GOLDEN ARGOSY

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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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 IV.

THE QUARREL.

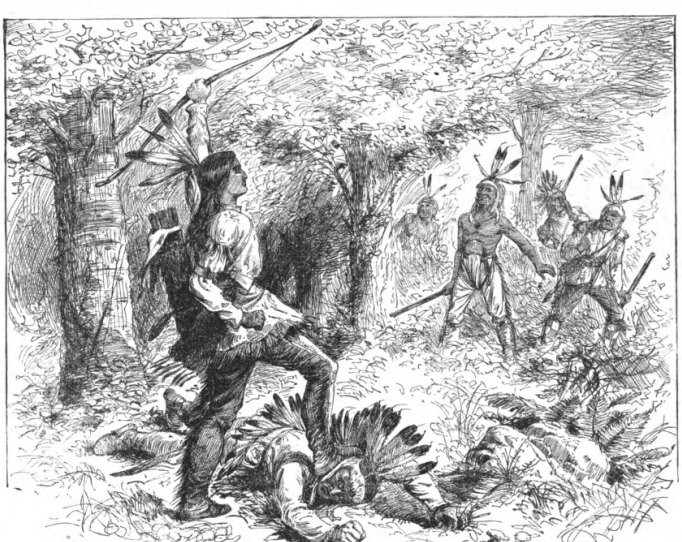
DEERFOOT was by no means free from misgivings when he limped from the woods, and, crossing the narrow space that lined the stream, advanced to the camp-fire around which the warriors were lounging.

Their looks and general appearance showed they were doughty fighters and what Hay-uta had told indicated the same thing. But the sagacious Shawanoe had no fear that they would rush upon and overwhelm him, and he had been in too many perilous situations to hesitate before any duty.

The Indians turned their heads and surveyed him as he walked unevenly forward, holding his long bow in one hand, and making signs of comity with the other. They showed no surprise, for such was not their custom; but stoical and guarded as they were, Deerfoot could see they felt considerable curiosity, and the fact that he carried a bow instead of a gun must have struck them as singular, for he came from the east, where the white men had their settlements, and such weapons were easily obtained. These strange Indians had secured firearms, though beyond them in the far west were thousands who had never seen a pale-face.

Deerfoot's friendly salutations were answered in the same spirit, and he shook hands with each of the eleven warriors, who seemed accustomed to the civilized fashion. He seated himself a short distance from the fire, so as to form one of the dozen which encircled it. No food was offered the visitor, but when one of the dusky strangers handed him his long-stemmed pipe, Deerfoot accepted and indulged in several whiffs from the red clay bowl.

The two warriors whom Hay-uta had pointed out as members of the party that had bought Otto Relstaub from the Sauks, were objects of much interest to the youth. They could not have observed it, but he scanned them closely, and when he sat down, managed to place himself between them—one being on the right, and the other on the left.



HE EMITTED A SHOUT OF DEFIANCE.

Thus far, hosts and guest had communicated only by signs, but a genuine surprise came to Deerfoot when the warrior on his right suddenly addressed him in language which was clearly understood.

"My brother has journeyed far to visit the hunting grounds of his brothers, the Pawnees."

The words of the warrior made known the fact that the party belonged to the Pawnee tribe, but the amazing feature of his remark was that it was made in Deerfoot's own tongue—the Shawanoe. The youth turned like a flash, the instant the first word fell upon his ear. He knew well enough that no one around him belonged to that tribe, but well might he wonder where this warrior could have gained his knowledge of the language of the warlike people on the other side of the Mississippi.

"My brother speaks with the Shawanoe tongue," said Deerfoot, with no effort to hide his astonishment.

"When Lone Bear was a child," said the warrior, as if willing to clear up the mystery, "he was taken across the great river into the hunting grounds of the Shawanoes; he went with a party of Pawnee hunters, but the Shawanoes killed nearly all of them and took young Lone Bear to their lodges as a prisoner."

"The Shawanoes are brave warriors," remarked Deerfoot, his eyes kindling with natural pride.

"Lone Bear stayed many moons in the lodges of the Shawanoes, but one night he rose from his sleep, slew the warrior and his squaw, and made haste toward the great river; he swam across and hunted for many suns till he found his people."

If this statement was truth, it told a very striking story, but Deerfoot had strong doubts. The principal reason was that, judging from the age of the warrior, the exploit must have taken place when Deerfoot was very young, if not before he was born. The capture of a Pawnee youth and his subsequent escape in the manner named, formed a narrative so interesting that it would have been spoken of many times, during the early boyhood of Deerfoot, who ought to have heard of it, but he was sure that this was the first time it had fallen on his ears. Deerfoot's sagacity told him that Lone Bear, as he called himself, was the only Pawnee who understood a word of their conversation; that much was evident to the eye. It might be, too, that there was a good deal of truth in the words of the warrior. At any rate, it was easy to test him.

"Did Lone Bear dwell with Allomaug?"

"Allomaug was a brave chief; he was the father of my brother, Deerfoot, who is fleeter of foot than the wild buck."

That settled it. My reader will remember that Allomaug was the parent of the youth, and that he was a noted sachem among the Shawanoes. Lone Bear had told such a straight story that Deerfoot was convinced, that, though he himself had never heard of his experience among his people, he must have dwelt at one time with them.

All this was supplemented by the fact that Deerfoot himself was recognized and addressed by the name he had received from the white people. The young Shawanoe half expected the other to make some reference to the youth's escape from Waughtauk and his revengeful warriors, but Lone Bear had no knowledge of that episode, which took place long after his flight from the tribe. Deerfoot was naturally puzzled to know by what means the warrior recognized him, when he was certain he never saw Lone Bear until he surveyed him a short time before from the tree-top.

Deerfoot noticed that during their conversation, the others seemed to listen with as much interest as the American people ever allow themselves to show, and Lone Bear, now and then, turned and addressed them in their own tongue. When he did so, he spoke to the whole group and every word was strange to Deerfoot. While the latter could understand a number of dialects used by the tribes west as well as east of the Mississippi, he knew nothing of that of the Pawnees.

"Why does Deerfoot journey so far from his hunting grounds?" asked Lone Bear.

"Deerfoot has not journeyed as far as have the Pawnees," was the truthful reply of the young Shawanoe. "He once lived beyond the great river, but he lives not there now."

The Pawnee looked very much as though he suspected Deerfoot was telling him fiction, but he was too sagacious to express any such thought.

"Where are the companions of my brother?" was the pointed question of Lone Bear, which instantly followed.

"Deerfoot is alone and his companion is the Great Spirit."

The reader will observe that the reply of the Shawanoe partook of the nature of a falsehood, inasmuch as it was accepted by Lone Bear (and such was Deerfoot's purpose), as a declaration that he had traveled the whole distance alone. Enough has been told to show the extreme conscientiousness of the young Shawanoe, and no danger could lead him to recoil from duty. He had imperilled himself many a time from that very motive, but he conceived it to be right that he should do his best to deceive Lone Bear. In fact, his visit was of itself a piece of deception.

"Why does Deerfoot come to the camp of the Pawnees?" continued Lone Bear, as though his guest was on the witness stand.

"Not many suns ago, the Sauk warriors made captives of two pale-faced youths; one of them has come back to his friends, but the other has not been found. He was a friend of Deerfoot; he went among the Sauks, but his friend was not there; he was told that he had been bartered for wampum and blankets and beads to the Pawnees: can Lone Bear tell Deerfoot of his friend?"

This was coming to the point without any circumlocution, but it was the wiser course. Deerfoot saw that any other statement he might make would be doubted, as most probably was the explanation itself. He turned and looked directly into the face of Lone Bear, so as to study his expression, while answering the question.

"The words of my brother sound strange to the ears of Lone Bear; he has not seen his pale-faced friend."

"Has not *he* seen him?" immediately asked Deerfoot, pointing to the Pawnee on the other side.

Lone Bear exchanged words for two or three minutes with the latter, and then replied to the visitor.

"Eagle-of-the-Rocks has not seen the pale face friend of my brother; he and Lone Bear have stayed with their Pawnee brothers; they have met no pale faces for many moons."

Here was a direct contradiction of what Hay-uta had told. It might seem that the Sauk had mistaken the identity of Lone Bear and Eagle-of-the-Rocks, and had there been but one of them in question, it was possible; but Deerfoot was satisfied that no such error had been made. Hay-uta was positive respecting both, and he could not have committed a double error.

Furthermore, the study of the Pawnee's countenance convinced Deerfoot that Lone Bear was deliberately lying to him, though to ordinary eyes the expression of the warrior's face was like that of stone.

Why this falsehood should have been used was beyond the power of the Shawanoe to conjecture. The band was so far beyond the settlements that they could feel no fear of white men from any direction. Nevertheless, Deerfoot was morally certain that, had Lone Bear chosen, he could have told everything necessary to know about Otto Relstaub.

Two answers to the query naturally presented themselves: the poor lad either had been slain or he had been turned over to the custody of still another party of Indians. As for escape, *that* was out of the question.

The probability that the Pawnees had put Otto to death occurred to Deerfoot more than once, and, while seated on the ground, he had carefully looked for signs that might show what had been done. There were several comparatively fresh scalps dangling at the girdles of the warriors, but the hair of each was long, black and wiry, showing that it had been torn from the crown of one of their own race. The yellow tresses of the German lad would have been noticed at once by Deerfoot.

The latter was angered by the course of Lone Bear, who had told an untruth, without, so far as Deerfoot could see, an adequate motive. So sure was the youth on this point, that he did not hesitate to tell the Indian his belief.

"My brother, Lone Bear, has spoken, but with a double tongue. He and Eagle-of-the-Rocks have seen my pale-faced friend; they gave the beads and wampum for him; Deerfoot knows it; Deerfoot has spoken."

Lone Bear, like all his race and the most of ours, was one of those who looked upon the charge of falsehood (especially if true) as an unpardonable insult. His dull, broad face seemed to crimson beneath its paint, and turning partly toward the daring youth, he grasped the handle of his knife.

"Dog of a Shawanoe! Who bade you come to the camp of the Pawnees? Do you think we are squaws who are ill, that we will let a dog bark at our heels without turning to kick him from our path?"

Lone Bear talked louder and faster with each word, until when the last passed his lips, he was in a towering passion. He had faced clear round, so that he glowered upon the youth. He now rose to his feet and Deerfoot, seeing that trouble was at hand, did the same. As he came up, he took care to limp painfully and to stand as though unable to bear any part of his body's weight on the injured leg.

"Lone Bear is as brave as the fawn that runs to its mother, when it hears the cry of the hound; he is in the camp of his friends and it makes him brave; but if he stood alone before Deerfoot, then would his heart tremble and he would ask Deerfoot to spare him!"

No more exasperating language could be framed than that which was uttered by the young Shawanoe. He meant that it should fire Lone Bear to the uncontrollable point, and he succeeded.

CHAHTER V.

SHAWANOE VS. PAWNEE.

WHY it was Deerfoot deliberately sought a quarrel with the Pawnee cannot be made fully clear. I incline to believe that his

quick penetration detected evidence among the warriors that they did not mean to let him withdraw, when he should seek to do so, and his plan was to use the quarrel as a sort of cover to thwart their purpose. This may seem a strained explanation, but let us see how it worked.

It is not impossible that the wonderful young warrior brought about the disturbance in what may be called pure wantoness; that is his confidence in his own prowess led him to invite a contest, which scarcely any other person would dare seek.

His last words were the spark to the magazine. The knife griped by Lone Bear was snatched from his girdle, and he sprang forward as viciously as a tiger, striking with lighting-like swiftness at the chest of the young Shawanoe, who avoided him with half an effort.

In dodging the blow, the youth moved backward and to one side, so as to bring all the warriors in front, and to leave open his line of retreat. He had been as quick as Lone Bear to draw his weapon, but he did not counter the blow—that is to a dangerous extent. He struck his antagonist in the face, but only with the handle of the weapon. Perhaps a pugilist would have said that the younger "heeled" the other.

The stroke was a smart one, and, delivered as it was on the nose, intensified, by its indignity, the fury of Lone Bear. He lost all self control, as Deerfoot must he should do.

This flurry, as may be supposed, centred the interest of the others upon the two. The quarrel started as suddenly as it sometimes does among a group of fowl, and, before it was fairly understood, the combatants, with drawn knives were locked each other. Few sights are more entertaining to men than that of a fight. The Pawnees in an instant were on their feet, with eyes fixed on the scene.

It must be believed that every one of the eleven Pawnees was sure it was out of Deerfoot's power to elude the vengeance of Lone Bear. The only fear of the ten was that he would dispatch the presumptious youth so quickly that much of their enjoyment would be lost. When they saw him strike Lone Bear in the face, a good deal of derision went up at the elder antagonist, for permitting such an outrage. This was not calculated to add to the good temper of Lone Bear, who compressed his lips, while his eyes seemed to shoot lighning, as he bounded straight at Deerfoot, intending to crush him to the earth and stamp every vestige of life from him.

But even though the youth seemed to be lame, he leaped backward and again escaped him. Lone Bear dashed forward, determined to force him down, but Deerfoot avoided the lunging away just fast enough to continue beyond the reach of his enemy.

"Lone Bear runs like the fowl that has but one leg," was the odd remark of Deerfoot, who pointed the finger of his left hand at the other's face by way of tantalizing him.

But Lone Bear Pawnee was now pursuing so swiftly that Deerfoot had to whirl about and run with his face from him. He still limped, though had any one studied his gait, the trick would have been detected; but the sight of Lone Bear chasing a lame youth and failing to overtake him, did not soothe the feelings or calm his rage.

The warrior, however, was fleet, and marvelous as was the speed of the young Shawanoe, he was compelled to put forth considerable exertion to keep beyond his reach. His course took him quite close to the edge of the forest, along which he went so that, should it become necesssry, he could leap among the trees. He watched his pursuer over his shoulder, so as to prevent his coming too close. His plan was to keep just beyond his reach and tempt him to the utmost effort.

Faster and faster went the fugitive, while the pursuer desperately put forth every effort, maddened beyond expression that the outstretched hand failed by a few inches only to grasp the flying Deerfoot. The spectators were amused to the last degree. Expecting quite a chase, they ran forward, as persons along shore follow a boat race, so as not to lose a phase of the struggle.

In the depths of his fury, Lone Bear regained something of his self-command, and called to mind the stories he had heard of the amazing fleetness of the young Shawanoe. That, with the fact that there was no longer the least halt in his gait, told the disadvantage in which the pursuit was placed.

If he could not reach the Shawanoe with his knife, he could with his tomahawk or his rifle, which he still retained in his grasp. Hastily throwing back the knife, he whipped out his tomahawk and raising it over his shoulder, hurled it with might and main at the handsome crown surmounted by the stained eagle feathers and streaming black hair. At that moment, pursuer and fugitive were scarcely ten feet apart.

