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THE MOUNTAIN CAVE;

The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada. By GEORGE H. COOMER. CHAPTER I.

was forgotten in is general an interest.

"It was only two months ago that my father was robbed of all his property," said a bright-faced girl of fifteen, who occupied the left-hand corner of the rear seat.

A fine, manly looking boy, somewhat crowded in the forward part of the coach, raised his head quickly, scanning the fair young passenger with an expression of sympathy. Every one manifested an eager curiosity, and the girl's checks funshed as she saw what attention she had drawn to herself.

"All his property!" exclaimed a female passenger, to whom the remark had seemed to be addressed. "How sorry I am for you! Was it a large amount?"
"Yes, ma'm: it was very larre."

"Yes, ma'am; it was very large "War it in gold, miss?" querie

miner.
"Yes, sir; all in gold."
"Way up 'mong the thousands, ou say, miss?" put in a second

"Yes, sir."
"All his pile! That war hard on

im!"
"It was very hard, sir."
"Robbed, I think you said, miss?"
ut in a somewhat elderly man who
at next to the boy. "Pray, how
id it happen?"

did it happen?"
"The gold was on board an express train, sir, and the train was boarded by a band of masked rob-

bers."
"Two months ago? No doubt I
must have read of it."
"Yes, sir; it was in all the pa-

"les, sir; it was in all the papers."
"Let's see—two months ago—there are so many such robberies now—two months ago. And your father lost—how much did you say?"
"A hundred thousand dollars, sir

"A hundred thousand dollars!

Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir; a hundred thousand dollars in gold."

"Whew?" came from the crowd

"Whew?" came from the door of passengers, and there was a low whistle as of incredulity from one or two of them. But a something in the young and truly beautiful face was calculated to check this

face was calculated to check this demonstration.

"A hundred thousand dollars in gold!" ejaculated half a dozen voices.

"Mercy on us! what a dreadful loss!" came from the hady passenger.

"And your father has nothing left?"

"Nothing me," but had sold.

"Nothing, ma'am; he had sold all his in-added, "is Walter Dayton, and you are out terest in the mines, and this was his whole on a long vacation, as you say."

terest in the mines, and uns was me whose property."

"How I pity you! Oh, if such villains could be brought to justice!"

"Twar a big jolt!" said one of the miners.
"Enough to make a man feel like passing in his chips," said another.

"I'd like to get my clutches on the scoundrels, "remarked a third.
"Yes; I remember reading of it," said the slderly man, "and how your father, Mr.—slderly man, "and how your father, Mr.—

"Yes; I remember reading of it," said the elderly man, "and how your father, Mr.—your father, no doubt it was—Mr.—"
"Mercer," pronounced the girl,
"Yes, yes; how a Mr. Mercer had lost all he possessed. It is a shame that such things should be. No trace yet, I suppose?"
"No, sir, not the least. The robbers vanished, and nothing is known of them."
"It is a hard case," suggested the elderly man; "there is a great deal of mystery of the state of t

man;

pathy for the beautiful young girl so suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty. But perhaps the look in the kind, pitying eyes of the boy upon the front seat told more than all else.

"Outrageous!" he exclaimed, as if half to himself. "All the earnings of a life-time!
Oh, how I would like to hunt the villains down!"

"How fearfully gloomy it is getting!" said

"How tearruing geomy, the lady passenger.
"Yes," replied the young girl; "I hope there are no robbers about."
"I hope so too. No wonder you think of them. I sympathize with you so much, my dear miss."

dear miss."

"Thank you. It is lonesome. I suppose my father is wondering where Maud is to-night."

"Oh-ho," thought Walter Dayton, "so her name is Maud. Don't think I shall forget that."

"Horses got a sniff at a bar," called the driver from his seat, as if he felt lonesome and in need of sympathy.
"Bears! Oh!" said Mand.
"Bears! For mercy sake!" echoed the

"Bears: oo other.
"Never fear, ladies," said one of the men,
"bars won't tackle a stage."
"Never knowed 'em to," remarked an-

"Never knowed em co, other.
Walter tried to look out from the open window, but he was too far forward to reach it.
"Begin to feel ticklish?" asked telderly man.
"No, sir; only I thought if there was a grizzly about, I would like to see him."
"Your gun is in the wrong place."

was a grazy about, I would not see him."

"Yes; I thought of that when we were talking about the robbers."

"Well, it wouldn't do you much good, outside or in, if they were to show themselves. Best policy to take it easy."

The horses went very fast for a few minutes, then apparently coming to a steep and long ascent, they slackened their pace to a walk, and their shod hoofs could be heard fairly taking hold of the hard road—"clump, clump, clump, "—as they toiled up.

—"clump, clump"—as they toiled up.
The thicket on both sides looked fearfully black, and it was pitch dark in the stage.
The driver still needed all the moral support which the consciousness of not being quite alone could give him, and once or twice he shouted back an explanatory word or two, loud enough to be heard inside.

or two, loud enough to be heard inside.

"Yes; twas grizzlies back thar," he said. "Gittup!" and his whip cracked like a pistol. "Bout a mile o' hill now—I hate it! Giang!"

"Bout long here's whar that driver was killed a year ago," remarked some one, consolingly. "The robbers laid in——"

But the sentence was left unfinished. A terrible uproar reigned outside.

"Hands up!"

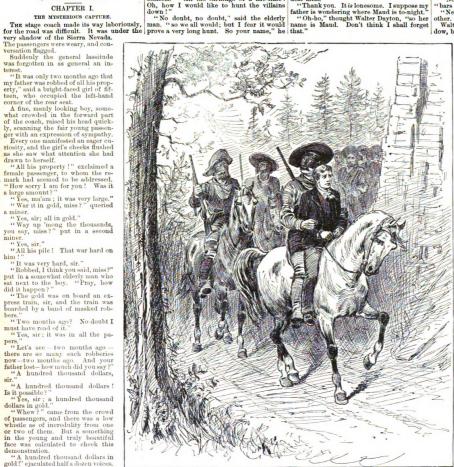
"Hands up!"
What a cry it was! Feet tramped,
gunlocks clicked, and the rays of a
dark lantern fell full upon the front
of the stage. The horses snorted
and swerved aside, then came to a
dead stand. There were strong
hands upon the bits.
The men grasped their pistols,
the lady passenger screamed, and
from the dark corner where the
young girl was bestowed there came
piteous sounds that showed how
dreadfully frightened she was.
Walter thought of his gun on the

Walter thought of his gun on the top of the stage. Oh, if he but had

it now!
"Sit still," said the elderly man,
"You can't do anything. See what
they want."
But even he was clutching his
Bitol, for the boy's hand touched
the barrel as he shifted his position.

the barrel as he shifted his position. In a moment, however, it could be seen how vain was any show of resistance. Three or four rifle muzzles were pointing in at each of the opposite doors of the stage, and the driver was already standing on the a helbless prisoner.

present from his father, and he would not have parted with it for a thousand dollars. But most of all, the boy's attention was di-rected to poor little trembling Maud; for he



THE CAVALCADE SET FORTH.

on a long vacation, as you say."
"Yes, sir; I shall not go home for some

time."
"Has your father ever suffered from these robberies that are so often taking place?"
"Yes, once or twice, to the amount of a few thousands; but his loss has been nothing in comparison to Mr.—Mr. Mercer's."
And he stole another look at the girl's pretty free.

Twilight was now closing around, and the stage had still far to go. The road seemed to grow wilder as evening slut down, and a sense of insecurity was apparent among the

Then he guessed that she might be mother-less, because nothing was said of her mother. And he wondered that the woman did not ask he about it, or inquire her destination. But he finally concluded that she might have told so much without his hearing it, before she spoke of the robbery.

"A hundred thousand dollars in gold!" murmured a passenger in the darkness, as if he had been dwelling upon that idea from the first. "That war a big jolt" once before.

"And Walter guessed him to be the sams miner who had called it "a big jolt" once before.

"And ydust in perticular aboard this stage;" queried another voice.

"Like enough—reckon the 'may be."
"Cause I'm thinking,' said the first, "that we'm a gittin' into a nice place to onload it, if the is. Them ar 'road agents might—the we'm a gittin' into a nice place to onload it, if the is. Them ar 'road agents might—the secret from his father, and he would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday restricted that the read the would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday the secret from his father, and he would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday the secret from his father, and he would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday the secret from his father, and he would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday the secret from his father, and he would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday the secret from his father, and he would not be examined and admired. It was a birthday the secret from his father, and he would not be read the successive the store of the passengers who had weapons surrendered them, and then the whole group. The source farther and the number of the passengers who had weapons surrendered them, and then the whole group. The surrende

the possessed. It is a shame that such things hould be. No trace yet, I suppose?"
"No, sir, not the least. The robbers vanished, and nothing is known of them."
"It is a hard case," suggested the elderly ann; "there is a great deal of mystery bout these robberies."
On all sides there were expressions of sym-

"Any dust in perturinar abour a mis stage; queried another voice.

"Like enough—reckon the' may be."
"Cause I'm thinking," said the first, "that we'm a gittin' into a nice place to onload it, if the' is. Them ar' road agents might—"
"Mercy! what a lurch!" said the woman.
"Dear me! will the stage upset?" asked poor little Maud, plaintively.

thought what an ordeal this must be to the

thought what an ordeal this must be to the delicate, sensitive girl.

One of the robber guards took the liberty to lift the brim of her hand.

"You are a cowardly scoundrel," said Water, boiling over, "besides being a thief!"

"Silence!" growled the fellow, raising his pisted threateningly,

"Yes; you may shoot," said the boy. "I shall say what I like."

"Oh, please don't anger them," said Maud, hurriedly, "please don't!"

"But such villains! It makes me mad!"

"You're a for'ard youth," remarked the man with the pistol, "but you'd better keep still."

"Then be civil!" said Walter, as he re-lapsed into silence, but almost unconsciously

nched his fist. clenched his fist.
The runmaging was soon over, and the passengers were ordered to resume their journey. Walter was about re-entering the stage with the others, when he was surprised to find himself forcibly detained by the band of the certification.

to find himself foreibly detained by the hands of two or three men.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Take off your hands will yon?"

"Oh, never mind the meaning." said a voice. "We want you, that's all, You shall not be hurt; but you can't go in the stage; you must come with us."

He struggled for release, but in vain. The elderly man expostulated with the robbers from the stage window, and even the young girl raised her voice in entreaty; but the only answer was the stern command to "be off," made the more imperative by the ominous click of firelocks.
Finding the stage gone, and resistance use-

made the more imperative by the ominous cick of firelocks.

Finding the stage gone, and resistance useless, Walter saw the wisdom of accepting the inevitable with the best grace he could. His arms were punioned, and he had now but to accompany the robbers, rightly judging that they must have horses at no great distance.

The meaning of his detention was a mystry. Of course, these desperate men could not have encumbered themselves with him from more wantonness. Xet why he more than another? He, a boy, and wholly unknown to them until this moment?

Be their object what it might, however, he still defied them in spirit.

"I'd fight you if I could," he said, as he obeyed the direction to move, "and I'll be even with you yet!"

The remark elicited no reply; and taking up their booty, among which he saw by the lantern light his own prectous ride, the beauty of which had so struck their fancy, they hurried him away with them.

CHAPTER II.

A WILD RIDE.

The horses, close under the cover of a thicket, were invisible in the darkness till the rays of the lantern fell upon them. Then their forms could be seen, as they whinnied and pawed the ground with seen, as they winned the impatience.
"Going to blindfold him?" asked one of the rob-

"Going to blindfold him?" asked one of the robers, o," replied another, who appeared, to be the
leader, "it isn't necessary as yet."

