THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. III.—No. 34. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER. 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885. TERMS. $2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. Whole No. 138.

Footprints in the Forest.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "Camp-fire and Wigwam," "The Lost Trail," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nellie," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECTIVE.

THOSE of my friends who have done me the honor of reading "Campfire and Wigwam," will need little help to recall the situation at the close of that narrative. The German lad, Otto Relstaub, having lost his horse, while on the way from Kentucky to the territory of Louisiana, (their destination being a part of the present State of Missouri), he and his young friend, Jack Carleton, set out to hunt for the missing animal. Naturally enough they failed: not only that, but the two fell into the hands of a band of wandering Sauk Indians, who made both prisoners.

Directly after the capture of the lads, their captors parted company, five going in one direction with Jack and the other five taking a different course with Otto. "Camp-Fire and Wigwam" gave the particulars of what befell Jack Carleton. In this story, I propose to tell all about the hunt that was made for the honest lad, who had few friends, and who had been driven from his own home by the cruelty of his parents to engage in a search which would have been laughable in its absurdity, but for the danger that marked it from the beginning.

The youth, however, had three devoted friends in Jack Carleton, his mother, and Deerfoot, the Shawanoe. But for the tender compassion which the good woman felt for the oppressed lad, she never would have consented that her beloved son should start into the wilderness for the purpose of bringing him home.

One fact must be borne in mind, however, in recalling the two expeditions. In the former Jack and Otto were the actors, but now the hunters were Jack and Deerfoot, and therein lay all the difference in the world. Well aware of the wonderful woodcraft of the young warrior, his courage and devotion to his friends, the parent had little if any misgivings, when she kissed her beloved son goodbye, and saw him enter the wilderness in the company of the dusky Shawanoe.

Something like a fortnight had gone by, when Deerfoot and Jack Carleton sat near a camp-fire which had been kindled in the depths of the forest, well to the westward of the little frontier settlement of Martinsville. The air was crisp and cool, and two days had passed since any rain had fallen, so the climate could not have been more favorable.

The camp was similar to many which have been described before, and with which the reader has become familiar long ago. It was simply a small pile of blazing sticks, started close to a large tree, with a little stream of water winding just beyond. More wood was heaped near, so none needed to be gathered, and Jack was lolling lazily on the blanket which he had brought with him, while Deerfoot sat on the pile of sticks opposite, talking with his young friend.

"Deerfoot, you remember I told you that while I was in the lodge of Ogallah, an Indian came in whom I recognized as one of the five that had taken Otto away?"

The Shawanoe nodded his head to signify he recalled the incident.

"He made some of the queerest gestures to me, which I could no more understand than I could make out what his gibberish meant, but when I described his actions to you, you said they meant that Otto was still alive—that is, so far as the Indian knew?"

"My brother speaks the truth: such was the message of the Sauk warrior."

"They say all the red men can talk with each other by means of signs, but, without asking you to explain every word of the Sauk, I would like to hear again what it was he meant to tell me."

"He said that Otto had been given to a party of Indians, and they had started westward toward the setting sun with him."

"But why did they turn him over to the strangers?"

"Deerfoot was not there to ask the Sauk," was the significant reply of the young Shawanoe.

"That is true," was the response, "for, if you had been, you would have known all about it; but, old fellow, you can explain one thing: why do you not make your way to the Sauk village and get those warriors to give you the particulars?"

Such it would seem was the true course of the dusky youth, on whom it may be said the success or failure of the enterprise rested. He was silent a moment, as though the question caused him some thought.

"It may be my brother is right, but it is a long ways to the lodges of the Sauks, and when they were reached it may be they could tell no more than Deerfoot knows."

JACK INSTANTLY JUMPED TO HIS FEET.

Jack Carleton did not understand this remark. He knew how little information he had given his friend, and it seemed idle to say that the immediate captors of Otto Relstaub could not tell more of the boy.

Strange things happen in this life. Several times during the afternoon Deerfoot stopped abruptly and glanced about him, just as Jack had seen him do when enemies were in the wood. He made no remark by way of explanation, and his friend asked him no question.

"It seems to me the Sauks can tell a good deal more than I; for instance——"

Deerfoot suddenly raised his forefinger and leaned his head forward and sideways. It was his attitude of intense attention, and he had signalled for Jack to hold his peace. The tableau lasted a full minute. Then Deerfoot looked toward his friend, and smiled and nodded, as if to say it had turned out just as he expected.

"What in the name of the mischief *is* the matter?" asked Jack, unable longer to repress his curiosity; "you've been acting queer all the afternoon."

"Deerfoot and his friend have been followed by some Indian warrior for many miles. He is not far away; he is now coming softly toward the camp; I have heard him often; he is near at hand."

"If he wants to make our acquaintance, there is no reason why he should feel so bashful," remarked Jack, glancing uneasily at different points in the darkening woods; "I don't see any cause why he should prowl around in that fashion."

The lad's uneasiness was increased by the fact that Deerfoot was manifestly looking over his head and into the forest behind Jack, as though the object which caused his remarks was coming from that direction.

"The Indian is not far off—he is coming this way—he will be in camp in a breath."

"And, if I stay here, he will stumble over me and perhaps break his neck," remarked Jack, who distinctly caught the rustle of leaves, and instantly jumped to his feet and faced toward the point whence the stranger was approaching.

It cannot be said that the youth felt any special alarm, for he knew the sagacious Deerfoot would take care of him, but the knowledge that an armed stranger is stealing up behind a person, is calculated to make him nervous.

At the moment of facing around, Jack caught the outlines of a middle-aged warrior, who strode noiselessly from the wood and stepped into the full glare of the camp light. Without noticing Jack, he advanced to Deerfoot, who shook him by the hand, while the two exchanged some sentences in a tongue which the lad did not comprehend.

But when the visitor stood revealed in the firelight, he looked him carefully over and recognized him. He was the Indian who came into the hut of Ogallah, the Sauk chieftain, when Jack was a captive, and who went through the odd gesticulations, which the lad remembered well enough to repeat to Deerfoot, who, in turn, interpreted them to mean that Otto Relstaub had not been put to death, as up to that moment the two youths had feared.

It was strange indeed that he should come to the camp of the youths, at the very time they were in need of such information as he could give.

While Jack identified the visitor as that interesting personage, Deerfoot recognized him even sooner as Hay-uta, the Man-who-Runs-without-Falling. It was he who, while on a hunt for scalps, came upon the young Shawanoe and engaged him in a hand-to-hand encounter. You will recall how completely he was disarmed and vanquished by the younger warrior, and how the latter read to him from his Bible, and told him of the Great Spirit who dwelt beyond the stars, and whose will was contained in the little volume which was the inseparable companion of the wonderful Shawanoe. Hay-uta showed he was deeply impressed, and abruptly went away.

It will be remembered, therefore, that there were peculiar circumstances which caused the two red men to feel friendly toward each other, and which led them to spend several minutes talking with such earnestness that neither seemed aware that another party was near. Jack did not object, but busied himself in studying the two aborigines.

Hay-uta has been already described as a middle-aged warrior. He was strong, iron-limbed and courageous, but was not to be compared as respects grace, dignity and manly beauty to Deerfoot. What specially attracted Jack's attention was the rifle which he idly held with one hand while talking, the stock resting on the ground. It was the finest weapon the lad had ever seen—that is so far as appearance went. The stock was ornamented with silver, and the make and finish were as complete as was ever seen in those days. It was a rifle that would attract admiration anywhere.

"I shouldn't wonder if he shot the owner so as to get it," thought the lad.

But therein he did the Sauk injustice. The savage gave all the furs and peltries that he was able to take during an entire winter to a white trader from St. Louis, who with a similar weapon bought enough more supplies to load him and his animal for their return trip to that frontier post.

While Hay-uta and Deerfoot talked, they smiled, nodded and gesticulated continually. Of course the watcher could not guess what they were talking about, until he noticed that Hay-uta was making the same motions that he saw him use in the lodge of Ogallah, adding, however, several variations which the youth was unable to recall.

"By George!" muttered Jack, "they're talking about Otto; now I shall learn something of him."

When the conversation had lasted some minutes, the talkers appeared to become aware that a third party was in the vicinity. It was some remark of Deerfoot which caused Hay-uta to turn abruptly to one side and look at the young man, as though uncertain that he had ever met him before.

"Hay-uta has traveled a long ways since my brother saw him," remarked Deerfoot, who did not deem it worth while to explain why it was he had made such a journey: "he followed us a good while before he knew I was his friend; then he came to the camp that he might talk with me."

Hay-uta, though unable to understand these words, seemed to catch their meaning from the tone of Deerfoot, for they were scarcely spoken, when he advanced and extended his hand to Jack, who, of course, pressed it warmly and looked the welcome which he could not put in words that would be understood.

These ceremonies having been finished, all three sat on the ground, Hay-uta lit his pipe, and the singular conversation continued, Deerfoot interpreting to his friend, when he had any information that would interest him.

"What does he know about Otto?" asked Jack impatiently.

"He cannot tell much: the warriors who made him prisoner walked slowly with him till the next morning; they took another path to their lodges; on the road they met some strange Indians, and they sold our brother to them for two blankets, some wampum, a knife and three strings of beads."

"How many Indians were there in the party that brought Otto?"

Deerfoot conferred with Hay-uta before answering.

"Four: they were large, strong and brave, and they wanted our brother; so he was sold, as the young man was sold by his brothers and taken into a far land, and afterward became the great chief of the country, and the friend of his brethren and aged father."

Astonished as was Jack Carleton to hear

these tidings, he was more astonished to note that the young Shawanoe was comparing the experience of Otto Relstaub with that of the touching narrative told in the Old Testament of Joseph and his brethren.

CHAPTER II.

A VALUABLE ALLY.

"But who were the Indians?" asked Jack Carleton, impatient that the information came to him in such bits.

Deerfoot shook his head, smiled in his faint, shadowy way and pointed toward the west.

"They came from the land of the setting sun; Hay-uta knows not their totem; he never saw any of their tribe before and knows not whither they went."

"I should think that even an Indian would have enough curiosity to ask some questions."

"He *did* ask the questions," replied Deerfoot, "but the strange warriors did not give him answer."

"Then all that we know is that Otto was turned over to four red men who went westward with him."

Deerfoot nodded his head to signify that such was the fact, and then he continued his conversation with Hay-uta.

Jack Carleton recalled that when he and Deerfoot were guessing the fate of Otto, the suggestion was made that probably such had been the experience of the poor fellow. He had been bartered off to a party of red men, who had started westward with him, and beyond that important fact nothing whatever was known.

My reader will remember also that I spoke in "Camp-fire and Wigwam," of the strange Indians who were sometimes met by the hunters and trappers, as well as by the red men themselves. They were dusky explorers, as they may be termed, who like Columbus of the olden time, had the daring to pass beyond the boundaries of their own land, and grope through strange countries they had never seen.

The four warriors had come from some point to the westward, and Hay-uta said they could not speak a word which the Sauks understood, nor could the Sauks utter anything that was clear to them. But the sign-language never fails on such occasions, and had the strangers chosen, they could have given a great deal of interesting information to the Sauks.

A little reflection will show how limitless was the field of speculation which was opened by this news. Beyond the bare fact, as I have said, that the custodians of Otto Relstaub came from and went toward the west, little, if anything, was known. Their hunting grounds may have been not far away on the confines of the present state of Kansas or the Indian Nation, or traversing those hundreds of miles of territory, they may have built their tepees around the headwaters of the Arkansas, in Colorado (as now called), New Mexico or the Llano Estacado of Texas. It was not to be supposed that they had come from any point beyond, since that would have required the passage of the Rocky Mountains—a feat doubtless often performed by red men, before the American Pathfinder led his little band across that formidable barrier, but such an expedition, as would have been necessitated by the theory that Otto's new masters traveled from beyond, was too unreasonable to be accepted.

Yet from the little camp where the three persons were lounging, it was more than half a thousand miles to the Rocky Mountains, while the territory stretched far to the north and south, so that an army might lose itself beyond recovery in the vast wilderness.

The task, therefore, which presented itself at the very beginning was to learn whither the four warriors had gone with the hapless Otto.

It need not be said that none understood this necessity better than Deerfoot himself. Consequently he drew from Hay-uta, the Sauk, every particle of information which he possessed; that, however, amounted to little more than has already been told. But that which the Shawanoe sought was a full knowledge of their dress, their looks, arms and accoutrements—such knowledge being more important to the young warrior than would be supposed.

The information he gained may be summed up: the strangers were taller, more powerful and better formed than the Sauks. Each carried a rifle, tomahawk and knife as his weapons; they had blankets, and their clothing while substantially the same as that of the Sauks, was of a darker and more sober color. They had no beads or ornaments; their leggings, moccasins, and the fringe of their hunting shirts, were less gaudy in color than those of the other party. Their moccasins were well worn, from which it was fair to infer they had traveled a long distance.

Hay-uta stated another fact which should be known: when the two parties discovered each other, the strangers showed a desire to engage in a fight, not that there was any special cause for so doing, but on general principles. Though the Sauks were five to their four, they were afraid of them, and it was they who opened the negotiations for the transfer of Otto, with a view of diverting such hostile intentions. The Sauks had the reputation of being brave and warlike, but they did not feel safe until they knew many miles of trackless woods lay between them and the strangers.

So much, therefore, was known, and surely it was little enough. Hay-uta added the important remark that as nearly as he could tell, Deerfoot and Jack were close to the very path which the strangers had taken on their way home. It might be they were on the trail itself, if such a thing be deemed possible, where no footprints in the forest existed, for since the passage of the four dusky aliens and their prisoner, the wilderness had been swept by storms which had not left the slightest trace on the leaves that could be followed, and, though our friends might be stepping in their very tracks, it was hardly possible that the lynx eyes of the young warrior could detect it.

When Deerfoot and Hay-uta had talked awhile longer, the former turned to Jack and amazed him by the remark,

"Hay-uta will go with us to give what help he can to find our brother who is lost."

This news was as pleasant as it was surprising. It did seem singular that the one who had helped take Otto Relstaub prisoner, and then sold him to strangers, should now offer to do his utmost to bring back the lad to his friends. He could not fail to be a valuable ally, for, though vanquished by Deerfoot, he ranked among the best warriors of his people.

"I wonder what led him to volunteer," said Jack.

"Deerfoot asked him, and he was kind enough to do so."

"That's because you overcame him."

The young Shawanoe had given a short account of his extraordinary meeting with Hay-uta, when the older warrior tried to take his life, but Jack knew nothing more than the main incident. He had not been told of the aboriginal sermon which Deerfoot delivered on that "auspicious occasion."

It was only natural that the Sauk should feel a strong admiration for the wonderful youth, but the Word which Deerfoot expounded to him had far more to do with his seeking the companionship of the Shawanoe.

The latter made no answer to the remark of Jack, but turning toward Hay-uta, continued the conversation which had been broken several times. Young Carleton, believing there was nothing for him to do, spread his blanket near the fire, and, laying down, so as to enfold himself from head to feet, was not long in passing off into refreshing slumber.

Ordinarily his rest would not have been broken, for his confidence in Deerfoot was so strong, that he felt fully as safe as if lying at home in his own bed, but, from some slight cause, he gradually regained his senses, until he recalled where he was. He was lying with his back to the blaze, but the reflection on the leaves in front, showed the fire was burning briskly. He heard too, the low murmur of a voice, which he knew belonged to Deerfoot.

"What mischief can be going on?" he asked himself, silently turning his head, so that he could look across to his friend.

The scene was one which could never be forgotten. Deerfoot was lying or rather reclining on one side, the upper part of his body resting on his elbow, so that his shoulders and head were several inches above the ground. In the hand of the arm which thus supported him, was held his little Bible, the light from the camp-fire falling on the page, from which he was reading in his low, musical voice—that is he was translating the English into the Sauk tongue, seeking to put the words in such shape that the listener could understand them. It would be hard to imagine a more difficult task.

Between Deerfoot and Jack, was stretched the Sauk, his posture such that his features were in sight. He lay on his face, his arms half folded under his chest, so that his shoulders were also held clear of the ground. His dark eyes were fixed upon the countenance of the Shawnanoe youth, with a yearning, eager, rapt expression, that made him unconscious of everything else. Into that heart was penetrating the partial light of a mystery which mortal man has never fully solved; he was learning the great lesson, beside which all others sink into utter insignificance.