But Deerfoot knew what was coming, and the instant the missile left the hand of Lone Bear, he dropped flat on his side, as if smitten by a thunderbolt. The shouting Pawnees, who were some distance behind, supposed his skull had been cloven by the fiercely-driven tomahawk, but it was not so.

Lone Bear did not see the trick of Deerfoot in time to escape its purpose. The fall was so sudden, that before he could check himself, his moccasin struck the prostrate figure, and he sprawled headlong over him, both in air, and with a momentum almost violent enough to cause him to overtake the tomahawk which had sped end over end several rods in advance.

Before the Pawnee could rise, Deerfoot bounded up, sprang forward, and, placing one foot on the head of Lone Bear, leaped high in air and upon around so as to face the party. Brandishing his bow aloft, he emitted a shout of defiance and called out:

"Why do not the Pawnees run? Is none of their warriors fleet enough to seize Deerfoot when he is lame?"

The only one of the company who could understand these questions was the slightly stunned Lone Bear, who just then was climbing to his feet; but the gestures and manner of the fugitive told plainly enough the meaning of the performance.

The young Shawanoe stood still on the edge of the wood, as if to show his contempt for the Pawnees, who before Lone Bear could recover from his discomfiture, sped forward in pursuit. One of them emitted several whoops, which Deerfoot half suspected were meant as a signal, though of course he could not guess their meaning.

It seemed like tempting fate to stand motionless, when only a few seconds were required to bring his enemies to the spot, but Deerfoot actually waited till Lone Bear was erect again, when he called to him:

"The heart of Deerfoot is sad because Lone Bear cannot run without failing; let him go home to the lodges of the Pawnees and ask the squaws to teach him how to run."

Lone Bear made no reply, for it is safe to say he could not "do justice to his feelings." Few Indian tongues contain words that answer for expletives, which in one sense was fortunate and in another unfortunate for Lone Bear.

When several of the pursuers brought their guns to their shoulders, Deerfoot shot like an arrow among the trees and vanished. It was time to do so, for his enemies were close upon him.

Though the Pawnees had learned of the unequalled swiftness of the young Shawanoe, they had no thought of abandoning the attempt to capture him. The flying tresses would make the most tempting of scalps to dangle from the ridge-pole of the wigwam, and because he could outrun all their warriors was no proof that he could not be overcome by strategy.

When the fugitive disappeared, the same signal of which I have spoken, was repeated and the Pawnees scattered—that is to say, they plunged into the wood at different points; they did not try to overhaul him by direct pursuit.

Lone Bear Indian limited to join in the chase, but walked sympathetically toward Lone Bear, who having assumed the perpendicular again, was looking around, as if uncertain of the best course to pursue.

The American Indian, as a rule, is melancholy and does not enjoy innocent fun as much as he ought, but, as I have shown, there are few or none in which the element of humor is altogether wanting. The two of whom I am just now speaking, shook with laughter, as they saw Lone Bear sprawl over Deerfoot, his heels flying in air, and their mirth became so great when the discomfiture was completed, by the young Shawanoe using his crown as a stepping stone, that they actually paused from weakness.

Lone Bear knew nothing of this, and when he saw them approaching, their faces were as long and as grave as if on the way to attend the funeral of their dearest friend. Perhaps he expected to receive a little genuine sympathy, but, at the same time, he must have felt some misgiving.

"Lone Bear runs like the wild buck," was the unexpected remark of one of the warriors, though the observation itself did not amount to much, nor could the one to whom it was addressed see why it should be made at all. He, therefore, remained silent, feeling as though he would like to rub some of the bruised portions of his body, but too dignified to do so.

"If the wolf or buffalo crosses the path of Lone Bear, he does not turn aside."

"No; he runs over him."

"Even though he be a warrior, Lone Bear goes over him, as though he were not there."

The party of the third part began to see the drift of these comments, and he glared as though debating which one to slay first.

"Lone Bear has a kind heart; it is like that of the squaw that presses her papoose to her heart."

"He is kinder than the squaw, for he lies still and lets the Shawanoe rest his weary foot on his head."

Lone Bear glowered from one to the other, as they spoke in turn, and kept his hand on his knife at his girdle, as if to warn them they were going too far. They seemed to hold him in little fear, however, and continued their mock sympathy. One walked to where the tomahawk had lain untouched since it left the hand of the Pawnee, and, picking it up, examined it with much care.

"There is no blood on it," he remarked, as if talking to himself, but making sure he spoke loud enough for the other to hear; "we were mistaken when we thought it went through the body of the Shawanoe; the hand of Lone Bear trembles like that of an old man, and he cannot drive his tomahawk into the tree which he reaches with his hand."

The black eyes of the Pawnee warriors sparkled, and they seemed on the point several times of breaking into an explosion of laughter, but managed to restrain themselves.

Still resting his hand on his knife, Lone Bear directed his first remark to the last speaker.

"Let Red Wolf keep his tongue silent; he talks like the pappoose."

Red Wolf, however, did not seem to hold the doughty Lone Bear in fear. He glanced meaningly into the face of his companion and added:

"Though Red Wolf talks like the pappoose, his heart is not so faint that he lies on the ground, that the enemy may have a *soft place* where he may rest his moccasin."

This, beyond question, was a severe remark, and, as the two broke again into laughter, Lone Bear was almost as angry as when he took a header over the body of the Shawanoe; but the warriors were as brave as he, and showed no fear of him. Without reply, he turned sullenly away, and walked toward the camp fire which he had left a short time before.

CHAPTER VI.

A DOUBLE FAILURE.

DEERFOOT the Shawanoe darted among the trees and ran a hundred yards with great swiftness. He seemed to avoid the trunks and limbs with the ease of a bird when sailing through the tree tops.

Coming to a halt, he looked around. He had not followed a direct course into the woods, but, turning to the right, ran parallel to the open space which bordered the stream. He knew the Pawnees would do their best, either to capture or kill him. So long as there was a chance of making him prisoner, they would do him no personal harm, for the pleasure of acting as they chose with such a captive was a hundred fold greater than his mere death. The American Indian is as fond of enjoying the suffering of another as the civilized brother.

The burst of speed in which the youth indulged gave him a position where it would require some searching on the part of the Pawnees to discover him; but they were at work, as speedily became evident.

A few seconds only had passed, when he caught sight of several forms flitting among the trees. While they were separated from each other by two or three rods, they were not far off, and their actions showed they had observed him at the same moment he detected them. They made no outcry, but, spreading still further apart, acted as if carrying out some preconcerted scheme of surrounding him.

Deerfoot was too wise to presume on his unequalled fleetness of foot, and he now broke into a loping trot which was meant to be neither greater nor less than the gait of his pursuers. Glancing back he saw they were running faster than he, whereupon he increased his speed.

Suddenly one of them discharged his gun, and, a moment later another shot was heard. The first bullet sped wide, but the second clipped off a dead branch just above the head of the fugitive. There was no mistake, therefore, as to the purpose of those who fired.

It was not the first time by any means that Deerfoot had served as a target for the rifle of an enemy, and, though never wounded, his sensations were anything but pleasant. Where a good marksman failed, a poor one was liable to succeed: for the most wonderful shots are those made by chance.

Deerfoot now ran as fast as he dared, where branches and tree trunks were so numerous. Glancing to the rear, as he continually did, he noticed that two of the Pawnees were leading in the pursuit. The thought came to him that no better time could be selected for teaching them the superiority of the bow over the rifle.

As he ran, he drew an arrow from the quiver over his shoulder and fitted it to the string. This was somewhat difficult, for the long bow caught in the obstructions around him and compelled him to slacken his pace. Then, like a flash, he leaped partly behind a tree and drew the arrow to a head.

The Pawnees must have been amazed to discover, while in full pursuit of an enemy, that he had vanished as though swallowed by some opening in the earth; for the action of the fugitive was so sudden that it escaped observation. They continued running several rods further, during which Deerfoot made his aim sure. As they had discharged their guns, and had not yet slackened their pace to reload them, he had no fear of being hurt.

Suddenly the foremost Pawnee saw the long bow with its gleaming eyes behind the arrow, whose head was supported by the right hand which grasped the middle of the bow.

"Whoof!" he gasped, dropping to the earth as if pierced through the heart His action saved his life, for a second sooner would have enabled the marksman under to withhold the shaft, as unerring as human skill could make it. Though the flight of the feather-tipped missile could be traced when the spectator stood on one side of the line, yet the individual who was unfortunate enough to serve as a target, could not detect its approach.

Just as the leader went down, a quick whizz was heard, and the arrow clove the space over him. Had his companion been in exact line he would have been pierced, but he was partly to one side, just far enough to be taught a lesson.

The strongly-driven missile went through the fleshy part of his arm, and sped twenty feet beyond, nipping several branches and twigs before its force was broken. No doubt the American race as a rule is hardy and stoical, but the stricken Pawnee acted like a schoolboy. Dropping his gun, he clasped his hand over the wound, and emitted a yell which surpassed everything in that line that had been heard during the day.

Even the frightened warrior on the ground called impatiently to him to hold his peace, and the wounded Pawnee, awaking perhaps to a sense of the unbecoming figure he was cutting, compressed his thin lips and became silent.

But the other took good care to reload and prime his rifle before rising, and even then he came up with the utmost slowness, peering toward the tree from which had come the arrow. He was not specially surprised because he saw nothing of the Shawanoe. Having discharged the weapon, it was natural that he should shelter himself from the bullet that was to be expected in return. Deerfoot was reasoned that he would not dare show himself again; but therein the warrior made a mistake.

The latter slowly came up, his form in a crouching position, his head about four feet above ground, while his black eyes were fixed on the tree from behind which had sped the well nigh fatal shaft.

"He will soon show himself," must have been the thought of the warrior, "the bullet can travel faster than the arrow."

Just then his companion, who was still clasping his wounded arm, uttered a warning cry. He had discovered the Shawanoe behind another tree, aiming a second arrow at the breast of the leader.

With incredible dexterity, Deerfoot had run to a trunk fully twenty yards from the one which had sheltered him. He crouched so low and passed so swiftly that he reached the shelter without even a possibility of discovery. It was accident which led the second warrior to detect the long bow, bending almost like a horseshoe, with the arrow aimed at the foremost warrior.

The latter could not grasp in an instant the full nature of the peril which impended, though, as a matter of course, he knew it must be at the hands of the Shawanoe. He cast one glance around him, and again dropped on his face, but this time the arrow was quicker than he.

Zip came the missile straight for the brawny chest which never could have dodged from its path in time to escape; but, as if fate had determined to interfere, the pointed flint impinged against a tiny branch protruding from the tree nearest the Pawnee, clipping off enough of the tender bark to leave a gleaming white spot, and then glanced harmlessly beyond.

Deerfoot was astonished beyond measure. He had discharged two arrows at the foremost foe, and had failed to harm a hair of his head. Such a double failure had never before taken place in his history.

But the cause was self-manifest. The Indian dodged the first, and the twig turned the second aside. All this was natural enough, but the fact which impressed the young Shawanoe was that it would have taken place in neither case had he used a rifle. Was it a wise thing, therefore, when months before, he had impatiently flung aside his gun and taken up his bow again?

Deerfoot had asked himself the same question more than once since that time, and the doubt had deepened until he could no longer believe he was wise in clinging to his bow and arrow, matchless as was his skill in their use.

But a third arrow was quickly drawn, and, stepping from behind the tree, so that he stood in full sight, he swung his hand aloft with a defiant shout, and coolly walked away, as though the warriors were too insignificant to be noticed further.

The wounded Pawnee was so much occupied with his hurt that he was willing the youth should leave the neighborhood without further attention from him. Taking care to keep an oak fully a foot in diameter between him and the Shawanoe, he was content to let him depart in peace.

Not so with the other, who, waiting only long enough to make sure the back of the daring youth was toward him, straightened up and brought his rifle to his shoulder. The distance was considerable, but he ought to have hit the mark, and probable he would have done so, had not a disturbing cause interfered.

While sighting along the barrel, the startling fact broke upon him that the face of Deerfoot was toward him, and he was in the act of drawing a third arrow to the head. He had whirled about in his lightning-like fashion almost at the same instant that the Pawnee leveled his gun. To say the least it was very disconcerting, and, anxious to anticipate the Shawanoe, the older fired before he could be certain of his aim. The bullet went so far from its mark that Deerfoot heard nothing of its passage among the branches around him.

Although it looked as if the Shawanoe had the other at his mercy, yet, rather singularly, he refrained from discharging the arrow. In fact, his whole action was designed rather to disconcert the Pawnee than to injure him. Not only had Deerfoot's confidence in his bow and arrow weakened, but the two escapes of the Pawnee gave him a half superstitious belief that it was intended he should not be injured. He, therefore, relaxed the string of the bow, but, without replacing the arrow in the quiver, he strode off, continually glancing back to make sure the Pawnee did not use the advantage thus presented him.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE SCIENTIFIC FISHER.

BLUE-FISHING is the king of longshore sports. But some people do not like it. They prefer sheepheading. Cadwallader Blivens did. He doesn't now. He came down from Philadelphia last week, Cadwallader did, to teach the shore people how to fish. A Philadelphian usually can teach anything in the world to anybody in the world; except himself. Cadwallader knew it all. Going down the creek he lectured on it. The sheephead was, he said, a gamey fish when hooked, but a shy one to hook. You should get the line under the boat, where he can't see you, make no noise, and when he bites, play him like a trout till he is tired out. So when we got to the bay Cadwallader spent an hour getting the boat fastened with bow and stern lines across the channel, so the tide would carry his line under it. Then he baited his patent tackle and threw over. The tide carried it under so far that Zeb Sooy, at the other side of the boat, gently picked it up with a gaff-hook, removed the bait, and began twitching it softly as a sheephead does. Cadwallader winked the exultation he dared not speak, and began playing his fish. Zeb took Cadwallader's new nickel-plated spring-balance and fastened to the hook to pull by, so as to give the elastic tension a fish exerts. Cadwallader, by the way, was very proud of that balance, and used to brag that he weighed every fish with his own scales. So Zeb worked the line until Cadwallader thought the fish was tired out enough to pull in, and then the hook came swishing up without even a bait on it, and Cadwallader looked blue. But he was sure there was a big fish there, so he baited and cast again, and Zeb played the same game as before, pulling so hard that Cadwallader in a whisper wanted to bet it was a fifteen-pounder. Finally Zeb got it in sight until he had removed the bait and put in its place a little dead mummychug, three inches long, that he got out of the bait box. Well, when that came up, Cadwallader looked bluer than ever. But he soon recovered himself, and told us how the big fish had swallowed the hook, and how he thought it was a little fish in his stomach, and how he had simply dragged out a part of the sheepshead's breakfast; which, added to Keely's motor, gave us a world of respect for the inventive genius of Philadelphians.

