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UNDER FIRE;

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

CHAPTER XVI

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A FIRE in a country village is a great event.

There is but one other attraction that approaches it in importance, and that is the annual circus.

A THE in a country village is a great event. There is but one other attraction that approaches in importance, and that is the analysis of the country of the

ly being thrown out of his chosen business.

Fred was there too. He stood a little back from the front of the crowd and at one side, intently watching the progress of the flames and seemingly wrapped in thought. Finally he turned his head, and a little to the right of him saw Nellie and her mother. Nellie was looking directly at him, evidently studying his face. When his eyes met hers and she found that she was discovered, a blush, plainly visible by the light of the flames, covered her pretty face. usiness

ight of the flames, covered her pretty face.

Fred felt his heart beat faster. He longed to speak with her and learn her thoughts, and yet he did not dare approach her. The peculiar look she gave him and that vivid blush—what did they mean? He could not make up his mind upon these points, and yet there was a fascination in studying them—sometimes persuading himself that they meant one thing, and then again perhaps its very opposite.

Fresently she and her mother returned home, and Fred saw no more of them. The fire was now under control. All danger of spreading was passed and the crowd returned to their several homes well nigh chilled through. A few men remained to watch the fire as it died away, and to see that no spacks were searried to other buildings by the wind.

Free from the way have the could grant and slivered while the cold wind seemed to penetrate his very bones, yet he clung to the spot as it he would plack the mystery—the cause of the fire, from the burning mass before him. Finally he approached Mr. Coombs, the sheriff, and said:

"Not a soul stirring, except Jim, the stable boy."

"Where was he?"

"He couldn't have been stirring very much of disgust at the sheriff's answer.

"Mell, I mean he was the only one about, and I had to wake him up."

"I should think I did."

"Yes I did, but I yelled fire pretty lively the street to wake everybody up."

"Yes I did, but I yelled fire pretty lively the street to wake everybody up."

"On the back end of the store. A blaze when the burning mass before him. Finally he approached Mr. Coombs, the sheriff, and said:

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"Where was the fire burning mass before him. Finally he approached Mr. Coombs, the sheriff, and said:

"Was there no fire in the front store the p

"Who was the first to discover this fire?" "Who was the first to discover this fire?"
"I was," replied the sheriff, proudly, with a feeling that he must be looked upon as something of a hero.
"Did you see it from your house?"
"No, I saw it just as I turned the corner coming towards the stable."
"Coming which way?" asked the merchant, trying to learn something that might give him a clue to work upon.
"Coming from the Falls, of course, where I had been attending court."
"What time was that?"
"Nigh on to eleven o'clock."
"And you saw no one here?"
"And you saw no one here?"

"No."
"Nor any one on the street?"

got here, but after I went round to the back got here, but after I went round to the back end to see how it was there and came back the flames had come through, and everything was ablaze. I fell you what, I never saw any-thing burn like this store."
"If must have started in the back store, "No doubt of it," returned officer Coombs,

"No doubt of it," returned officer Coombs, enthmismictically,
"This is important evidence," said the merchant, after a pause.
The sheriff brightened up at this, and his eyes snapped with delight. Here was a case for official services.
"To be sure it is, sir," he replied.
"There is some mystery about this."
"Pears to me so."
"We had no stove in the back store."

almost impossible to find this out, as I can't

really miss anything."

"There will be a chance for some pretty sharp detective work, I should say."

"You are good at that, I believe," said the

merchant.
"Well, I fancy they can't fool me much, if I do say it."
"Then I want you to go to work on this

"I want you case."
"I will commence at once, Mr. Rexford.
The guilty party can't well escape me when I give my whole mind to it."
"I hope you will put your whole mind on it then."

it then."

"I shall indeed, sir. I will go home now and form my theory. I have the facts to work on. Early in the morning I will see you, and we will compare notes and get ready for business—active business, I assure you."

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER being out in the night at the fire, and consequently having been broken of his rest, Fred found it rather inksome to spring out of bed at five o'clock, get his breakfast, and be ready to respond to the factory whistle, at a quarter of six on a winter morning.

He had now got sufficient knowledge of his work, so he found very little difficulty in performing it. Whenever he wanted any instruction or help, Carl seemed ready and glad to aid him, so the two boys soon became friends.

"How long have you been on these flockers, Carl?" asked Fred.
"Only two months."

"Where did you work before that? I don't know what your last-name is now. I heard Mr. Hanks call you Carl, so I suppose that is your given name?"

"Yes, my name is Carl Heimann;

"Yes, I should think you would; you don't look very strong."
"Well, I guess I can get along better now that you are here; but Tim Short used to shirk and crowd me. If Mr. Hanks wouldn't be so hard, but he won't do it, and is cross and finds fault if we don't hurry things up."

but he won't do it, and is cross and finds fault if we don't hurry things up."

When Fred's eyes first fell upon the pale, sad face of Carl, and he noticed his dwarfed and disfigured form, he had a feeling of pity for him. There was that everything was all right."

I dare say it was. You are a careful man."

Yes, it was all right. I'm certain of this."

Good evidence, too. Capital evidence, Mr. Rexford, said the officer, rubbing hands together with evident delight at the prospect before him.

"You are sure there was no fire in the from "You are sure there was no fire in the from "I am positive there was no me, and I will testify on my oath to this fact."

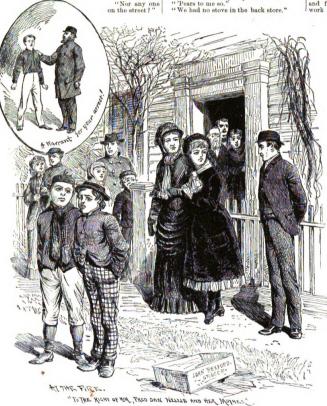
"I may want your testimony."

"I hope is, ii, in this case, at least," said the merchant, "for I believe this store has been fired and perhaps robbed."

"Shouldn't wonder if it had been robbed-more than likely it was, now as I think of it."

"But as everything is burned up, it will be "Wenther of the more of the included and well, and while he had been treated, Fred's sympathy wenther of the more of the more of the more of the correct has been fired and perhaps robbed."

"Shouldn't wonder if it it had been robbed-more than likely it was, now as I think of it."



"Oh! I'm so glad!" replied Carl, with a sense of gratitude which showed itself in his bright eyes, "for it hurts my back every time I lift one of the heavy bags of wet flocks, and almost makes me think I will have to give up the job. Then I think my uncle can't support me, and so I keep on."
"You shall not lift any more of them while I am here. I would rather do that any way than stay here in the dust."
"How long will you be here?" asked the little humpback, anxious lest the brighter prospect ahead might last but a short time.
"I don't know. I don't want to stay in the factory any longer than I am obliged to do so; but that may be forever," replied Fred, with a clouded brow, as his mind reverted to the cause that brought him down to such work.

such work.
"I don't see why you need to stay in here.
You have been clerk in a store, and have a
good education I suppose. If I only had an

you have been cierk in a store, and have a good education I suppose. If I only had an education—"
"Haven't you ever been to school?"
"I went to school a little in the old country, and three terms in Rhode Island; then I went into the factory. My futher was site and couldn't work. After I had been in there about a year, my frock caught one old the little of the old. Everyhody thought I was dead. Everyhody thought I was dead. Everyhody thought I was dead. That's what hurt my back and made it grow the way it is now."
"How long ago was that?" inquired Fred, sympathetically.
"It was six years ago that I got hurt, but I did not get out of bed for almost two years."
"Does your back trouble you now?"
"Yes, it aches all the time; but I've got rather used to it. Only when I do a lot of lifting here, it bothers me so I can't sleep."
"That's too bad! I'm sorry for you, and as I said will do all the heavy work. Then you didn't go to school any after you got out again?"
"No, I went back into the mill and staid

didn't go to school any after you got out again?"

"No, I went back into the mill and staid until my mother died, then I came here."

"Did you say your father was dead?"

"Yes; he died while I was sick."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"You I have so is kind to you?"

"Yes, he is, but Aunt Gretchen don't seem the like me very well she has so many children.

like me very well, she has so many children of her own."
"I should think you would board some-

"I should think you would board somewhere else, then?"
"My uncle wants me to stay with him, and if I boarded at the factory boarding-house my wages wouldn't more than pay my board, and I shouldn't have anything left to buy my clothes with. If I should leave him and then get sick he wouldn't take care of me, and I should have to go to the poor-house. I have always dreaded that since the city helped us when we were all sick."
"Well, you will soon be strong enough, I hope, to get into another job, where there is more pay."

hope, to get into another job, where there is more pay."

This conversation was now interrupted by the appearance of Hanks, who said to Fred:

"Come along up stairs with me, Worthington; I want yer ter help me lug some cloth down. I'll show yer where ter find it, then yer kin git it yerself: erlone.

Each shouldered a web of cloth which, as it was rolled un, made a round bundle about

nuff ter handle it 's well as me."
Each shouldered a web of cloth which, as it was rolled up, made a round bundle about two feet and a half through and six feet long—rather a heavy burden for a boy; still, Fred handled it easily and quickly, deposited it by the flockers, and turned to his superior for further orders.

"Take out them plees next, they have run long enough. Carl will help you about doing it; it is you may go up and bring down two more piezes."

"With these orders he vanished and the boys "With those orders he vanished and the boys "How long do these have to be run?" asked Fred of the little hump-back.

"About three hours. If they stay in longer that that they get too heavy."

"This light stuff can't make them much heavier, does it?"

"Oh yes; we can heat in flocks enough to double the weight of the cloth."

"I suppose they would all tumble out."

"I suppose they would all tumble out."

"I suppose they would if the cloth wasn't fulled as soon as we get through with it; but that sort of sets them in."

"Where do they full it?"

"In shouse they would if the cloth wasa, which as soon as we get through with it; but that sort of sets them in."
"Where do they full it?"
"Out in the fulling mills, near the extracter. Don't you see those long wooden things with the covers turned back, and the cloth going up through them so fast?"

cloth."
'It's the stuff they put in—fuller's earth and soar

"lik the stuff they put in—fuller's earth and soan—they pile the soft soan in by the dishfull, and it makes a great lather. I s'pose the fuller's earth is what does the most of the work. After the cloth comes out of the fulling mills it's bout twice as thick as when it goes in, and feels all stiff and heavy. It's no more like what it is now than notaing."

"They are the worst things there is, for if one of them gets left in by accident it is sure to make a hole through the cloth when it runs through the

shears."
Thus with work and talk the day flew by almost before Fred was aware of it. In fact the hours seemed shorter to Fred than any he had passed for weeks. Now there was something new to occupy his attention and work enough to keep his hands busy. The many curious machines before him of which Carl had told him a little, interested of many than the seement of the many curious machines before him nelt—so much, indeed, that even at the end of much—so much jindeed, that even at the end of them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

of them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the evening, after Fred's second day in the factory, as he sat with his friends in their pleasant home and the thought of Carl and of his sad deformity and still sadder story recurred to him, he could not help contrasting the circumstances of the little hump-back with his own. But two mornings burden was almost greater than he could bear. He was disgraced and thrown out of his position, and was about entering upon a cheerless life, where there was but little opportunity for advancement. But now, as he reflected upon his surroundings, he saw that he was much better off than many others, but now, as he reflected upon his surroundings, he saw that he was much better off than many others, and the was much better off than many others, and comforts for him, who provided for him a cheerful home, and who would at any time sacrifice their own pleasares and comforts for his. Moreover he was well and strong and had the advantage of attending school while Carl had been obliged to go into the mill at a semething toward the support of his mother and invalid father. It was while thus employed, that he met with the terrible accident that so deformed him and blighted his young life.

"No wonder he looks so sad," said Fred to him self. "Ferlaps he may be as ambitious to make a since the factory, and is probably glad of even such a place, and maybe he works hard at times when he is really unable to do anything. Poor boy! I don't see what prospects he can see ahead to cheer him on. He has neither friends, education or health, tory for advancement, I should think he might as well give up first as last; but as he has no home, and he work has been alway to the him the factory that provides to do allow the him the factory is approxised to do allow the him the factory is desired to the public the merit of the little cripple, and he made up his mind the sould for him; but I don't see how he can be very happy with as woman like his anni, who is a secretly determined to do allow he could to help the little cri

night."
"That is good so far as it goes."
"Well, it goes far enough to convince me," replied the merchant tartly.
"To be sure, sir; but we must convince the court. A mere suspicion, sir, is not good in law."
"You said last night you were the first one here, and that the fire started in the back store."
"So I did, but I can't say what caused the fire."

and that the first start say what caused the So I did, but I can't say what caused the So I did, but I can't say what caused the "It shows that it did not catch from the store," "That is so, and it leads us to suspect the store was set on fire—in fact that is my belief. We stand agreed on this point; but the court must have evidence, or we can't make out a case."