Jack Carleton turned his body as softly as he could, so that he might view the picture without bodily discomfort. Deerfoot merely glanced at him, without checking himself, but Hay-uta heard him not. Watchful and vigilant as he was, an enemy might have stolen forward and driven his tomahawk through his brain, without any thought on his part of his peril.

"I wish I could understand what Deerfoot is saying," was the thought of Jack, whose eyes filled with tears at the sight, for there was something so touching that he could not resist its force.

"A full-blooded Indian is urging the Christian religion on another Indian. Even I, who have a praying mother, have been reproved by him, and with good cause too."

By and by the senses of the young Kentuckian began leaving him, and again he slept. This time he did not open his eyes until broad daylight.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMP OF THE STRANGERS.

The expedition on which Jack Carleton entered with his two companions promised to be similar in many respects to those which have been already described. It looked as it it would be, if anything, more dull, and, for a while, such was the fact, but it was not long before matters took a turn, as extraordinary as unexpected, and which quickly led the young Kentuckian to conclude that it was, after all, the most eventful expedition of his life.

For nearly three days the westward journey was without incident which need be given in detail. They swam several streams of water, climbed and descended elevations and shot such game as they required. The weapon of Hay-uta proved to be fully as excellent as it looked. Though its flint-lock and single, muzzle-loading barrel would have made a sorry show in the presence of our improved modern weapons, yet it was capable of splendid execution. Jack Carleton was a fine marksman, but in a friendly contest in which the three engaged, the Sauk beat him almost every time. That this was due to the superiority of his gun was proven by the fact that when they exchanged rifles, the young Kentuckian never failed to beat the other, and the beauty of the whole proceeding was that when Deerfoot took the handsome weapon, he vanquished both; in fact he did it with the gun belonging to Jack Carleton.

Though the young Shawanoe clung to his bow, it was clear to his companions that he admired the new piece. He turned it over and examined every part, as though it possessed a special attraction.

"Deerfoot," said Jack, pinching his arm, "you could beat Willian Tell himself, if he were living, with the bow, but what's the use of talking? It can't compare with the rifle and you know it. Just because a gun of yours once flashed in the pan, you threw it away and took up the bow again, but it was a mistake, all the same."

"One of these days Deerfoot may use the rifle," he answered, as if talking to himself, "but not yet—not yet."

Little did he suspect how close he was to the crisis which would lead him to an irrevocable conclusion on that question.

Toward the close of the three days mentioned, the trio were in what is to-day the south-western corner of Missouri. Had the time been a hundred years later, they would have to go but a short distance to cross the border line into Kansas.

A remarkable feature of their journey to that point, was the fact that while making the distance, they had not seen a single person besides themselves. Not once when they climbed a tree or elevation and carefully scanned the surrounding country, did they catch sight of the smoke of a solitary camp-fire creeping upward to the clear blue sky. They heard the crack of no gun beside their own, and the keen eyes which glanced to the right and left, as they trod the endless wilderness, failed to detect the figure of the stealthy moving warrior.

This was singular, for there were plenty of Indians at that day west of the Mississippi, and it would be hard to find a section through which such a long journey could be made without coming upon red men. But at the end of the three days, our friends could not complain that there was any lack of dusky strangers.

It was near the middle of the afternoon, when, finding themselves in a dense portion of the wood, on a considerable elevation, they decided to "take another observation." To Jack Carleton it looked as if they were engaged on a hopeless errand, and, but for his unbounded faith in Deerfoot, he would have turned back long before in despair; it would be more proper to say, however, that he never would have entered alone on such an enterprise.

There was no need for the three to climb a tree, so two stood on the ground while Deerfoot made his way among the limbs with the nimbleness of a monkey.

He went to the very top, and balancing himself on the swaying limb carefully parted the branches before his face. His penetrating glance was rewarded by a sight which caused an amazed "hooh!" to fall from his lips.

A little ways to the westward flowed a rapid stream, a hundred yards wide. The other shore, for a rod or two, was bare of trees and vegetation, except some stunted grass, and in this open space was encamped a party of Indians. The sentinel in the tree counted eleven, and suspected there were others who just then were not in sight. Though it lacked several hours of darkness and the air was pleasant, they had started a fire, big enough to warm quite a large space. Some of them seemed to have been fishing in the stream, for they had broiled a number of fish on the coals, and the sensitive nostrils of the young Shawanoe clearly detected their peculiar appetizing odor.

Under ordinary circumstances there would have been nothing specially interesting in the group, but Deerfoot had studied them but a minute or two when he became convinced that they belonged to the same tribe which held Otto Relstaub a prisoner. Their dress, looks, and general appearance answered the minute discription given by Hay-uta.

The heart of the youth beat faster over the thought that probably the four warriors whom he was seeking to follow were among them, and the fate of the German lad was about to be solved. He glanced down the trunk of the tree, and saw Jack Carleton and the Sauk standing on the ground and looking inquiringly up at him, as though they suspected from his manner that some important discovery had been made. Without speaking, Deerfoot beckoned to the warrior to join him. The next instant the powerful fellow was climbing among the limbs with such vigor that Deerfoot distinctly felt the jar at the very top.

Their combined weight was too great for such an elevation, and the younger perched himself somewhat lower, so as to give Hay-uta all the advantage he could. A few words made known what Deerfoot had seen and that he wished the elder to answer the questions which Deerfoot had asked himself.

Hay-uta was as stealthy and guarded in his actions as Deerfoot could have been. He spent several minutes in a careful study of the group on the other side the stream. Had he and the Shawanoe suspected they were so close to a camp of red men, neither would have climbed the tree, for little, if anything was to be gained by doing so; the strangers could have been scrutinized from the ground as well as from such an elevation. It was a noteworthy fact that two such skilful woodmen as Hay-uta and Deerfoot should approach so close to an alien party without discovering it.

While Hay-uta was inspecting the warriors, Deerfoot quietly awaited him on a limb some ten feet below, and Jack Carleton, peering aloft from the ground until his neck ached, wondered what it all meant.

The Sauk softly withdrew the hand extended in front of his face, and the leaves came together with scarcely a rustle. With several long reaches of his arms and legs, he placed himself beside his friend below and told what he had learned. The two of course talked in the Indian tongue and I give a liberal translation:

"What does my brother know?" asked Deerfoot.

"They belong to the tribe who took the paleface; Hay-uta knows not their name, but their looks show it."

"Then their village cannot be far away."

"We must learn that of a surety for ourselves; two warriors among them are the same that gave us the wampum and blankets for the paleface boy."

"Does my brother make no error?" asked Deerfoot, surprised to be told they were so close upon the heels of a couple of the very red men whom they scarcely hoped to find.

But the suspicion that such was the fact caused the Sauk to keep up his scrutiny until not a particle of doubt was left. He assured Deerfoot of the truth, adding that the taller was the very one who handed over the wampum, and who showed such a willingness to draw the Sauks into a fight, without waiting for a specific provocation.

This was news of great moment and raised several questions which the friends discussed while still perched in the tree. If two of the original warriors were present, where were the others? Was it not likely they were out of sight only for the time being? It seemed probable that the four, while leisurely journeying toward their own hunting grounds, had joined a company of friends, with whom they were making the rest of the trip.

Then followed the question, *What of Otto Relstaub?* Varied as might be the speculative answers to the question, all the probabilities pointed to his death, and that, too, in the most painful manner; but it was idle to let the brain grope in the field of conjecture. It was for the friends to decide on the quickest means of learning the truth.

In the hope of obtaining more knowledge, Deerfoot again climbed to the highest possible point, and attentively studied the group the other side the stream; but he was disappointed, and he and Hay-uta made their way to the ground, where the impatient Jack Carleton was told all.

The eyes of the young Kentuckian expanded, and, when the story was finished, he exclaimed in a guarded voice:

"They've got Otto—of course they have."

The expression of the Shawanoe's face showed he was not certain of the meaning of his young friend, who added:

"The whole four who had charge of him are with those fellows, and, if Otto isn't there also, we may as well give up and go back, for he is no longer alive."

Deerfoot made no answer, but Jack was quite sure he shared the fear with him.

A brief discussion of the situation and the difficulties before them, led the two warriors to decide on a rather curious line of action.

It was agreed that one should cross boldly over and mingle with the strangers, while the other should reconnoitre the camp and learn what he could, without allowing himself to be seen.

It would be supposed that, inasmuch as Hay-uta was acquainted with two of the Indians, and had parted from them on friendly terms, he would be selected to enter camp, while Deerfoot's matchless woodcraft would lead to his selection to work outside; but their situations were reversed.

Inasmuch as the strangers had journeyed far to the eastward into the hunting grounds of the Sauks and Osages (probably to the very shore of the great Mississippi), it followed that no great surprise should be felt by them to find that some equally inquiring red man had traveled toward the Rocky Mountains, with a view of seeing the strange land and its people. It was the intention of the young Shawanoe to assume such a part. Should any mishap befall Hay-uta, he would give out that he was engaged on a similar mission, and not knowing he was near friends, he was reconnoitering the party from a safe distance.

There were several reasons for this reversal of duties, as they may be called, but it is necessary to give only one or two. The appearance of Hay-uta among them most likely would raise the suspicion that it bore some relation to the captive Otto. The red men, therefore, would be put upon their guard and the difficulty of securing him—if alive—greatly increased.

But the strongest reason was that Deerfoot would be sure to do much the better when brought in contact with the Indians. He was greatly the superior of the Sauk in mental gifts, and, with his remarkable power of reading sign language, would be sure to extract knowledge that was beyond the reach of Hay-uta.

Having decided on the course they were to follow, no time was lost in talking over the plan agreed upon. Jack Carleton was informed of the particulars by Deerfoot.

"I suppose it's the best thing to be done, though my opinion don't amount to much in *this* crowd. What am *I* to do?"

"My brother may sleep," said the Shawanoe, with that slight approach to humor which he sometimes showed.

"Yes; I would do a great deal of sleeping; but go ahead and I'll be on the lookout for you. I don't suppose you can tell when you are likely to get back?"

"Deerfoot shook his head, but intimated that he hoped to learn all that he sought to know before the coming night should end.

A few minutes previous to this, Hay-uta had walked down the stream, keeping so far back that he could not be seen by any one on the other side. The Shawanoe took the opposite direction, the purpose of each being to act independently, and, in case circumstances brought them together in the presence of the aliens, the agreement was that Sauk and Shawanoe should comport themselves as though they had never met before.

When the time should come for the scouts, as they may be called, to return to the shore from which they started, they would have no trouble in finding Jack Carleton, with whom it was easy to communicate by means of signals. The most trying task was that of the young Kentuckian himself, who was left without any employment for mind or body.

Deerfoot walked several hundred yards up stream until he had passed a bend, where he swam across. He kept his bow so far above the surface that the string was not wetted. When necessary, too, he protected his own property in the same manner.

When he had surveyed himself, as best he could, he walked forward in the direction of the camp of the hostiles, as he more than suspected they should be classed. Had any one noticed him just then, he would have observed that the Shawanoe walked with a decided limp, as though suffering from some grevious injury.

The readers of "Ned in the Block House," will recall that Deerfoot saved his life on a memorable occasion by feigning lameness, and the sagacious youth saw nothing to lose and possibly considerable to gain by such strategy in the enterprise on which he was engaged.

(*To be continued.*)

A MILD HINT.

There are some very straightforward people in Austin. One of them came to *Texas Siftings* office and sauntering up to the sifter's desk, asked:

"I hear that the Bible has been revised. Do you know if any important changes have been made?"

"A good many, I believe."

"And there is no mistake about Ananias being struck dead for lying?"

"No, I believe not."

"Well, if I was you I would find out about it," and he strolled out as unconcernedly as you please.

ON THE FLY.

Jones—"Now, isn't this nonsense?"

Smith—"What's nonsense?"

"This paper says that Bismarck believes in bald-headed men and always selects them for his assistants."

"Well, I don't see any nonsense about that. Bismarck wants wide-awake men around him, and he needs them, too."

"Wide-awake men?"

"Yes, bald-headed men never get drowsy, especially in fly-time."

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam has gained a reputation which places it in the front rank of curative agents. It has been in the market but about 17 years. It is recommended by the best physicians because it cures coughs and colds every time. Price 35 cents.—Adv.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

WANTED—Ladies and Gentlemen to take nice, light, pleasant work at their own home. Work sent by mail any distance all the year round. **$2 to $5 a day can be** quietly made; no canvassing. Please address at once. Reliable Man'f'g Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Box **1593.**

ANY MAN or woman making less than $40 per week should try our easy money-making business. If you are not **determined to remain poor,** write for our $4 free trial package; it will astonish you. No postals. Address G. J. Merrill & Co., Chicago.

BEAUTIFUL **LADIES!** Inclose 10c. (stamps) for *particulars! testimonials!* etc., in **sealed** letter by return **mail,** of **Elegant Toilet Requisites!** How to Beautify and Adorn the Complexion! Remove Wrinkles! Black-Heads! Freckles! Tan! and Pock-Marks! **Emolitane** heals Chapped Hands! Face and Lips. Splendid for the **Toilet. Cascarene** for the Hair. **Corpus-Lean** reduces superfluous flesh 10 to 15 lbs. a month! **NO POISON! NAME PAPER and mention article wanted!** **Chichester Chemical Co., 2800 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.** **WOMEN!**

AMERICAN CHALLENGE SAFETY IDEAL
GORMULLY AND JEFFERY
SIZES 38 TO 60
PRICES $35.00 TO $82.50
32 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
222-224 NORTH FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

MIRAGE.

BY A. S. R.

WE'LL read that book, we'll sing that song.
But when? Oh, when the days are long—
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;
Some happy time within the year—
The days troop by with noiseless tread,
The song unsung, the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship, true as steel;
Some flowers of sympathy bestow;
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until with quick, reproachful tear
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever just beyond our reach,
A fairer prospect shows to each.
The deeds we have not done but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

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 XXVI.

(Continued.)

"HUSH," said Clare, but a sudden awe took possession of her, and she looked warily round the room, almost expecting to see the great glowing eyes of the Indian lad.

"That's what is killing me," said Beth with a heavy sob. "I haven't dared to speak of it, but——"

Clare felt her tremble, and reasoned rapidly.

"If I doubt her, it will only excite her fevered imagination—and though to me it seems a chimera, to her it may be a fact owing to some peculiarity of organization, or at least be so vivid as to seem such. A momentary error sometimes becomes the punishment and sorrow of a long life. If I treat this as a real occurrence I may be able after a while to undeceive her.

"My dear, tell me all about it," said Clare. "Maybe I can help you."

"O! I thought you would laugh at me and treat me like a child—and I am not a child now; all my thoughts and feelings are changed, and I despise what I was, though what I am makes me sorry too, for I don't seem to myself at all like other people.

"I'll tell you," she added, lifting herself with nervous energy, and pushing the hair back that had fallen over her eyes. "It was a few nights after the doctor said I was out of danger. Nurse was asleep in her big chair, and the fire almost out—just flickering, you know. I don't think I heard any noise, but I turned my head as if somebody called me, and there stood Bee, holding a candle and shading it with his hand so that all the light fell on his face, and in his face was an expression that I can't describe. It made me feel like a murderer. And I didn't feel frightened—wasn't that the strangest part of it? I only felt guilty and sorry, oh! so sorry! He was dressed just as he used to be when he served at table, poor boy, and he stood like a statue. I told him I was sorry—and I said, 'please don't look at me like that, if you loved me, poor Bee!'

"With that he turned his face away, and little by little seemed to melt into the shadows. Then I felt faint and frightened when he was gone, and called the sister, and she gave me something to strengthen me, but it kept me awake and restless."

"Well, dear, have you ever seen it again?" asked Clare.

"Oh, yes, often; and I don't think I should care if anybody was with me, because it has come to be a thing I look for. Last night he stood in the same place, but he had his violin, and for the first time his face had a pleasant look. Do you think he has forgiven me? I have asked him every time to forgive me."

"You should have spoken of this before," said Clare gravely, thinking that now she had the key to Beth's tardy recovery, and that this hallucination was wearing out her life, giving her that unearthly expression that made her seem at times so unreal.

"Perhaps I should—but I couldn't. I don't know how I came to, now; but I am sure you are a good Christian, because you were brought up by good Christian people to whom you belonged. And now tell me. Do you think I shall be dreadfully punished for what I did?"