"But now," whispered Cadwallader, "the sheepshead'll be hungrier than ever, and I'll have him sure." So he baited and cast, and Zeb caught it again, and this time pulled harder than ever, and finally, when Cadwallader got excited and began pulling in like mad, Zeb stuck the hook securely into the broadest portion of Cadwallader's own trousers, and let go the line; and when it tightened with a tremendous jerk——

Cadwallader went back to Philadelphia next day, and is now practicing catching eel-pouts in the Fairmount reservoir.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MONKEY TRAIN-WRECKERS.

THE Madras *Mail* relates that between a place called Niddivunda and Herebully, there is a large tope which is well known to be infested with a host of monkeys. Having no other mode of occupying their dull hours, they are bent upon trying to destroy the Tumkur line. It would appear that these animals, about fifty or sixty, form themselves systematically one-half on one rail and the other half on the other. They begin by first removing the earth from the sides of the rails. Then they arrive at the difficulty of the nuts and bolts, which, though they examine them very minutely, they cannot get over. On the approach of the up or down train they wait till the engine is within a few yards, when, with the utmost coolness, they simply jump on one side till the train has passed, and then resume their work.

A remarkable instance occurred on one of these occasions. As the engine was approaching, the monkeys made their usual jumps, with the exception of one, who persisted in remaining on the line, the engine by this time being very near. Five or six monkeys, seeing the danger one of their number was in, made a sudden rush and dragged him off, some laying hold of him by the tail, others by the legs; anyhow, they saved him. They are now styled the Niddivunda gangmen by the guards and drivers.

KINDLY ASSURANCES.

JOHN O'BRIEN and the odor of whiskey came into the Tombs police court together. His captor had found him embracing a telegraph pole with a good deal of effusion, and John looked as though he had sufficient intoxicants to make a wilderness of lamp posts objects of affectionate solicitude. He evidently was not a stranger to the magistrate, who put on his "thirty day" expression of countenance and said grimly:

"Drunk again."

The prisoner looked up smilingly, and a gleam of good fellowship overspread his face as he muttered:

"Sat sho, Jedge? Sho'me I."

The court clerks were so busy making out papers for a moment you could not see their faces.

"Ahem!" said the magistrate, smiling an uneasy smile. "Do you hear me? I said 'Drunk again.'"

There was a rising inflection on the "again," and it aroused the prisoner.

"Don't menshun it," he said reassuringly. "You look (hic) all right."

John was committed, while a dense silence pervaded the court, and every one became interested in remote objects.

MY SWEETHEART.

BY ELIZABETH F. MERRILL.

I, too, have a sweetheart—pray cease your deriding;
You were singing last night, "Love can never grow old,"
Do you think just because my old poll is so frosty,
My pulses are sluggish, my heart has grown cold?

Well, well, laugh away, I care not for your jeering—
I have my own sweetheart, my daintiest dear;
When she comes through the meadow grass, singing so gayly,
The birds cease their caroling only to hear.

The grasses wave round her, the blossoms bow to her,
All doing her homage, all kissing her feet;
And wild, timid creatures in woodland recesses
Lose fear at her coming and leave their retreat.

She is rich and her wealth without stint, without measure;
She wears in her tresses bright, shimmering gold;
She has pearls, whitest pearls, and her red lips disclose them
When the smiles chase the dimple her rosy cheeks hold.

With eyelids half shut I can see her debating
As to whether I sleep, with a comical quiz;
I smile, and her white arms go up in a twinkling,
And her cheek is laid close to my wrinkled old phiz.

Oh, she is my sweetheart, my merriest of maidens,
And how much I love her I never can say;
She's my darling, my pride and my heart's dearest treasure,
Her age? Do you ask it? She's six come next May.

UNDER FIRE;

OR,

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR a time everything at the factory ran well, and Fred turned off his work quite as satisfactorily as could have been expected, since he was a new hand and unaccustomed to the duties. He learned them readily, however, but not soon enough to escape the fault-finding of Christopher Hanks, who seemed to delight in making it uncomfortable for the boys, as he was one of those disagreeable and contemptible men who take delight in tyrannizing over those below them in authority, especially if they are boys, and consequently not able to match them in strength and courage.

It is just possible, however, that Christopher over-estimated his own powers in this latter respect, or still more probable, that he had a decidedly faulty conception of our young friend's muscular development, as may hereafter be shown.

Fred had the good sense, however, to keep from having any trouble with him on first going into the mill, as he was already under a cloud, and he knew that it would be for his advantage to submit for a time to what was anything but agreeable to one of his spirit. "A fuss with Hanks at this time," thought he, "might turn Mr. Farrington against me, and then I should have no strong friend left."

Fred looked upon Mr. Farrington as one who would do everything possible to help him advance and to aid him in re-establishing his innocence; and it may as well be said right here that this latter consideration was more to him than anything else, for he felt most keenly the attitude of many of his former friends whenever he chanced to meet them. Moreover, he hoped to be promoted as soon as a vacancy should occur, provided he conducted himself so as to merit it.

For these several reasons, Fred put up with the mean treatment of Hanks, that he might become well established before asserting his manliness and independence.

He did the heavy work that really belonged to Hanks, so that Carl might avoid it. He did even more than had been done by either boy before he came, for the carrying of the cloth had been imposed upon him. Fred did not know this for some time, until Jack Hickey, the Jolly Scourer, said to him one day:

"Me *by*, why do yez let that ould spalpane crowd ye so?"

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired young Worthington, who wanted to draw out his friend of the Emerald Isle.

"I mane about luggin' the cloth. Sure, an' no by but yez has ever done it."

"I thought it was a part of my work; he told me to do it the first morning I came in, and no one ever spoke to me about it before."

"Oh, by St. Patrick, he'd loaf on yez if he could—the ould sour mouth."

This opened Fred's eyes still further, and when he saw Carl he said to him:

"Why didn't you tell me that it wasn't my work to lug the cloth down?"

"Because Mr. Hanks told me that he was going to make you do it, and threatened me if I told you; and I didn't want to do anything to displease him."

"Well, it is all right; I am glad you didn't do anything to make him treat you worse, but there may be a time ahead for a reckoning between him and me. I know of other tricks of his, and I'll make good use of my information when the time comes."

"I hope you won't have a fuss with him and leave the flockers. My work is so much easier now," replied Carl, anxiously.

"Oh, no; I guess I won't leave them right away," returned Fred. "I am glad if you are getting along better than you did before I came."

"Oh, yes, I am; and my back isn't so lame now I don't lift any; but I don't seem to get strong. It seems as if I couldn't do the heavy work any more if I tried."

"I am indeed sorry," said Fred, sympathetically, "but I hope you don't get so tired as you did. If you do not, and think you are strong enough, I would like to have you come up to my house evenings and study with me. I think you spoke as if you would like a better education. I thought that night after we were talking about it that I would ask you to do this, and I have been waiting for you to get stronger; but you have looked so tired all of the time that I kept putting off speaking about it till now."

As the little cripple thought of the previous kind acts of Fred, and listened to his new proposal to teach him, his eyes grew moist with gratitude, and a crystal drop stole down his thin, pale cheek. He said nothing for a moment or two, but that silent tear meant more to our young friend than words could have expressed. It seemed to him that at no time in his life had his own heart been so large and his sympathy for others so great.

Presently Carl replied:

"Oh, I should be so glad of such a chance, but I am afraid it would trouble you too much."

"No, that's nothing. 'Twould do me good to review my studies, and, moreover, I should find a pleasure in feeling that I was really doing you a good turn."

"Then I will try it, and I hope I can hold out, for if I could only get an education I think I could find some lighter work to do that would be better for me. I don't feel very strong now, but I hope I can stand it. When shall I commence?"

"You may come any evening."

"You are not at home every night, are you?"

"Yes, every evening except Sunday—then I go to church."

"I should think you would go out with the boys and have some fun."

"I can't do that and study too."

"Do you study now? I thought you were a good scholar."

"Yes; I have not missed an evening since I came into the mill."

"What are you studying?"

"I am studying mathematics and practicing penmanship most of the time. They will be most useful to me if ever I get into business."

"I am afraid it would be too much trouble then for you to teach me."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I have plenty of books, too, that you can use, so you need not buy any," said Fred, wishing to encourage his friend as much as possible, though he well knew that his generous offer would be no little inconvenience to himself.

In the course of a few evenings, Carl asked his uncle, after they had finished supper, if he could go over to Mr. Worthington's for a little while; and having received a favorable answer he went up-stairs and put on another suit. It was the best the poor boy had, though the coat fitted him badly, owing to his deformity, and all the garments were made from inexpensive material, and had been in service so long that they showed much wear.

My readers who know nothing of poverty, or even want, would doubtless consider a suit of this kind almost unfit for gunning or fishing; but as it was all the dress suit which Carl had, he kept it neat and clean. He put on a white shirt, a little well-worn blue necktie, and thus dressed was soon on the way to his friend's house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRED found, much to his surprise, that Carl was something of a scholar, as he could read well and write a very fair hand. He had thoroughly mastered an elementary arithmetic, learning all of the tables and rules so as to apply them readily and correctly.

"When did you learn so much about mathematics?" asked Fred. "You have had no teacher."

"Well, I got a little idea of them before going into the mill, enough so that I managed to work my way through the book after getting around again from my sickness—since then I have been through the book so many times that I know it almost by heart."

"Why didn't you get a more advanced book, instead of spending so much time on this one?"

"That is just what I wanted, but I had no way to buy one."

"Almost any one would have given or lent you one, the same as I am going to let you use my books. It is too bad that you have been kept back for the want of suitable books; but what you have been over you have learned so thoroughly, that it is worth about as much to you as if you had been through several higher arithmetics, and knew none of them well. Have you ever studied geography?"

"No, I never have, and that is just the book I want to study most, for I would like to know something about the world. Have you a geography?"

"Yes, I have two that I am done using. It is an interesting study. I used to like to draw maps." And opening his desk which—by the way he made himself—he took out a large number of well-executed maps, and showed them to Carl, in whose eyes shone a gleam of admiration as he looked them over, and said, almost incredulously:

"You didn't make these, did you? and with a pen, too? Why! they look like boughten ones."

"Yes, I made them all with a pen and different kinds of ink; that shading is all pen-work too. It is easy enough after one gets the haug of it. The greatest trouble is to get just the right shape to the maps, and to have everything in the right proportion."

"I should think that would be hard enough, but these letters are what stick me. They are exactly like print."

"Oh, they are easy; I learned to print a long time ago. It is much easier than good penmanship, for it is slow, while writing is done much faster, so it takes a lot of practice to get the knack of it; but I like it and can do pretty good work now. Here are some of my cards and a little flourished work, and this is what I am doing now (showing Carl a set of books on which he had been at work in his book-keeping).

Again the little cripple was greatly interested to see the handsome work before him—for handsome it was, as Fred, by dint of much practice, had become a superior penman.

"I never saw such good writing," said Carl, "only what our writing master used to do, when I went to school, and he didn't do any of these birds either. I don't see where you learned to do it."

"I learned it right here. You or anybody could do it by practicing enough."

"I wish I had known that before, then I could have practiced when I had no books to study; but I thought nobody could learn to write much without a teacher."

"You were mistaken there; a good copy and plenty of the right sort of practice, will make any one a good penman. But what would you like to study most? Tell me what you want to fit yourself for, then I will tell you what I think will do you the most good."

"I would like to get so I could keep books. There is a place in the finishing room where an account of the cloth and shipping is kept. It is easy work, and pays well. I thought, perhaps, if I could only do the work, I might, sometime get that job, or some good place outside of the mill."

"Yes, that would, perhaps, be the best thing for you; so I should think you had better practice penmanship, book-keeping and spelling. You know about enough of mathematics already, for keeping ordinary accounts. The book-keeping won't amount to very much to you in itself, but while you are at work at that, you will be gaining in the other two, and will get used to the forms. You wanted to study geography, but you had better let that go till you get fitted for a better position, then you can take that up at your leisure."

Fred now procured pen and paper for Carl, and set about instructing him in penmanship. The little cripple was so much pleased with his kind treatment, that his gratitude was plainly expressed in his face, and he commenced his task with all a boy's enthusiasm. As he carefully copied the letters before him, his mind doubtless looked forward to the time when he would rise above his present position in life and approach nearer to the goal of his ambition.

The next morning Carl did not put in an appearance at the regular hour. Time went by and still he did not come. This left Christopher Hanks' force one hand short, and obliged him to do a good amount of work himself to enable him and Fred to keep all the machines running.

He was generally out of sorts this morning, and Carl's absence, together with the extra work, made him irritable, cross and overbearing. Fred endured this disagreeable mood for a while, but at last it grew monotonous to him, so when Hanks ordered him in an insolent tone to bring down more cloth, he refused point blank.

Hanks fell into a rage and acted as if he would like to smash things generally, and Fred in particular, but he very sensibly kept a good distance from the latter, who had little regard for such a scraggly, ill-tempered individual.

"So you refuse to do your work?" demanded Hanks excitedly.

"No, sir, I do not," replied Fred, firmly.

"Then will you bring them bundles down?"

"No, sir."

"That's your work," said Hanks, cooling down at Fred's determined tone and manner.

"That is not my work, though you have imposed it upon me since I have been here."

"I'm boss of this here job, and what I tell yer to do is fur yer to 'tend to. Ef yer don't mind me, I'll see't yer are discharged," said Hanks, trying to intimidate our young friend.

"I would like to see you get me discharged for not doing your work," said Fred, defiantly. "I have found out all about this business, and just what I am supposed to do."

Hanks saw that he was foiled, that Fred had the advantage of him, and that he had better let the matter drop as easily as possible, or he might find himself in trouble if Fred should take it to Mr. Farrington. It suddenly occured to him that he was needed up in the other room, and he withdrew, hastily, and as he turned to go, he noted the evident pleasure pictured on Jack Hickey's face at his own discomfiture and Fred's triumph.

"Good, me by!" said the jolly Irishman to our young friend. "I tould yez not to sthand the ould spalpane's thricks."

"I don't mean to any longer," replied Fred.

"Yez has a dale of sparit, for sure. I knowed it all the time, but, bedad and I thought it wid never start."

"Now it has started I'll keep it up so far as Hanks is concerned," replied our hero, as he took a basket under his arm and started for a supply of flocks.

