

GOLDEN ARCADE

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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THE MOUNTAIN CAVE;

OR,
The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.

By GEORGE H. COOPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS CAPTURE.

The stage coach made its way laboriously, for the road was difficult. It was under the very shadow of the Sierra Nevada. The passengers were weary, and conversation flagged.

Suddenly the general lassitude was forgotten in as 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 cheeks flushed 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'am; it was very large."

"War it in gold, miss?" queried a miner.

"Yes, sir; all in gold."

"Way up 'mong the thousands, you say, miss?" put in a second miner.

"Yes, sir."

"All his pile! That war hard on him!"

"It was very hard, sir."

"Robbed, I think you said, miss?" put in a somewhat elderly man who sat next to the boy. "Pray, how did it happen?"

"The gold was on board an express train, sir, and the train was boarded by a band of masked robbers."

"Two months ago? No doubt I must have read of it."

"Yes, 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 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 demonstration.

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

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

"And your father has nothing left?"

"Nothing, ma'am; he had sold all his interest in the mines, and this was his whole property."

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

"'Twar a big job!" 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 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 about these robberies."

On all sides there were expressions of sym-

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!"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the elderly man. "so we all would; but I fear it would prove a very long hunt. So your name," he

"How fearfully gloomy it is getting!" said 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."

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

"Oh-ho," thought Walter Dayton, "see 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 Maud.

"Bears! For mercy, sake!" echoed the other.

"Never fear, ladies," said one of the men, "bars won't tackle a stage."

"Never knowed 'em to," remarked another.

Walter tried to look out from the open window, but he was too far forward to reach it.

"Begin to feel ticklish?" asked the elderly 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."

"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, their impatient 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.

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.

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

"Bont long here's whar that driver was killed year ago," remarked someone, consolingly. "The robbers laid in—"

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

"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 bestrode there came piteous sounds that showed how dreadfully frightened she was.

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 pistol, for the boy's hand touched 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 ground, a helpless prisoner.

Those of the passengers who had weapons surrendered them, and then the whole group, one after another, descended. As they did so they were flanked by the masked robbers and almost touched by the rifle muzzles.

"You've got the drop on us, and it can't be helped!" remarked the elderly man grimly, as he looked around upon his captors.

The scene, as revealed by the lantern glare, was a confused and strange one. Here and there a captive was led aside from the others and roughly interrogated. Especially was this the case with the elderly passenger, who appeared to receive very sorry treatment.

Walter Dayton saw the stage thoroughly overhauled, and among other things, his superbly finished rifle taken from its place to be examined and admired. It was a birthday 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 directed to poor little trembling Maud; for he



THE CAVALCADE SET FORTH.

added, "is Walter Dayton, and you are out on a long vacation, as you say."

"Yes, sir; I shall not go home for some time."

"Has your father ever suffered from those 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 face."

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

"Brought your gun along, I presume?" said Walter's elderly friend. "Boys generally love shooting."

"Oh, certainly—wouldn't come along without my rifle; it's stowed on the top of the stage—a repeater, and a very good one, I think."

Then he guessed that she might be motherless, because nothing was said of her mother. And he wondered that the woman did not ask her 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 job!"

And Walter guessed him to be the same miner who had called it "a big job!" once before.

"Any dust in particular aboard this stage?" queried another voice.

"Like enough—reckon the 'ole' may be."

"Cause I'm thinking," said the first, "that we'm a gittin' into a nice place to unload 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 docile, sensitive girl.

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

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

"Silence!" roared the fellow, raising his pistol threateningly.

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

"Oh, please don't anger them," said Mand, hurriedly, "please don't."

"But such vile words!" It makes me mad!"

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

"Then be civil!" said Walter, as he re-joined into silence, but almost unconsciously clenched his fist.

The rummaging 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 hands of two or three men.

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

"Oh, never mind. It means," 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 useless, Walter saw the wisdom of accepting the inevitable with the best grace he could. His arms were pinioned, and he had now to accompany the robbers, rightly judging that they must have been on no great errand.

The meaning of his detention was a mystery. Of course, these desperate men could not have enumerated themselves with him from mere wantonness. Yet why he more than anyone? 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 eyes with you."

