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UNDER FIRE;

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

CHAPTER XIX.

FRED stared at the sheriff in blank amaz

"I am charged with setting fire to John Rexford's store?" he said.
"Yes"

"Yes."

"And you say Mr. Rexford makes the harge?" demanded Fred in great excitecharge i

ment.
"Yes, he makes the charge," replied the officer in a manner that was extremely irritating to our young hero.
"I don't know what it means," answered

"I don't know what it means,
Fred after a panse.
"You know the store was burned,
I suppose?" said the sheriff sarcasticelly.
"It, sir; but what has that
to do with me?"
"That question is one that must
be answered by the court. My duly
it to see that you appear there for
tri "When will the trial be?" asked
Fred, pale and depressed that such

Fred, pale and depressed that such a charge should be brought against

a charge should him.
"At two o'clock this afternoon you must appear before Justice

you must appear.
Plummer."
"Can I remain at my work till

then?"
"No, you must go with me."
"Is it necessary for me to go to
the lock up?" asked Fred, shrinking with natural repugnance from
such a place.
"It is, unless you can furnish
surety for your appearance at the
trial."

If I promise to be there, isn't

"If 1 promise to that enough?"
"I should not be doing my official duty to let you off on your promise," answered the sheriff.
"I would rather stay with you until two o'clock than to go to the lockup."

nntil two o'clock than to go to the lockup."

"My time is worth too much to make. I have a great deal of official business to attend to," said the officer; and after a pause added, 'but if you were to give me five dollars—cash down, I think I could fix it for you."

"I haven's o much money with me, but I promise to pay it to you."

"I should prefer the cash."
Fred went to Mr. Farrington, accompanied by the sheriff, to try and borrow money enough to make

accompanied by the sherin, to try
and borrow money enough to make
up the five dollars, and to ask his advice. He
took him a little at one side and spoke low so
the officer could not hear him. After getting
the facts of the arrest, and asking a few
question advanced to the sherin' and
Mr. Farring which were answered satisfactorily.
Mr. Farring on advanced to the sherin' and
Mr. Farring which were answered to the sherin' and the shering recovery the force of the shering recovery the shering the shering recovery the shering recover

Mr. Farrington advanced to the sheriff and said:

"I am surprised, Mr. Coombs, that you should try to scare this boy into paying you five dollars, with the threat of taking him to the lockup. I had a better opinion of you than this," he added, emphatically.

Officer Coombs hung his head and colored. He lost the official bearing with which he had so impressed our young friend, appearance at the trial, begonable for his appearance at the trial, begonable for his dependence of his position.

as they felt sure they could prove that Fred was at home the night of the fire.
"I think the tide will turn now, Fred," will stather. "You have had more than your share of ill-luck, but I am proud of you that you stand up under fire like a man."

discharged Fred Worthington from your employ some sort of revenge would follow. "but you be good enough to state why you that you stand up under fire like a man."
"In what way, please?"

you that you stand up under fire like a man."

"I hope it has, father, and I am glad of your approval. This charge, though, seems to be one of malice."

"It does seem so, but we can tell at the trial whether it is or not."

Justice Plummer was a middle-aged man, with a kind intellectual face. He spoke slowly and thoughfully. When our hero entered he greeted him in a kindly way.
"I am sorry to see you here, Fred," he began, "and I hope no evidence of guilt will be found against you. Though I feel a friendly interest in you, it is my duty, as you know, to decide the case impartially."

"I know it is, judge," replied Fred, "and

"His manner indicated it."
"In what way, please?"
"He was very saucy and impudent."
"He was very saucy and impudent?"
"He threatened me."
"Simply because you informed him you wouldn't need his services longer?"
"Well, yes, that is about it," answered the winness hesitatingly.
Ike to know the exact facts," said Judge Plummer.
"I shall endeavor to give them," answered the witness.

the witness.

"Then please state in what way he threatened you," said Mr. Farrington.

"It was in his manner. I had to conciliate him to save trouble. I was afraid of him absolutely."

er; but his manner was so hostile I became alarmed, fearing he would try to injure me in some way, so I gave him the money."
"Did he threaten you with personal vio-

"No."
"He made no threat at all, then?"
"As I said, after thinking the matter over,
I thought it would be a policy to pay him,"
answered the witness, trying to evade the

answered the witness, trying to be composed to the point.

"But you have not answered the question. Did he or did he not make any sort of a threat which caused you to change your mind?" demanded Mr. Farrington.

"Well, yes, in a certain sense."

"In what sense?"

"He threatened to make false statements about my business."

"Would these statements have injured you?"

about my business.

"Would these statements have injured you?"

"You are sure the statements he threatened to make were false, with property of the property o

the case, and that, tōo, by his own testimony. "In your testimony, Mr. Rexford, you said Fred Worthington im-pressed you at the time of his dis-charge with the idea that he would do you some subsequent harm. his attitude of self-defense?" asked Judge Plummer in his slow thought-ful way.

Judge rannanger ful way.

"No, sir; not that."

"Will you state, then, what caused you to form such an opin-

ion?"
"Of course I could not tell his thoughts, but the deep study he seemed to be in convinced me that he was revolving in his mind some plot to be revenged on me for discharging him."
"This cannot be considered as evidence," replied the judge. "His thoughts might have run upon an entirely different subject."

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XX.

The testimony so far had no weight, but really told against the our young friend.

The track if the savinth was meant in the against was meant in the savinth was meant to the same size of Fred's shoe and the same size of the same size of the same size of the sheet of the same size of the same si

"I was."
"I have no more questions at present to ask the witness," said the lawyer to the

judge.
"I have one I would like to ask the witness," said Mr. Farrington, and then address-

ness," said Mr. Farrington, and then address-ing Fred, said:
"John Rexford testified that you threat-ened to make false statements about his busi-



Mr. Clarence Ham, a young man noted for his eloquence.

Mr. Rexford was sworn as a witness, and deposed that he had strong grounds for believing his store was burned by an incendiary, and that he had reasons for saspecting Fred Worthington as the guilty party, though he admitted that he had little or no real proof to sustain this believing the proof to sustain this believing the proof to sustain this believing upon the facts that led him to think the store was maliciously burned. Sheriff Coombs added his testimony upon this point. These facts having already been given need not be repeated.

"This testimony gives no absolute proof that the store was burned by an incendiary," said the judge.

"But I submit that the circumstances—the facts, if you please—lead to that conclusion,"

"In what way did you conciliate him?"

"In what way did you conciliate him?"
"By modifying my statement."
"What was your statement?"
"It was something about his taking money from my drawer."
"You charged him then with stealing?"
"Not exactly."
"This was the point, however, that you modified?"
"You"

modined r. "Yes."
"Yes."
"Did that satisfy him?"
"Well, yes; it seemed to," admitted the witness reluctantly.
"Then, Mr. Rexford, your testimony shows that Fred Worthington did not complain at being discharged, but at a statement which you had no right to make. I judge he simply acted as any proud-spirited boy would have done."

"Tam responsible to the tial," he at last answered, in defense of his position.
"Yery well, that is no reason why you should take advantage of an innocent boy who knows nothing of the law. I will go surely for him, and will be present at the store was burned by an incendiary," said the single of the surely for him, and will be present at the facts, if you please—lead to that conclusion, "The world he right to have the bond, but I will go so."
"It would be right to have the bond, but I will not ask it from you. I have faith in you, you see," said the sheriff, trying to win back his good opinion by a bit of flattery.

Mr. Farrington shrugged his shoulders, and turning to Fred told him to go to his work, and at the appointed time he would accomply the property of course Fred had to tell his parents at noon what had happened. They were alarmed at first at so grave a charge, but became cain

ness if he kept the money due you. Is this

"I no kept me money due you. Is this true?"
"I object to this question," said attorney Ham, who had learned the merchant's great desire to avoid further testimony upon this point. "It has no bearing upon this case,"
"It does have a bearing upon the case, and I have a special reason for wanting an answer to my question," replied Mr. Farrington.
"The witness may answer," said the judge.
"Your honor," put in C. Ham, Esq., "I protest against bringing in the private business of my client, which has no relation to this case."

this case."
"The case is entirely one of circumstantial evidence," replied the judge, "and being such, it is important that we get at the facts regarding the boy's character. The witness will answer the

poy's character. The witness will answer the question."

"No sir! is not true."

"No sir! is not true."

"No sir! when he said he would keep my money, I told him it was a mean trick but not much meaner than I had seen him play upon his customers."

"He asked me if I meant to insinuate that he heated his customers."

"I said I did."

"I said I did."

"What toly lower the work of the work of the work of the work."

"I said I did."

"What tollowed?"

"And you replied?"
"I said if died."
"What followed?"
"He threatened to have me arrested."
"And what did you say to that?"
"A list the say that the say that is the say that the say the

"You will prease state out of "said Fred.
"Why do you hesitate?" asked his honor.
"Because I do not wish to reveal matters, we employer's business that should be considerable."
"The work of the work

"I would prefer not to," said Fred.
"Why do you hesistate?" asked his honor.
"Because I do not wish to reveal matters about my employer's business that should be considered of the considerate of the considerate of the considerate of the considerate of your former employer, and especially as he is now trying to establish a case against you. As you are only a hoy, I consider it but right that I should advise you to show if you can that you did not show if you can that you did not show if you can that you did not show the considerate of the passes, and this point before it was carried farther. As no objection was raised by the defense, he said:
"I must acknowledge an error in my testimony regarding Fred's threat of a false statement. I was so wrought up over the matter that I hardly understead of the considerate of the co

shown."
Our young friend was profoundly moved at these kind, reassuring words, coming as they did from one who had the power to hold him for a grave

one who had the power to hold him for a grave crime.

Fred's parents were very happy at the outcome of the trial, and at Judge Plummer's complimentary remarks to their son—their only child.

Fred's their son—their only child.

Farrington. He not only flet a pride in triumph-ing over the somewhat wordy lawyer Ham, but genuine satisfaction and pleasure that Fred should be cleared of all suspicion in this case.

John Bezford was defeated, dissatisfied, misera-John Bezford was defeated, dissatisfied misera-charged clerk, who he still though that something to do with the destruction of his store. He now quickly withdrew from the place of the trial before any one could approach him to intensify his mis-ery by questions upon the various points of evi-dence.

CHAPTER XXI.

MATTHEW and Tim had now compromised mat-rs with Jacob Simmons so all immediate danger

was passed, and they were comparatively easy on this point, as a little more time had been granted them in which to pay the batance promised him, Fred's arrest on the charge of burning the store meant more to each of them than a mere grainfeating at severe the store of the stor

school. He could not understand what had brought about the change in her, but that there was a have the was beyond doubt, and the fact irritated him.

He had not seen her for nearly a week, for she was at home sick. She took a severe cold the night of the fire by exposure to the damp chilly air, and had not been able to come out since. True, Mathew called a hier house to office he is sympathic there called a her house to office he his ympathia sister, who had called every day, that Nellie was up and around the house. He argued from this fact that she shunned him.

There was a doubt of this, however, and he clung to the doubt tenaciously, for his regard for her was allow was of a finer nature, and possessed more honor than he seemed capable of showing in any other way.

honor than he seemed capable of showing in any other way. Fred really expected no reply to his letter to Nellie, and yet he hoped almost against hope, as it seemed to him, that she might acknowledge its re-ceipt in some way. If only a word, and that, too, one of criticism, he left that it would be much more welcome than nothing. Little did he realize how near he came to receiv-ing the coveded letter, for it was actually written, and was one that would have given him great pleasure.

Pleasure.

Nelle wrote the letter in the evening before the fre, and intended mailing it the next morning; but when morning came she found herself too ill to leave the house, so her letter remained unmailed.