Hanks managed to avoid him the remainder of the forenoon. No further clash therefore occurred between them during that time. That the scraggly old man was thoroughly angry there was no doubt—angry at Fred's triumph over him, at Jack Hickey for laughing at him, and most angry at poor little Carl for remaining away, and for, as he believed, telling what he had forbidden him to disclose to Fred.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Carl came in, pale and sick, but much better than in the morning, when despite all his efforts he could not summon strength enough to go to his work. Fred was up in the drying room at the time, and Hanks was up after a roll of cloth. He had just brought down two, and was struggling to get an exceedingly large roll upon his shoulder. This he succeeded in doing after one or two failures, that caused the hands standing near to laugh at him, and make irritating remarks as is their custom on such occasions.

All this had its maddening effect upon him, and it so happened that one of the employees had just taken up the stairs a bucket filled with soft soap, and had accidentally spilled some on the three top stairs. Hanks now came along with the roll of cloth, twice his own size, upon his shoulder—an awkward load to handle—and started to descend. He slipped on the first step, and in trying to gather, tripped himself, and tumbled, bumped and rolled all the way to the bottom of the stairs. The cloth kept along with him. At one time he was on top of the cloth, and at another the cloth seemed to have the better of him. At any rate they stuck by each other, and landed well out in the floor side by side.

Jack Hickey indulged in a characteristic shout. All the employees in the room gathered around and laughed in a tantalizing manner to one in Hanks' plight. Just then Fred came in and joined the crowd. The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up white with rage, and parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed into his corner under the stairs beside the flockers. The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he had been away from his work, and why he dared to disobey his orders in telling what he had been forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks' revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flockers, and this half-stifled cry was the first intimation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

A fierce struggle now ensued. Hanks' blood was up. He was almost like a wild man, and his strength was nearly doubled. At first our young friend was hardly a match for the maddened man. They rolled and tumbled, first one seeming to gain the supremacy and then the other. The old man struggled desperately to win the contest. He struck Fred a telling blow on his nose that made the blood flow copiously and added horror to the scene, but this did not weaken our hero's courage. It rather strengthened his determination and purpose. The fire flashed from his eyes; all the force of his well-trained physique was at his command, and with a powerful effort he hurled his antagonist to the floor and fell upon him. Still the struggle went on, but soon Hanks' strength began to fail him, and when he found himself overpowered by Fred's superior skill and strength he begged for mercy.

But he did not need to do this, as Fred would much sooner have been severely punished himself than have struck his antagonist while down, however much contempt he might feel for him.

Jack Hickey and a few others now gathered around and interfered in the interest of peace. They saw that Fred had won the contest and was the master of the situation. Each contestant was covered with blood, and presented a pitiable sight. Just then Mr. Farrington happened to be passing through the room on his round of inspection, and attracted by those gathered at the flockers he went there also, to learn the cause of the excitement. The first sight that greeted his eyes was Fred standing, covered with blood-stains, and Hanks in the act of rising, scarcely less presentable.

(To be continued.)

THE OBSTINATE PAUPER.

HERE is an anecdote of Victor Hugo, told by his secretary, M. Lesclide: A charitable lady, Mme. Paul Meurice, used, during the siege of Paris, to distribute the poet's alms, besides many gifts of her own, to the necessitous during that trying time. She came one day to tell Victor Hugo of a poor woman whom she had found in the most wretched state of destitution, and immediately received from him a hundred francs for the alleviation of her needy protege. A hundred francs, even with siege prices, could be made by care to go a long way, and the poet was accordingly somewhat surprised when next day Mme. Meurice told him that "Louise was as badly off as ever."

"What about the hundred francs of yesterday?"

"Ah, the hundred francs. She has given them away to poor mothers, to little children starving of hunger and cold."

"Good; here is another hundred francs upon the express condition she keeps them for herself."

"Is it only on this condition he gives them?" said Louise on hearing this message.

"Exactly."

"Then you may take them back. Thank Victor Hugo for his good intentions, for which I am grateful."

Mme. Meurice was embarrassed. She dared not take the money back to Victor Hugo, and so handed it unconditionally to the "obstinate Louise." The obstinate Louise was no other than Louise Michel.

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A FRIGHTENED QUEEN.

We have already given our readers some solemn warnings against the ambition to be kings and other potentates, or even Members of Congress. Well, it appears that good Queen Victoria of England is a sufferer, like the rest of her class. Recently, at a French watering place, she heard a noise in the night which frightened her. The next day all the police of the village were put on duty, lest the nervous queen should be blown up.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The value of coolness in danger is often illustrated in ordinary events of life. Here is an addition to the list of such stories. In Vienna, a year or two ago, a cry of "fire" arose in a theatre. In fact there was really a fire in the scenery. But a cool actor walked to the front of the stage and cried out to the startled audience, who were ready to rush out in a panic: "The Emperor has just been robbed of some diamonds. You must pass out one by one, and be searched at the door."

This presence of mind quelled the panic at once. The audience passed out quietly without panic, and an hour later the theatre was a smoldering heap of cinders.

FATTING ON WAR.

It is very sad—did you ever think of it?—to see how men take comfort in each other's miseries. Just now we do not refer to individuals, but to nations. England and Russia no sooner began to shake their fists at each other, than in all the money markets men were heard saying: "Now we are going to have a good time." What does this mean?

Only this, that in war men are drawn from shop and field to kill their fellow men. The armies eat great quantities of produce, and burn up immense amounts of powder. The result is, a multitude of graves, weeping widows, mothers and sisters; but the men who sell corn and wheat make an extra profit of a cent or two on a bushel. Glory is very gaudy in history and novels, and it makes many large fortunes, yet how brutal and cruel it is.

UP A TREE.

It is related of Schiller, the great German poet, that he was missed from the family circle one day during a terrific thunder storm. After a long search, he was found perched in the top of a tree, drenched to the skin, watching the flashes of lightning. He was quite indifferent to the rain, and also to the scolding he received for his rash conduct. He said to his father, "The lightning was so beautiful that I wanted to see where it came from."

This is a fine illustration of the inspiration of a poetic spirit. Yet our boys should not interpret it wrongly. Usually when a boy is found at the top of a tree, his motive may be guessed to be apples. Our young friends must not quote the example of Schiller to justify their climbing trees for anything but scientific or poetic ends.

FINDING FAULT.

There is an ancient Latin maxim, which bids us speak good only of the dead. This old saying might be carried out as regards the living, with great advantage. We are, all of us, too apt to pick up the disagreeable traits of our comrades, and comment upon them. This habit gives rise to a great deal of heart burning. Worse than that, it neither does us good nor helps the people whom we growl about.

It is far more sensible, and more beneficial to folks in general, to be cautious in finding fault. If there is anything to praise, we should be prompt to make it known. That sort of thing is encouraging. But to hammer away continually at the faults of our friends, makes them discouraged and peevish. And it develops the habit of criticism. Say pleasant things when we can, and be silent when we cannot, is the better practice.

PLAY AND WORK.

Of course, have "a good time." Youth is the period of joy. There is no more pleasant sight than that of a party of young people enjoying themselves. By and bye the more serious cares and burdens of life will come, and the sports of our young days ought to prepare us to meet them with light hearts. But there is such a thing as carrying amusement too far. Pleasure is not the whole business of life, by any means, even of youth. It should not be made our chief aim and occupation.

Play is best enjoyed as a change and rest from honest study and work. When it absorbs all our thought and time, it soon ceases to be an amusement and becomes a bore. There is nothing more pitiful than a young man who has nothing serious on his mind, and has grown weary of all his sports. Work earnestly, and then diversion has a real relish.

A SHORT STORY.

The family had moved into another house, and, when they came to sit down among the litter of packages, it was discovered that the small boy's toy steam engine had been left behind. He was ten years old, but he loved to be coddled, so he remarked to his older sister: "Sis, you go back and get it, won't you?" The too willing sister was on the point of departing, when the father stopped her, and beckoned to the boy.

"Conrad," said he, "you ought to be a little man by this time. But you act as if you wanted a nursing bottle and a cradle. Do you expect your sisters to wait upon you all your life?" The boy blushed, hesitated, and said: "Well, I guess I've got a new idea. I will go for the engine myself." "That's right, my boy. You begin early to look out for other folks, and they will take more interest in looking out for you." The moral of this incident does not need explanation.

A PENALTY OF EXCELLENCE.

Perhaps some of our young readers have already made the discovery that, if their aims are high, they are apt to be left alone. Solitude and neglect are the penalties which people have to pay if they seek for the highest things within their grasp. It is easy to see why this is so. You are earnest in your study. You feel that your leisure hours must be given to self-improvement. Well, the most of your comrades are not so inclined. They wish to amuse themselves, to fritter away time, to work as little as possible. When you refuse to share their idleness and frivolity, they vote you a "stick."

It may be study, it may be music, that absorbs your attention. You determine to excel, and to do this you must work, work, work. Nothing excellent is gained without pains, labor, and perseverance. You have no time to trifle away. You must be left alone, because your comrades have other things with which to busy themselves.

It is a fact, then, that to be eminent, one must expect to be solitary to a certain extent. However friendly he may feel, he will be avoided. And the same is true when the aim is at purity and nobility of character. The low, the slangy, the vulgar, will avoid you. The writings of great thinkers, in poetry and prose, have many passages in which this solitude of mind is betrayed. But one thing should be avoided. If friends do not find us congenial, we should not grow peevish and ill-natured. Carlyle was a striking example of bad-tempered loneliness. One may be lonesome and yet sweet in character.

MODERN AMAZONS.

Of course we have all read something about the ancient Amazons, of whom old Herodotus wrote. They were female warriors of Cappadocia, and were said to ride on fiery steeds and to fight furiously. It seems that the race has not entirely died out. Explorers tell us that the King of Dahomey, in Africa, has a corps of several thousand female infantry. They accompany him on all his expeditions, but their chief duty is not so much to fight as to serve as a guard of honor.

This army is composed of young women from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. They are chosen when yet very young, and are trained in dancing, singing, and military exercises. For uniform they wear a white cap embroidered with figures of animals; yellow or blue trousers descending below the knee: a corselet around the chest; a many-colored belt from which hangs a short dagger; and a great scarf crossed over the bosom. Arms and feet are bare. Beside the daggers, the Amazons carry flintlock muskets upon their shoulders.

For some hours every day this curious guard of honor engage in their exercises. Singing wild songs, they dance in a grotesque manner, keeping it up for a long time without apparent fatigue. Then they have military drill, which they practice with wonderful precision. Some of the tactics are unknown in civilized armies. For instance, laying their guns aside, they throw themselves on the ground like wild beasts; then, suddenly leaping up, they dart forward, brandishing hatchets and giving vent to thrilling war cries. As a result of this training, these young Amazons are lithe and athletic, far unlike their sisters in civil life, who follow the the African fashion of growing as fat as possible.

BRET HARTE.

The American Poet-Storyteller.

Bret Harte is essentially the pen-painter of the gold fields. Out of the rough, lawless and abandoned masses composing the society of California in the early days of '49, he has with keen perception discovered and brought to light its better nature; laid hold of its stronger characters, and with his skilful hand disencumbered them of dirt and dross, until whatever was of intrinsic value in their moral natures has stood revealed, the more resplendent from the contrast of the vicious and unholy surroundings. He has succeeded in demonstrating the existence of "remnants of honor in manliness and love in womanliness, despite besmirchings of vice." He has given us his moral skilfully embedded in a fascinating groundwork of the unique surroundings and startling scenes of a life that has been as a revelation to the cultivated reader. Add to this the polish of the keenest wit and the effects of a dexterous dramatic legerdemain. These, with the sudden, unexpected and most startling contrasts of vice and virtue, go to make up the wonderful general effects that have given his tales a world-wide appreciation. These qualities are equally conspicuous in his poetry and his prose. He ranks in the literary world as a genuine poet, and more particularly as one of the representative *American* poets, not by reason of his own nationality, but from the decided American flavor of his style and portrayals.

Bret Harte is through and through a man of contrasts, whether in his works, his talents, or his career. He is a man of cultivated intellect and brilliant talents, yet he applies these most often in the description of low life and the delineation of rough, low, and ignorant characters. It is but an added mark of genius when a man can go so far out of his own proper sphere and work up such extremely contrasted elements. His life has been among the hills and valleys of the social grades from the highest to the lowest, as will be seen by the following account:

Francis Bret Harte (his full name) was born in Albany, New York State, in 1839. His father, a teacher in a female seminary and a highly cultured man, died while his son was yet quite young. The latter received his early education in the common schools. When he was about seventeen years of age, the prevalent gold fever, or, maybe, a desire to participate in the wild and adventurous life of the West, seized young Harte, and impelled him westward. He wandered to San Francisco; thence he walked to the mines of Sonora. There he opened a school. That scheme amounted to little more than the opening. Education in that district was at a large discount; the venture did not "pan out," and the school was soon closed. Then behold the young adventurer in red shirt and long boots, with pick and shovel, trying his luck in mining, which did not quite satisfy him.

He shortly took to the composing case in a newspaper office in Eureka. Now and then he set up in type some little sketch of his own, showing brilliant gleams of undeveloped talent. His ability thus came to the notice of the editor, who gave the paper into Harte's charge when going on a short journey. During this absence of the editor, the substitute took upon himself the task of censuring the citizens of Eureka for a little Indian massacre they had indulged in. The rough element of the population swarmed around the office and made it so warm for the censor that he had to desist.

Some time after he became a mounted messenger for an express company, and over the mountains he rode back and forth, gathering from all the varied forms of western life a treasure of scenes, ideas and incidents, which were to be brilliantly converted in after days; then he was made local agent in various mountain towns for the same express company. Soon tiring of this life, he returned to San Francisco in 1857, and took up composition on a literary weekly, where by frequently contributing a verse or a sketch in type, he soon earned an editorial position on the *Golden Era*. At this time appeared many contributions that have been given a place in his collected works published at a later date. At different times he held positions under the surveyor-general and the U. S. marshall. Then he married and started the *Californian*, in which appeared many contributions from Bret Harte's pen that helped to raise the reputation of Californian journalism at that time, and bring it to the notice of the country as far east as the Atlantic. But the *Californian* was unsuccessful, and was abandoned. Through these mediums, Harte's writings had been distributed over the whole country, and he had attained considerable eminence as a brilliant journalist, and a successful literary man.

In 1864, Bret Harte was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco, and filled that office for six years. During this period he was able to devote much time to literary work, and many of his most famous poems appeared for the first time in various local newspapers, mostly anonymously. In 1868, Bret Harte founded the *Overland Monthly*, and was made its editor. From its initiation began those stories and poems that made the paper a most popular and important factor in the current journalism of the day; extended it throughout America and even to the further shores of the Atlantic, and completed the popularity and reputation of the American poet and storyteller. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Plain Language from Truthful James," otherwise known as the "Heathen Chinee," are to be cited among these. In 1871, Harte resigned his editorship and his Professorship of Recent Literature in the University of California, with which he had a short time before been honored, and came east in answer to a lucrative call from the *Atlantic Monthly*, where his ripened powers served to increase his fame and extend his acquaintance with English readers.