"Now," replied another, who appeared, to be
leader, be the set of the set

last speaker, "and alterwards some of you may try lim."

"A mighty long ride, it must be, if they are going to shift me about in that way, 'thought 'Walter,
"I wonder if they mean to keep the road?"

As the horses were unfastened and led close togetier, he made then out to be twelve in number,
As the horses were unfastened and led close togetier, he made then out to be twelve in number,
"I know why that is," he thought; "they can't
be seen so far of, and can't be seen at all in the night till a fellow stumbles against them."

While these preparations were in progress, he would have made a dash for freedom but for two reasons—first, that his sarms were bound, and a boy cannot run without arms—and second, that a stout
The scene reminded him of a circus, and the thickets seemed to make the tent.

All else being ready, Walter was lifted upon a horse. His arms were now loosed, but to prevent the possibility of escape, a stout cord was passed from one of his ankles to the other, under the animals body, unministion of his makine keeple.

the possibility of escape, a stout cord was passed from one of his ankles to the other, under the animal's body.

In a state of the humiliation of his position keeply, thus to be tited upon a horse like a criminal; but kis good sense told him that to fight against it would be the height of folly. He submitted; but twould be the height of folly. He submitted; but it was with a mental reservation that looked beyond the hour,

"If they should not kill me," he thought, "my turn will come. As sore as I live I vaid fluid menus. The robber who seemed in command now mounted behind him; the lantern was extinguished, and the cavaleade set forth.

At first, for a mile or two, they took the road; then turned as de and continued their way through a wild, rough country, which it seemed marvelous to the boy that they could so traverse on horseback. Where was now the stage coach," he asked himself, and was not Maud Mercer at that very moment wondering what was his fate? What was the oldish man saying of him? And how long would it be ere his case would become generally known? What measures would be come generally known? What measures would be taken for his known? What measures would be taken for his he polle in Californa would not be able to find me in these mountains." Then the thought of Mr. Mercer's loss recurred to

1

"Do you know who I am ""
"Never mind that."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Never mind that."

"Where are you going to take me?"

"You will see when you get there."

Walter was high-spirited. He could have struck the villain for his curt answers: and he was sorry for haring degned to ask any question.

Walter was high-spirited. He could have struck the villain for his curt answers: and he was sorry for haring degned to ask any question.

Walter they stood wide apart, made almost total darkness beneath them.

"Number Two," sand the leader at length, "you horse may as well carry double as mine." I your horse may as well carry double as mine." I your horse may as well carry double as mine." I your horse may as well and the transfer was quickly accomplished, Walter taking up his position in front of "Number Two," though not till he had made one desperate effort to escape, and been half and the transfer was quickly accomplished as if the ride would be interminable. It must be long, he knew, to require this shifting.

"Look out for him," said "Number One," as he resigned his charge to the other, "he's slippery."

"Well, you just fasten that ankle good and take the horse with him if he leaves!"

"Accustomed as the robbers were to the country, they still found extreme difficulty in many places, having at times to pick their way with great caution.

Unen and three or four of the headment boursed a men and three or four of the headment boursed as

having at times us pressions, and any amount of them. And three or four of the headmost poured a rapid fissilate through the darkness. A deep year them and them some heavy animal rashed forward, but tiell as it did so, and lay floundering upon the ground. "Fetched him:" cried one of the men who had fired, "A derned good shot in the dark! It's a grizzly!"

There was some cofusion, and various questions and exclamations were heard.

fired. "A derired good shot in the dark! It's a gradient of the derived good shot in the dark! It's a gradient of the derived good should be derived good should good should be derived good should be derived

For what seemed a mile further, the party con nued on horseback, then dismounted; and Wal er felt himself led through ways that he knew

ter felt himself led through ways that he knew must be very intricate. At last a halt was reached, and then, as the ban-dage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in what seemed a prison of solid rock. There were lanterns burning, revealing three or four masked men, who stood looking curiously upon him as it to enjoy his surprise.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRICE OF A REFUSAL.

For a moment, the lad glanced about the gloomy den in a bewildered manner; but he quickly recovered his mind, and the felt genine setermination and to gratify his captors by any show of astonishment, much less of fear.

"Well, toy," said one of the masked men, whose voice Walter recognized as that of the supposed leader, "What do you think of it as far as you have gone?"

I think it a cowardly outrage," replied the lad,

good think it a cowardly outrage," replied the lad, defantly,
"So you are not afraid of us, you young fool?"
"No; I'm not afraid of you; and I don't think that I am a fool either."
"Well, you may have reason to change your mind in both respects. You are in terrible hands, and in a terrible place."
"I would rather be in my place than yours."
"You are a plucky one, but you are where pluck won't count you much."
"That I cannot help."
"You father is worth five hundred thousand dollars."

dollars." . "How do you know?"
"I do know."
"Well, and what of it?"
"His name is Edward Dayton and your name is Walter Dayton."

"Yes."
All right; I only wanted to start fair. Are you

"No,"
"You have had a long ride, and here is enough
to eat, you see. If you keep a civil tongue in your
head, and obey directions, you will be well-treated."
"I want nothing to eat here," said Walter. "I
want only to know what all this means."
"That's very natural, and we'll see about it
presently," replied the robot on other part of the
strange den, and left him with only a lantern for
company.

company.

Beginning to realize that he was very tired, Wal-ter threw himself down upon something which had the appearance of a rude couch; but he could not

Several weary hours were passed in these reflections; then Walter heard a stir in the outer part of the cavern, and presently robber Number One made his appearance.

"Been asleep?" he asked.

the cavern, and presently robber Number One made his appearance.

"Not used to roughing it, probably?"

"No to but I'm glad I don't have to wear a mask."

"No, to but I'm glad I don't have to wear a mask."

"Boy," said the robber, "you have something to learn. I suppose you have always done as you most, or well to a you most, or well to be a you will call the well the wel

you, "said Number and copy what you may have a waid with a sile to be will other masked men tood around sile to copy that letter?" remarked Walter, interrogatively.

"Yes; and to ask no more questions."
"Suppose I refuse!"
"Refuse! What are you talking of?"
"I'd blow your brains out in an instant! No more words." Sit down and do as I tell you!"
"I'd blow your brains out in an instant! No more words." Sit down and do as I tell you!"
"I'd blow your brains out in an instant! No more words." Sit down and do as I tell you!"
"I shall not sign it!" said Walter, decisively.
"I shall not sign it!" said Walter, decisively.
The robber's face could not be seen, but his manner was that of an infurated tiger. His pistol was a revolver of the heaviest class, and he levelled it till at the boy's head, with his stout, muscular arm.

m.
All the others drew their weapons at the same

All the others drew users weapone was the fire of moment. Walter's face was pale, but there was the fire of an unshaken determination in his eyes.

"I give you one more chance," said the robber.

"Will you sign the letter?"

"No!"

"No!"

"He could look right into the black muzzle, but

He could look right into the black muzzle, but the single word he spoke was full and calm and determined.

"If I am to die," he thought, "I cannot help it. I will be true to myself; that is in my power."

For perhaps half a minute the pistol remained pointing into his face; then it was quickly reversed, and with its butt a stunning blow was dealt him upon the head.

Walter fell to the ground, but consciousness was suspended only for a moment. As he revived he heard a few words of conversation between the robbers.

or me, said one; "ins eres the wast mine levels "I don't care so much about the money," remarked Number One. "I don't like the breed. It's an old debt, you know," "Had we better take him away to the cave?" asked a voice. "No: he's just as well here. It he should live to report, he'il tell only of this place." "What you goin' to do with him?" "What you goin' to do with him?" "Do? I'm going to starve him to it; it won't at the little was the single properties of the work of the work

sure to bring the dust. His mother- and all that, you know—"
"Course, she'd insist upon plankin' down the pile right off,"
"Certainly, she would. Ah, ha, he's hearing every word we say, I believe! Coming to, ch?"
Number One Jerked the victim savagely to his "Now take that pen and write," he roared, "or I'll give you another rap on the head. Will you do it?"

do it?"
"No," said the boy. "I tell you once for all that I will not!"

at I will not!"
The ruffian raised his pistol as if for a blow, but

"My body is in your power," said Walter, "but

two.

My body is in your power," said Walter, "ous my man—" and your soul, too, you will find! Come along — I have had enough of this!" And the scoundrel, grasping the boy by the collar, pushed him violently into a sort of closet, which he proceeded to barrieade, leaving only a small opening at the top, from about the height of Walter's chin. From about the height of Walter's chin. Dut still his sensitive heart sourced the idea of yielding to the demands of these low villains. Resentment, self-respect, and the loathing he left for his persecutors, all contributed to uphold him. "There," said the enraged robber, "it is starve or sign. You can take your choice."

(To be contained.)

a wild, rough country, which it seemed marvelous to the bot that they could so traverse on horselact in the darkness.

It is the bot that they could so traverse on horselact in the darkness.

Where was not Mand Mereor at that very moment wondering what was his fate? What was the oldish man asying of him? And how long would it be ere his case would be taken for his rescue? "I must depend on myself," he said. "All the police in California would be taken for his rescue? "I must depend on myself," he said. "All the police in California would not be able to find the When Grant was with the army of occupation at Corpus Christi, Texas, in 1844, the Mexicans were in the habit of bringing in wild horses, which they would sell for two or three dollars. These horses came near costing more than one officer his life

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Footprints in the Forest,

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

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

CHAPTER XI.

"Juck and Gooffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nellic," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

ARYERSAL OF SITLATION.

The situation was most peculiar for all three concerned. Despite the vigilance and woodcraft of Deerfoot the Shawanoe, he had allowed an enemy to creep up behind him and secure an advantage which could not be overcome. In the common parlance of the West, the Pawnee had the drop on that Hay-uta the Sauk was too deeply attached to the matchless young warrior to stand idly and permit harm to beful him. He learned from his companion that it was not his purpose to shoot Deerfooth that the saw the possibility of showing a chivalty toward the unsuspicious Pawnee which might win his friended property of the property of the condition of th

and compilease anaptine that has commanded the third of the control of the contro

anoe and Saak who now "had the drop "on the Pawnee.

By way of putting matters in a business-like shape, Deerfoot called to Hay-uta to keep his gun at a level, while he disarmed the prisoner. The Saak obeyed, and Deerfoot walked quietly forward, and in the the particle of the state of the s

Il required some vigorous sign language on the part of Deerfoot to bring the Pawnee to his views. One of the most convincing arguments, however, was the threatening thunder cloud on the face of the Shawanoe, and the upraised tomalawk, poised the Shawanoe, and the upraised tomalawk, poised the Shawanoe, and the upraised tomalawk, poised and the state of the state of the state of the state of the cloud on the absolutely certain that the cry conveyed the throat of the desired, but he noticed that the modulation of the state of the cloud on the absolutely certain that the cry conveyed the captive. He was at liberty to shoot him it he made a break for freedom, and there was illusted to the rear, directing Hay-uta to take care of the captive. He was at liberty to shoot him it he made a break for freedom, and there was little doubt that he state of the control of the state of the control of th

CHAPTER XII INDIAN HONOR.

directed to move on, the course taken, being divertly away from the camp-fire, and close to the open space between the woods and river. No fault could be found with the promptness displayed by the captive, who strode off as though on his way to a marriage feast.

