"I'm strong enough for a boy."

"Glad yer are, for yer can do the liftin' work an' help Carl there. He ain't good for much any way. Tim Short used ter shirk on him 'ceptin' when I knowed it, an'—— Hey! here she goes!" (as the machinery suddenly started) "Set this 'ere flocker again, Carl, and then show this feller how to run t'other. I'll start up the grinder, an' go up to the drier."

Accordingly Christopher Hanks departed, while Fred put on a gingham frock which his mother had made him as a working blouse, and, at the hands of Carl, received his first lesson.

CHAPTER XIV.

A "FLOCKER" is a large, clumsy-looking wooden machine, four or five feet in length, and just wide enough to take on the cloth, which at that mill was all made double width. It consists chiefly of heavy rollers so arranged that the cloth passes between them. There is a deep pit at the bottom of the machine, which will hold several bushels of "flocks," in addition to the bulk of a large web of cloth, from forty to fifty yards in length.

"Your name is Carl, I believe?" said Fred, by way of introducing himself.

"Yes, Carl, that's it."

"My name is Fred Worthington. I think we will get along well together."

"I hope so," returned Carl sincerely, and continued, "the first thing to do is to put the cloth into the machine and get it running."

Then showing how to do this he added:

"Now we start it up by switching this belt so" (moving the belt from the loose to the stationary pulley).

"What's the object in running cloth through here?" inquired Fred; for though

he had always lived in Mapleton, yet in truth his knowledge of a woolen factory was very limited, and in this respect he did not differ much from a majority of the villagers.

"It is to make it weigh more, and to give it a body, so it can be finished," replied the boy, while he turned a basketful of flocks upon the revolving rollers between which the beaver cloth was now swiftly passing.

"Why do you call that stuff 'flocks'?" inquired Fred. "It looks like the fine dust that we find at the bottom of our pants and coats, where it settles down against the hems."

"Well, that's just what it is."

"I thought everybody called that shoddy."

"I know they do, and I used to do so myself before I came here to work."

"But what are the 'flocks' made of?"

"Old rags."

"I thought shoddy was made from old rags?"

"They are both made from them. The best ones are put into shoddy, and the odds and ends into flocks."

"Well, if this stuff is flocks, how is shoddy made, and what does it look like?"

"It is something like wool. The rags are fed into a 'picker' up in the 'pick-room,' and come out all torn apart."

"What is it used for then?"

"It is mixed with a little coarse wool, and carded into rope-yarn, the same as wool, ready to be spun."

"The idea of weaving shoddy into cloth is new to me. It can't make very good cloth."

"Well, they only use it for the back of the cloth. Here, look at this piece! See; it is white on one side and brown on the other. The white side is the face, and is made from good wool. You see we are beating these flocks in on the back side."

"Yes, I see you are; and now as you've told me about shoddy, I'd like to know about flocks, for that's what I have got to handle I suppose."

"I guess you'll know all you want to about them before you've been here long. I'm 'bout dead from being in this dust so much. It fills a feller all up. See how thick it is now, and you're drawing it in with every breath."

By this time the other machine was ready for action, and Carl, finding that they were short of flocks, gave Fred a basket, and taking another himself both boys started to a fresh supply. They went up stairs, passed through the "gig-room," and across a long hall which opened into a little room by itself, where the rag grinders were humming away. This was their destination. Carl filled one of the baskets with flocks and the other with ground rags; then turning to Fred, said:

"You wanted to know about flocks and how they are made. This is the first machine they go through. You see that pile of rags and odds and ends. When they have been run through here, they will come out cut up fine like those I just put in your basket. Now we will go back and I will show you the next process they go through."

Each of the boys now shouldered his basket and returned down the stairs. There Carl turned his flocks upon the cloth that was rapidly being filled, and then emptied the contents of the other basket into a tub or tank, which was about five feet wide by fifteen long. It was full of thick, muddy-looking water which was rapidly going round the tank.

It struck Fred as a curious proceeding when he saw the fine-cut rags thrown into that place; it looked to him very much like throwing them away, and he was about to ask an explanation when Carl satisfied his curiosity by saying:

"This is the wet grinder. We put the rags in here, and run them in water about three hours until they are ground up as fine as can be, and look just like porridge."

"What do you do with the 'porridge?'"

"Do you see these little bags at this end of the tank? We bail it out into them and after the water strains out a little, we tie them up and load them on one of these cars and run them out to the 'extracter.'"

"What kind of a thing is an extracter?"

"It is something that shakes the water out. It has a big basket inside that goes around like lightning."

"I'd like to see it; where is it?"

"Come on into this next room; here 'tis!"

On entering the room Fred's eyes fairly stuck out with amazement. He had already seen more queer machines that morning than he had ever imagined had been made, but here was something that beat them all. It consisted of a large cast-iron cylender, about six feet in diameter, and four feet high. Inside was a wire basket which nearly filled up the vacant space. This sat on a pivot, and from the top of it extended upward a short shaft, the top of which was connected with a small pulley.

The tender of the machine had just put in two whole pieces of dough-like beaver cloth dripping wet from the washers and was now starting up the machine slowly.

Pretty soon it commenced to whirl around rather lively, then the speed increased as the power was let on until a buzz was heard, which quickly gave way to a singing, hissing sound; now followed a spark, then another and another in quick succession and the whole rim of the extracter seemed a perfect blaze.

Fred thought it was going to pieces and jumped backward for safety; but by the time he got where he supposed himself out of danger, the tender had shifted the belt to the loose pulley, and by applying the brake had stopped the whirl of the basket.

Carl laughed at Fred's timidity, and said:

"What were you frightened about? The extracter most always does that way, only it was a little worse this time because it probably wasn't loaded even. That's why the fire flew so. Just see how it took the water out of the cloth. That's the way it does to the flocks."

Fred felt of it and knowing that two minutes before it was sopping wet, now found it was only a little damp. The boys returned to the flockers and straightened out the cloth and got it running even; then Carl took a car-load of the extracted flocks up the dryer where they were spread thinly upon it.

The dryer is simply a frame upon which is nailed a large surface of wire sieving, directly under which are coils of hot steam pipes. On this dryer the flocks becomes baked dry, and are about as hard as dry mud.

"It seems to me that these rags have to go through different machines enough before they get ready for use. I wonder what the next step is?" said Fred.

"Only one more machine—that one where you saw me fill my basket with flocks. I suppose you noticed that it had a big hopper an top? Well, we just turn these dry lumps right in there, and let them grind out as fast as they will."

"Then I've been the rounds of our work, have I?" asked Fred.

"Yes, unless Mr. Hanks makes you lug the cloth down."

"Am I supposed to obey him?"

"Yes, he's our boss; and you will be lucky if you have no trouble with him."

"I shall try to have no trouble even if he is as disagreeable as he looks, but I will not be crowded too much."

"I wouldn't if I was strong like you," returned Carl, sadly.

"I thought Mr. Farrington had charge of this room," said Fred, after a pause.

"He does; though I believe he had a lot of trouble to keep those flockers a-going, it is such bad dirty work that no one would stay on them. So he made a trade with Mr. Hanks, and let him the job of making the flocks and putting them into the cloth, and agreed to furnish him two boys. don't know how much he gets out of it, but Jack Hickey that's scouring the wool there in the other corner says he is making money off from us every day; besides he shirks the work upon us, and we have it almost all to do."

Mr. Hanks—Christopher Hanks," said Fred to himself, with a curious drawl through his nose, "kind of a funny name."

CHAPTER XV.

THOUGH Matthew De Vere was much gratified at our young friend's misfortunes, and especially pleased at his own renewed friendship with Nellie Dutton, he was nevertheless far from happy. Time was going by rapidly—almost flying—and no money had been raised to meet his promise to Jacob Simmons. The three hundred dollars was constantly in his mind. Where and how could it be raised? The problem tormented him day and night, and he could see no solution to it. He did not dare speak to his father about raising the money, for the latter would then find out everything, and would be sure to punish him severely. Matthew did not look upon such an outcome with any degree of favor. He considered himself a young man, and did not propose to be treated with the rod.

On the other hand there stared him in the face Jacob Simmons's threat of exposure and arrest. The situation was desperate. The money must be got whether or no, and yet how could it be had? If he failed in this the boy he hated would be vindicated while he would be shown up and disgraced before all the village. Nellie would have nothing more to do with him—would not so much as look at him—and she would, he reasoned, again become friendly again to Fred, and then he would have no power to break it off as he had recently done. She would be lost to him, and his rival would reign in his stead.

"No, no! this shall not be!" he said angrily, and spurned the thought from him; but it as quickly returned. He tried to forget it, but could not. The pressure from Jacob Simmons forced it back upon his mind, and he was pained with and tormented him, till he was almost mad.

In this condition of mind he went to school next day, hoping that a pleasant greeting and a few smiles from Nellie would dissipate the vision that had so haunted him. Perhaps they would have done so, but he had not the pleasure of testing so desirable a remedy.

Nellie came late—after school had commenced.

"It is my luck that she should be late to-day," thought, "when she is always so punctual."

He often looked towards her seat, but could not catch her eye. She seemed unusually busy with her books.

Matthew did not know what to make of it. He looked at his watch—a handsome gold one that his father had given him as a birthday present. It wanted only fifteen minutes of recess time.

"I will see her then," thought Matthew.

The bell rang, and the scholars left their seats and passed out into the ante-room—all save those who wished to remain and study.

Matthew grew anxious as Nellie did not come out with the other girls. He waited and looked at his watch nervously.

Recess was half gone. He made an excuse to go to his seat on the pretense of getting something, but really to try and speak with Nellie. She was with the teacher, however, who was assisting her to work a difficult example.

Matthew returned to the ante-room angry. He could not bear disappointment gracefully.

"She avoids me for some cause," he said to himself, but could not guess what it could be. "Last night," he continued, "we were the best of friends. Something has happened. Can it be possible that Simmons has already told the secret? He threatened yesterday that he would unless I made a payment right away."

The thought made him wretched. He was unfit for study, and besides wanted to get out to learn if any such report had actually been circulated.

On the re-assembling of school he got dismissed for the day on the plea of feeling ill. He was ill—very ill indeed in his mind, beset as it was with fears, and troubled over the sudden change in Nellie's manner towards him.

On his way from school he met Tim Short. He was glad to see him, and yet shuddered for fear he would say it was all up with them.

"What brings you here at this time?" finally asked Matthew.

"I was going up to school to see you."

"What has happened that you want to see me?" queried Matthew, dreading the answer.

"I have been discharged."

"Is that all?" drawing a long breath of relief.

"Isn't that enough?" asked Tim, indignantly.

"It might be worse; but what were you discharged for?"

"Discharged to give Fred Worthington my place, I suppose," answered Tim with evident illfeeling towards Fred.

"Is it possible? And has he your place?"

"Yes, he went to work this morning."

"I only wish Worthington had come along that night as we expected, instead of Jacob Simmons. We would have fixed him so he wouldn't have stolen your place away from you."

"I wise we had."

"I think you have as much cause now as I have to set down on him."

"Yes, and more too," returned Tim, savagely.

"On his account we got in this trouble with Simmons, and are both liable to be exposed any day," said Matthew.

Tim turned pale. "I thought you promised to fix that," he replied.

"So I did, but I have not been able to raise the money. Now, something has got to be done at once. Let us go up to the pines and decide what it shall be."

Tim assented, and the two boys soon found themselves quite alone in the thick pine grove just out of the village.

The change Nellie Dutton showed towards Matthew was not caused, as he supposed, by any disclosure from Jacob Simmons, but by the letter she received from Fred in the morning before going to school. It made a deep impression upon her. She was impulsive like nearly all girls of her age, and did not stop to reason much about Fred's case, especially since Matthew urged his opinions upon her with such assurance. Her intimacy with Matthew was not from any great regard that she had for him, but because a nature like hers seems to demand some favorite, and when her intimacy with Fred ceased, for reasons with which the reader is already familiar, she accepted Matthew's attention with a little more than ordinary courtesy.

Now she saw she had judged Fred hastily, and the statement in his letter that she had not proved so good a friend as Gracie Bernard—touched her in a way that nothing else had ever done. She admitted the truth of his assertion, and felt truly sorry she had not been more loyal to him.

"I will never trust my present intimacy with one who has no honor," she mused. "He must have meant Matthew, and I wonder if he referred to him in saying 'when I was led to your house on that wretched night by a certain person.' This thought once having taken shape grew upon her. "He must have meant him," she argued, "and he would have explained all to me confidentially—explained to me what he prefers to keep secret from others. I wonder if he would do so now, though he says he will not trouble me with his side of the story?"

Nellie studied over Fred's letter, reading it again and again. "You know he is my enemy." Ah, see did not notice this before, but now it recalls the night of the party. "Yes, Fred, I do know it," she said to herself almost audibly, "but I had almost forgotten the spite he showed you."

This thought placed Matthew under suspicion, and went far towards helping Fred's cause, though he was now so thoroughly under a cloud. Fred's letter as a whole had an excellent effect. While it was independent, showing his resentment of her desertion, it was, as it seemed to her, honest and manly.

Nellie found herself repeating over this sentence, "Gracie Bernard stood by me while you did not." She could hardly drive it from her thoughts, but why it clung so to her she did not suspect. That evening she wrote an answer to Fred's letter, and sealed it ready to post in the morning.