Two dava passed, then came the report of Fred's arrest. The report made her cheeks burn. She arrest. The report made her cheeks burn. She and while the shock was fresh upon her destroyed and while the shock was fresh upon her destroyed and while the shock was fresh upon her destroyed and while the shock was fresh upon her destroyed and while the shock was fresh upon her destroyed and while the shock was fresh upon her destroyed. She took Fred's letter from her pocket, and the letter—guilty or not guilty or mot guilt

"What good news?" asked Nellie, curiously,
"Why, the result of the trial. Haven't you heard of it?"
"Has he been acquitted?" asked Nellie eagerly.
"Yes."
"Has he been acquitted?" asked Nellie eagerly.
"Yes."
I have a sake realized the interest she had shown.
I ouly learned of the trial ask w minutes ago."
"I am so glad he was proved innocent. I think it was shameful to bring such a charge sgainst him," returned Gracie.
"He has been unfortunate," replied Nellie, refasining from an expression of her own feelings.
the charges against him. Father said that Mr. Rexford was confused and embarrassed at the trial. It all came out about Fred's discharge and the missing money."
"Was it favorable to Fred?"

was it about Fred's uncompared with a was it favorable to Fred?"
"Yes. Mr. Rexford had to retract his own testimony, and acknowledge that Fred was right."
"Did they learn anything about the missing

"Yes. Mr. Rexford had to retract his own testimony, and acknowledge that Fred was right."

"Yes. Jir. Rexford had to retract his own testimony, and acknowledge that Fred was right."

"No; but father said there was no proof that Fred took it or any good reason for thinking so. You know I told you when the report first started, that I did not believe it was true. Nelle, "Acopying her eyes, and thinking of the reference to this fact in Fred's letter to her.

"Dave told me a few days ago," continued foracie, "that Fred thought nearly all of his riends had turned against him, and that he felt much him, and that Fred thought nearly all of his riends had turned against him, and that he felt much him, and I sall write and tell him so, then he will know he has one friend at least."

"He already knows it," said Nellie, in a slightly bitter tone.

"Why, how can that be, and what leads you to think so?" asked Gracie, with surprise.

"Why, how can that be, and what leads you to think so?" asked Gracie, with surprise.

"Why her had the him to have been had unintentionally disclosed, and her inability to explain how she came by this information without making reference to Fred's letter to her.

"Grace lotting her hows it, but I wish to be sure of it, and as I have no opportunity of seeing him now he is at work in the factory, will write the letter and mail it to him. I can do no harm."

When Nellie had been left alone she could not resist referring once more to that part of Fred's letter of it, and as I have no opportunity of seeing him now he is at work in the factory, will write the letter and mail it to him. I ten and no harm."

When Nellie had been left alone she could not resist referring once more to that part of Fred's letter fact that she was to write him a friendly, encouraging letter, troubled her. Nellie was very glad he had been found innocent, that he had merited the praise of the judge, and yet she felt depressed that another should feel so happy over his triumph? The idea of her writing to him to tell have fiel

Ask your nevesdealer for The Golden Argory. He can get any number you may want.

A LOBBYIST'S SCHEME.

WHEN John Morrissey first thought of running for Congress, writes Ben Perley Poore, he was greatly perplexed as to what course he should pursue to secure his election. John's character, at that time, didn't stand very high in the religious that time, didn't stand very high in the religious community, who were largely represented in the district he proposed to run for. He was only known as a successful prize fighter, a king-pin among the boys, a cunning and advoit gambler and a backer of illegal lottery schemes. In fact, was rather heavy weighted for such a race. Just then, Sam Ward, who, in those days, sometimes, in grat-

rather heavy weighted for such a race. Just then, Sam Ward, who, in those days, sometimes, in gratifying his epicurean and varied taste, sought the "tiger in his lair," strack up a warm intimacy with the would-be congressman, who, in turn, came to consulting Sam quite frequently; and when the question of overcoming the difficulties of his election came up, Sam readily solved the problem by originating the plan which, carried out by "Pahwa!" said Sam, "that's easily done; all you have to do is to let me write one of my peculiar teters for you; that'll fix!." Soon after Morrissey issued through the press the famous letter and cased fighting and sold out his interest in all lotteries, was about to close his gambling houses, and, for the sake of his only child, desired to reform and establish a character such as his hopful titis, Morissey called at every house in the District, and insisted on seeing as many of the occupants, male and female, as possible. "I am John Morrissey, the prize fighter and gambler," said he; "I am trying to reform and an running for Congress; in my reformation." Many a pious voter went for Bohn, and he was triumphantly elected. Prize fighter and gambler he was, but the Federal House of Representatives never had a member more regener, more honorable in his legislative duties, or more generous to the poor than John Morrissey.

PANIC-STRICKEN COOLIES.

THE following, from the London Truth, is as amusing report from the cashier of the South In-dian Railway to the chief auditor, re a leopard on the line :

amusing report from the cashier of the South Indian Railway to the chief auditor, re a leopard on the line:

Mosr HONORED Sir: In continuation of my telegram of the 13th inst., I beg leave to bring to your notice that I had a narrow escape from the attack of a leopard by your favor and by the grace of the Amighty.

All of a saudien to our heartrending fear, while layers are said to the said of a leopard of think a stray one—appeared all on a sudden to our heartrending fear, while layers that the same that the said of the said of

THE MULE'S FEELINGS

THE MULL'S FEELINGS.

MARK TWAIN tells this story of Mr. Bergh: A lady was walking with Mr. Bergh one day, and chanced to speak of a friend of hers who had lately been traveling out West. In crossing the frontier it became necessary that the father, mother, and three children should cross a somewhat swollen ford. Their only beast of burden was a mule, so ford. Their only beast of burden was a mule, so the father placed two of the children on its back, then plunged in and led the beast in with him. It swam obediently behind him, and all reached the other shore in safety. At the man's bidding the intelligent mule returned to where the mother and child were walting to cross. The mother, restring to put to construct the construction of the safety of the construction of the safety of the bade him hold fast, and, with a prayer, led the an-imal to the water's edge. They plunged in, swam bravely for a time, then were seen to struggle and of down.

"Oh, think, Mr. Bergh," said the excited and pitying lady, "just think what must have been the feeling of that mother as she saw her darling child lost in the depths of that black water!"
"True, oh, to true," sighed Mr. Bergh, "but did you ever think, my dear lady, what must have been the feelings of the mule!"

A POWERFUL ATTRACTION.

"Would you like to buy some fly-paper to-day? inquired a druggist of an old man who had been

making some purchases.
"Some what?"

"Some fly-paper."
"What for?"

"Some fly-paper."
"What for 'attract the flies."
"Attract the flies, eh?" said the old man; "attract the flies, eh?" said the old want to do. I can attract all the flies I want and more, too, with this bald head of mine."
And when he raised his hat and displayed a head that might have been illustrated and used in a school for a globe, the dragman heams elient very wandenly, and went to cleaning up the soda-water

THE REAL THING

DE NEUVILLE, the French painter of military scenes, recently deceased, carried his love of the realistic so far as to smash the windows of his studio, tear the doors off and riddle the walls with studio, tear the doors off and riddle the walls with bullets. His models, most of them soldiers who had made the campaign, were often nearly sufficated by being piled upon one another; the horses that came to him foom the knacker's yard, still alive, were shot in the workshop itself, so that they might fall naturally. All this was to the great dismay of his neighbors, who, in the beginning, not knowing what to make of all this noise, frequently ran to the police. The guardians of the law in their turn invaded the premises in order to prevent what they imagined to be wholesale slanghter. Both of the control of the same of the control of the con

A MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCE

"ARE you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?" asked a Texas judge of a negro concted of horse stealing.
"Yes, sah, lots ob 'em. Ef I had time, jedge, I

"Yes, sah, lots ob 'em. Ef I had time, jedge, I could talk to you for a week on dat subject."
"If you know of any mitigating circumstance, in Yes, sah, i'll tell you ob one right now, sah. How easy would it hab been for me to bring my harm interdiscrace and mineer, sah, by stealing the state of the second of

THEIR SUPPORTERS

"The Lord will be with us during the morning (communion) service, and the Bishop in the even-ing," said an Illinois clergyman recently, while ad-dressing his congregation."

This reminds the Clarksville Advertiser of s remarks made by a zealous old gentleman once in regard to building a new railroad. After several fine and stirring speeches had been made, the old gentleman was called out, and in the course of his remarks he said: "We must make the effort. God Almighty, and the State of Georgia, and several other gentlemen will be on our side!" remarks made by a zealous old gentleman once in

FRENCH POLITENESS.

An English surgeon recently published a paper minutely describing a very difficult surgical opera-tion. A prominent French physician wrote to him, tion. A prominent French physician wrote to him, asking if it were really so—that the operation had been performed. The Englishman replied that the article was quite true; that he had seen the operation with his own eyes. The Frenchman's reply was characteristic, in effect as follows:

"As you have, sir, seen the operation with your own eyes it is necessary for me to believe it, but had I seen it with my own eyes I should not have done so."

BAD OUTLOOK FOR THE SUITORS

BAD OUTLOOK FOR THE SUITORS.

Drains the chancellorship of Lord Eldon, a counsel at the bar, by way of denying collusion suspected to exist between him and the counsel who represented another party, having said, "My Lord, I assure you there is no understanding between us," Lord Eldon observed, "lonce heard a squire in the House of Commons say of himself and another squire, "We have never through life had but one idea between us;" but I tremble for the suitors when I am told that two eminent practitioners have no understanding between them."

ANIMALS' FONDNESS FOR APPLAUSE.

PROP. D. M. BRISTOL, the animal trainer, says Prop. D. M. Bristot, the animal trainer, says that trick animals are as found of laughter and appliance as any star, and when their efforts are not appreciated they are much east down. It was the laughter and appliance of the crowds that made a clown of his trick mule "Denver." If did not know how funny he was until his acting was repeatedly greeded with round after round of uproaries. He "works he laughter and appliance now just as energy and industriously as an end man in a ministred troupe.

THE DAILY BREAD.

A LADY undertook to teach her little boy the Lord's prayer. He got along very well until he came to the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," then he paused for a while, and at last

sked:
"God knows everything doesn't he, ma?"
"Yes, my son."
"Then it's no use trying to tool him by asking to
ive us our daily bread. He knows that the baker
rings us bread every morning."

A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

EMPLOYER-" You were not in the store yesterday. Were you sick?"

Clerk—"No; I had to go to a funeral."

Clerk—"No! nate by to a landal.

Employer—" Who died?"
Clerk—" My aunt."

Employer—" Well, next time you go to your anut's funeral, you might let me have a fish or two, if you catch any."

THE SAFE SIDE.

An Irishman was noticed to get off the train on the "Burlington route" at every station, and some one finally asked the reason. "Be gorry, look there!" said he, pointing to the following:

Notice to Passengers.—To avoid danger from passing trains, passengers are directed to get off the cars on the right-hand side, facing towards the earine, at all stations where there is a double track.

THY BURDEN.

To every one on earth God gives a burden to be carried down The road that lies between the cross at No lot is wholly free;

He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form and weight and
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

The burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says "Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed his voice, And seek to give it back in trustful prayer Have quiet hearts that never can despair : And hope lights up the darkest Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet; And whether it be sorrow or defeat, Or pain or sin or care, It will grow lighter there.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of Heaven;
But, borne with Him, the soul restored, forgiver
Sings out through all the days
Her joy, and God's high praise.

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 XXXII.

THE CAPTAIN INTERFERES

THE CAPTAIN INTERFERS.

The captain's face was of dull brick red, and it espain's face was of dull brick red, and it espain's face that he had already been dinking, selly as it was. Naturally the boys, on hearing his voice, put down the trunk in heir aurprise, but they maintained the position, one on each side of it. Of the two, Jack was the more impressed, having been one of the crew, and subject to the captain's authority on shipboard. Harry, as a passenger, felt more independent. Indeed, he was indignant, and ready to resist what he thought uncalled for interference on the part of the captain's

captain.

"This is Mr. Clinton's trunk," he said.

"We are going to carry it to him."

"Do you dare to dispute my authority?"
roared the captain, his red face becoming still

redder.
"I don't see what you have to do with the

roared the captain, his red tace becoming still redder.

"I don't see what yon have to do with the trunk," answered Harry, boldly.
"I has to me! where deep captain, looking as it has been to be a fit of apoperation of the property of the property.