"My poor darling! I think you have been punished all you will be," said Clare, after a moment of thought. "God only asks for repentance—he don't expect impossibilities. You can't do more than repent, you know."

"And that I do, every moment. O! thank you. I did think of calling the minister in, and confessing it to him—maybe if he prayed it would stop it—or have some good priest sprinkle the room with holy water, and lots of other things, if only I could have got the courage."

"How do you feel when you see it now; as frightened as at first?"

"O no, I can't say I am frightened—it is more of a torment, and keeps me restless and wakeful all the first part of the night. And it seems as if every time I see him there is a singular pain right here—back of my left temple—and not a pain, either, but a heavy drawing feeling. So you see I always know when it's coming."

Clare felt more apprehension about the pain than the ghostly visitation.

"And one night," said Beth, "when he stood there where he always did, all at once I heard the great organ—it seemed to shake the whole house, like the tramp of a regiment and the clash of a thousand bands. That frightened me. It was the next day that you said my hands were so cold."

"My dear child, I can explain all about the organ," said Clare. "It did sound, and in the dead of night to you it must have seemed like what you say, the tramp of a regiment and the clash of a thousand bands, for it was fairly awful to me. It was the night your uncle thought his wife had died. I was there to tell him the facts about it, and he was as near insanity as he could be, and not wholly lose his balance. He thought Reviere was there, and he said, 'Reviere, let's sing the Jubilate!' and all the stops were out; no wonder it shook the house. So you see spirits had nothing to do with that!"

"O, I am so glad to know it!" said Beth with a long drawn sigh "I have felt so afraid of it ever since. I hardly dare go in the music room. But you can't explain away poor Bee—no, no, you can't explain that away."

"I shall not try to, dear, because I know nothing about it. And I can't understand why it don't alarm you more. I should have told all about it long ago; I couldn't have borne to keep such a secret. I wouldn't have slept in that room alone for worlds."

"You are not like me," said Beth, with a sad, quavering smile. "You have not been used to hide all your feelings because you had no mother to go to; and besides, I have always felt myself a little different from others. When I was a child I used to hold long talks with people I could not see, and imagine they were round me. I don't think anything of that kind would ever frighten me, under ordinary circumstances, but feeling that I sent poor Bee to his doom, cut off a life that might have been rich in results, that it is makes me a coward. O! I wish, I *wish* I could bring him back again!"

"Dwelling on such thoughts keeps you back, Beth—you must try not to recall them. You are strong enough now to go upstairs, and you shall sleep in my room. I will have your bed brought in there."

"But won't *you* be afraid?" asked Beth. "How I have longed to come up to my old nest!"

"I don't think I shall," said Clare; "it takes a good deal to frighten me. It's all nerves, any way," she said to herself, though she did not disguise from herself or from her Uncle Louis that she felt more and more anxious about Beth.

When that was all settled, she took the paper and read about Reviere's daring act, with shining eyes and a high beating heart.

"So, the muscles were not for nothing," she said to herself; "and I wondered if he could do anything else but sing, or be just a 'splendid creature,' as Earle calls him! It seems there was manhood enough in him to risk a life for a life. Now, I should like to hear him sing!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SHORT VISIT.

THE music-room had regained its olden brilliancy. Again the harp and the viol gave forth beautiful sounds, the great organ thundered, the trio and the quartet discoursed in elegant harmony. Pupils poured in and Martha had her hands full in answering the door.

But there was Honty 'to the fore,' as she said.

"I never'd believed I could think so much of a nigger!" Martha would often say, for Honty proved herself everything that could be wished for in kitchen and culinary help.

When Reviere came for his lesson the day after his fine achievement, he found himself a hero. Everybody greeted him with suppressed feeling, and it made him hang his head.

"It was nothing—an act of impulse—please don't praise me for it," he had said over and over again.

He was so accustomed to adulation that it irked him to be commended. Not that he did not look back with satisfaction upon the thing itself. He was glad it had happened and no harm done. The little fellow was really an exceptionally beautiful boy, and the young man experienced some strange sensations as the child's brown eyes looked up into his as he warily came down the tall ladder. It had seemed nothing to leap up, from round to round; coming down with that burden it seemed to him his feet were shod with iron. And there was something like awe, and a prayer in his heart. What if the iron railings had been defective, or the shock of the boy's fall had proved too much for him, or the boy gone wide of his arms? Instantaneous death for both! Reviere did not often think of death. He was so superbly healthily, his physical strength never needed renewing.

And then the mother's gratitude was very sweet—and the way the speechless father took the child, tears running down his swarthy cheeks, he could never forget.

He had never dreamed of being a hero except in opera, but here he was, full fledged, for beautiful women to go in ecstacies over, and ordinary people to point out, and newspaper reporters to write sensational articles about.

It was a taste of glory in a new form.

Earle said very little. It was only, "Reviere, I'm proud of you!" and that was all. To the young fellow, however, it was almost more than all the rest. It made him feel better and sing better. I have no doubt the doing of the deed made him a better man forever after.

"My wife wishes to see you," said Louis, and forthwith conducted him into the pretty little room that had been fitted up for her, leading from her bed-room.

There were congratulations. Madam Lucie looked touchingly beautiful amid her white draperies. There was a sweet seriousness in her manner, the result of her illness in which she had been brought face to face with death.

Reviere had never been so charmed with her. He did not find himself wondering why Louis had nearly laid down his life for grief at her supposed loss.

Beth was in the room, almost hidden by the window draperies, till the madame called her.

"Here is a little girl," she said, "who wishes with myself to offer you her congratulations."

"Oh, indeed I do!" said Beth, then shrank back a little, her eyes falling. "I think it was the bravest—the most beautiful—" and here her chin quivered, and her eyes filled.

"Oh, it was nothing—nothing," said Reviere. "I hope it will soon be forgotten."

"And I hope it will live forever!" said Beth boldly, lifting her tear-wet eyes.

He was looking straight at her. What he saw in the sweet, impassioned young face, who can tell? Perhaps the angel that was to guide him through life—perhaps the inspiration of years of toil. He saw something that made his own eyes fall, and the quick red mantle his cheeks. While she, poor little soul, felt herself nothing in his presence, and wanted to get away.

She did go out soon after, but the madame detained him with conversation about his art and its culture that delighted him, and made him almost unwilling to leave.

"That child has a nightingale in her throat," Madame Lucie said, as the conversation turned on Beth.

"She looks delicate," said Reviere.

"We are going to send her away for a little while," said Madame Lucie, "to some relations of mine in Philadelphia, good Quaker people. My niece, Clare, will go with her, as Louis is more than busy now. But we find that she must go. She is a bewitching little creature, and if I don't send her soon I shall not be able to part with her. You know, perhaps—such news travels—that she is our neice, her mother was Louis' sister. It is only lately that I have learned the fact—and I am so glad!"

All this was duly told to Earle.

"Louis came in with the tickets while I was there, so I suppose they start to-day, though I did not ask."

And this was the evening Earle had decided to call on Clare and tell her his twice-interrupted story.

"I saw Louis afterwards," said Reviere, "and he spoke of wishing you could go with them—that he had spoken of such an arrangement, but *somebody* vetoed it."

"Clare herself," muttered Earle, under his breath. "Nevertheless, I go!"

He left orders with Mrs. Lake. She was to use the carriage if she wished while he went away for a week's sojourn. Probably he should not stay longer than a week.

"So long!" she said, plaintively. "Everybody misses you when you leave Washington."

"Everybody will have to," was his somewhat rude response.

Poor Mrs. Lake was driven to her wits' end. She had dressed, languished, played by turns the comforter, the critic, the disinterested friend, cooked for his fancy, presided over his board—and all to no purpose. The man was a human stone—there was no heart in him, she said—and neither was there, for her.

"I'll warrant he's going on some errand for Miss Clare," she said, as he turned away.

The next day she rode down to Professor Louis' house. Her suspicions were correct. Clare and Beth were both gone, and he no doubt had followed them.

The poor woman was under a continual apprehension that Clare would show him the letter she had sent. But then it could not be traced to her. She had taken particular pains to disguise the handwriting. Still, suppose he should accuse her! Could she lie steadily, and with calm pulses? It would be a pity to lose such a home, and she felt that her place would be the price of his anger. He could not endure to have false things about him, false people above all else. Her boy was giving her a great deal of trouble. Twice he had come home in a maudlin state, and she had put him to bed, crying like a baby. She knew that Earle was a fanatic on the subject of drink, and would sooner have a snake in his house than a drunken man or boy. She caught herself speculating upon the future with this trouble on her heart and hands. Oh! if she only could make the home sure! only win the owner of that home! She was beginning to despair—beginning to hate the girl who had charmed him away from her, as she said to herself.

Meantime Clare and Beth were speeding on their journey.

"I am sure I shall be well in a week," said Beth. "I can't stay away longer than that. I hate to go among strangers."

"They are relatives in a way," said Clare, who was also going simply from a sense of duty. She anticipated no pleasure.

"If only Mr. Earle could have come with us!" said Beth.

"Hush—you must not make his ears burn," laughed Clare.

"Poor man! you make his heart ache, said Blunt Beth. "I can't fathom your reasons."

"Of course you can't," said Clare, "but I have reasons."

"I suppose so," sighed Beth. "Well, we shall be away from him, and I am heartily glad. I'm sure I used to hate to see that disappointed look steal over his face when you refused to see him, poor soul!"

They little thought that the object of their conversation sat only six feet behind them, with his traveling cap drawn low over his eyes, absorbed in the daily newspaper, though he was always on the alert against being discovered.

Somebody was waiting at the depot with a private carriage.

Beth snuggled up in one corner.

"I guess they are rich," she said.

They stopped at one of the best houses in Philadelphia, and were welcomed by the primmest of Friends in full Friend costume.

Nothing could be more beautiful, or more severe than the style of that grand house.

"I shall die without a piano," whispered Beth.

"Remember you came for rest," said Clare.

It was rest, from the prim breakfast table to the quiet dinner hour, there was nothing to do. A multitude of black servants was always on hand. A black-liveried coachman drove them wherever they wished to go, as the old couple, who were host and hostess, seldom went out except for a morning drive.

There were some gems of art on the walls—there were hundreds of entertaining books in the library—there were coal fires and polished grates, and the evenings were very pleasant, and very monotonous.

One day Mrs. Emery called the girls into a room which they had often passed, just opposite the parlor. To Beth's intense delight, it was a charming little snuggery. A bright wood fire burned on the hearth A piano stood in an opposite niche; there were but few pictures, one of them the representation of a young girl, with lovely dark eyes, seated before a harp.

"Who is it?" asked inquisitive Beth.

"That," said the woman old before her time, as she leaned her trembling hand on the chair-back, for support, "was our daughter. She died ten years ago, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. We Friends are not a musical people, thee knows—but little Rebecca loved it from her babyhood. How could we deny her, even if we should be read out of meeting? We gave her every advantage. She played both harp and piano, also she sang. Some of the friends think it was a judgement on us that she was taken so young. Now thee must enjoy thyselves," and she turned and left the room.

Beth crept round as if walking on egg-shells.

"I wish she hadn't told us," she said. "I'm all of a shiver. Why do people *have* to die, I wonder? Maybe I shall be—where she is, when I am as old."

Clare turned to laugh, but she too was susceptible and nervous.

"I couldn't sing a note here," said Beth.

Clare ran her fingers over the piano. It was too much out of tune to be used, and she shut it up.

"Let's go home," Beth almost sobbed. "I never felt so homesick in my life. It seems as if she were here—I believe she is."

"Nonsense!" said Clare. "You must conquor such foolish fears. There is the carriage, and we are to go to Fairmount."

They scarcely noticed that a stranger occupied the driver's perch. They were slowly driven over the lovely grounds, and set down by one of the bridges where the scene below was romantic in the extreme—a plashing cascade, bent and gnarled trees, sharp declivities, rocky ascents.

"If we could only live out doors!" said Beth.

"If we could only see one home face!" sighed Clare.

"Will mine do?" asked a rich, familiar voice, that made her heart leap.

There before her stood Colonel Earle, hat in hand.

It was such a surprise that Clare could not of a sudden disguise the glad light that made her face beam sufficient welcome.

"Oh, how did you come?" cried Beth, clinging to his gloved hands.

"I dropped down," he said, glancing at the driver's perch.

"We were just dying to see somebody from home," said Beth.

"Not quite that, dear," Clare said, with a smile.

"Oh, yes, we were. I never felt so near it in my life," said Beth. "We've been in a house where you can't hear yourself step, with two dear old people who are both deaf, and awfully rich, and terribly pokey, though they're just as sweet as sweet can be," she added, catching sight of Clare's horrified face.

"And are you getting better?" he asked, looking gravely down upon her.

"You will have to ask Clare," she said—the saucy girl! "she thinks I am getting stronger," and she laughed till Clare, who longed to pull both her little ears, grew too rosy for comfort.

"*Is* she better, Miss Clare?" he asked formally, turning to her.

"We hope she is," said Clare.

"Will you walk? There are some lovely places here," he said.

"You and Clare go," said cunning Beth, "and let me stay here. I don't believe there's a prettier place than this—besides it tires me so to walk—please leave me here."

This, as if it were already settled that they two should go.

"I wait your pleasure, Miss Clare," said Earle, giving her a glance that would be impossible to translate into language.

What could she do? She felt helpless in their hands—and went.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING TO OFFER.

"HAVE you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

"No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the ARGOSY is $2.00 per year, payable in advance, or five cents a number on news-stands. All newsdealers will furnish the ARGOSY on application.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

THE NUMBER (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

THE ARGOSY is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

RENEWALS.—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

IN ordering back numbers enclose five cents for each copy.

NO REJECTED MANUSCRIPT will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, at $2.00 a year—weekly—contains more long stories and other valuable reading matter by leading authors, is more carefully edited, is printed on finer paper, and is better illustrated than any other publication for the same money in America.

BOUND VOLUMES.

VOLUME Two is now bound and ready for shipment. It is full of good things—fascinating serial stories, short sketches, biographical matter, etc., etc. Price three dollars. A few copies of Volume One yet remain unsold.

CATSPAWS.

HISTORY records many examples of wily persons who have made a great reputation by trading on the merits of their friends. A more humble instance is that of the boy who proposed to his sister to "play inventor." She was to "invent" some tarts by stealing them out of the pantry. "But what will I get out of it?" said she; for be it understood the scheming brother proposed to eat all the tarts. "Why, you'll get all the fame," he replied; "I'll tell mamma you took the tarts!" What our readers may learn from this little story they perhaps know best themselves—from their own experience.

WEALTH AND WITS.

BARON ROTHSCHILD of Paris has recently met with a mortifying failure. He was a candidate for membership of the French Academy, a society made up of artists and others of intellectual distinction. He was violently opposed by Meissonier and other artists, who called him the "representative of millions and millionaires," rather than art, science or literature. They laughed at him as "king of Jews, and Jew of kings." Although the baron made great efforts and spent money freely, he was blackballed. It is useless for wealth to try to monopolize everything. It may purchase honor and office, but it cannot buy wits or an artistic soul.

OVERDOING AND DEATH.

IT is very easy, of course, to say: "I told you so," after the event is passed. Some well-meaning people never fail to make this remark whenever they get a chance. Yet we ought not to carry the thing so far as not to take lessons from what has happened. The recent death of Willie Donovan, the Elmira boy who won the roller skating championship in New York, is a case in point.

He gave a wonderful exhibition of pluck and endurance, and but for the folly of his father would doubtless have lived to give other exhibitions of his skill. But one of the necessities of great exertion is rest. This the ambitious parent neglected, being anxious to exhibit his famous boy to the public gaze. The result was, "a cold," pneumonia, and death. This sad event will help to enforce the rule that after violent play one should always cool off, and rest. It is true also of violent work. When the system is over-heated it is just ripe for many diseases. It should be given a chance to pick itself up.

PETTY THIEVING.

AMERICAN travelers notice with surprise and pleasure, in some parts of Germany, that the country roads are thickly bordered with fruit trees. Apples, pears, cherries, and plums grow in great profusion, so that not only are the roads well shaded, but the eye is delighted with beautiful blossoms and fruit. Would this be possible in the United States, and if not, why not? In Germany the people do not feel at liberty to help themselves to the fruit on the trees. They respect the rights of the owner. In America many boys seem to think it "smart" to "hook" apples and other fruit from the trees on all possible occasions.