The night was cloudy and dark. A cold November wind from the northeast swept over the little village—so icy and damp that none cared to venture out. There was no trade for the merchants, and they closed their stores early and hurried shivering to their homes. By ten o'clock not a light was anywhere to be seen. All had retired, and nearly all had entered into happy dreamland when they were suddenly awakened by the shrill cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" and soon the words were taken up by others and others and yet others till every person in the village was aroused and startled by the cry.

(To be continued.)

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

TWO HUGO STORIES.

A HITHERTO unpublished anecdote of Victor Hugo will at the present moment be of interest to many.

During the days of the poet's exile in Guernsey, an English lady, who had for some time been living with her family at St. Savior, near the centre of the island, missed her youngest son, an intelligent child about five years old. The boy, it afterward appeared, had strayed from his nurse, and, wandering aimlessly about, had grown weary, and had quite contentedly gone to sleep in the open air.

Victor Hugo, on one of his solitary rambles, found the child just awakening, and, recognizing him as the son of a lady whom he knew by sight, he hoisted him on to his back, and, greatly delighted, cantered with him across country to his own house.

A storm came on, and it was decided that the younger could not be sent back that night. A message, however, allayed the mother's anxieties, and next morning the boy was returned, together with profuse apologies, many thanks and a huge basket of flowers and fruit.

Upon being asked how he had enjoyed his unpremeditated visit, the child said:

"Very much indeed! Mr. Hugo played at lions with me all the evening. He was the lion—under the table. And, do you know, once when he came out of his den and growled, he pulled off the table cloth and broke ever so many glasses. It was such fun!"

It is not given to every one to have played at lions with the author of "Les Miserables."

Another anecdote—also unpublished—is equally eloquent of Hugo's love for children. Some months later the little daughter of the same English lady lay sick of scarlet fever. The poet heard of it; and, after bringing several offerings of grapes, he one day, although he was still a comparative stranger, begged as a great favor to be allowed to see the patient, who was by this time beginning to mend. He laughed at the idea of infection; and, upon being led to the sick room, he sat down on the bedside, and, gently taking one of the child's hands in his, was soon inventing for her benefit a most enchanting fairy tale. He came again on the next day, and on seven subsequent days, always with a new story, and always in the best of spirits. When the child was well he came no more; but each year since, on his birthday, he has sent to her—she now has children of her own—some little token of his kindly recollection of her.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"MOTHER, did you say I can't go to the rink tonight?"

"Yes, Mamie, I did."

"Why, mother?"

"Because you have been there every day three times for the last three days, and so much exertion will ruin your constitution."

"Why, I'm not a bit tired, mother."

"Well, if you are not, come and help me wash these dishes."

"Oh, pshaw! I'm that kind of tired, but not the skating-rink kind."

She helped wash the dishes all the same.

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

QUEEN of the tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry.
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing,
Under the summer sky.

I wish I could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air, by their magic, make
Ourselves as pure as they:
Then on the earth would be joy indeed,
A glorious washing day.

Along the path of a useful life
Will the heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And cautious how it can be swept away
As we busily wield the broom.

I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at, day by day,
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Head, you may think; heart, you may feel,
But, hand, you shall work alway."

[*This story began in No.* 125.]

FACING THE WORLD;

OR,

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WRECK OF THE NANTUCKET.

IT was still quite dark, but it was light enough to see that the ship had struck upon a reef. Straining their eyes the alarmed passengers could descry land. Indeed the reef was an outlying part of it.

All eyes were turned upon the captain, as Mr. Holdfast was now called.

"If I had had men enough to stand watch, this would not have happened," he said.

"Is there any hope, Mr. Holdfast?" asked Montgomery Clinton, clasping his hands in terror.

"Plenty of it," answered the mate, curtly, "but we must leave the ship."

Under his direction the remaining boat, for Captain Hill and his companions had only taken away one, was lowered. Steering clear of the reef they found themselves in a cove, bordered on three sides by land. By the light, now rapidly increasing, they saw grass and trees, and the sight gladdened them in spite of the grave peril that menaced them.

"Mr. Holdfast," said Clinton, anxiously, "won't you let me go back for my wardrobe. I can't get along without that, don't you know?"

"I don't think it's the fashion to wear clothes here, Mr. Clinton," said the mate, his eye twinkling. "You'll be sure to be in fashion."

"But that's horrid, you know. I assure you I don't care to imitate the natives."

"Provisions are of the first importance, Mr. Clinton," said Holdfast, seriously. "After that, we will save what we can."

They put on the boat as large a supply of stores as they dared, and then rowed a shore. Landing the passengers, Holdfast selected Jack and Harry, and went back to the ship for a further supply.

"We must lay in as much as we can, for we don't know how long we are to remain here," he said.

When the second trip had been made, it was decided to rest for a time, and eat breakfast.

The little group gathered on a bluff looking out to sea, and sitting down, ate heartily. By this time the sun had made its appearance, and it bade fair to be a pleasant day.

"Have you any idea where we are, Mr. Holdfast?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"I only know that we are on an island. There is no mainland near here," answered the commander.

"It seems to be a large one, then. While you were gone with the boys, I ascended a tree, and looking inland could not see the ocean in that direction."

"What tree did you climb?" asked Harry.

Mr. Stubbs pointed it out.

"There's another one higher and on higher ground. Mr. Clinton, won't you climb it, and see what you can discover?" asked Harry, mischievously.

"Really, Mr. Vane," answered Clinton, in great trepidation, "I couldn't think of it. I am quite sure I should tear my trousers, and they are the only ones I have here. I wish the captain would let me go to the ship and get the balance of my wardrobe."

"Do you think you could manage this boat alone, Mr. Clinton?" asked the mate.

"Good gracious, no. Perhaps Mr. Vane would go with me."

"I feel like exploring the island," said Harry, "who will go with me?"

Curious to see what kind of a new home they had, all set out. First, however, the professor asked:

"How long before the ship is likely to go to pieces, Mr. Holdfast?"

"Not under a day or two in this weather," was the answer. "Later in the day I will board her again."

They struck inland and walked for about two miles. They were trees and plants such as they had never seen before, and the songs of unknown birds floated out upon the air. It was certainly a delightful change from the contracted life they had been leading upon ship-board.

"Do you think the land is inhabited?" asked Harry.

"I know no more about it than you do, my lad," answered Holdfast.

"Suppose we should meet with a pack of savages armed with spears!" suggested Harry, with a side look at Clinton, who was walking by him.

"O good gracious, Mr. Holdfast! do you think we will?" asked that young gentleman nervously.

"We must do the best we can. I take it we are all brave, and would be willing to fight."

"Certainly," said Harry, "I can answer for Mr. Clinton and myself."

"Oh, but really now, I don't think I could fight with savages, you know," said Clinton, turning pale. "We'd better go back, don't you know?"

"You can go back, Mr. Clinton," said Mr. Stubbs. "As for me I am going forward."

"But I shouldn't dare to go back alone. They might surprise me, you know."

"I am quite sure you would surprise them, Mr. Clinton," said the professor, smiling.

"Do you think so, really?" said the dude, not understanding the significance of this remark.

"I am sure of it."

"Won't you go back with me, Mr. Vane?"

"No, Mr. Clinton; I am curious to explore our new home."

"I wish I was back in Brooklyn," sighed Clinton.

"I should rather be there myself," said Harry. "Yet if I were only sure of it, I should not mind staying here awhile."

"I wonder," said Mr. Stubbs, reflectively, "if any one were ever shipwrecked on this island before."

"I think it quite likely," said the mate. "It is, it seems, pretty large. If it were located within a convenient distance of New York, I should not be surprised if it were a favorite summer resort."

"I am afraid, Harry," said the professor, "that it will hardly pay to give one of our magical entertainments here."

"Unless the island should be inhabited," suggested Harry.

"Even in that case I doubt whether the entertainment would be within the comprehension of the dusky savages who might be found here."

"Think, Mr. Clinton," said Harry, "how the dusky maidens would admire you! I am not sure but they might fight among themselves for your favor."

The young man from Brooklyn didn't appear flattered by the suggestion.

"I admire the fair sex, I admit," he said, "but when it comes to copper-colored savages, I would rather be excused, don't you know? I was a great favorite with the young ladies of Brooklyn, and had no end of invitations to parties. If they could only see me now!" he concluded with a sigh.

After a considerable walk they reached a grove of trees, bearing a different leaf from any to which they were accustomed. They did not appear to produce fruit of any kind, but were comely and afforded a grateful shade. This was the more appreciated, because the sun had begun to make its heat felt, and a feeling of langnor diffused itself over all.

"I move we squat here awhile," said Mr. Stubbs, quaintly.

"Very well," said the mate. "We have all day before us, and I am afraid a great many to came, in which we may explore the island."

All threw themselves on the grass without ceremony, except Mr. Clinton, who carefully drew from his pocket a linen handkerchief, and spread it out to sit upon.

Harry smiled.

"You are more careful than the rest of us, Mr. Clinton," he said.

"I don't want to soil my trousers," said Clinton.

"Especially as you don't know when you can get another pair," suggested Stubbs.

"Really, my young friend, I am a little curious as to how we will all be looking a year hence, if we stay here as long. Ten to one we shall have to extemporize new garments of sail cloth."

"O Mr. Stubbs, don't mention such a horrid thing," said Clinton, with an expression of anguish.

"I think you would look rather picturesque, Mr. Clinton, in a sail cloth suit," said Harry, smiling mischievously.

All laughed except Clinton, to whom the subject was a very solemn one.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PREPARING A HOME.

THEY returned to the shore about noon, and sitting down on the bluff ate heartily of the stores they had brought with them from the ship. They had brought no water, but fortunately discovered a spring on their homeward walk, which promised a constant supply of refreshing drink.

"This seems like a picnic," said Harry, as they sat down on the grass with the food in the centre.

"I am afraid it will prove a larger picnic than we care for," remarked the professor.

"Speaking of picnics," said Mr. Clinton, "reminds me of this time last year. I was sojourning in the country. I went to a picnic with two beautiful creatures. 'Pon my word, they got actually jealous of each other. Each thought I liked the other best. I found it very embarrassing, don't you know?"

"I should think you would," said Harry, smiling. "How did it turn out?"

"There was a small lake in the picnic grounds, and they insisted on my taking them out in a row-boat."

"Of course you did."

"Certainly. I couldn't refuse, don't you know?"

"Did you row, or they?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Well, you see, they wanted to row, and I let them. After a while one of them asked me a very embarrassing question."

"What was it?"

"She asked, 'Suppose the boat was to upset, Mr. Clinton, which of us would you save, Sarah or me?' But she didn't catch me. I answered, 'I shouldn't know which to choose, and so I think I should save myself.'"

"How did that answer suit her?"

"She got mad—some girls are so unreasonable, don't you know? But then, if I had said I would save her, Sarah would have been mad."

All laughed at Mr. Clinton's reminiscence, but he sighed sadly as he thought of the happy past, and contrasted with it the unpromising present.

When dinner was over, if their informal meal can be dignified by the name, Mr. Holdfast said:

"I think we had better make another trip to the ship, and bring back what we can. We shall need a further supply of provisions, and there will be other things that will occur to us as likely to be needed."

"Won't you bring my wardrobe, Mr. Holdfast?" asked Clinton anxiously. "I want to put on my striped trousers."

"Your wardrobe can wait, Mr. Clinton," said Holdfast curtly. "There are plenty of things we need more than trousers."

"May I go with you, Mr. Holdfast?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered the mate; "I will take you and Jack, and Mr. Stubbs, too, may come if he will."

"I am quite at your commands, captain," said the Yankee.

"Then you don't want me?" said Professor Hemmenway good naturedly.

"You are rather stout, professor, and a little clumsy. Perhaps you will be kind enough to remain with Mr. Clinton and entertain him."

"He is more likely to entertain me," said the magician smiling.

"You are awfully kind, professor," said Clinton, who took the remark in a complimentary sense.

"Not at all," was the professor's smiling disclaimer.

Nothing suited Harry better than to make one of the expedition. He and Jack clambered up the ship's sides, and chased each other with boyish fun. Jack had no fear of a stern rebuke from Mr. Holdfast, who had a sympathy with the young. He would not have dared to take such liberties with Captain Hill.

How long do you think the ship will hold together, Mr. Holdfast?" asked Stubbs.

"For one week perhaps, unless the sea becomes rough, and dashes her against the reef with violence."

"At present she seems motionless."

"Yes, she is not at present recieving any damage. It will be a sad day when she goes to pieces," continued the mate, gravely.

"Yes, but it will hardly make our position worse. There is no chance of our making any use of her, I take it."

"You don't quite understand me," said Holdfast. "A sailor gets to feel an attachment for the craft he sails on, and she seems to him something like a living creature. This is my first voyage on the old Nantucket, but it will grieve me to see her disappear."

"You take a romantic view of it, captain. Never having been a sailor, I can't quite show your feelings. Still, I shall feel rather lonely when the old hulk collapses. It'll be breaking the last tie that connects us with home and friends, as it were."

It was not easy to decide of what the boat's load should consist. In the main, provisions were taken as an article of first necessity. Some clothing, also, was selected, and among the rest, at Harry's instance, an extra pair of Mr. Clinton's trousers.

Stubbs and Holdfast laughed when Harry came up from below with them hanging over his arm.

"There are other articles of more consequence," said the mate.

"Not to him, Mr. Holdfast," replied Harry. "He wants to be a dude even on a desert island," said Stubbs, shrugging his shoulders.