"My official duty, sir, is to bring the wrong-doer to justice, and I assure you I take a special interest in this case. I shall do my best work on it; but, by the way, there will be some slight expense con"I don't understand you," replied the merchant nervously, for he caught the word "expense."

"Nothing of any consequence, to be sure, but of course you know a detective can't work without mean; I'.

"How much will it cost me?" asked the mer-chant, after a pause,
"I will make it light—for you almost nothing," answered the sheriff, who began to fear he would lose the opportunity to perform official service.
"Very well, then, you may go ahead; but I warn you not to come back on me with a heavy charge

or this business."
"Your wishes shall be heeded, sir. I will comence now. By the way, do you suspect any one particular?"

in particular?"
"Yes; I have one or two reasons for believing I know who did it."
"Good, that will give us an idea to work on; but first let me look around and see what I can discover for evidence."
On the back side of the rear room was a window.

On the back side of the rear room was a window. A few feet off from this window part of a load of sawdust was dumped upon the ground. In this sawdust the sheriff found several footprints which were apparently fresh.

"How long has this sawdust been here?" he called out to Mr. Rexford.
"It was put there several days ago," replied the merchant, you would look here. I have made an important discovery."
The merchant

merchant.
"I wish you would look here. I have made an important discovery."
The merchant quiedly approached the spot.
"Last night about dark I shoveled up several baskets full and carried them into the stable. These tracks must have been made since then."
"Do you feel sure of this?"
"I do, and I notice the prints point exactly to "I'd and I notice the prints point exactly to the stable of th

thick as when it is constant of the prints point exactly to what it is now than notating.

It goes into the washers next and is washed as clean as can be."

"How did you learn so much about finishing cloth? You have been here but a little while."

"My father worked in a mill and I have heard him talk about it. Then I have been in a factory enough myself so that I know pretty nearly everything that is done."

"Do we take cloth direct from the wear of the prints which is the prints of the prints of the prints point exactly to who were made that track must have had a washed him talk about it. Then I have been in a factory enough myself so that I know pretty nearly everything that is done."

"Do we take cloth direct from the wear of the prints of the p

"On complaint of John Rexford, for setting fire to his store," replied the sheriff in a pompous manner.

(To be continued.)

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

NOTHING BUT A NEW YORK LAWYER.

THE Five Points Mission—"the old brewery"—
is better known in the country, perhaps, than in The Five Foints Mission—"the old prewery".

Is better known in the country, perhaps, than in New York, through the appeals for aid that have been made in Sunday-schools and churches throughout the land for the last quarter of a century, and the circulation of a little paper, bearing the latter name. Accordingly Sunday-school superntendents and teachers passing a Sunday in New York seldom fall to visit the institution as one of the sights of the great city. Their services are often called into requisition to take the place of absent teachers, and sometimes they are invited to make addressed after the lessons have been reclied, so and was asked by the superintendant to take charge of a class of boys. "Well, boys," said he, taking his seat and opening the Bible, "what is the lesson to-day?"

"Oh, botter the lesson," replied one of the hopeful pupils, "Visitors never hear our lessons; they that sort of a story shall I tell you?" asked "Tell us all about the place you come from," was the reply. "He didn't come from mowhere," un spoke an

"Tell us all about the phace;" up spoke an urchin in the corner, in a tone of ineffable contempt. "He don't know nothing worth telling. He's nothing but a New York lawyer; I've shined his boots many a time."

THE FRESHNESS OF SPRING.

Some time ago, says the Port Jervis Union, a young gentleman walked briskly into the yard in front of a house, where a young lady resided on front of a house, where a young lady resided on whom he proposed to call. Meeting her young brother near the zate, he inquired if the young lady was at home. "She has gone to a neighbor's, but will be back in a minute," said the lad. "Take a seat and wait." The young man walked to the piazza and sat down. In a few minutes the young lady returned, and after shaking hands with the gentleman, stepped to a rose-bush near, while he again sat down. "How fresh everything seems to-night," said he. "Do you know anything fresher than a spring seems to be a start of the said of the said they would be said they go young lady, "not unless it in the fresh halm to une seiting on. It has not been on

zeplyt?"
"No," said the young lady, "not unless it is the fresh paint you are sitting on. It has not been on the piazza more than four hours.
The young man went through a back street on a hotel and sent the porter out on an errand. A few minutes later the oder of benzine filled the hotel and the secret leaked out.

METAPHOR MISUNDERSTOOD

The ladies of the sewing society were busily engaged at their work, when the seven-year-old son of the hostess asked Mrs. Bently it she belonged to an archery club.

"No, Bobby" she replied, amused at the question. "What put that idea into your head?"
"Pa did. He said you could beat any woman in town drawing the long bow."

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

If a man desires to express himself logically, says Teras Siftings, he must not allow himself to get excited, as was the case with an Austin man, who was very much annoyed by frequent callers, and who finally exclaimed;

"There is not a minute in the day when I have a quite half hour to myself."

- TOO BUSY TALKING TO LISTEN.
 WELL, how did you like the sermon to-day?" The sermon ?"

- "Yes; you were at church, weren't you?"
 "Why, yes; certainly."
 "Then you can tell how you liked the sermon, I suppose? You heard it, didn't you?"
 "Heard it? Certainly not. I belong to the choir."

'I have experienced great relief by taking AMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM for asthma. I would os state I can roup stairs and walk further than I have in ne time without feeling weary as I have in the past."
MES. L. F. Bills, 235 East Broadway,—Adv.



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RUPTURE



HABIT QUICKLY



WORTHINESS.

WHATEVER lacks purpose is evil; a pool without peb-bles breeds slime: Not any one step hatth chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of time; Norever came good without labor, in toll, or in science

or art;
It must be wrought out thro the muscles—born out of the soul and the heart.

whe som and the stubble with plowshares? Why winnow the chaff from the grain?
Ah, since all His gifte must be tolled for, since truth
is not born without pain!
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak or the foolish
in deeds:

in deeds:
Who giveth but chaff at the seedtime shall reap but a
harvest of weeds.

narvest of weeds.
As the pyramid builder of vapor is blown by His
whirlwind to naught,
So Lie song without truth is forgotten; His poem to
mus is man's thought.
Whate-worder, soull-purpose, in humbleness
worder, soull-purpose,
Is known to the Master of singers—He toucheth it,
sayling: 'Enduro'!

This story began in No. 125.1

FACING THE WORLD:

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr., Author of "Do and Dare," "Helping Himself," Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

CHAPTER AXX.

It might have been because it was the first night on land, or perhaps because they were unusually fatigued, but at any rate the little party slept nunsually late. The first one to awake was Harry Vane. It took very little time for him to dress, since he had only taken off his coat. He glanced at his slumbering companions, who were scattered about in different postures. Next to him was Montgomery Chnton, who had carefully placed two handkerchiefs underneath him lest his appared should be soiled by contact with the earth. He had been rather reductant to sleep in so unconventional a manner, but there was no help for it.

"Really, Mr. Vane," he said, "I never slept on the granule would say if she could doe more now. She always gave me a pice bed with linen sheets, don't you know, and was so particular that I was made comfortable."

"It won't do us any harm to rough it a ttle, Mr. Clinton," said Harry. "It will

able."

"It won't do us any harm to rough it a little, Mr. Clinton," said Harry. "It will make men of us."

"I don't care about roughing it," said Clinton, rather mournfully. "It's horridly uscomfortable, and I don't see the good of it."

"I don't think won'll find any linen sheets on the island, said Harry, smiling, "unless year that the man hard Harry, smiling, "unless year the content over you."

"That's a good idea, Mr. Vane. I'm awylly obluged. I'll put two handkerchiefs on the grass, and that will save my trousers from being soiled."

Harry could not help wondering how long Clinton would be able to be so particular about his appearance, but he did not harrow up that young gentleman's feelings by a prediction as to the future.

"I'll go up to the spring, and have a wash," Harry decided. "I won't wake anybody up, for there's no hurry about petting up."

Returning from the spring, Harry for the fatt time looked in the direction of the ship what is saw will be all thought deserted was alive with men. He saw a dozen on deek, inclinding two who were obviously not sailors. He could not immediately discern the figures, and ran hastily to the top of the ship. The he made made the starting discovery that these intruders were the captain and his companions who had abandoned the ship in the expectation that it was doomed, and after foating about in the long boat had by a wonderful coincidence drifted to the try point which they themselves had reached. Harry did not know whether to be glad or stry. He felt that there was likely to be antagonism between the two partiess. All washermen y a freest muter the management.

Harry did not know whether to be glad or sorry. He felt that there was likely to be an tagonism between the two parties. All was harmony at present under the management of Mr. Heldfast, but this was not likely to last. Would the capitain assume general command, and interfero with their arrangements? From what he knew of him, he thought likely. Of course he was glad that the chief officer and his companions were saved, but he would have preferred that they had drifted in some other direction.

The news was too important to keep, and he returned to their encampment, and entering, approached the mate, who was sleeping soundly. He leaned over and shook him gently.

gently.
"Mr. Holdfast!" he cried.
The mate slowly opened his eyes, and

started up.
"What's the matter?" he asked. "Has

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Has anything happened?"
"I've got great news for you, Mr. Hold-fast. Captain Hill has arrived."
"What'! exclaimed the mate, in amazement.
"Arrived - where?"
"He is at this moment on the Nantucket, with all the men that accompanied him in the long boat."
"Uttering an exclamation of amazement, Mr. Holdifast sprang from the ground, and hastily made his way to the edge of the bluff.
"By Jove!" said he, "you're right. I never heard of anything more wonderful."
Harry could not tell from the expression of his face whether he considered the news good or not."

"Go and wake up the rest, Harry," he said. "They will be surprised, too." It is needless to say that the news produced surprise and excitement. All hurried to the edge of the bluff, and Mr. Clinton, in his excitement, waved one of his extemporized sheets.
"There's that fool again!" said Captain Hill, as, looking shorewards, he observed this signal.

Hill, as, looking shorewards, he observed this signal.

It was fortunate for Mr. Clinton that he did not hear this remark.

"Will they come on shore, do you think?" saked Harry of the mate.

"They will have to; but I shall at once go out to the ship to report to my superior officer. You and Jack may go with me."

It is needless to say that both boys were very glad to accept this invitation. The rest of the party remained on shore and watched the boat's course.

"What will be the issue of this, Mr. Stubbs?" asked the professor, thoughtfully.
"I am afraid there will be friction. The captain is a natural despot, and he will undertake to control us."

"He can have no authority after the ship is wrecked."

"He will claim it, as sure as my name is Stubbs. The fact is, I am rather sorry he hadn't managed to drift to another island. Mr. Holdfast is a much more agreeable man to deal with.

I agree with you. As a passenger, I shall I agree with you.

"I agree with you. As a passenger, I shall not recognize the captain's authority on Nor I."

"Nor I."

Meanwhile the mate and the two boys had pulled to the ship, and securing the boat, scrambled on deck.

punes to the samp.

"Good morning, Captain Hill; I am glad to meet you once more," said the mate.

"Humph!" growled the captain, not over politely. "When did you reach here?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Where are the rest of your party?"

"We have a little camp just back of the hinff."

"We have a little camp,"
"I see you have been removing articles
from the ship," continued the captain, in a
tone of disapproval.
"Certainly," answered the mate. "We tone of disapproval.

"Certainly," answered the mate. "We need them, and I didn't know how long the ship would last."

"It seems in no immediate danger of going

"It seems in no immediate danger of going to piccess."
"Things look more favorable than they did yesterday morning. What sort of a trip did you have in the boat?"
"A curious question to ask," said the captain, captiously. "We were in danger of being swamped more than once."
"We had better have remained on board the Nantucket with you, Mr. Holdfast," said Appleton, the Melbourne merchant.
Captain Hill chose to take offense at this remark.
"You were quite at liberty to stay, Mr. Appleton," he said. "I didn't urge you to go with me."

go with me."
"True, Captain Hill, but I trusted to your
opinion that the ship was unsafe."
The captain looked angry, but did not

The captain looked angry, but did not make the state of the captain looked angry, but did not make the captain, being a man of even temper, and reasonable in his demands.