Now, really, is there any difference in principle between taking apples from a tree that is not ours, and pilfering them from a barrel in the grocery store? It is to be feared that our national ideas of honesty in small things are rather loose in some respects. "It is a sin to steal a pin," is a true little saying, but it is not half as much relished as another one: "Stolen fruit is the sweetest."

RECIPE FOR DISLIKE.

SOME one has said: "When you meet a person whom you do not like, do something for him. You will soon begin to like him." Is this surprising? It is often considered "the thing" to like people who do us favors. Ingratitude is always warmly denounced. But how is it that we like people, or may like them, to whom we do favors? The reply is not difficult. The act of serving others calls for activity of our better qualities.

There are people who are not generous, because they never began to be so. If by some accident they do a generous act, they discover that it gives them pleasure. Consequently they repeat it, and soon make it a common practice. Trying to do good to other people arouses our sympathy and friendly interest. Even if our efforts are disagreeably received, we may be inspired by a hope of causing a reform. The desire to help those about us is a pleasant as well as noble emotion.

A POOR MILLIONAIRE.

A FEW years ago, a very rich and eccentric man died, as all men do. Yet few who die leave such a strange record as this man, and it is worthy of notice. He lived a bachelor life, and he did his own cooking, for he was afraid of being poisoned. Even his milk was brought to him, from a trusty farmer, in a silver can sealed up tight. His parlor and bedroom were built of solid iron. Even his bed was iron. This was one of his fancies; why, no man knew.

In his room were iron cases stuffed with gold coins. Some of them had not been opened for fifty years. There were millions of dollars hidden about his apartments. He spent nothing if he could help it. When he died, his wealth was bequeathed to the city of Geneva, in Switzerland. The man's name was Duke Charles of Brunswick. The city of Geneva is using the money to build splendid monuments for the benefit of the people. Though this man was a duke and a millionaire, who will say that the ragged boy who digs his toes in the mud and sucks a stick of candy that he has earned is not happier?

THE MOST OF HIMSELF.

WHERE one who is not gifted by nature does his level best with what he has, he usually receives the sympathy and respect of his fellows. Of course a man who has all possible advantages can always get on in the world, if he only tries. But with many it is otherwise. They have not the wits, or the strength, or the capital, or the acquaintance. Yet much may be done with little, if one only has the will.

It happened recently that a Russian, who was born without arms and legs, grew tired of being a helpless beggar, and determined to earn a living. By diligent effort and practice, he mastered several little tricks of skill and agility. Then he began to give exhibitions at country fairs, calling himself "the Artist Trunk." He became popular and was soon in the receipt of handsome earnings. His success excited the jealousy of another legless and armless man, who resolved to set up a rival business.

This was all right, of course, if he did it in an honest way. But he advertised himself as "the genuine Artist Trunk," and thereby shook popular confidence in the inventor of the title. Artist Trunk number one sued his tricky competitor, and the court sustained him, fining Artist Trunk number two and forbidding the use of that title. Everybody applauded the verdict, for although people like to see men make the most of themselves, they also approve of fairness and honesty.

DANGER OF SUCCESS.

AN old merchant once remarked to a lad who thought of entering the drygoods jobbing business: "You must not expect too much, my son; recollect that nine out of ten men fail at one time or another." Well now, when you think of it, the great majority of people have not succeeded, in the worldly sense. That is, they have not made fine fortunes and they have not reached the height of fame. And when you think of it again, would it not be a tough sort of world if everybody did so succeed? What rivalries, what bitter feelings, what hatreds would exist. Why, the scramble for success often kills all that is best in a man, and the most of us have to reconcile ourselves to coming off second best. What if we were all inspired by complete success? But there is a sort of success which is not dangerous, and which does not lead to envy or heart-burning. It begins with success in ruling ourselves. Many a man discovers that in order to make a great fortune, he must be mean, and tricky, and hard hearted. He has the courage to stop and content himself with the necessities of life, and such of its comforts as he can attain. Is not that a better success than if he gained wealth at the expense of his conscience and manhood?

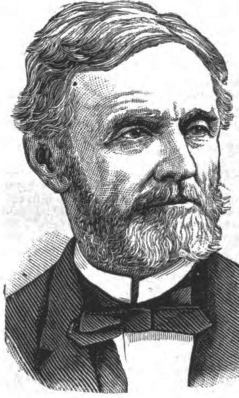
Many people die mourned by all who know them. Their whole lives have been fragrant with kindness and helpfulness. All who came in contact with them were the better for it. The towns where they lived were made more wholesome in morals and manners by their example. Men who associated with them became better citizens. Yet they were not rich or famous. They were only upright and faithful, contented and useful. That sort of success is within the reach of all. There is no danger in it, but, on the contrary, if everybody aimed at it the world would be far happier and better.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Head of the Southern Confederacy.

THE historical eminence to which Jefferson Davis rose as the head of one of the greatest revolutionary movements the world has ever seen, would alone entitle him to a few words in these columns; the love and reverence in which he is held by many of those by whom these pages are read, would be as weighty a reason for the insertion of a sketch of his earlier life; but the grounds on which he should most forcibly claim our attention lie in the fact that he is a man of strong individuality and marked character, and of many talents. It is because of these that he holds so forward a place in the affections of some, and in history, that appeals to all.

Jefferson Davis was born on June 3, 1808, in that part of Kentucky now included in Todd County. While he was yet very young, his parents removed to Mississippi—at that time a territory. The Transylvania University in Kentucky was the scene of his earlier education, but his course there was discontinued on deciding to enter West Point, where he was graduated in 1828. His earlier military life, beginning in 1824 with his cadetship, lasted until 1835, when he resigned his commission. At this time he had attained the rank of Adjutant of Dragoons, and had served with credit on the Western frontier. Amid scenes of excitement and danger in pursuit of the Comanches and Pawnees, the young dragoon found abundant satisfaction for a spirit of adventure and ambition; and with future distinction so surely within his grasp, it was a great surprise to his comrades and others who were acquainted with his ambitions, when he tendered his resignation and retired into the obscure life of a cotton planter in Mississippi. It became known shorty afterward that he had romantically eloped with, and married the daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, and had settled down in a home near Vicksburg. But the reasons for these actions, and what occupied him beyond the cultivation of his plantations, were unknown by the friends and associates from whom he had withdrawn. These eight years of retirement were, however, a most important period of his life. It was the result of one of the finer elements of his nature, as being an interval devoted to self-culture. He surrounded himself with books, prescribed for himself an extended course of reading, and made himself a master of literature, history and general knowledge, that in after years made him a light of the Senate. During this interval his talents and his character were developed, and from it he emerged a brilliant scholar and a master mind.



His first appearance in politics was in 1843, at a time when the state of Mississippi was agitated by the canvass for a governor, and the organizing of a coming Presidential campaign. Mr. Davis was made Presidential elector on the Polk ticket and, so conspicuous had he made himself as a popular speaker during the canvass, that he was sent to the House of Representatives in the following year, 1845, and took his seat there in December.

His Congressional career at this time was little more than a *debut*, for, the Mexican War breaking out, he resigned his seat and accepted the coloneicy of the Mississippi Rifles to which he had been unanimously elected. In the summer of 1846, he joined General Taylor on the Rio Grande, and numerous incidents of his ability and courage during his martial career could be cited. At Monterey he led his command through the streets under a terrible fire of musketry and grape, and charged on Fort Leneria without bayonets. At Buena Vista, he was an actor in the last and most dramatic incident of that day. The Mexicans, foiled in their attempts to break the American lines, decided on one more desperate effort. A large body of cavalry, charging suddenly and furiously upon Colonel Davis' command, found him surprised but not at a loss. In an instant his command was formed to receive the charge, formed in the shape of a V with the angle toward the oncoming torrent. Cool and firm the Americans stood, each singling out his man, and when in the next instant their guns belched forth, broken, scattered and decimated were the lines of the charging cavalry.

Returning from the war, Mr. Davis was speedily elected to fill a vacancy in the Senate. Relinquishing his seat there, he returned to Mississippi to stand for the governorship in 1820, but in this he was defeated. He was then called to the Cabinet of President Pierce, and for four years filled the place of Secretary of War with great credit. In 1857 he returned to the Senate, in which he remained until he cast his lot with the seceding states.

During his career in the Senate, Mr. Davis was not distinguished as the originator of any great measures, nor was he a violent partisan. He formed one of the class of graver legislators, and shone as one of the most eloquent speakers. His speeches, characterized by a classical eloquence, were adorned by a studied and refined manner, and his orations on subjects calling forth intense feeling, were made more forcible by an apparent mastery of the fierce emotions that stirred him. His carriage on the floor was erect: his manner precise; his bearing, self-possessed; his style deliberate, distinct and majestic. Whatever he said was sound and clear, while it was adorned with brilliant and accurate images, and by the flowers of that long period of study with which he had loaded his memory. But a very marked trait of his manner, was a haughtiness and imperiousness. A writer says: "He spoke as one who would not brook contradiction, who delivered his statements of truth as if without regard to anything said to the contrary, and who disdained the challenges of debate. With an eye sometimes kindling like the light that blazed on 'Diomed's crest'; with a countenance engraven with passion; with a form erect but elastic, he presented the clearcut, conspicuous form of a proud and dangerous antagonist." The writer continues: "The author recollects him in one of the passages of the debate in the Senate on the famous Kansas bill, when he shone as the impersonation of defiant pride, and threw his haughty challenge in the face of a political enemy. Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, had twitted some of his Democratic friends for what he declared their alleged defection, and had promised certain conditions to them when he was able to dictate their restoration to the party. Mr. Davis rose suddenly to his feet, with erect and dilated figure, and, striking his breast, exclaimed proudly and passionately, 'I scorn your quarter!'"

Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, had expressed the intention of taking his place on the field, when the first battle—that of Manassas—had been decided upon. He was not informed of the time it was begun, and arriving as it ended—with victory for his side—he met his brother, who, misled by the confusion, said: "The day is lost; let us go no further." "No," said Mr. Davis, "if the army is defeated so much the greater reason that I should be with my brave men and share their defeat"—an illustration of the personal courage which was a distinguishing trait of his character.

The long and horrible years of war passed on. It was a Sunday morning, April 2, 1865. Richmond was surrounded. Hopes and fears agitated the people shut up within the circle of the Northern armies. Mr. Davis sat in his pew in St. Paul's church. In the midst of the service, a man entered the church and proceeding to the President's pew handed Mr. Davis a paper. With hardly a change of countenance the latter rose and left the church. That night he fled from Richmond. In three days he was captured by the Federal government. For two years he was immured within the walls of Fortress Monroe, broken down in body, but brilliant as ever in mind, suffering, but resigned. He was liberated on bail and went to Canada and England. The charge of treason was abandoned in 1868, but Mr. Davis is not allowed to enjoy the rights of citizenship. He resides in Mississippi in peaceful seclusion.

In his management of the government intrusted to him, there have been many denunciations of both his judgment and his methods, especially by those who had the success of the "lost cause" at heart. A recital of these and an opinion upon them either way would be out of place here. It has been designed merely to collect a few incidents of Mr. Davis' career, which are eloquent exponents of traits and characteristics that have combined to make him a most remarkable man. As for old issues and antagonisms, *all* antagonistic feelings between section and section, let them exist only on the printed pages of the history of the past, and on the last leaf let us trace the words in a bold hand,

"Requiescat In Pace."

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

SHUN DELAYS.

SHUN delays; they breed remorse:
Take thy time while time doth serve thee.
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought:
Lingering labor comes to naught.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

ALL that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

MIRTH and cheerfulness are but the due reward of innocence of life.

THE innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

ONE good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

THERE is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

ON the diffusion of education among the people rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.

IDLENESS is a constant sin, and labor is a duty. Idleness is but the devil's home for temptation and unprofitable, distracted musings.

THERE can be no surer way to success than by disclaiming all confidence in ourselves, and referring all things to God with an implicit reliance.

AN APPARITION.

THERE is a legend in some Spanish book
About a noisy reveler, who, at night,
Returning home with others, saw a light
Shine from a window, and climbed up to look,
And saw within the room, hanged to a hook,
His own self-strangled self, grim, rigid, white;
And who, struck sober by that livid sight
Feasting his eyes, in tongue-tied horror shook.

Has any man a fancy to peep in
And see, as through a window, in the past,
His nobler self, self-choked with coils of sin,
Or sloth, or folly? Round the throat whipped f
The nooses give the face a stiffened grin.
'Tis but myself. Look well. Why be aghast?

NED ALVORD'S TRIALS.

"Well, I'll give you a trial, Ned. Come back to-morrow, and we'll see what you are fit for."

"Thank you, Mr. Erless. I'll do my very best to please you," and touching his hat, Ned Alvord walked off with a quick, light step.

A youth of about eighteen, very seedy as to clothes, but with a resolute mouth, and frank gray eyes, which somehow conveyed to you the idea of strong will and cheerful energy; such was Ned Alvord.

"Is it possible, Erless, that you are going to take Jim Alvord's son into your store," said a friend, who was standing near.

"And why not?" asked the merchant, pleasantly. "Every one dings in my ears that the boy's father was a drunken vagabond, whom death only saved from the penitentiary, and that the eldest brother would be there now if he had his deserts. The fact is, the lad has a feeble mother, and she has two small children besides him to support, and I don't see why, because of the rascality of two members of the family, the others should be left to starve."

"I don't mean that," said Mr. Prescott, "but it seems to me you run a risk in taking the boy into your store. I believe that evil tendencies are transmitted from father to son, and will develop under temptation. This boy has had the same surroundings, the same training, as his brother. Why should he be different?"

"He is different, at all events," answered Mr. Erless. "I've watched him, and I believe he has the making of an honest, capable man in him. His mother is a good woman, though weak. Ned is head, hands, and everything to her. I shall try him."

Mr. Prescott shrugged his shoulders, and walked off, thinking, most likely, that his friend Erless was very foolish. He was not a hard-hearted man, nor had he any personal ill will against the boy, but he was one of those who believe that children are very apt to inherit the good or evil qualities of their parents.

Ned hurried home with a light heart.

"At last I've got a place, mother, and who do you think it's with?" he cried. "Mr. Erless, who keeps the largest store in Covington. I'm to begin at the bottom of the ladder, as errand-boy. But I'll work up, see if don't. Isn't it a streak of good luck for us, mother?"

Mrs. Alvord was a thin, worn out looking woman, with a nervous manner, and eyes full of care and trouble. The news was certainly cheering, but a life of misery seems to unfit the mind to realize in a moment any favorable change in its conditions.

"I suppose it is, Ned," she answered, in a hesitating manner. "But every one is going to watch you, expecting that you will do something wrong. I suppose they shouldn't be blamed, though."

"It's cruel; it's unjust!" Ned cried out, passionately.

"It is hard and cruel," his mother answered; "but I ought to rejoice that at last you have an opportunity of lifting some of the disgrace from your name. Ah, my good boy, if every one only knew you as I do."

She laid her hands caressingly on his head, and the two children climbed up on his knees. It was a poor little home, but it was a very bright one that night. Mother and son sat up until late, discussing the possibilities which might grow out of this first glimpse of a better day.

Perhaps my readers may smile that so much was made of this little gleam of fortune. But they must remember that a minute point of light is unutterable joy to a poor wretch who is lost and groping in a dark cavern.

Bright and early the next day, Ned entered upon his new duties. He was quick to learn, and so active and willing, that at the end of the month Mr. Erless, in paying him his small wages, added a few kind words of commendation.

The months passed on, and the boy grew steadily in the favor of his employer, until no one in the establishment was more trusted than himself. He kept the keys of the store, as none of the clerks slept in the building, and it was his business to sweep it out every morning before sunrise.

One night he returned home flushed and excited.

"Mr. Erless has raised my wages," he cried. "Now I can repair this house, and we will all be so comfortable and happy! Why, what's the matter, mother? you look wretchedly."

He noticed her hands clasping and unclasping in nervous agitation; her old movement in her days of trouble.

"He's come back," she whispered, looking towards an inner room.

No need to ask who *he* was. The wild vagabond brother, Dick, whom nothing but a legal quibble had saved from the penitentiary. The thief, whom they never thought of without a blush, was at home again. Since he left Covington two years before, no news had come back of him; and the wretched mother felt, with a shudder, that the news of his death would be almost the best she could expect to receive of him.