The procession and proceeded for a hundred feet or so, when he deliberately gave utterance to a ring ing whoop, which could have been heard a half mile. Deerfoot was parsanded he need give no further or so, when he deliberately gave utterance to a ring ing whoop, which could have been heard a half mile. Deerfoot was parsanded he need give no further or so, when he deliberately gave utterance to a ring ing whoop, which could have been heard a half mile. Deerfoot was parsanded he need give no further or so, when he deliberately gave utterance to a ring ing whoop, which could have been heard a half mile. Deerfoot was parsanded he need give no further or so, when he deliberately gave utterance to a ring ing whoop, which could have been heard a half mile should be formed to be some than on this occasion. The Pawnee acted at hongh he believed his life would have been heard to have been heard to have been heard to have been heard a half mile should be should be for the total to have been heard to have been been have been heard to ha

and merciful captor man no muscu or pray.

part,

part,

part,

perfoot, it may be said, had proved more than

once his ability to take care of himself, where it

was possible for a luman being to do so. The

Sauk was skillin, but in the perilous times close at

land, he was likely to stand in greater need of a

friend "at court" than was the Shawance. It was

this motive which actuated him in what he now

did.

did.
"Deerfoot will make ready to slay the Pawnee,"
said he, "and then Hay-uta will stay his hand."
The Sauk nodded to signify he understood the

"Deerfoot will make ready to slay the Pawnee," said he, "and then Hay-uta will stay his hand." The Sauk moded to signify he understood the arrangement.

The Sauk moded to signify he understood the arrangement.

In Sauk moded to signify he understood the arrangement.

The the sauk moded to signify he understood the arrangement was to help the said of the benefit of the said and still ill the Pawnee has no hope; when beerfoot raises his tomahawk, then shall my brave brother torbid.

There was something toching in the dignity of the said of the help said of the said

CHAPTER XII.

Supposing Hay-uta had not been present, what would have been the result?

I haven't a particle of doubt that the Pawnee would have been vanquished by Deerbott. The former could not have stood forver with his units of the property of the pro

Pawnec. It became broken, but at no time lost its distinctive character. It never rose to a high key, and from the beginning to the end, its variation in scale. Had the volume been less, it would have called to mind the erooning of the housewife by her spinning wheel or over the cradle of the infant slee was halling to sleep.

The property of the control of the control of the infant slee was halling to sleep.

The sleep of the remained the infant slee was halling to sleep.

The sleep of the remained the infant slee was halling to sleep.

The sleep of the remained the control of the remained and Sank had heard it sung more than once, and, accustomed as they were to the most dreadule scenes, they were always relieved when it ended; grave itself.

Gradually the volume of the Pawnec's death-song deepened. For a time it was as if the voice were saveying from side to sled in the struggle to free its ending to the structure of the str

taken. He accepted the weapon, giving utterance to whin was probably meant as an expression of the common of the probability of

many of his friends were gathered. Pushing him gently forward, he exclaimed in an undertone and in his own language:

The Pawnee obeyed, the same dignity marking his movement as distinguished him when he stood, as he believed, in the presence of death. He strode forward until he reached the darkness of the wood into which he seemed to blend as if a part of the When fairly within the shelter, however, he laid saide his courtliness, as if may be called, and used the utmost haste in placing himself beyond danger. Having played a part so long, he seemed to 'go all to pieces,' and dashed under the limbs and the utmost haste in placing himself beyond danger. Having played a part so long, he seemed to 'go all to pieces,' and dashed under the limbs and the standard of the pieces,' and dashed under the limbs and the should be an expectation of the pieces, and dashed under the limbs and the should be allowed to be a standard to be a stan

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argosy.

HE MEANT IT, TOO.

A SIMPLE-HEARTED and truly devout country preacher, who had tasted but few of the drinks of

the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down by each plate. In silence and happiness this new Vicar of Wakefield quaffed his goblet, and then added: "Madam, you should daily thank God for such a good cow."



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A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING

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

BRAGGING

AFTER all, though we may be for a time impressed by bragging, we end by laughing at it. The better way, if we think we amount to something, is to leave it to others to say so. Dr. Johnson once remarked, with a sneer, "If you want to son once remarked, with a sneer, "If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself." This is often too true; and the verdict of the hearer is not complimentary.

"It takes a man to be virtuous; but to be vicious is within the capacity of the poorest beast." There is a morsel of solid truth for you. It is a good thing to have in mind when dared by one's comrades to do something which conscience does not approve. How many yield to temptation under the sneer that they are "afraid," or "tied to mother's apron strings." In such cases it is well to recall the fact that the true evidence of manliness is to do right at all hazards.

PLEASANT words do much to smoothe one's way through life, and "palaver" covers a multitude of sins. A gentleman once asked one of his friends, with some surprise, why he employed a certain physician, who was not over-endowed with skill.

"Oh," was the reply, "my wife consulted him as
to the cause of her cold feet, and he told her her feet were so small that they could not hold blood enough to warm them. Now she will have no other doctor.

KEEPING ONE'S WITS.

Ir you desire to steer safely through life, you must keep your wits about you. This is true not only in serious business, but even in trivial duties and acts. Here are two incidents, of recent occurrence, which serve to illustrate the idea.

A nurse was wheeling a baby in its carriage, a sloping street. She stopped for a moment to talk with another nurse. She looked back, and in speak-ing took her hand off the carriage. Away went the little vehicle down the hill, ran off the sidewalk, and upset the baby under the wheels of a heavy cart. The result was the death of the child. The next case was that of a boy who was getting his kite up. He ran backwards, with his eyes in the air, tumbled into an abandoned mine-shaft and was killed. So much for letting the wits out on a frolic

TRIFLING WASTES.

Much of the poverty and misery of mankind arise from the little wastings. In fact it is probable that more evil comes from these than from great extravagances. P. T. Barnum once remarked that the way to make a fortune was to coax twenty five cents out of every man and woman in the United States. Colman, the Englishman who grew rich in the mustard business, said he made his money not on the mustard eaten, but on that on the plates.

It will be very often noticed that the youngsters who are "short" in pocket money, are those who buy the best skates, or otherwise have fine belong-The youth who lets a nickel drop here and there for candy, or ginger beer, or other trifles, is the one who cannot account for the emptiness of his portemonnaie.

PURPOSE IN LIFE

A DEFINITE purpose in life is just as necessary as lent or genius. In fact, many of our "smartest" talent or genius. boys come to nothing in the world because they are aimless. Lord Beaconsfield, one of the most brilliant of modern statesmen, is a good illustration of this idea. When the young Jew first spoke in the English House of Commons, he was laughed and howled into silence. He only said: "The time will come when you will listen to me." And he made his word good.

Of course mere longing or ambition, however

lofty, is not the whole requisite. Plenty of boys They may learn it from dime novels have that. The right sort of purpose is based on an insight into what one can be, and is carried into effect by the patient employ of all one's talents and powers

HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD

WE often hear the expression "Worth his weight gold." This is usually a mere figure of speech, in gold." of course, and yet one's weight in gold is some thing used in actual measurement. Not long ago, a man died in the United States leaving his widow her weight in gold as an income. She was a very woman, but you may well believe her pen sion was something handsome.

It is a custom in a district in India for the Rajah to distribute his weight in gold among the poor on certain occasions. This ceremony was recently performed at Travancore. The Rajah weighed a little over nine stone, and the Brahmins, who get a good share of the gift, grumbled because he did not wait to grow fatter. His respected father did so wait, and reached fourteen and three-fourths stone en weighed against the gold.

FACING DEATH.

MEN are very reckless of their lives when there is money to be made. At the time of the building of the great railway bridge at St. Louis, many men died of the bad air in the caissons at the bottom of the river. Yet no sooner was a vacancy in the laborers thus caused, than a crowd of fresh applicants presented themselves. Not only for money, but for glory, will men boldly face death. We all know how it is in war; and perhaps the most of us have read the story of the Greely and other Arctic

All this is very creditable to human courage, but All this is very creatable to human courage, out it would be sad were this the whole of the story. It is pleasant to know that men are also ready to risk their lives in humane work. How many go to deadly climates as religious missionaries! How many fare death in times of cholera, and other fatal diseases, for the sake of nursing their fellows! Money is poor trash to risk life for, but it is noble to dare death in the service of humanity.

LIKE AND UNLIKE

We are often too ready to measure other people by ourselves. That is, we fail to appreciate fully what they have that we do not ourselves po-A rather poor sort of poet, on seeing a great railway contractor go by, wearing a heavy watch chain, remarked with contempt: "Bet a dollar that chap can't make a blank verse." This sys of measuring people is wrong in two ways. In the first place, we are apt to place ourselves too high and so our comparison will be unjust. In the sec ond place, it shows poor judgment in a man not to see that others may have qualities and powers that he does not possess. And it is foolish, when we do see them. not to give them their full value Why, the most perfect comradeships are made tween people who have different sorts of gifts. One is strong where the other is weak; one is learned on points of which the other is ignorant. Therefore they help each other out, like a well-matched

The advantages of such friendships are very reat. Each one of the two is always gaining omething new from the other. Each one stimulates and brightens up his associate. There is much more variety in such comradeships than in those where all know the same things. This latter sort of companionship becomes stale and dull in course of time. It is a good plan, therefore, not to under-value what others have that we have not. On the other hand, it is well to become friendly with thos who excel us in some things.

WOMEN IN THE EAST.

ORIENTAL customs in respect to women are very queer in civilized eyes. European travelers have often run against them to their no small annoy-ance. Thus, when the Earl of Dalhousie was in India, in chief command, he visited the King of Oude at Lucknow. In accordance with civilized fashions, he introduced Lady Dalhousie. This the barbarian king did not quite understand; he sup-posed the earl desired to sell her. After looking her over critically, he said to an attendant, "That will do-take her away." Fancy the chagrin of the noble earl.

Sir Samuel Baker, the famous African traveler once found himself with his wife at the palace of a sooty native king. The potentate was greatly pleased with Lady Baker, and asked the traveler to make him a present of her. This peculiar request so angered Sir Samuel that he threatened to shoot so angreed Sir Samuel that he threatened to shoot the monarch if it were repeated. Lady Baker her-self "fired up," and gave the king a good "piece of her mind." The savage was not a little sur-prised, but he failed to understand the wrath of his guests. "Don't be angry," he said. "I will give you one of my wives if you like, and I thought you might be willing to give me yours. I always give my guests pretty wives, but if you don't like it, let's have no fuss about it."

let's have no fuss about it."

It is to Christianity, more than anything else, that women are indebted for the honorable position they hold to-day. It is for them to show themselves worthy of it—to rise to something better than the playthings of fashion.

REV. JNO. P. NEWMAN, D. D. at Divine; Friend and Spirit the Late Gen. Grant.

In the daily reports of the late General Grant's varying condition during his long and fatal illness, the name of the Rev. Dr. Newman was frequently From the sunny slopes of Calif three thousand miles away, he had hastened eastward at the first intimation of his illustrious friend's danger, and for months it was his self-imposed task to lighten, as best he might, the almost overwhelmburden of the sorrowing family. All his ta and skill were devoted to interesting the patient and the other members of the family in something other than what pressed upon their hearts so nearly and so hardly; or, at times when this was impos sible or unseemly, it was with all the accomplished gentleness of one long accustomed to scenes of like

sorrow, that he diffused throughout the circle ful influence of the Di-vine spirit, that robbed their grief of much of its sting.
It was incidentally

mentioned one day that the general had never been baptized. Dr. Newman anticipated the patient's unspoken desire, and prope sed to perform the sacred then and there. It was at a moment when the general was thought to be at the very portals of death. The scene that followed was, perhaps, the most solemn and the most impressive of the last awful chapter of the great life There was the great

leader and warrior nigh unto death, weaker than any infant at the font; around the darkened room, were the kneeling fig-ures of his wife, sons and daughters; the gravevisaged physicians, anxiously watching for the ef fect on their patient; while towering over all, the majestic presence of the minister of the Gospel was dimly seen, as with subdued emotion he pronounced the sanctified words and performed the symbolic rite. Contrary to expectations, the event had no-depressing effect on the general's condition, but, rather, appeared to stimulate and rally him.