"Good morning, Mr. Holdfast" said Marmaduke Timmins, the valetudinarian. "I am glad to be out of that miserable boat."

"Then you didn't have a good time."

"I came near dying, sir. I managed to lose overboard all the pills and powders I carried with me, and, if you will believe it, I haven't taken any medicine for four entire days."

"You don't seem any the worse for it, that I can see. Indeed, you seem to be less sallow."

low."
Mr. Timmins shook his head in a melan-

"Yes, fortunately. I could not have uveal long without them."
"That man is a greater fool than Clinton." thought Holldrat. "One poisons himself with drugs, while the other only indulges a little harmless vanity."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST OF THE NANTUCKET. THE LAST OF THE NANTCUKET.

THOUGH the mate had removed some of the stores, much the larger portion was left on locard, for the Nantucket had been provisioned for a long voyage. Yet Captain Hill sent to complain voyage. Yet Captain Hill sent is fortunate that you didn't take all the stores, Mr. Holdfast," he remarked, in a screatic too.

the stores, Mr. Holdfast, he remarked, in a sarcastic tone.

The mate eyed the captain steadily.

"May I ask your meaning, Captain Hill?" he asked.

"I mean what I say, sir. I think my lap-guage requires no interpreter.

"Then I can only reply that it would have made no difference if I had removed all the presence of the control of the control of the captain, in a heat.

"You have now, at any rate."

"We have now, at any rate."

"We are not at sea, Captain Hill. The vessel is wrecked, and all distinctions are at at an end. Now it is each for himself."

"So, sir, you defy my authority!" exclaimed the captain, looking back.

"I don't recognize it, that is all."
"You shall, sir!" retorted the captain, frowning. "You shall learn, also, that I have means to enforce it. I have nearly a dozen seamen under me, and you have only the boy Jack Fendleton."
"Captain Hill, all this is very foolish. We are ship-wocked, and have taken refuge on the same island. Instead of quarreling, we should help each other."
"So, you presume to lecture me!" sneered the captain.

the captain.

Mr. Holdfast didn't care to continue the

Mr. Holdfast didn't care to continue the dispute.

"I am ready to help you remove what you require," he said, quietly. "It will be well to remove as much as possible to-day, for we may at any time have a storm, that will effectually put an end to our work—" "Very well, sir; I am glad you show a better spirit."

The mate was both annoyed and amnsed at this evident intention to throw upon him the whole cours of the nuarrel but he did not

The mate was both annoyed and amnsed at this evident intention to throw upon him the whole onus of the quarrel, but he did not care to reply. He and the two boys helped remove the stores, and it being quite early, by noon several boat-loads had been deposited on shore, to be removed farther inhand when there was a good opportunity. One thing Mr. Holdfast noted with apprehension. There was a considerable quantity of brandy and other spirits in the captain's cabin, which he took care to have included in the articles removed. Remembering the captain's weakness, he feared this might lead to trouble. But he did not take it upon himself to remonstrate, knowing that in the state of the captain's feelings towards him it would be worse than useless.

tain's feelings towards him it would be wishen useless. By three o'clock about all the stores, with other needful articles, had been removed, and there was a large pile on the bluff.
"Captain, will you walk over and see my encampment?" asked Holdfast, now that there was leisure.
"Lead on, sir," said the captain, not over additate.

"Lead on, sir," said the captain, not over politely.

It was not far away, and a short walk brought them in front of it.

"Perhaps you will feel inclined to settle near by," suggested Holdfast.

"No, sir, I don't care to intrude upon upou."
Eventually the captain selected a spot about half a mile away. Here an encampment was made, very similar to the mate's, but on a larger scale.
"I am glad the captain is not close alonglarger scale.
"I am glad the captain is not close along-side," said Jack Pendleton.
"So am I," answered Harry, to whom this remark was made. "We are better off by

irselves." "He would be sure to interfere with us.

"He would be sure to interfere with us. I saw him scowling at me more than once this morning. You know he don't like me."
"Nor me either, Jack. It will be well for both of us to keep out of his way."
To the great delight of Clinton, more of his "wardrobe," as he called it, was brought sahore. For this he was indebted to the good natured persistence of Harry, who, though amused at the vanity of the young man from Brooklyn, felt disposed to gratify him in a harmless whim.
"You are awfully kind, Mr. Vane," said Clinton. "Did you save your own wardrobe?"

"A to are willy kind, Mr. Vane," said Clinton. "Did you save your own wardrobe?"

"Thave an extra pair of pants, and some underelothing."

"Don't say pants—it's vulgar. Say tronsers," expostulated Clinton.

"It comes to the same thing, I fancy," said Harry, with a smile.

"If you should get short of clothing, I'll give you a pair of my trousers," said Clinton, generously.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton."

Harry donbted, however, whether he should avail himself of the offer. Clintons limbs were exceedingly attenuated, and his trousers were an exact it. Now Harry had a structly pair of legs, and felt sure it would be impossible to get them into his companions tronsers. He functioned himself, however, while four passengers and Jack Pendaton straid with the mate. Captain Hill showed adiposition to claim Jack, but Holdfast said quettly: "I think, captain, Jack had better stay with me for the present, as he is company for Harry Vane."

The expain looked dissatisfied, but was too tired to remonstrate at that time, the went to his own encampment, and indudged in liberal potations of brandy, which had the effect of sending him to sleep.

That night a violent wind sprang up. The captain looked dissatisfied, but was too tired to remonstrate at that time, the went to his own encampment, and indudged in liberal potations of brandy, which had the effect of sending him to sleep.

That night a violent wind sprang up. The captain looked the week a confused debra of time the violent wind sprang up. The captain looked the week as a consease of the week a confused debra of time the violent wind sprang up. The captain looked the week as a

and a feeling of sadness came over the

and a feeling of sadness came over me three.

"That settles it," said Harry, giving expression to a common feeling. "We are prisoners on the island now, and no mistake." When we leave here, it won't be on the National said Jack. "It is not said Jack. "It is not said the mate. "It is not seen and the mate. "Let us go down and see what these kegs and boxes contain," suggested Hurry. So the three descended to the reef, and began to examine the articles thrown ashore, for the most part they were of little value, though here and there were articles that might prove useful.

though here and there were articles the might prove useful.

"Couldn't we make a raft out of the timbers of the old ship?" saked Jack.

"That is worth thinking of, though a raft would not do for a long voyage," said Hold-

fast.

"No, but we might be picked up."

"When the captain's party is awake it will be well for us to haul the loose timbers up to a place of safety."

"Here's Clipton's trunk," said Harry, bending over and recognizing the initials, "Here is the name, 'M. C., Brooklyn.' He will be overjoyed. Suppose we take it up between my

us."

No opposition being made by Mr. Holdfast, the boys took it between them, preceding the mate. They had just reached the summit of the bluff.

"Put down that trunk!" said a stern voice. Looking up, the boys saw that the speaker was Captain Hill.

(To be continued.)

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

FISHING BY LADIES

THAT fishing with the fly is not in greater favor as a ladies' amusement is matter for regret. Where the use of a hook is practicable, there is no earthly reason why they should not derive the same men-tal, moral and physical benefit from it as do men. It is a gentle pursuit, and a cleanly one, and affords It is a gentle pursuit, and a cleanly one, and aflords an ample field for the exercise of that manual delicacy and skill for which women are pre-eminent; while at the same time, unlike almost every other quired, nor over-hatigue incurred are exertion is required, nor over-hatigue incurred are called the same with the state of the amusements of life may well be questioned; while it is beyond dispute that the directions in which custom now permits them to seek recreation are not, to say the least, to their physical advantage.

tion are not, to say the least, to their paymean avantage.

It is a mistake on their part if they suppose that gentlemen think them in the way at such times—always provided they are reasonable.

Wen hope for something from women beyond seemed to be a suppose the same they are the suppose they are the suppose the supp

CANDID ADVICE

A MEMBER of the detective force, who was in the western part of the city the other day in search of a young man accused of theft, came across a boy



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SUITS AND TRUMPS.

An English wit was on one occasion asked to a card party. He appeared in morning costume, card party. He appeared in morning costume, while the other guests were in full dress. "Ah well," he said, by way of apology, "the suit is surely no matter, so long as one is a Trump." It is a good deal so, aside from cards. The suit may be a fine advertisement for a tailor, but what is within it is the index of the man.

MODESTY.

NOTHING is more charming than modesty, es pecially in young people. One naturally grows modest with age, for each year one finds out more and more how little he knows. In youth, however, we are inclined to be "bumptious not a good thing to be "bumptious," but it has the merit of making people laugh. "How awfully nice it must be to be wise," remarked a gushing girl, "and to know—oh—everything."
"So it is," responded a "modest" sophomore.

EDUCATED SOLDIERS.

It is a theory of the present day that, with the scientific weapons of modern times, the most edu-cated armies are the best fighters. This may or may not be correct, but some figures relating to European armies are interesting. In the Danish army 0.36 per cent, of soldiers can neither read or write in Sweden the ratio is 1.90. Next comes Germany with 2.37; Switzerland with 4.00; Holland with 12.82 : France with 14.89 : Belgium, 17.48 : Austria 38.90; Italy, 47.74, and Russia, 77.01. Russians are called great fighters.

HIGH STAND

THE school year is closing, and no doubt many Argosy boys and girls have been working with might and main to reach first stand in their classes. Ambition is a good thing, and the desire to excel is both natural and wholesome. Yet those who are aiming to get to the head are likely to make some bad mistakes. There is a danger which all such students should avoid. It is the practice of studying for recitation rather than for a thorough mastery of the subject.

The object of study is lost if the scholar does not The object of study is lost it the scholar does not get the whole meaning of his text, and make it his own property. Glibness in rattling off rules and examples, or in translation, is not scholarship. It does well enough for examination day, but in the rough and tumble of after life, something more is needed. Hence knowledge, and not high stand, is the better aim.

NO HALFNESS

GOETHE was explaining one day why it was that Englishmen seemed to succeed, all over the world, better than Germans. It was not their education, he affirmed, but the fact of their "having the courage to be what nature made them. There is no halfness about them. They are complete men; sometimes complete fools also, that I heartily admit; but even that is something and has weight.

There is a good deal in this remark. The Scrip There is a good deal in this remark. The Scrip-tures, which give hints on every possible point of human conduct, refer to "doing with all thy might" as the proper method. Earnestness in going ahead with the forces nature has given us is a sure guarantee of success in some degree. The half-hearted, the timorous, those who say they "can't do as well" as somebody else (and so do nothing) are the failures.

A HOME IN FLORIDA.

OUR readers will find on the sixth page of this paper an advertisement of the Belmore Florida Land Company. The publisher of the Argosy has recently visited Mr. Plummer, the president of the company, and feels very favorably impressed with his enterprise after having carefully looked into it, and examined the plans and maps of the land.

The lots, which are now selling very low, are going fast, and are being purchased by a desirable class of people for settling and building up the young city.

The population of Florida is increasing rapidly, and the State is destined to have a great future. The price of land is advancing so fast that those who purchase it at the present price can hardly fail naking a paying investment.

"NERVE."

What is called "nerve" is well worth possess ing. There are many people who, in a crisis, are equal to nothing better than hiding their heads beeath the bed-clothes and crying "fire." Coolness in danger, and promptness of action, save many lives, even when the case seems desperate. It is related of Lord Garmoyle that he was awakened one night, in India, by a sharp pain in one of his toes. By the light of the moon, he discovered that he was being bitten by a cobra, the most venomous of reptiles.

There was not a moment to lose. No us fire here. Lord Garmoyle drew his revolver and shot the bitten toe off. With another barrel he fire here. killed the snake. As the result of this bit of "nerve," the victim of the snake bite lived to re late the story several hundred times.

GOOD DIGESTION

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES mentions that after eating more pie than was good for him, he wrote some sadly despondent poems, and an essay which took a very melancholy view of creation. There is no telling how much the human mind has suffered from the dyspepsia of its teachers. Boys whose schoolmasters struggle with indigestion are apt to take solemn views of geography, and to be driven almost wild by the rules of grammar.

The world is best ruled and guided by cheerfulness, and a good stomach is at the foundation of it. Boys and girls who will gorge themselves with taffy and peanuts between meals ought to reflect that they are liable to be teachers. The dainties on ch they feed so carelessly may ruin their diges tions, and as a result they may give their pupils gloomy views of life.

DEDICATIONS.