He entered the room—a coarse, burly-looking ruffian, with a loud overbearing voice and manner.

"Hilloa, youngster, you here? Don't seem over-glad to see your elder brother. Blessed if you aint the same slip of a boy, without a bit of muscle yet! So you're playin' nigger for old Erless, are you? Catch me at that sort of business. I'll be my own master long as I live, and nobody's servant. Well, old woman, if I'm the prodigal son, you aint treatin' me in a Scripture-like manner. Blessed if you've offered me a bite or a sup since I came in!"

"I forgot that you must be hungry, Dick," she said in a desponding voice, rising from her seat, and hurriedly setting the supper on the table.

Ned noticed with a pang that the old cowed, frightened look had come back to her eyes. His mother had always feared her bad son quite as much as she had feared his bad father.

There was no conversation that night. Dick talked and cursed awhile, and then went to bed; and then his mother crept to her bed, afraid to discuss his return within his hearing. Poor Ned sat by the embers, his face buried in his hands, and a cruel pressure on his heart.

Had Dick come back to disgrace them again, to make them ashamed to lift up their heads among their neighbors? The shadow had crossed the threshold once more, and were they to sicken in it again? But as he sat there, other thoughts began to strengthen him for the conflict he felt was impending.

"I have my employer's confidence," he thought, "and he will not turn me off because Dick has came home, even if he is bad. If possible, I'll do my duty more strictly."

Had his mother been a stronger woman, he knew that Dick would not have been allowed to bring the leprosy of his life among them again. She would have sent him off; but, as I said, a long course of bad treatment had broken the poor woman's will; and, beside, she feared her son.

"So wild Dick's got back," said Mr. Erless the next morning to Ned. "Reformed, eh—or has he come because he's nowhere else to go?"

"I don't know, sir," he answered, frankly. "We asked him no questions last night."

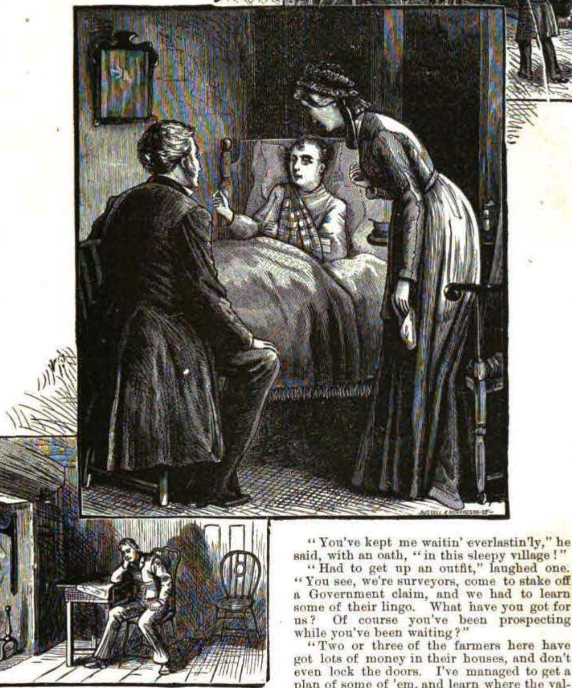
"Bad thing for you and for your mother," said the merchant. "Better have nothing to do with him. If your mother knew her duty, she'd ship him to-day. I've one warning to give you, Ned, and you must heed it—never speak of the business of the store before that man. I trust you," looking keenly at Ned, "and you must show yourself worthy of my confidence."

"He distrusts me already," thought poor Ned, with a swelling heart, "or he would not put my duty before me with that look on his face."

He went to his work with his usual alacrity, but his step was heavier and his face very grave.

But, somehow, as the days passed away, Dick Alvord seemd so much quieter than usual that Ned's forebodings were forgotten. Dick was still lazy and shiftless—he did not try to make a living, but spent his time at the grog-shops; but he did not get as drunk as formerly, and was less quarrelsome and noisy. In fact, he seemed to have settled down into one of those nuisances who loaf around barrooms to be treated by weak customers, and who die oftener in gutters than in jails. Yet he was seldom seen really intoxicated, and was no longer the brawler he had been.

One night two respectable-looking strangers stopped at the bar where he was drinking. There was no sign of greeting between the vagabond at the bar and the two well-dressed men. They had entered to ask some questions as to the locality of a boarding-house in that street, but when Dick lounged out they followed him, not only down the street, but out of the town to a bridge in an unfrequented spot. There he stopped and waited for them.



"COULD YOU RECOGNIZE THE ROBBERS?"

"You've kept me waitin' everlastin'ly," he said, with an oath, "in this sleepy village!"

"Had to get up an outfit," laughed one. "You see, we're surveyors, come to stake off a Government claim, and we had to learn some of their lingo. What have you got for us? Of course you've been prospecting while you've been waiting?"

"Two or three of the farmers here have got lots of money in their houses, and don't even lock the doors. I've managed to get a plan of some of 'em, and learn where the valuables are kept. Then there's Erliss's store; but I can get the key of that, and we'll walk in quietly and help ourselves. You see my brother's clerking there, and keeps the key."

"One of us, eh?" said the man.

"Not much. A goody boy, and I'll have to steal the key. We'd better put off that job for the last, as it's the easiest."

After some more conversation the men separated. The two surveyors went quietly to their work the next day. Before the end of the week two of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood had been robbed of plate, jewelry and large sums of money.

No suspicion rested either upon the two quiet men, who seemed to work so steadily, or the bar-room loafer, whose desires were bounded by a drink. Ned, however, watched his brother sharply, for he had now commenced to stay out all night, and when he did come in, he was not intoxicated.

"Where is he, if he is not in a bar-room?" he thought. "He certainly is not there, for when he goes there he never comes away wholly sober."

Yet he did not connect Dick with the robberies in the neighborhood.

One evening in closing the back shutters of the store, the bolt was found to be broken. It was too late to have it repaired, so Mr. Erless and Ned fastened the shutter as securely as they could on the inside.

"Any one from the outside could enter by this window," said Mr. Erless; "but then, no one knows of the broken bolt, and if the thieves visit me to-night, they'll probably come to the front window. I think that after to-night, Ned, you must sleep in the store."

About midnight Ned was wakened by a step on the floor. He sprang up in bed and listened. He thought he heard the front door softly opened and closed. With an instinctive movement he put his hand under his pillow, where he in his anxiety had placed the key of the store. It was gone. His forebodings were realized.

Mr. Erless lived at the other end of town, and he could not reach him to give him warning in time. The self-possession and coolness of the boy returned to him in this extremity, and throwing on his clothes hastily, he left the house.

On the way to the store lived the porter, a stalwart colored man. He called him up, waited for him to arm himself, and then the two hurried on to the store. He took no arms himself. Was it not his own brother who was the robber?

In a few minutes they were at the broken window and had entered the store.

They waited for a quarter of an hour before the key, softly turning in the lock, told them the robbers were at hand.

Ned was on one side of the door, and the porter at the other, and as the first man entered they seized him, but being unprepared for numbers, Ned was struck down by the second robber, and the one they had caught easily escaped.

The porter shouted loudly for help, and between the surprise and noise, the men turned and fled without any further attempt at violence. Several neighbors were speedily on hand.

"Are you much hurt, Mr. Ned?" asked the porter.

"Yes," answered Ned, faintly; "my arm's broken. Somebody please run for Mr. Erless, and tell him I'd like to see him to-night at my mother's after he's seen that all is right here. Will some one please help me home?"

His arm, severely fractured, had been dressed by the surgeon before Mr. Erless reached him.

"My boy," he said, with feeling, taking Ned's hand, "you've saved my property at the risk of your life, and I am very grateful for it. Tell me all the circumstances. Could you recognize the robbers?"

"There's little to tell," said Ned, sadly. "I found my key was stolen from under my pillow, and I guessed what would happen. Please ask me no questions, Mr. Erless, if you think I've done my duty. I have been very happy with you, but, sir, I must give up my place. I feel that circumstances that I cannot control demand this."

"You'll not leave me, my young friend," said the merchant, decidedly. "The thieves have escaped, and no one knows who they are. I shall not take any measures to ascertain; but whoever they are in no way affects you to your injury. No, Ned; tested and tried honesty and truth are stronger than all the evil repute that can ever attach to those of our own blood. I cannot spare you now."

THE PERILS OF A GREAT CITY.

HE boarded a New York City car at Twenty-third St. There was nothing out of the way about his appearance. A broad-brimmed straw hat was worn on the back of his head; he had a good-natured face with a rather fleshy nose, large at the base; he wore a light suit of clothes, and carried a bamboo switch: but his first question told the story.

"Which is your destination," was the conundrum that he fired at the conductor, "the Astor House or the City Hall?"

"Both," was the sententious and comprehensive reply of that official.

This stunned him so that he didn't revive until the Bowery was reached. Then, leaning over and whacking a fellow passenger across the shins in a playful manner with his stick, he asked:

"Where's the Five Points?"

"'Bout a mile further down," was the reply.

The next inquiry was directed in a general way to the whole car. "What are the police up to nowadays? I ain't seen 'em make no arrests yet."

"As there are one thousand officers on duty at one time, it doesn't take more than one arrest to every tenth man to keep up the necessary supply for the courts," suggested a gentleman sitting opposite.

"How many officers aire they, in all?"

"Three thousand," was the laconic reply.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the seeker after knowledge, as his wonder evaporated in a long whistle.

"I wouldn't like to walk around here after dark," was the next remark as he gazed fearfully up and down Centre Street, after a benevolent old gentleman had shown him the glimpse of Five Points to be obtained as the car crossed Worth Street.

"Oh, this is a perfectly safe and entirely respectable locality," expostulated the old gentleman.

"Wall, down South we reckon Five Points to be a pretty tough place," was the knowing response. "Ye see we read all about these places."

After that he was permitted to revel in the imaginary terrors of his wanderings through this desperately wicked city, and when last seen he was picking his way across Broadway to the Astor House with one hand on his watch, the other on his purse, and both eyes open for the dreaded pickpocket and bunco man.

A CAUTIOUS PRESIDENT.

THE frequency with which New York bank cashiers take advantage of their opportunities is causing some distrust. The president of a New York bank remarked not long since, to one of the principal stockholders and depositors:

"I feel much safer about the funds than I did last week."

"I am glad to hear it. I have been feeling very uneasy about my money. What precautions have you taken?"

"I've had a special telephone wire connected with the Grand Central Depot, and the man who sells tickets has got a photograph of our cashier, so if he tries to go to Canada we will know it in time to have the scoundrel arrested.

About a week afterwards, the president himself went to Europe with most of the assets.

THE SWEETEST SAUCE.

I've brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she gave him a loving, childish kiss,
To sweeten his hardened bread.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,

While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel
Catching some wild bird's lay.

And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

UNDER FIRE;

OR,

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER XXII.

The next afternoon as Fred was busy at his work, Carl came in from the Post Office, whither he had gone for the mail for several of the employees, and handed him two letters. On looking at them Fred was surprised to find both postmarked "Mapleton."

He tore one of them open nervously, hoping it might be the long-looked-for and much coveted answer to his own letter to Nellie Dutton. He looked at the signature—"Gracie Bernard."

"What can this mean?" The thought shot through his mind, and then he proceeded to find out in a very sensible way—by reading the letter.

It was simply a friendly letter, that showed a refreshing sympathy for his misfortunes, and expressed the belief that he would in time triumph over all opposition. She assured him of her belief in his innocence, and congratulated him upon his perfect vindication at the trial. She spoke of Nellie's sickness, and added that she thought it would not be long before he would be more highly appreciated by his friends than ever.

This brief letter touched Fred deeply and brought tears of joy to his eyes. He felt so happy that he hesitated before opening the other letter, fearing it might cast a cloud over the sunshine this little note had brought him.

"And Nellie has been sick," he said to himself, thoughtfully. "Perhaps this letter may be from her. I will open it and see."

It ran like this:

MAPLETON.

My Dear Friend: Your letter, so unexpected, was a surprise to me, but I am very glad you sent it, otherwise we might not have understood each other as well as I now hope we may. It grieves me that you should feel so offended at my seeming lack of friendship. Perhaps the time may come when you will think differently. Had I received your letter two weeks ago, or had you then told me what you say you would have explained in confidence, you would probably have no cause now to complain of me. Your letter, in some respects, is a puzzle to me. It has almost made me suspicious of a certain party, but I must wait and see what time will tell, then perhaps we shall find it agreeable to talk over this matter and be as friendly as ever. You may feel sure I was very glad of your success at the trial and I hope, oh! so much, that you will triumph over all your misfortunes. I should have answered your letter more promptly but I have been, and still am, kept at home by a bad cold which I took the night of the fire. Had it not been for this you would have received a letter from me the next day after I got yours. With best wishes, sincerely your friend,

NELLIE DUTTON.

Instead of throwing a shadow over our young friend's horizon, this letter swept away, for a time, the few remaining clouds and made the sunshine so bright and cheering, that he was happy indeed. He had been cast down so long by bitter misfortunes, that these expressions of friendship, and especially those of Miss Nellie, seemed to liberate his fettered spirits and they bounded high with joy.

His work seemed nothing to him. The flockers lost their dusty, dingy appearance. The heavy rolls of cloth were but playthings in his hands. No friction, no irritation. Everything moved with the grace and charm of a well-modeled yacht with swelling sails upon a rippling sea.

"She wishes so much that I may triumph over all my misfortunes," he said to himself, "and she almost suspects DeVere. I know she means him. I have been a fool to misjudge her so—and she is at home sick, poor girl!"

Here a sudden impulse seized him, and in a few moments he was at John Fielding's hot-house and ordered a dollar's worth of choice cut flowers. He handed the florist the money and directed him to send them to Nellie Dutton with his card. The old florist was startled—could hardly believe his own senses. Such an order from a boy was unprecedented—nothing of the kind had ever been known in the village, and that Fred Worthington, now a factory boy, should be the one to lead off in this very commendable fashion—a fashion that is only practiced in the larger towns—seemed too much to realize.

Fred saw this plainly in the queer little old man's face, and he blushed deeply as he thought what he had done. Whether the florist hoped to encourage this sort of trade by liberal dealing I cannot say, but that he sent some very choice flowers, and a large quantity for the money, is certain. It would be difficult to imagine a more surprised or delighted person than Nellie Dutton was when she opened the box and took from it the sweet smelling flowers, and a neatly written card bearing the name—"Fred Worthington."

If she was a little jealous of her friend Gracie on the previous day, she now had no occasion to feel so. Her letter had brought a response that she little expected—a response, however, that made her quite as happy as Fred found himself after reading her letter.

If she had up to this time held serious doubts as to his innocence they were now dispelled. A little act will many times go far towards changing one's opinion, and there are few arguments more forcible with girls, and even ladies of mature age, than are choice flowers. This act of Fred, though seemingly absurd for a boy in his position, was a master stroke in his favor, for it not only won Nellie's friendship fully back, but it also created a very favorable impression upon her mother, who was scarcely less pleased with the beautiful flowers than Nellie herself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Fred had first entered the mill his attention was arrested by Jack Hickey—a witty, good-natured Irishman. He was a quaint character, full of fun and humor. His employment was washing and scouring wool and shoddy—not a very genteel labor, for it was wet and dirty work as well as tiresome. However, Jack received for such service $1.75 per day, and this made him happier than a $10,000 salary would make many a bank president.

Hickey was called by the boys the "Jolly Scourer," not a bad appellation for him either. His tub and rinser were near the flockers. Fred could see and hear him while near his own work, and this furnished our young friend much amusement; for whenever Jack had pitched the wool about in the strong suds and was waiting for the action of steam upon it, he usually filled in the time by singing bits of original rhyme and by clog dancing.

His rhymes were as queer as himself, while his dancing was equally as peculiar. He had been persistent in the prosecution of the latter art, no doubt; in fact, there was decided evidence of this, for in spite of the clumsy cowhides that he wore, his right foot showed much careful training. It was full of music and always right on time. It could tap the floor with the ease and skill with which a practiced drummer beats the resonant diaphragm. Moreover it seemed to know all the fancy steps of a professional dancer, while his left foot was a thorough clod, so far as this art went. It always seemed to go just contrary to the other, and gave the appearance of attempting something more difficult than it was capable of performing. Indeed, this was almost the invariable result, as its accomplishments in this line were so exceedingly few; besides, it was always out of time, was clumsy and awkward, and was such a foot as is familiarly described among boys as "belonging to the church."