Dr. Newman's prominent position on the scenof such mournful interest to the nation, makes a tch of his life timely and appropriate.

He was born in New York City, Sept. 1, 1825 At the age of seven he became so impressed with his spiritual responsibilities that he was led to make a profession of faith and to join the Metho-dist Episcopal Church. Resolving to devote his life to the Master's cause, he entered the seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y. In 1848 he entered the ministry of the Oneida Conference; he was transferred to the Troy Conference in 1855, and shortly after ward to the New York Conference, and tioned in that city.

In the spring of 1870 Dr. Newman visited Europe, traveled extensively on the Continent, and then made the complete tour of the Holy Land.

On his return he produced his book, "From Dan to Beersheba," which is a wonderfully interesting book of travel, in which all the historical places of the Holy Land are described as they are, and retrospectively painted, built up and filled in.

Returning in due time, he was sent to New Or-leans to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church in the southwest. He succeeded in establishing a fine church in New Orleans, a seminary and an orphan asylum. He also for a time conducted a s newspaper devoted to the local interests of the denomination.

Transferred to Washington in 1869, he became pastor of the Metropolitan church, at which President Grant took up attendance, and he was three es elected chaplain of the Senate. In 1873, the president created Dr. Newman Inspector of United States Consulates, and sent him on an extensive tour through China, Japan and other oriental countries. On his return, Dr. Newman published a work entitled "Thrones and Palaces of Babylon From 1868 to 1876. Dr. Newman was a member

of the General Conference. In 1877 he again be-came pastor of his former church in Washington. Later he came on to New York. Dr. Hepworth having given up the pastorate of Madison Avenue Congregational Church, Dr. Newman was installed as temporary pastor. The church, an immense building, was weekly crowded by an overflowing congregation, who came to listen to this popular preacher. His sermons were regularly reported as far as possible in the newspapers, and his pastor ate seemed to be eminently successful until discord arose among the congregation, and a long church war was begun, ending in the withdrawal of Dr. Newman, to the regret of a host of friends and Thereafter the church was almost de serted, and the fifty or sixty people that consti-tuted the audience served to powerfully remind one of the attractive powers of the former minis-

Traveling to San Francisco, Dr. Newman so ourned there until recalled to New York by the illness of the general. While in the west, he en-joyed the friendship and hospitality of Senator Stanford, and preached his remarkable sermon at

the funeral of that gentleman's only son.

In person Dr. Newman is very tall and majestic. His length of limb and the effectiveness with which it is called into play, remind one of Abraham Lincoln, without, however, a trace of the latter's ungainliness. For Dr. Newman is a polished and finished orator, employing a voice of great range, power and flexibility, and all the resources of graceful and appropriate gestures, to heighten the effect of sermons wonderful alike for their depth of thought, their comprehensive extent and their perfect clearness. Each one, carefully prepared and conned, are models of literary excellence as

weil. He preaches with-out the aid of notes, and disdains the shelter of the reading desk. Erect, alone and in full view. he stands confidently before an audience, as the full periods are enunciated without bres hesitation from beginning to end. Appro-priate incidents and anecdotes enliven his sermons; his wonder-ful powers of descriptive word - painting are charmingly employed; invective and denunciation pour forth with mighty effect, while the sermon is invariably closed with a most ten-der, subdued and moving appeal that holds the congregation breathless, often tearful.

As a lecturer he is equally successful, being a sprightly and a witty talker; an evening's journey through Europe or the East with the doctor for guide is the next best thing to making the tour in fact.

Outside the pulpit, Dr. Newman is affable and ccessible to all. Unbending the dignity that supports him on the platform, he descends to a cor dial good-fellowship with all he meets. In his church work and his social duties he is ably supported by an accomplished wife, who is considerable of an artist, an able speaker and leader, and a social favorite. Dr. Newman, showing a visitor his wife's sketch of that spot in Asia supposed to be the place where the Garden of Eden was, says, "That's not the only Paradise my wife has painted."

considerable influence over our late ex-president and drew him to his church whenever they were thrown together; who comforted him throughout that dark period when death was straining at the latch, to triumph at last.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

A GREAT GIFT.

An! what avail the largest rifts of Heaven, When drooping health and spirits go ami How tasteless then, whatever can be given; Health is the vital principle of bliss.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

A GREAT many people prefer a second glass to a second thought. WITHOUT economy none can be rich; with economy few need be poor,

Revenge, at first, though sweet, Bitter, ere long, back on itself recoi CHRISTIAN simplicity is a simplicity in doing right and a like simplicity is resisting evil.

It all the hearts were frank just and honest, the aajor part of the virtues would be useless to us.

He is never poor
That little bath, but he that much desires

enitent's tear is an undeniable ambassador, and returns from the turone of grace unsatisfied. Whatever stress some may lay upon it, a death-bed epentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust

WHITTEN attress some may by upon it, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon.

THE culture of flowers is one of the few pleasures that improves alike the mind and the heart, and makes every true lover of those beautiful creations of indices the state of the properties of the properties of the properties of the schildren feel that home was the happines thace in the world; and I value this delictous home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.

Is all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness and intention of mind magnitable, of them as he proposed to himself in the expectation. THE criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty, that corresponds with right reason, is not merely the creation of fancy. LIFEs has no significance to me save as the theatre

utin right reason, is not merely the creation or rancy.

Liffs has no significance to me save as the theater
in which my powers are developed and disciplined
for use, and made fruitful in securing my own independence and the good of those around me, or as the
scene in which I am fitted for the work and worship
of the world beyond.

of the world beyond.

Nortinso hurits a man more than to seem small and ignoble in his own eyes. It is the slavish feeling that degrades the slave. A base ambition makes the man that cherishes it base. No one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood.

The divine rule of doing as we would be done never better put to the test than in matters of and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with selves upon the manner in which we should wish elreated under many circumstances; but every recoils instinctively from the thought of being spill of in his absence.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A WORTHI ESS CROWN

A WORTHLESS CROWN.
Who has a vehement desire
For fame, when dead, considers not
that all who may remember him,
Will die, like him, and be forgot;
And also they who follow them,
Till all remembrances of fame.
Like torches desire, in askes lie,
Lighting no more the paths of men,
Who foolishly admire, and die.
But say that they immortal are,
And say that fame immortal be.
When thou art, as thou wilt be—dust,
Pray how will that advantage thee?

TWO MOTHERS AND TWO SONS.

BY MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

The last war in which our country was engaged, and which happened before some of the Argosy readers were born, was a civil war; and civil wars have ever been the most dreadful of any in the world's history.

For civil war never arises except from a bitterness of feeling between members of one great family, as it were, and in it father is arrayed against son, brother against brother. Such wars are a thousand times more intense and full of fierce resentments than are wars between different nations.

In some respects, ours was the saddest and most dreadful of all civil wars; but of these sad and dreadful things it is better not to speak. They are past, Let us bury forver everything that would call up a shadow of the old feelings that wrought such disaster and sorrow in so many communities and homes.

speak. They are past. Let verything that would call use the old feelings that wrough and sorrow in so many communities and home in some and communities and home. One spring day, when soft winds came sighing up from the desolated South, and out a gloomiest period, a skirmish look place between two reconnoitering parties of Northern and Southern soldiers, on the banks of a Southern river. But hardly had they met, and exchanged a few volleys, when the troops retreated —very willing, I suspect, to let each other alone, unprepared as they were for an encounter. They left the green grass all trampled to death —the poor little buttercups that had lifted such bright, laughing faces by the roadside, beaten beneath horses I hoofs, and wet white disaires, that had danced in the wind ever since were white the sissies, that had danced in the time of peace, would never again lift their pale faces from their sodden graves.

After the skirmish, each

pale faces from their sodden graves.

After the skirmish, each party carried away its wound-ed; not without jeering cries to each other as they departed —rather swiftly, it may be said—such as— "Good-bye, Yank!" "Come again, Johnny Reh!"

"Come again, Johnny Reb!"
Some quarter of a mile away, perched upon a green knoll, and surrounded with blossoming peach trees, whose fragrance drew bee and bird from afar, was a ruined home. Once, this home had been a charming country-house. Up and down the road that led to it many guests had ridden, in laughing, singing cavalcades. On its wide verandas damtily-robed figures had flitted to and fro, and the wide-open doors and windows had given glimpses of the generous and stately hospitality that was a household custom in the South.

But now it was glassless, with shattered chimneys, unhinged doors and broken verandas—silent, ruined, although not wholly deserted.

andas—silent, ruined, although not wholly deserted.

The din, the danger, the wrong of war had raged about it many a time, and had robbed it not only of its beloved only son, but of its sweet content, its merry guests, its servants, its cattle, its horses—everything except the careworn mistress and two frightened little girls, who only stayed until it became imposition of the content on the content of the co

post mortem studoornness, and the end was evidently not yet.
Old Ben, the venerable patriarch of the barnyard, had cackled and crowed around the house before the troops occupied this part of the country. He had survived all his family, for the simple reasons that he had more disfor the simple reasons that he had more dis-cretion than valor, and was too wise an old cock to fly shricking into the peach trees when pursued by uniforms, blue or gray, as his flock always did.

No; Old Ben knew a secret worth two of

No; Old Ben answar as secret word and that, and always hid himself silently under his mistress's bed, thus reserving himself for a better fate than that of feeding roaring soldiers, bragging of hen-roost prowess over the

re. noise of the skirmish filled the air as the mother went to the window. Across the fields, where the river usually shone like a

silver and azure ribbon, there was a great cloud of dust and smoke, that shut the hor-rid descration of a familiar scene from her sight.

sight.
"Poor creatures! Ah me, poor boys!"
she sighed. "How many hearts of those who
can only watch and pray at home will bleed
for this!"

can only watch and pray at home will bleed for this!" we will put the 'chicken' away, children, till we see if anybody will need it more than we do."
It was long since the little grish had tasted meat, and their vigorous young appetites had been singring happy little songs of anticipa-tion about Old Ben for two days.

The state across the fields, to the stew pan, and then feannette said, hopefully:
"Praps they'll bring somebody here who isn't quite killed, but too much killed to care for Old Ben."

Traps they it to much killed to care for Old Ben."

Just at killed, but too much killed to care for Old Ben."

Just at willight, when the deadly clamor had been stilled for some hours, and only the south wind sang and cried among the fragrant peach blossoms, there came crawling to the house a pale creature in a uniform so dusty and blood-stained that one could not tell if it

and blood-stained that one could not tell if it had been blue or gray.

His white lips could only move enough to say, that having been wounded by the first volley of the skirmish, he had crawled away from the tunult and hidden behind a large rock in a neighboring field, where he had lost consciousness till "Impo" had brought water and revived him.

Arthur gone to the war," said one of the chil-

Iren.

Just then the feeble voice above was song to the sweet, pitying face bent over

ing to the sweet, pitying face bent over the pillow:

"After I am dead, add to the letter that I died, praying that your boy may never die without some blessed hand and voice as tender as yours, to smooth his way down the dark valley."

The next day the dead soldier was buried under the pink cloud of the peach-trees, and as the earth was thrown down upon his enshrouded form, the mother's tears flowed that one vhose dying breath had blessed than one vhose dying breath had blessed the enemy's flag; for she knew that not many miles away to the north, so near the great battle-ground that its horrible tumult often reached her also, was the dead man's mother, with heart aching for her boy "gone to the war."

with neart acning for her boy "gone to the war."

"And she does not know that she has no son on earth, as I do not know but that these little girls are all that I have left," she sobbed, as the last shovelful of earth fell upon the

grave.