WHEN an author brings out a new book, he often dedicates it to some esteemed friend. He has put sacred hours of work into his volume, and in-scribed therein his noblest thoughts and loftiest emotions. These he considers as in some way a proper tribute to his friend. The same thing happens in the case of autograph albums. There is usually a "dedication," in which the volume is devoted to choice sentiment, and to the happiness and well being of its owner.

We hear also of similar dedications of some hu-

man lives. It is not always so, however. Though one's life is of more consequence than any book, yet we set out upon it undedicated. We drift along motionless, taking our chances with the winds and tides of business and society. Is this just the right thing? Of course our parents, if they give proper thought to their children, do themselves in some sense dedicate their young lives. Yet, after all, such dedication is better made by one's own self, for then it inspires motives of a high character, and holds us back from what is low and degrading.

PILL TOGETHER

A LOADED wagon was "set" in a rut on a gentle ise in the road. Four large horses were attached to it. The driver was in a state of great excite ment, shouting, swearing, and lashing his team without mercy. One of the leaders would start up with a jerk, and then the other. After this effort they slacked, and by that time the other span were ready to give a tug in the same spasmodic style. This was repeated over and over, but the wagon did not budge, and the bystanders grinned with de

A man came up at this moment, driving a pair of small but stocky horses. He halted to observe what was going on. Seeing the driver's poor management, he gave him some advice. This was re-ceived with such bad grace that it provoked the stranger, who cried: "Why, my little team could take that load right along." At this the driver and spectators laughed, when the man retorted: "Do u want to bet on it?"

The teamster did not care to bet, but dared the stranger to make the trial. No sooner said than The four big animals were taken off, and the pair of little horses attached to the wagon. The stranger spoke gently to his team till they were quiet, then gave a sonorous command. The sturdy nags took hold together, and the way that load walked up the hill astonished the beholders

This little incident impressed the writer with two

WILLIAM STARK ROSECRANS.

A Hero of the Rebellion.

It is always welcome news to learn of the appointment of the heroes of the battle-field of the Rebellion to important positions under the government of to-day. For it is a natural inference that those who have sprung into the breach in the time of danger, who have rushed to arms in defense of country or principle-those are the men, we would think, into whose hands we can place our trusts with a confidence born of the severest of tests.

General William Stark Rosecrans has been thus honored, having recently been appointed Register of the Treasury. Having served two terms in Congress, and been minister to Mexico, this appointment is but an additional proof of national confidence and esteem. His character in the light of his history is a guarantee of the honest administration

of his trust. He was born in Kingston, Ohio, Sept. 6, 1819. Passing through the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, he was graduated in 1842, and was made Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Later, he was civil and construct ing engineer at the navy yard, Washington, re signing in 1853. Re turning to his native State, his ability in his profession secured for him the commission of Chief Engineer of the State of Ohio in 1861. and the outbreak of the war found him a colonel.

At that time the cry was, "To the front!" and citizens went into line, and soldiers step-

ped to the head. Thus Colonel Rosecrans, with many other soldiers of ability but of inferior rank, was made brigadier-general. He was placed under General McClellan, who was given the task of clearing West Virginia of the Confederate guerillas, who by the prestige possession sought to add that State to the list of Confederate States. McClellan, ably seconded by Confederate States. McClelian, ably seconded by Rosecrans, effected the purpose of driving the ene-my out of the State, the most important battle of which—that of Rich Mountain—being won by Rose-crans. As the result, West Virginia, freed from the Southern marauders, was numbered among the loyal States. General Rosecrans was also commander of the Department of the Ohio, embracing the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and West Virginia. For his services in the last State, the anks of the legislatures of that State and of Ohio were unanimously voted him. Later, he succeeded General Pope in the command of the Army of the Mississippi, and at the battle of luka won fresh lanrels.

Those were the times that tried, not only men's souls, but also men's metal, and, the test well borne, promotion was the reward. A year after the opening of the war, Rosecrans was a majorgeneral of volunteers. At the battle of Corinth, in October, 1862, the division of General Rosecrans defeated the enemy and pursued them until recalled by Grant. In this year, Rosecrans was placed in command

of the Army of the Cumberland, which was operating in Kentucky and Tennessee. Thenceforth he was to taste the bitters as well as the sweets of rank. It has been said that it is a wonder the armies of the Union gained so many victories in the early part of the war when the campaigns were planned away East in Washington, or miles away by a general comfortably installed in some large city, but meagrely informed of events and totally orant of local conditions and the drawbacks of the situation. Thus Rosecrans superseded Buell because the latter had failed to fulfill two commands of which either was possible only by disregarding the other; thus Rosecrans came into dis favor because his judgment, formed on the spot. would not allow him to advance as rapidly as one of these far-away orders commanded. There was a railroad to repair, a base to be supplied, and con-nections to establish before he could conscientiously march his men to the fore. These things he did but his delay excited the wrath of the powers that

The battle of Stone's River, December 30, 1862, to January 1, 1863, was bravely fought by Rose-crans, but it resulted in defeat. His forces had at last been brought to face the Confederate general, Bragg. Battle was decided upon, and Rosecrans formed his plans for an early attack on the mor-By various stratagems on the preceding row. night, he managed to deceive the enemy as to the position of his lines, and all things were prepared to assault the next morning with all the strength at his command. It so happened that the oppos ing general had formed identical plans, and had decided that he himself would make the first attack. So the next morning, Rosecrans found that he was thoughts. First, to do anything well in company, we must pull together. Second, quiet firmness with horses (or men) is better than brawling necessitating the abandonment of his plans in order to repulse the onslaught of the enemy. The

latter, discovering the deception as to Rosecran's line, with admirable promptness and skill recalled that part of his army that had been posted facing what proved to be a line of camp fires and nothing These troops he brought into the thick of the fight in a brilliant manner. Then one of Rose cran's subordinates had posted his command badly; others were timid; some gave way too easily, and many things combined to make this battle a defeat, which had been brilliantly planned as a fierce onslaught, and bitterly contested when all that had been made null.

But even defeat served but to show more cor spicuously, the merits of the commander. the consciousness that all his plans were over thrown, all the powers of his mind. and all the courage of a brave heart were brought into play. He rushed to the front, among his soldiers in th

thick of the fight. Cool and collected under the hot fire of the enemy, he galloped from end to end; calm and firm, he saw approaching dan-ger, massed his troops, placed his artillery, encouraged the wavering. helped on the bold, in-spired all. The rain and the mud were unheed-ed. A wound on the cheek-it was nothing! Three orderlies killed before his eyes-alas! but there was a battle to win. A shell, missing him by a few inches and killing an aid at his side-on! on!! Officers advised retreat. "I shall fight, or die right here." Such courage made his defeat all but victory — made a tri-umph for the enemy all

but defeat. Such was the battle of Stone's River. One more instance of General Rosecrans's char-cter. In the early part of the campaign, General Halleck wrote a letter, sending a copy to Grant and Rosecrans, offering a vacant major-generalship in the regular army to the general who should first achieve an important and decisive victory. Mark Rosecran's reply: "As an officer and a citizen I am degraded at such an auctioneering of honors. Have we a general who would fight for his own personal benefit when he would not for honor and for his country? He would come by his commission base ly in that case, and deserved to be despised by men of honor. But are all the brave and honorable generals on an equality as to chances? If not, it is unjust to those who probably deserve most.

This reply did not make him any more of a favorite with the powers that were, but it did not prevent him from rendering further valuable services, and maintaining his reputation for loyalty and courage. The reply, though noble, was not politic, and illustrates aptly the impetuosity of the general's temperament, which certainly did much to render his position uncomfortable.

General Rosecrans was known as a genial and good-natured commander to his subordinates. He was restless and extremely active, often, it is said, wearing out two sets of staff during the night, yet out at daylight without sleep or rest. A man of undaunted courage, a hard fighter, a brilliant strategist, he is held in affectionate esteem by those who followed in the field, and from us, let him recieve one congratulations, and our sincere hopes that he may be preserved for a long and worthy course of public service, and a peaceful old age, such as an old soldier and a hero deserves.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

A MORAL BLOT.

That man may last, but never lives, Who much receives but nothing gives; Whom none can love, whom none can thank, Creation's blot, creation's blank.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

QUIT yourselves like men,
A man of pleasures is a man of pains.
BLESSED is he that considereth the poor. ALL may do what has by men been done WISHING, of all employments, is the worst.
KEEF thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.
EARLY and provident fear is the mother of safety.
CHARMS strike the Light, but merit wins the Love WHATEVER is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose.

There is no happiness equal to the consciousness
of duty done.

r duty done.

Fonce yourselves to reflect upon what you read, pargraph by paragraph.

BLESSED is he who expects nothing, for he shall ever be disappointed.

Good manners is the art of making those people asy with whom we converse.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds, And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for nat is the stuff life is made of. If we will stand boggling at imaginary evils, let us ever blame a horse for starting at a shadow. r blame a horse for starting at a shadow.

MILITY consists not in wearing mean clother
g softly and submissively, but in a mean op.

The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY

Sing thy sweet solo, soft and low, Where draped flags are unrolled Here heroes sleep, unvexed by we Beneath the hallowed mold. Roses of flame, illies of snow, We strew with daffodits of gold.

Thy song salutes a nation free,
And charms the listening ear;
No war notes in thy melody,
Blue-coated volunteer.
Music awakes the memory
Of deeds of loved ones sleeping here

Sweet song bird, robed in softest blue, Proudly the grand old tree Holds high its arms so stout and true. Is he not fond of thee? Thy nest is trimmed with Peads of dew, The eggs a radiant rowary.

THE LEGACY OF A GOOD DEED,

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"OR! it's tired I am—tired, tired! And poor Towser and Tumble are tired too. No sign of a gentleman's house yet!"
The scene was a dusty road not tar from Lough Neagh, in the north of Ireland, and the speaker was a lad of some fourteen years, tugging along a harp as large as a Roman shield, and followed by a couple of small shaggy dogs that looked enough alike to be twins.

twins.

As they heard their names spoken, they came galloping up to his side, as if believing that he had something to impart to them, and thinking it their duty to hear it with attentions.

tion.
"Id nothing special to say to yees," remarked the boy, "only I was thinking what a waste country this is, and that it nay be long till we get the rest and the mouthful."
It is possible that his two quadruped companions might not have been able to translate this address word for word into the canine tongue; yet they looked up and down the road and across the desolate fields, in a manner which seemed to indicate that they took in its general import.

manner which seemed to indicate that they took in its general import.

"What would I be doing without yees?"
continued the lad, as if partly to himself and partly to his four-footed retainers. "And what would I do without the harp, that has come down so long in the family? The penny is but a trifle; it's the love I bear for yees and for the old harp, that keeps my heart light."

come down so long in the family? The penny is but a trifle; it's the love I bear for yees and for the old harp, that keeps my heart light."

A little further on, he seated himself by the roadside; but a roadside rest is hardly ever a very refreshing one, the mere sight of the highway so reminds us of our journey, telling us that it is not yet finished.

"I wonder where we shall sleep to-night," he said, "Towser and Tumble and I? Yes," he added, as he saw them look quickly up, "it's Gathal O'Connor that's wondering whose straw the three of us'll bundle into; but as long as he has yees for conversation, he'll not be complaintly into his lap and liked his your control of the control of the

good."

After a time he rose and once more traveled on, the two little dogs keeping close to his

"... we two name dogs keeping close to his heels.
"I know they are hungry," he said; "as hungry as I am, and it's for them that I'm earing more than for myself. Sure, this is the poor country when it hasn't a morsel for a dog!"
He had called that day at a number of hovels, but nowhere could he obtain a mouthful to eat. Famine was abroad in the land, and the Irish peasantly were actually starving. The boy had he very day previous given his ets, our nowners could be obtain a mouthful to est. Famine was abroad in the land, and the Irish peasantry were actually starving. The boy had the very day previous given his last penny in charity, and now he had nothing for his four-footed friends or himself.

He was crossing a region where his harp and his trained dogs became valueless as means of support.

"This the petates, the petates, that we want!" said one poor hunger-stricken woman by the road, "tis not the music, nor the dogs either, unless we could ait them!"

"Oh, that I could be away from here!" thought Cathal O'Connor, as he reflected upon the incongruity of a performance by Towser and Tumble in the midst of human starvation.

ay in the distance he at length saw a Away in the distance he at length saw a broad, shining lake; and a man at whose door he stopped for a drink of water, but who could afford him not one morsel to eat, told him it was Lough Neagh.

"Ye'll be finding more of the gentry," he said, "as ye get near it."

"I hope so," said Cathal, "for I'm hungry, and my dogs are hungry."

"And how much did ye get the day?"