"I may take them, may I not, Mr. Holdfast?"

"Yes, if you like. They seem to be what he most cares for."

Great was the delight of Clinton when Harry stepped out of the boat with his beloved trousers in his hands.

"You are awfully kind, Mr. Vane," he said. "They are my nicest pair, too. I paid fifteen dollars for them."

"Very suitable to wear here, Mr. Clinton," remarked Mr. Stubbs. "It is a pity there are not more people to admire them."

"It's a satisfaction to be well dressed, even if you are alone," observed Clinton, gazing at his trousers with rapture.

"I never cared much for clothes," said Stubbs.

"I shouldn't think he did," said Clinton afterwards, in confidence to Harry. "Have you noticed how baggy and shapeless his trousers are? Really I think he must have employed Noah's tailor. They look as if they came out of the ark, don't you know?"

It was decided not to make another trip to the ship that day. Mr. Holdfast expressed the opinion that the Nantucket was not in any immediate danger of going to pieces, and there was other work in hand.

"Do you know anything about the climate here, Mr. Holdfast?" asked the professor.

"I don't think it is ever cold. It is too far south for that."

"I mean as to the chance of rain. I am told that in these tropical places, rain comes on very suddenly at times."

"I suspect this is the dry season, Professor."

"Still it may be wise to provide ourselves with some shelter."

"True; have you anything to suggest?"

"It occurred to me that we might procure some of the sails, and use as a roof covering, to shield us from the heat of the sun, and from any unexpected showers."

"A very good idea. I am glad you mentioned it. On the whole, I think I *will* make one more trip to the ship this afternoon for the special purpose of bringing back materials for a roof. Then we can put it up to-night."

"Better bring hatchets, if there are any on board, some nails and cordage."

"Also well thought of. You are a practical man, professor."

"We shall all have to think for the general benefit. I am sorry I can't do more work, but I never was handy with tools."

"I am," said Stubbs. "In fact, most Yankees are, and I am a Yankee. You can command my services, Mr. Holdfast, in any way that you see fit."

Mr. Holdfast made another trip to the vessel, and brought back quite an expanse of sailcloth. All hands, with the exception of Mr. Clinton, went to work at once, and by sunset a considerable space was roofed over, which the little company regarded with complacency.

"Aren't you going to have any sides or doors?" asked Clinton.

"That can be considered hereafter," said Holdfast. "I don't think we shall need any, since the probability is that the island is not inhabited."

The next morning a great surprise awaited them.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ARITHMETICAL NUT.

A STORY is told of a farmer in Schley, who rented some land last year to a colored man for a third of the crop. When the drought came on, his corn and cotton were affected by it. He gathered two bales of cotton and two wagon loads of corn. The latter he penned up for his own use, and the cotton was sold. When the landlord called for his share, he was told there was none for him. He was thunderstruck and asked:

"Didn't I rent you my land for a third of the crop?"

"Yes, boss," said the darkey, "but, you see dar was no third. Dar was only two bales of cotton and two loads of corn: all mine, and nuffin' for you by the contract."

And the landlord could not make Cuffee believe any other way. He left the premises, saying:

"No rascal can make me say dat two am three, nairy time."

A YOUNG DIPLOMATIST.

JOHNNY—"Pa, I wish you would give me a dollar."

Paternal—"A dollar! For what, my son?"

Johnny—"I want to get a present for a poor little boy that's in the same class with me at Sunday-school."

Paternal (much gratified)—"Well, that's very kind and thoughtful of you, Johnny," (getting out his pocketbook) "What are you going to get him?"

Johnny—"A jack-knife."

Paternal—"A dollar, you say?"

Johnny (who fears he detects a wavering on his father's part)—"I can get a knife for a quarter, plenty big for him—he isn't a very big fellow—and then, you see, I'll have enough left to get myself one of the boss seventy-five-centers!"

A BIT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

THE revision of the Old Testament has revived the hopes of some people who expect to have things smoothed for them all through this life. It was this interesting fact that induced Shuttle to attend church yesterday.

"How did you like the sermon?" inquired a friend as he passed out of the vestibule.

"Never was so disgusted in my life. Why, the man took 'Thou shalt not steal,' for his text."

"That's a good text."

"It's the same old text. I thought the new version would read, 'Thou shalt not compromise for twenty-five cents on the dollar.'"

A PERSISTENT LOVER.

THE following instance of persistency on the part of a rejected admirer has, perhaps, rarely been surpassed, says the Manchester *Times*. The disappointed suitor followed the young woman and his more fortunate rival into church—it was the church of Burwash, in Sussex—addressing the bride-elect from time to time in piteous tones: "Say 'no,' Martha; say 'no,' Martha;" and this he continued till the crucial question was put: "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" As soon as the fatal words, "I will," had passed the bride's lips instead of the "No" which he had fondly hoped for, he turned away and left the church.

TWITTING ON FACTS.

TWO men were quarreling. One of them threatened to shoot the other. The threatened man, in revival of an old piece of sarcasm, asked:

"Where do you bury all your dead?"

Just then, an excited man drew the satirist aside and said:

"My gracious! you ought not to talk that way!"

"Which way?"

"Asking that man where he buries his dead."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a physician."

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THEORY AND PRACTICE.

IN Germany, everybody, except the tailors, is laughing at a discovery about Prince Bismarck. He has been working hard for "protection to German industry," and all the while has bought his clothing in Vienna. Theorists are apt to be inconsistent. Horace Greeley wrote against eating hot biscuits, but ate them himself.

A BEE CARGO.

COMMERCE has its curiosities, as well as all other occupations. Recently a consignment of "bumble-bees" was sent to New Zealand. The clover in that island does not seed because there are no bees to fertilize the flowers. So the "bumble-bee" merchant may hope for a neat "spec." Now if they lack mosquitoes in New Zealand there is a fine chance for some New Jersey shipper.

DID HIS BEST.

Two schoolboys engaged in a foot race. One of them easily outran his competitor, and came in triumphantly. The other made his way to the goal some distance behind, panting and exhausted. When the cheering for the victor ceased, the vanquished lad cried out: "Well, I tried to beat, any way." That was a true and manly note. One need not be ashamed to be beaten sometimes, provided he does his best. Not to do one's best under all circumstances is a more real cause for chagrin.

RASH PROMISES.

How many people make promises hastily, and without reflection. At the thought of some profit to be made from it, they promise all sorts of impossible, or improbable, things. A man on a sinking vessel vowed to St. Christopher of Paris a wax taper as big as himself if he escaped. Now the statue of St. Christopher is of gigantic size. A fellow traveler, overhearing this rash promise, asked: "Do you know what you are saying? If you sold all your property you would not have money enough to pay for such a taper."

"Hush," said the promiser in a low voice, "St. Christopher may think I am in earnest; but really I will give him a penny candle." That is "about the size" of most of the rash and unthinking promises we hear.

WORK, NOT LUCK.

THERE is but one sure way of making a living. It is the old-fashioned one of working steadily at some one pursuit, being prudent in expenses, and being content with small earnings. To make a fortune at a jump is the dream of many foolish people. But not one in a million succeeds in this sort of enterprise.

A pathetic story appeared recently of a man out of work who entered the roller-skate contest at Madison Square Garden, in the hope of gaining fifty dollars. After a week of excessive exertion, he found that nothing was coming to him. Worn out and hopeless, he went to his home, stretched out on his bed, and died. Shoveling dirt or sawing wood is a better forlorn hope for a starving man than ventures which depend upon luck.

SAM WELLER'S GRAVE.

BOYS who have laughed over the humor of Sam Weller, in the "Pickwick Papers," will be interested to learn that he lies buried in Rainham churchyard, county Kent, England. That is to say, a wooden tomb is seen there, dated 1837, over the remains of Job Baldwin. Job was a servant to one of the two originals from which the character of Mr. Pickwick was drawn, and hence it is thought he was the original "Sam."

This Job used to boast of having the only name that could not be used to form a nickname. It will be recollected that Sam Weller complimented Job Trotter on this peculiarity of his name, and this is an argument for the identity of the two. Genial Sam Weller has done some good in his time by diverting his many friends in their despondent hours.

A GOOD RULE.

SIDNEY SMITH had a good rule for avoiding the blues. It is, as he expressed it, to "take short views of time." That is the same idea that is expressed in the Scriptures: "Take no heed of the morrow." Melancholy is very often caused by looking too far ahead. The prospect seems dismal; some evil is impending; hence we fall into the doleful dumps. Now if we banish thought of the evils of to-morrow, we may contrive to be happy till night. Getting on one day at a time is far easier than shouldering all the burdens of months to come.

This same rule is a good one to keep in mind when one is trying to reform a bad habit, or set out in some higher plane of living. "Can I not hold out till to-night?" is a question one may well ask himself when he is fretting lest his courage should fail him in the future.

HELPFUL GIRLS.

PEOPLE who board in good German families cannot fail to notice one thing. The girls are helpful to their mothers. As soon as they grow old enough to think for themselves, they seem anxious to relieve their mothers of all the care and labor possible. There are many American families of which the same may be said. Yet in how many others is it true that the girls are helpless, and expect to be "boosted" by their mothers through all the troubles of their young life till they bring up in the haven of marriage?

Now if there is anything to which a girl's ambition should be kindled, it is in being expert about managing a household. And how shall she better learn this important science than in taking every opportunity to share her mother's cares and relieve her of her burdens? Our young misses, too many of them, seem to think that if they look handsome, and dress tastily, it is all that is needful. Boys are expected to master the details of business and trades. Why should not girls aim to master the art of housekeeping?

A TRASH NOVEL HERO.

A MOST extraordinary thing was recently discovered in Paris. It is quite ahead of the dime novels, and it has the merit of not being fascinating. It appears that there was a gang of thieves who had a patent method of working. They lived in a village outside of Paris. They were highly respectable citizens there. They went to church, paid their taxes, supported schools, and were in all respects quite model people.

Their plan was to hire out in Paris families as servants. Of course, being so respectable, they got good places. As soon as they found out where the valuables were kept, they plundered the house, and ran away with their booty. Unluckily for him, but luckily for the cause of justice, the chief of the band, while attempting a robbery, found his mistress watching him. In order to escape detection he killed her and ran away. But the police were too much for him. They tracked him down, arrested him, and he confessed.

On reading this story one is led to reflect upon what is needed in order to be a dime novel hero. First, he must be a sneak. He must pretend to be what he is not. Next, he must be a traitor. He must deceive and rob those who are most friendly and generous to him. Third, he must make up his mind to be a murderer of innocent people. Now if any of our readers are in love with trash novels let them thoughtfully consider what sort of people they must be to imitate the heroes they admire.

AIMING HIGH.

WHEN young people are told that they ought to have high aims, they are sometimes puzzled to know what it means. This is natural enough. Here is a farmer's boy, who gets some schooling during a few months of the year, and has the "chores" to do besides. What does aiming high mean to him? If he has read history at all, he has learned that in battle the officers tell their men to aim low. This he understands. He knows that the object is to hit the enemy, and that to aim high is to fire the bullets over their heads. But he is told to aim high, and how shall he do it?

Big words are deceptive sometimes; that is, words with big meanings. "Aim high" makes a youngster's bosom throb, and yet, when he looks about, he hardly knows where to point his gun.

Now, really, what do these great philosophers mean when they advise youth to take high aims? Many gaping youngsters listen to them, and yet never get their guns up, so to speak, which is the first thing to do in taking aim. Let us not be thrown off the track. It is true that every American boy may become President of the United States. Not all of them, to be sure, but there are some ragged, barefooted urchins who are sure to become Presidents, or Senators, at least.

Aiming high is trying to be something better to-morrow than we are to-day. And by this we do not mean that a boy who is worth fifty cents to-day should strive to be worth a dollar to-morrow. What to aim at is this: to know more, to be master of something new, to be more able to help others. So aiming, a young man or woman is sure to rise.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Poet, Man of Letters, and Ex-Minister to the Court of St. James.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL may well be said to be one of the foremost men in the world. Until recently he represented at the court of Great Britain the majesty of one of the greatest countries in the world, and to all men he stands as probably the most worthy representative of the world of letters and culture in its completest form. He is a poet of rare genius, besides being a prose writer possessing the richest of styles; and, though not a politician, he has been deemed worthy to occupy one of the most important offices under the government.

The great fertility of his mind is due to his descent from a long line of cultivated ancestors, who have been men of public spirit, philanthropy, and talent. One of these, with keen foresight, foresaw that the wealth of New England was to come from its manufactures, and becoming a pioneer in that line, the city known as Lowell was named after him. Another, a prominent judge, was the author of that clause in the Bill of Rights which abolished slavery in Massachusetts. Still another left a will, said to have been written on the summit of the great pyramid in the Desert, bequeathing $250,000 to found what was named the Lowell Institute of Boston.

The poetic talent of the present Mr. Lowell was derived from his mother, who was passionately fond of ancient songs and ballads, while it was undoubtedly in a great measure fostered by the romantic surroundings in which his early years were passed.

In the spacious house of Elmwood, near Boston, the poet was born in 1819, and has, for the most part, lived since. In the early days, the grounds on which it stood were of the greatest rustic beauty, occupied by tall oaks, and thick copses, in which the songs of a thousand birds were the only sounds to break the silence. His parents were cultured people and drew around them a circle of friends consisting of some of the greatest minds of that place and time. And with their converse and the delightful contents of a well stocked and carefully selected library the poet in his youth regaled himself. Indeed, reading was his favorite occupation, and he does not hesitate to admit that his studies at school were too often neglected for the perusal of a novel or volume of poems. It is this great feasting on the productions of the world's greatest minds that has principally contributed to the poet's wonderful breadth of intellect.

