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## FACING PERIL.

A TALE OF THE COAL MINES.

By G. A. HENTY.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

A new of brick-built houses with slate rofs, at the edge of a large mining village in Staffordshire. The houses are dingy and colories, and without relief of any kind, and the colories, and without relief of any kind, and the colories, and without relief of any kind, and the colories, and the colories of the colories, and colories, and the colories of the colories, and if some giant could come and pick up all the rows of houses, and change their places one with another, it is a question whether the men, now away at work, would notice any difference whatever until they entered the house, standing in the place of that which they had left in the morning. There is a church, and a vicarage half hidden away in the trees in its pretty old-fashioned garden; there are two or three small red-brick dissenting chaples, and the doctor's house, with a bright brass knocker and a plate on the door. There are no other buildings above the average; and it needs not the high chimpeys, and engine-houses with winding gardotting the surrounding country, to notify the fact that Stokebridge is a mining village. It is early in the afternoon, and many of the women come to the doors, and look curiously after a miner, who, in his working clothes, and hake with coal dust, walks rapidly towards his house, with his head bent hown, and his thick felt that slouched over his eyes.

"It's Bill Haden, he works at the

his eyes.
"It's Bill Haden, he works at the

his eyes.

"It's Bill Haden, he works at the 'Vaughan."

"What brings him up at this hour?"

"Summit wrong, I'll be bound."

Bill Haden stopped at the door of his house in the row first spoken of, lifted the latch, and went in. He walked along a narrow passage into the back room. His wife, who was standing at the washing tub, turned round with a surprised exclamation, and a buildog with half a dozen round tumbling puppies scrambling out of a basket by the fire, rushed to meet him.

"What is it, Bill? what's brought thee home before time? Bll Haden did not answer, but a opped, and, as if it were mechanically, lifted the dog, and stroked his head.

"There's blood on thy hands, Bill. What be wrong with 'ee?"

"It baint none of mine, lass," the man said, in an unsteady voice. "It be Jack's. He be gone."

"Not Jack Simpson?"

"It baint none of mine, lass," the man said, in an unsteady voice. "It be Jack's. He be gone."
"Not Jack Simpson; the mate I ha' worked with ever since we were butties together. A fall just came as we worked side by side in the stall, and it broke his neck, and he's dead."

dead."

The woman dropped into a chair, threw her apron over her head, and cried aloud, partly at the loss of her husband's mate, partly at the thought of the narrow escape he had himself had.

"Now, lass," her husband said, "there be no time to lose. It be for thee to go and break it to his wife. I ha' come straight on, a purpose. I thawt to do it, but I feel like a gal myself, and it had best be told her by another woman."

Jane Haden took her apron from her face.
"Oh, Bill, how can I do it, and she ill, and will hat a two month baby? I misdoubt me it will kill her."

a general feeling of uneasiness among the women, all of whom had husbands or relatives below ground. When, therefore, Jane Haden came out with signs of tears on her cheeks, her neighbors on either side at once assailed her with questions.

"A Jack Simpson & Killed by a full," she said, Jack Simpson & Killed by a full," she said, Jack Simpson & Killed by a full, "a be said, the news pred at love the row, from door to door, and from group to group. The first feeling was everywhere one of relief that it was not their turn this time; then there was a chorus of pity for the widow. "It will go hard with her," was the general verdict. Then the little groups broke up, and went back to their work of getting ready for the return of their husbands from the pit at four o'clock. One or two only, of those most intunate with the Simpsons, followed Jane Haden slowly down the street to the door of their house, and took up a position a short



"THAT'S A BARGAIN, JACK."

ed for the last incoming of the late master of the house. It was but a minute or two that they had to pause, for the door opened again, and Jane Haden beckoned them to come in.

again, and Jane Haden beckoned them to come in.

It had, as the gossips had predicted, gone hard with the young widow. She was sitting before the fire when Jane entered, working and rocking the cradle beside with her foot. At the sight of her visitor's pale face, and tear-stained cheeks, and quivering lips, she had dropped her work and stood up, with errible presentiment of evil—with that dread which is never altogether absent from the mind of a collier's wife. She did not speak, but stood with wide-open eyes staring at her visitor. with a two month baby? I misdoubt me it will kill her.

with a kill her month baby? I misdoubt me it will kill her.

when Bill spoke in that way, his vick new, as Me said, that she'd got to do it, and the she she quick about it; it would be many minutes afore they bring him it wo be many minutes afore they bring him it wo be many minutes afore they bring him it wo be many minutes afore they bring him it wo be many minutes afore they bring him it wo be many minutes afore they bring him it would be many minutes afore they bring him it would be many minutes afore they bring him it would be many minutes afore they bring him it would be many minutes afore they bring him it would be many minutes and the said that she'd got to do it, and with a most of with wide-open eyes staring at her will be minuted of a collier's wife. She did not speak, which is never altogether absent from the minute of collier's wife. She did not speak, which is never altogether absent from the minute of a collier's wife. She did not speak, we was a pough, the whole truth burst upon her.

"Mary, my poor girl," Mrs. Haden began. That was enough, the whole truth burst upon her.

"Mest if I baint a crying like a gal. Who'd a thawt it? Well, well, poor old Jack! he was a good mate, too."—and Bill Haden proceeded to light his pipe.

"Best if I baint a crying like a gal. Who'd a thawt it? Well, well, poor old Jack! he was a good mate, too."—and Bill Haden proceeded to light his pipe.