The captain notwithstanding his condition, noticed that Harry used the past tense.

"I am still the captain of the Nantucket, as I mean to show you," he retorted.

"Then, sir, you are captain of a wreck that has gone to pieces."

Captain Hill upon this looked at the fragments of the unfortunate ship, and for the first time took in what had happened.
"It doesn't matter," said he, after a brief pause, "I am in command here, and "therefore which is the interpolated an oath)" I don't allow any interference which aprain of Mr. Clinton's trunk," said Harry, in a spritted tone. "Jack, let us carry it along."
This was too much for the captain. With a look of fury on his face, he dashed towards Harry, and there is no doubt that our young hero was in serious danger. He paled slightly, for he knew he was no match for the tall, sinewy captain, and was half regretting his independence when he felt himself drawn forcibly to one side, and in his place stood the mate, sternly evening his infurited captain.
"What do you want to do, Captain Hill?"

What do you want to do, Captain Hill?

sked. To crush that young viper!" shouted the

captain, fiercely.

"You shall not harm a hair of his head!"
"Is this mutiny, Mr. Holdfast? Are you aware that you are speaking to your superior

meer ! "
"I have no superior officer here, Captain
ill. You were captain on shipboard, but
he ship has gone to pieces."
Captain Hill seemed astounded by this an-

"To ""

"To ""

"To ""

"To ""

"To ""

"To ""

Zounds, sir, this is mutiny."
Then make the most of it," said the mate,

"Theff make the most of it, said the make, contemptions by any put in irons."
Mr. Holfacts smiled.
"I don't think any irons were brought sabore," he said. "You have been drinking, Captain Hill, or you would not make such a foolsh threat."

foolish threst."

By this time the captain's wrath had been diverted to the mate. He struck out with his right hand, intending to fell him to the earth, but, the mate swerving, he fell from the force of his abortive blow, and being under the influence of his morning potations, could not immediately rise.

"Boys," said Mr. Holdfast, "you may take hold of the trunk again, and go on with it. Don't be afraid. If the captain makes any attempt to assault you, he will have me to deal with."

Harry and Jack did as Alexandra and the same to deal with."

Harry and Jack did as directed. Jack,

however, could not help feeling a little ner-vous, his old fear of the captain asserting it-self. But Harry, confident in the protection of his good friend the mate, was quite un-concerned.

concerned.

Mr. Holdfast walked on beside them.

"The captain seems disposed to make
trouble, he said. "He fancies that he
captain of this island, as he was chief officer
of the Nantucket. I shall convince him of
his mistake."

"I hope you won't get into any trouble on my account, Mr. Holdfast," said Harry, con-siderately.

"I hope you won't get into any trouble on my account, Mr. Holdfast," said Harry, considerately.

"Thank you, my lad, but Tom Holdfast doesn't propose to let any man walk over the control of the propose to let any man walk over the control of the line seed to let suppose. Now that the ship is gone, Captain Hill lias no more authority here than I have seen in contact of the control of the line seed violence that, combined with his condition, he was forced to lie where he fell for over an hour.

As the boys emerged upon the bluff with the trunk, Clinton, who had just got up, recognized it and ran up to them, his face beaming with delight.

"O'Mr. Vann!" he said, "have you really brought my trunk? You are awfully kind." "Twenty-five cents apiece, please, Mr. Clinton," said Harry, smilling. "We don't work for nothing." word," said Clinton, the work for nothing. "We don't work for nothing." "The said, "have you really he work for nothing." "That's a pity," said Harry, gravely, "for I wanted to call at a cheap furnishing goods store and buy a cheap necktie. Didn't you, Jack?"

"Oh, you're joking! Very good, upon my word. "Bat I'm awfully obliged, don't you word." said I'm awfully obliged, don't you

"Oh, you're joking! Very good, upon my word. But I'm awfully obliged, don't you know."

know."
"You've had a narrow escape, Mr. Clinton. The captain met us, and forbade our bringing the trunk."
"Why?" asked Clinton, with eyes opened

Why?" asked Clinton, with eyes opened width think he wanted it himself."

"But he couldn't wear my trousers," said Clinton, perplexed.
The mere suggestion of the burly captain encasing his legs in Clinton's dude-like garments sent both boys in a gale of laughter. Clinton surveyed them with a wondering smile. He didn't see the joke.

"You'd better put the trunk away where the captain won't see it, or there's no knowing what will happen," suggested Harry.
Then they had breakfast—a very plain meal, as might be supposed. Some of the sailors came over from the other camp, and one of them asked Mr. Holdfast if he had seen the captain.

them searce with the beach," and "You will find him on the beach," and swered the mate. "He has been carrying too much sail, I think," he added, dryly. The sailor shrugged his shoulders. "He wanted me and Jack Bowling to stand watch last hight," he said. "He thought he was on the ship."

was on the snip.

"Did you?"

"We just stood outside till he was asleep, and then we turned in."

"He'll never stand on the Nantucket's deck

again."
"Why not?"
"In the blow last night the ship went to pieces."
The sailor hurried to the edge of the bluff,

The sailor nurried to the edge of the order, anxious to see for himself.

"That's so, Mr. Holdfast," he said, soberly.

"Shall we ever see America again, think

"Shall we ever see America again, times you?"

"A brave man never despairs, Tom. We can rig up a raft or something. Meanwhile we've got enough to eat for a couple of mouths. There's some satisfaction in that."

"And the capitain saved his brandy. He's got enough to last him longer than that, if he don't get help."

"What do you mean by that?"
"I mean that there's some of the men as fond of spirits as he is. I expect hell have help."

fond of spirits as he is. I expect he'll have help."
"You don't include yourself, I hope, Tom."
"No, Mr. Holdfast. My brother died of drink a year ago, and though up to that time I'd taken my glass of grog along with the rest of my shipmates, I swore off then, and I haven't drunk a glass since, and I don't mean to."
"Then you're a wise man. To my thinking, the brandy had better have been left aboard. Nothing but harm can come of it. I've had trouble with the captain already this isn't the end."
After a while the captain picked himself

ian't the end."

After a while the captain picked himself up and gazed moodily at the wreck, of which so little remained. Then, the events of the morning recurring to him, he frowned sayagly, and, turning towards the bluff, he shook his first angrily in the direction of the mate's sucampment.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ITALIAN SAILOR

THE ITALIAN SAILOR.

Fon several days nothing of note occurred on the island. The captain exhibited on inclination for solitude. In the morning he would drink freely, and then wander off by himself, not returning till night-fall. It must be admitted that his absence was felt sea a relief by both parties. When at the camp, he showed a disposition to domineer as if he were still the tyrant of the quarter deck.

Not having anything especial on their hands, the shipwrecked party, still keeping apart in their two camps, amused themselves as best they could. Still there were hours, and plenty of them, when all felt blue.

An idea came to Harry.

"Professor," he said to his employer,
"why can't we give one of our entertainments this evening?"
"Is there any hall that we can have?"
asked the professor, smiling.
"I think it will be best to make an open air
entertainment, under the circumstances," returned Harry. "You see some of the men
are getting down-hearted when they think of
the small prospect of seeing home, and it may
cheer them up a little."
"It's a good idea, Harry," said the professor, serionaly. "By good luck, I have in
my trunk" (the professor's trunk like Clinton's, had come ashore) "some printed programmes, requiring only the insertion of
place and time, and you may post two of
them up, one at each camp. Of course you
will assant."
"I will do my best."

will assist."
"I will do my best."
Great was the surprise and interest when the sailors and passengers saw the printed posters attached to trees. Harry having at tended to that duty in person, setting forth that a magical entertainment would that even the person admission free, beginning as

posters attached to trees. Instry naving forthead an angicel entertainment would that eventended to that duty in person, setting forthead angicel entertainment would that evengroup. The source of the source o

tremulous, and he saw max me max-mistake.

"This won't do, Harry," said the professor in a low voice. "Give them something jolly. Let us send them away in good spirits."
Harry took the hint, and dashed into a lively song that soon called forth smiles to the faces but lately sad. He followed it up by another, and was greeted with uproarious ap-

plause.
"Ladies and gentlemen," said the professor "Ladies and gentlemen," said the professor
"I beg pardon, gentlemen, for the hadies are
unavoidably absent. This concludes our entertainment for this evening. Hoping that
you have been pleased with our humble
efforts, Harry and myself will now bid you
good night!"
"That professor's a smart man!" was the
opinion expressed by more than one, "and
the lad sings like a martingale."
"That isn't the word, Jack. You're all
wrong."

wrong."
"Well, it's some kind of bird. I disremem exact name

ber the exact name."
All the party were present except one.
Captain Hill didn't make his appearance till
the meeting was breaking up. Then he
came in sight round the corner of the encampment. "What's all this?" he demanded suspiciously of asilor. "What mischief have you been hatching up, while I was
away?"

chief inwe you do way?"

"That poster will inform you, Captain Hill," said the mate, pointing to the tree close by, to which it was attached. "The professor has been trying to cheer up the men a little."

professor has been trying to cheer up the men a little."

The captain muttered something under his breath, and passed on.

Among the sailors was an Italian named Francesco. Probably he had another name, but no one knew what it was. In fact a sailor's last name is very little used. He was a man of middle height, very swarthy, with bright black eyes, not unpopular for the most party was the sailor's last name is very little used. He was a man of middle height, very swarthy, with he had been served to the crew, and with that he had been content. But at the time of the wreck no spirits had been saved but the captain's stock of brandy. Francesco felt this to be a great hardship. More than any other sailor he felt the need of his usual stimulant. It was very tantalizing to him to see the captain partaking of his private stock of brandy, while he was compelled to get along on water.

"The captain is too mucha selfish," he said one day to a fellow sailor. "He should share had a support to the sailor to whom he was

one day to a fellow sailor. "He should share his brandy with the men."

Ben Brady, the sailor to whom he was speaking, shrugged his shoulders.
"Brandy is too good for the likes of us,"

he said.
"Who says that?" demanded the Italian,

"Ho says that? demanded the Italian, sagrily.
"I say so, my hearty."
"Then the capitan he not say so, eh?"
"I never heard him say so, but no doubt he thinks so." I no want brandy if I can get grog; but

there is no grog."
"Then you will have to do without."
"I think I will try some of the capitan's

brandy when he is away," said Francesco, slyly.

"If you do, you will get into trouble. The captain will half murder you if he finds it out."

"He is not capitan now—we are all equal—all commades. We are not on ze sheep."

brandy comp article, Francesco, and leave the captain of the captain

brandy alone."
Francesco did not reply, but he became more and more bent on his design. His mouth watered, if that is a correct expression, for the brandy which he saw the captain partake of every day. Why should one man monopolize all the good spirit, he asked himself, when he was suffering for a draught of it?

of it?

He watched the captain, and ascertained where he kept his secret store. Then he watched his opportunity to help himself to it. It was some time before he had an opportunity to do so unobserved, but at length the

watched his opportunity to help himself to it. It was some time before he had an opportunity to do so unobserved, but at length the chance came change the most his tips with anyonem. It was so long since he had take the forbidden nectar that he drank again and again, forgetting that brandy has a strength which the more common liquors to which he was accustomed have not. Finally he found himself overcome by his potations, and sank upon the ground in a drunken stupor. He was getting over the effects when to his lluck, the captain returned from his usual solitary ramble, and wended his way to the place where he had stored his brandy. Irone of the control of the

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY e oan get any number you may want.

CHINESE CUSTOMS AT TABLE.

THE Chinese, says the Cardiff World, consider the stomach the source of intellectual life, and, therefore, the fattest man goes for the wisest one. They affect to believe that foreigners come to China to eat because they have not enough to eat at home. It is considered a mark of refined politeness to treat a guest or a visitor to a meal at any time of the day. Only those Chinamen who have fami-lies take their meals at home; the rest eat at hotels. They usually have two substantial meals a day—one an hour after getting up in the morning, the other between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The well-to-do class take three or four meals a day. Often the lather alone eats meat, while the rest of four meals a day, often the lather alone eats meat, while the rest of the substantial that the substantial that the rest of the substantial that the sub hotels. They usually have two substantial meals a

WHAT TRAINING WILL DO.