But for all his confessions, he certainly studied hard under his early schoolmaster, a very learned man of that neighborhood, and also at Harvard College, from which Mr. Lowell graduated in 1838, in company with many who have since become prominent in the professions.

Just before his twenty-second birthday, he published his first book, a volume of poems entitled "A Year's Life," in which love was not the least frequent subject, and a certain nameless lady was not unfrequently referred to in terms of highest praise and devotion. In fact the poet was already in love, and a few years later was destined to be joined in matrimony with the subject of his early verse.

In 1843, there appeared a new magazine, *The Pioneer*, handsomely printed and illustrated, with "J. R. Lowell and Robert Carter, Editors and Proprietors." Three numbers only were issued before it succumbed, but those few numbers have probably never been surpassed as far as a grand array of contemporary talent is concerned, for the very foremost of the masters of our infant literature were contributors, among them being Hawthorne, Whittier, Poe, and the lady afterward known as Mrs. Browning, with many others of equal talent. But alas! the people were not yet educated up to this standard of things, and the *Pioneer* sank forever.

In a former sketch the motive of the Mexican war has been explained. This subject of slavery was being constantly, persistently and forcibly reviewed in New England with words of the most bitter denunciation by the foremost orators of the day.

It was not long before Lowell, too, came to the front, but in a way that made people stare, then wonder, and then smile.

In 1846, the Boston *Courier* published a letter signed "Ezekiel Biglow," accompanied by a poem from his son, deriding the efforts to recruit the army for Mexico. It began:

"Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn."

The Yankee dialect, the peculiar, quaint, common-sense style, the wit and the stinging sarcasm all combined to make a sensation, and command appreciation that never waned through the whole length of these communications, that fill many many pages as they stand now collected in book form.

Charles Sumner, on seeing the first of these poems from Mr. Lowell's pen, said: "This Yankee poet has the true spirit. He puts the case admirably. I wish, however, he could have used good English!" This descent from the studied periods of New England orators to the homely down-east dialect was at once a relief and a novelty, and attracted attention, while its sarcasm and its wit pricked sharply and its arguments struck home.

A little later one of this series just "tickled" everybody. A prominent Congressman refused to vote for the candidate of the party of the Anti-Slavery advocates. Whereupon young "Biglow" voices the indignation of his party in the famous poem beginning: "John P.–Robinson he–Sez he won't vote for Guvener B." This refrain became the popular catch of the day, and was in everyone's mouth. Throughout the Rebellion these letters continued to appear, and they gained for the author a wide reputation. Space will not permit an enumeration of the poet's numerous contributions to literature, which are many, varied, and of the highest types.

Mr. Lowell married, in 1844, Miss White, the subject of his early poems. She was a talented and lovely lady—lovely outwardly and inwardly. She died in a few years, as did the children of this union, but she passed away with the peace that is given only to the good. Their short married life was one of ideal domestic happiness. A memorial volume of this lady's poems, all of rare beauty, has been printed.

In 1854, Mr. Longfellow retired from the professorship of literature at Harvard College, and Mr. Lowell, who had long been recognized as one of the greatest lights of letters, was appointed to the chair. He went abroad and studied for three years, that he might more fully master the subject of his future work, and his lectures after his return were masterpieces.

In 1857, Mr. Lowell remarried. This, his second wife, was a lady fully worthy to be the consort of the learned and brilliant poet. Mr. Lowell soon after, started the *Atlantic Monthly*, which, happily, is as successful as the first venture was disastrous.

President Hayes appointed Mr. Lowell Minister to Spain, and then transferred him to the Court of St. James, at London. There he has left an impression deeper than any minister has ever made before, which the Queen herself has not hesitated to say. He was offered professorships and other high honorary positions, one of which he accepted. He brings with him the admiration of the nation to whom he has just bidden farewell. He bears with him, unhappily, the shadow caused by the recent death of his second wife.

Mr. Lowell exerts a wonderful fascination in conversation, which he embellishes with anecdote and wit of the highest order, and which flows in one unceasing overflow. It is impossible to resist this charming man and his captivating manners, and an hour at his table is an experience never to be forgotten. Just think. He has fascinated a nation!

What with his education, his manners, his genius and his talents, Mr. Lowell has been called "the most perfect gentleman in the world."

A UNIVERSAL CREED.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

MIND unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

AVOID temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

ALWAYS speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements.

NOTHING can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

PROCURE not friends in haste, and when thou hast a friend part not with him in haste.

OUR life is but the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.

THE injury of prodigality leads to this, that he who will not economize will have to agonize.

PROSPERITY and prudence are spelled differently, but they generally mean about the same thing.

WHERE pluck and perseverance go hand in hand prosperity is found within hailing distance.

KNOW then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

IT is not genius alone that corners success. Those whose successes are credited to genius are in reality the most indefatigable workers among men.

IT is hard for poverty to make and keep many friends, but there is one satisfaction—if the possession of true friends is possible, poverty realizes that possibility.

A MAN whose religion is available only upon great occasions is morally but a notch higher than the infidel, and certainly not any more to be depended upon.

THAT restless impatience which flies from place to place, dropping one occupation only to find another, can never win, and is as foolish as that idleness which will not work at all.

MY LITTLE MAN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I know a little hero, whose face is brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man.
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way;
It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor and sews for bread.
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said;
And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!
And he added: "'Cause I love her I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear
To the mother who has kept you in long and loving care;
Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little man.

PAUL RAMONA.

BY THOS S. COLLIER.

WHEN Paul Ramona's mother died, leaving him alone in the world, he was but eight years old; a bright, promising lad, with a voice that rippled over in music, and made the soul glad because of its existence. Paul's home was among the Pyrenees, in the strange little republic of Andorra, a nation whose existence is unknown to many people, and yet one of those strong and soul-filled communities that have retained the love and light of liberty in the world, when nearly all the races of mankind were divided into the two classes of masters and slaves.

A wild country, sturdy with great mountains, between which lie valleys rich with verdure: a country where the winds are musical, and the air has a balsamic strength and fragrance that is redolent of health, and these made Paul a hardy, fearless little fellow, and filled his heart with a love of melody, that grew to be a passion.

Of course he was too young to know the greatness of the loss that death had brought to him, and yet he knew that a change had come to his life, for the lowly cottage that had been his home was taken from him, and he missed the love and care that had been so lavishly bestowed.

A farmer in the neighboring valley, needing a boy to care for his sheep, took Paul, and as it was spring when the new life came, he was soon tending sheep far up on the heights that rose like giant steps heavenward. There the music that ruled his soul found free expression, and travelers in the valley would often stop and listen to the sweet and pathetic child-carol, that was wafted down to them from the distant heights.

Paul remained with this farmer until he was twelve, tending sheep on the hills during the summer, and doing such light work as he was capable of performing when the cold season brought his charges down to the protection of shed and fold. The winter, too, was his time of study, for then, two days each week, he attended the rude school, that was the sole channel of knowledge open to him.

He might have remained in that high valley of the Pyrenees all his life, had not an incident occurred that changed the current of his thought and ambition, opening a new world to each of these strong human motives.

The spring had passed, and summer was well advanced. There had been no rain for several weeks, and following the instructions of his employer, Paul had driven his sheep westward, to a section where springs were plentiful. Here he was caring for them with that thoroughness which had ever been a characteristic of his nature, and they were thriving nicely. He was anticipating a visit from his employer, and for this reason, kept his flocks well together, so that they might be inspected with but little trouble. Thus employed, he had given little heed to the rumors of a war that was raging to the westward, whose echoes drifted in among the heights, and made the shephards shake their heads with much show of wisdom. Why should he trouble himself with these things, when the sun shone, the birds sang, and there were grass and water for his sheep?

The sun was high in the heavens, and the sheep had gathered in the shade of a clump of great oaks that rose near the spring, one hot day in early August, when Paul saw a man stride hastily out from among the trees that rose like a wall to the Westward, and make for the oaks where his sheep were clustered.

Paul saw that the man walked with great effort, though making all the haste that he could, and wondered concerning the cause. He was not long in ignorance, for as he came up to him, the man said:

"I am badly hurt, boy, and must hide, for foes are after me. Can you tell me of a place?"

Paul saw that the man was pale and weary, and that his face was full of the evidence of pain, and his young heart went out in sympathy to him.

"Yes, I know of a place where none can find you; come."

And leading the way, he went back along the path the man had followed in his journey to the oaks.

"No, no, not there," cried the man, "for my foemen are coming by that way."

"They will not find you if you hasten," said Paul, and after giving the young face upturned to his a searching glance, the man strode after him.

"Lead on," he said, "but remember that my life is in your hands."

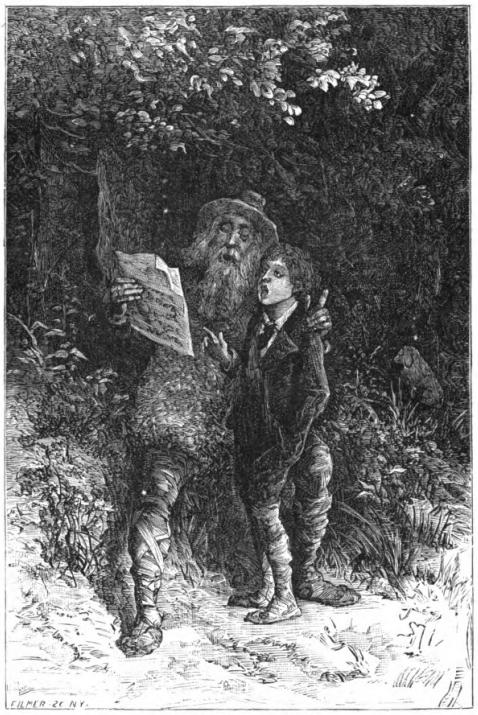
"There shall no harm come to it through me," answered Paul.

Then at quick pace he led the way to the forest. Reaching this, he kept along a path that wound to the west until reaching a gnarled and massive oak, when he turned abruptly to the north, and pushed his way through a close mass of underbrush. Seemingly no path threaded this maze, but Paul went forward as rapidly as though there was a well-beaten way, and his companion followed as quickly, showing a ready acquaintanceship with the ways of the wood, and a marvelous strength for one so badly hurt as his face showed. A little time brought them to a mass of stern and forbidding rocks, that rose rugged and abrupt through the foliage, and seemed to bar all further progress. Paul kept close to this, and in a little time came to a tree that rose directly alongside of the rock, its branches growing almost down to the earth, and forming easy steps upward.

Here Paul stopped and placed his ear to the ground, listening intently.

"No one is following," he said; "come," and he began climbing up through the branches of the tree.

The man followed, and in a little time saw Paul turn round the tree trunk and disappear. He, too, kept on, and found an opening shaded by leaves that Paul was holding back, so that his companion could step inside of a cave that gradually rose in height as it ran in among the fastnesses of the rock.



A PICTURESQUE PAIR THEY MADE.

When Paul dropped the leaves, a partial gloom hid all but a little space near the opening, and showed the security of the place to better advantage.

"A fine place," said the man. "Have you any food here?"

"Yes," said Paul, "and milk," and he produced them.

The man ate ravenously, and as he did so, talked on.

"What is the name of the nearest village?"

"Valdone.

"Ah, and my friend, the surgeon Zaldivar, resides there. Do you ever go to the village?"

"Yes, each day for food."

"Then will you carry a note to the surgeon for me?"

"Yes."

"Can you bring a bundle out here unobserved?"

"I think that I can, but now I must go to my sheep. You will find more food in the hole there should you need it, and I will be back as soon as I have put the sheep in fold."

"Thank you for your kindness, my boy, and I will rest while you are gone."

Paul went out from the cave, and descending the tree, ran swiftly back to the open country, and was soon with his sheep. He had been there but a few minutes when a party of men emerged from the forest at a point farther south than the man had used in breaking from its cover, and came on to where Paul was.

"Did you see a man pass this way lately, a stout, saucy looking fellow, who was hurt?" asked the person who seemed to be their leader.

"I saw a man come from the wood, a stout, tall man," answered Paul.

"Ah, and where is he now, or rather, which way went he?"

"When he saw me he returned to the wood."

"How long ago was it?"

"At about high noon."

"Less than an hour. Scatter, my men, and we will have the Carlist ere set of sun."

Paul was well enough acquainted with the war rumors to know that the name of Carlist was borne by men who were followers of one claiming to be the rightful king of Spain, and that the authorities were severe in their denunciation and punishment of these men, and those who aided them, but he would not swerve from his allegiance to the honor that protects one who has put faith in your word.

The men scattered through the forest, and he heard their shouts receding away as they sought their prey. Toward night they came back, straggling toward the oaks with that tired gait which betokens defeat.

When they came up to him, they stopped, and their leader said:

"We did not find the scoundrel, boy, but he will be caught at the frontier, and meet his deserts. These are fine sheep, boy; whose are they?"

Paul gave the name of his employer.

The man sneered.

"One of the Andorra tribe, eh? Well? I shall take some of his sheep, and give him a bill against the queen. Select twenty of the best," he said to his men, and though Paul begged that they would not, the man wrote the receipt for the sheep, and handed it to him.