"It is very queer why there is such a difference in the action of that man's feet," remarked Fred to himself with a suppressed titter, "but I think after all the clumsy one is the most natural, and does just about as I should expect a foot to do when encased in such an amount of leather and belonging to such a man as Jack. What I don't understand is, how the other one ever became so gamy."

Fred wondered if Jack were doing all that practice simply for his own pleasure, or if he were trying to fit himself for an engagement with some minstrel troupe. If for the latter purpose there was some object in it; but if simply for fun Fred could not see where it came in when he considered the immense amount of effort it must have taken to wield with such dexterity those great boots, whose legs reached far above the dancer's knee, and the soles of which were nearly an inch in thickness and contained a generous supply of iron slugs.

When Fred first witnessed these comical performances of Jack, they amused him hugely and he thought he had never before seen anything half so funny; even the annual circus, with its train of animals, and dancers, and tumblers and clowns, could not equal it. The jolly scourer was extremely comical and clownish, evidently without trying to be so, while the circus clown's *effort* at comical acts and sayings detracts from the amusing effect of the acts themselves. Jack was thoroughly original, and his originality in music which accompanied these performances added much to them; for, contrary to the custom of many small boys when practicing clog dancing, instead of whistling, Jack furnished his music by singing, in a rich brogue, bits of improvised rhyme that he seemed to compose for the occasion. Many of them were very funny, and possessed that originality and wit characteristic of his nationality, which added much to the whole performance.

Fred soon made the acquaintance of the Jolly Scourer, and had many good laughs at his jokes which often lightened the monotony of routine work. He moreover did our young hero many acts of kindness, and in a certain matter proved of great service to him. Time passed by with Fred in his factory life not altogether unpleasantly, and as he saw no chance of getting into a store again very soon, he concluded that the best thing for him to do was to gain every point possible relative to woolen manufacture, and especially to the finishing department, in which he had commenced his mill career. Consequently he bent his energies to this purpose. Whatever was to be gained by observation and by questioning he was fast finding out. When he first ventured out into the wet gig-room, he saw there numerous machines, the working of which was a curiosity which he wished to have explained; and after carefully examining them he hastened back to the little humpback, where he felt confident he could get the desired information. Said he:

"Carl what are those great tall machines in the second room beyond us, that have the large cylinders?"

"They are gigs—wet gigs."

"I thought I had seen gigs before, but I never met any like those. What is their purpose?"

"They are to raise a nap on the cloth."

"How do they do that?"

"Well, that cylinder is covered with handles. You know what handles are, I s'pose?"

"I know something about some kinds of handles but I guess not of this kind."

"They are long iron frames about seven feet long, half an inch thick, and just wide enough to take in two teasels, one on top of the other so to make two rows of them the whole length of the handle."

"And this iron frame filled with teasles is called a 'handle?'"

"Yes."

"But what are teasles?"

"They are little things about the size of a small egg, only not quite so large around, and they do not taper as much, though one end is a little larger than the other. They have sharp points, sort of like hooks, which all turn down towards the stem, so you can run your hand over them one way and the points won't hurt; but if you pull your hand back, they dig right into the flesh."

"O, I know now, I saw a lot of them up stairs the other day and wondered for what they were used here. Seems to me they are queer things to use on cloth. Wouldn't something like a card with iron tacks be better, and last longer?"

"No, I guess not. Probably anything like that would tear the cloth, and I believe all of the mills use teasels. You see they would use what is best."

"Yes, I suppose so," added Fred, thoughtfully; "but tell me about the gig and how they use this little prickly thing."

"Well, as I said, these frames filled with teasels are called handles, and as the gig cylinders are covered all over with handles, it makes kind of a solid bed of teasels. The cylinder whirls one way, and the cloth, which is drawn close against it, goes the other."

"I should think the sharp points would dig into the cloth, and tear it the same as the wire points would."

"You see the gig is going so fast they don't get hold much, and then they are not strong enough to tear it at once, but will wear it out rather fast if too much pressure is put upon it. Those gigs out there don't hurt it much though, for they use old handles and the teasels are broken down a good deal."

"Where are they used first if these are old?"

"Up stairs on the dry gigs."

"What! is it gigged up there too?"

"Oh, yes; on two different gigs. Haven't you seen the great square iron-framed machines with two cylinders and two men tending them?"

"No, I think not. I don't believe I have been into that room yet."

"Well, the cloth is gigged there on the big machines the first thing after it leaves the fulling-mills and washers."

"How long do they run it up there?"

"They run it quite a while in all the different processes it goes through.. After it is gigged the first time then it is cropped."

"'Cropped!'" exclaimed Fred,laughing. "Well, you have me again, for I am sure I don't know what that means."

"Why it means sheared—cutting off the nap which the teasels dig up—only they don't call it 'sheared' the first two times."

"How many times is it sheared, I wonder!"

"'Bout four or five times, I think, twice on the cropper and twice or three times on the finishing shears. As I said, it is run on the big gig first and then is cropped. After this it runs on another dry gig of the same shape as the wet ones, and is cropped again. Then it goes on to the wet gigs where you saw it."

"I should think it would be all worn out if it is run so long against those sharp teasels, besides having the nap sheared off several times. How long do they keep it on the gigs?"

"It does get spoiled sometimes; I have seen plenty of pieces with the face of the cloth all gigged through. It kinder tears the filling all out and leaves the warp. It runs on each gig till a good nap is worked up."

"That would be a good many hours in all, I suppose, but I don't see the use of gigging it so much as to spoil the cloth. It won't wear very well, will it?"

"Yes, but they gig it so as to get an extra fine finish, and make it smooth and handsome. And then there are what they call the steam gigs. It is run on them, and, besides this, it is gigged several times on the back, both on dry and wet gigs."

"What! is there still another kind of gig?" asked Fred, beginning to get incredulous.

"No, they are just the same as the ones you saw, only they run the cloth through them after it is steamed, so the boys call them the 'steam gigs.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Are they wet ones too?" asked Fred.

"Yes, and they use the oldest handles of any because this is the last time the cloth is gigged and it won't stand much scraping. After it leaves these gigs it goes to the drier, and then goes back up stairs."

"When it goes back up there, I suppose it goes through a dozen or two more processes does it not?"

"Well, it goes through quite a number. I believe it is sheared the first thing, then it has to be brushed and sheared again."

"What kind of a thing is a shear, anyway, such as is used for shearing the nap from cloth? I can't imagine how it works."

"I don't believe I can tell you so you will understand it. You had better go up and see for yourself."

"You can give me an idea about it. I don't want to go up there now without showing some better reason than curiosity. Mr. Farrington might think it queer, and besides get an idea that I am neglecting my work as he said Tim Short did."

"All right, then; I'll tell you the best I can. I used to think myself, when I heard father talking about the shears, that they must be something like mother's shears, only with great long blades; but I found I was mistaken. The shears up stairs are about seven feet long; you see they have to be as long as the cloth is wide. They have iron frames, and I guess are five feet high. There is a roller on the back side and another on the front. On the top and front of the machine is a steel plate that runs the whole length of the shear. This plate has a square edge, and the cloth passes over it from one roller to the other. It is drawn tight when it goes over the steel plate, and there is, what I believe they call, a cylinder that has sharp knives upon it. They call them knives, but they are kinder like strips of sharp steel fastened on to the cylinder. They are 'bout half an inch high, and run the whole length of the cylinder in a spiral way, just the same as I would wind a string round this stick from bottom to top, if every time the string went round it was an inch from where it went round before.

"Well, you see these strips of steel go round like that fashion, only they are a good deal straighter and are 'bout two inches apart. They call these strips the knives and grind them just like any other shears: the way they do this is by running the cylinder the wrong way and holding a piece of stone against them. This gives them a sharp edge. This cylinder is let down so close to the steel plate that there isn't room for the cloth to pass between it and the cylinder, without having the face or nap sheared off by the sharp knives of the cylinder that is going round like lightning. That's 'bout all there is to it. Do you get any idea how it works?"

"Oh, yes; I think I see how it is. As the cloth passes over the plate one way, the cylinder whirls the other and clips off the nap. I understand now why a knot in the back of the cloth would do so much harm. As it passed over the plate 'twould raise the cloth up so as to cut a hole in the face of it; but when you told me about it the other day I thought a little thing like that didn't amount to much."

"Yes, that's right," responded Carl with a pleased look, on finding his explanation had proved successful. "I have told you a little about nearly all the processes of finishing cloth. I may as well tell the rest. Oh, I forgot to tell you how the cloth is brushed. Well, it is done by machinery. The brush itself is a roller about six inches through, and the same length as the shear cylinder. The bristles are put into the roller all over it, so it is just like any brush, only round. The cloth runs on the brushing macnine about the same as on the shear, and the brush that is let down onto the cloth revolves with an awful speed—so fast that it looks like a smooth piece of iron or wood. I tell you it takes the dust out and straightens out the nap in good shape."

"I should think it would," said Fred; and then added in a humorous vein, "I would like to run my clothes through a machine like that, and I don't know but myself too, after working all day in this stifling dust. I wonder if it would clean our jackets? I rather think they would have to run through more than once to remove so many flocks."

"Oh! there is a brush up where the handles are brushed that is just the thing for our jackets. I have brushed mine there a good many times."

"Where the handles are brushed? Why, what is the object in brushing them?"

"The teasels fill all up with the nap that they dig out of the cloth, so they are only run a little while at a time before they are changed and clean ones put into the gigs. Then those that are taken off are brushed so that the nap almost all comes off and leaves the handles clean again. Didn't you notice that light stuff that we put into the wet grinder? Well, that is what comes off from the handles. It is made into flocks, pieces of teasels and all."

"Yes, I have seen it, and meant to ask you before where it came from. I suppose that is where the profit is made in allowing as little to waste as possible. Well, go on with the finishing business."

"There isn't much more to be told about it. The cloth goes from the brush to presses where it is pressed with steam and by machinery of some kind that is awful powerful. The cloth is folded first into single width and then it is folded the other way so that it is about a yard square. A piece of stiff, smooth paper is placed between each fold. The cloth stays in the press quite a long time and when it is taken out it is ready to be shipped to New York or wherever it is to go."

Fred expressed his gratitude to Carl for furnishing him so much information, and felt that now he had some theoretical idea of finishing cloth he could the more rapidly accumulate such knowledge as might prove to be of valuable service to him.

Fred received a charming little note from Nellie, thanking him over and over again for the sweet flowers he had sent her. "Such a dear little surprise," she said, "and to think you should be so thoughtful of me and so very very kind when you think I deserted you in your trouble. I can understand you under these circumstances, but hope sometime you will tell me your motive in turning good for evil as I know you feel yo[illegible] done."

This note made him rather happy at first, but as he studied it more carefully it somewhat chilled him.

"'Sometime,' she hopes I may tell her my motive, not very soon; the 'sometime' sounds a good way off," he mused.

"I wonder why this is? Perhaps she wants to wait and see if I am innocent of all that still seems against me before she will invite me to call, or even meet me."

This seemed so probable to him that he felt like punishing himself, for having acted so impulsively in sending the flowers.

In the mean time Matthew, among others, learned of Fred's sending the flowers, and that Nellie was much pleased at receiving them. This galled him severely, especially as she had refused to see him when he called. With all he had done to injure Fred, and with all of his efforts to please her, he feared that his rival was still more of a favorite with her than himself, though he was now but a factory boy.

He felt exceedingly bitter and tempted to play even a bolder game than he had thus far done. "But what can it be?" he said to himself. "I have already tried to waylay him, and failed. I got the bar-tender to drug him and make him drunk, thinking that would keep him down. But no! He was discharged on this account, and I thought he was disgraced, but still he was not put down. I even—" but here he shrank from repeating even to himself, this terrible act, and buried his face in his hands in deep thought—defeated, dejected, and miserable.

(To be continued.)

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

FAMILY CARES.

Mistress—"What! you want your wages raised already? Why, you have not been in this country a month; you know nothing of American housekeeping, and I am now paying you as much as the most experienced servants get."

Maid—"Yes, mum; I know mum. But you see times is very dull now."

"I should say they were."

"Yes, mum. Me Brother Mickey is on a strike; me Cousin Jim's out of work; me Cousin Philip and Cousin John and Cousin George, they all had their wages reduced."

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"You see, mum, I must take care of the whole family now, mum."

PERFECTLY SAFE.

"Here is a note I want you to hand to Mrs. Lively when you are sure nobody is looking," said a New York society man to a colored servant at a fashionable Fifth avenue residence.

"Yes, sah," replied Sambo, showing his ivories.

"But, mind you, don't whisper a word to a living soul."

"You kin jess rest easy about dat, boss. Yesterday I fotched dat ar same woman a letter from anudder gemman, an' I ain't said a word 'bout it to nobody yit. You kin jess rest easy 'bout my opening my mouf."

EXCHANGES.

Jay Gibson, Salem, Wash. Co., N. Y. Vol. VIII. of *St. Nicholas*, bound and in good condition, for Vol. I. or II. of The Golden Argosy, bound.

H. P. Walden, 3800 Page Ave., St. Louis, Mo. A hand stamp, with movable rubber type or Mexican stamps, for a Scott's International Stamp Album, with or without stamps.

D. E. Richards, Hutchinson, Kan. *The Youth's Companion*, Vol. LVI. (1883), 46 Nos., and 26 Nos. of *Harpers' Weekly*, issued during the Centennial, for a volume of *Golden Days*.

H. C. Grove, C. P. O., Washington, D. C. A set of Interior and War Dept. stamps for books. A self-inking printing press and a solid silver watch (both new), for a 52-inch bicycle.

Charley Tobias, Olney, Ill. "Tom Brown's School-days," "The Kangaroo Hunters," and "Oliver Twist," for The Golden Argosy, Vol. I. or II., or for Vol. I., II., or III. of *Golden Days*, bound or unbound

Stanton Clark, Mcy Mich. The Golden Argosy, Vol. II., a Vol. of the *Youth's Companion*, "Uncle Tom's Story of His Life," "Parlor Pastime," and a pair of Acme ice skates for Vols. I. and II. of The Golden Argosy, bound.

TEMPTATION.

SHE came to school, a lovely girlie,
With golden hair so fair and curly.

As I, a lad, her school attended,
Beneath her sway my young heart bended.

When on the stairway I would meet her,
I'd think I ne'er saw darling sweeter.

And though I studied Cicero,
I wanted much to kiss her, O—

And often tried, with Roman daring,
The maiden from her watchers snaring.

Full often pegging hard at Latin,
I'd hear the swish of silk or satin,

And looking up from tiring duty,
Would see the little dimpled beauty.

Then how my heart would start a-thumping,
Up 'neath my jacket, bumping, bumping.

But Latin, mathematics botching,
Still for my chance I kept a-watching.

And so one day her "Nursie" missed her,
And out beneath the trees *I kissed her!*

FACING THE WORLD;

OR,

The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. CLINTON'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

MONTGOMERY CLINTON, having, like most of his companions, very little to occupy his mind, got into the habit of taking long walks about the island. He had got over his fear of a possible encounter with savages, having made up his mind that the island was uninhabited save by the shipwrecked sailors and passengers of the Nantucket. Though he was not likely to meet any one, habit was strong upon him, and he attired himself as carefully for these expeditions as if he were about to visit Prospect Park on a Sunday afternoon, or take a stroll down Fulton Avenue, in his native Brooklyn.

Mr. Clinton was not fond of solitude. He felt that it was a pity no one was privileged to see him in all the splendor of his apparel. But he could always admire himself. By some strange oversight, not a mirror—not even a hand-glass had been brought on shore, and his only chance to survey himself was to gaze into the depths of some pelucid pool, and admire the slender figure and attenuated limbs, which qualified him for his crowning distinction as a modern dude.

About two miles from the camp, not far from the shore, was a small pond or pool which he used for a mirror. His reason for going alone was, that he could not have indulged otherwise, without ridicule, in his favorite amusement of admiring his own form and figure.