Months had gone by. The peach blossoms had long ago fallen and covered the grave beneath, with a fleecy veil the color of a dawn-

cloud.

The grave itself, now that the summer winds had borne away its fleecy veil, was green and soft as velvet. The children, with broken case-knives, had cut turf from the

fields and covered it with care, and watered it, till the broken grass-roots had fastened themselves into the earth, and covered it with thick glossy blades, amid which a late butter-cup or two shone like stars.

At the head of the grave was a bit of white pine that had once been Dinah's moulding-board, but now, split in two, served to tell who slent beneath. Upon

split in two, served to tell who slept beneath. Upon it was scorched with a hot iron:
"Henry Lee, Co. A, 11th
Reg. Penn. Vols. Aged 24 years."
While the summer sun

while the summer sun-shine was shimmering through the tremulous leaves upon the quiet grave where slept one for whom strife and through the treminous leaves upon the quiet grave where slept one for whom strife and tumult were hushed forever, a great bat-tle was raging not very many miles to the

searched for a friend who wore the blue with a silver bar.
As they sought, a glimmer of the dim lan-tern fell upon a white young face upturned to the starless sky. Lieut. Will Law uttered cry.
"Arthur Lasco!" he exclaimed. "Poor

"Artuur Lasco!" he exclaimed. "Poor boy, you here!—and wearing the gray, too!" he added, half-angrily, even in that moment. Only a moan answered him. "What can I do?" demanded Will Law, excitedly, of his fellow-officers, as he bent over the wounded boy. "I cannot leave him here to die. He was my friend and school-fellow once."

house the wounded rebel was nursed and tended as if he had been the son of the wo-

house the wounded rebel was nursed and tended as if he had been the son of the woman who dwelt there.

"I have given one brave boy—my only one—to this dreadful war," she said to him, as she gently nursed him, "and every sorting the said to help the said to him, as she gently nursed him, "and every sorting heart of the said to him, as the dear old flag?"

One day an orderly knocked at the farmhouse door. The invalid boy, not yet nine-teen, slowly recovering, was sitting wrapped in a woman's peignoir (for nothing in the world, not even gratitude to his nurse, could entrap him into wearing the blue) in a large arm chair, where through the open window he could see the "boy in blue" as he approached.

proached.

He turned even paler than usual, and his He turned even paler than usuar, and ms blue eyes were troubled, for the thought came into his mind that the truth of his being came into his mind that the trath of his being a rebel, had somehow been discovered, and that his guardian angel, as he called her who had nursed him back to life, might in some way suffer for her loyalty to her heart, not-withstanding her unswerving loyalty to her

withstanding her unswerving loyalty to her country.

But the orderly only brought a letter. "It came from headquarters," he said, "and has been some months in getting through the

lines."

How the poor mother wailed as she read that letter!

Hose."

How the poor mother wailed as she read that letter!

The sympathizing rebel held her hands in his, and sought with tender words to softent the bitterness of a grief he did not yet understand.

"It is the last letter from my boy," she sobbed—"my poor boy, dead in the South, and burned by rebel hands! God bless and protect the son of the mother who wrote #! "and she gave the letter into the boy's thin hand.

As his eye ran over it, he uttered an exclamation.

"O Mrs. Lee," he cried, as he, too, wept over the letter, "my mother buried your boy seen the search of the series of the series.

And yet these two sons of these two mothers, would have rejoiced to kill each other in battle, had war's fatal chance brought them face to face in the fury of the fight.

And alas! like to these sons of these two gentle, brave-hearted methers, were thousands and tens of thousands of others of dreadful battle-hields of the South.

CHARACTERISTIC.



THE following are found among some interesting

General Grant's early schooling was not exten-ive. An old weather beaten, tumble down hovel in which he went to school, is still to be seen at Ame-lia, Clermont County. He was not studious, but would take a book of biographies of great men and lla, Clermont County. He was not studious, but would take a book of biographies of great men and devour it by the hour. He was always punctual, but, though he had rough native courtesy, he seldom spoke to any one. He usually sat on a stump and watched the boys play, but would always join in a snowball fight. He was extremely obstinate. He had one fight with the schoolumster and won it. Some of the boys attempted to take Grant's knife from him. The schoolumster and won it. Some of the boys attempted to take Grant's knife from him. The schoolumster took sides with the boys and ordered Grant to give it up, which he refused to do. The teacher took is only black hickory switch and flogged the boy till has arm ached, clung to the knife, and the master had to give in ut last and let him keep it. When some of the Wall Street men were bespattering the general, after the Grant & Ward affair, a story was told of his sensitiveness regarding his story was told of his sensitiveness regarding his story was told of his sensitiveness regarding his repeated that it should be kept in the hands of honest and trusty and undoubted Unionists. He was asked to name such men and replied:

"I will do no such thing. If I did, it would apereve on the persons trading under my authority." the was raging not very many miles to the north.

From dawn to sunset the fair day grew sick with the smell of powder, the groans of the dying, the booming of cannon, the horror of brother killing brother. The smoke and dust shut the valley, where the frightful carnage raged, from the sight of those on the hilltops, who watched to see if friend or foe prevailed. That night over the battle-field lanterns wavered to and fro, as friend sought friend that the over-crowded ambulance had not yet carried to the hospitals in the rear.

In the very centre of the valley, where the front of the battle had raged, and where the soaked earth was carpeted with gray and blue mixed ifextricably together, two officers searched for a friend who wore the blue with a silver bar.

As they sought a glummer of the dim langer.

A characteristic remark of General Grant was A characteristic remark of General Grant was made in reply to certain gentlemen who objected to his appointment of colored men to important positions in the public service while president. He had just appointed E. P. Bassett of Pennsylvania, the Minister of Hard; and was known to contemporate the properties of Hard; and was known to contemporate the properties of congress doubted the wisdom of sending men of color to so important posts without previous trial in minor positions. President Grant's sole remark on the subject was:

"Iried the blacks under the guns of Petersburg."

HOW PHILANDER CAUGHT ON.

HOW PHILANDER CAUGHT ON.

"PHILANDERS," said a pretty girl to her bashful bean, "I wish you'd tie this ribbon at my throat;

"Of course, I'll be only too glad to," he said, and at once grappeld the strings.

After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which be got as red as a brick house, and perspired like a pitcher of ice water on a July windowsill, he stammered:

"I—I—don't think I can tie a respectable knot, Miss Mary."

"I—I—don't think a come with a Miss Mary."
"Suppose, Philander," she whispered, with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a preacher

rould for move and not ask whether he was a solid of move and as you to assist."

For days and nights in that modest farms

For days and nights in that modest farms better now.



THE GRAVE UNDER THE PEACH-TREES

"Impo" was a dwarfed and crippled negro, whose infirmities had kept him from gescaping to freedom as well as from serving in the war.

It could be no worse to die by the hand of a vengeful rebel householder, the wounded man had thought, than alone amid the chill dews and under the unpitying stars; so he had crept to their door, and they could do with him what they would. He was a Union soldier, he said, and he would rather die than it die to their door, and they could do with him what they would. He was a Union soldier, he said, and he would rather die than it die he next perhaps the fritieth time.

Late the next perhaps the fritieth time, two highly-poished dransticks. There could have been very little of the original flavor left to these drumsticks, and even Old Ben's ghost would never have recognized them by the sense of smell as a portion of his carthly habitation. Nevertheless, they were of values to those under-fed children, as magic wands with which to summon up unlimited, entrancing visions of stewed rooster and delicious gravy, that needed only salt to make it fit for a king or President Davis.

It was evident that these little girls were revy patriotic, and that, above the lofty charity to all men which their mother's example tanght them, towered the love of their "Cause," for Annie flourished her rooster-hone skyward, with the air of "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," as she heard voices in the chamber above, and tasid:

"He ate only a spoonful of the gravy. Id

said:
"He ate only a spoonful of the gravy. I'd
go up stairs this minute and give him this, if
he'd only hurrah for the beautiful Stars and

Bars."

A low murmur of voices came from the room above. The wounded man seemed to be talking, with frequent pauses of exhaustion. Sometimes these pauses would be so long that the children would have thought the sick man slept, did not their mother's soft voice nurmur till he spoke again.

"P'raps mamma's telling him bout darling

Later two men knocked at a farmhouse on a neighboring hill. They bore between them a burden wrapped in a United States army cloak, but with no uniform beneath.

"Lieut. Law sent us here with this boy and this note," they said to the lady who admitted them. The sad-faced woman read:

"DEAR MADAM: This man was a school-friend of mine whom I loved. Will you care for him as you would for me, and not ask whether he is with or significant with the same would be supported by the same with the same would be supported by the same would be supported by the same with the same would be supported by the same with the same would be supported by the same with the same would be supported by the same with the same would be supported by the same with the same with the same work of the same with the same would be supported by the same with the same

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE BY ROBERT LOUIS STEPHENSON

When I was sick and lay abed, I had two pillows at my head, And all my toys beside me lay, To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so I watched my leaden soldiers go With different uniforms and drills, Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets All up and down among the sheets; Or brought my trees and houses out, And planted cities all about.

I was the giant, great and still That sits upon the pillow hill, And sees before him, dale and plain, The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE DEATHS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

RELATING to the last words spoken by our various presidents, their funeral ceremonies and places of sepulture, the following compilation by the Baltimore Sun, forms a collection of what have been the most touching and emotional of our national events. The article is appropriate to the time, for as we go to press, the last scene of another such event is about to be enacted and become a matter of mournful history.

press, the last scene of another such event is about to be enacted and become a matter of mournful history.

Gen. Washingtors, the first President, took cold during a five hours' ride over his plantation on the 12th of December, 1799, during the last two hours of which he was exposed to a severe storm of snow, hall and rain. The cold developed on the 12th and in the last two hours of which he was exposed to a severe storm of snow, hall and rain. The cold developed on the 12th and the last two hours of which he was the cold developed on the 12th and the last he asked his secretary to have his body kept three days before burial. The secretary bowed. "Do you understand me?" the dying man asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Tis well," Washington said. They were his last words. The body was buried on the 18th, a schooner being stationed off Alexandria to fire minute guns while the procession moved from the house to the vault. The troops, horse and foot, led the way; then came four of the clergy, then Washington's horse, with his saddle, holsters and pistols, led by two grooms in black; then the body, borne by the Masonic order (of which he was a member), and officers, followed by the family and developed the services and delivered a brief address, after which the body was deposited in the vault with Masonic ceremonies. Washington's remains were deposited in their present receptacle in Mount Vernon in 1837. John Adams, the second President, died on July 4, 1826, the semi-centennial of American Independence. Adams at 91 possessed a remarkable activity of mind, though his sight was so impaired that he could neither read nor write. By April, 1826, it was evident that he was railing, though his neighbors in Quincy, Mass., hoped fondly that he would he able to attend the local Fourth of July as coming from him. "I will give you," said he, "Independence Forever!" He was asked if he would not add anything to it, and he replied, "Not a word." At this time Mr. Adams experienced no suffering, but respiration became more and more dif was buried in the family vault in the tery, but upon the completion of the ian church of Quincy, just across the street, in 1828, the body was removed from the vault

ian' church of Quincy, fust across the street, in 1828, the body was removed from the vauli into the room beneath the church.

Thomas Jefferson, the third President, died only a few hours before John Adams, on the 3d of July he dozed hour after hour under the influence of opiates. Rousing occasionally, he fervently expressed a desire to live until the day he had assisted to consecrate fifty years before. At 11 o'clock at night he whispered to Mr. N. P. Trist, his grandidist had been supported by the state of the control of the state of the state

doctor were at dinner, his voice was heard feebly from an adjoining chamber: "Doctor, are you pushing about the bottles? Do your-duty, doctor, or I must cashier you." He is buried at Montpelier, four miles from Orange Court House, Va. The grave is in the centre of a large field, in a lot about 100 feet square, surrounded by a brick wall. On the gate is a sign. "Madison, 1820."