A CUMBERLAND sportsman set out the other day A CUMBERLAND sportsman set out the other day accompanied by a fine English setter. Coming in sight of a flock of turkeys, and desiring to follow them without the dog, he told the setter to lie down. The dog obeyed, and he went after the down. The dog obeyed, and he went after the fowls. The classe took him across a river, and several miles up atream; and after a while he returned to a place on the river opposite the locality that the control of the

THE MIGHTY BILLION

An English billion—a million millions—has set Sir Henry Bessemer calculating. He reckons that a billion seconds have not elapsed since the world began, as they would reckon 31,678 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, 5 seconds. A chain of a bit-lion sover-igns would pass 736 times around the globe, or lying side by side, each in contact with its neighbor, would form about the earth a golden zone 26 feet 6 inches wide. This same chain, were its stretched out straight, would make a line a frac-tion over 18,328,455 miles in extent. For measur-ing height, Si Henry chose for a unit a single sheet of maper about 1-333 of an inch thickness. A billion of the chain sheets, pressed with the property of the chain sheets, pressed with the chain a situate of 47,348 miles. 22 hours, 45 minutes, 5 seconds. A chain of a bil-



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A NEW STORY.

"Footprints in the Forest," by Edward S. Ellis, well commence next week. This is a sequel to "Campfire and Wignam," and is the last one of the "Pioner Series." Our readers will find it intensely interesting.

ACTING FOR SHOW.

It is no more than honest to be simple in motive, and sincere in act. Yet many people are full of false pretences. In their acts, however small, they have a concealed and selfish motive. Of this cla mave a conceased and seinsn motive. Of this class was the woman who went to the opera and did not use her glass. "Have you left your lorgnette at home?" asked her husband. "Oh, no, but I forgot my diamond ring," was the sorrowful reply.

ACCEPTING CHANCES.

We have fresh examples almost daily of what can be done by making use of every chance that offers. One of the latest is that of a Paris baker. He took it into his head to attend a free class in Hebrew He had no education to speak of, and was not quainted with any language but his own. Yet in six months he outstripped all the other students. Now he is able to read and explain the Hebrew Bible at sight. He goes every week to his Hebrew class, and then returns to his shop and kneads his betch of down for the day. batch of dough for the day.

BISMARCK'S DOG.

THE first of April was Prince Bismarck's seven tieth birthday. There was a grand torchlight pro-cession in Berlin on the previous evening, in which cession in berind one pervious evening in which thousands of students in quaint costumes, from all parts of the empire, took part. The emperor and many other distinguished personages called on the chancellor. He had presents enough to fill a great warehouse, aside from a large tract of land.

warehouse, aside from a large tract of land.

A banquet was given in his honor, and in the pictures published in the German papers it is interesting to see that Bismarck's great hound Nero is a prominent personage. Some people think it is childish to pet a dog. But the man who at present, more than any other, directs the affairs of Eu rope, has his favorite dog always by his side.

PLAY STUDY.

A READY excuse is found by some people for cessive novel reading in the assertion that it is instructive. In historical romances, they say, "there are so many important facts." Very good, but this reasoning is rather dangerous. Study and reading for amusement are two different things, and in trying to combine the two one usually succeeds only in turning study into sport.

It is vain to sugar the pill of study in this

It only leads to dissipation of the mind. Many parents try to tickle their children into learning by making the study amusing. It is risky. Better far have it plainly understood that study is work, just as sawing wood is work. To be sure, there are boys and girls who find pleasure in real study, yet it ought not to be made play.

BIRD KILLING.

A BIRD was singing a gay song in the top of a tree, when a boy threw a stone at him. The bird hopped quickly to another branch, and escaped the Of course this must have happened in the good old fairy days, for the bird spoke to the boy, and asked: "Why did you fling that pebble at me?" The boy scratched his forehead, much surprised to hear a bird talk, and replied: "I dunno! "Then," the song bird retorted, "you have much to learn. If you reflected upon your acts, you would not be cruel."

This old fable has a moral in this season of sing ing birds. Let all the ambitious young gunners ask themselves why they shoot the pretty birds who not only sing sweetly but devour many mischiev-ous insects. It is cruel to kill these gentle songsters for more sport.

FEELING AND ACTION

IT is one thing to feel a need, but quite an to act. "Oh I wish I knew more history!" cried a disgusted schoolboy one day, when his ignorance had been lamentably brought to light. All right, we ocen iamentably brought to light. All right, my boy! That's a good wish, but what are you going to do about it? Ten pages of history read carefully every day will stock you well before you reach manhood. Will you try it, and stop grambling.

Well, he probably will not. It is the way of the average person. He regrets his lack of science in some manly sport, but will he diligently train himself? He is a wretched jingler on the piano forte, and knows it, but will he take two hours a day of honest practice? He has a high temper, or an unruly tongue, and sorely regrets it, but will he set to and conquer himself? Feeling is well, but action is better.

ANOTHER WARNING TO JOKERS.

THE practical joker runs a great many risks. In the first place, his victims are given to retaliat and that he does not enjoy by any means. It not often that these funny fellows can take a joke not often that these fully ferlows can take a joke as pleasantly as they give one. Then again, the the jokes sometimes "flash in the pan," so that the spectators have all the fun, instead of the misery that was designed for them. A case of this sort occurred lately in Turin, Italy,

There was a masked ball, and a comical chapduke, by the way, but very fond of his joke-went disguised as the humpback Rigoletto. In his hump was an electric appratus, with wires extending to his hands and feet. Consequently, all persons with whom he shook hands received a severe shock, and quite a panie grew out of it. All at once the funny duke was seen rolling on the floor, howling and yelling like a madman. The audience took this for part of the game, and roared with laughter. But the fact was that the electric wires were mixed up and the poor joker was nearly dead when his

SUPERIORITY AND FRIENDSHIP.

ABILITY and excellence are anytimes barriers to friendship, when they need to be so at all. "You will not care to visit us all more, now you have become famous," is what a "toman said once to a young man who had gained some brilliant success. It often happens so. Two young fellow start life together, the best of comrades. One of them has a bright intellect, or a shrewd money making capacity, and he gets ahead. The othe remains in some average sphere of life, a good and honest man, but not great or famous. They drift apart from each other, and are friends no more, "I used to go to school with Mr. X.," one of

them will say with some pride, "but he doesn't know me any more." Now sometimes these cases know me any more." Now sometimes these cases of broken friendship result from the fact that the two people have not congenial tastes. One is low and rough, the other refined and aspiring. But it often happens that the trouble comes from the fact that the superior man is of no help to his friend. He looks down upon him, makes him feel his infe-

riority, and all is over.

On the other hand, some of the strongest friend ships in the world have been between people of unequal ability. When the superior gives his friend the benefit of his knowledge or his skill, when he shows himself friendly, he only binds his old com rade in a closer tie. School-boys who take high rank are sure of losing their friends when they "put on airs," but they are equally certain to re-tain them for life when they are genial and helpful to them.

IMITATING OUR BETTERS

When simple-minded people begin to get on in the world, they exhibit queer ambitions so They endeavor to put on the outward show of something which has struck them in people whom they have called their superiors. A Northern gen tleman who has a sugar plantation in Louisiana says that when ne "o" help " have a little money saved, the ambitious ones always spend it in the same manner. A man buys a horse and cart, and a woman sets up in a four-post bedstead. These bits of property are supposed to be the badges of a higher condition.

Perhaps it is on this principle that boys and girls ape the manners of their elders. The boy begins to puff poor cigars because he thinks it manly to The girl makes herself hideous with cheap finery, because she has seen some rich woman gaily dressed. Well, there is a right and wrong, a gany dressed. Well, there is a right and wrong, a reason and unreason, in all such things. The writer once saw a negro chief strutting about proudly with a silk hat upon his woolly cranium. That was all the clothing he wore, but he evidently felt as if he had become the equal of any white

The real marks of greatness are not in these out ward badges. Nothing so distinguishes the gentle-man as a gentle spirit. Perhaps it is manly to smoke; but it is not the manly vices that are worth imitating. The horse and cart and the four-post bedstead are harmless tributes to pride of station, but the cigar, the swagger, the tawdry ornaments, are of a different nature. They are They are the badges of superiority, to be sure, but not the right sort. To excel in bad taste, or in vulgar man ners, is not worth one's while.

GENERAL McCLELLAN Life and Twenty Y Service of his Count

Service of his Country.

FROM 1842, when he entered the Military Academy at West Point, to his removal in November, 1862, a period of twenty years, George Brinton McCletlan served his country as a soldier with a faithfulness that shall ever lay claim to the grateful remembrance of the Union. He is of a family of Scots, of which the head was a Lord Kirkcudbright, until the title became extinct in 1832. Three brothers of this family emigrated to the New World about the middle of the preceding century, and sep-arating, founded branches of the family in America in different States. A descendant of one of these was a Doctor George McClellan, who after being gradu-

distinguished general whose portrait is here given. He was born in Philadelphia in 1826, and studied successively under a Harvard graduate of great repute, and a German tutor who guided the future gens ral through that Slough of Despond, the Greek verb. He next went to the preparatory school of the University of Pennsylvania, and entered the University proper in 1840. two years had been passed there, he entered West Point. As schoolboy and college student, his taste inclined to solid studies; his rank in class was always high and, though not a brilliant scholar, he had a reputation for faithfulnes and trustworthiness Entering West Point, he

found that mathematics, a study for which he had no fondness, formed a large part of the course there, and being modest in the rating of his own abilities, doubted that he would be able to pursue the course as creditably as he could desire was as much surprised, therefore, as pleased, when, in the next year, he turned out to be one of the best scholars in the academy. Hard, plodding work, without which natural ability is worthless, and exceptionable deportment, made him rank second in general excellence on being graduated, while in engineering and geology he was first. A sturdy frame, a strong constitution, and temperate habits, combined to make him a most valuable young officer from a physical point of view, for he was able to perform difficult and prolonged services, and to bear hardship, exposure, privation and fatigue of an extreme nature.

A few weeks after his graduation, a field for distinguished service was opened by the breaking out of the Mexican War. McClellan was at once assigned to active service as brevet second lieuten-ant of engineers, and was given the place of junior lieutenant of a company of sappers and miners which was being formed as an experimental inno vation. Sappers and miners are that branch of en-gineers that build and repair permanent fortifica-tions, throw up earthworks, dig mines and trenches and perform much other similar work. The com-pany was successfully instructed and drilled and they departed for the scene of the war in which they were to render most important services. In many of the battles of that period, McClellan participated, and in every one of these called forth, by his courage, the encomiums of his commanders. It is necessary to cite but one instance of his bravery—that which occurred on the occasion of the assault of the San Cosme gate of the City of Mexico in 1847. The American soldiers found a powerful battery at the head of the street, which swept everything in the narrow road before it. This battery had to be captured before progress into the city could be effected. To capture it, the Americans hit upon the expedient of breaking through the walls of the houses that lined the streets.

Armed with the necessary tools, the walls of one house after another was broken through and the passage thus affected. But when each successive house was thus broken into, Mexican soldiers, well armed, were found within, and McClellan considered it his duty as an officer and leader, to be the first to step through the hole in the wall and strike the first blow. What soldier could hesitate to follow such an example of heroism? In 1847, McClel lan returned to West Point, and was brevetted captain for conduct before the city of Mexico.

In 1853 he was given the charge of a portion of the Pacific Railroad surveys from Puget Sound to St. Paul. He led his men over those unexplored regions, and brought them back without the loss of a single man and laden with most valuable data. A secret mission to the West Indies was the next testimonial of appreciation he received, and promotion to the captaincy of the First Cavalry regiment followed.