In 1878, he was appointed United States Consul at Crefield, and in 1880 was transferred to Glasgow.

Mr. Harte was immediately welcomed by refined and cultivated circles in England. His native wit is not the less predominant in social intercourse than in his written works, and his brilliancy has served to make him widely popular wherever he has been seen and heard. In London especially he is a great favorite, and frequently visits the metropolis to give a handshake to good friends there. Probably as a result of his anxiety not to have it thought he might be neglecting his consular duties in these trips, the following little incident occurred, which, we believe, has never yet been published in this country:

A personal friend called one morning at the consul's house and asked of the old Scotch woman who opened the door:

"Is Mr. Harte in?"

"Nae, he's not in."

"When will he be back?"

"Weel, I couldna' say that."

"Do you think I will find him in by noon?"

"Weel, I canna' tell, but you might call then."

The visitor returned at noon, found Mr. Harte still away, and received the same non-committal answer as to the probable success of a four o'clock visit. At four, the consul was still out.

"Oh, well," said the visitor, "it's of no consequence. I'll call again during the week. I just want to say 'How are you!'"

"If that's the case," responded the old woman, "and you dinna want to see him on business, Mr. Harte's been in Lunnon these three days." She had pretty faithfully carried out the consul's instructions.

Mr. Harte is witty, as said before. He is also jovial, boyish and fond of jokes practical and otherwise. A friend who met Mr. Harte at the Brighton villa of Black, the novelist, gives a most entertaining account of the American's pranks and jokes and puns too numerous to be reproduced here. The most frequent topic of discussion between the two novelists on that occasion, however, was as to which was the better writer, and with playful seriousness they argued, and slashed each other, in the most laughable way, for hours.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

WISDOM OF THE BRAMIN.

Heart, be not thou the grape that underneath the leaves
Hides, that it may not be the prey of garden thieves.
No thief has found that grape; but ah! no sunbeam's power
Has reached its dark retreat, and so that grape is sour.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same.

Fearless gentleness is the most beautiful of feminine attractions, born of modesty and love.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er he roam:
His first, best country ever is his own.

Good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended by some troublesome or unexpected circumstance.

Beware of dreams. Beware of the illusions of fancy. Beware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desires.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.

Some people imagine that to be insolent is to impress the world with their dignity. The world is not to be deceived in such manner. True dignity sits like a coronet of jewels on the brow of politeness.

People that take charity, sir, can never get it by itself. They always have to take something else with it. Sometimes what they have with the charity is scolding, and sometimes good advice, but they never get it neat.

The legitimate aim of criticism is to direct attention to the excellent. The bad will surely dig its own grave, and the imperfect may be safely left to that final neglect from which no amount of present undeserved popularity will rescue it.

Many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

WAITING.

Do the little brown twigs complain
That they haven't a leaf to wear?
Or the grass, when the wind and rain
Pull on their matted hair?

Do the little brooks struggle and moan
When the ice has frozen their feet?
Or the moss turn gray as a stone
Because of the cold and the sleet?

Do the buds that the leaves left bare
To strive with their wintry fate,
In a moment of deep despair,
Destroy what they cannot create?
Oh, Nature is teaching us there
To patiently wait, and wait!

WHAT JOHN FOUND.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

RECESS was nearly over. The boys and girls were gathered in the play-ground outside of the log schoolhouse, but no play was going on. Most of the boys had their books in their hands, and were poring over them as if to make up for all the idle time of their lives; while the girls sat on the wood-pile whispering, and looking at the boys with a kind of awe.

The schoolhouse was built just outside of a mountain village in North Carolina. The boys were dressed in butternut or blue cloth, the girls in a kind of linsey, all of which their mothers had spun and woven.

Outside of the fence was a gang of little negroes, whom the white children ordered about with an air of authority; for, poor as they were, their fathers all were slave-owners. There was a row of shiny black faces at the top of the fence.

"Gorry! look at Mas' Will! I tink he get it!"

"Pshaw! g'long, you Bob's twic't as good a scholar. See how he pokin' into dat book!"

The others volunteered no opinion, but shouted: "Hooray! which ob you a-gwine to be de 'sojer? Mas' Bob Sevier, he gwine! Cunnel Bob Sevier! Hooray!"

Never had there been such a day known in Uncle Job's school. Bob Sevier, a fair, thin boy with round, blue eyes, sat on the steps, turning over the leaves of his Historiæ Sacræ. He knew every word and line; but he turned leaf after leaf with his cold shaking fingers.

When the little negroes shouted for "Cunnel Bob," he felt a lump in his throat, choking him. If he should not win! Bob had always been head boy in the school, but during the last month he had worked harder than ever. The cause was this:

Judge Peters, who was now Congressman from his district, had paid a visit to the village a few weeks before, and had dropped into the school one morning and made the boys a little speech.

"I was a pupil here," he said. "There is the very desk at which I sat. Uncle Job taught me pretty much all I know. My father could not afford to send me to college, and I am sure neither can your fathers afford to send you there. But I want to give some boy here a chance such as I did not have. I have the appointment of a cadet to West Point, and I propose, instead of giving it to some rich man's son, that the boy in this school who passes the best examination a month from now shall have it."

This was the speech. It had made the boys as wild as if he had put fire into their brains. Not a boy there who did not see himself a colonel in full regimentals, preceded by a brass band, riding up the street of the village in triumph.

They fell to studying, most of them for the first time in their lives, for they were born in the idlest, laziest quarter of the United States. They never had done anything but lounge about the grassy street of the sunny, chilly highland hamlet, listening to the interminable stories of the hunters who came in with peltry, or playing "Sixty out," with the little negroes.

John Fremoy, the shabbiest of them all, sat apart from the other boys, with his sister Louisa. "Now, Lou, just hear me this page;" and he began:

"'Charlemagne, otherwise Charles the Great, was the son of Pepin the Short, the first of the Carlovingian—Carlovingian'—oh, what comes next?"

"'Dynasty,'" prompted Lou.

"And what's the meaning of 'dynasty,' I'd like to know? Such rubbish! I don't understand a word of it! There's no use to try, Lou!"

Lou's eyes filled, and the tears rolled down her flushed cheeks; but John only shut his jaws a little firmer, and fixed his dark eyes on the ground. They were honest, kind eyes, but dull; very different from Bob Sevier's, which glowed like lamps.

"I might as well give up, Lou. Uncle Job says patience and hard work will take any boy through. But there's a difference in boys. Now Bob Sevier don't work half as hard over his books as I do; but just look at him! I reckon he could go over the Carlovingians or any other Vingians like a trottin' horse."

"Oh, yes, I reckon he could," groaned Lou. "But only think of West Point, Jack. You'd be a gentleman and a soldier and see the world. An' ef you don't get it—why then——"

"Then Uncle Bill 'll set me to ploughin' with the niggers in the fall."

"He said only this mornin' he'd wasted enough money on our schoolin'; an' you an' I be to go to work to earn our salt."

John took up the book and went at the lesson with with desperate energy, while Lou sat crying silently.

The children were orphans, and lived with their uncle, a farmer, on Mt. Craggy. He was wretchedly poor, like the other mountaineers, and was, besides, a coarse, hard-natured man. The school-bell rang.

"It's comin' now," said John, as he got up and shut up his book.

"You're powerful on 'rithmetic, Johnny; mind that! Jest you keep up!" eagerly whispered Lou, running along beside him.

The boys crowded into the hot little schoolhouse, and the girls followed—excepting Lou, who hung back, and finally went to the wood-pile again. She knew she should not be missed, and she could not bear to hear John's examination.

The poor little girl had but one friend in the world—her brother. She sat down, her hands shaking as if she had a chill.

"He'll fail! I know he'll fail!" she said, looking up to the sky and talking aloud. "I can't stand it, Heavenly Father! I can't!"

As with most Southern children, "Heavenly Father" was very real to Lou. Then she began to pray, fast and hard, to this far-away friend in the sky, to help John.

"Oh dear! Only get him over the Latin and them Vingians! He'll manage the 'rithmetic himself."

She sat there an hour or more, hearing only a droning voice now and then from the open windows. At last there was a hush. Uncle Job was going to give his decision.

The little negroes crowded up the school-house steps. Lou stood up and threw her calico sun-bonnet off her head. She did not know what she did. She was stifling with sudden, terrible heat.

Her strained eyes were on the door. Presently she heard Uncle Job's voice, in a few brief words. But she could not catch them. They sounded to her like "John has won. John Fremoy."

Suddenly there was a cheer inside. Then the negroes took it up.

"Bob Sevier! Cunnel Bob! Hooray for Bob!"

Lou sat down and covered her face with her hands. Her brother came to her in a moment.

"Get up and come along home!" he said, roughly.

She caught his arm and patted it.

"Don't you mind it, Johnny," she said. "You kin do lots of things Bob Sevier knows nothin' about!" she cried fiercely.

"No, Bob won it fair," he said, sturdily. "I'm a dunce; I don't deserve it; that's the worst of it!"

His face was colorless, even to the lips, but he showed his disappointment in no other way.

Judge Peters came to the village the next day, heard the report of the examination, sent for Sevier, and promised him the appointment. He then went up to a farm he owned near to Caleb Fremoy's, John's uncle.

The boy crept over, toward night, to catch a glimpse of the great man who might have made him happy for life, but had not done it. He hung miserably about the place until evening, and then set out homeward.

Coming to the edge of Craggy Creek, just where it turns from the mountain, he sat down on the bank, and put his hot feet into the water. To-morrow he was to be set to ploughing with the negroes.

"It's all yer fit for," his uncle said. "Ye'd a chance for West Point, an' ye didn't take it. So you kin kennel with the darkeys for the rest of yer life. I'll feed ye no more."

John sat moodily flinging pebbles into the water until the dusk came on, and an owl began to hoot.

Suddenly the boy stood up, trembling with excitement, holding a stone in his hand up to the fast-fading light. It shone with a brilliant lustre, like a great drop of dew in the morning sun. As he moved it, it flashed, a blood-red star, in his dirty palm. John had heard of the ruby which had once been found in the next gorge.

"It was worth thousands of dollars!" he sobbed rather than spoke. "I heard Judge Peters tell my uncle there was corundum on his farm, and a ruby is a kind of corundum. I am rich for life!"

He sat down, breathless, carefully rubbing the brilliant lump in his hand, as Aladdin might have done his lamp. What was West Point to this? Money, beautiful houses, glimpse of the world, an easy, happy life for himself and Lou!

"Poor Lou! I was so cross to her to-day! I'll go and tell her."

Then he stopped as if somebody had struck him. The ruby was not his. He was on Judge Peters's land.

The boy sat down again, and for one whole hour the tempter strove with him. If there was one quality strong and dominant in John Fremoy, it was his honesty. But this was a temptation such as seldom comes in the way of any man.

The next morning, Judge Peters was mounting his horse to go into the village, when a boy came across the yard. He walked quickly, as if driven by some force from behind. The judge waited, one foot in the stirrup.

As long as John Fremoy lived, he remembered, like a sudden, terrible picture, the glaring light on the little muddy yard, the staring negro boy holding the horse, the portly, kind-looking man waiting his approach.

When John reached the judge, he stopped and was silent. He had his little speech all ready, but his tongue was stiff, and his throat parched.

"Well, my boy, what is it?" asked the judge, as he bent his kindly glance upon the confused boy.

"IT'S WORTH A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS."

John thrust out his hand.

"A ruby, sir. It's worth a great many thousand dollars. I found it on your land."

Judge Peters took the stone and examined it eagerly. Then he turned to John, and looked at him as curiously.

"Why didn't you keep it, if it is worth so much?"

"I had a mind to. But it's yours."

He turned away.

"Stop, boy! Who are you?"

"John Fremoy, sir."

"Oho! Uncle Job spoke of you to me. You are uncommonly quick at figures, eh?"

"If I am, I'm a dunce at everything else. If I had not been, I might have gone to West Point."

"Ye-es," looking thoughtfully at John. "Very well, Fremoy; I'm very much pleased with your honesty. Good-morning;" and the judge rode abruptly away.

He rode direct to Uncle Job's house, and was closeted with him for an hour.

The next day the village was electrified by hearing that Judge Peters was going to take John Fremoy to Annapolis to pass an examination in the engineers' department at the Naval Academy, and that Lou was to be put to school in Raleigh by the same kind friend.

John Fremoy is now a middle-aged man, ranking high in his profession. He met Judge Peters about a year ago at his sister's house—for Lou married a planter in Virginia, and is a happy wife and mother.

"I have often wondered, judge," he said, "why you befriended me as you did. I certainly was a dunce as far as Latin was concerned, and I am not at all sure that I am accurate about the Carlovingian dynasty even yet."

"Honesty is a rarer quality than good scholarship, and more useful in the world, Fremoy."

"And—another question—is not that the ruby I found which you wear on your watch-chain?"

"Yes."

"May I look closely at it?"

The judge hesitated, then laughed, and gave it to him.

"Why, it is only colored quartz!" exclaimed Fremoy.

"Yes, but it is more valuable to me than any jewel, for it gave me an honest man for a friend."

WOUND UP.

"ARE there any more prisoners?" asked the justice, as he wearily inhaled several cubic feet of the Tombs Court atmosphere and pursued a volatile fly from the region of his nose.

"Why, yes," said the tall, raw-boned man beside the railings, as he stepped up and brought a pair of glasses to bear on the magistrate at short range. "I'm here."

The court looked at the man's coat, which seemed susceptible of a high degree of polish, and eyed with suspicion the big book, and solemn expression of countenance he carried.

"What charge?" said the magistrate.

"Intox.," quoth a policeman with official brevity.

"Any trouble with him?"

"Nothin' but talk."

"What is he?"

"A book agent, think."

His honor looked at the prisoner compassionately. He seemed about imploring him to reform and lead a better life, but he only said:

"Ten days. Got anything to say?"

A look of glad surprise overspread the prisoner's face. "Do you mean me?" he asked.

"Yes, speak out quick."

"Thank you;" and with that up came the big book, and his lips were wreathed with an ecstatic smile. "I have for you here," he said, "a work that is entirely in your line, and without which no well-regulated court is complete. I am offering in twelve volumes a new cyclopedia of general information adapted from new sources, old sources and sources of every kind. It forms in itself a complete library of 950 pages nicely bound in cloth, with bevelled edges, legible type and a plate on the back for the subscriber's monogram. It embraces all practical knowledge and scientific, geographic and theological speculations. It is suited for the family, the reading room and the lecture platform; is portable, ornamental and invaluable. I am offering it at the reduced rate of $1.50 a volume, payable in instalments if you wish or cash down if desirable. I am giving it away on terms——"

A hand fell on either shoulder and a magisterial voice was heard groaning, piteously:

"Take him away."