The remark elicited no reply; and taking up their booty, among which he saw by the lantern light his own precious 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 impatience.

"Going to blindfold him?" asked one of the robbers.

"No," replied another, who appeared to be the leader, "it isn't necessary as yet."

"I should say not!" was the boy's mental comment, as he looked about, and the black tickets and the cloudy sky, unable to distinguish one point of the compass from another.

"I'll take him up before me for a while," said the last speaker, "and afterwards some of you may try him."

"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 unfatigued and led close together, he made them out to be twelve in number, and all apparently of gay color—no single black or white one among them.

"I know why that is," he thought; "they can't be seen so far off, and can't be seen at all in the night till a fellow nuzzles against them."

While these preparations were in progress, he would have made a dash for freedom but for two reasons—first, that his arms were bound, and a boy cannot run without arms—and second, that a stout ruffian all the while held him with an iron grip.

The scene reminded him of a circus, and the thicket seemed to make a top.

All else being ready, Walter was lifted upon a horse. His arms were now loosed, but to prevent the possibility of escape, a raw cord was passed from one of his ankles to the other, under the animal's body.

He felt the humiliation of his position keenly, that to be tied upon a horse like a criminal; but his good sense told him that to fight against it would be the height of folly. He submitted; but with a mental reservation that looked beyond the hour.

"If they should not kill me," he thought, "my turn will come. As my as I live I will find means to swing them to justice."

The robber who seemed in command now mounted behind him; the lantern was extinguished, and the party was off. What was at first, for a mile or two, they took the road; then turned aside and continued their way through a wild, rough country, which it seemed marvellous to the boy that they could so traverse on horseback in the darkness.

Where was now the stage coach," he asked himself, and was not Mand Mercer at that very moment wondering where his fate? What was the oldish man saying of him? And how long would it be ere his case would become generally known? What chances were there for his rescue? "I must depend on myself," he said, "All the police in California would not be able to find me in these mountains."

Then the thought of Mr. Mercer's loss recurred to him.

"I guess I am following his treasure box," he mused, "These fellows that take about a hundred thousand dollars in gold! Only about eight thousand dollars apiece, after all. But perhaps not that, for nobody knows how many more there may be in the game."

He had felt too suddenly indignant at first to manifest any curiosity; but now he resolved to speak. "What do you want with me?" he asked, abruptly.

"No matter now—you will know presently," replied the robber.

"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 might-spirited. He could have struck the villain for his curt answers; and he was sorry for having deigned to ask any questions.

On and on they went for miles, sometimes in a cleared open ground, at other times passing through strips of timber, where the great trees, although they stood wide apart, made almost total darkness by their shadows.

"Number Two," said the leader at length, "you may give me a spell now; your horse may be well carry double as mine."

The signal halted, 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-strangled by a grasp upon his horse.

It seemed as if the ride would be interminable. It must be long, he knew, to require this shifting.

"Let me see," said "Number One," as he resigned his charge to the other, "he's slippery."

"Well, you just fasten that ankle good and strong," replied "Number Two," and he's got to take the horse with him he never gives."

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.

Once there was a sudden commotion among them, three or four of the leadmost poured a rapid fusillade through the darkness. An ugly crowd close to them, set all the horses to dancing, and then some heavy animal rushed forward, but fell at it with an angry roaring upon the ground.

"Fetched him!" cried one of the men who had fired. "A damned good shot in the dark! It's a grizzly!"

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

"What is he?"

"Whoa, John!"

"Dead!"

"Whoa, Bill!"

"Right her in front of us!"

"Whoa, Dick!"



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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.

BRAGGING.

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.

MANLINESS.

It is not too ready to measure other people by ourselves. That is, we fail to appreciate fully what they have that we do not ourselves possess.

PALAVAR.

Pleasant words do much to soothe one's way through life, and "palavar" 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.

KEEPING ONE'S WITS.

If 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.

A nurse was wheeling a baby in its carriage, on a sloping street. She stopped for a moment to talk with another nurse. She looked back, and in speaking 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.

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.

PURPOSE IN LIFE.