"And how much did ye get the day?"
"Not a penny, to save me!"
"Well it's starving we are; and there's enough of the gentry that wouldn't give us the mouthful, if they had the full of their houses of petates and male, and the butter-milk running out the dure!"
The man's poverty had not cheeked his exberance of expression.
Sure enough, as Cathal approached Lough Neagh, the country lost something of its forsaken appearance; and at length he discovered a dwelling that he knew must be the residence of some family of the gentry.

As he approached the gate, the porter's dog

As he approached the gate, the porter's dog ruriously attacked Towser, upon which Tum-

ble hastened to the rescue. Before Cathal could interfere, they had bitten their enemy so severely as to send him limping and yelp-

so severely as to send him limping and yelping away.

The boy saw that such an introduction to the porter was by no means an asspicious one, and the reception he met with showed that he had judged rightly.

The gate keeper drove him away with many hard words, refusing to hear a single note from the harp, or to permit the least theatrical demonstration on the part of Towser and Tumble.

use temonstration on the part of Towser and Tumble.

"It's beggars the day long!" he said, "nothing but dirty beggars! Take yer dogs wid ye and begone!" Carlal O'Connor went on with a heavy heart. What would his poor little pets do now? Must all their accomplishments go for nothing, even where there existed such abundant means of remuneration? After having fasted among the starving, were they to fare no better among the full fed? For himself he could bear hunger and weariness, but the appealing looks of his little favorites went to his heart.

He passed on, the country now about him.

is heart.

He passed on, the country now about him eing as beautiful as that previously traversed ad been desolate. But if it could give him Cathal, "Cathal, "

as they stood upright, kept time in a wonderful canine dance, to the harmony of the harp.

The voice of the harmony of the harp.

The voice horse-best turned and made gestures of delight, as if to some one in the queer, rustic barge behind him, that seemed so like a summer-house aftest.

Then it was allowed to drift against the shore where the boy stood, while the borses still remained on the opposite bank; the odd figure in charge of them still manifesting his delight at what he saw and heard.

A lady and gentleman landed and approached the spot where Cathal was standing. The boy removed his hat respectfully, and Towser and Tumble, coming down upon all-fours, made a low obeisance in the funniest manner imaginable.

The new-comers laughed heartily, and it was plain that this exhibition of canine intelligence greatly surprised them. But there was that in their manner which told that they were not in quest of mere amusement.

"Where did you learn those words and that music?" asked the lady.

"I learned them from up father," answered Cathal, "please you, ma'am."



and his tired doggies nothing to eat, its beauty must be little better than a mockery. What a vast estate stretched about the big house from whose gates that surly porter had driven

from whose gates that surly porter had driven him!
"It's enough they have, and to spare," he said; "but it's not the likes of such that'll be sparing it. If I could only have got up to the tall house though, there might have been hope of a bit to keep the life in us." At length he once more sat down by the roadside, and this time in a most lovely spot. A cooling shade fell upon him from a cluster covered with the richest emerald. Close at hand a deen stream found its way

organization frees, and not furth at his rect was a covered with the richest emerald.

Close at hand a deep stream found its way through the closely and the control of the fiscovery of the control of t

"And what is your father's name, my

"And what is your father's name, my boy?"
"He is dead since, ma'am. His name was Roderick O'Connor—the name, he used to say, of the last king of Ireland."
"Roderick O'Connor!" exclaimed the lady, "and you say he is dead? Twenty years ago I sought him in vain, and I have sought him since, too. For I have owed him a great debt which my whole estate could not repay."
"He was for a long time in South America," replied Cathal, "he went there before I was born, and while he was gone, I suppose you lost the track of him."
"Twenty vears ago," said the lady. "I

lost the track of him."

"Twenty years ago," said the lady.
heard for the first time, and for the last Close at hand a deep stream found its way through the great estate; and on it he discovered a queer-looking covered barge, draw by two horses, that traversed its opposite bank, with a rider upon one of them to keep them at their task.

Cathal never knew how it was, but in some way the thought of his father seemed at this moment to give a strength and hope that he had not before felt.

He knew now box to him with such delling the word of the word

no sign, sprang up, from the force of habit, and, locking their fore legs about each other as they stood upright, kept time in a wonderful canine dance, to the harmony of the harmony of

them !"

"So they are named Towser and Tumble;
and your own name, my lad?"
Cathaf gave his Christian name.

"Yes," said the lady, "Cathal—there was
once a great Cathal O'Connor who won victories over the English. I am glad yon have
such a name. Perhaps the blood of Roderick, our last king, may be in your young
veins."

los, our lass king, may be in your young.

veins.

The weining Towser and Tumble fared sunphyously, and even the porter who had sunphyously, and even the stronght to do nire the author that the third t

would hear a word of Cauna's vegen their house. He must remain with them and be educated, in payment as far as possible of the great debt they owed his father.

A private tutor was employed for him, and as soon as he was sufficiently advanced in his studies, he was sent to the continent to perfect his tuneful powers under the best teach-

et his tunerus powers and so of Europe.

He is now a superior composer, and a great worite in the musical circles of Vienna and

Berlin.
Still he retains the old Irish harp; and often he thinks of that other legacy which was left with 1t, and from which all his happiness has sprung—the legacy of a good deed.

A VERSATILE LECTURER

JOSH BILLINGS was once engaged by a village ed-Josh Billings was once engaged by a village editor to deliver a lecture, and the subject chosen was "Milk," says the Chicago Ledger. Before the time arrived the scribe noticed reviews in some of his exchanges which led him to think that that lecture would not be just the thing for his commu-nity, and so when Josh arrived he broached the subject to him, and proposed that something else be substituted.

Yes, yes; I see," said Billings, with his pecu-

"Yes, yes; I see," and Billings, with his peculiar drawl, and a look more searching than a canopener on a busy day in a restaurant. "You think we'd better give 'em something else;"

"Yes; that's the idea, exactly, Mr. Shaw, I understand there are several broad hints in your discourse on the lacteal fluid, and, as we have rather a peculiar community. I feel quite certain some other lecture would do better." doing him a card containing a list of his lectures—something like a dozen in all—"there's my subjects. You can pick out any one you please, but I want to tell you, young man," he continued, impressively, as he walked up to the editor, took him by the lapels of the coat with both hands, and looked him straight in the eyes, with something like a twinkle in his course in the property of the same lecture all the ann."

The customary class of milk stood on the read-

same."

The customary glass of milk stood on the reading-desk that night.

MR. EAST'S WONDERFUL MEMORY

EVERYBODY remembers when Hughes East and Thomas A. Hendricks last returned from Washington, after six weeks that they remained "to do what we could for these who had helped us in the campaign when we asked them for their votes. As the train containing the returning statesmen rolled homeward, Mr. East, noted for his extreme diffidence and taciturnity, entered into conversa-tion with a fellow-townsman. His speech, heard high above the din of the train, was in this strain:

high above the din of the train, was in this strain:

"I tell you, sir, I made a great impression on
many people there, through my wonderful mementered the strain of th

A DISTINCTION.

FROM Washington there comes a good story of "Bob" Ingersoll and Secretary Lamar. "Bob" called at the Interior Department and asked to see the Secretary.

the Secretary.

"De Sectary am occupied, sah, with Members and Senatahs only. Won't see nobody else, sah," said the colored messenger at the door.

"Bob" waited for a moment with his hands in his pockets. Then he pulled out a half dollar and dropped it in the pulled out a half dollar and the see walked into the Secretary's room, where a large number of Senators and Members were assembled, and addressed the Secretary.

"Mr. Bob Ingersoll and at de deah. He says he understands dat dis am de time when you won's ear any but Members and Senator Bernard out wants to the pulled out the same than the same that the wants of the secretary.

"Show the Colonel in," said the Secretary.

A LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

A LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

Twas thus the bervish spake: "Upon our right
There stands, unseen, an angel with a pen.
Who notes down each good deed of ours, and then
Seals it with kisses in the Master's sight.
Upon our left a sister angel sweet act;
But, great in love, folds not the mournful sheet
Till deepes mininglish when, if conscience-nacked,
We lift to Allah our repentant hands,
But if we seek not parton for our step.
But if we seek not parton for our sheet
She sealis is with a tear, and hands it in."

CONSIDERED HIMSELF PAID

A REPORTER heard recently a story of cards and card-playing involving a former United States Senator and the elder of a church in New England. The affair happened some time ago, when the sen-The affair happened some time ago, when the sen-ator was president of a Western railroad and had his pocket full of railroad passes. It was a case of giving a Roland for an Oliver. The senator and his rired had started for Washington. The eldor dose from a little black bottle in his satchel, and gave the elder the key to the satchel to help him-self. All the senator's passes lay alongside the lit-tle black bottle. When the conductor came along the passes were missing. Meanwhile the elder, who was a great lady's man, had seated himself with three ladies. The senator explained matters as best he could to the conductor and bided his satchel, and a copy of the Tribune in his hand. The cards were carefully wrapped in the paper, and presently the senator stepped blandly along the side and said:

"Ah. Elder Blank, have you seen the Tribune? No? Well, here it is when you want to look at it."

As he spoke he pushed the paper down in the outside breast pocket of the elder's coat. Then he went back in the car and primed a confederate, who came along and said; who came along and said; see that the car and pulling out the paper, while the cards showered all over the ladies' laps and the floor. The elder blushed to the roots of his hair, bit his lips, but finally lauched as his companions rallied lips, but finally lauched as his companions rallied senator joined in the laughter. Presently the elder said:

: Senator, I will play you five games of euchre

saud:

"Senator, I will play you five games of enchre for a dollar a game."

Everybody was amazed.

"You are not serious?" said the senator.

"They sat down to play, while the passegers in the car flocked round in wonderment at the elder's feak. He won three games, the senator two. The latter passed over a five-dollar gold piece. The letter put it in his pocket, sank back lazily in his too ran like this, opened by the senator, and conducted amid breathless attention, the senator growing excited and the elder as cool as an icide:

"That was a five-dollar gold piece ig we you."

"Yest: that's all right."

"Certainly, I told you I understood it."

"But I want my change."

"I don't understand you."

"You won three games and I won two."

"Of course, I know that."

"Off course, I know that."

"Oth'd. I understand you that you thought I

"Or cories, it snow that."
Well, then, I want four dollars. There's only don't do I understand you that you thought! A what is the source of t

ADMIRABLE CHEEK

THE appointment of Pierce M. B. Young the other day to be Consul-General at St. Petersburg, revives a story told by Mr. Blaine, in which Young played a prominent part, and which illustrated the piayed a prominent part, and which indistrated the kindness of heart and generosity of feeling for which old "Thad" Stevens, notwithstanding the roughness of his manner and abruptness of his gracely was known

which old "Thad" Stevens, notwithstanding the roughness of his manner and abruptness of his manner of the state of the state of the state of the Mr. Blaine and Mr. Stevens were seated one day in the committee room of which the latter was chairman, when the door opened and in walked a young man with what seemed to be a troup of his friends at his heels. Stevens looked up inquiringly "What can 1 do for you?" he said, "There is a bill in your committee in which I am interested, and which I wish you would report to the House," answered the young man, and he will, what is it all about 72 Stevens saked, "Yell, what is it all about 72 Stevens saked, "It's a bill to remove my political disabilities," "Ahem!" broke in Stevens, graffly, "Pought against the Union, I suppose?"

ainst the Union, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ahem!"—still more gruffly—"born South?"
"Yes, sir; in South Carolina."
"Ahem! Educated at West Point, I daresay!"
"Yes, sir."

Graduated there?"
"No, sir. I left West Point when the war broke

Then you got your education at the Govern nt's expense and afterward turned around and ght against it, eh?" exclaimed Stevens, almost fought against it, eh?" exclaimed savagely.
"Yes, sir."
"Well, where did you serve?"
"In the Army of Virginia."
"Yes, sir."
"Onder Early?"
"Were you at Chambersburg?"
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."

THE LAND OF ORANGES. SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.

BELMOŘE CITY, Clay County, Florida.

LAND IS THE BASIS OF WEALTH.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN INVESTMENT.

THINK OF IT! Every man, won and child can ow splendid large lot in Belmore City, Fla., only \$3. Will you let this chance go by?

Thirds in not.

A safe Speculation. No chance to lose, but sure opportunity to make big money on a small investment. The small sum of IMREE DOLLARS buys one of the best tots in Balmore City, Florida, 40x100 feet, A small investment and the special superior of the State of State of

Green Cove Springs & Melrose R
BELMORE CITY IS RIGHT
IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT
ORANGE BELT. HIGH PINE
LAND.
READ. REFLECT AND BUY A
LOT OR TWO AT ONCE.