"Give that to your master," he said, "and tell him that I wish him joy in his collection;" and he followed his men, who had obeyed his orders, and were driving the finest of Paul's flocks down the valley.

Paul watched them with a sinking heart, but knew that he could do nothing, though thoroughly aware that his employer would dismiss him, and that he would have no home. He knew that he could retain his sheep if he would betray his guest, but no thought of doing so came to him. He would suffer all his employer could do or say first.

Yet it was with a sad heart that he gathered his sheep together, and put them in the fold, for he had too little knowledge of the world not to dread it, and if his master discharged him, he knew that he would have to seek a new home.

He lingered, thinking of this, until he remembered that he was to go to Valdore for his guest. Then he hurried, and was soon in the cave, where he found his new friend sitting up waiting for him. His account of the afternoon's work was quickly given, and the man grasped his hand.

"Well done, my boy, and you shall not suffer while I can help you. Here is my note to the surgeon; and be careful that none see you deliver it."

"They shall not," said Paul.

Then the man gave him money to buy food, and Paul went out, keeping up the valley to a path that ran over the heights to the village lying four miles away.

He found the surgeon very willing to go to his friend's assistance, and he helped Paul by suggesting that they should leave the village by different routes, and he would meet him by the oaks, where he could tie his horse.

Paul reached the place of rendezvous first but soon saw the surgeon coming up the valley, and they went into the wood together.

It had been arranged that not even the surgeon should know the hiding place, so they found the Carlist awaiting them a little distance from the tree, seated on a fallen trunk that formed a couch.

Here the surgeon quickly examined and bound up his wound, and told him that though painful, and slow to heal, it was not dangerous, and that all the inconvenience he would suffer, would be the enforced stay in his present quarters, till it was thoroughly healed.

"I can stand that, if I have some music," said the man; "can you send me some?"

"Yes, the boy can stop for it, and the medicines I will get ready to-morrow."

"That will arrange things nicely."

"Do you need money?"

"Not at present. I may when I strike for the frontier."

"It will be ready for you."

"Thanks."

The surgeon departed guided by Paul, who then returned to the wounded Carlist, and as it was late, they sought the cave.

Paul's fate was decided even sooner than he had thought, for the next morning his employer appeared, and no explanation of the boy could lessen his rage when he found twenty of his best sheep gone, and in their place a bit of paper that he knew held only a distant value if any.

That he did not strike Paul was owing to a look that came to the boy's face, a look that showed a strength and courage, that even the rough farmer of the mountains recognized, and he simply said:

"Go, ingrate, and lose sheep for some other fool."

The man drove his flocks up the valley to where the path led over the hills to his own land, and in a little time was gone from the boy's sight.

When he had disappeared behind the butting cliff, round which the path wound, Paul sought the cave, and told what had happened.

"And so you are left alone in the world? Well, my boy, I will care for you, for I am able to, and your face pleases me. Can you sing?"

"A little."

"Let me hear you."

Paul sang one of the rude songs that he had learned in his native valley.

"Good," cried the man, "your voice is clear and sweet, and I will train it; we shall have plenty of time here."

And so it proved, for the man's wound was long in healing, and the lessons were never too long for Paul, who loved melody, even as the birds do.

Every day or two he would go to Valdore, and receive a package from the surgeon, a portion of one each week being music, principally songs, which his friend taught him, for Paul was a ready scholar, and learned quickly.

A picturesque pair they made, the man long-bearded and roughly clad, often with the sheep-skin that formed his bed wrapped about him, the boy with his face alight with the love of song, and back of them the forest with its gloom, their only audience, the birds and a dog that had followed Paul from the village, and would not be driven away. Thus they would remain for long hours, the man instructing an intelligent and willing pupil, and thus a month quickly passed, and another was nearly gone before it occurred to the man to ask Paul if he had ever explored the cave.

"No," answered the boy, "I have never been beyond the light."

"How came you to find it?"

"I followed a squirrel up the branches, for he seemed so tame, I thought I could catch him. He ran in among the bushes that hide the entrance, and in pushing them aside to seek for him, I found the cave and made it my sleeping place."

"A good find for us; but we might as well explore it. Can you get some pine-cones?"

"Yes."

"Do so, and we will see what can be found."

Paul sought the higher woods, and soon returned with the cones, and together they climbed up to the cave, and after lighting one each, they took a bundle to supply their needs, and went onward in their explorations.

They had advanced but a short distance, when Paul, who was in front, uttered a cry of alarm and ran back.

"What is it, my boy?" said the man.

"Bones that laugh," cried Paul.

"Do not fear them, come on," said the man, striding forward, his gleaming pine-cone held aloft.

In a moment he paused, for there before him, leaning against the wall of the cave, was a line of skeletons. Rotten rags hung from the shining bones, and rusty arms of a long vanished period lay around, mingled with fragments of armor, and often with perfect helms, and shields and breastplates.

Rotten boxes, and rusted caskets lay beside these, and from the former, there came the bright gleam of light that tells of gems.

"By my faith, boy, but we have found a treasure. This is evidently the remant of some marauding party, who, driven by pursuit, found both refuge and death here. Let the bones be, but gather the caskets and carry them to the mouth of the cave."

Paul did as he was told, his companion as-

sisting. When all had been conveyed to the light, the man examined them closely.

"As I thought," he said; "they are of Moorish, and of early Moorish origin. Boy, we have a fortune here, if we can get it across the frontier into France."

"I know a path that no guards frequent," said Paul. "When you are strong enough to walk, I will show it to you."

"That will be soon. In the meantime, say nothing about our finding the treasure. There may be more in the cave, but we have enough. Keep the secret, both of the cave and the treasure, for some day it may be of use to you."

A week after this, the surgeon told Pedro, Count La Salmonar, that he could leave his forest hiding place.

"Of course you know that Don Carlos has lost, and has fled to England," he said, "so that it is useless for you to remain here."

"I supposed as much."

"If you need money, I can supply it."

"Thank you, I need none; but I will send you some when we reach France."

"Does the boy go with you?"

"Yes; he has been too good a friend for me to leave him behind."

"Well, good-bye. If the good cause ever succeeds, I shall hope to see you in a different costume."

"You will, though this has been both warm and serviceable. Good-bye."

That night, Paul and the old Carlist chieftain began their journey eastward, and ere day had come were hidden close to the French frontier. The night following they crossed the boundary and could travel openly; they soon reached Toulouse, from whence they went to Paris.

Here Count La Samolnar disposed of the jewels and coin they had found in the Pyrenees, and placed Paul under the care of good teachers, himself adopting the boy, who had been so brave and faithful a friend.

Paul soon grew to be a good scholar, for he was bright and intelligent, but music was his passion. And in this he was abetted by his adopted father, who also loved this divine art, and fanned the youth's ambition.

And Paul has proved that he was worthy of this advantage, even as he had proved that he was worthy of trust. Thousands have listened to his voice, little thinking that he was once a shepherd boy among the Andorra mountains, and that his presence among them was the result of a heroism, such as but few are capable of.

WHY SHE APPLAUDED.

SEATED to the right of me at a place of amusement, says John C. Freund, in *Music and Drama*, was a lady whose interest was not aroused till a thin, disconsolate-looking girl made her appearance. Then she began to applaud furiously. As I could discern no possible occasion for such manifestations, I felt surprised; but as she kept up the manifestation all the evening, and seemed to have no assistance from any of the audience, I took a hand, as they say, and also began applauding the thin, disconsolate-looking girl. My good nature, however, bore, as good nature often does, bitter fruit. The lady turned and said:

"What are you applauding for?"

I stammered an insufficient answer.

"You don't think she does well, do you?" she continued.

"No, madam."

"She's awkward, and she can't sing," said she, contemptuously.

I had time to recover myself.

"Might I ask," I said, with conscious dignity, "why, madam, it such is the case, you are so enthusiastic?"

"She owes me nine dollars and thirty-five cents," said my neighbor, with scorn and asperity; "and if this here show don't succeed, I'll be that much out."

TOO BRIGHT BY FAR.

LITTLE GIRL—"Father, I wish you would correct my school composition."

Father—"Well, let me see. In the first place, in writing about a country town you say that some of the farmers have horses. Did you ever know a farmer who didn't have a horse?"

Little Girl—"Yes, Uncle Nathan. I heard you say the other day that there were only skeletons in his barn."

Father—Hush, my child! We will proceed with the subject in hand. You are not descriptive enough. Why don't you describe the country store?"

Little Girl—"What, do you mean that place where you got the letter last summer that you didn't want me to tell mother about?"

Father—"Run along, my little daughter. Your composition's very fine; you would spoil it if you added anything to it, and here's five cents to buy chewing gum. Perhaps that will give some diversion to your mouth."

ALL BUT.

"Now you tell me I have a fair memory, a great capacity for learning languages, a large bump of veneration, and a well-developed head generally?"

"You have," said the phrenologist.

"Is there anything," asked the man under examination, in the exuberance of his joy, "that my head needs to make it absolutely perfect?"

"Yes."

"What is it, pray?" asked the man.

"A shampoo."

HE WANTED TO CELEBRATE.

DURING the uncertainty in Illinois in regard to the Senatorial election, a member of the Senate remarked to another member of the same body:

"Suppose we get up a grand complimentary banquet to celebrate Logan's election."

"Yes; but suppose he slips up on the election?"

"Then let the complimentary banquet be in honor of his defeat. What I am after is the banquet."

ANECDOTES OF GLADSTONE.

A LITTLE book, recently published, compiled by "an Oxford man and a Hawardenite," contains many new anecdotes about the English Premier, mostly collected in the vicinity of Hawarden. Here are specimens:

About forty years ago several haulers were employed in carrying pig iron from Brymbo to Queensferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man, when going down Tinkersdale one day with his load of iron, was accosted by a stranger, who chatted very freely with him. Among other questions the stranger asked how much he got per ton for carrying the iron.

"Six and sixpence," said the carter.

"What weight have you on the cart?"

"About a ton and a half."

"And what do you pay for gates?"

"Eighteen pence."

"How much does it cost to keep the mare?"

"Thirteen shillings a week."

Presently they reached the foot of Mill Hill.

"How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I mun get me shuder, and push up here."

"I'll help you a bit," said he, and at once put his shoulder to the cart, and pushed up the hill well. When they reached the top the hauler said:

"You an' me's been as good as a chain horse."

"Well, well," said the stranger, "I don't know how the horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?"

"Yes, thank you," said the hauler, and, wishing him a good day, they separated.

As soon as the stranger was gone, a tradesman asked Griffiths if he knew who had been helping him.

"No," said he, "he's a perfect stranger to me."

"That was Gladstone," said the tradesman.

"Mr. Gladstone!" responded the hauler; "I dun know what he'll think o' me then, for I never sir'd him or nothin'. I thought he was some farmer."

Northrop, like most other important villages, has its carrier. This man visits Chester once or twice a week, and carries all manner of goods for the inhabitants of the districts through which he passes. On one occasion he brought a barrel of beer from Chester for a farmer living in Moor lane, the entrance to which is close to one of Mr. Gladstone's lodges. Arriving at this spot he stopped his horse and was wondering how he could manage to get the barrel lowered, as he was to leave it at the lodge, as the farmer had agreed to fetch it from there himself. At this moment up came Mr. Gladstone with his axe upon his shoulder.

"Hey, old company!" said he: "come and give us a hand with this barrel."

Without any hesitation the Premier assisted him to lower it to the ground.

"Now, old fellow," said the carrier, "if thou wilt come up into the village I'll pay for a pint of beer for thee."

"No, thank you. You are welcome to my assistance," said Mr. Gladstone, and walked away toward the castle, smiling.

A villager, who was standing a little way off, then came up to the carrier, and asked him if he knew who had been helping him.

"No," was the reply.

"Why," said the villager, "that was Mr. Gladstone!"

"What a fool I be!" said the carrier; "but he's a good old chap. He helped me, and thou knows he done it so willing like."

Mr. Gladstone on one occasion visited one of his tenants with a bundle of comic papers under his arm in which he and Mr. Disraeli were severely caricatured. Handing them to the tenant, he roguishly said:

"Here I am; what do you think of me and my friend?"

THE KNOWING TURTLE.

"The most sensible turtle I ever knowed," said the barkeeper, "was one I owned when I was a keepin' bar in Key West. He slept under the bar, and I called him Cap. He was a green turtle, and just about the size of the one you was telling about, colonel. We used to give free lunch nearly every day, and when we showed up for turtle soup the bar would be crowded with fellers, all sayin' it was splendid. About eight o'clock in the morning I'd say, 'Cap, it's soup day.' Cap would march out to the front door, lean against the sill and I'd hang a card around his neck, 'Free lunch to-day, green turtle soup.' Then my old nigger cook would boil up a lot of cheap tripe, sheep's pluck and chicken entrails, and at 12 o'clock there would be a smoking hot treat for the boys. During the mornin' folks would come along and read the card, and Cap would look so sad and patient-like, they'd look at him and like as not say: 'Poor fellow, it seems a shame to kill him, don t it?'

"After they passed Cap would turn around and look at me as if to say, 'These here fellers make me tired.' About 11 o'clock he'd watch his chance and slip in behind the bar, and him and me would have a sociable cocktail together."

IN A LITERAL SENSE.

"THOMAS, you have disobeyed your old grandfather."

"No I didn't, ma."

"Yes you did. Have you not been in swimming?"

"Yes, ma."