A definite purpose in life is just as necessary as talent or genius. In fact, many of our "smartest" 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.

lofty, is not the whole requisite. Plenty of boys have that. They may learn it from divine novels. 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 in gold." This is usually a mere figure of speech, of course, and yet one's weight in gold is something used in actual measurement.

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.

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.

All this is very creditable to human courage, but 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!

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

The advantages of such friendships are very great. Each one of the two is always gaining something 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.

WOMEN IN THE EAST.

Oriental customs in respect to women are very queer in civilized eyes. European travelers have often run against them for their small annoyance. Thus, when the Earl of Dalhousie was in India, in chief command, he visited the King of Oude at Lucknow.

THE MARRIAGE.

Sir Samuel Baker, the famous African traveler, once found himself with his wife at the palace of a sooky 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 the monarch if it were repeated.

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. The Eminent Divine; Friend and Spiritual Adviser of 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 repeated. From the sunny slopes of California, 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 overwhelming burden of the suffering family.



It was incidentally mentioned one day that the general had never been baptized. Dr. Newman anticipated the patient's unspoken desire, and proposed to perform the sacred rite then and there. It was at a moment when the general was thought to be at the very portals of death.

He was born in New York City, Sept. 1, 1823. 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 Methodist Episcopal Church. Resolving to devote his life to the Master's cause, he entered the seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y.

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.

A GREAT GIFT.

What! what! what! the largest gifts of Heaven. When drooping health and a spirit are unwell, 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. Bitter are long back of self-recalls. CHRISTIAN simplicity is a simplicity in doing right and a like simplicity in resisting evil.

THE culture of flowers is one of the few pleasures that improves all the mind and the heart, and makes every true lover of those beautiful creations of infinite love wiser, purer and nobler.

IT is all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness and intention of mind imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession of them as he proposed to himself in the expectation.

THE divine rule of doing as we would be done by is never better put to the test than in the case of the man who is degraded by the slave. A base ambition makes the man that craves for more. No man can delude you but yourself. Slender, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood.

Traveling to San Francisco, Dr. Newman sojourning there until recalled to New York by the illness of the general. While in the west, he enjoyed 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 wonderful expansive extent and their perfect clearness. Each one, carefully prepared and conned, are models of literary excellence as well. He preaches without 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 break or hesitation from beginning to end. Approprate incidents and anecdotes enliven his sermons; his wonderful powers of descriptive never returns from the stage without a fine charmingly employed; inventive and denunciation pour forth with mighty effect, while the sermon is invariably closed with a most tender, 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 accessible to all. Unbending the dignity that supports him on the platform, he descends to a cordial 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."

Such is the wonderful man who long exerted a considerable influence over our late ex-president and drew him to his couch, 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.

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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 are, that once were flame, But now, gone out in ashes lie, Lighing up more the paths of men, Who foolishly admire, and die. And say that fame immortal be, When thou hast done thy best—dust, Pray how will that advantage thee?

TWO MOTHERS AND TWO SONS.

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 forever everything that could cast up a shadow of the old feelings that wrought such disaster and sorrow in so many communities and homes.

One spring day, when soft winds came sighing up from the desolated South, and our war in the North was at its gloomiest period, a skirmish took 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' hoofs, and drowned in blood; while the sweet white daisies, that had danced in the wind ever since winter, as simple, as happy, and as sweet in the time of war as in the time of peace, would never again lift their pale faces from their sodden graves.

After the skirmish, each party carried away its wounded; not without jarring cries to each other as they departed rather swiftly, it may be said—such as— "Good-bye, Yank!" "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

silver and azure ribbon, there was a great cloud of dust and smoke, the horrid desecration of a familiar scene from her 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!"

Then she added, more loudly, "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 girls had tasted meat, and their vigorous young appetites had been singing happy little songs of anticipation about Old Ben for two days.

They looked wistfully from the cloud of battle across the fields, to the steep pan, and then Jeannette said, hopefully: "Praps they'll bring somebody here who isn't quite killed, but too much killed to care for Old Ben."

Just at twilight, 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 blue-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 tumult and hidden behind a large rock in a neighboring field, where he had lost consciousness till "Impo" had brought water and revived him.