These lots are positively on sale for a short time only. Ionit trail. An opportunity like this with no occur again. Lots are all situated on the best of orange land. High and dry. No seamps or malaria.

ange land. High and dry.

No seamps or malaria.

The following is a description of the wonderful advantages to da Land Company of Fiorida was is all the land of the wonderful advantages to da Land Company of Fiorida was is ally destroyed and organ Florida. The Company purchased most ylow acres in Cay and most eligible part for a city, to be known as Belinore City, which was to be known as Belinore City, which was to be known as Belinore City, which was to be the control of the company of the comp

boast to say trans me outs of the control of the promoted by magnificant pine forests, and the older of the balsam from the pine has healing in it for consumptives. We offer also for a short time corner lots on streets and West offer also for a short time corner lots on streets and Many settlers from the North and West are coming in.

Many settlers from the North and West are coming in.

Many settlers from the North and West are coming in.

Many settlers from the North and West are coming in.

Many settlers from the North and West are coming in.

The Company have tracts of five and ten acress each standed in and around Belmons which they offer to settlement of the settlement in the standard in and around Belmons which they offer to settlement in the settleme

labor, and here they will soon acquire health, wealth and happiness. Transportation facilities Belancer City is already well taken care of. The great Trust Line. The Congage Bett. "Jacksonwille & Key Wee Railway, City Congage Bett." Jacksonwille & Key Wee Railway, City Congage Bett. "Jacksonwille & Key Wee Railway, City Congage Bett." Jacksonwille & Key Wee Railway, City Congage Bett. "Jacksonwille & Key Wee Railway, City Congage Bett." Jackson Congage Bett. "Jackson Congage Bett." Jackson Congage Bett. "Jackson Congage Bett." Jackson Congage Bett. "Jackson Congage Be

ances."

It is the plan of the Company to re-invest the proceeds of all sales of land for some years in the improvement of avenues and streets, making orange groves, etc.

orn, rice, oats, sugar-cane, with vegetables of all kim-and of mammoth size, together with peaches, grappe ums, melons, pomegranates, bananas, figs, orange mons, guava, Japanese plums, Le Conte pears, oliv-d all fruits and flowers belonging to a semi-tropic

internal manning of the control of t

on ye conside himself up predicts of the present properties of the pre

J. H. PLUMMER, Pres. Belmore Florida Land Company, BRYANT BLOCK CHICAGO, ILL. -Or 50 W. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

I have personally examined the location of Belmore City and the entire tract purchased by the Belmore Land Company, and know the above statements are true. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Plummer, and know the entering person will get a true deed of any lands or lots they may buy of his Company.—W. K. P. Ponis, Phyl. Farm, Field and Stockman.

The publisher of the Golden Argory is personally acquainted with Mr. J. H. Plummer and will guarantee satisfaction to all parties having defines with the.

In replying to this advertisement please mention THE COLDEN ARCOSY.

THE LAST OF ITS FAMILY.

More than forty years ago the late George Hart, Pittsford, N. Y., who subsequently became leriff of the county, received a female opossum and seven young ones as a present from a friend in North Carolina. He had them only a short time when they all escaped from their cage one night and disappeared. There had never been any such animals known in the region before these were sent from North Carolina, and during the course of ten years five of these, or descendants of theirs, were shot by hunters in different localities in the neigh-borhood. None were seen for twenty years after that, and from that fact it was believed that the nms had not reproduced their kind in the
. Ten years ago an opossum, bearing every
uce of great age, was killed on the Upjohn
in Pittsford, and the opinion was that it was "Yes, str."
"I suppose you were one of those fellows who came up there and burned my iron foundry, ch?"
"Yes, str."
"Yes, str."
"Yes, str."
"I suppose you were one of those fellows who came up there and burned my iron foundry, ch?"
"Yes, str."
"Stevens, Mr. Blaine said took a look at Young Stevens, Mr. Blaine said took at look at Young the came which he always carried down on the flow with a good work of the flow work of the flow with a good work of the flow of the flow work of the flow work of the flow work of the flow of the flow work of the flow work

A BEE STORY.

An amusing instance of the dislike of bees to bad smells came under my notice some years ago.
At the time in question there was in my father's
garden, a plot of early potatoes, some distance in front of a spot where stood several hives. Early in the season the rooks commenced to help them-selves to the potatoes, grubbing the young tubers selves to the potatoes, grubbing the young tubers out of the ground, and doing so much mischief that some had to be shot, and the dead body of one was impaled in the middle of the plot as a warning and example to the rest. Soon after this a most unaccountable fury took possession of the attacked and instantly put to flight every period attacked and instantly put to flight every period or animal which ventured into the garden. This went on for some days, with most unpleasant results, and the bees were fast becoming a nuisance in the neighborhood, when the mystery was accidentally explained. Some one happening to pass

I was once the owner of a highly-educated chimour acquaintances, and distinguished them readily key

from strangers. Every one treating him kindly he looked upon as a personal friend. He never felt looked upon as a personal friend. He never felt more comfortable than when he was admitted to the family circle and allowed to move freely around, and open and shut doors, while his joy was boundless when he was assigned a place at the common less when he was assigned a place at the common table, and the guests admired his natural wit and practical jokes. He expressed his satisfaction and thanks to them by drumming furiously on the ta-ble. In his numerous moments of leisure, his favor-ite occupation consisted in investigating carefully every object in his reach. He lowered the door of the stove for the purpose of watching the fire, opened drawers, rummaged boxes and trunks and opened drawers, runmaged boxes and trunks and played with their contents, provided the latter did not look suspicious to him. How easily suspicion was aroused in his mind might be illustrated by the common rubber of the played by the form every common rubber ball. Obedience to my orders and attachment to my person, and to every-body earning for him, were among his cardinal virtues, and he bored me with his persistent wishes to accompany me. He knew perfectly his time for retiring, and was happy when some one of us carried him to the herdom like a baby. As soon as the cover himself, because and old jump into the herd and cover himself, because supper with tea, which he was very fond of, provided it was largely sweetherd and mixed with run. He sipped it from the cup, and ate the dipped-bread silices with a spoon, having hear laught not to use the fingers in eating; he was very road of, provided it was largers sweet-ened and mixed with rum. He sipped it from the cup, and are the dipped-bread slices with a spoon, having been taught not to use the fingers in eating; he poured his wine from the bottle and drank it from the glass. A man could hardly behave him-self more gentlemanlike at table than did that monTHE WINNER OF THE RACE.

Purce wins! It always wins. Though days be and nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go Still pluck will win. Its average is sure. He gains the prize who can the most endure, Who faces issues, he who never shirks, Who waits, and watches, and who always works.

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 XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was very late before Clare woke the next day and there stood Honty with a tray, and her restart and the treatment of the tray and here the stood Honty with a tray, and here stood Honty with a tray, and here thoughts of the tray and here thoughts all at once.

"No matter bout gettin' up, missay," said Honty, her broad, black face one smile. "You's been sleepin' so heavy, honey, that I dian't like it, but then yo' were all litted out."

"How is Aunt Lucie this morning?"

"Doin' nicely. Doctor been an' gone. Well, he was de surprisedest man! But den I reckon he war glad, too, ef it didn't tarn out zackly as he say. Yes, honey, we's all fust class dis yer mornin."

"Has uncle had his breakfast?"

"Yes, missy, an' Miss Beth she just walked in all by herself. She gittin' mighty strong agin, pore little thing."

Clare ate a little breakfast, then lay quite still, thinking over the events of the past night. Beth's place in the family, her cleded of trying to second for the liteness—poor little Beth had her rightful position, and when Madame Lucie knew all, survely she would pity the poor girl, and give her her protection.

How fast her thoughts traveled! And it was so good to see her uncle in his right.

would pity the poor girl, and give her her protection.

How fast her thoughts traveled! And it was so good to see her nucle in his right mind again though he was still depressed on account of business troubles. It was some days before she was allowed to see her aunt, and then she would scarcely have known the white, drawn face. Consciousness of suffering had changed Madame Carl, and though convalescing, she was still very week.

Clare of love, and kepth is promise, mare to Clare of love, and kepth is promise, manfully. Beth did not gain in strength as much as had been hoped, but nothing deterred her from study. In her dark eyes was a steady light that told of the purpose of her life.

One day there came to Clare two letters, one of them was edged broadly with black. Honly brought them up stairs and put them into the hands of her young mistress, as she always called her, with many misgivings. "Dor' know what dat ar means,' she said. One "Whith?" she whitespred to herself, with

one.
"Which?" she whispered to herself, with
pale lips, "the mother or the son?"
And this was the letter.

We have a strict to you with a breaking hast. Dear the strict to the strict the strict to the strict t

tron you very soin.

It was a stronge ending to the romance of their lave—or rather of his love, for though Clare wept for the pity of it, and for the sorrow of the childless woman, whose aspirations for her only boy were dashed to earth forever, yet there was no heart-breaking agony that would have followed the destruction of all her hopes, had he been to her what she was to him.

ony that would have followed the destruction over the would have followed the destruction of the control of the the date—the childishness, the inaccuracy—till she felt herself the mistress of a secret—perhaps a tragedy—perhaps a key to the mystery of a story she had heard at midnight by what appeared to be a dying bed.

This solution, if such it was, overpowered the sense of distrust, of blame, of wounded solf-love—of agonizing doubt.

"What are you thinking of?" questioned Beth, looking up from the study of thirds and fifths, pen in hand, some days afterward.

"You never speak, but go round and round as if you didn't quite know where you were."

"I have had letters," said Clare. "I have heard of the death of one dear friend, the faithlessness of another. Do you wonder as silent?"

"O, I beg your pardon," said Beth. "I'm sorry. Would you mind telling me what friend you have lost?"

"You have seen his picture," said Clare in a constrained voice.

"Oh, not him!" exclaimed Beth.

"You should be sick—blind, deaf—oh! I should be—if you loved him!" eried Beth, a tremor in her voice him!" will be sick—blind, deaf—oh! I should be—if you loved him!" eried Beth, a tremor in her voice and no one slee will."

"We was my dear friend, my old compan"."

"He was my dear friend, my old compan"."

have lost?"

"You have seen his picture," said Clare in a constrained voice.

"Oh, not him!" exclaimed Beth. Clare was silent.

"You should be sick—blind, deaf—oh! I should be—if you loved him!" cried Beth, a tremor in her voice.

"He was my dear friend, my old companion," said Clare, in a low tone.
"And you were engaged to him, but you didn't love him," said Beth, sagely. Clare was silent.

Clare was silent.

"And now there'll be a chance for him!"
said Beth, her voice low and deep with some
unexpressed feeling.
Clare looked up. Why should she ask this
audacious child whom she meant, since she
knew—since her face betrayed by its scarlet
that she did know?

"Your hero is not my hero," she said sharply.

The girl looked at her, a sad questioning in

"It isn't possible you could prefer him.
"What here is a here, though," she said simply. "He is good enough for you or the best woman living."
Clare looked at her with critical eyes.
"How do you know?" she said.
"Something tells me so," she said.
"Who wants to mary an old man?" queried Clare. "Who wants to mary an old man?" queried Clare. "Who wants to be the second woman in his heart? Not I—first or none."
"What do you mean?" asked Beth, putting her book aside, her eyes eager. "I would be the third, willingty, in such a heart! O he is great and good—and where he loves he loves!"
"It isn't possible you could prefer him to

"It isn't possible you could prefer him to eviere?" said Clare, watching the girl fur

Revierer said Clare, watching the girl intively.

"Revierer," said Beth, slowly, thinking.

"He seems almost a boy beside him! I have wondered sometimes if it had been Reviere—shot at, you know," she went on shudderingly, "how! I should have felt—hit seemed as if Ac, Colonel Earle, was hurt for me, in some lee, Colonel Earle, was hurt for ine, in some way—as if it nade some ties between the state is—I as if it nade some ties between the state is—I as if it nade some ties between the state is—I as then, and she suddenly grew confines, traight at then, and Clare.

"I have heard that he wished to adopt you, once," said Clare.

"O, did he?" saked Beth with a little fluter; "that was because of the regiment."

"And then you would have called him—father!"

father!"
Beth stopped to think.
"I suppose I should have had to in that
case," she said.
"And Reviere is like a son to him," said

case, "she said.

"And Reviere is like a son to him," said Clare, significantly.