"Didn't I hear him say to you not to go in swimming?"

"Oh, he didn't tell us that; he only came out and said: 'Boys, I wouldn't go in swimming,' and I shouldn't think he would, an old rheumaticky man like him; but he didn't say nothin' about our going in swimming."

SUGGESTIVE INSCRIPTIONS.

Not long since Gus de Smith took a stroll through the graveyard. When he came out of the graveyard he looked very serious. Gilhooly meeting him asked what was the matter.

"Nothing, only I was thinking that the Austin husbands must light all the fires in the mornings."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I see so many of them are burned to death. I noticed on three or four tombstones: 'Peace to his ashes.'"

A BOY WITH A BULGE.

"No, my son," he replied, as he put on his hat, "you can't go to the circus."

"But why, father?"

"Well, in the first place I can't fool away my money on such things."

"Yes, but I have enough of my own."

"And in the next place it is a rough crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and no respectable person can countenance such things."

"But, fath——"

"That's enough, sir! You can't go! I want you to enjoy yourself, but you must seek some more respectable amusement."

An hour later a curious thing happened in the circus tent. A boy climbed to the top flight of seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished a glass of lemonade and was lighting a cigar. He had his plug hat on the back of his head, and seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. It was father and son. The father had gone straight to the grounds from dinner, and the boy had run away. They looked at each other for half a minute, and then the boy got in the first blow by whispering:

"Say, dad, if you won't lick me I won't tell ma you was here!"

The father nodded his head to the agreement, and the great spectacular parade in the ring began.

CUSPIDORIAS.

SHE had but recently arrived from the "owld country," and being sent out in front of the house to water a large bed of crimson petunias, the following conversation took place between herself and the youngest son and heir:

"I say, Bridget, what's the name of those red flowers?"

"Shure, now, I don't like to tell ye. 'Tisn't a nice name they have at all, dear; for 'twas up at the house that I heard your own mother herself calling them spitunias."

A PROPOSITION.

"How much do you ask for this music box?" asked Mrs. Wiggins, of a clerk in a music store.

"Four dollars, mam."

"Four dollars? Whew! That is awful steep."

"But, madam, it plays five tunes."

"Well, if I only let it play two tunes instead of five you ought to knock off three dollars, or you can take the three tunes out of the box."

DOUBLED UP.

"I CONGRATULATE you," said a Brooklyn benedict to a bachelor.

"Upon what?"

"Your marriage."

"Who said so?"

"Why, I heard you were doubled up recently."

"So I was; but a cucumber did it."

"Oh!"

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LEADERS.

BY FRANKLIN E. DUSTIN.

The Cid, expiring as the Moors drew near,
Directed that his officers should lead
His corpse to battle mounted on the steed
He rode through all the storm of his career.
They did. Wherever towered that chieftain dear,
For victory there was no other need.
The foe's proud front was broken like a reed,
And he was scattered in a gale of fear.
So, like Arthur of romantic Spain,
Though dead, the lofty ones of all the ages
Still lead as o'er the world's vast battle-plain,
Upon the faithful steeds of history's pages;
And, by their presence, rally and sustain,
Whilst the great war 'twixt Truth and Error rages.

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

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

By MARY A. DENISON.

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

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MIDNIGHT CONFESSION.

For a moment the professor stared at them blankly. Anguish and watching had made him haggard and old and gray.

"I beg your pardon," he said, absently, "for a minute I didn't know you."

"Mrs. Carl is no worse," said Earle. He feared that she was dead.

"No hope—no hope," said the professor in a weary voice.

"And they say he has lost every thing," Reviere whispered as they left the office.

"I think it is not so bad as that," was Earle's response.

"It is bad enough," said the other. "What little money he has was in the 'Mutual.' How is he going to provide for Miss Beth?"

"In any case there will be no trouble about that," said Earle. "I have always wanted her. She is the daughter of my regiment, and the man who marries her takes a part of my fortune as her dowry."

"She seems changed since that unfortunate day," said Reviere.

"Yes. Trial has brought out the finer elements of her character. I always felt as if sometime she might astonish us all. She is thoughtful now beyond her years, and anxious to pursue her studies. All her ambition now centers in the longing to make up to Louis Carl what he has expended upon her education—a laudable ambition. She will study now, and it will be for a purpose. I predict for her a brilliant career."

"Miss Clare—is she able to take care of herself?" asked Reviere in a subdued voice.

"Very likely," was the quiet response.

Earle had never spoken of Beth before as his heiress. It placed her in a new aspect. Reviere was no worshipper of wealth, but he liked the good things of this life.

A little indolent by nature, it suited him to be served. Hitherto he had thought of Beth as a pretty child, but the constant laudation of his reckless partner had made him think of her oftener than he otherwise would.

"By George!" said that prodigal, "if I thought my father would countenance it I'd marry her to-morrow, but the governor is rather particular about the pedigree, and so forth, you know. He's one of the F. F. V.'s himself—blue blood of old Virginia."

"She wouldn't have you if your blood ran indigo," said Reviere, turning on his heel. To tell the truth he was heartily sick of this scion of old Virginia, and studied at times how he could rid himself of his company and its attendant expenses.

Luckily Earle had cut the knot, and the rest was comparatively easy. Earle had made him satisfied with himself in his own masterful way—ashamed of himself, also.

Clare sat alone in the sick room. The nurse had gone down to take her tea, Beth was reading below stairs, Martha was bemoaning her losses to Honty, who was always ready to cry or laugh with her friends. The professor had gone out with an important message. He had wanted to send it, but Clare, seeing his weary eyes, had coaxed him to go out for the air, and to please her he had gone.

Madame Lucie had not moved for hours. Now and then the nurse poured some stimulant between her pale lips, but beyond swallowing it the woman gave no sign of life.

Clare never looked at her now. The trance was too much like death.

She sat in her aunt's great chair near the table between the windows, thinking gloomily.

There was a faint light, but even that was shaded. The girl scarcely moved. She was pondering over that unlooked-for visit of the afternoon—of what dread presence the morrow would bring—of the return of Lieutenant Arlington and its attendant terrors. But strangest of all she thought, was the news of Colonel Earle's marriage. Why had he not spoken to her about it? How had Mrs. Lake come in possession of the facts if he had not told her? What had led him to that confidence? The widow was very handsome, *petite* and brilliant. Colonel Earle had been her friend for a long time. Perhaps he had also offered himself to her. She recalled the woman's manner, her blushes, hesitation, confusion.

But had he not assured her that she was his first love? And how tr..ingly she had believed him!

Her lip curled suddenly; she felt chilled and discouraged. There was a stern look in her eyes—there was a reaching out of her heart, an inarticulate cry for help.

Her aunt was dying, her uncle was helpless and hopeless, so much so that she feared for his reason. Her parents were lying in lowly graves in a Virginian church-yard; her lover was coming home and she did not love him. She dreaded to see him, now; dreaded the sound of his voice, the sight of his bonny face—and the man she had turned to for love and consolation had been a husband and had not told her.

She was roused from this painful reverie by the return of her uncle.

"Any change?" he asked. She shook her head. The nurse came in.

"Is there anything to do?" he asked, "besides giving her stimulants?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Then go and take some rest. I shall stay with her to-night," he said.

The woman looked a little—at Clare.

"You will call me if I am needed?" she asked.

"Certainly I will." She left the room.

How still it was! Clare counted the black shadows, and wished her uncle would tell her to go.

"But then that would be selfish," she said to herself, and tried not to feel frightened at his presence, the chill of the room, the foreboding silence.

Faintly down stairs, away at the end of the hall, the old clock repeated the hours, ten eleven.

Weariness had almost overcome her, when she heard her uncle's voice. She started bolt upright. She saw dimly the great bed with its draperies put aside, the still white outlines of the figure upon it, her uncle kneeling near the head.

"Lucie!" he said, "my wife, my darling!"

"Does she know you, uncle?" whispered Clare. He started.

"Ah, you are here, child! I had forgotten. And it is midnight. I am selfish in my misery."

"I heard you speak to her."

"Yes, but she does not hear me. Lucie, my darling, I want to tell you before you go."

Was his mind wandering? Clare was assailed by a new fear.

"Shall I call the nurse?" she asked.

"No, not yet. There is just a chance, you see," and he smiled wanly, "that she may hear me, though apparently—she is unconscious."

"Shall I go, then?" she asked, rising.

"No, for the sake of pity, stay, child. Don't leave me alone. I don't care who hears, now; my pride is dead."

She sat down again, trembling from head to foot.

"Lucie," he said, gently, "I was willing once to open my whole heart to you, but you would not hear me. Perhaps you cannot hear me now,"—she did not move a finger or an eyelid—"but I will go on. Lucie, dear, you never knew it, but I had a little sister, once—the most beautiful thing. With all the ardor of my boyish nature, I worshipped her. Since then nothing in the world to me so fair as she. Every day I watched the unfolding of her beauty, till she was sixteen."

He sighed heavily. Clare listened, timid at sight of this strange scene—the nerveless figure, dark, dumb—the dark, the shadows, the slow coming of the midnight hour.

"It was then we feared we should lose her, my darling. Ah, you do not move—your cold fingers rest lifeless on mine. But you shall hear. It is my duty to tell you, poor darling. At sixteen, then, she was very delicate. A cough set in, and the medical men said she must go to a warmer climate. Ah, if they had sent me abroad with her! But no—I was pursuing my studies—my mother was a confirmed invalid—my father could not leave her.

"At this juncture came my uncle and aunt from the North. They were going to travel—they were willing, anxious to take Lily, and the child was wild to go. It was taking the light of my life from me—but what could I say? I saw her depart with many forebodings. Alas! you do not hear me, Lucie. There is no thrill of consciousness from your veins to mine. Pity me, Clare!"

He seemed for a moment to be weeping. The tears were slowly dropping down Clare's cheeks. The anguish in his voice penetrated her heart.

"Nevertheless, I must pursue my task," he continued. "I may never have another opportunity, and I shall clear my conscience. They were abroad a year, and every month brought us charming letters. The child was happy—wildly happy. Her innocent pen revelled in descriptions of the scenes, places, wonders she saw. Then there was an interregnum. We watched and waited. Meantime my mother died and was buried. My father became childish after his loss. I, not hearing from Lily, was nearly crazy. I could not work, sleep or eat. Finally we heard that my aunt had taken the fever in Rome—then that both she and her husband had succumbed to the deadly malaria—both had died, leaving my beautiful sister without protectors. Still we did not hear from Lily.

"I sent to the consul. I wrote to friends; the child was not to be found. Judge, dear, of my anguish! Duty pulled both ways. My father would scarcely let me out of his sight, my sister was lost—ah, lost indeed!

"She does not hear me," he moaned, and hid his face in the bed.

For a moment nothing could be heard but his sobs.

Clare had covered her face with her hands.

"At last I tore myself from my father's side, leaving him in good care.

"I traveled to the town in Italy from which her last letter was dated. Like a madman I searched up and down the country. Six months, aye, nine in all, I wandered to and fro, spending money like water.

"At last, in a little Italian village, at a miserable inn, I heard tidings that seared my brain as with a hot iron, changed my whole nature, hardened my heart, made me old before my time.

"My sister—my idol had fallen. How can I say it? Even now, when I am assured of your unconsciousness, my Lucie, it burns my throat and parches my tongue. There was a little babe—*her* child! it looked up at me with her beautiful, pleading eyes—it smiled in my face, her angelic smile—it held out its little hands as if it recognized in me a protector. Clad in the coarsest garments it was yet refined, and in bearing noble. What could I do? Lucie, what could I do? Do you blame me, dear, that I took the child to my heart, though discovering my sister had so shamed and wronged her whole family? I then and there vowed that never would I speak her name again, never acknowledge her as any kin to me. But the innocent child? What could I do?

"She does not hear me!" he added, bitterly. "She will die and never know that I tried to make reparation.

"I hired a nurse," he went on in a lower tone, "and brought the babe home with me, after making arrangements with two tried and trusted friends—old Adam and his wife. My poor father was beyond all earthly knowledge—nobody had my secret; I was resolved that nobody should. But I engineered badly, with a man's clumsiness. I thought I dared not break the vow I had registered, never to breathe my poor sister's name. I knew how you looked upon such things, and my haughty pride ministered to yours, though I suffered martyrdom.

"Lucie—do you hear me! Give me some sign! Press my hand ever so lightly—my God! she is cold!"

CHAPTER XXII.

HE sprang from his knees, looked wildly at Clare.

"Call the nurse," he cried. "I cannot stay. It would kill me!"

Clare flew to the door. Another moment and the nurse was there—not only she but Martha and Honty, who had been awakened by Clare's call.

Then the girl stood back. With clasped hands and strained eyeballs, she listened as the others moved to and fro by the direction of their trained superior.

"She is dead, and they are preparing to lay her out," she said to herself, and then a faintness came over her. She could scarcely hear or see, and she felt that it was merciful, for she could not bear much more. Slowly sinking into the old arm chair, she leaned her head against the back, and a sort of lethargy came over her senses from which she did not wish to be roused.

Presently, under the influence of a powerful stimulant, she felt her consciousness returning. The nurse stood near her, Honty was chafing her fingers.

Clare gave a long sigh. It seemed to her if they had let her alone it would have been more merciful.

"Dar, now, she comin' to, nicely. Nebber knowed her to go faint though her blessed ma often did. Come, honey, you's all tired out."