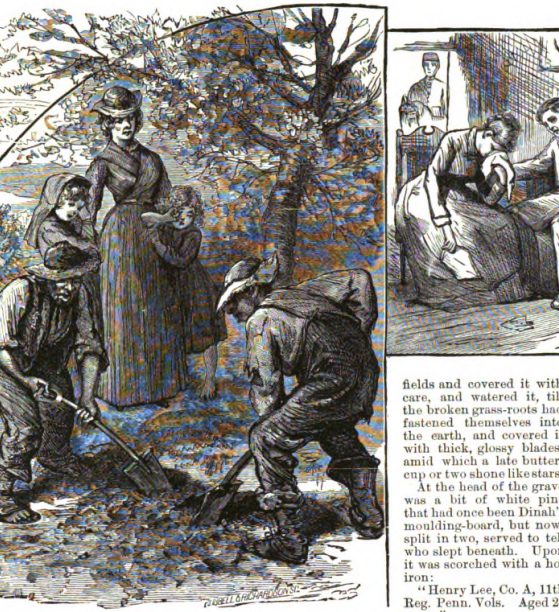
Arthur gone to the war," said one of the children. Just then the feeble voice above was saying to the sweet, pitying face bent over the pillow: "After I am dead, add to the letter that I died, praying that your boy may never die without some blessed hand and voice as tender as yours, to smooth his way 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 almost as if the dead were her own son, rather than one whose 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."

"And she does not know that she has no son on earth, as I do not know but that those 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



THE GRAVE UNDER THE PEACH-TREES.

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

It could be no worse to die by the hand of a vengeful rebel, than to die by the hand of these 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.

Late the next night Jeannette and Annie were gnawing, for perhaps the fiftieth time, two highly-polished drumsticks. 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 earthly habitation. Nevertheless, they were of value to these 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 very patriotic, and that, about the lofty charity to all men which their mother's example taught them, towered the love of their "Cause," for Annie flourished her rooster-bone skyward, with the air of "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," as she heard visions in the chamber above, and said: "He ate only a spoonful of the gravy. I'd go up stairs this minute and give him this, if he'd only burrah 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 murmur till he spoke again. "Praps mamma's telling him 'bout darling

horse the wounded rebel was nursed and tended as if he had been the son of the woman who wept 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 sorrowing mother's son is my own for his sake. Only low could you raise your hand against the dear old flag?"

One day an orderly knocked at the farmhouse door. The invalid boy, not yet nineteen, slowly recovering, was sitting wrapped in a woman's shawl (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.

He turned even paler than usual, and his blue eyes were troubled, for the thought came into his mind that the truth of his being a rebel, had somehow been discovered, and that his guardian angel, as he called her who had nursed him to life, might in some way suffer for her loyalty to her heart, notwithstanding her unswerving loyalty to her country.

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

"How the poor mother wailed as she read that letter!" The sympathizing rebel held her hands in his, and sought with tender words to soften 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 it! and she gave the letter into the boy's hands."

As his eye ran over it, he uttered an exclamation. "O Mrs. Lee," he cried, as he, too, wept over the letter, "my mother, I nursed your boy with tears under the peach-trees in our garden. You brought my mother's boy out from the jaws of death!" and they mingled their tears together.

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

And alas! like to these sons of these two gentle, brave-hearted mothers, were thousands and tens of thousands of others who fought on dreadful battle-fields of the South.

CHARACTERISTIC.

THE following are found among some interesting reminiscences of Grant in the New York Tribune:

General Grant's early schooling was not extensive. An old weather-beaten, tumble-down hotel in which he went to school, is still to be seen at Amelia, 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 boys, and won it. Some of the boys attempted to take Grant's knife from him. The schoolmaster took sides with the boys and ordered Grant to give it up, which he refused to do. He struck him with a pocket-knife and flogged the boy till his arm ached. Grant neither begged, flinched nor surrendered, but clung to the knife, and the master had to give in at 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 a certain gentleman who regarded his honesty. When it became necessary to allow the progress of trade in the territory taken from the rebels, he urged that it should be kept in the hands of honest and trustworthy Unionists. He was asked to name such men and replied:

"I will do no such thing. If I did, it would appear less than a weak that I was a partner of every one of the persons trading under my authority."