But the court officers handled the prisoner gingerly, and touched him as tenderly as a can of nitro-glicerine.

A CHINESE VESSEL.

DURING the summer of 1847 the maritime citizens of Boston, as well as thousands of others, were stirred up to an unusual extent by the arrival of the first Chinese vessel in American waters. The junk Keying, Capt. Kellett, arrived in New York after a passage consuming the greater portion of a year. After a sojourn in the harbor of that city she visited Boston, and was anchored near the old Charlestown bridge, where she was visited by thousands. She was a queer-looking craft, of 150 feet length by 25 feet beam and 12 feet depth of hold. Her stern had a rise of 30 feet, with bow proportionately high. Her cabin, which was 30x25 feet and 9 1-2 feet high, was neat and attractive, being brilliantly painted with designs of birds and beasts. Her clumsy model and uncouth rig caused much amusement among sea-faring men, who thought she must have drifted across the ocean. She was built at a cost of $75,000, and her Celestial owners intended that she should astonish the natives of this benighted portion of the world, and give them some new ideas of ship-building. She was evidently built to last, for she was constructed of teak wood, the toughest fibrous substance in the world. Her crew consisted of forty almond-eyed, pig-tailed Celestials, and beauty European sailors who sailed the ungainly craft. A small admission fee was charged for looking her over, and for the opportunity of purchasing a few Chinese toys. Members of the city government and others of note were honored with especial attention from her captain and officers, who invited them to the cabin, where they exercised themselves in eating soup with chop sticks, and regaling themselves on birds' nests and meats of dubious antecedents. As a speculation the junk proved a decided failure, and when she left there were some people whose admiration of her assumed the form of attachments.

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

"You should have a thermometer to ascertain the proper temperature of the water," said a fond mother to the colored nurse who was giving the baby a bath.

"Whaffor?"

"To tell when the water is too hot or too cold."

"Don't need no sich dockerment. Ef de chile turns blue de water am too cold, an ef hit turns red den hit am too hot."

And now the colored lady is open to an offer.

PREFERRED A CROW.

POPE Sixtus V. detested flattery. He said one day to a nobleman who had flattered him excessively:

"I prefer to deal with a crow than with a flatterer."

When asked to give a reason for his preference, he said:

"A crow only lives on the dead, but a flatterer lives on the living."

AN ADMONITION.

SPEAK kindly, oh, speak soothingly
To him whose hopes are crossed,
Whose blessed trust in human love
Was early, early lost.
For wearily, how wearily
Drags life if love depart—
Oh, let the balm of gentle words
Fall on the smitten heart!
Go gladly with true sympathy,
Where Want's pale victims pine,
And bid life's sweetest smiles again
Along their pathway shine;
Oh, heavily doth poverty
Man's noblest instincts bind!
Yet sever not that chain to cast
A sadder on the mind.

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 XXVIII.

THE STORY TOLD.

ALL lovers of Fairmount, and they can be counted by the thousands, say there is no fairer spot on the face of the earth in which to lounge away an idle hour—to behold the beauties of nature and the ingenuity of art—to loiter in lovers' dells, cross the prettiest of rustic bridges, linger by babbling streams, sit in bosky shades.

Earle was master of the situation here, as elsewhere. He knew all the prettiest spots, and how to find them with the least fatigue.

Clara gave herself up to the overpowering pleasure of his society as completely as if no shadow had overcast her love. That he would make all things clear, she knew. She had been in suspense—she was now in a nervous state of anticipation. What would he tell her, and how? Should she tell him what was in the old yellow letter, that had shocked her so?

By this time she had grown pale, and he seemed to feel that she needed rest.

"Let us stop here," he said, pointing to a mossy seat. "I call this my cathedral. You will notice the straight lines of the trunks, the overarching branches, the beautiful effect of the sunshine as it sifts down upon the gray and the green. What colors from stained windows can equal these?" and he pointed to the living prisms that lighted the richly-colored tree-trunks, and trembled along the ground, a glittering wonder of sun and shadow.

"It is very beautiful," said Clare, "but then I never saw a cathedral in my life."

"Ah, you have lost an experience if you have never heard, as it rang through the mighty space of the vaulted roof, the lofty 'Te Deum,' or the exultant 'Gloria Patri.' I shall never forget the first time I saw Westminster Abbey. I stood before a low arched door, studded with heavy nails, supposing it would open into a spacious vestibule, when lo! as it swung back, came into view the whole grand western transept, with its glorious statuary on both sides, and a birds-eye view of the Poet's Corner. The sun shone in at the great rose window, blazing in blues and crimsons, and gold, and emerald; and the singing antiphonal—coming from both sides of those exquisite arches, fell upon the ear like the chorus of angels.

"Perhaps," he said, in a lower voice, "it may shock you if I tell you I am in faith—or rather I was—a Roman Catholic. I love the old cathedral worship even now—their full-robed priests—their waving censers—the grand old masses. Suppose we imagine ourselves in such a house of worship centuries old, among the tombs and effigies of the dead."

"No wonder people feel like confessing their sins in such a place," said Clare, shuddering, slightly.

"We will go further," he said, his voice sinking lower, "and you will consider me at the confessional, you the dear priest to whom I make *the* confession of my life."

"Oh, no, no!" and Clare drew back, trembling from head to foot. "Why should *I* listen?"

"Why should you not? You the lady elect of my heart?"

His words thrilled her, and yet she was troubled. She longed to hear, yet longed to break away—it was only by a light word or two that she could control herself, so as to sit there under the spell of his eye.

"How came you in Philadelphia?" she asked.

"Don't your heart tell you? Because you were here."

"I don't see how you knew," she said.

"Reviere told me. I was hungry for a sight of your sweet face. In the cars—all the way, I was near you. Louis knows it—I told him I was coming. You see Louis trusts me."

She colored. "Do you mean to say you think I do not?"

"You did not—I think you trust me, now. It was not long ago that a woman, pretending to be a seeress, looked at my hand. 'There is a year in your life,' she said, 'that you would gladly blot out.' 'Perhaps,' I answered, 'there are many.'

"'No, only one,' she said, 'and that not because of the sin, but the sorrow of it.'

"When I was twenty-three—just a year after I lost my mother, a relative left me what I considered a fortune—twenty thousand dollars. To one who had been poor all his life, this sum seemed sufficient to open the doors of Paradise. I had longed to travel, with an unutterable longing, and now I was free to travel where I would. Making good use of my time, I shut the door on the new, and opened the gates of the old world. I spent my money freely, and found friends whichever way I turned.

"What a good old world it seemed to me! every man was a brother.

"Finally, I found myself in Italy, the centre of jolly boon companions, who made use of me to the top of their bent. My rooms were theirs, my wines, my money. I was generous—unsuspecting, confiding.

"I have changed in all three—but I am a man, now. I was a boy then, with a boy's blind enthusiasm.

"A passion for the stage, to be a delineator of the great dramatists, controlled me. I formed a theatrical troupe in which were three or four professionals. The Duc de Brentz had erected a beautiful private theatre some ten years before, which was now closed and out of repair. This building I leased, and thoroughly renovated within and without. I salaried the actors for several months, and we gave the public as good as they generally get at ordinary theatres. It was a success in everything but money. One day a lady friend of mine came to me with a request that was rather startling. A young girl, almost a child, had been left through the death of her parents, as I understood, alone in that place, and though not wholly dependent, she was desirous of placing herself where she could earn her own living.

"'She has a lovely voice, thoroughly cultivated as far as she has gone,' said Mrs. Ballantyne, 'and will be an acquisition.' Of course I sprang at the offer, particularly as we were in need of a fresh young voice. I had an interview with the young lady, who gave her name as Celeste de Montford. She was beautiful, accomplished, and an enthusiast. No sooner had she appeared than she took the public by storm. Are you getting weary of my story?"

"No, no; you must know I cannot be," said Clare.

"Remember, you are listening to the adventures of a wild but not unprincipled young man, who, though he had attained his majority in years, was still hot-headed and in many things a boy.

"The little lady won upon my heart. Her voice was of the finest quality, her talent for the stage unusual. She was a favorite from the first. Me she thralled as she did others, with this difference. The others she did not care for, me she did, and did not hesitate to show her preference.

"The poor child! I wanted an honorable, open marriage-service. I was proud to be loved by her—and I was thoroughly infatuated by her charms of voice and person—but she insisted on a secret ceremony, and that the marriage was not to be made public for three years. I never could quite fathom her motives; but love is blind, and for the sake of possession I was willing to consent to any thing so that she was pleased.

"That she had relatives in this country who would be scandalized did they know that she was an actor, I had learned, already, but she did not seem to be in correspondence with them.

"Well, we married, clandestinely, and not a soul of all my company ever suspected that I was the husband of the charming songstress. It was wrong—we were mad—I should never have yielded, but, alas, what is a man's strength when love stands in his way. Yes, I loved her, but it was the crude passion of the boy—the electric kindling of ardor and passion in an untried heart. Dear little soul! her faith in me was shaken, but it was not my fault—and yet it was.

"There was a young Italian of noble birth in my company—a man of some genius, yet as cunning as he was unstable, as handsome as Apollo, as false as Judas. This fellow did me great harm, as I afterwards learned. He was also a devoted admirer of my Celeste, and at last became her persecutor. The more she scorned him and resented his homage, the more he troubled her. I begged her to let me constitute myself her protector, but this she would not allow—and I—well, I was her slave.

"Still, I could not stand tamely by when I knew his every action was offensive to her. At last, something he said came to my ears, and made me furious. I called him to account—he refused to apologize. Then I told him the true state of the case, and he laughed haughtily and scornfully in my face. This was too much. I leaped upon him and we fought, silently, but determinedly like two wild animals, till at last I left him for dead where he had fallen with a powerful blow.

"There was nothing for me now but instant flight. I must at least absent myself till the worst came, or the man recovered. His family would have been down upon me like blood-hounds.

"It was at the dead of night.

"I wrote Celeste the facts of the case, and enclosed a hundred pounds in the note. My most trusted friend was looking on, a man I had aided by every means in my power, to whom I had been hands, and feet, and eyes. I thought he was bound to me by a thousand cords—I loved him.

"As I say he watched me write, saw me enclose the money, and to him I confided it.

"'Give it to Celeste,' I said, 'she is my wife!' He stared at me as if I was a maniac, and I can see now that he did not believe me.

"Miss Clare, the poor child never received the remittance or the letter. That wretch whom I had made, and worse, whom I had *loved*, deceived me, believed the Italian to be dead, and ran off with the money, never expecting to meet me again.

"The count lived, but was months recovering. All that time I was obliged to stay away. I wrote to Celeste, but received no replies—I could get no word from her—see no one who had met her. Let me hurry over this part of my story. She believed the worst of me, poor child. Alone and helpless—no money—think of her position. The company was broken up—she with her little babe driven from place to place, by the relentless hand of poverty.

"It was four months before the man I had punished rose from his bed, my unrelenting enemy. I went back disguised. I searched from one end of the city to the other. I followed from town to village, and at last I found a grave!

"Celeste had laid down her sweet young life at the age of seventeen, believing me false, and—I never found my child."

His voice trembled.

"Since then, money has poured in upon me. By the death of two uncles I was made rich beyond my most ambitious expectations—but the sad fate of my wife and the baseness of my friend, changed me to a hard, bitter, unbelieving man. Where I had worshipped I now defied. Creeds I condemned—truths I sneered at, conventional religion awoke in me a wrath that has never been appeased. Things that men [illegible]led truths, to me became chimeras. I be[illegible] to take pleasure in stating my views, a[illegible]aving a moderate share of talent for ex[illegible]rtation, I was called upon to lecture, and present my theories to the public. In this I took delight—a fierce, unmanly pleasure in trying to upset what I call certain theological notions. Of course I have had the following of a crowd. I have been tempted to say that which had better forever have remained unsaid. I have tampered with high and holy things. Now you know me for what I have been. What I am, at this present moment, you have made me. Something in your very voice thrilled me. You were not afraid to combat my errors, and your simple enunciations carried with them the force of truth. You placed me in a frame where I could look at myself—and in my own eyes I became contemptible. Miss Clare, it is your own fault that I worship you. I cannot explain the subtleties this strange acquaintance has involved. I only know that I am helpless at your feet."

"But this poor girl!" said Clare, who could not forget the story, or banish the sadness of it—"why did she not write? Could she find no one who would seek you out! It seems as if I should have moved heaven and earth to find you."

"You do not know what it is to be penniless in a foreign land," he said. "The poor, there, know little mercy because they receive none. And as for writing, she *did*, but the letters miscarried, until she had not even the means to pay for postage. When she came out of the hospital——"

Clare gave a little cry.

"Did she go there?"

"What else could she do? The hundred pounds I sent her would have kept her like a little princess those wretched months; but he—the dastard! how often I have cursed him."

"O, you should not do that."

"What else could I do? Did I not rest in blissful ignorance of his perfidy, thinking she could wait for me—nothing till I could see her again? I would have trusted him with ten times that amount. Very well"—he kept on, frowning—"when she came out with her little child—why some good people there gave her a home, out of pity—not that they believed her story, poor child, for they told me they did not, and there she died, broken hearted. I have the touching little diary she kept, as long as she could, and thank God! she never upbraids me. Now she knows, now she sees! There were also one or two unfinished letters, I found—and another, half written, announcing 'My dear brother,' but the hand failed, the pen was laid aside never to be lifted again."

"But the child—did that die, too?" asked Clare.

"No; the day before I arrived the brother came and claimed the little one. I never saw him or the child."

"Was Celeste her true name?"

"I have reason to believe not," said he. "I always respected her secret, knowing that some time she would reveal it. And the name—in any case it would be lost in mine. But I have revealed you."

"No, no," said Clare, excitedly; "on the contrary I am interested," and she rose as she spoke.

"In the story—ah!" he said, in a sorrowway. "I have a friend who will not believe in the love of an honest man, because he tells her he has loved before."

"That makes no difference," said Clare, absently; she was absorbed in her own thoughts.

"Ah! but you—are so much above ordinary women!" he said taking heart, and lifting her hand to his lips.

"No, indeed, I am just like any other, with many, many faults," she said; but he said in answer:

"I choose not to believe it. You are the one woman in all the world to me."

They walked on together, she neither assenting or dissenting.

Beth was fast asleep.

"What a rosebud of a girl she is?" he half whispered.

"I wish she would grow stronger," said Clare, who looked down upon the girl with new and mingled emotions. And then her heart beat faster, and she said to herself:

"Suppose it should be!"