"Yes, get her into bed as soon as you can," whispered the nurse.

"Oh, how will poor Uncle Louis bear it?" half gasped Clare, leaning on Honty's arm, as they left the room.

"Nebber you min', honey—yo's got to go to bed or yo'll be sick too," said the woman.

"But, Honty—how—how does *she* look?"

"Look, honey—'pears to me she look like a corpse."

"It will kill poor Uncle Louis," sobbed Clare.

"What'll kill him chile?" asked Honty, pausing for a moment.

"Her death," said Clare, throwing herself on the side of the bed.

"Bless yo' heart, honey—she no dead!" said Honty. "'Twas de turnin' time, same's de tide turns. Ef dar wor signs, de doctor said, she gwine to live, ef not, she gwine to die. But dar *was* signs."

"What!" Clare's color came and went. She caught Honty by the rough black hand. "Is Aunt Lucie better?"

"Well, I do' no'; dats what de nuss say, she ought to know. She say de tarn wor for de better, an' she thinks de wuss is ober. She nebber had no hope befo'—I knows dat."

Clare clasped her hands in a sort of rapture. "Somebody ought to tell Uncle Louis!"

"Don' yo' worry 'bout him, honey; de news'll keep, 'sides he went out I har de front door shut to," said Honty, frightened at the wild joy in her eyes. "Yo's got to go to bed. I'm 'sponsible fer you, now."

"I'll go," said Clare, meekly.

Honty undressed her and left her, apparently asleep. The girl was tired enough to sleep soundly, but haunting dreams followed her. They were always of her Uncle Louis. Now he was in danger on the edge of some frightful precipice—now the fire followed him—anon he was in the grasp of some huge animal ravenous for his life.

Presently Clare sat up in bed, and reflected.

"I can't rest; it is impossible. Something tells me that Uncle Louis is in danger. I must go and find him. But then he went out, poor man! into the darkness of the midnight. Can he have come back?"

She listened. All was silent. Only the tick of her watch in its sheath at the head of the bed—only the faint beat of the family clock down stairs. It was very dark? Could it be near morning?

A great dread was pressing upon her brain, and would not let her sleep.

She lighted a candle to dispel the dreadful sense of isolation the dark always brought to her.

And still that haunting dread pressed heavily upon her.

"I must find Uncle Louis," she said after a while. "Some unseen influence impresses me—perhaps it is my mother."

Partly dressing herself, she took the candle and went down stairs. Nobody was in the parlor, the lounge in the hall was empty—Beth lay sleeping sweetly in her own room—and yet that dread thing followed her.

"He won't come home. He will walk till morning. Or maybe he will go to the river!" she shuddered. Surely she could not follow him there, and yet something said "save him!"

How could she save him?

Then came the thought of Earle. How quickly, if he had known, would he have come to her help? But there was no hope of that. Suddenly she thought of the music room. She would make one more effort to find him.

Through the dark hall, up the shadowed stair case, through the winding corridor, and there was the room. Not utterly in darkness. In the far distance, by the great organ, she saw the dim light of a taper.

Hurriedly she went forward.

There sat her uncle, his head bowed on one hand, in front of his beloved instrument, but the right hand lay lightly on the shining metal of a revolver. How still he was! For one moment Clare's heart almost ceased beating.

"Uncle Louis!" she said, softly; "Uncle Louis!"

He started, removed his hand as though the weapon burned him, lifted his head. In all her life Clare never forgot the expression in his eyes, as he turned to her. Madness burned in their depth.

"O!" she said with a great sigh, and caught the hand that had fallen at his side. "Did you think she had left us? did you think Aunt Lucie was dead?"

Her breath was so short—her voice so faint!

"Uncle Louis—what were you going to do?" for he still stared at her, unable to quite take in the meaning of her words.

"Aunt Lucie is better! you hear me, don't you, Uncle Louis? you frighten me looking at me so! The disease has turned, and the nurse says she will live."

He snatched her hand away.

"Come Reviere," he said or rather shouted, "we will sing the Jubilate!"

He lifted a spring. The great organ-bellows throbbed as if with life, and out into the dark went a clang and clash of music, loud enough almost to waken the dead.

"Oh, Uncle Louis! it will frighten her," sobbed Clare, and hung on to him.

Then of a sudden he ceased, the music ending with a terrible groan, for all the grand stops were out.

"What am I doing? he queried, with a puzzled air. "I did not know it was so late. My brain was on fire. Do you know I meant to end my wretched life? One moment more—how came you here, child?" he asked, looking round.

"To tell you that my aunt is better," said Clare, as calmly as she could.

"No! it cannot be possible—I saw her die."

"But, uncle, you are not yourself, or you would understand me," said Clare, trembling all over. "The fever has turned! Certain symptoms show that she will be better—that she will live. Do come down from the organ and take some rest, dear uncle. There is not cause for alarm now—you surely hear me say that Aunt Lucie is better!"

"Thank God!" he repeated the words twice. Then he closed the organ, and came down, and stood like one dazed by Clare's side.

"You will go and try to get some rest, uncle," she said.

"Indeed I will. I thought I had lost everything—home, wife, reputation. I could have borne all the rest, but not to lose her? Why, can it be possible—Lucie will live?"

"Yes, uncle, the nurse says so. The disease has turned."

"And you, poor child, have you been up all night?" he asked.

"Oh, no uncle—after you left the house I went to bed. But something, my dreams, partly, impressed me to try and find you."

"You have saved a life," he said, solemnly.

"And you will not—will not—" Clare's voice faltered.

"I will never lose hope and faith again, God helping me."

Then Clare cried like a baby, the hot tears raining down her cheeks, but very quietly, and after she had gone to bed again, she still sobbed and cried, till her pillow was wet with her tears, but it was for joy and not for sorrow. Surely the sadness and the trial and the darkness were gone that had made the house seem like a tomb—what other trials could come that would be so sore, be almost unbearable? As for Uncle Louis, if he had lost everything, as Honty had told her the day before, he had friends, health, courage, and was not yet an old man.

"God help him!" she said, fervently, "and forgive him, for surely he was not in his right mind this night."

(*To be continued.*)

THE RIGHT SORT.

BY R. H. CALLAHAN.

A THOUSAND cheers for the honest boy,
Unlearned in schemes of fame and wealth,
Whose steps are heralds of restless joy—
The restless joy of rugged health.
The clouds may shadow, some sunny day,
This picture gilt with morning light,
But honor on earth still finds a way
And room enough for a deed of right.

A thousand cheers for the man of might!
Who bravely strives when others fall,
Who marches on to the losing fight
When rights go down and wrongs prevail.
The man who bears the scorn and the frown,
And Censure's bitter blasting breath,
Receives, at last, a dear-bought crown,
A thousand cheers at the gates of death.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE AMAZON.

BY WALTER HAYDEN.

THE screw steamer Explorer, which ascended the Amazon in the summer of 1853, was hardly longer than she was broad. This proved quite an advantage, as, when we reached the upper waters of some of the tributaries, there were many sharp curves encountered, and more than once we would have found ourselves in a bad predicament had our boat been as long as they are generally made.

We kept in the Amazon until we had crossed Brazil and were on the borders of Ecuador. Here we turned to the south, and started up the Javary river, which had its source among a chain, or rather, spur of mountains in the eastern part of Peru. We pressed steadily up the rapidly narrowing stream, through a wild country, where every mile that we progressed was at the peril of knocking the bottom out of the propeller.

Although South America is pretty generally well known, yet there are some parts which are as little understood as the interior of Ethiopia. We saw any number of dusky-looking natives, who surveyed us with looks of wonder, for our little puffing steamer, doubtless, was the first one upon which they had ever gazed.

They seemed generally of a friendly disposition, although Captain Lupofski warned us against trusting them too far, and especially against putting ourselves in their power.

Finally we reached the end of our journey. The prow of the Explorer was run beneath the foam of a cascade thirty feet high, up which our captain deemed it hardly worth while to attempt to force the boat.

Our company numbered six—myself and Clarence Gilmore, who were midshipmen in the navy, and who had obtained leave of absence to accompany this expedition, the uncle of Gilmore being an intimate friend of the then Secretary of the Navy; together with three sailors, whom we took along to do the rowing, and a native Brazilian that we had picked up near the mouth of the Amazon, and who went by the sobriquet of Quirk.

Here we made fast to the bank, and prepared to spend a number of days, until we had gained a knowledge of the surrounding country, and our party had satisfied themselves it would pay to organize a trading expedition.

Above the cascade was deep clear water, the stream being rather narrow, but very favorable to navigation in a small vessel, so the next day a few of us decided to explore its course for a few miles. We carried our cutter on our shoulders above the falls, and then launched it in the deep waters.

Quirk took his seat in the prow; the three seamen grasping the oars, while Gilmore and I seated ourselves in the stern, where we could control the rudder, and have the best prospect of the shores as we journeyed along the river.

The sky remained clear, while our elevated situation gave a pleasant coolness to the atmosphere which it is impossible to describe. Several times we caught sight of some of the natives, who looked wonderingly at us, and one party, consisting of men and women, who were fishing along shore, scattered and fled in the greatest terror the moment we came in view.

"Isn't that a man yonder?" suddenly asked Gilmore, pointing some distance ahead to where a dark object could be seen along the shore.

"It's the trunk of a tree that's been shivered by lightning," replied one of the sailors, glancing over his shoulder.

This seaman, who was the only one deserving a passing notice, was a Marblehead whaler, named Gale, who was noted for his extraordinary skill in swimming. I have never seen his equal. Many a time had he plunged into the tropical sea, when it was swarming with sharks, and frolicked in the water, baffling these hyenas of the deep for the mere fun of the thing.

I verily believe that he could swim longer than he could walk upon the solid ground.

Gale paused only a moment in rowing, and then resumed the exercise, with that even, steady, and indifferent stroke, which shows the experienced oarsman.

It was a small matter, this doubt as to whether the object under inspection was a man or a stump. None of us would have been able to decide without a nearer approach, had it not been settled for us by resolving itself into a man, which was seen to spring forward a few steps, fire a bow, and then dash away with such speed that it almost instantly vanished.

"Is he shooting at us?" laughed Gilmore.

"No, for I saw the arrow take altogether a different direction." I replied.

"He has fired at some game, and hasn't the courage to take the consequences."

"It may fall into our hands."

In the meantime we were rapidly approaching the spot, and a few minutes later were opposite the very place where the timid hunter had stood when he sent his arrow on its doubtful errand.

Here, by common consent, the seamen ceased rowing, and the boat almost came to a rest against the current.

"Shall we go ashore and see what it means?" inquired Gilmore, turning toward me. I shook my head.

"It isn't worth while, and we don't know the risk we are running. Captain Lupofski——"

At this junction Quirk uttered a piercing screech, and springing to his feet, leaped overboard.

Turning my head at that instant, I saw an immense jaguar coming at full speed toward us. Knowing the character of this animal, Gilmore and I sat coolly in the stern.

Drawing my revolver, I pointed it at him and pulled the trigger, but there was no report and I recollected at the same instant that it was unloaded, while my comrade, from some reason or other, had failed to draw his weapon. The next instant, with a heavy thud, the jaguar landed in the boat, and each of us left it. We all struck out with a frenzied desperation, glancing back to see which of us was selected as his victim. That point was soon decided, for he headed straight toward me.

I swam as I never swam before, but it gained rapidly, and in a few moments was directly upon me. The water was deep, and as the only thing that I could do, I dived to escape him. When I came to the surface, I found Gale beside me.

"Never fear, cap., I'll attend to that creetur," he said, as he placed himself between me and the infuriated brute.

The words had scarcely escaped him when he griped the animal by the loose skin at the back of the neck, and both went under.

It was only for an instant, when the head of the sailor appeared, and he exclaimed, with a grim smile:

"I've got him, sure!"

He remained stationary in the water for some ten minutes, as though he were standing upon the hard bottom, during which we gathered around him, while Quirk quickly seized and towed the boat toward us.

As we clambered in, Gale followed us, and immediately after, the dead body of the jaguar floated to the surface. He had held it under the water until life was extinct.

We towed it back to the steamer with us, where it was skinned and stuffed, and presented to Captain Lupofski as a souvenir of our journey up the Amazon.

TEXAS STEERS.

THE Texas *Siftings* admits that when it comes to toughness, Texas beef is entitled to the blue ribbon. The average Texas landlord usually manages to secure the toughest beef in the market.

"Is there a carpet-beating establishment next door?" asked a newly arrived guest at an Austin hotel.

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Well, then you must have a blacksmith's shop in the cellar. Do you shoe horses in the cellar?"

"Why no, stranger, what makes you think so?"

"What's all that pounding as if there was a boiler factory in full blast, or some coopers were driving down the hoops on a wooden cistern?"

"O, that! Why that's the cook pounding the beefsteak for breakfast."

AN EXPERIMENTER.

A CITY-BRED young man, just out of college, hired out to a Vermont farmer to "brace up his constitution a little." Part of his daily duty was to feed the cattle. One day his employer noticed that he was reading an agricultural paper very intently, but thought nothing more of it until he saw the farmer making for the stalls where the calves were kept, with a large bucket of garden loam. "Hello, what's that for?" asked the farmer.

"Why," said the young man, "I read in the paper yesterday that calves ought to have a little ground feed daily, and I thought I'd try and see how it worked."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S SORROW.