James Madison, the fift President, and the third to die on Independence Day, died

July 4, 1831, in New York City, at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur. His remains were deposited with public honors in the Marble Cemetary on Second

lic honors in the Marble Cemetary on Second Street, in New York, where they reposed until 1858, when they were removed, under the secort of the Seventh Regiment, then commanded by Col. Abram Duryes, to Hollywood Cemetary at Richmond, 'Na. The remains River Falls above the Marble of the President, was found by death where he could have wished its approach—in the halls of Congress. On Feb. 21, 1848, he ascended the steps of the Capitol with his accustomed alacrity, and took his place in the House. While petitions were being presented, suddenly there was a cry of "Mr. Adams!" and a rush of members toward his seat. He was rising with a number of petitions in his hand when he was struck with apoplexy and sank down, eatching at his desk and falling into the arms of the member who sprang across the aisle to his assistance. He was carried into the retempted to speak, but his voice was a mere marmer, low and indistinct, though Mr. Ashmun, who was placing him on the sofa, heard him say: "This is the last of earth; I am content." He became insensible at once, and lingered, faintly breathing, till 10 c'lock on the morning of the 23d, when he expired. Mr. Adams' was buried.

Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, died on Sunday, June 8, 1846, at the Hermital Church at Quincy, Mass., where his father, John Adams, was buried.

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Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, died on Sunday, June 8, 1846, at the Hermital Church Allender

lage cemetery at Kinderhook, in the family lot. A granie shaft fifteen feet high marks his grave.

William Henry Harrison, the ninth President, died in Washington City, April 4, 1841. He rode on horseback to his inauguration and stood bareheaded and without an overcoat to deliver his inaugurat, contracting pneumonia, which was aggravated by subsequent improperation of the contraction of the

to sell the story of the departed hero of Tippecular Tyler, the tenth President, was taken
il on Sunday, Jan. 12, 1862, while at breakfast at the Ballard House, Richmond, Va.,
and died at midnight on the 17th. "Let me
give you some stimulant," said the doctor.
"I will not have it," replied the dying man;
and closing his eyes he passed away. His
body lay in state at the Capitol. He was a
member of the Confederate Congress, and
was intered at Hollywood Cemetery on the
21st, by Birhop Johns. His grave is a little
mound cov-red with bushes, about ten yards
from the grave of Monroe.

Janes K Polk, the eleventh President, died
at Neshville, Tenn., June 15, 1849, three
montl s after his retirement from the Presidency. He had suffered from diarrhoa on
the jurney home, and a recurring statek

mons s acc.

He had suffered from diarrhea on
the jurney home, and a recurring attack
prov af fatal. On his death bed he received
the ite of baptism at the hands of a Methodist clergyman. He is buried at the old family homestead at Nashville, Tenn. The monument is a block twelve feet square by twelve
in height.

ument is a block twelve feet square by twelve in height.

Gen. Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President, attended the Fourth of July ceremonian in Washington city in 1850, when the dust from Kosciusko's tomb was deposited in the Wash-ington monument, and endured for several hours the beat of the day, which he declared was worst than any he had experienced in

Mexico or Florida. Going home, he insisted on eating freely of unripe cherries and drinking cold water and iced milk, despite the remonstrances of his servants. This brought in a constrance of his servants. This brought on an attack of cholera morbus, followed by typhoid, of which he died on the 9th. An imposing procession followed his remains to the Congressional Cemetery. His remains have been removed three times, and now repose in a public spot in Frankfort, President, and the property of the property of the property of the following the f

by a neat iron fence six 'set high. The monument is of Italian marble, surmounted by a draped cross, and its total height is fourteen feet eight inches.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President, died at Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pa., on June I, 1868, after an illness of one month. On the night before his death, he gave detailed directions for his funeral and the erection of his monument, dictating the inscription of the mounted of the control of the inscription of the mounted of the control of the inscription of the control of the inscription of the control of the cont

Missionary Bowler writes: "Having used Adamsov's Botanu Coton Balsan. I am prepared to say that it has afforded almost immediate relief in my most severe attacks; and I consider it the most effective preparation of its kind for all diseases of the throat and bronchitis.

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FRANK A MUNSEY,
SI Warren St., New York

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

What's the use of always fretting Over evils that can't be cured? What's the use of finding fault wi What we know must be endured

Does it make our burdens lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load 's
Does it make life's pathway smoot
If we fret about the road ?

Better use our time than fill it Full of sighs and vain regret Over some imagined blunder— As does he who always frets.

We cannot expect life's pathway To be always strewn with flow To be always strewn with flo Nor the time that God has giv All be made of happy hours

Storms will follow every sunshine, Grief be mixed with every joy; And tis best that it should be so— Gold's too soft without alloy.

"Half our trouble's our invention; We're to blame for half our strife; Then, if life is what we make it, Why not make the best of life?

UNDER FIRE

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

- "What is your theory, Fred?" asked Dr. Dutton, with interest.
- "I think I may as well take you all into my confidence," answered our hero.
 - "And why not?"
 - "Of course you will, Fred," said Nellie.
- "Yes, I think you can help me in working un the case
- We will surely do all we can," answered the doctor. "But what is the nature of your suspicion?"
- "It is so grave a matter I hate to breathe it to any one till I have further proof, therefore I must ask you all to keep it strictly confidential.
- "It shall be treated as such," replied Dr Dutton
- "I think it probable," said Fred, "that John Rexford's store was robbed and burned, and it is not altogether improbable that it was done to raise this money for Mr. Simmons.
- "Oh, that can't be so," returned the doc tor, amazed at the thought.
- "There are reasons that lead me to think
- "And Matthew might have done it to try and injure you," put in Nellie, as she thought how far De Vere had carried his malice."
- "That might be so," replied Fred, "but I reason from the belief that Matthew was forced to raise the money.'
- "Is that the only point on which you found your theory?" aske i Dr. Dutton.
- "No, sir. I thought something was wrong when Jacob Simmons first met me in the mill. He seemed fairly startled on seeing me. I decided then to keep my eyes open few days I saw him using a peculiar knife—called a mechanic's pocket knife—which is in itself quite a kit of tools. I man aged to have Jack Hickey borrow it so I could examine it. The minute I had it in my hands I recognized it as the very one that was in Mr. Rexford's show case when I left his store. It was an expensive knife, and I don't believe Simmons ever bought it,
- "That is a good piece of evidence, surely," replied the doctor, "but can you get the ife when you need it?"
- "I have bought it;" and he explained his method of getting it. "Moreover," continued Fred, "I remember when I was tried for burning Mr. Rexford's store, Matthew and Tim were both present. They sat together and showed a very keen interest in the trial and when it went in my favor, their disap pointment was plain to be seen.
- "Did it occur to you then that they possi bly had anything to do with burning the
- "No, but knowing what I do now, it seems to me probable. This paper furnishes just the evidence I was waiting for.'
- "I admire your bold reasoning, Fred," said the physician
- "His theory seems plausible," added Mrs Dutton, "though I can't believe Matthew would think of doing such an act."
- Fred felt much pleased at the good impression he was evidently making upon Nellie's parents.
- "I may be entirely wrong," he replied, "but I have sufficient confidence in the idea to feel warranted in testing the matter.
- "I would advise you to do so," said the doctor

Presently Fred arose to go, and after re- lem.

ceiving a cordial invitation from the doctor and his wife to call often, and a cheerful good night from Nellie, he withdrew, happy over the warm welcome given him, and with enthusiasm in his purpose to bring the guilty parties to justice.

He first went home and got the knife in question, and then made his way straight to Mr. Rexford's room, where he found him alon

"Good evening, Mr. Rexford," said Fred. heartily.

"Good evening," returned the merch wondering what the boy's object could be in calling.

This was the first time they had met alone to speak since the trouble at the store when Fred was discharged.

- "I suppose you have learned nothing new relative to the cause of your store's burning, remarked our hero
- ' No, nothing.'
- "You were not very generous with your old clerk to have him arrested, charged with such an act.

The merchant winced.

"I think I have a chance now to do you a favor in return for your generosity," continued Fred

This sarcasm cut deeply, but there was ometing about the boy's manner -- an air of superiority, that kept the merchant from an swering angrily.

- "What is it?" he at length asked as his curiosity became excited.
- "I have a clue that would perhaps lead to the arrest of the parties who plundered and burned your store.

Rexford's interest was now fully aroused. "Have you?" he asked, eagerly.

- "Yes, and I have sufficient evidence. I think, to warrant you in making an arrest. "Is it possible?"
- "Yes, there is no doubt of it."

Fred now took the knife from his pocket. and passed it to his former employer.

The merchant recognized it instantly by its peculiar handle. He said, in answer to Fred's questions, that the knife had not been sold and that it must have been taken from his show case the night of the fire. He remembered showing it that evening to a party, and distinctly recollected putting it back into the show case.

This, then, constituted a strong piece of evidence to show that the store wa Fred then explained how the knife came into his posse

- "You have worked up the case skilfully
- said Mr. Rexford. "I hope I have made no mistakes," ar swered Fred.
- "You have shown care and ingenuity, and have succeeded in getting evidence that will have some force. This is better than Sheriff Coombs has done."
- "I have other evidence also in my pos sion that makes this much stronger," replied our hero, and he showed Mr. Rexford the paper that Nellie Dutton had found, and gave him his theory of the robbery.

"I agree with you fully. It looks very rea sonable, "said the merchant, whose enthusiasm was well aroused. "I can hardly wait till morning before taking action in this matter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. REXFORD was very grateful to our young friend for the trouble he had taken in work ing up this case.

It hardly seems possible. Fred, that you should do so much for me, after being treated as you were by me," said he, warmly.
"I hope I have been able to do you a fa-

- vor," returned Fred, sincerely, "and besides it may prove of service to me."
- "You have, indeed, done me a favor. And
- is this the way you seek revenge?' "I think it is the best sort of revenge."
- "I believe you, Fred; but very few eve practice it." "It is more satisfactory in the end, and
- moreover is right.' "Very true, but it is hard to act upon such
- a theory. Suppose Simmons is guilty, should I forgive him and do him a kindness?"
- "That would be quite a different case. His act would be a crime and should, therefore, be punished. You could feel sorry for him though, that he had acted so unwisely."
- "Yes, I think you are right," answered the merchant, mechanically, while his mind seemed to be struggling with another prob-

"Fred, I have wronged you-wronged you cruelly," he continued, "and your kindnes and generous spirit have touched me as noth ing else has since I was a boy like yourself. before I had given myself up entirely to bus iness and money-making;" and his eyes gremoist, which showed plainly his emotion.

This confession from his old employer, and his manner, so changed and tender, disarmed Fred for the moment, and he could make no reply.

"I discharged you, practically accusing you of dishonesty, but now I know you were innocent. You must have felt keenly the mortification of your position, with every one talking about you and considering you guilty. Not only this, but your reputation was so injured by me that you could get no position in a store, and you were obliged to position in a store, and you were obliged to seek employment in the factory to keep from being idle. Then, too, I must go further and have you arrested, charged with the grave offense of burning my store out of revenge. Can you forgive me, Fred, for having wronged you so-for all this injury? "I can and will do so, cheerfully," answered our hero, "for I believe you acted honestly as you believed at the time." "Yes, I did, but I should have had more charity and more consideration for your welfare."

fare."
"It was a hard blow to me, I assure you.
But, tell me, have you found the missing
money?" asked Fred, eagerly.
"Yes."