(To be continued.)

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to the jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel, now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire;
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask—
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all,
But for our blunders—O, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

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 XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER the captain's death two distinct camps were still maintained, but the most cordial relations existed between them. At the suggestion of the mate an inventory was made of the stock of provisions, and to each camp was assigned an amount proportioned to the number of men which it contained.

There was no immediate prospect of want. Still the more prudent regarded with anxiety the steady diminution of the stock remaining, and an attempt was made to eke them out by fresh fish caught off the island. But the inevitable day was only postponed. At length only a week's provisions remained. The condition was becoming serious.

"What shall we do?" was the question put to Mr. Holdfast, who was now looked upon by all as their leader and chief.

Upon this the mate called a general meeting of all upon the island, sailors and passengers alike.

"My friends," he said, "it is useless to conceal our situation. We are nearly out of provisions, and though we may manage to subsist upon the fish we catch, and other esculents native to this spot, it will be a daily fight against starvation. I have been asked what we are to do. I prefer rather to call for suggestions from you."

"How near is the nearest land in your opinion, Mr. Holdfast?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Probably it is at least a thousand miles to the continent, meaning the continent of Asia. No doubt there are islands much nearer."

"We are on an island now, and probably we should not improve our condition by seeking another."

"We might make it worse if we reached an island inhabited by warlike savages. Upon that point I can give you no information. This is my first voyage to this part of the world."

"In my view there are two courses open to us," said Mr. Stubbs, finding that no one else appeared to have anything to propose. "We may remain here and eat up the rest of our provisions, but there seems very little chance of our attracting the attention of any passing vessel. We appear to be out of the ordinary course. Of course it is possible that some ship may have passed the island without attracting our notice. What is your opinion, Mr. Holdfast?"

"The flag of the Nantucket, as you all know, has floated night and day from a pole erected on a high bluff," said the mate. "The chances are that if any vessel had come sufficiently near it would have attracted observation, and tacked to a boat being lowered, and an exploring party sent thither."

"Precisely. It looks, therefore, as if we were out of the general course of vessels."

Here the boatswain, Harrison, spoke up.

"I agree with Mr. Stubbs," said he, "and I say there's only one thing to do."

"Go on, sir," said Stubbs.

"While we've got any provisions left," continued the boatswain, "let us take the boats, and put out to sea. We can go where the ships are, and then we'll have some chance. They'll never find us here, leastways, such is my opinion."

There was a murmur of assent from the sailors, who clearly agreed with the boatswain.

"Ay, ay, let us take to the boats!" they said.

"Mr. Harrison expresses my sentiments," said Stubbs, with a bow. "His proposal is identical with the one I intended to make."

"My friends," said the mate, "you have heard the proposal made by the boatswain, and endorsed by Mr. Stubbs. All who are in favor of it will please raise their right hands."

All voted in the affirmative with the exception of Montgomery Clinton.

"Don't you think the plan a good one, Mr. Clinton?" asked Harry.

"Its so horrid being out in a small boat, don't you know," responded Clinton, "Its much nicer on the island."

"But it would not be very nice staying here all our lives," said Harry. "Still we can leave you here, if you prefer it."

"Oh, no!" said Clinton, hastily. "I might meet some of those horrid natives, don't you know. I'll go if the rest go."

"My friends," said Mr. Holdfast, "it seems to be the unanimous sentiment that we leave the island, and sail out far enough to be in the course of passing vessels. I concur in the expediency of this step, and am ready to command one of the boats."

"Mr. Clinton will command the other," said Harry.

There was a general laugh, which reassured poor Clinton, who had taken Harry's proposal in earnest, and was about to excuse himself in alarm.

"Mr. Harrison will command the other," continued the mate.

"When shall we start?" asked a passenger.

"The sooner the better! To-morrow morning, if it is pleasant."

This decision pleased all. Something was to be done, and hope was rekindled in the breasts of all. Heretofore they had been living on, without hope or prospect of release. Now they were to set out boldly, and though there was the possibility of failure, there was also a chance of deliverence.

No sooner was the decision made than all hands went to work to prepare for embarking. Mr. Clinton, even, volunteered his assistance, but he proved so unhandy, and got so mixed in attempting to follow directions, that Mr. Holdfast gravely excused him from personal labor, and asked him to superintend the others. This gave Mr. Clinton an idea that he was of great service, although his orders received no attention. He was very much disturbed because the mate would not agree to carry his trunk in the boat, but restricted him to the clothes he had on.

"What will become of my trousers?" he asked, pathetically.

"The next party of natives landing on the island will probably find them very convenient," said the mate with a twinkle in his eye.

"I couldn't bear to think of their wearing them," responded Clinton, mournfully. "May I take one pair under my arm?"

This favor was finally accorded to the young man, and his grief was somewhat mitigated.

In the apportionment of passengers, Mr. Holdfast, who commanded the long boat, retained Harry, the professor, and Clinton. Six sailors, including Jack Pendleton, made up the complement.

"I am glad you are going to be with us, Jack," said Harry, joyfully. "I shouldn't like to be separated from you."

"Nor I from you, Harry," returned Jack, with a look of affection, for he had grown very much attached to our hero.

"I don't know what fate is in store for us," continued Harry, "but at any rate we shall be together."

At eight o'clock the next morning they started. As the island faded in the distance, all looked back thoughtfully at their some time home.

"Shall we ever see it again, Jack, I wonder?" said Harry.

"I hope not," answered Jack, "except from the deck of a good ship."

"I have passed some happy days there. It isn't so bad a place, after all."

"But I like a ship's deck better."

"Because you are fond of the sea. You will be a captain some time, Jack."

"I hope so," answered the young sailor, with glowing face.

"How would you like to be sailor, Mr. Clinton?" asked Harry, mischievously.

"A horrid business," said Clinton, shuddering. "The sea is very nasty. Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Some nasty sea water was splashed on my trousers. You sailor men, please row more carefully."

The sailors only laughed, and five minutes later poor Clinton suffered again in the same way, whether by accident or design, I am not sure.

Three days the two boats floated about on the bosom of the ocean — three days and nights of anxiety, during which no sail was visible. But at length a ship was sighted.

"All of you wave your handkerchiefs!" said the mate. "In one way or another we must try to attract attention."

"Wave your trousers, Clinton," said Harry.

"I can't, don't you know," said Clinton, bewildered.

Not to protract the reader's suspense, let me say that by great good fortune the mate of the approaching ship, in sweeping the ocean with his glass, caught sight of the two boats, and changed the course of the vessel so as to fall in with them.

"Who are you?" he hailed.

"Shipwrecked sailors and passengers of the ship Nantucket," was the answer of Mr. Holdfast.

They were taken on board, and discovered that the vessel was the Phocis from New York, bound for Melbourne.

"We shall reach our destination after all, then, professor," said Harry, "and you will be able to give your entertainments as you proposed."

Professor Hemmenway shook his head.

"I shall take the first steamer home," he said. "My wife will be anxious about me, and even now is in doubt whether I am alive or dead. You can return with me if you like."

"No," answered Harry. "After the trouble I have had in getting to Australia, I mean to stay long enough to see what sort of a country it is. I think I can make a living in one way or another, and if I can't, I will send to America for the money I have there."

In due time they reached Melbourne, without further mischance. Harry induced Jack to remain with him, but Mr. Clinton, with a new stock of trousers, purchased in Melbourne, returned to America on the same steamer with the professor. What befell the two boys, in whom I hope my readers have become interested, will be told in a new story, entitled, "IN A NEW WORLD; or HARRY VANE IN AUSTRALIA."

THE END.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

"TELL your mother that I am coming to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Snivverley's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate.

"I am glad you are comin', and ma will be glad to see you, too."

"How do you know she will be glad to see me?" asked the lady.

"Because I heard her say yesterday she would be glad to see somebody, who didn't come here to collect a bill. She said nobody ever came to the house except men with bills."

BEN. JACKSON'S FOOLISHNESS.

THERE are some men who cannot comprehend that very frequently in life the game is not worth the candle. Ben Jackson was one of them.

"That makes the tenth match you have struck. What are you looking for?" asked his room-mate one evening, as Ben was striking a match and looking under the table.

"I dropped a match, and I am trying to find it," replied Ben.

A FRUIT THAT CURES DYSPEPSIA.

DYSPEPTIC—"This fruit cure's a fraud. I have tried fruit at every meal, without the least improvement."

Hearty Man—"That's odd. Why, look at me. I subsist entirely upon fruit."

"What kind of fruit?"

"The fruit of my own industry. I haven't been sick a day."

MERCANTILE ITEM.

"How do you sell these peaches?" asked Gillooly of a colored woman, who had them for sale.

"Six for a dime, boss."

Gillooly began picking out half a dozen of the largest and finest.

"Yer can't do dat, boss. Yer can't pick out de biggest ones onless yer buys 'em all."

HE DID HIS LEVEL BEST.

BY H. S. KELLER.

No matter if his skin be black,
Or if his skin be white,
He is a man of honest heart
Provided he is right.
Though lowly be his task on earth,
His future will be blest,
While others reached to highest aim,
He did his level best.

No civic honors may attend
The tiller of the soil;
No grand ambition win him from
The paths of common toil;
Yet, when the silken cord is cut,
And he lies down to rest,
No fame nor chaplet grander is—
He did his level best.

Though humblest soldier in the ranks
Promotion does not meet,
May shame the man of golden bars,
Win victory from defeat,
Though laid away in shallow trench,
Arms folded on his breast,
Man's verdict is not history:
He did his level best.

God bless the man of lowly lot
Who sweetens life with toil,
Who eats the bread that's honest won
Amid the great turmoil;
No poet pen may sing his praise
When he is laid to rest;
An epitaph more worthy is:
He did his level best.

SKYROCKETS IN THE JUNGLE.

BY EZEKIEL WINTHROP.

In the year 1863 I was traveling in the province of Bengal, on business connected with a large cotton manufacturing house, sent there as a judge of cotton, to buy up the best that could be found. Brown, Jones & Co. footed all my bills, and I must say that I enjoyed my trip.

After gazing about for some time on the great cotton estates, and buying many valuable crops for my employers at favorable credits, I began to think of returning homeward. I was stopping at the time on the estate of one of our best customers, a rich Scotchman who had emigrated to India to start cotton-farming, and succeeded well, like his countrymen all over the world.

He was as hospitable as only a Scot can be, although as hard a bargainer as ever was met with. He insisted that I should stay a week at his place, now that our business was done, and he would show me some sport. I accepted his invitation, and passed a very pleasant week, shooting the multifarious kinds of game that thronged the neighboring jungles.

I had many risky adventures, out of which I luckily came scot free, both with hogs and snakes; but the climax of all was one that I stumbled on by accident one morning, and which came near costing me my life.

I had started from the house about an hour before daybreak, to reach a certain tank about five miles off, where I was informed that game was very plentiful, as the tank was a regular morning watering place. My host's chief *shikkaree*, or huntsman, went with me as guide, and I was warned to keep in the open ground, and avoid the jungle, as the place was very "tigrish."

Mohammed, the shikkaree, stole softly along by my side in the gray dusk of the morning, bearing his long matchlock on his shoulder, and as noiseless as a ghost, with his bare feet. A *tulwar*, or curved sword, as keen as a razor, hung by his side, and he bore at his back a bundle of—what do you think? Why, skyrockets!

"What in the world do you want with those rockets, Mohammed?" asked I, curiously. "Do you expect to scare the beasts of the forest out of their wits?"

"Sahib shall see," replied Mohammed, quietly, "Sahib tell Mohammed take good care of Sahib, this morning. He go very dangerous. Tiger much angry if disturbed at sleep. Sahib get eaten up if no carry rocket."

"Nonsense, Mohammed!" I replied. "What in thunder's the use of those things. They won't kill any one. And here's old 'Sweet Sixteen'—worth more than all the bundle."

By "Sweet Sixteen" I meant my sixteen-shooting Henry rifle, my companion in several hunts.

"Sahib see," replied Mohammed. "Maybe Sahib glad to habe rocket near by soon."

I ceased to argue with Mohammed, and we proceeded in silence along the path. The east was all aglow with the fervent blush that heralds the rising sun, the dew was sparkling on every tree and bush of the jungle, and myriads of birds were singing their morning melodies of praise to the great Creator.

We walked briskly along the road that wound through the jungle to the lonely tank, and just as we arrived there, up leaped the broad red sun, pouring a blaze of gold on the surface of the water.

The tank was an immense artificial reservoir, built in times past by some pious prince, to preserve the blessing of abundant water in that dry climate.

As we came near, it was all alive with waterfowl. Ducks and wild geese innumerable, of various bright colors, swam two and fro, gabbling loudly. Peacocks screamed discordantly from the encircling jungle, and monkeys and parrots kept up the harsh chorus. At the further end of the tank, nearly a quarter of a mile long, stood a huge elephant, drinking peacefully, while several herds of deer and antelopes shared the enjoyment. I plainly saw that it was useless to approach by the front, and, therefore, motioning to Mohammed to follow me, I plunged into the jungle, intending to make a circuit and intercept the elephant.

I toiled on for some time, thinking I was parallel with the edge of the tank, but I could see no opening anywhere, and at last I turned round to inquire the way of my follower.

But Mohammed had disappeared. Whether he was scared at my temerity in venturing alone into a tiger-haunted jungle, or had failed to keep up with me on account of his heavier load, I could not tell. All I knew was that I was alone, and lost in the jungle.

I began to feel a little nervous, but I pooh-poohed the thought of danger. I would remember the direction of the tank, I thought, and push toward it. I tried to calculate the distance of the sun by this time from the east, and started for the direction I thought the tank ought to be in. I stole cautiously and quietly on, not daring to make much noise on account of the supposed vicinity of tigers, and I began to flatter myself I should reach the tank safely, when I suddenly halted spellbound.

Right before me, within ten feet, lay a huge royal tiger, as large as an ox, fast asleep. The old rascal had been out all night, and was enjoying his morning nap, curled up like an old tabby cat. He had not heard my footsteps, and I halted in dead silence. He lay right in my path, and I could not pass him without waking him. I was afraid to lose my direction for fear I might wander on *ad infinitum* in the devious, tangled jungle. Still, I could not pass on without disturbing the tiger.

I would have tried a bullet, but from the position in which he lay I should have probably missed his brain or heart. I stepped softly back to retreat, keeping my gaze fixed on the tiger, when, as luck would have it, my very first step brought me on a dry stick, which snapped in two with a loud noise.

In an instant the tiger awoke.

Only partially, however. He was dazed with the light in his eyes, and glared around with an inquiring stare. No time was to be lost. I was not twelve feet from the huge brute, and well within his spring.