Still greater honors were to come to him. In 1855, the Crimean War, between Russia on one

side, and England, France and Turkey on the other, was at its height. Our government decided to send a military commission through Europe in general and to the scene of war in particular, for the purpose of examining the methods of warlike operation with a view to improving our own. Captain McClellan was appointed one of the three commis sioners, and being still a young man-the youngest, in fact, of the three-the honor was the expression of very high esteem. The captain's report was a most exhaustive one and showed powers of the minutest observation, and an intelligence of the

In 1857, he resigned his commission in the army to accept the post of chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and was in a short time made a Doctor George accuentar, who must be the physician, and was the founder of Jefferson College.

| Vice-president of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. | In this capacity the



first guns of war found him. The governor of Ohio summoned him immediately to Colum-bus, and put into his hands the task of organ-izing the regiments of-fered by Ohio, making him, by the way, ma-jor-general of "Militia Volunteers." This was supplemented by action the government, which created the De partment of Ohio, con-sisting of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, which was put under the command of General Mc-Clellan. The work of organizing thirteen regiments was successfully accomplished, and in two month's time he took the field for the first campaign of the war. As the leader of the operations in West Virginia, he for some

time rendered very valuable services, ably sec by General Rosecrans, antil, in July 1861, he was summoned to Washington, to take command of

where the term of the early life of General McClellan. With his history from the outbreak of the entire army.

We have briefly reviewed the early life of General McClellan. With his history from the outbreak of thebelion the country is more familiar than with the life of the country is more familiar than with the than the country is more familiar than with the than the hin one of the men of the hour, worthy to be called out in a moment with the confident knowledge that here was a man to be relied upon. His subsequent conduct justified this. As commander-in-chief, his ability fulfilled its promise familiar than the confident and the relief promise of the confident and the role products of an one of the confident and the role of the confidence of his army command, and as their best refutation, General McClellan was the confidence of the confidence

JUDGE NONE LOST JUDGE none lost, but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain: The depth of the abyes may be The measure of the light of pain And love and glory, that may raise This soul to God in after days.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continue

A MAN running a race looks not at the admiring wit-esses, but only at the mark. BE loving and you will never want for love; be umble and you will never want for guiding.

Base envy withers at another's joy And hates that excellence it cannot reach

The soldier who executes his captain's commands no less valuable than the captain who gave the or-

Half of the misery of life might be extinguished ould man alleviate the general curse by mutual com-

assion.

HAYE a purpose. A worthy purpose will speedily rece the mind and spirit of the mumps and measles, syspepsia and languor.

Theme cannot be a more worthy improvement of circlendship than in a ferrent opposition to the sins of none we profess to love.

GOD sometimes washes the eyes of children with ears, in order that they may read aright His provi-ence and His commandments.

dence and His commandments.

Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but at the same time best know how to prize them the most.

As henevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent, for there is not any man, either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of giving and receiving benefits.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE

Armed of God! Divinest conqueror! What boundless hosts are thine? Nor pomp

What boundless hosts are thine? SOF pon-state.

I be better where thou does wait.

All Nature stands, for thee, ambassador;
Her forces all they serfs, for peace or war,
Greatest and least alike, thou rulest their fate.

The avalanche chained until its century state
the unbinery leaf made robe for compency of
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LOST AND FOUND.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

"Some years ago," said the lady who told me the story, "my husband became almost an invalid from over-work. His physician advised him to give up all business, and take a tour on horseback through some of the "We were not long in deciding that this was the best thing to do. With some of the money that he had nearly ruined his health to make, John purchased two saddle-horses, for, of course, I was to go with him.

"I did not know how to ride in those days, but if it had been necessary for my John to bestride a bare-backed steed from Arabia, I should have mounted another and followed him.
"However, no such necessity existed. Our

should have mounted another and followed him.

"However, no such necessity existed. Our horses were beautiful, doesle creatures, having both spirit and endurance. It was not long before I learned to ride as well as a second of the second of beef and bread instead or in-valid messes, and we were never happier than when jour-neying together through the wild green woods. "We had with us a negro

"We had with us a negro who drove a wagon contain-ing our tent, John's shooting things—for he was fond of hunting—some canned pro-visious, and a few favorite books. Often, however, we acted independently of the wagon, and would ride across

wagon, and would ride across the country, trusting to the hospitality of the simple natives, whose homes we found in odd little mountain nocks, and who had perhaps never the properties of the

sun shone, and its rays fell like spilled wine through green leaves to the mossy earth, yet clouds, gathering and floating towards each other, were air-ressly darkening the sky. "The wagon was rumbling on a little distance behind us; at the stance of the stance of the stance at the stance of the stance of the stance atom. The stance of the stance of the stance tent over, we wished to pass the night under a roof, if pos-sible.

the night under a roof, if possible.

"'There, Alice,' cried my
husband, 'is that smoke?'

"He pointed in the direction of a little blue curl winding above the tree-tops, so faint and high
that we could hardly tell whether it was a
waving cloud or not. We spurred our horses,
bluer, and we knew that some friendly chimney was sending it forth like a breath of welcome.

ney was season.

"Before long we came in sight of a small brown house, that seemed to have been built in accordance with the fairy's advice to the good little girl who tried to catch water in a sieve. You remember the line:

" 'Daub it with mud, and pitch it with clay,

"It was made—this queer mountain cabin-

"It was made—this queer mountain cabin—
of great logs of wood, cemented with mud,
and the chimney was an odd affair of mud
and clay stuck on the outside, and looking
laif ready to tumble down. A wide yard,
filled with hollyhocks, sun-flowers and rosebushes, surrounded the house.

"But in spite of the flowers, and the
smoke curling from the chimney, there was a
look of desolation about the place. The gate
was unlatched, and it swung drearly to and
fro in the fiftal wind. Yes, and the front
door was open, too, and the hall between the
two rooms which comprised the whole of the
two rooms which comprised the whole of the
flower thanks of the comprised the
superior of the comprised the superior of the
mass showed no signs of life.

"Nevertheless, we rode boldly through the
gate, up to the door.
gate of the country.

"and man appeared—in staring, tired-looking
man.
""Any accommodations for strangers?" said

man.
"'Any accommodations for strangers?' said

my husband.
"'Light!' was the brief reply.

"At that moment a woman ran to the door.
"She was tall and lean, and of a sickly yellow complexion. Her uncombed hair was knotted lightly at the back of her head, like the little classical twist one sees in the mar-

no objection.

"Without a word, she turned and went back into the house. John turned to the

oacs into the around in a constraint of the around in a constraint

'I have lost my boy,' said she, in a dry,

"I have lost my boy, said she, in a dry, dull voice.
"I felt the quick tears spring to my eyes. This, then, accounted for the strange treatment we had received. Despair had almost crazed the poor creature.
"Your child is dead?' said I, as sympathetically as I could.
"Oh, if I only knew that he was dead!' she cried in a tone like a wail. 'Had I but

axtraordinary thing about her was the expression of deepair on her features.

"As she say we, an anger look of hope flashed into her face, suddenly as the lighting crosses the darkened sky. "Have you found him? she cried.

"My husband was a practical man. He chose to believe that this poor woman was a little demented, as the French say.

"We haven't found anything, said he, politlely, 'except the chance of a storm, and we should be very glad to stay all night, if you've no objection." Into a constraint of teams.

Absalom!' she sobbed. 'Little Absy, we called him. My little child! Just five years old! When I came from my home—Spartaville, ma'an, in Alabama—to live in these wild woods, I was timorous-like an' interest of the constraint of the con

"It was a relief when John and the father came in. Evidently the story had been told to John, for he gave me a glance of intelli-

gence.

"Can't ye git some supper for the strangers, Marshy? asked the husband.

"Marshy' rose, in a benumbed sort of way, and cut some slices from a shoulder of bacon that was suspended from the wall.

and milk them, or turn them out to the calves, or do something!"

"Well, I worked with John until I pursuaded him to go and milk those cows.

"That is something not to be forgotten—the wild night, with clouds driving across the heavens; the wind blowing a hurricane, or sighing faintly; the moon now hidden, now bursting from a ragged cloud-bank, and the burskillful touch of a stranger, and grateful. I doubt roughly a stranger, and grateful. I doubt not stranger, and grateful.

the unskillful touch of a stranger, and grate-inl, I doubt not.

"A little later, the storm broke out afresh and raged furiously. As the thunder crackled and the rain fell, the poor mother was aroused to a sort of frenzy. She ran around the room, crying 'Absy, Absy!' in tones to pierce your soul.

"She waked her husband, calling 'Absy is outfin the storm! Go and find him! Go, go!"

"But he only turned on his pillow with a groun.

output the storm: too and more many too, so.

"But he only turned on his pillow with a groan.

"At dawn all was screne again, and John was impatient to be off. Like all men, he wished to hurn seed from a trouble he concluded to the storm of the storm o

soun sad could rouse me to recitedly—
"See, Allie! I do believe that's
a bear's den!"
"A short distance ahead was a
stone, lifted like a little roof,
and overrun with falling vines.
"Now John's exploits with the
gun were a source of great uneasiness to me. To tell the truth,
he was not much of a hunter—it
was the only thing he couldn't do
but he was fearfully fond of trying his skill. I was always afraid
of some accident.
"'Do you think it is a bear's
den?' said I. "Then let us hurry
all we can!"
"' Not a bit of it,' said my hus-

aden' said I. "Then let us hurry all we can!"

"Not a bit of it, 'said my husband, in great good humor. 'If it is a bear's den, and it's owner is at home, I'd like to have a shot at him,' said he laughing.

"Nonsense!' I cried. 'The idea of ring at a bear in his den! Suppose you were to miss him, he would come out and eat you!"

"You little goose! couldn't J jump on my horse and coot?' said John.
"A to decort?' said John.
"A to leave that apot? Of course it was all in fun. He jumped off his horse, and halloed to Moses—our man who drove the wagon—to horse at a spossible, and have ready his double-barrelled shot-gun.
"He stationed Moses with his horse near by, and parting the bushes and vines, he crawled into the mouth of the cave.
"Then—as he afterwards confessed—hearing something more, he was startled, and fired his gun at some dark object that he saw. "The echoes of his shot were rathing through the hills; but quickly fellowing the report of his piece came a little cry, like a child's.
"Join left the cave's entrance, looking pale and excited.
"Did you hear that, Alice?"

"Join left the caves enrance, "pale and excited,"
"Did you hear that, Alice?"
"Yes, oh yes,"
"Yn going in,"
"No, no! I cried. "It may be a panther!"
For I knew that these wild-cats had voices like those of little children in pain.
"Panther! It's absurd!" said John; but notwithstanding, his voice was curiously shaken.

"Panther! It's absurd! said John; but notwithstanding, his voice was curiously shaken.

"In a moment, he reappeared, dragging by the leg or head, I never knew which, a tiny tow-headed boy.

"I was will shirt hear.

"Did you show thim? I cried.

"Did you show thim? I cried.

"Did you show thim? I cried.

"I was the bad been a cook, kneeding a pan of dough—bending his arms and legs, pressing his back and chest, 'running his hands through the tangled yellowish hair.

"Then he looked up triumphantly. 'Did you ever know me to shoot anything?' he said, with a rather sheepish smile.

"It was the first time that I had ever heard him acknowledge his failure as a hunt."

"Moses looked up with a grin. 'Mass John's bear ain' got so much as a scratch on him!' he said.
"I mentally gave thanks to the good Fa-

"I tossed and tumbled on my bed, seeing with my unclosed eyes the tall figure of the distracted mother, walking, walking, up and down, clasping and kissing—what do you think?—a child's worn-out shoe!
"And when a short uneasy slumber came to me, in my dreams I saw a tiny lad, faltering with hunger and fatigue, or set upon by wild beasts of the forest. Ah, fearful night that it was!

"About midnight all was still. I was startled by a long-drawn mournful ery, that "About midnight all was still. I was startled by a long-drawn mountful cry, that seemed to add ten-fold to the horrors of the night. Another and another followed it, each more deeply mournful than the last.

"What is that?" I cried, half springing from the bed.

"It's the cows, 'said Marshy.

"Why are they making such a noise?"