One warm day, he fell asleep a few rods from the pond. His walk, together with the heat, had made him drowsy, and pillowing his head on a clump of earth, he enjoyed a refreshing slumber. At length he had a dream that terrified him. It seemed to him that he was in the region beyond the Missouri in the heart of the forests, surrounded by a pack of American Indians, who, armed with bows and spears, were executing a war-dance about him, preparatory to inflicting cruel tortures upon him. Poor Clinton's brow was covered with beads of cold perspiration in spite of the heat, and his mental agitation was such that the chains of slumber were loosened, and he woke up. But his awakening did not release him from the thraldom of terror. As from his lowly pillow he looked upward, he saw a brown face scanning him with curiosity. It was only one of half a dozen Polynesian savages, scantily clothed as is the custom of their race, who were gathered in a circle about him.

Clinton at first thought that it was only a continuation of his dream, but a hurried glance at the familiar surroundings satisfied him that he was broad awake, and that these were creatures of real flesh and blood.

The poor fellow's heart sank within him. They might be cannibals, he thought, about to kill him to satisfy their degraded appetite. He was neither brave nor bold, but even if he had been, he was but one against six. What could he do? If only he could propitiate them by gentle and conciliatory speech, he might yet save his life.

He gathered himself up, and with blanched face and troubled look, returned the steadfast gaze of the strangers. When he rose, they moved back a step, and surveyed him doubtfully, as if uncertain of his intentions.

"Gentlemen," said Clinton, in a tremulous tone, "I hope you will excuse me for intruding upon your domains. 'Pon my word, I didn't know you lived here. I'm awfully sorry, don't you know?"

The savages looked at each other in bewilderment. They heard the words, but they were as unintelligible to them as Greek would have been to Clinton. The object before them evidently aroused their curiosity. The thin figure, and attenuated limbs of the white stranger, with the striped trowsers fitting closely to the skin which covered them, seemed to them very singular. They were evidently not quite clear in mind whether Clinton was not curiously tattooed, for one of them bent down and passed his brown hands over the trowsers. Then he turned, and spoke in a soft gibberish to his companions, as if to inform them of the discovery they had made.

Poor Clinton trembled when this examination was going on. He did not know what it portended. Then another of the savages came forward and gratified his curiosity in the same way. Then he put his hand upon his own leg, and spoke to the others, no doubt calling attention to the difference between them.

"They are admiring my trousers," thought Clinton, and in spite of his fears, he felt a certain gratification in feeling that he was once more appreciated, though it were only by these untutored savages.

But great was his dismay, when they made signs for him to remove his trowsers, in order that they might the better form an opinion as to this unknown covering.

"I really hope you'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said, with trepidation. "I really couldn't spare them, don't you know."

Of course, they did not understand him, but they saw that he was making objections, and one of them made a threatening gesture that brought Clinton to terms.

In anguish of heart, he proceeded to divest himself of his pantaloons. One of the savages took them, and they were passed from one to another, and attentively examined.

"I hope they'll give them back to me," thought Clinton, anxiously.

Finally one of the party undertook to draw them over his own limbs, which were quite double the size of the unhappy dude's, whom they closely fitted.

"You'll tear them, my good friend," he said in alarm. "They are much too small for you, don't you know."

Naturally the savage took no notice of the remonstrance, and proceeded with his experiment. The natural result followed. In attempting to thrust his sturdy limbs into the dude-like legs, the trowsers burst at the side, and after a hard struggle the gentleman from the South Seas was obliged to give it up.

He shook his head with an expression of disgust, and threw the trowsers upon the ground.

Clinton picked them up, and with mental anguish surveyed the irreparable damage, which had been done to his choicest trowsers, the pride of his wardrobe. He put them on, but they hung limp and tattered to his limbs. Their glory and beauty had departed.

"What will they do next?" the unhappy Clinton asked himself.

He did not need to wait long for an answer to his question.

The first savage espied his hat, a choice one bought from Knox, and unceremoniously snatching it from his head, put it on his own.

His companions seemed amused, and laughed in their way at the perpetrator of this high-handed outrage, as he strutted about with Mr. Clinton's fashionable hat.

"Please give it back to me, most noble savage!" pleaded Clinton in piteous accents of genuine alarm, for although he had recovered from the wreck six pairs of trowsers, he had but one hat, and if that were lost, he would be obliged to go about without any head covering.

His first fears had departed. The strange visitors seemed too gentle to be cannibals. But even were it otherwise the Brooklyn dude would have made very poor pickings for any cannibal with a hearty appetite. Montgomery Clinton, though of average height, weighed but one hundred and two pounds when completely dressed, and would have required a long time to fatten.

The poor fellow's trials, however, were near an end. All at once a party of sailors burst out of a leafy covert, and began to run to the spot. Immediately the savages took to their heels and ran swiftly to the sea, where a couple of canoes were awaiting them. The sailors joined in the pursuit, but did not succeed in overtaking them. Into the canoe they jumped, and began to paddle away. But alas! Clinton's hat went with them. The new wearer of the hat forgot to return it, and presented a curious spectacle as he sat in the canoe in his scant attire, with a fashionable Broadway hat on his head.

"What did they do to you, Mr. Clinton?" asked a sailor.

"See here!" said Clinton, pointing mournfully to his ruined trowsers.

But the sailors only laughed, and made light of what to Clinton was a serious trouble.

"And they've got my hat, too!" said Clinton, sadly.

"Take mine, my hearty!" said a sailor, clapping his own tarpaulin on Clinton's head. "I don't need any, not bein' delicate, or afraid of bein' tanned."

Clinton was about to decline, but finally accepted, feeling a headache coming on from the powerful rays of the sun, and henceforth his dude-like appearance was marred by the incongruity between the hat and the rest of his attire.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TRAGICAL END.

WHILE Clinton was undergoing persecution from the unappreciative natives, a different and much more tragical scene was being enacted at a different part of the island.

Captain Hill, from his unfortunate temperament, was on cordial terms with none of his shipwrecked companions. The sailors indeed yielded him a certain outward respect on account of the position he had held on shipboard, but when he tried to exercise an equal authority on the island they were stubborn, and declined to obey him. Now the captain was inclined to be a despot, and naturally liked to domineer. This disposition on the part of his former subordinates annoyed him exceedingly, yet he was obliged to submit to it. Had he been pleasant and reasonable like the mate, he would have found no difficulty in maintaining his ascendancy, and the sailers would have yielded him a willing obedience. He would have found pleasure also in the society of the passengers. As it was, all avoided him, and he was forced to depend upon his own thoughts, not altogether agreeable, for companionship.

Usually soon after breakfast he set out on a long and aimless walk, which occupied him all day. Where he went, or how he occupied himself none knew, for no one took the trouble to follow him, with one exception.

If Captain Hill had been a prudent man, he would have noticed that while no one was friendly to him, one man among the small company *hated* him. This was Francesco, the Italian sailor whom he had brutally beaten when he discovered him in the act of purloining his brandy. Others, however, noticed the glances of hatred with which the swarthy-faced Italian regarded his former commander. One day Mr. Holdfast thought it right to call it to the attention of the captain.

"Captain Hill," he said, "I think it only right to tell you that there is a man in your camp who may do you a mischief."

"What do you mean?" demanded the captain haughtily, drawing himself up.

"I mean that Francesco, the Italian sailor, evidently hates you, and is quite capable of doing you harm."

"That—pigmy!" said the captain, disdainfully, "why he is only a boy in stature, and I could manage half a dozen like him."

"True, if you had fair warning, but he is treacherous—he will not take you at advantage."

Captain Hill laughed scornfully.

"I am not an old man, Mr. Holdfast," he said, "to be frightened at trifles. The fellow is welcome to hate me. I would as soon apprehend danger from a five-pound puppy."

"No enemy is unworthy of notice," said the mate sententiously.

Captain Hill made a gesture of impatience, and walked away.

Holdfast shook his head in disapproval.

"Heaven grant his confidence be not misplaced!" he said to himself. "I am no coward, but if Francesco looked after me with such murderous glances as those with which he regards the captain, I should feel nervous and try to placate him."

No one is in so much danger as the man who is over-confident. Captain Hill did not allow the warning he had received to make him more prudent. Indeed it did harm, for he picked out Francesco as a fit subject for further ill treatment, and on more than one occasion kicked and cuffed him. The Italian made no open resistance, but slunk away, while the captain followed him with a derisive smile.

"So that is the man I am to be afraid of, according to Holdfast," he muttered. "Well, I propose to make it unpleasant for him."

Presently Francesco began to absent himself. Where he went no one knew or cared, but he too would be away all day. His small black eyes glowed with smouldering fires of hatred whenever he looked at the captain, but his looks were always furtive, and so for the most part escaped observation.

One day Captain Hill stood in contemplation on the edge of a precipitous bluff, looking seaward. His hands were folded, and he looked thoughtful. His back was turned, so he could not therefore see a figure stealthily approaching, the face distorted by murderous hate, the hand holding a long slender knife. Fate was approaching him in the person of a deadly enemy. He did not know that day by day Francesco had dogged his steps, watching for the opportunity which at last had come.

So stealthy was the pace, and so silent the approach of the foe, that the captain believed himself wholly alone till he felt a sharp lunge, as the stiletto entered his back between his shoulders. He staggered, but turned suddenly, all his senses now on the alert, and discovered who had assailed him.

"Ha! it is you!" he exclaimed, wrathfully, seizing the Italian by the throat. "Dog, what would you do?"

"Kill you!" hissed the Italian, and with the remnant of his strength he thrust the knife farther into his enemy's body.

The captain turned white, and he staggered, still standing on the brink of the precipice.

Perceiving it, and not thinking of his own danger, Francesco gave him a push, and losing his balance the captain fell over the edge, a distance of sixty feet, upon the jagged rocks beneath. But not alone! Still retaining his fierce clutch upon the Italian's throat, the murderer too fell with him, and both were stretched in an instant mangled and lifeless at the bottom of the precipice. Whether either had a gleam of consciousness after the terrible fall could not be told. They passed out of life together.

When night came and neither returned it was thought singular, but the night was dark and they were unprovided with lanterns, so that the search was postponed till morning. It was only after a search of several hours that the two were found, the captain even in death retaining his hold upon his swarthy foe, while the faces of both showed them under the influence of passion.

"He would have been alive to-day if he had heeded my warning!" said the mate. "I told him that no enemy was unworthy of notice."

There was little mourning for either. Francesco had never been a favorite with the other sailors, though they sympathized with him against the captain, whose brutal treatment was without adequate excuse.

(To be continued.)

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

70 New Scrap Pictures and 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. Sample Book 5 cts L. JONES. & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

DO YOU WANT A DOG? If so, send for Dog Buyers' Guide, containing colored plates, 100 engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them. Also Cuts of Dog Furnishing Goods of all kinds. Directions for Training Dogs and Breeding Ferrets. Mailed for 15 Cents. ASSOCIATED FANCIERS 237 S. 8th Street, Philad'a.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES & TRICYCLES. Illustrated Catalogue sent Free. THE POPE MFG. CO. BOSTON. MASS.

RUPTURE
Cured without operation or interference with labor by DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Book with endorsements of Physicians, Clergymen, Merchants, Farmers and others, is mailed for 10 cts. Office, 251 Broadway, New York.

WOOD'S LADIES' BLACKING
Contains no shellac or acid to rot and crack the shoe. It preserves the leather, and makes a beautiful jet black finish. Bottle contains DOUBLE QUANTITY. Try it, and you will use no other. Have your shoe dealer keep it. Warranted.
GEO. H. WOOD & CO., Mfrs., Boston.

A GOOD YEARLY INCOME.
Caxtonette Press, $8.00.
Caxton Press, $13.00.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES from $25 to $56; will do first-class work. All are SELF-INKING. Presses from $3.
CURTIS & MITCHELL, Boston, Ms. Send Stamp for catalogue. Estab. 1847

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM
FOR THE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, CROUP ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, BLEEDING AND SORENESS OF LUNGS, AND WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION.
Pleasant, and Cures as by Magic.
Sold by Druggists & Medicine Dealers Everywhere.
Price, 10, 35 & 75 cts.
F. W. Kinsman & Co. PROPRIETORS 343 4th Av. New York

WHAT WILL THE WEATHER BE TO-MORROW?
POOL'S SIGNAL SERVICE BAROMETER
Or STORM GLASS and THERMOMETER Combined,
WILL TELL YOU!
It will detect and indicate correctly any change in the weather 12 to 48 hours in advance. It will tell what kind of storm is approaching, and from what direction—invaluable to navigators. Farmers can plan their work according to its predictions. Saves 50 times its cost in a single season. Has an accurate thermometer attached, which alone is worth the price of the combination. This great WEATHER INDICATOR is endorsed by the most eminent Physicians, Professors, and Scientific men of the day to be the BEST IN THE WORLD! The Thermometer and Barometer are put in a nicely finished walnut frame, with silver-plated trimmings, etc., making it a beautiful as well as useful ornament. We will send you a sample one, *delivered free*, to your place in good order, on receipt of $1, or six for $4. Agents are making from $5 to $20 daily selling them. *A trial will convince you.* Order at once. It Sells AT SIGHT! Just the thing to sell to farmers, merchants, etc. Invaluable to everybody. U. S. Postage Stamps taken if in good order, but money preferred. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for Circular and terms. Address all orders to
OSWEGO THERMOMETER WORKS,
(Largest establishment of the kind in the world),
Oswego, Oswego County, N.Y.
Write your Post Office, County and State plainly, and remit by money-order, draft on New York or registered letter, at our risk.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
None genuine without our Trade Mark, and Signature of J. A. POOL, on back of Instrument, as below:
J. A. Pool TRADE MARK.
Every instrument warranted Perfect and Reliable. Size of Instrument: Length 9½ inches, width 3¼ inches. If you are not satisfied on receiving the instrument, return it at once and we will refund your money. Please state where you saw our advertisement.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send POOL'S SIGNAL SERVICE BAROMETER as a present to any one who will send us one NEW YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Address FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren St., New York.

A MODEST LITTLE MAID.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

I AM a modest little maid,
Who thinks it more polite
To bid a man "good evening"
Than bid a man "good night."
And, if the human members
Are introduced by him,
I always call an arm an arm,
A leg a "lower limb."

I am a modest little maid,
Who never goes to bed,
But to my chamber I "retire"
Most properly instead.
And when the chaste Aurora
Unseals my sleepy eyes,
The act which some call getting up
I designate "to rise."

I never speak of feeling sick,
But say that I am "ill,"
And being in my dressing-gown
I style *en deshabille*.
In fact, I always hesitate
To call a spade a spade
Because, you see, I try to be
A modest little maid.

AFTER A BUSHBUCK.

BY RAYMOND BOYCE.

DURING the war between the English and the Caffres, which took place in 1846 and 1847, I was stationed at one of the posts termed Block Drift, which was also known by the name of Fort Hare.

We were at war with the Amakosa, as the tribe was termed that inhabited the country on and around the Amatola Mountains; but it was a sleepy kind of war, not pushed on with much vigor, and confined mainly to the capture and recapture of cattle.

Such was the state of affairs when, one morning, I shouldered my gun, and crossing the Chumie River, commenced waking up the quail, which were in abundance in that locality.

As I was wandering about, following the most likely beats for quail, I came to a small stream, which twined about among some tall trees and low bushes and then rushed headlong over a mass of boulders and bubbled in a pool below. This place was cool and shady, and I sat there for some time watching a guana that was on the opposite bank, and enjoying the sound of the busy water. After a time I noticed that a portion of the stream above the fall looked muddy in one part, and upon a closer inspection I saw the footprints of a bushbuck quite fresh in the sand beside the river, and I guessed that the buck must have been disturbed by my approach, and had only just retreated.

I had taken the precaution to put a few bullets in my pocket in case I saw any large game; so, before I followed the spoor, I drew a charge of small shot, and placed a bullet in each barrel on the top of a full charge of powder. I then took up the spoor, and found it led me up the stream, and directly away from the fort.

I followed the buck's spoor without difficulty, and I hoped that I should soon come up with it, for I was evidently close to it, when the stream which had previously run among trees, now flowed through the open plain, and I could see nearly half a mile before me. There was no good cover in this half mile, and as the buck had gone in that direction I concluded that it would not stop until it had reached the bushes in the distance.

Ten minutes' walk brought me to them, and there I found the buck's spoor quite fresh. I then walked as quickly as I could up the bank of the stream, keeping a sharp lookout for the buck, but I did not then know how watchful and keen are bushbucks, or I should have known I had no easy task to get this one. After stealing up stream a short distance I suddenly heard a crashing in the bush just ahead of me, and pushing on with all speed, I soon suffered the disappointment of finding that the buck had made off at full gallop, and so there was no use in following it any further.