I sent "Sweet Sixteen" to my shoulder, and aimed right between the fierce green eyes, as the tiger half rolled up on his side with his head raised. As I pulled the trigger, the flash and smoke obscured everything from my vision for a moment, but I heard no sound; and as the smoke cleared away I beheld the striped monarch of the jungle lying dead before me.

But I had hardly time to note this, when, horror on horrors! up started *five* more tigers within a radius of twenty or thirty feet, and stood staring at me in apparent astonishment. They could not have been more astonished than I was to see them.

My hair began to rise right up on my head at the idea of my danger as I surveyed these five monsters, any one of them able to gobble me up at a mouthful, and want more. But I had not fought "Old Ephe" among the Rocky Mountains to give up even in such straits. "Sweet Sixteen" had the lever reversed, and a new charge in the barrel before you could say "Jack Robinson." I took a steady aim at the tiger immediately in front of me, and bowled him over as dead as a door-nail. His comrades started as they saw him fall, and taking advantage of the pause, I dashed forward over his body toward the tank.

My flight was the signal for pursuit. Hardly had I cleared the dead tiger, when four simultaneous roars of anger greeted my ears, and I could hear the crash of the falling bodies as all four sprang for the spot I had just vacated. So eager were they that they fell against one another. But they were disappointed in their leaps, and, like all felines, looked ashamed, and hesitated before making another.

I saw that boldness was my only salvation. I was but six feet from the foremost tiger, and pointing my gun at his broad forehead, I had the satisfaction of seeing him bite the dust. What I should have done with the other three I cannot tell, for they were taken off my hands unexpectedly.

A sudden hissing and sputtering arose close by, and a ball-tailed monster shot through the air into the midst of the three tigers, blowing up with a loud report immediately between the two rearmost.

You ought to have seen those creatures get. The rocket took all the fight out of them in a moment, scaring them almost to death. All three galloped off, with their tails swelled out to three times the natural size with terror, while I stood laughing unrestrainedly at the ludicrous figure cut by my lately formidable opponents.

Mohammed, the shikkaree, had proved my salvation. He had been hunting for me when he heard my first shot close by, and hastened to the spot, to be of assistance, if possible.

He just arrived in the nick of time. His rockets proved even more efficacious than my bullets, and I learnt a lesson—not to go too far into the jungle alone again, for fear I might fall unawares into another nest of tigers.

COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

SOON after the boat left Vicksburg, says the Detroit *Free Press*, a young man in a swell suit brought out a pearl-handled revolver and began shooting at floating objects on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. His object seemed to be to show off, and as a knot of passengers began to applaud his shots, he grew what might be called triumphantly reckless. The steamer presently overtook a flat boat loaded with hoop-poles, bound for the New Orleans market. The steersman, wearing a broad-brim hat and red shirt, was a very prominent figure.

"I've seen the day," remarked a passenger, "that I could put a bullet through that chap's hat and not harm a hair of his head."

"I can do it myself," replied the shooter.

"I doubt it, sir; doubt it very much. If you make that shot you can call yourself the champion of the world."

What did the idiot do but haul off and pop away! We saw the man's hand go up to his ear, and it wasn't half a minute before his place was taken by a second man and he was pulling off for us in his small-boat. He was soon alongside, and not a man of us moved as he rushed up stairs with a bowie knife as long as the leg of a chair in his mad right hand. The shooter was whiter than chalk, but his *sang froid* was the genuine article. Before the man with the bleeding ear had come within ten feet of him he had a $50 bill out of his wallet and, taking a step forward, he held it out and said:

"Sorry to have troubled you, my dear sir. Intended to leave it for you at the next landing. I shot to make the pipe in your mouth, but hit your ear. This is my regular price when I make such blunders."

Red shirt hesitated—took the bill—scanned the figures on the corners—slowly put up his knife, and then turned and left the steamer without having said one single word to one of us. The nerve and money of the dude had prevented that wicked knife from tasting life-blood.

EXCHANGES.

☞ We cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange. Exchange notices must be made as brief as possible and few in number. We cannot insert all that come in if our party sends them oftener than once or twice a year. Do not ask us to insert notice of exchange of worthless articles, or those that should properly appear in the advertising columns.

W. O. Hanlman, Venango, Kans. A list of articles worth $3.50, for a Domestic or an Ingersoll type-writer.

Minnie B. Nottingham, Humansville, Mo. 6 Nos. of the *American Home Magazine* and 6 Nos. of the *Happy Hours Magazine*, for Vol. IV. or V. of *Fireside at Home*.

O. C. Otis, Osceola Iowa. An imperial stamp album with 100 stamps, the "Bad Boy Abroad," and Tennyson's poems, paper covers, for Vol. I. or II. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or other good reading matter.

Mat Lennox, Jr., Gilroy, Cal. Tin tags, for the same. One postmark or one foreign stamp for any tag except "Star," "Climax Star," "Horseshoe," and "Simrod." Picture cards, for rare tin tags and revenue stamps.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS
PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

S. J. N., Carlisle, Ky. Elias Howe, Jr., patented his first complete sewing machine in 1846.

MARY J. OGDEN must write us again, sending her town and State, before her request can be granted.

F. S. McD., Dry Mills, Me. We believe Munson's work on shorthand is the best. Any dealer can procure it for you.

M. E., Princeville, Ill. A large missionary work is done in Japan, and Christianity has taken a strong foothold in some parts. It was first introduced in 1549.

T. W. M., Elba, N. Y. It has been computed that during a man's lifetime of fifty years, he sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days, works away the same period, eats away 2,000 days, walks away 800 days, is ill during 500 days, and amuses himself the remainder of his half century on earth.

H. F. S., Garfield, Kan. A recent writer says on the subject of the mocking bird: "If young birds are placed in cages where the parent birds can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days and then, as if in despair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash."

G. B. R., Plainview, Minn. The story is that Mahomet was in the habit of feeding a certain dove with wheat out of his ear. When the rude and simple Arabians would see the hungry dove light on the prophet's shoulder and thrust his bill in to find his breakfast, they were easily made to believe that it was the Holy Ghost giving the prophet advice.

L. N. J., Montgomery, Tex. The Faroe Islands form a group in the Atlantic, north of Scotland, and belong to Denmark. The wealth of the inhabitants consists of the very fine wool produced by their sheep. A singular custom of these people is that of getting their night light from a wick drawn through the body of a stormy petrel, in which there is a great deal of oil.

D. D. T., North Troy, Vt. The modern temperance movement may be said to date from 1811, when the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States appointed a committee which recommended that all Presbyterian ministers should deliver discourses on the evils of intemperance, and that extended efforts should be made to circulate addresses, sermons, tracts, etc.

O. S., Grafton, Wisc. In learning to swim practice in shallow water, where you will not be troubled with a fear of drowning if you take your feet off the ground. Having learned the motions, you must practice with the thought ever present that the more of your body and head are under water, the less exertion (never more than an easy swing of the arms) will be needed to keep your eyes above the water. Never over-exert yourself in trying to keep up.

J. H. Y., Sappaton, Kans. 1. We have heard of young authors content to receive no pay as long as their work will be accepted; also, of older writers, who will not put pen to paper for less than a thousand dollars. 2. We can't say who is the oldest person in America. We have often heard of him, but it generally happened than an older boy yet popped up the next day. 3. He must sitt himself on that point. On the whole we think it would be a useless accomplishment, except as something to fall back upon when he failed at writing.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 139.

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. 134.

No. 1. The humorist of America.

No. 2. Slip Coat Cheese. No. 4. Corn-beef-hash.

No. 3.

M A H A L E B	S C R A P E R
A N E M O N E	C R A P U L A
H E T E R E N	R A B A T E S
A M E R I C A	A P A M A M A
L O R I Z A T	P U T A M E N
E N E C A T E	E L E M E N T
B E N E V O L	R E N A T E

No. 5. Golden Argosy Puzzle Column.

No. 8. Forever. No. 10. Emigrant.

No. 7.

C A L A M I T O U S	G A S T R A L G I A
A B A S E M E N T	A T T R I T I O N
L A P I D A T E	S T R A B I S M
A S P I R I N E	T R A V E N T
M E D I N S	R I D E R A
I M A N S	A T I N A
T E T E	L I S T
I N E	G O M
U T	I N
S	A

No. 9.

Puzzles in Puzzledom No. 134 were correctly solved by Jarep, Jo. Mullins, A. Solver, Sou Con, D. O. Nott, Rex Ford, Bolls, Minnie, Elbert, Damon, Florence, Jason, Janus, Anonyme, Andox, Madcap and Myself. May B., Bo Peep, Boston Boy, Willie Wildwave, Dauntless, Dreadnaught, Nestor, Cyrus, Athos, Intrepid, Odontoid, Chic, Hermit, St. Elmo, O. U. Nohim, Mystic, E. Edgett, Enid, Emphatic, Axul and Gopher. Total 38.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Complete List—Jarep.

Best Incomplete List—Sou Con, 9.

Single Solutions—No. 1, Axul; No. 2, Minnie; No. 5, Rex Ford; No. 10, Gopher.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. ANAGRAM.

The "ins" and the "outs" are fighting hard
For the spoils that lie between,
And each has chosen a "winning card"
In the anagram here seen:

"YELKA SEME, MORE CIVIC!"

But party men of every creed,
Will reason that party toils
Deserve the offices, indeed—
For the victors win the "spoils."

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. SOU. CON.

No. 2. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A vibration of the pendulum of a clock; 3. Was disposed; 4. A village of France; 5. Certain alkaloids; 6. Changing the distance from a centre; 7. Re-echoing; 8. Ornamental square blocks in cornices; 9. Fens; 10. A prefix signifying victory (*Worc.*); 11. A letter.

HYDE PARK, MASS. DONA TELORE.

No. 3. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. Excavated; 3. Territorial subdivisions; 4. Pours off gently; 5. The act of preparing for use by boiling; 6. Grayish brown limestone; 7. More polite; 8. A restrainer; 9. A garret; 10. A river of Herzegovina; 11. A letter.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. SIMON EASE.

No. 4. ANAGRAM.

IDLE TIMES MY HUMORS HAD.

When freed from the restraint of school
With all its pedagogic rule,
What sport I made!
What games I played!
How free, how joyous, and how glad?
I learned the lessons Nature teaches,
And castles built on sandy beaches,
And frequently I tore my breeches,
And thereby made my mother mad!

RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLLS.

No. 5. PENTAGON.

1. In Puzzledom; 2. A husk; 3. Lamented (*Obs*); 4. The frontal bone; 5. Unvaried tones or sounds; 6. To denote (*Obs.*); 7. A mineral composed of arsenic, sulphur and iron; 8. Verbal expression; 9. Prophets.

BAYONNE, N. J. MADCAP.

No. 6. PENTAGON.

1. In "Puzzledom"; 2. To travel easily; 3. A native of the eastern portion of the West Indies; 4. A genus of plants; 5. Bewitched (*Rare*); 6. A plant of tropical America; 7. Over and above; 8. Recurrence (*Music*); 9. Delays or suspends (*Scots Law.*)

BAYONNE, N. J. MYSELF.

No. 9. CHARADE.

(Sequel to "Buskin.")

Edward and his Angeline
Are sitting *vis-a-vis*;
With happiness his heart runs o'er,
Full of content is she.

"I've something more to tell you, dear,
Now *last* it in your breast;
Augustus came a-wooing me
While you were out West."

"Impossible! He surely knew——"
"Yes, that's what made me wild!
Still, had he less conceited been
Then had I been more mild.

"He thought, dear heart, your place to win,
Because you were so true!
His faith in woman's constancy,
Is lacking quite, I fear."

"Forget it all! Now I've come home,
We straightway *first* will be;
And then you'll ne'er be troubled more
With suitors such as he."

And now in blissful *first* and *last*,
Both Ned and Angie dwell.
Draw we the veil. Their happiness
No mortal tongue can tell.

FREEPORT, ILL. HAPPY THOUGHT.

No. 8. DIAMOND.

(To "Myself.")

1. A letter; 2 To pursue; 3. Sinless; 4. Deeds; 5. An idiot; 6. Plants of the Vaccinium group; 7. Certain deities that preside over the water; 8. A narrow passage in a room; 9. Through a room; 10. Certain descendants of Mohammed; 10. Certain coins; 11. A letter.

NEW YORK CITY. MAHDEA.

No. 9. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. Chief or commander; 3. An acute pain in the abdomen or bowels (*Med.*); 4. Those parts of the ancient baths in which the bathers anointed themselves with oil and sand; 5. Minerals consisting principally of the oxides of uranium lead and iron; 6. A village of Greece; 7. Leave to depart (*Obs*); 8. Chinese weights; 9. A village of Catalonia, Spain; 10. A native or inhabitant of some specified place; 11. A letter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. PEARL.

No. 10. A VERBAL PENDULUM.

From height of Peter's dome
The Tuscan's pendulum hung,
But mine through moral space
Its vertical way has sprung.
Each beat increased its arc
A single letter more,
And each increased the force
Of word impressed before.
From right to left, vibrant it sped,
From ill to good the recoil fled.
A single perfect tone
Rose on the silent air,
Completing the full range
The human voice may dare;
Backward the balance swept,
An evil thing did perish,
So evil that on earth
There is none other such.
E'en Paradise it entered erst,
But dauntless Satan fled.

Again across the curve
Toward good the impulse bent,
The highest range attained
Where many tones are blent;
An oscillation,
And evil it did swell
Because in such results
The evil thing must dwell.
At last the utmost sweep was given,
For what was reached may enter Heaven.

PLAINFIELD, N. J. HA-HA.

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 the first correct answer to No. 1, 4, 8, or 9, 10 cents; to No. 10, a dollar book.

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CHAT.

The point was made by one solver that No. 4 "was not a square puzzle," and although it did not occur to us when we published it, we must now agree with him that *Corn* is not the proper word to use in connection with *Beef Hash*. It should have been *corned*, but then it could not be a triple letter enigma. The two pentagons which we publish are, we believe, the first of the kind ever made. We give below a diagram; the words read across, and the same straight downward to the center, and them turn to the left as indicated by the Italic Vs.

V
V V V
V V V V V
V V V V V V V
V V V V V V V V V
V V V V V V V
V V V V V
V V V

We think MYSELF has invented a very neat and meritorious form, and it ought to be a successful one for our prize offer. The "verbal pendulum" by Ha-Ha, is a very ingenious novelty, and its sentiment and poetic construction are both beautiful and pleasing. We hope this brilliant poetess who surrounds herself with such impenetrable clouds of mystery will become a constant contributor to our dept. HAPPY THOUGHT, your prize batch of cons. is exhausted; please send us another as soon as the weather and other contingencies incident to human life will permit. SOU CON is heartily welcome to our column and we hope he will come often. ROCHELLE.