"OUR preacher was sick last Sunday, and young Pendergrast, a college student here, preached for us," said Mrs. Partington, as she laid down her newspaper and took off her "specs." "It was a splendid sermon. He turned up his eyes and lifted his hands, and got off the most beautiful catastrophes I ever heard, and his closing perforation was just grand. And now he's gone and forged his pa's name after all he's done for him. I declare, it makes me sick to think of the decrepitude there is in this world!"

NOT AN ANGLOMANIAC.

MRS. GRINDHAM—"I hear, Mr. Growler, you have been making complaints about my house. I wish you to understand, sir, that it is conducted on the best English style."

Growler—"That's the trouble. I can't sleep on a pillow that is the Prince of Wales coat-of-arms."

Mrs. Grindham—"What do you mean, sir?"

Growler—"Why, they are made up of three feathers! Ha! ha! he, he, haw, haw!"

ROUGH ON CROCKERY.

"WHAT makes you look so down in the mouf?" asked Uncle Mose of Jim Webster.

"My wife done broke anudder plate dis mawning."

"Dat's nuffin. De plate can't cost yer more den a dime. Dat don't hurt much."

"Hit don't hurt! I reckon yer don't know dat hit's my head she busts de dishes on."

"Yes, dat's rough on de crockery."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

REPORTER—"How's the peach crop this year?"

Native—"Splendid; couldn't be better. You just moved here, I suppose?"

Reporter—"Oh, no; I represent a city paper and am seeking information in regard to the peach crop."

Native—"Well, it's mighty poor. If we get one peach to a tree we'll do well."

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 brief as possible 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 notices of exchanges of worthless articles, or those that should properly appear in the advertising columns.

Norvie De Wolfe, West Mill Grove, O. A stereoscope and 50 views, and a collection of fossils and Indian relics, for *Golden Days* previous to Vol. II., or for boxing gloves or books.

C. A. Kulas, care the Bradstreet Co., Dubuque, Iowa. The "World's Encyclopedia of Wonders and Curiosities" (920 pp) and "A Summer in Norway" (400 pp.), the whole worth $7, for a good watch or a font of script type.

C. S. Watson, 110 Brighton St., Boston, Mass. A self-inking "Giant" press, with type for a violin and bow, or any two previous volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. Anderson, Gouverneur, N. Y. A box of agents' stencils, cost $25, for a banjo or guitar.

Thos. Valentine, Jr., St. Mary's, Pa. A Waterbury watch, paper cutter, pair spurs, 500 blank cards (assorted colors), a number of good books, 500 songs with music and 1 bound book, for any Vol. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, *Harper's Young People* or *Golden Days* bound, or for any two Vols., unbound.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS AND PUZZLEDOM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. G. B., Miller, Ga. Thanks for your letter. You will meet your old friends again in about two months.

G. N. D., Port Jefferson. You omitted two requisites in your letter—the name of your State and the No. of the paper you referred to.

H. A. B., Roscoe, Ill. Light penetrates the water, in fine weather, to a depth of about 1,200 feet, though very, very faint at that point.

T. J. V., St. Mary's, Pa. 1. We give them for five new subscriptions. 2. He is a creation of the imagination. 3. We never heard of them.

W. R. N., Trenton, Ill. The largest nugget of gold ever found was probably the great Australian nugget called "Sarah Sands," which weighed 233 lbs. 4 oz., troy.

W. P. E., Wapello, Iowa. The custom of knightly tilts or tournaments went out of fashion when King Henry II. of France was killed while engaging in a tilt, in 1559.

L. G. S., Doniphan, Kans. Captain Marryat, born 1792, died 1848, was really an officer in the British Navy, becoming a post captain. Florence Marryat is his daughter.

M. J. S., Halifax, N. S. The Mohammedans have instituted the year of Mohammed's migration (*hegira*) from Mecca to Medina as their "year one." The date assigned to this event is Sept. 13, 622 A. D.

F. L. S., Parsons, Pa. The U. S. has an area of 440,000 square miles of coal fields. Last year one hundred million tons were mined. There is computed to be enough coal in a ring around the earth at the equator 5 1-2 feet wide and 5 1-2 feet deep.

R. S. S., Shannon, Ill. It is to be regretted that you have never been able to observe the waves of a mid-ocean storm, for it is indeed a grand sight. It is said that the waves seldom exceed thirty feet in height and five hundred feet in length. Their grandeur, however, is shown in the fact that they so often impress the spectator as being "mountains high."

H. F. D., Dixon, Cal. The people of no country excepting English-speaking countries are sufficiently fond of manly sport to have any established national games. America has base ball; England, cricket; Canada, lacrosse, and Australia, cricket. France has horse racing. Germany and Austria, gymnastic exercises, if anything, and Russia, no particular game.

M. J. S., Cassadaga, N. Y. The cattle ranch area in this country extends over more than a million square miles, or more than forty-three per cent. of the total area of the country. Some seven or eight million head of cattle graze east of the Rocky Mountains, valued at more than two hundred million dollars. It is a good business for a pushing boy, but you would not find it a comfortable one.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 135

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apart from all other communications. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 130.

No. 1.

BIRCHES
ITERATE
REVERTE
CREMMEN
HARMING
ETENENE
SEENGEN

No. 3.

LOCRMEN
QUARIVE
CADENCE
KREFELD
MINERAL
ENCLAVE
NEEDLES

No. 2. Taranis. No. 4. Moonbeams.

No. 6 The threatened Anglo-Russian war.

No. 5.

EQUUS
BROGUE
ORAISON
DRESSERS
ANGLESITE
CHARMING
IMPERESE
HUMANS
CLEET

No. 7.

PIM
MINER
PARADED
SATANICAL
FANATICIZED
DECIMATED
LOVERES
SATER
LED

No. 8. Picture Gallery. No. 10. Horn-mad.

No. 9.

K C
RIB JAR
SANER CADED
RAVELED JACAMAR
KINESODICADAVERIC
BELOVEDAREPETS
REDESEREDARTS
DIDECOLORIS
CAROLITES
CORELIVEDO
MOLEDOTESELAH
CONOVERIDEFAMER
COLORIFICARAS
REVISED DAMERON
DEFER HERON
RID RAN
C S

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 130 were correctly solved by Jarep, Jo. Mullins, Elbert, O. C. Ludwig, Madcap, Wyself, Dauntless, A. Solver, Quatrums, Aspiro, Damon, Rex Ford, Pearl, Boston Boy, St. Elmo, E. F. Edgett, Black Raven, Nestor, Cyrus, Athos, Anonyme, Traddles, Florence, Typo, Alpha, Eskimo, O. U. Nohim, Chic, Columet, Scurab, Geoval. Total 31.

Complete list —Jarep.

Best incomplete lists—Jo. Mullins, 9; Elbert, 8.

Prizes for Single Solutions—No. 3, Boston Boy; No. 5, A. Solver; No. 6, Florence; No. 7, Geoval; No. 10, Traddles.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

Tom A. Hawk, 1 Rectangle; Haze, 1 Diamond; Madcap and Myself, 1 Poetical Diamond.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. SYNCOPATION.

1. Syncopate "perfectly," and have "a clique."
2. Syncopate "handles," and have "partial victories."
3. Syncopate a town of Ireland, and have "a speck."
4 Syncopate to "extenuate," and have small rodents.
5. Syncopate "pertaining to a foot," and have "to resound."

The syncopated letters form the name of the largest of the antelopes.

TRENTON, N. J. ENID.

No. 2. CHARADE.

Now this is the time when we feast upon the *whole*,
To fullness of stomach and pleasure of soul;
And the birds will gather the *first* for their cot,
And eat of the *last*, which might otherwise rot.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK. O. C. LUDWIG.

No. 3. COMPOUND DIAGONAL ACROSTIC

(Five-Letter Words.)

1. A musical instrument; 2. A tree; 3. A quadruped that furnishes clothing; 4. An ancient book; 5. An Indian idol.

Left to right, down: A wide extent. *Left to right, up*: A coin. *Combined*: Something used in war.

OXFORD, MISS. UNCLE SAM.

No. 4. ANAGRAM.

(To "I. O. W. A.")

I. So! I GREET THE CHINAMEN.

They are a disagreeable lot,
As everybody knows;
And all the money they have got,
They earned by washing clothes.

HOBOKEN, N. J. NAVAJO.

No. 5. RECTANGLE.

Across:—1. One who passes without honor; 2. To move with a violent, irregular action; 3. Grazing; 4. Issued and appeared; 5. Those of the same kind.

Down:—1. Shaves off; 2. A bird (*Sup.*); 3. Certain numbers at dice; 4. A push; 5. The scab or itch in cattle; 6. Poison; 7. Indispensably.

NEW YORK CITY. JAREP.

No. 6. NUMERICAL.

A sailor on the boundless sea,
An old salt, call him 1, 2, 3.

Again, upon his visage fix
Your eyes, and see the 4, 5, 6.

It gnaws from rise to set of sun,
And makes a noise, this 3, 2, 1.

Through woodwork its sharp teeth will bore,
And e'en through tin, the 6, 5, 4.

His temper you can never fix,
He is a testy 1 to 6.

NEWBURGH, N. Y. BEECH NUT.

No. 7. RECTANGLE.

(To "Jarep.")

Across:—1. Joined together in a clumsy manner; 2. Pertaining to the family of rails (*Sup.*); 3. Rather slow; 4. Perfumed; 5. Connected with sensation.

Down:—1. Not elaborated or refined (*Obs.*); 2. A soldier armed with a spear; 3. Ancient; 4. Light cavalry of Tartaric origin; 5. A red Madeira wine; 6. To introduce one's self; 7. Active (*Rare*).

PHILADELPHIA, PA. MORNING STAR.

No. 8. TRIPLE-LETTER-ENIGMA.

(To "Damon.")

In "sudden prostration," but not in a rink;
In "fresh country sausage," but not in a link;
In "school-master's switch;"
In "spiritus," which
We drink
In our soda whenever we give 'em a wink.

When in the *prime*,
In summer-time
You walk,
'Neath *final* boughs,
With Jane or 'Lize,
And talk,
Take heed that you,
Percehance, let two
Some word
Not quite discreet,
Which by *complete*
Is heard!

For all such evidences would
Come good
In case
A breach of promise suit took place!

RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLIS.

No. 9. INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across:—1. A fire on a great scale; 2. Portraying; 3. Estimating; 4. Failing; 5. A genus of showy plants of the order *Araceæ* (*Bot., Sup.*); 6. A sort of woolen cloth (*Scotch*); 7. A letter.

Down:—1. A letter; 2. A peculiar force; 3. The mouth; 4. A quarrel; 5. A plant of the genus *Syringa*; 6. A species of Bromelia; 7 Milder; 8 In a spirited manner; 9. A town on Liguria, Italy; 10. The apartment in a Chinese temple where the idol is kept; 11. A meadow (*Obs.*); 12. A king of Bashan (*Bible*); 13. A letter.

BAYONNE, N. J. MYSELF.

No. 10. CHARADE.

(To "Nyas," with respect.)

As Nyas a bias
Towards me has displayed,
In charade he has made
In line of his trade,
This morning his "horn,"
I venture to blow
Though "scant" as the cad
In the street down below,
When no penny from any
He gets a day,
While waiting and prating,
With nothing to say.

I've searched the Scriptures for that hort.,
But must acknowledge here the corn,
That in gay saloon,
On yesterday at noon,
I found it, and got crazy mad—
"Horn-mad," to put it plain, egad!
And then the marshal,
With act impartial,
Took me in *one* and held me *whole*,
So *two*, I lost my self-control;
And then plump in the calaboose
He turned me loose,
To muse upon my fate—and pay
The expense account I'd run that day.

DUBOIS, ILL. ASPIRO.

No. 11. PYRAMID.

Across:—1. A letter; 2. A household deity among the ancient Romans; 3. Dogtas; 4. Those who darken; 5. Rebuilds; 6. One who exhibits; 7. Plants of the genus *Cardamine*.

Down:—1. A letter; 2. A lake of Africa (*Worc.*); 3. To prepare for use; 4. A clan proceeding from a common progenitor; 5. In that place; 6. A chief; 7. A tropical plant; 8. A midshipman; 9. The aspect of planets distant from each other 120 degrees; 10. Pastes; 11. Seas (*Worc. Sup., Obs.*); 12. A musical syllable; 13. A letter.

SOMERVILLE, MASS. EDWIN F. EDGETT.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first *complete* list of solutions, THE ARGOSY six months. For the best *incomplete* list, three months.

Prizes for Single Solutions—For first correct answer to Nos. 1, 4 5, 8, 9 or 10 each a Stylographic pen.

CHAT.

The Square in last number by JAREP was rhymed by GWENDOLYNNE, but for some reason which we can't explain, that fact was not noted as it should have been. ALPHA wants an account of the special Decoration Day meeting of the B. C. C., but as we were not there, and have not seen or heard of any one who was, we can't give it. BLACK RAVEN is pleased with the album he won in No 125—as we think all who won albums are—and says our dept. is one of the best, and he is happy to be one of our solvers and contributors. He is an enterprising poser and we will assist him to rise and show his light to The Dom. HAZE compliments THE GENERAL's Diamond in No. 132. This week's list of solvers is small, but we already know that next week's list will be much larger. NYAS and ASPIRO are slinging rhymes at each other in a manner truly edifying to spectators. No. 1 by ENID and No 3 by UNCLE SAM are both good puzzles, although belonging to the acrostic variety. ROCHELLE.