Being very hot, I undressed and had a bathe, and then sat down to cool. After about half an hour I dressed and began to think about returning, but had only just reached the edge of the bush when I heard voices, and recognized the Caffre language. I concealed myself behind a bush and waited to see what it was. I kept quiet behind my bush, and saw the Caffres pass me, and cross my path without noticing my tracks. There were seven men, four of whom were armed with muskets, and the remainder with assagais.

As I lay watching these men, my attention was fully taken up with them, but, on looking in front of me, I saw a single Caffre, who was apparently following the main body, and who had stopped exactly over the ground on which I had worked; he looked first one way and then another, and at last walked slowly toward the bush where I was concealed. He had discovered my foot-marks.

I knew at once that if it came to a fight my best plan would be to keep to the bush, and try to keep my assailants at bay until the firing brought out a party from Fort Hare. If, however, he made no signal to his companions, another idea occurred to me, which I could easily put into practice, because the Caffre, I found, was armed with assagais only.

In a minute the Caffre had come within a few yards of the bush, but was still in the open and unprotected by any cover; his companions were now three hundred yards off, and unsuspecting of anything. Seeing this, I suddenly rose with my gun ready, and said: "*Tula, umgarne*" (silence, friend). The Caffre, startled at my sudden appearance, seized an assagai ready to throw, but I signed to him that I would shoot if he did not put down his assagai. The man was instantly at his ease, or pretended to be so, and stood looking at me quietly. Then holding out his hand, said, "*erzala*," which means, give me a present; and lest there should be any mistake on my part as to what the present should be, added: "*erzala icuba*" which means give me some tobacco. Having some tobacco with me, I gave him some, taking care to keep my eye on him, lest he should seize my gun—but he appeared only anxious for his tobacco.

I then said: "*hambani gathly*," the usual salutation at parting, and then walked off towards the fort.

In another instant the Caffre was hidden in the bush; and he uttered a shrill whistle, which I saw attracted his companions, who turned, and seeing me, repeated the whistle, which I heard answered from several places behind me. There was no mistake as to the proceedings of the Caffres, for the group of seven who had passed me set off at a run so as to get into the bush, which was between me and the fort. If they once did that I knew I should be ambuscaded, for I must approach that bush in order to reach the fort; and if I remained out in the open, these fellows could get cover in the bush, and could take pot-shots at me as long as they liked, whilst I could not see them and should merely know where they were by the smoke of their guns.

I saw at once that my only chance was to run for it, a very ignoble proceeding, but one that the circumstances rendered necessary. At that time I was light and active, and could run two or three hundred yards with most men; but I had eight hundred yards, at least, before me, and I knew I was not good for such a distance, as I should get blown long before I reached the bush; but then the Caffres didn't know this, and if I could only manage to run the distance in installments, I knew I should do very well.

Off I started at a great rate, my doing so being the signal for the Caffres to yell at me, as they fired a shot which whistled over my head. I paid no attention to this, still running on, until I had gone about three hundred yards, when I suddenly stopped, turned and pointed my gun at those who were pursuing me.

In an instant they were all flat on the ground, every men concealed in the grass, while I kept my gun up to my shoulder, as though aiming at some of them. I kept this way for fully a minute, when, having in a great measure recovered my breath, I again started at a run. As soon as I did so a regular volley was fired by the Caffres, but not a bullet came near me, though several went over me, and my pursuers were again on their feet and after me.

About three hundred yards more were now passed over, when I again stopped and again took aim at the Caffres with the same result.

I waited now longer than before, and was then quite ready for the remainder of the run. The Caffres again fired at me, and this time a bullet struck the ground close to me, but in a quarter of a minute I was in the bush and under cover.

The Caffres were too prudent to come on toward the bush, for such a proceeding would have given me a fair shot at them; but they separated right and left, and ran off as fast as they could. At first I had no idea why they thus ran, but it suddenly occurred to me that they were starting off to secure the only two drifts of the river where I could get across without swimming; they could then wait, hidden among the bushes, and have a quiet shot at me as I passed.

I soon realized the fact that my retreat was cut off, for if I now ran as fast as I could I should be too late, for the Caffres had obtained the start of me, and other Caffres, attracted by the firing, just as vultures are by carrion, came in parties of two and three, and followed those who preceded them, so that there were probably a dozen of them at each drift, whilst others were on the lookout along the stream.

I didn't like the look off affairs, for it would be impossible for me to remain concealed where I was; the Caffres were now in such numbers that they could spare some of their men to hunt me up in the bush, and if they could not have a shot at me at the drift, they would very soon follow me and try to shoot me in the bush.

I was still hesitating what to do, when I heard the report of a gun; then another and another, and soon after a group of Caffres went scouring over the plain as hard as their legs could carry them, toward the Amatola Klooffs. More shots were heard, which seemed nearer to me, and then, to my great delight, I saw about twenty of the Hottentots that formed the Cape Corps, and who were quartered at the fort. They were mounted, and were led by my servant, who was riding one of my horses and leading a second.

A shout from me brought these men to the bush where I had been concealed, and I soon explained to the sergeant in charge where I believed the remaining Caffres were concealed.

These fellows did not wait for orders, but dashed off to the drift and commenced firing, but without result.

The object of the sally from the fort was soon accomplished, viz., to recover me, so we returned to the fort without delay. It was my servant's watchfulness that saved me, and my own carelessness in straying so far alone that nearly cost me my life, and got me a severe reprimand from my commanding officer.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS — PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

O. L. P., New York City. Exchanges must be accompanied by the full name.

S. W. B., Mohawk, N. Y. The frog is useful in consuming destructive insects; of all his food, these form over 70 per cent. Grasshoppers especially find their fate in the frog.

H. L. W., Columbia, Ala. The green finch is heard as early as half-past one in the morning, the black-cap at half-past two, and the quail at three. The sparrow is heard latest of all the birds.

M. W. T. Eastern rugs and carpets are not machine made, but are woven by the hands of the villagers. A whole family engage on a rug, sitting on the floor around the frame on which are spread the groundwork threads. Each person can complete about two feet by four inches in a day, and at this rate a family will take some months to finish a moderately large rug.

J. B. S., Springfield, O. The brilliancy in the eyes of a cat is caused by a carpet of glittering fibres called the topeum, which lies behind the retina, and is a powerful reflector. In perfect darkness no light is observed in their eyes, a fact which has been established by very careful experiments. Nevertheless, a very small amount of light is sufficient to produce the luminous appearance.

W. F. W., Rock Falls, Ia. 1. We are told that the cholera will visit us this summer, but if a community will but maintain common-sense sanitary conditions, it need have no fear. 2. The largest cholera epidemic occurred in Russia in 1871, resulting in 300,000 deaths. Poland, Hungary and Prussia have been visited in turn, and Italy suffered a mortality of 143,000, eighteen years ago.

D. G. C., Shasta, Cal. We think we can safely judge you correct in saying that America leads the world in the matter of inventions. The following are of world wide adoption: The cotton gin, the planing machine, the grass mower and reaper, the rotary printing press, steam navigation, the hot air machine, the Indian rubber industry, the machine manufacture of horseshoes, the sand blast for graving, the gauge lathe, the grain elevator, artificial ice-making on a large scale, the electro-magnet in its practical application, the telephone and the mint julep.

G. S. S., Alexandria, Dak. Screws are made of rough, large wire, which is made the needed size by drawing through a hole of less diameter than itself. Then it goes into a machine that at one motion cuts it a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled," and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size and the nick put in at the same time. After "rattling" again in the sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine; and after another "rattling" and a thorough drying, the screws are assorted by hand (the fingers of those who do this move almost like lightning), grossed by weight, and packed for shipment.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 138.

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

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

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 133.

No. 1. Tarpaulin.

No. 2.

SON
CAPER
CATERER
SATIRICAL
OPERATIVE
NERITITES
RECITAL
RAVEL
LES

No. 3. Woodbind.

No. 4.

BID
GOTES
GIRASOL
BORECOLES
ITACOLUMI
DESOLATES
SOLUTES
LEMES
SIS

No. 5. Homekeeping.

No. 6.

FORECASTLES
OVERACTION
REPENTANT
ERECTORS
CANTONS
ACTONS
STARS
TINS
LOT
EN
S

No. 7. Van-guard.

No. 8.

W
CI
MAN
CAST
HORSE
SANGIR
HALFING
CONFINER
MARGINATE
CASSINETTE
WINTERGREEN

No 9. Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha.

No. 10.

T
BIS
TARTS
TERRACE
BARRATORS
TIRRALIRRAS
STATIONED
SCORNED
ERRED
SAD
S

No. 13.

H
BOS
MAREB
MARSALA
BARTERING
HORSETONGUE
SEAROCKET
BLINKER
ANGER
CUT
E

No. 11. Pea-nut-oil.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 133 were correctly solved by Senrab, Rex Ford, A. Solver, Damon, King Arthur, Boston Boy, F. Aitchell, Minnie, Jo Mullins, Maud Lynn, Pearl, Tantrums, Mahdea, Cohannet, Aspiro, Viola, St. Elmo, Cal Houne, Hermit, North Star, Jay Ess, Madcap and Myself, Bo Peep, May B., Miss Tickle, Black Raven, Dreadnaught, Dauntless, Romero, E. F. Edgett, E. R. Nest, Florence, Willie Wildwave, Intrepid, Emphatic, Will A. Mette, Odontoid, Doc Jr. and Enid. Total 40.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Complete Lists—None.
Best Incomplete Lists—Senrab, 10; Rex Ford, 10.
Single Solutions—No. 4, Tantrums; No. 5, Jo Mullins; No. 10, Jay Ess; No. 11, E. R. Nest.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

Ha Ha, 1 Numerical Medley, 1 Charade, 1 Verbal Pendulum; Son Con, 1 Anagram, 1 Charade; Tom A. Hawk, 3 Pyramids; D. O. Nutt, 2 Squares, 1 Charade; St. Elmo, 1 Diamond, 1 Half Square; Janus, 1 Square, 2 Half Squares; Pearl, 2 Diamonds, 2 Half Squares, 1 Inverted Pyramid; Jason, 3 Squares, 1 Polygon; Traddles, 1 Charade, 2 Double Cross Words.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. TRIPLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

In "thunderbolts,"
In "lively colts,"
In "covetous dolts,"
In "keenest polts."
Kindness is the *first*,
But the *second* is the worst,
And the *third* a termination brings to view.
Now the *whole* will come to you,
And I know that it is true,
'Tis a curious kind of illness; now I'm through.

TAUNTON, MASS. COHANNET.

No. 2. SQUARE.

(To "Pepper.")

1. Treatises for authoritative instruction among the Hindoos; 2. A crystalline substance produced by the action of ammonia on oil of bitter almonds (*Sup.*); 3. A post-office of Arkansas Co., Ark.; 4. A peddler (*Prov. Eng.*); 5. Italian actress (B. 1821); 6. Natatorial birds. 7. Hazard at sea.

NEW YORK CITY. KING ARTHUR.

No. 3. CHARADE.

"Don't *first* the door with such a *last*,
Nor jam it with your shoulder!"
My little girl looked up aghast,
Surprised that I should scold her.
A tear-drop down her tiny nose,
Its way began to trickle—
I offered her, to soothe her woes,
That boon of youth, a nickel—
When lo! her tears came faster yet;
She sobbed, "Me don't like teases."
I caught her up and kissed my pet,
And that door now goes *whole*, you bet,
As oft as Ethel pleases!

BALTIMORE, MD. MAUD LYNN.

No. 4. SQUARE.

(Rhymed by "Gwendolynne.")

1. Unto your Lippincott first go—
   A stream that flows through Mexico.
2. Those who atone or expiate,
   As oft of felons we relate.
3. These stars named in the *Supplement*,
   Shoot bright athwart the firmament.
4. While we enjoy the sweets of living,
   We are all *fourth*, so make thanksgiving.
5. Missouri town, for *fifth* put down,
   Where lived bright EF FEN, of renown.
6. In Candia, each cit you meet,
   Is *six*, in every sense complete.
7. The skeletons of each these fish
   Are bony as a bone could wish.

NEW YORK CITY. JAREP.

No. 5. ENIGMA.

Whole, whole, whole,
That is floating on life's tide;
Whole, whole, whole,
That in human breasts will bide
Till the mortal fray,
Turning all to clay,
Sends the soul away—
Whole! whole! whole!
While, whole, whole,
Is the curse of man's short life.
Whole, whole, whole,
Leads to misery and strife,
And when all is done,
Tho' the end we shun,
We alone have won
Whole, whole, whole.

BYRNEHC.

No. 6. DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Across—1. A letter; 2. A small lake; 3. More indigent; 4 A certain remedy (*Med.*): 5. In the manner of a public edifice; 6. Rebukes; 7. Appeases; 8. Influenced; 9. A letter.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A step: 3. Certain drinks: 4. Pertaining to a husband; 5. Certain minerals; 6. Departed; 7. Certain plants; 8. An abbreviation; 9, A letter.

HOBOKEN, N. J. NAVAJO.

No. 7. CHARADE.

(Excelsior.)

Go, all schemes of worldly framing,
Delving in the depths of sin,
Let me *rise* to higher aiming,
And a worthier life begin.
Life is precious; as it floateth,
Every hour should bring its gain;
He's *complete*, *one* man who meeteth
With content his joy and pain.
Though they may be *two* and tiring,
One must go to gain his end;
Better take it, and, *aspiring*,
Give up every worthless friend.
Let us learn to look above us,
When rude burdens on us bear,
They—like gravity—are lighter
In the upper realms of air.

DUBOIS, ILL. ASPIRO.

No. 8. DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Across—1. A letter; 2. A syllable used in composition: 3. Went out by coercion (*Obs*); 4. A plant; 5. Abusive; 6. Having spirit; 7. Certain fishes; 8. An intimation of a wish 9. A letter.

Down—1. A letter; 2. The knave of clubs; 3. Forms; 4. A parish of England; 5. An aquatic plant; 6. Started back (*Obs.*); 7. Certain fishes; 8. To tread; 9. A letter.

OLNEY, ILL. BLACK RAVEN.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

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

Prizes for Single Solutions—For first correct answer to No. 1, 20 cents; to No. 4, an autograph album.

Prizes for Contributions—For best Diamond on DIACRITICAL, $1; for best 13-letter Diamond, $1. This offer good for six weeks.

CHAT.

No. 5 by NYAS and 7 by Alph A. Betical proved to be hard for our solvers, JO MULLINS being the only one to solve No. 5 and BOSTON BOY the only one who solved No. 7. The meeting of the E. P. L. at Washington on Independence day, although rather small as regards the number present, was, in a business point of view, the most successful one ever held. The constitution was revised and a board of officers chosen who will be likely to attend to their duties, and work for the good of the league; and we believe that with 82 members and a surplus of cash in our treasury the league is stronger than ever before. Seven new members were admitted, viz., ANONYME, NYAS, K. T. DID, TYPO, INDIGENA, DELMONTE, and W. B. TODD, the latter of "The Trio," of Washington, D. C. The following officers were chosen: MACK, President; ROCHELLE, 1st Vice; BOSTON BOY, 2d Vice; MYSELF, Rec. Sec.; DAMON, Cor. Sec.; WILL DEXTER, Treas.; MAUD LYNN, Official Editor. The president, recording secretary, and official editor are the same that we nominated in No. 133 of this Dept., so we feel that we have gained a substantial victory, although sickness in our family prevented us from being present to participate in the contest. Much will depend upon the work done by the Cor. Sec. and Treasurer, and we are glad that two such good workers as DAMON and WILL DEXTER are to fill these important positions. We did not want an office, but as we have been elected to one that is rather ornamental than otherwise, to refuse it would be unwise as well as discourteous. Philadelphia was chosen for the seat of next convention. Many would no doubt have preferred New York, but we think Philadelphia is central enough to suit the majority. Now we can laugh long and loud, for HA HA, of the mirthful nom and musical pen has sent us some nice cons., for which favor we are duly grateful. It now appears that the Poetical Diamond by MAUD LYNN, published in No. 136—if a romance—is founded on fact. We promise our readers a pleasant surprise next week in the shape of a new form.

ROCHELLE.