Was it lost, or was there some mistak about the amount?

No, it was not lost, and the amount-... no, it was not lost, and the amount—sighteen dollars, was right. The error was in making change."

"Was it my error?"

"No, I am satisfied that it was my own mistake."

"No, I am satismed that it was my own mistake."
"I am so glad the mystery is solved," and swered Fred with a long breath, "and that you have the money again. But who had it, and how did it happen?"
"An eccentric old fellow, a farmer, up in Martintown, had the money—the very same twenty-dollar bill."
"Do I know him, and what is his name?"
"No, I think not. He seldom comes here and I cannot recall his name now. He said he gave me a five-dollar bill, and I handed him back in change the twenty-dollar bill and seventy-five cents in silver."
"You must have taken it for a two-dollar bill," said Fred.
"Yes, that is the only explanation, as he

DILL, said Fred.

"Yes, that is the only explanation, as he said his goods came to two twenty-five, but I cannot imagine how I could have made such Did he say you, personally, gave him the

1?"
'Yes, and I remember the transaction to the called my attention to the facts."
'But why didn't he speak of the matter at a time?"

the time? I suppose he didn't notice it. Farmers usually count their

"Farmers usually count their change very carefully."
"Yes, and it seems that he counted this after he got home. He said he put it by it self in his wallet so he knew at once where i came from."
"When did you learn about it?"

"When did you learn about it?"
"Only two or three weeks ago,"
"And you have known it all this time and said nothing about it?"
"Yes, Fred, I have, and I feel condemned for doing so. I felt so guilty over my treatment of you, and so humiliated when I found ment of you, and so humilisted when I found the error was my own, that I have hardly had the courage to tell you about it. Almost every day I have decided to send for you and explain all as I now am doing, but I so dreaded meeting you, supposing you were very bitter towards me, that I kept putting it off from day to day, agains the dictates of my conscience, and knowing all the while that I was adding more and more to the wrong I had done you."
"I can imagine how you felt about it," said Fred, "and your apology makes it all right."

"ight."
"I am glad to hear you say so, and I assure you, a big burden is off my mind now," replied Mr. Rextord, gratefully.
"If the old farmer only had returned the money earlier, much of this trouble might have been saved," remarked our young friend.

pie iook upon the matter of writing a letter as a herculean task."
"Yes, that is so. I suppose he imagined you knew all about it, so long as it was plain to him. The second of the way of it."
"It is fortunate he was an honest man. Had he been otherwise we should never have solved the mystery, and the stain would have clung to me always."
"Yes, Fred, I am afraid it would. But all suspicion is removed from you now. This shows the value of honesty, and of what vital importance honesty, even in small matters, may prove to an individual."
"I can certainly realize that now, as it applies so forcibly to my own case."

"Have you got thunder rods?"

"On rest the brass-tipped rods are for lightplies so forcibly to my own case."

"But what amends can I make for the interest of the property o

nature, which it had apparently hitherto not

"You have done all I ask," replied our ero, "except, perhaps, to explain to others hero, "except, perhaps, to car-about the money."

"That I will do, gladly, but I ought to do

"That I will we be seen more."

"No, I would not accept more."

"Then I shall make it a point to help you in some way. My store will be rebuilt within a few weeks, and you shall have your old position as clerk again if you wish it."

Fred's heart leaped with joy.

"You are very kind, Mr. Rexford, and I

"You are very kind, Mr. Rexford, and I thank you sincerely."
"The position is due you and more over. I should be very glad to have you again. I have never had a clerk who did his work so

"I am glad to know that my services were "1 am gind to know that my services were satisfactory, and I may want to work for you again. I will let you know in time." "Very well. I hope you will decide to come with me," said the merchant, as Fred

arose to go.

(To be continued.)

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

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION CHAIR.

THE old arm-chair in which Washington was insugurated the first President of the United States is now in the possession of Mrs. Waddell of New York. Her husband, now dead, was private secretary to General Jackson, in which capacity he served for many years successfully, and was prom-inent in and about Washington in those days. The antique chair was brought by him from the capital and has ever since been in the family's possession. It has been the practice, however, of the family to send the chair on to Washington at every Presidental inauguration, that Each successive Presidental inauguration, that Each successive Presidental insurgation in the same arm-chair in which the libestrons "Father of his Country" receiving his inauguration in the same arm-chair in which the libestrons "Father of his Country" received his corrected here offer of it, and have as institutive returned it after each inauguration. Mr. Cleveland was denied this honor. As the authorities at Washington did not seem specially desirous of using it this year for the inaugural service, the present owner did not see fit to press the question, and consequently the chair did not take its regular trip consequently the chair did not take its regular trip. The chair is a large substantial one, combrons in the build, with heavy oaken arms and a strong leather bottom. It is of the old-fashioned upright back style, and the whole construction betrays the It has been the practice, however, of the family to

its build, with leavy oaken arms and a strong leather bottom. It is of the old-fashioned upright back style, and the whole construction betrays the fondness of the forefathers for making furniture for strength and durability rather than for beauty or fondness of the forefathers for making furniture strength and curshility rather than for beauty display. It is now indeed a rare and well-put of the strength and the strength a

A STRONG CIGAR.

"Don't care if I do, stranger. Thanks. Strong? Yes; tollable. Strongest cigar I ever smoked?

"Don't care if I do, stranger. Thanks. Strong? Yes; tollable. Strongest cigar I ever smoked? [Puff, puff.] No tain't. [Puff, puff.] Not by a long shot. What was the strongest cigar I ever smoked? Well, I'll tell you. It was so strong that it knocked some of my tech out. You don't believe it? Wait till you hear the particulars. It was way back in '85. I was with the Army of the Potomac, and we were closin' up on Lee in Richmond. I was on picket duty one night when I got to hankerin' for a cigar. Smoke on the picket line, but I couldn't stand it, and so I dived drawn into the trench and lit my weed. Then I returned to my beat, puffing away, happy as could be. It was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was a very dark night, an' everything opiet, and the cigar of mine mouth. I felt, an' a couple o' teell were gone. Pretty strong cigar tinat, eh? Loaded? No; but the riffe o' that ere Johnny Reb sharphsoler was, and right here on my cheek is where the ball com out. Ef the sash hadn't fell off that cigar I would have two more teeth in my head to-day."

THE Westchester Village Record says that a lady recently took into her house as pets a young cat and an orphaned chick, the latter only a few weeks old, while the former is nearly full grown. While it is not usually the safest thing in the world to leave an unprotected little chicken in too close with a cat, the case proved different with regard to this particular chicken and cat, both having for some reason taken a wonderful liking to each other, and decided on being "playmatos," as it were. The cat led off in the matter of making advancements by now and then catching up the little chick in its paws and rolling over the floor with it, or tapping it gently with its paws, as it ran about the floor, to all of which the little hind mon pastime for the two to engage in long rouns of that description together, but the little chick thinks nothing of rossting on the cat's back or enjoying the warmth of its far, when it wants to rest, by hugging up close to its body. Altogether the strange compared to the strange compensation of the chick the strange compensation of the chick the chick that is quite remarkable. regard to this particular chicken and cat, both hav-

THUNDER RODS.

"Well," admitted the agent, "I think myself that thunder is the more dangerous of the two. What you want is thunder rods

Have you got thunder rods?"

REST

LOYK came floating o'er the waters of life's calm un-fraubled sea.

Flashing if the morning sunlight; "Rise," He said,
"Lord," I cried, "the flowers Thou gavest, they are claiming all my care.

Love, I cannot rise and leave them, never flowers were half so fair."

were half so fair."
Then the decoy freshness vanished, and the flerce, unpits ing heat
Smote upon my tender blossoms; laid them dying at
my feet.
Love my feet, in the shadows of the evening,
cold and gray,
"Let the dead their own dead bury. Rise," He said,
"and come away."

"Lord." I cried, "yet still there lingers the rich per-fume of their breath.

fume of their breath.

Though my flowers were fair in living, they are sweeter still in death.

And the evening shadows deepened to the blackness of the night,

And, the darkness gently piercing, came a ray of Love's own light.

Love's own light.

Love's own light.

Lord," I crieft, "oh, take my blossoms, take my
wearliness and longing, only give me peace
Then lie drew me—oh, how gentle—to the shelter of
His breast, "I take thy sorrow; thou shalt
have the perfect reat."

sure thy perfect rest."

Still I have it, passing onward through a scene, each step more fair;

All my joy in Him is springing, all my gladness He
And though gently, days unfolding sometimes pain
and sorrow bring.

Yet the fiand that given them to me first doth rob
them of their sting.

A NEW AMERICAN EDEN.

THERE is a man here from Georgia burdened with selemes for making his region prosperous. He owns land by the thousand acres, and thinks that if he can persuade immigrant farmers to buy of him it will be to their everleasting prosperity, and help him along in the world, beside doing a little for his State. He doubts not that his motives are patriolic.

"The people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother "The people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia, "he says, "don't bother than the people of Georgia the peo

"The people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother their heads about immigration. Foreigners may come there if they want to, but they've got to come without begging. 'We don't mind their coming if they'll settle among us and learn our ways, but we don't want 'em in colonies, bringing their socialism, and communism and their other issue with them to destroy the peace of our State, Give his immigration, but not colonization. That we have the peace of the state of the colonization. The settlement of turn foreigners down our way."

"What inducements have you to offer to farmers?"

here to farm foreigners down our way."

"What inducements have you to offer to farmers?"

"Nothing extr'ornary, I reckon. My region's the Eden of America. That's all. Ain't no place that can beat it for crops."

"One nundred and thirty bushels to the acre. "One nundred and thirty bushels to the acre. Plant in April and gather in November. One plonghing, no hoeing. Fodder till you can't rest. Have to pull it from horseback. Why? Stalks so high you can't reach to the top. There's only one through with growing corn in Georgia; you don't have enough nubbins to feed your steers."

"I that's what's the matter. The ears are so big that a steer can't get 'em in his mouth. See? You've got to chop 'em up, and that takes time."

"Do you grow potatoes?"

"Sweet? No. They grow themselves. We just give 'em hall a chance. Bun a furrow in the sand, drop in your seed, cover it with your foot as you go more, and winter, and you needn't ever dig it for a year or two. Of course, by and by te the 'taters get too big to be good. At eighteen months old half a one makes a meal for ten persons."

"A few. It don't take many to do us. We

a year or two. Of course, by and bye the 'tates' get too big to be good. At eighteen months old half a one makes a meal for ten persons."

"Any turnits out take many to do us. We daren't sow the seed as your Northern farmers do, we cheek off the turnip patch like a cleas-board, making the corners eight feet apart, so, that the turnips won't crowd. It won't do to have turnips too thick. How large do they grow? Well, I had fourteen merine sheep, the fellows they were, and day three of the biggest were missing, and the whole farm turned out to find them. We hunted for em for two days, killed seventeen dogs on suspicion, and gave up the search. The next day bound the three inside of one of my turnips. You see they had jumped into the turnip paich and see they had jumped into the turnip paich and entirely many the search. The next day bound the three inside of one of my turnips. You see they had jumped into the turnip paich and entirely many that the search of the big of the search of t

grew across to the other bank, and bore a big punion on that side, which held it so the Indians could cross. Any old farmer down there'll tell you that story. From what I've seen of punkins I readily believe it."

"Is yours a good fruit country? Any apples?"
"Is yours a good fruit country? Any apples?"
"Is yours a good fruit to do with. I turned all my hope are if they couldn't rid me of a few bushels of the fruit. They didn't do much good. I drove through the next day with a horse and buggy. The apples were so thick on the ground that there was a regular sluice of cider following me wherever I went. Mashed out, you know, by the wheels and the horse's hoofs. That'll give you some idea of our fruit crops. Anything else you'd like to know?"

the wheels and the horse's noois. In the wheels and the horse's noois. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Is it all like what you've been telling me"

"Every man for himself, you know. I'm talking for my own region. I haven't traveled much."