"They want to be milked, I reckon. I haven't milked 'em since yester-mornin."

"I stood that distressing moo-o-o, moo-o-o, just as long as I could, and then I stuck my forefinger in the side of my dear old snoring John.

him! he said.
"I mentally gave thanks to the good Fa"Her who, I verily believed, had given His
angels charge over this little one of His chil-

dren.

"The poor child was crying feebly. His clothing was stained and torn. I gave him a cup of milk from a flask that had been filled at the cabin, and wrapped him in warm shawls.

"Then, rested and strengthened, the little wanderer looked up, with a pitiful longing in his eyes.

Her husband mended the fire, and she fried the bacon and baked some corn-cakes. "Thad thought myself hungry, but I could not swallow my food with that grief-stricken mother's face opposite me, and the thought in my mind, as in hers, of that poor little child wandering for-lornly among the mountains. But I must confess that John and her husband made a hearty meal, at which I was not a little disgusted.

"We were all to always and the string of a hearty meal, at which I was not a little disguisted.

"We were all to sleep in the same room. There was but one bed, and this both these poor people, with the instinct of hospitality that seems inborney. They contact it is sisted to be a support of the wide to be a support of the wide room.

"It was a strange wild night. Outside, the elements were at war; but at times a deadly and oppressive calm would seem to stifle us; and again the winds would roar and shrick, and a flash of lightning would illuminate the room.

"It was yesterday, ma'am, and jest about on hour after sun-up. He was a-playin' in the yard with Bose, the dog.
"I was busy a-gittin' out the wash, down the spring. An' at noon, when I went to blow the dinner-horn, thar lay Bose ontside the yard, and a wolf, both dead, under a hollyhock, an' my baby—gone!
"But I blew the horn as loud as I could, an' my man came a-runnin' from the field. The two nuggers that he had hired to plough his crop were with him. None of 'em stopped for dinner, but off they went into the woods to hunt the child.
"I wanted ter go too, but they made me stay at home, because, they said, "Suppose he strays back, you must be here to meet him when he comes."

he strays back, you must be here to meet him when he comes."
"'So here I sat alone in the doorway a!
"'So here I sat alone in the doorway a!
hat day and night. An' when a twig snapped, my heart leaped as though it would burst; an' when an owl hooted I ran crying and calling to the gate. And every sound and sight of night said to me "He is comin"—he is comin'

the little classical twist one sees in the mar-very common woman. I am pretty sure she ble locks of antique statues. But the most dipped snuff! Yet her grief lent her dignity,

seen his sweet eyes close, his dear limbs stiffen, then might I bear my woe!' "I drew near and laid my hand on hers. Poor grief-stricken sou!! she shivered as I touched her. ""What do you mean?' said I. "Tell me about it."

"What do you allow about it."
"Her eyes rested for a moment on mine, and then tears rolled down her haggard checks.
"It was yesterday, ma'am, and jest about an hour after sun-up. He was a-playin' in

at last."

"But day broke, and my man came creepin' back without him; an' he took some food,
and went again. Now the sun is down again,
and my boy is not found."

"By this time the poor mother's pitiful
story had so affected me that I was crying
like a child. She was what you would call a

forefinger in the state of any John, John, an you milk? said I.
"'John, John, can you milk? said I.
"'Well, to wake a man in the middle the night to ask such a question as that!" "'John, John, can you milk?' saud I.
"'Well, to wake a man in the middle of
the night to ask such a question as that!' he
began.
"'But, my dear, the poor beasts haven'
theen milked for nearly two days,' I interrupted. 'Just listen to them! Do let us go
fast out o' de gate. Den I couldn't fin' de

"Little sleep had any of us, unless it was the husband, who was utterly exhausted by his search after the lost child.
"I tossed and tumbled on my bed, seeing the tall fours of the

way back. An' I walked, an' walked-more'n ten thousan' miles an' was so harrow an'

way back. An' I walked, an' walked—more'n ten thousan' miles—an' was so hungry, an' cried a whole river full. An' las' night I finded dis little house, an' crawled in it to sleep; and den I heard a awful, awful noise—an' I waked up—an' I want my mammy!'
"Yon shall have her soon, you poor little dear. We will take you to her as fast as the horses will carry us. "Hough the singing for-set house her house the little one pressed against his heart. A tender heart it was, though I must confess he said to me, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes:
"Isn't he beaudiful, Allie?"
"He was, in truth, a very homely, freekle-faced little fellow, after all that his mother had said of his beauty! But I respected her misery and her love, and would not laugh, and moreover, I reproved John with one of my severest looks.
"As we neared the house, John said—"Ride faster, Allie, darling, that you may prepare the mother for this sudden joy."
"On I rode; and hitching my horse at the carry of the saw?"
"Inwabade, uncombed, distracted, Abav's "Unwabade, uncombed, distracted, Abav's "Inwabade, uncombed, distracted, Abav's "Unwabade, uncombed, distracted, Abav's

"And now what strange, sad sight, think ye I saw?"

"Unwashed, uncombed, distracted, Absy's mother stood in the path, a spade in her hand, measuring beneath a rose-tree the length of a child's grave. Upon the ground lay a little scarlet dress, blazing in the morning sun; then a pair of red and white stockings, and shoes actually stuffed with straw to make them stand with their toes pointing upward. For the head she had placed a stone, and ooverad it with a little worn cap. Can you see the picture?

"She looked up and smiled. It was a silly, piteous smile, for the poor woman's anguish all unsettled her reason."

"Do you see? said she. "We shall find him to-day, and I am making ready his bed. I have just his measure, from the cap to the shoes."

And she began to strike the spade aim

"And she began to series the special could lessly into the rain softened earth.
"I burst into tears. I could not help it.
"But you must not be sure of not finding him, said I.
"Oh, we shall find him—but drowned in a

"On, we sain and nits—our drowned in anountain pool, or torn by bears, or beaten to earth by the storm—like that sunflower. If was stronger than my Absy—many a time he existed! No, my buby is deared and here shall his body lie before another sun goes down! My man has promised me to find him to-day."

the state of the s

that no tears had fallen into it during the mixing.

"John kept quiet about shooting into the cave; and as Absy did not know what waked him, there was no danger of the parents ever finding out this last peril that he had secaped.

"But as we rode away, John said to me with another twinkle in his eye —

"You remember what Warner said in the little book we liked so much—"My Summer in a Garden"—about toads?

"I have forgotten."

"He advises that you set the toads to watching and eating the striped bugs that are destroying your coumber hills. "The only trouble," he says, "is that you must know your toad, it is all right. "Liber where the point?"

right."
" Well, John, where's the point?'
" Well, Allie, my darling, the next time I fire into a bear's den, I mean to be very sure to know my toad."

A CRUSHING REPLY.

COUNT YON LEHNDORFF accompanied Emperor
William on a recent trip to Baden-Baden. On the
way they halted at a small city, the mayor of which
was an old, white-haired man, a personal friend of was an old, white-haired man, a personal briend of the emperor. Toold man sat down opposite the emperor, and was soon deeply interested in con-versation. He kept edging his clear toward the numerous cont-buttons and began turning it, talk-ing earnestly meanwhile. The count could scarcely believe his eyes, and he finally burst out indig-nantly at the old man: "How dare you? How dare you treat his Ma-jesty with such familiarity and handle him in that manner?"

mainer?"
The old mayor looked up, surprised, glanced coolly at the count, and said, hanghtily:
"You will please observe more respect, sir; I am not accustomed to have servants address me in that

manner!"
The count was silenced.

THE KEELY MOTOR BEAU.

"Now, Mary," said a father to his daughter, who lover of the never-go-home-at-a-decent-timeof-night kind. "I have no objection to your bringing company to the house, but I don't want to set that Keely motor bean of yours here again; that's

"My what beau?"
"Your Keely motor beau."
"Your Keely motor beau."
"Why do you call him by such a name?"
"Because he's one of those chaps that won't go."

NATURE'S RIDDLES

NATURE'S RIDDLES.

CHICKENS, two minutes after they have left the egg, will follow with their eyes the movements of crawling insects and peck at them, judging distance and direction with almost infallible accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sounds, readily running toward an invisible hea hidden in a box when they hear her "call." Some young birds also have an innate, instinctive horror of the sight of a hawk and of the sound of its voice. Swallows, titmice, tomtits and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying successfully at once when liberated on their wings having attained the

tomitis and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying successfully at once when liberated on their wings having attained the necessary growth to render flight possible. The Duke of Argyll relates some very interesting particulars about the institucts of burds, especially of the water ousel, the merganser and the wild duck. Even as to the class of beasts if find records of the water ousel, the merganser and the wild duck. Even as to the class of beasts if find records of the water ousel, the merganser and the wild duck. Even as to the class of beasts if find records of the water ousel, the merganser and the wild duck of proper dimensions for such a larder, were forty frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of spraying a little. On examination the whole number, toads and all, proved to have been purposely and dexteronsly bitten through the brain." Evidently the parent polecal had thus provided number, toads and all, proved to have been purposely and dexteronsly bitten through the brain." Evidently the parent polecal had thus provided results of the water of t

NOT SO WARM.

One of the hottest days this summer, a suburban granger came into this office, says an exchange, and the editor remarked, in his usual original style: "is this hot enengh for you?"
"Oh, I don't know." was the off-hand reply: "there was ice at our place this morning, when I

"Mere was now got up."
"No?" said the editor in surprise, wiping off the perspiration with his sleeve.
"Yes," continued the visitor, confidently.
"Much?"
"Not much. About five pounds. The ice man

"Not much. About five pounds. The ice man brought it."

A BAD MAN.
'Haw, haw!" laughed Clarence Fitzgudgee "Haw, haw!" laughed Clarence Fitzgudgeon, going into the Queen City Club loaferie the other evening. "I've had such an experience on the street, don't you know." "Ah, indeed!" inquired my deah follow, just as I was ming in, foush ow five hoodliums surrounded me and shouted. 'Don'd, dood, dood,' in a weal thweatening mannah, don't you know." "Did you knock any of them down!" "Oh, no." "You didn't! Well what did you do?" "Oh, no." "You didn't! Well what did you do?" wayidly, and almost a weap of the steps weal unbedied at them, ejeculated! waste!" and slammed the doah in them has cas with great vigah."

STICK TO THE COW

WE have known men who have tailed because they were unwilling to let well enough alone. An amusing story told of Dr. Hugh Blair, a Scotch preacher, and Boswell the biographer of Dr. Johnson, illustrates our remark; When a young man, Theatre, amused the audience by imitating the lowing of a cow. He did so well that there was a general shout, "Encore the cow;!" Instead of responding, Boswell tried to limitate the noise made by some other animal, and failed. "Stick to the by some other animal, and failed. "Stick to the him. Young people might profit by this homely advice.

GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS

OLD Mrs. Badger—" Yes, George is studying very ard in college this term. He has taken a great interest in geology."

interest in geology."
Miss de Silva (suspicionsly)—"I thought I saw him home last week."
Mrs. Badger—"I the dear boy came home to saw the saw of the saw o

SHE GAVE HIM THE LAUGH

" BE sure and come up at the Key of G. darling," wrote a young lady in a postscript to her lover "Key of G!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you on earth does that mean?"

on earth does that mean?"

"Key of G? why, that means 'one sharp,'" answered his musical room mate.

"Now! must not exhibit my ignorance," replied the young lover. "I'll pay her back in her own musical language, but I don't know a musical note from a chicken track."

"Write and tell her that the Key of F will be there," said his friend.

He did so, and now he wants to know why she laughs every time "One Flat" comes up the garden walk.

MR. BLAINE AS A PROFESSOR.