"What makes you speak of him particularly?" asked Beth. "Reviere goes among beautful women with grand names and fortunes, and who can flatter him. Reviere is one of the handsomest men in Washington, everybody says that. I am a little nobody—do you suppose he would think of me?"

"He might," said Clare. "By the way, have you that miniature of your mother?"

"Yes," said Beth. "Let me see, did I ever get it from Mrs. Carl? She wanted to see it, yes—then I gave it to Mr. Louis, but he told met keep it. It is in one of my boxes."

"Will you lead it to me?"

"Certainly I will," said Beth, and went to her roon and got it. "She was very, very pretty," said Clare.

"She was very, very pretty," said Clare. Both sighed.

Both sighed.
"I never saw her."
"May I keep this a little while?"
"O dear, yes, as long as you wish," said Beth.
"There comes Mr. Earle!" said Beth, joy

"There comes Mr. Earle!" said Beth, joyously,
"You will excuse me to him," said Clare,
"Say I am engaged. I cannot possibly see
him to-day."
Beth looked after Clare, as she left the
room, with wonder-wide eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LOST GIFT RESTORED A WEEK had passed. Clare still persisted in refusing to see Earle, who waited pa-

in refusing to see Earlie, who waited pattently.

At hast Beth broke into open rebellion.

I don't think so, said Clare. She paused a moment to look at Beth, whose eyes were unnaturally bright. It seemed to her she saw something in Beth's face she had never seen before, and yet the look was a familiar one. It brought before her the face of Henry Arlington. Beth's eyes were like stars and her cheeks like roses, but, nevertheless, it cocurred to Clarc that there was a lack of color. And so there was, of vital health color.

color.

"He only talked of you," said the girl
"he has only eyes for you, only ears for you.
Oh, yes, he said he thought I was not getting
on as well as I should. That makes me anon as well as I should. That makes me an-gry. I'm not going to die young, if I can help it. Why, I don't see but I am well nough."

"Do you feel bright or languid in the morning?" asked Clare, conscious that she had not concerned herself much about Beth. "Oh, I don't know," was the answer.

dom.
"Yes," said Beth, a little bitterness in her voice, "if you marry him. Then I could go as your maid."—you would go as a lady or not at all! But that is absurd. I shall never marry him."
"And yet you love him," said Beth, stead-

"And yet you love mm, "Miss Clare, the madame wants you," said Martha. "Well, to be sure, she's just as fussy—not to call it no worse name—as ever. When people lay sick and dying, we're ard, apt to fancy they're angels, aforehand, but when they're gettin well—"she shook had head dubously. "Oh, dear—oh, dear! And I pity Mr. Louis!"

Mr. Louis was radiant. He needed no pity.

Mr. Louis was radiant. Inc account of the could not answer and could not have refuted it if she had. Love him! It seemed to the that her heart was hungry for one glance of his eyes, one tone of his vioce, and yet she had denied herself that very morning, that which would have made her happy in spite of every trouble fancied and real.

Her annt had not as yet been able to walk, but she was very much better this morning and put out her hand in the old, quick way.

"I'm so glad to feel a little interest in life again," she said. "It thought I was done with it. You have been very kind and sweet, Louis tells me. You are wearing yourself out for me."

with it. Yon have been very kind and sweet, Louis tells me. You are wearing yourself out for me."
"No, indeed, no, no," said Clare, eagerly.
"Oaly let me do something to help you."
"Poor child! you look pale and worried. Never mind, I shall be up soon. I always get well in a hurry. Now wont you give me some of those letters over there. Louis has been reading them."
Clare handed her a little pile of notes and letters.

"Here is an invitation that came the night I was taken sick. It is more in the form of a friendly note, telling me the party would come off in the following month sometime. I have made Louis promise to go, and he will if you go with him."

"O-I cannot possibly! "said Clare, shrinking. "I am in mourning—I have, besides, heard bad news; I would not worry you by telling you about it. Lieutenant Arlington is dead." Her lip trembled.

"My dear!" exclaimed Madame Lucie, and looked at her narrowly. "If I had known you were in such trouble, I would not have called upon you so much. You should have told me." "Here is an invitation that came the night

told me."

Her quick eye saw that there was no depth of anguish under Clare's quiet exterior.

"Do you know—I feared it was not a love match," she said atter a little, warily. Clare smiled sadly.

"My father approved of it—my mother loved him," she said. "To me he was only a dear friend."

"Then there is no heart break in the parting?"

Novertime, sale said. "I ome low as only a "Then there is no heart break in the parting?" "Then there is no heart break in the parting?" "Clare shook her head. She was truth itself. She would have told him so. "I have been amusing myself with fitting you out for Mrs. Ralph's. There's sure to be a splendid company there-all the best people in Washington. I have some old gold satin and black lace in my bureau drawer that would have made you a lovely dress. And Madane Ball could have finished it with your help inside of two days. I wanted Louist to go, poor fellow, he looks so worried! I made him tell me—it seems he is in money difficulties—there are a few creditors who are merciless. But I tell him not to mind. We can take a small house, and now that my mind is at rest about poor little Beth—I am quite willing to begin lite again."

"Then you know," said Clarce as my bediside that night. The voice sounded away off—but I heard every word. I knew it was Louis. I could not move, but the mental struggle saved me. Dear Louis! he did not dream that he was doing the only thing, perhaps, that could have restored me to lite. He gave me hope, a motive, inspiration. Dear old heart! How I have misjudged him! But in doing so, I have also punished myself. I have been cold, cruel, heartless, but I mean to make it all up to him. Ah, Clarc, you do not know what an inspiration there is in a true man's love!"

Did she not? The sudden glow, the quick beating pulses, the cry that nobody heard but God! Clare turned her head away, that her aunt might not see the quick springing tears: the such a place as Madanne Ralph's, it might do him good. His creditors would be there—they might feel more confidence in his ability to meet their demands. It might put of the evil day," she said a little while afterwards.

"Hear ann's love!"

the evil day," she said a fittle white atterwards.

"Pear aunt, if it would help Uncle Louis, I will put aside my own scruples; I will willingly go," said Clare.

"It would help him," said Mrs. Carl. "If I were well enough, I should go for his sake, I could almost drag myself from a sick bed-if I dared, I would". "No, ann, it will be a pleasure to me, un-der the circumstances," said Clare. "The old gold can be quite covered with black lace," said Mrs. Carl. [Clared, way you think best, aunt," said

Clare.
"And, my dear—by and by—I'll see little Clare.

"And, my dear—by and by—I'll see little Beth. Louis says he is not quite satisfied with her recovery. You cannot think how I blame myself in looking over the past, and my almost cruelty towards the poor child. I am not quite sure but I have myself to blame for all that has taken place—poor Bee's death and her suffering. Never mind. The past cannot be recalled. I have told Louis that I will make it all up to her, and I will." I'am sure you will, aunt, "said clare. The following day Clare was occupied with the dressmaker. At last she stood, stately as a young queen in the old gold and lace, for ber aunt's approval.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful!" said her aunt, who now sat up in heg, own special easy chair. "Clare, you will be the belle of the evening. I predict it!" Clare blushed.

She only wished to look beautiful in Col-

Clare blushed.

She only wished to look beautiful in Colonel Earle's eyes. She knew he would be there—that she mnst meet and speak to him. She had determined to enjoy that one evening, and after that she would call him to accover.

it. ie door was ajar - They could hear Beth

"Ah, she has a voice!" said Madame Lu-cie, shutting her eyes, with a regretful sigh. "You are satisfied with the dress," said

"You are successful."

Clare.

"It is perfect. Hark! I hear Reviere's voice. Oh, is it not delicious?"

ing.
"It is my favorite—Norma," said Madame Luci

Suddenly a look of inspiration came into her pale, beautiful face. What would follow? What did follow? What did follow? She opened her hips, and the prisoned voice leaped like a bird from her glad throat, in pure, delicious sound.

"Vanue sil ni hassia indeque!"
How it rang out upon the still air, full, round, impassioned, vibrant.
Clare turned pale, but presently laughed aloud for joy.

Clare turned pale, but presently laughed aloud for joy.

"Oh! God be thanked! my voice—my voice has come back to me! Louis! there is no such word as fail now! Come! congratulate me! We are rich!"

The man stood in the open door, called by the sweet, footing melody, that like its twin angel fitted itself to Reviere's magnificent tenor

the sweet, floating melody, that like its twin magel atted itself to Reviere's magnificent tenor.

He three himself on his knees by the side of his grand wife, and buried his face in her garments. Let al! go now—home, money, friends—as she had said, he was rich.

"Aye! rich if you never sang another note, my darling," he said. "I have all in you."

"But I shall sing! I will sing! Oh, Louis—next to your love! I prized my voice! How good God is to us! I long to get well. I shall do nothing but sing. Louis, I shall weary you all with my practice!" and she laughed like a happy child, the music gurgling through every intonation. And then she tried her voice again, softly singing little snatches, now in English, then in French, then in German—bits of bird song, and then the happy laugh came again." Said Louis.

"Earl and the care till be jubiant.

He caught sight of Beth, who, all flushed and out of breath, stood at the head of the stairs. The transparent complexion gave her an almost uncartily beauty.

"Here is Beth," he said the sweetest voice was ever heard. A startled look crossed the beautiful face. "Come in, my dear."

Beth could hardly believe her senses. Nevertheless she entered, timidly.

Madame Carl sat holding both hands towards her. She looked intently in her face, a great byly in her eyes. "You are my niece, did you know it? Louis is your uncle, your mother's own brother," said Madame Louis, and that is why! a mgoing to love you very much.

"Oh, madame!" said Beth, trembling.
"Oh, madame!" said Beth, trembling.

Louis, and that is why I am going to love you very much."

"Oh, madame!" said Beth, trembling.
"I am not madame to those I love. To my nieces I am Aunt Lucie."
"Oh, Annt Lucie."
"Oh, Annt Lucie!" cried Beth, with a little sob. "I am so glad you have found your voice! I it is so beautiful! I heard it down stairs—and my heart jumped for joy. It is all so sudden! but I am glad for you—and for myself."
"Louis," said his wife, pitifully, a little while after, "that child is going into a rapid decline. We have found her to love her and lose her."

lose her."

ner. I cannot believe that," he said.

"I cannot believe that," he said.
"Yes, it something is not done to save her, she is going fast. And I want to save her, she is going fast. And I want to save her. She has come right into my heart. I feel as if she belongs to me. If we can only travel! Don't let her study any more. It will kill her. She shall stay in my room and tend the birds and the flowers till she gets stronger. Don't let her study, Louis. I will have our own dector."

Don't let her study, Louis. I will have our own doctor."

Louis sighed and smiled. Earth was grow-ing fairer to him. He was renewing his youth. He could hardly believe in his own happiness.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

SHE KNEW THE GAME.

BY H C DODGE

"What is the similarity,
Miss Ethel," asked the beau,
"Between a game of ball and me?"
Yawned Ethel, "I don't know."

"Why it't a match, of course," grinned he, With idiotic bliss,
"In which a miss is caught, you see, Because I caught a miss."

Because I caught a miss."

"How smart," said Ethel, who announced
She had a riddle, too;

"The ball you play with must be bounced
Why like a ball are you?"

He eyed the clock. "Because," sighed he
"Because I'm always 'round'?"
"O. always! I suppose," said she,
"For runs you are renown'd."

"Indeed, I am, and home runs, too— Why, all the boys allow—"
"O, I'm so glad," she smiled, "for you Can make a home run now."

TRAPPING A GRITTI V BY EZEKIEL WINTHROP

THE shades of evening were gathering fast, and already the ravine below was envrapped in a already the ravine below was envrapped in a below the state of the sta

ship of the breeze that shall be a seried of the breeze that the complete of t

tered prayer for help, I again fired, this time with deliberate aim, as I knew that it was my only hope.

With the shot the brute slightly paused, shook his huge head, and, with a savage growi, raised himself upon his hind-feet. He appeared to feel that I was in his power, and his very look seemed That brief capite saved my life.

My gallant horse, was still struggling to regain his feet, and wondering what it could be that prevented his doing so, I glanced downward, and, to my horror, discovered that the cork of the left hind-shoe had in some manner been caught in a root that crossed the path, and which was holding him fast, beyond the hope of release unless the shoe itself exceeding the reins, I induced the frightened animal to renw his struggles, just as the bear had again dropped on all fours, and came charging, like an avalanche upon me.

Once more I fired, and then dropping the wear one of the control of the final season. I drew my long sheath-knife for the final season. I drew my long sheath-knife for the final season.

pon. I drew my long sheath-knile for the final struggle.