"Do you mean to so heart the property of the property of

"I'd starve to death."
"No you won't. I'll chip in a bushel of 'taters and I reckon the neighbors 'll throw in a punkin or boiler or kettle works? I want to give an order for a kettle twenty leet across the mouth and sixteen feet deep."
"My! What in the world will you do with such a kettle!"
"Boil my turnips in it."

TRUE COURTESY.

A BEAUTIFUL fact on this subject is related of a a distinguished clergyman. On one occasion a humble, worthy man who had befriended the clergyman in early life, called to see him, and was invited to the family table. He began to eat with invited to the family table. He began to eat with his knife, as he had been accustomed, and the younger people smiled. The clergyman looked round upon them as if to say: "Stop that!" and at once himself began to eat with his knife, and did so to the end of the meal. After dinner one of the children asked him why he did so. The clergyman replied: "It is well enough for us to observe the cityente of the day; but it is far more important to avoid insulting people. I wanted my old friend to enjoy his dinner, which he could not have done if he had seen you laughing at him. He is accustomed to use his knife, and it would be quite difficult for him to use the fork instead." That was genuine politeness. The world would be happier and better if there were more of it.

A COMPROMISING OCCURRENCE

BEN PERLEY POORE, after describing a long and exciting game of cards between Henry Clay and a friend one Saturday night, continues:

"Clay went to his room that Sunday morning. shortly after daylight, to go to bed. But he took a sudden resolution to go to Alexandria anyhow and keep his church engagement. He went in the carriage of a friend. Quite a crowd followed him when he went out to get in his carriage. There a number of people were presented to Mr. Clay, among while he was talking to the reversed gentleman Clay put his band in his pocket to null out his handkerchief, and in doing this a pack of cards was suddenly spilled on the ground. Clay was not the least abashed, but deliberately gathered up the cards, replaced them in his pocket, and remarked that a friend had put the cards in his pocket as a practical joke." keep his church engagement. He went in the car-

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

Mrs. Blank is a rather young woman with a rather aged husband, says Texas Siftings. He is a cientist, who spends most of his time in obtuse speculation, although the neighbors say he is compelled to do most of the work about the house. pelled to do most of the work about the house. This view of the case was recently strengthened by what a lady visitor saw. The wife of the scientist was at home and greeted the visitor cordially, who responded:
"How do you do? I am glad to see you looking so well. And how is your husband?"
"He is quite well." replied the wife of the scientist. "He is in his studio, engaged in solving Justat this moment the voice of the scientist was heard from the kitchen." "I've got through grinding coffee. What shall I do next?"

THE WONDERS OF PAPER

According to Dio Lewis it appears that at the Melbourne Exhibition there was a complete dwell-Melbourne Exhibition there was a complete dwelling-house made entirely of paper and furnished with the same material. There were paper walls, roofs, ceilings, floorings, joists and stairways. There were paper carpets, bedding, charts, sofas and lamps. There were paper frying-pans, and even the stoves in which bright fires were constantly berning daily, were of prapier mache. When the fibricator of this manistin gave a banessancers, tumbers, bottles, and even the knives and forks were likewise made of paper.

HOW THEY GO FISHING.

GENTLEMAN to grocer—" Two gallons Santa Cruz, one gallon Old Tom, two gallons Maryland club, one gailon Uid Tom, two gailons Maryland club, four dozen Pommery Sec, four dozen Milwaukee and six boxes Reina Vica." Groer—" Ves, sir. That all, sir?" Gentleman—" Er—do vou keep fishing tackle?" Gentleman—" Pt. —do vou keep fishing tackle?" Gentleman—" Put in a couple of fish hooks."

EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

The warmed innert exchange of drearms, hirds' eggs, red angerous chemicals. The publishers receive the right is uning their discretion in the publishers receive the right is uning their discretion in the publishers receive the right is uning their discretion in the publishers of the red and the red and their discretion in the publisher of their discretion in the publisher of their discretion in the right is under the red at the right in the publisher of their discretion in the publisher of the right in the advertising redomines. Jan. W. Shettl, Vork, F.a. Minnerlas, postmarks and agas for minerals, Indian relies and other curiodities. Jan. M. Perkin, Danaris cotta, Me. Vols, LV, bound) and LVI, (sewedle of the Yould's Companion for Jon. M. Perkin, Danaris cotta, Me. Vols, LV, bound) and LVI, (sewedle of the Yould's Companion for the Whispering Pine's series. Boots for books. Regence, Ogn. Vols. and II, of The Golder Amoon's good order, for Yol. of II, of The Golder Association of the last 39 Nos. of Yol, II, of the Yould's Companion for the last 39 Nos. of Yol, II, of the Yould's Companion for the last 39 Nos. of Yol, II, of The Golder A. W. Dakis, Petroleum, W. w. "The Backwoods-

missing and 48 Nos. of Vol. I.VI. of the Youth's Componen for the last 39 Nos. of Vol. II. of Time GOLDEN ARROSH.

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C. D. McFarland, Box 107, Wankan, Wix. THE GOLDEN ARROSH STATE OF THE ARROSH STATE O



CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

G. S. Baffalo, N.Y. For official and complete information about the St. Mary's address the Secretary of the Board of Education, N.Y. City.

C. H. T., Niborara, Neb. Musson's Phonography is the most popular work on shorthand. It is used by more reporters than any other. We can furnish it to you will be the property of the state of the property of the state of the property of the state of the young the young

sachusetts; the remaining two, in New York.

A. F. M., Philadelphis, B., The exchange column is for the use of subscribers, free of charge, when they wish for something not easily bought or otherwest of the control o

table asphaltum.

H. J. M., Mound City, Mo. The reason that corn pops is this: When popcorn is gradually heated, and so hot that the oil inside the kernel turns to gas, the gas cannot escape through the hull, so that when the interior pressure is strong enough it bursts the grain, and the explosion is so violent that it shatters it in the mest curious manner.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 142 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 137 No. 1. Moppet. No. 2. No. 3. Heptaglot. No. 1. Moppet. No. 3. Heptraglot, No. 2. S. S. C. A. T. C. A. E. L. E. C. A. M. B. E. L. E. B. F. E. N. T. E. D. C. A. M. B. E. T. C. A. M. E. T. C. T. E. T. E

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No. 10

Answers to Puzzles in No. 137 were received as follows: Jo Mullins, Jarep, Mand Lynn and A. Solver sent complete lists; Boston Boy, Tantrums, and F. Altchell 9; Pearl Rev. Ford, and K. T. Did 9; North and S. T. Did 9; North and S. T. Did 9; North and S. T. Did 9; North Wille Wildwave and Florence 3; Jay Ess. Black Raven, Willie Wildwave and Florence 3; Jay Ess. Black Raven, Doc Jr. Mary B. Elliott, Colannet, Delmonte, Happy Thought, and Byrnehe, 2; Avul, Enid, Lily, E. K. Nest, and Beech Nut, 1. Total, 35.

PHIZES WON.

Jo Mullins, Complete: ARGOSY, 6 months. Boston
Boy, Best Incomplete: ARGOSY, 3 months.
Single Solution: No. 1, Happy Thought; No. 6, Jarep;
No. 7, Florence: No. 10, Mary B. Elliott.

No. 2. NUMERICAL. 1, 2, 3, 4, a certain fish; 4, 5, 6, to stuff; 7, 8, 9, 10, an ornament of gold. Whole, a buffoon.

New York CITY.

JANUS

No. 3. SQUARE

No. 3. SQUARE.

1. A contrivance for the escape of foul air from sewers; 2. To repeat; 3. To heal; 4. Mason's tools; 5. A town of Saberno, Italy; 6. A dramatic representation; 7. Individuals.

BROOKVILLE, PA.

A. P. RINTER.

A. P. RIST

No. 4. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

At 1.2.3 I plainly see
Are posers who all riddles ree,
4, 5.67 89 10 11

1 to 9 is gladly given.
But should I speak in unknown Greek,
Good 12 to 15, heed my freak.
Good 12 to 15, beed my freak.
Of how this puzzle came to me.
CANTON, ILL.

No. 5. DIAMOND

1. A letter of the gamut; 2. A tree valued for its timber; 3. Animated; 4. Persons employed to extinguish conflagrations; 5. Homes; 6. Quill-feathers; 7. Scripture proper names (Douoy rs.); 8. Nobs (Obs., but after Byron); 9. A letter not in the gamut. LEEBURG, VA.

NANG FORTE KEY. No. 6. CHARADE.

No. 6. CHARADE.

Total is the girl I woo, Golden hair, and eyes of blue, Gooden hair, and eyes of blue, Rosebud lips, that are so sweet, Oh, how mine hers long to meet. For her first I will entireat, And if I meet with defeat, I will court feet other lass, I will court feet other lass, I will court feet other lass.

KISMET, TESW.

U. BET.

o. 7. Groghaphical Diamond.

(To "Mack.")

1. In New Jersey: 2. A town of India, Azimchur district; 3. A village of Abyssinia; 4. A station of the Pennsylvania arilroad; 5. A town of India; 6. A post-village of Columbia Co., Oregon; 7. A postoffice of Village of Columbia Co., Oregon; 7. A postoffice of Prance; 9. In Jorusalem.

NEW YORK CITY.

No. 8. CHARADE. A partially vitrified brick.

A partially vitrified brick.

Experiment of the solution of the

No. 9. SQUARE. (To "Doc, Jr.")

No. 10. ANAGRAM. O, HEARTFELT SADESS, STRANGELY HUGE, That can encompass thus the earth, And bid all nations emblems show In honor of a hero's worth.

The North, the South, the East, the West,
In reverence bow down the head,
In perfect unison, to mourn
The country's most illustrious dead.
THERFORD, N. J.
Bolls.

No. 11. SQUARE.
(To "Boston Boy.")

1. A town in Naples; 2. Discloses; 3. Larders; 4.
b restrain within the limit; 5 One of a sect or anch of Montanists; 6. To enact a second time; 7. Yields.
CABIN CREEK, ARK. HERMIT.

No. 12. CHARADE.

No. 12. CHARADE.

A PACTURE.

The dusty road, with tender eyes,
The road that leads first town, 'tis late
The light is fading from the skies,
The sounds of evening churchbells rise,'
And float to lead—a sweet refrain.
The shadows fall, but light ne'er dies
Within a home where light other reign. Within a home where light doth reign.

Last heart with happiness elaste.

First curb impatience, hard she tries.

When he next home—her kinghtly mate
How quickly each glad hour fles.

Last heart in union replies strain,
For manght of pain or discord lies
Within a home where love doth reign.

This not a mansion, rich and great,
This but a cottage small in size,
But 'neath its roof a kindly fate
Make sweet content and joy the ties
That bind their heart complete—the prize
But stills heard no mourant sighs.

Within a home where love doth reign.

L'ENVOY. Ah! friends, indeed 'tis no surprise,
That prudent counsel is so vain,
For they are happy—if not wise—
Within a home where love doth reign.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
MARMION.

Asserver, solvers and price-winners in five weeks. For the first compited to its obtaining, True among six months. For the best incomplete list, three months. Fries for Single Solutions—For No. 3, 5, 9, 7 11, a silver dime. For No. 2, 4, 10, or 12, 20c. in stamps. However, the single solution of the silver distance of t

CHAT.

No. 8, Diamond, by Haze, proved the hardest puzzle in No. 137, only the four who sent complete lists having in No. 137, only the four who sent complete lists having the control of the control of