It was in the fall of 1851, says a writer, while I Ir was in the hall of 1881, says a writer, while it was engaged in running a line between Louisville and Newport, Ky., for a railroad to connect these cities, that I had my office at Dennon Springs, Henry county, Ky., the seat of the military institute in which James G. Baine was at that true the Latin professor. Having been a graduate the June previous, l ns, I was allowed quarters in the barracks, ny assistant (also an ex-cadet), and we were permitted some privileges which discipline denied

One evening, having just returned from my home I invited four of the cadets to a spread ings, and to prevent intrusion set the time at some, and to prevent intrusion set the time at after "taps," or ten o'clock, when all lights must be out and all in bed. We were all ready for a set-to, with keen appetites and a relish for the dauty fare, when a tap at the door caused a stampede of our visitors, two under the bed and two behind the wardrobe curtain.

sire, when a tap at the door caused a stampede of our visitors, two under the bed and two behind the wardrobe curtain.

On opening the door who should our new visitor be but Prof. Blaine, on duty to see that all lights were out and all cadets in bed, and being attracted by the light from our transom, he stopped in to see that we had no company, and also to have a clad to see him, atthough unexpected at such a dime, and politely invited him to take a bite, which he readily did.

The supper was tempting. A boiled ham that had been packed a year in hickory ashes in the old stone smoke-house at home, a roest turkey, pickles, beat biscuit, lemon pies, blackherry jam, sponger several slices of ham and turkey, many blecuits, pie and jam and several glasses of native Catawha to wash it all down, and good natured chat to keep company until eleven o'clock, and the professor rose relictaintly to go, remarking with a smile: "I am glad I happened in; but was not that rather a laways thought his eye caught sight under the wardrobe curtain of two pairs of feet belonging to two trembling and hungry cadets who dared not move, but listened impatiently to the professor that was thought his eye caught sight under the wardrobe curtain of two pairs of feet belonging to two trembling and hungry cadets who dared not move, but listened impatiently to the professor have effect belonging to the two trembling and hungry cadets who dared not move, but listened impatiently to the professor is not state treasurer for Arkansas, and another, I believe, is one of the supreme judges of Louisiana.

A TART CONVERSATION.

A TART CONVERSATION.

Col. Bourdon requested the young lady his son wanted to marry, to call at his office. She did so, when the following conversation ensued:
"Please excuse me." said the colonel, "but my son informs me you want to marry him."
"No, sir. the wants to marry inc. "Lah.—what I wish to speak to you about is, do you think you could control him? He's drinking some, and I thought I had better let you know of it in time."
"Oh, yes, I could manage that. When he comes home drunk, I'll pull his boots off and soak his head in cold water. That's the way he says your "Well—aliem—yes—ah.—I see you understand it, and you may have him.
"I don't want him. When I marry I'll marry some one who can support me, not one I have to support. Good day, sir."

CUFFING THE WRONG PERSON.

It seems to be necessary to tell old stories over and over. One reading of them is not enough. It is like learning the multiplication table, which has

is like learning the multiplication table, which has to be said again and again till the youngster's head aches. That is the only way to fix it in memory. So here is a little stery of the old, old sort, so here is a little stery of the old, old sort, so here is a little stery of the old, old sort, so here is a little stery of the old, old sort, so here is a little stery of the old, old sort, in a shop window, and it won her heart. But when he inquired she found the cost was fire dollars and a half. Rather than not have the bonnet she pand the price. But when she arrived at home, she cuffed her little brother, whom she found in her way on the stairs. "Why did you do that?" a little stair is the stair in the stair is the stair in the stair is the stair is the stair is the stair is the stair in the stair is the stai

ONLY SMOOTH

"But, Tommy, you really must not eat so much; you'll make yourself sick."

"No, I won't, mamma,"
"Yes, you will; yon've already eaten so much I expect you feel uncomfortable."
"No, I don't, mamma; I dess feel smooth."

From Rev. E. S. Ufford, pastor Baptist Church

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BEE-REAVED

BY H. C. HAYDEN.

OUT in an orchard Cupid hid

Among the apple blossoms;
He watched my Tom and me, he did,
As ghouls watch at the tombs.

We met, as he supposed we would, And there, beneath a tree. Because there was no vacant chair I sat upon Tom's knee.

Cupid examined well his darts,
At once his how he drew.
And would have shot through both our hearts
An arrow bright and new:

But a bad bee forsook his flower, And lit on Tom's thin clothes; In less than one-fourth of an hour He painfully arose.

And left the apple blooms and me, And for ammonia went— I lived an old maid, just because That arrow was not sent.

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 YYV

AT THE RECEPTION.

"At last I have you to myself!"
It was Earle who had been watching his opportunity for an hour.
Clare kept resolutely back the glad words that rose to her lips.
"How utterly lovely everything is!" she said. "The house looks more like a fairy palace than an ordinary dwelling. And it is not ordinary. It never can be ordinary."
"No; the mistress of the house has exquisite taste," said Mr. Earle, looking at her as if he could see nothing else. She was so pretty in her dainty suit! He had never seen her before arrayed in the purple, and she became every artistic fold, every charming tint.
"You have been so encircled by admirers," he said, "that I began to despair. I have not seen you for so long!" He dropped his voice. "That was not a part of the contract."

voice. "That was not a part of the contract."

"I was not aware there was any contract," said Clare, looking down and toying with the cluster of rich red roses at her belt.

"O, yes, there was. But we won't talk of that now. I am too happy just to sit here, and feel that I cannot be ordered away. Are not those ferns lovely?"

"Everything is lovely," she said with a bounding heart, and an instinct that she enight be perfectly content if she would only let herself he. But that passionate sense of justice that made her almost merciless with others, made her so towards herself. "I have no right to be happy," she said mentally, "and I won't be happy!" and was happy in spite of all.

"Everybody is delighted that Madame Carlsings again," said Earle, conscious that just then little Mrs. Lake was watching from a corner of the portiere.

"Is it not wonderful?" asked Clare, her

sings again," said Earle, conscious that just then little Mrs. Lake was watching from a corner of the portiree.

"Is it not wonderful?" asked Clare, her head unconsciously poised as an artist would love to sketch it—the soll light from myriad can like when the state of the stat

brilliant dresses and any around her.

Presently they wended their way out of the crowd, and found a beautiful little bower all glittering with crimson satin and crimson flowers and crimson shades of cut glass over the lights.

and the same

member the time, not long ago, when he looked old, dejected and forlorn. I should hardly have known him."

"Care and sorrow make great changes," said Clare. She did hope they could go on and let absorbing or personal things rest. It occurred to her just once that he might think is trange that she came to so brillnant a gathering after receiving news of the death of an intimate friend.

"I suppose little Beth is not well enough to come out yet," said Earle, while he turned over some photographs, one of which Clare thought resembled her.

"She is not well. It seems to me she does not gain strength," said Clare.
Earle was silent.
"Do you think she should be stronger?" as Colonia was constitution." he made avasite rank.

she asked.

"She evidently has inherited a delicate constitution," he made evasive reply.

"She does not belong to this country by birth," said Clare.

"What country then?" he asked, looking

"Nat country then?" he asked, looking "Italy!"
"Italy!"
"Ah! that is news to me," he said, and a change came over his face. "Do you know anything of her—relationship?" he asked.
"Only that her mother was the sister of Louis Carl."

Ah, yes; I heard they went aboad," he

said.

"Not the family. She went with an aunt and uncle—this sister, who was very delicate, and they died in Rone, I think of malarial fever. After that they heard nothing of her!"

"Great heaven! what a history!" said Earle. "But this child?" he asked in a suppressed yois.

"Great heaven! what a history!" said Earle. "But this child?" he saked in a sup-pressed voice.
"The mother was dead—when he found it," said Clare, watching him closely, though she still turned over the photographs. she still turned over the photographs. on what she had said.
"I know another history." he said opening

"I know another history," he said, opening his lips which had before been tightly compressed.

pressed.
"So sorry! but did you see a handkerchief—trimmed with costly lace?" and the petite widow crossed over to the table where Clare's handkerchief had been flung with some flow-

handsercure and ers.

"Oh, dear no—that is not mine. I hoped it was. Mr. Earle, would you kindly take me through the rooms, as I have no escort. I should so like to find it."

Mr. Earle politely rose, politely offered h

should so like to find it.

Mr. Earle pointely rose, politely offered his arm.

"I won't detain him long, you may be sure," said the widow. "So kind of you!"

Clare felt that she had lost a story. She had not long to wait for company. Half a dozen young meu were brought in by her uncle, and presently he earried her off to introduce her to some musical friends.

He was very entertaining—she had never the had not a man to be the company. Half a story of the said had never the had an analysis to the had the said had been to have the had an analysis to have been deep to have been been deep to have been deep to have been been deep to had been deep to have been been been deep to have been been deep to had been deep to have been been deep to had been deep to had been deep to had been been been deep to had been deep to had been been been deep to had been dee

""What do you mean?' asked Martin.
"'Nothing, only I thought if it hadn't a
pretty good foundation, in your region, it
would soon shake down.' Wasn't that pretty

pretty good Toundation, in your region, it would soon shake down. Wasn't that pretty good?"

Clare laughed. The humorous man was generally surrounded by a laughing crowd.

There was rather a dowdy looking woman in a corner of the room to whom everybody paid court. Clare wondered why. Hor uncle informed her that she was a millionaire.

"By the way this same doctor said early good to the way the same doctor said early with the control of t

towers and crimson shades of cut glass over he lights.

"Louis is looking in good spirits," he said, "Can you wonder?" Clare asked.

"Well, no. If a man is happy he shows it—particularly if that man is Louis. I re-

She looked up.
"Reviere is about to sing. He is improv-

She looked up.
"Reviere is about to sing. He is improving wonderfully."
A lady sat down at the big, shining piano.
The instrument was perfect in tone and touch. The lady was pretty, and her lips were wreathed in smiles as she placed the music on the rack.
Then Reviere came forward, looking as handsome, as faultless in costume, as graceful in posture as if he had stepped out of a picture.

picture.

He stood there, bright, buoyant, confident — bis hands encased in immediate kid, his pose admirable.

"And so he will go singing through life," thought Clare. "Of what avail is that fine flesh, the firm muscles, the vigorous health, except just to sing—only to sing!"

"Is he not a splended creature?" asked Earle, who seemed for the moment lost in admiration.

Earle, who seemen an initiation.

"He certainly is," said Clare.

"How the fellow keeps a level head with all the adulation he receives, I don't know,"
Earle said again. "I did tremble for him,

"How the follow keeps a level head with all the adulation he receives, I don't know," Earle said again. "I did tremble for him, one—I always tremble for these gifted men and women, who have really no home—no freside. I wish Reviere would marry."

Clare flushed a little, for Earle was looking at her. But presently there was silence—and then song, such singing! Clare felt the thrills in genius evoked through every fiber of her body. Sometimes she wanted to hide her face and ory in some wonder-passage in which the singer syllabled the most sacred longing. But after he was done—there he was, survounded by beauty, wealth, famous men and famous women, bowing to this one, smiling to that, and carried off triumphantly by some shining trifler who had been secretly ambitions all the evening to outmaneuver the rest, and get him all by herself.

"That little song nets him a hundred dollars," said Earle, as he moved away with Clare on his arm. "So you see he could make aliving."

"I don't think I should like to marry a mere singer," said Clare—and then remembering that Earle knew she had refused this "splandid creature," she wished she had not see the water she had not see the wished she had not see the second seed the wished she had not see the wished she had not see the water she had not see the wished she had not see the seed of the seed of the seed of the wished she had not seed the seed of the s

bering that Earle knew she had refused this "splendid creature," in he wished she had not said it.

"He will make a good husband, if he only makes right," said Earle.

"With money, I suppose that means?" laughed Clabe well if there was also love," said Earle.

"Not without."

They were alone again: someway Earle always managed to find such cosy places where everybody else had left. He found her a chair of cloth of gold, apparently, and seated himself upon a high ottoman.

Where were his thoughts drifting? for he did not speak for some moments.

Perhaps he was thinking of this beautiful home which had what his home lacked—the devoted care of a mistress—the zeal of a good wife whose husband never needed the stimules of the club, or the parlors of his friends in which to be comfortable.

Lakes to watch and ponne upon them just at the most inopportune moment? For he had long seen through this maneuvering little widow, though he never dreamed that he had put it in her power, ignorantly, to do him a mischief.

nischief.