Again I commended my soul on high—when with a last desperate effort, the shoe gave way, and with a yell almost human in its expression of agony, my brave horse sprang to his feet, raising me with any brave horse sprang to his feet, raising me with ing madiy down the rocky defile.

Gents of the last few moments seemed to have lent renewed speed to my horse's feet, and in a short time we debouched upon the level plain below, when Bruin, knowing it would be useless to follow, when Bruin, knowing it would be useless to follow, gave up the chase. A good deal unnerved, I rode homeward, arriving at my ranch in time for sup-per. fig madly down the a deciding that was faging and your deep of the property of

day. An old Indian-fighter as well, he numbered his conflicts with savages by the score.

Joe was intensely interested in my description of the evening's adventure, and when I had finished, declared that he intended "making meat" of that identical "bar," or, to use his own expression, "hump his back a-tryin."

The next morning early Joe bages his

"hump his back a-tryin."

The next morning early Joe began his preparations for the capture of the grizzly.

A young call was caught and led by a lasso to a spot near where my hote had fallen, and was there tied, while the "trap" was being constructed.

A tree, cighteen or twenty inches in diameter, was felled as near the spot as possible, and the branches lopped off for some distance up the trunk.

trunk.

The "dead fall" was now ready for the triggers

trunk.

The "dead fail" was now ready for the triggers and bait.

The former were constructed of a couple of stout oak rails that had been brought from the ranch and the stout oak rails that had been brought from the ranch oak rails that had been brought from the ranch oak rails that had been brought from the ranch of the properties of the projected backward directly under the geger that projected backward directly under the which was streeted upon the earth and bound to a stout stake, driven firmly in the ground. Upon this upright the tree was to rest. It was the old figures that the read of the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties.

The tree was raised by means of levers, the trigers set, the calf bound to the stake, and the deadfall was complete.

We returned to the ranch to await night, and then We returned to the raise our patience as well as might be. The hours wore slowly on, and in deep silence we awaited the approach of our quarry.

of the trap, and men prepare to the trap.

In the one was the series of the control of the contr

JOSEPH BLACK'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"Well, Joseph?" queried the court, as a young nan of twenty stepped forth. "Yhell, Shudge, I couldn't help it."

"You were disorderly."
"Maype I vhas, but I vhasn't to blame. You see I hadt some photograph taken. Here is one,"

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

A PRIEST the other day, who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked What is the sacrament of matrimony?

" mae is the sacrament of matrimony?"

A little girl at the head of the class answered:

"Tis a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world."

"Good," said the priest, "the answer for purga-

"Good," said the priest, "the answer for purga-tory."
"Put her down," says the curate, "put her down to the fut of the class."
"Lave her alone," said the priest; "for any-thing you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right.

THE CLOTHING STORE

"THE matter is that the rotten thing is full of

moths, you miserable——"

"Mots,'do you say," indignantly interrupted the dealer. "Mots! Vat do you egspect to find in a seven tollar overgoat? Humming birds?"

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 anniher. We cannot insert all that come in if one party



CORRESPONDENCE

W. S. W. North Elba, N. Y. Thanks. We have all

we can use.

T. B. S., Carrolton, Ky. We can give you back Nos. of the present volume only.

J. B., Faribault, Minn. Habits are not cured by medicine, but by the exercise of the will power.

JEKS, Faterson, N. J. If you will send name and address with atamp to the editor of this column, or call on him any day, he will be glad to give you the unformation asked.

MIOTMATION asked.

8. M. G. Radciffe, Iowa. Jno. Dahlgren, the inventor of the gun named after him, was an American naval officer, rising from midshipman to admiral. Born 1819, died 1870.

E. P. J. Brook Iron midshipman to admiral. E. P. J. Broch Iron We have no special rates such as you speak of. We always amounts our assuch as you speak of. We always amounts our law such as you speak of. We always amounts our law such as you speak of a constraint of the control of the contr

to do so.

F. D. C., Nunica, Mich. David Garrick, the actor was distinguished for his fine acting, and for the versatility of his genius. He was excellent in every kind of acting, and wrote many of his own comedies and farces. Born 1716, died 1779.

satility of his genins. He was excellent in every kind afraces. But which many of his own conceiles and farces. But with the was a first mealing the definition of the ancients was a gum used as an ingredient of their incense, said to have been used to conceal the odor of the ancients was a gum used to save incense the color of the sacrifice. The frank-incense used to summals of the sacrifice. For frank-incense used to summals of the sacrifice. The frank-incense used to summals of the sacrifice there has a color bination of resinous substances.

D. T. F. Lowry City, Mo. It has long been held that a fish diet is especially desirable as a brain nourisher. Genies this, but the distribution of the sacrification of resinous substances.

D. T. F. Lowry City, Mo. It has long been held that a fish diet is especially desirable as brain nourishers certainly an experience of the sacrification of the sacrificati

PUZZLEDOM NO. 186 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper oxiz, and apart from all other communications. When words not in the same must be cited, and words observations of the same must be cited, and words observation or produced by the contribution of the contribution

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 131. ANSWERS TO FUZZLES IN NO. 13.

NO. 1.

NO. 3.

A G G E R S W R A I T H
G A R R A N R E M O R A
G R A M M E A M A D O U U
R R M I N E I I O D O U S
R A M N A D T R O U T S
S N E E D S H A U S S E

No. 2. Roller skating our latest great amusement. No. 4. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. No. 6. Catacomb.

C	M
BAR	FOB
LONES	SENEH
LITOTES	MANATUS
BOTANICAL	PALESTRAS
NONICATER	MAGISTERIES
ETICULES	TENTERING
SECALES	
SATES	SERRIES
LES	SAINS
	L A G
8	L
No. 8. Contentment	No. 10. Along.
No. 9.	No. 11.
T	SECATECOLUCAS
MAS	SUROXIDATES
PANTS	PALATINES
TURNIPS	BEMASKS
FORTALICE	
ERRETENANT	SETTS
	NOS
NSELESSNESS	R

S E N S E L E S S N E S S

Puzzlas in Puzzladum No. 13 were correctly solved by Mand Lynn. 8. and No. 13 were correctly solved by Mand Lynn. 8. and No. 13 were correctly rearrange Left Ward, Res Feri John Mallins, Pearl, Tantruns, Ed. Ward, Res Feri John Mallins, Pearl, Ton Soloton Boy, Typo, Tom A. Hawk, Maia, Cohannet, Find, Bolls, Wilak, Maia, Cohannet, Tanuas, Delmonte, Williew Milwave, Emphalic, Nyas, Tranzas, Delmonte, Williew Milwave, Emphalic, Nyas, Tranzas, Delmonte, Williew Milwave, Emphalic, Nyas, Edid, T. G. Leide, E. S. King, Morning Star, Androw, Jonnier, N. C. A. C. Edie, E. S. King, Morning Star, Annoyme, N. Orth, Andox, Juniper, Nickel. Total 48.

Orth, Andox, Juniper, Nickel. Total 48.

Privat for Single Solutions—No. 2, Jo. Mullins, No. 3, Aspiro, No. 6, E. S. King, No. 7, Navajo; No. 8, Yarum; No. 9, G. R. Ammar.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED. Viola, 1 Anagram: Miss Tickle 1 Square: Mytho, 13-Letter Dlamond: Doc. Jr., 1 Rectangle: Aspiro, 1 Square: A. P. Rinter, 1 Square: Hermit, 1 Square, 1 Diamond, 1 Inverted Pyramid: Black Raven, 1 Square.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. Numerical.

The 1, 2, 3, 4 is to strip off,
The 4, 5, 6, 7 is to fatten,

Whole is a mixture of bran and meal.

ORE CITY.

TANCRED. NEW Yo

No. 2. NUMERICAL No. 2. NUMERICAL.

Often the weary business man
Into the total drops,

To 1 to 4, and 2, 5, 10;
And for a while he stops
And is 4, 7, 6, 8, 9, 10,
To the harrowing strife,
Which takes the best part of his time—
The best part of his life.

JUN, N. Y. HAWEES;

No. 3. DIAMOND. No. 3. Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. To measure; 3. A strait between China and Japan; 4. A genus of plants; 5. A vegetable alkaloid; 6. A large dish; 7. A commendation to the care of God; 8. A girl's name; 9. A letter.

KATTE.

No. 4. CHARADE.

No. 4. CHARADE.

(Partly by sound.)

(Partly by sound.)

(Partly by sound.)

For our ship lads of gold from across the blue sea;

Completely we scanned the flerce billows by day.

No tome that night turned us sadly away.

No tome that such that the stationary scanned, and the stationary has been been a stationary scanned, and but that which our joys occasively mara.

Is our ship has come in with its keel to the stars.

Is our ship has come in with its keel to the stars.

No. 5. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND

No. 5. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND.

In "Libpincet's Gazethee"; 2. A. fortified town of Persia; 3. The ancient tame of Calvi; 4. A form of Persia; 5. The ancient tame of Calvi; 4. A form of Persia; 5. A group of islands in the Pacific ocean; 6. A postoffice in Marion Co., Oregon; 7. A town of Praisa Silesia; 8. A town of India; 9. In "Lippincott's Gartteer.

ANONTME. ANONTME.

No 6 CHAPADE

(Including solution of No. 8 in No. 181.)

(Including solution of No. 8 in No. 181.)

The total paling in the glowing more,

Proclaims another one has had its birth,
Black night now folds her sable wings, and dawn
Black night now folds her sable wings, and dawn
Black night now folds her sable wings, and dawn
With 1971b hearts we half the bearing earth.

With 1971b hearts we half the printing party

With graifful hearts we view the landscape o'er,
With graifful hearts, a loving tribute pay

With graifful hearts, we return the printing black,
Who sends us light and heat and gentle rain,
Who rules the harvest and the sprinting black,
Who rules the harvest and the sprinting black,
Who rules the harvest and the sprinting black,
The two control of the printing black,
All gratefully our lives with joy and blessings bl
Our souls are mellowed by a sweet content.

JUNIER

JUN

Our boule are multi-new strain joy and treessings over Our boule are multi-new strain joy and treessings over the Triesfield, Mr. 7. Diamond.

No. 7. Diamond.

(To "The General.")

In Wy bittle-slow when rightly done.
Begin: "The General."

2. I bought this hat ias good as new.)

As another, olding fifty strain.

And dor my girl, a cape and multi-new strain.

And look so charming, sweet and "ich, and look so charming, but the strain of th

No. 8

No. 8. CHARDE.

I sing of the charms of a sweet numierees,
A girl I adore from the depths of my heart,
One whom I, by no means, an loath to confess,
Has wounded me sorely, with fair Cupid's dart.
This angel whose image in outlines of gold,
No one from my memory c'er can erase:
Alas! though so near, by a puzzler I'm told,
Lives hundreds of miles from my residing place.

Lives hundreds of miles from my residing place. So ever it is, when two hearts beat as one. And hope to be happy together some day, By some sad misfortume their work is undone, But forst / what care I for the distance where my dearling sweetheart, my love, and myself? Last/ now will if it to that beautiful scene. Where she waste my coming, the dear, coyful elf! Through some assumed to flight round her head the same and the same an

No. 9. DIAMOND.

No. 9. Diamond.

1. A brand or stigma placed on one, For murder or manishingher done.

2. An island of eastern Turkey,

2. An island of eastern Turkey,

3. A "finely woven fabrie" sight,
 Or "any learned profession" write.

4. A Frenchman, born in 1810.
 Whose works are good authority
 On things ament the soldiery.

5. The definition we next greet and feet."

6. In farming parlance this will show
 A combination found below
 A combination found below
 A combination found polecy
 None, etc., a sea, for the sill show
 A combination found below
 A combination found below
 To in the sill show
 A combination found below
 To in the sill show
 A combination found below
 To in the sill show
 Stone, etc., a sea, the sill show
 To in signify tribes, claim or races.
 To signify tribes, claim or races.
 To signify tribes, claim or races.
 Should you gain the "victory,"

11. First in nonense, last in fun,
 I just finish off a plun.
 Mandoap and Myrelly.

Annewers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

BATOKE, N. J.

MADCAP and MYSELF.
Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.
For the first complete list of solutions, Time Aanoev six nouths. For the best incomplete list, three months.
For the best incomplete list, three months.
First for Single Solutions—For first correct answer best of the solutions of the solution.
Solution of the solution is a six of the solution of

Priest for Single Souttons—ror mis services for Single Souttons—ror mis services for the Single Souttons—ror mis services for the Single Singl