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, to be Minister of Hayti, and was known to contemplate the selection of J. Milton Turner of Missouri, as Minister to Liberia, an appointment shortly afterward made. Some of the Democratic members 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:

"I tried the blacks under the guns of Petersburg."

HOW PHILANDER CAUGHT ON.

"PHILANDER," said a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I wish you'd tie this ribbon at my throat; I can't see how to do it without a glass."

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

After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which he got as red as a brick house, and perspired like a pitcher of ice water on a July window-sill, he said:

"I—don't think I can tie a respectable knot, Miss Mary." "Supper," Philander, she whispered, with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a preacher to assist."

Like the unveiling of a beautiful mystery, the situation unfolded itself to Philander, and he felt better now.

fields and covered it with earth 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 buttercup or two shone like stars.

At the head of the grave was a bit of white pipe that had once been Dinal's smoking-board, but now, 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 sunshine was shimmering through the tremulous leaves upon the quiet grave where slept one for whom strife and tumult were hushed forever, a great battle 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 slant the valley, where the frightful carnage raged, from the sight of those on the hillsides, 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 center of the valley, where the front of the battle had raged, and where the soaked earth was carpeted with gray and blue mixed inextricably together, two officers searched for a friend who wore the blue with a silver bar.

As they sought, a glimmer of the dim lantern fell upon a white young face upturned to the starless sky. Lieut. Will Law uttered a cry.

"Arthur Lasco!" he exclaimed. "Poor boy, you're 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."

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 MAMMA: This man is a school-friend of mine, and I loved him. Will you care for him as you would for me, and not ask whether he was with or against us?" Wm. Law.

For days and nights in that modest farm-

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEPHENSON. WHEN I was sick and lay awake, And two pillows at my head, And all my toy bedclothes gay, To keep me happy all the day...

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.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the first President, took office during a five hour rain storm on Monday the 12th of December, 1789, during the last two hours of which he was exposed to a severe storm of snow, hail and rain.

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 had to be read to.

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.

JAMES MONROE, the fourth President, and the last survivor of the signers of the United States Constitution, died on June 28, 1836.

JAMES MADISON, the fifth President, and the third to die on Independence Day, died July 4, 1836, in New York City at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur.

July 4, 1831, in New York City at the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur. His remains were deposited in the cryptic honors in the Marble Cemetery on Second Street, in New York, where they reposed until 1858, when they were removed, under the escort of the Seventh Regiment, then commanded by Col. Abram Duryea, to Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Va.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the sixth President, was born in Quincy, Mass. He had washed his 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.

MILLARD FILLMORE, the thirteenth President, died at Buffalo, N. Y., on March 8, 1874, and after lying in state at St. Paul's Cathedral, the remains were buried at Forest Lawn Cemetery, three miles from Buffalo.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, the fourteenth President, died in Exeter, N. H., on March 8, 1879. His remains were buried at Forest Lawn Cemetery, three miles from Buffalo. A tall monument bears the inscription: "Millard Fillmore. Born Jan. 7, 1800; died March 8, 1874."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the sixteenth President, died by the hand of John Wilkes Booth, in Washington, April 15, 1865. One of the persons supposed to be implicated as conspirator in his punishment, the famous honours paid to the deceased chief magistrate were of the most elaborate character.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President, died suddenly at Greenville, Tenn., on Saturday, July 31, 1875, and was buried with Masonic ceremonies on the 3d of August.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, the twentieth President, was assassinated in the Baltimore and Potomac Railway depot in Washington City on July 2, 1881, by Charles Guiteau, and died of his wound Sep. 19, at Elberon near Long Branch, N. J.

MISERABLE BOWLER writes: "Having used Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam, I can say that it has afforded me immediate relief in my most severe attacks; and I consider it the most effective preparation of its kind for all diseases of the respiratory system."

Mexico or Florida. Going home, he insisted on eating freely of warm cherries and drinking cold water and ice-milk, despite the remonstrances of his servants.

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