There was such an undefined longing in his heart to have some little word or touch from Clare! But she resolutely withheld her fingers even. They scarcely rested on his sleeve when he took her through the rooms. She was just as kind—there was the something in her eye that reassured him at times—he knew that he was more to her than an ordinary friend: he had long been an adept at reading the countenance, of analyzing the motives of people who were en rapport with him, and he rarely misjudged, or went wrong in his conclusions.

clusions.
Suddenly the music struck up for dancing.
"I wish I knew how to take you through a waltz," he said, then laughingly added,
"though I believe I detest it. But with

"though 1 believe 1 uccess."
"I am as ignorant as you can possibly be,"
she said. "But I do love to see it. Would
you mind going in the other room?"
"Would you mind sitting here alone with
me?"he asked, repeating her question. "But
no, it is impossible. Here comes the beam
ing face of my ubiquitions housekeeper."
He looked almost enraged as he turned

away.
"Yes, we will go and look at the danc "Yes, we will go and look at the dancers,"
he said a moment after. "I only wanted to
say I have a story to tell you some time when
we were out of the reach off prying eyes and
listening ears. Will you see me if I call upon
you at the house?"
"Yes," said Clare, "I will."

CHAPTER XXVI

A BRAVE DEED.
"What in the world is your inspiration
ow?" asked Clare, as Beth looked up with a radiant face one morning.
"You'll hardly believe it," she said, "but

it's true."
"Being in the paper, of course," laughed

"Heing in the paper, of course, mangacu-Clare.
""Then," said Beth, reading rapidly,
"while his figure was outlined against the
crimson of the setting sun, one hand holding to
the railing, the other held in position to catch
the child, the little fellow, from sheer exhaustion slid from his dizzy perch; there was a heavy
concussion; the splendid figure there swung

round, hundreds held their breath—oscillated for one moment—but the grasp of the strong right hand bruced against iron, saved him. The boy hung on his bosom, and presently, while a wild shout went up, the mother's voice was heard high above all the din, "tool forever bless that man, whoever he is, for saving my child!"

"And now guess! guess who it was!" said Beth, her great eyes shining as she looked up in Clare's face.

"From your manner and your face," said Clare, "I might say Mr. Earle."

"I thought you would," said Beth, a little shadow obscuring the light in her beaming face, "but it wasn't he—it was Reviere!"

"Oh!" said Clare, her face changing too, "why, what was it?"

"Let me tell you," said Beth, asgerly. "You know they are repairing the steeple of our church. Do you remember seeing sometimes on the steps at the right of the church a beautiful boy with curly hair, eyes bright brown—a little fellow not more than three years old?"

"It's little Benny Reeden you mean, isn't it?" asked Clare.

brown—a little fellow not more than three years old?"

"It's little Benny Reeden you mean, isn't it?" asked Clare.

"Yea, that's the name—it's the sexton's little boy—a perfect darling! Well, the workmen left the ladders standing. Last night, it seems, little Benny took it into his curly pate the belfry, climbed to the tops in entire the belfry, climbed to the tops in the belfry climbed to the tops in the belfry, climbed to the tops in the belfry, climbed to the tops in the belfry when and the sky, but oh! the mother! she saw her baby—all the baby she had—clinging up there to the wall and to the iron—up there, and death all the way between! Poor woman! she sobbed, and shricked and wrung her hands, and presently Reviere came along—humming no doubt one of his pretty songs—then he saw the child's danger, sprang up the ladder, got in at the belfry window, came out on the leafs, or whatever they were, and holding his arm out, but the control of the poor where they were, and holding his arm out, but the control of the poor where they were, and holding his arm out, but the control of the poor where they were, and holding his arm out, but the control of the poor where they were, and holding his arm out, but the control of the poor where they were, and holding his arm out, but the control of the poor where they were they were the beling to the poor where they were they wer

She covered her face with her hands, trembing.

"And then he caught himself—thank God!" she half sobbed, "and all the shuddering crowd below sent up, a shout—it makes me cry, I can't help it—to see him take the baby, get back in the window, come down the ladder, and there—ob! there the mother!"

"Beth dear, this excitement; mot good for you," said Clare, smiling through tears. "Of course it makes us all very proud of Revicer. To save a human life seems to me the height of human achievement."

"I'm more than proud," said Beth, composing herself. "I never thought there was anything in him so grand. Now if it had been Mr. Earle," Beth resumed in her impetmus fashion, "I should have expected it of him. I don't believe I should have cried a bit. But Reviere I never associated with anything particularly brave or daring. He is so handsome! He seems intended only to walk in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk with in and out of beautiful parlors, to talk within what he has done! what a hero he is! Why, it makes me feel like worshippin him."

"I'd am persuaded you were born out of your rightful country," said Clare. "You should have been a Hindoo, you come so naturally by the facult yof worship."

"It don't unatter much where one is born," said Beth. "I don't study half hard enough. But I suppose when I get stronger I shall we have been a get stronger I shall we have been and the stream of the hind half bear and half to have a suppose when I get stronger I shall we have a stra

(To be continued.)

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anabula.

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omes from two Greek words meaning respectively,
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comes from two Greek words meaning respectively.

comes from two Greek words meaning respectively.

H. A., Greenfield, Mass. The use of glass for the admission of light into structures was, until the seventeenth century, customary only with the rich. This
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H. J. T., Midway, Ala. The most practical form of divmaterial and the second of the surface of the surface
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the harry Drothess of Tech \$5.00. Total, \$4.20, 14.
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No. 1. CHARADE.

In first pray find "a made up face,"
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To last, a lamb may give a clew, Or key, this puzzle to undo. Greenbacker, be you gent or lady, For total give us a "rag baby." INGTON, D. C.

NYAS.

No. 2. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. An old game at ball; 3. A large quadruped; 4. A crooked piece of wood or fron; 5. A seat of the control of the contr

No. 3. NUMERICAL. No. 3. NUMERICAL,

(TO 'Nyas.')

The fruit of certain plants
Lies in 1 to 3 perchance;
A cloth in India very fine;
A cloth in India very fine;
1. 7. 8. 6. if letter of sidt,
A Hobrew goeautre comes in sight;
The 10 9 is, Webster says,
A book of seven languages.

EAST BRAD; F. WOOD B. RHYMEO

EAST BRAD; F. WOOD B. RHYMEO

No. 4. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A town of Asia Minor; 3. A town of Italy; 4. A hawk; 5. Crooked; 6. The medullary their carriages short diese in 5. Strays; 9. Dirges; 10. To close up; 11. A letter,

New York Ciry.

No. 5. CHARADE, Part of a play the first we call, Oft times a binder's tool; Sometimes 'tis done by playing ball By boys and girls at school.

By boys and girls at school.

In making rope the fast is used;
A child calls it a toy.

To cap " it all I'm much abused
With whip by sturdy boy.

Come puzzlers Macra and TRADDLES all,
And tell us of a sheet
That answers better when we call
The ARGOST complete.

MARION, W. 7A.

TIPO.

No. 6. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A small island of Scotland (Lipp); 3. Ravines; 4. French physician (Lipp, 1792-1875); 5. Ravines; 4. French physician (Lipp, 1792-1875); 5. Ravines; 5. Carland, 1. A crustacean; 8. Carland, 1. Carland, 1. Carland, 1. Certain finds of lines; 11. Certain fish; 12. Certain musical notes; 13. A letter,

MYTHO.

MYTHO.

DELPHIA, P.A.

No. 7. CHARADE.

An Ante-bellum Tale.
Cuffee started off a hunting.
Down the rallroad took his way.
The proper than the property of the propert (1) (2)

No. 8. DIAMOND.

1. In GOLDES AROOSY: 2. 4. Temporary framings on which vanied work is constructed; 5. 4 small on on which vanied work is constructed; 5. 4 small on which vanied work is constructed; 5. 4 small on the property of the property of the property of England: 10. The beard of grain (Worts); 11. In GOLDES AROOSY,
NEW OBLEASS, LL.

HAEE.

in Goldens Amoors.

New Onleass, I.A.

New Onleass, I.A.

When I was a little bay.

It was frequently my joy 'I was frequently my joy 'I was the properties of the state of th

No. 10. DIAMOND No. 10. DIAMOND.

1 A letter: 2. Earth wet with water; 3. Took out the inward parts of; 4. A town of Spain; 5. Relating to the views of Leibniz in reference to monads; 6. Pertaining to rural deans (Rare); 7. Effeminate persons; monadown of the persons; 10. Certain monadown of the persons; 10. Certain monadown of the persons; Ebookkys, N. E. BEOOKLYS, N. E. BEOOKLY

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jouths. For the best incomplete list, three months
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There has been a good deal and mainet the use of geogs, in forms. Mewne, who is high authority in the Dom, has said "The geog, must go," and there are many solvers who wish his words night become many solvers who wish his words night become the solvers who wish the words night become the solvers. The said of puzzled the solvers when the said of puzzled makes the said of puzzled when they say that we have studied Webster in the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before in the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before in the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before the whole of our long life. Wi, than we had before the whole of the whole when the said the said of the whole of CHAT.



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ivalued ap-

Tom Corwin went to Marietta, Ohio, in the cam-Tox Cownn went to Marretta, Ohio, in the campaign of 1844, to address a large Whig gathering. The presidential contest was so close and sharp that political orators that year were very reheating to touch any doubtful ground. This was especially true of the Whigs. The out-and-out abolitionists that year really held the balance of power, and did decide that Henry Clay should not be president, and that James K. Polis should be, even at the dire expense of the Texas annexation. At Marietta some sharp-witted hearer of Mr. Corwin was determined to make him speak out on the subject of abolition, and did what was very common at the west-

some snarp-witted nearer of Mr. Covvin was occarmined to make him speak out on the subject of abolition, and did what was very common at the west,
interrupted the speaker with a question, which he
did not wish to answer. Mr. Covvin parried the
did not wish to answer. Mr. Covvin parried the
question with what seemed an answer, but was in
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MR. LINCOLN AND HIS CLIENTS.

FARMER once said to the Rev. Dr. Miner, once

a clergyman in Springfield, Ill.:

"Do you know why it is that I, whe have been a clemental limb life, am going to vote for Mr. Lincoln? I will tell you. I once got into a difficulty with a neighbor about the line between our farms. I went to Mr. Lincoln to secure him. Lincoln said:

I went to Mr. Lincoln to secure him. Lincoln said: With a neighbor about the line between our farms.

I went to Mr., Lincoln to severe him. Lincoln said:

'Now, if you go on with this it will cost both of
you your farms and will entail an enuity that will
last for generations, and perhaps lead to murder,
I'm other man has just been here to capace me.
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told him how bad he had been, after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allast moment of his life, he never heard the least alusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was
mentioned, without getting up and going to the
darkest corner of the room, looking very much
ashamed. Then if you said, "The baker was well
paid," or "The baker was not hurt after all, Camp
came out from his hiding-place, jumped and barked
after me as I rode on horseback he used to watch
for my return, and the servant used to tell him "his
master was coming down the hill, or "through the
moor." Then, though he did not point out the way
for the due, old camp went out at the front to go
or the due, old camp went out at the front to go
or the due, old camp went out at the way
and the servant went out at the front to go
or the due, old camp went out at the front to go
or the due, old camp went out at the front to go
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MORE CHILOREN HAVE BEEN RIDGES FOOD

VUDD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS & CHILDREN

THE CAUSE OF MANY EVILS.

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A CITIZEN encountered a policeman near his house the other day and asked him where the office of the Board of Health could be found. The officer replied by asking him what was wanted, and the

man explained:
"Well, my house is full of sewer gas, and I was going down to see it anything could be done."
The officer volunteered to go in one of the country of the other country of the country of t

Suppose it is?"
Of course. Why, I could smell that across the

"Of course, why, I could shell that across me street!" "Well, I declare, but I guess you are right! Oh, well, if that's all, there's no use in fooling around any more. We can get along with that, but we're awful nervous on the subject of sewer gas."

EXCHANGES.