"Men Bill pating a large collier and believe when the was going was one that has often be was going was one that has often which she was going was one that has often which she was going was one that has often which she was going was one that has often which she was going was one that has often which she was going was one that he was leaded to light his pipe.

The news that he had come in at this unusual hour had passed about quickly, and there was a mough the work and the she from the with a large collier with a large collier with a large with a way and the rest and the

so till he is brought home, and things are straightened up."
Between them Mary Simpson was tenderly lifted, and carried upstairs and laid on the bed of a lodger's room there. The cradle was brought up and put beside it, and then Jane Haden took her seat by the bed, one woman went for the doctor, while the others went down to prepare the room below. In a short time all that remained of Jack Simpson was Borne home on a stretcher, on the shoulders of six of his fellow-workmen, and laid in the darkened room. The doctor came and went for the next two days, and then his visits ceased.

It had gone hard with Mary Simpson. She

It had gone hard with Mary Simpson. She

of selling him, or swopping him if his points don't turn out right. Still, lass, the trouble will be thine, and by the time he's ten he'll begin to earn his grub in the pit; so if thy mind be set on it, there'sn end o'the matter. Now let's have tea; I ain't had a meal fit for a dog for the last two days, and Juno ain't got her milk regular."

So little Jack Simpson became a member of the Haden family, and his father and mother were laid to rest in the burying ground on the hillside above the village.

#### CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

An artist, sitting in the shade under a tree, painting a bit of rustic gate and a lane bright with many honeysuckles. Presently he is conscious of a movement behind him, and looking round, sees a sturdily built boy of some ten years of age, with an old bulldog lying at his feet, standing watching him.

"Well, lad, what are you doing?"

"Nowt!" said the boy, promptly.

"I meant," the artist said with a smile, "have you anything to do? If not, I will give yon sixpence to sit still on that gate for a quarter of an hour. I want a figure."

The boy nodded, took his seat without a word, and remained perfectly quiet while the artist sketched him in.

"That will do for the present," the artist said, "You can come and sit down here and look at me at work, if you like; but if you have nothing to do for an hour, don't go away, as I shall want you again presently. Here is the sixpence: you will have another, if you'll wait. What's your name?" he went on, as the boy threw himself down on the grass, with his head propped up on his elbows.

"Bulldog," the lad said, promptly; and then coloring up, added, "at least they call me Bulldog, but my right name is Jack Simpson." "And why do they call you Bulldog,

son."
"And why do they call you Bulldog, Jack i

"And why do they call you Bulldog, Jack?"

The artist had a sympathetic voice, and spoke in tones of interest, and the lad answered frankly:

"Mother—that is, my real mother—she died when I were a little kid, and Juno here, she had pups at the time, and they used to pretend that she suckled me. It ain't likely, is it? "he asked, as if after all he was not quite sure of it himself. "Schoolmaster says as how it's writ that there was once two little rum uns, suckled by a who had been suckled by a wind by the call in the sum of the sum on the sum of the sum on the sum of the sum on the sum of the sum on the sum of the sum o

now they calls me so, because," and he laughed, "I take a good lot of licking before I gives in."

"You've been to school, I suppose, Jack?"

"Yes, I've had five years' schooling," the boy said, carclessly.

"And do you like it?"

"I like it well enough; I learnt pretty easy, and so 'scaped many hidings. Dad says it was cos my mother were a schoolmaster's daughter afore she married my father, and so learning s in the blood, and comes natural. But I'm done with school now, and am going down the pit next week."

"What are young going to do there? You are too young for work.

"Oh, I shan't have no work to do int' pit, of hard work—just to open and shut a door when the total of the shad and show the shad and the stall, and at last I shall be on full wages."

"And the that," the ball help dad in his stall, and at last I shall be on full wages."

"And sher that?" "I hall help dad in his stall, and at last I shall be on full wages."

"And sher that?" "I he artist asked.

The lad looked puzzled.

"What will you look forward to after that?"

"I don't know that there's nowt else," the

that?"
"I don't know that there's nowt else," the
boy said, "except some day I might, perhaps—but it ain't likely—but I might get to

be a viewer."

"But why don't you make up your mind to be something better still, Jack—a mana-

ger?"
"What!" exclaimed the boy, incredulously,
"a manager, like Fenton, who lives in that
big white house on the hill! Why, he's a

ong wate house on the min: way, see a gentleman."

"Jack," the artist said, stopping in his work now, and speaking very earnestly, "there's not a lad of your age in the land, with the chance of being a miner, or a mechanic, or an artisan, who may not, if he sets

"What hast brought un here for?" he asked, roughly.
Jane Haden did not answer directly, but, standing in front of her husband, she removed the handkerchief which covered the baby's face as he lay on her arm.
"Look at him, Bill; he's something like Jack, don't you see it?"
"Not a bit of it," he said gruffly. "Kid don't take after their father, as pups do."
"I can see the likeness quite plain, Bill. Now," she went on, laying her hand on his shoulder, "I want to keep him. We ain't got none of our own, Bill, and I can't bear the thought of his going to the House."
Bill Haden stood irresolute.
"I shouldn't like to think of Jack's kid in the House; still he'll be a heap of trouble in the House; still he'll be a heap of trouble in the house—worse nor a dozen pups, and no chance of winning a prize with him nohow, or ti before him, and gives his whole mind to it, and by being a rich man and a gentlenian. If a lad from the first makes up his mind to three rise in the world. You won't be able to awar out of what you get at first, but you can learn when your work is done. You can read and study of an evening. Then when you get better wages, save something; when, at itwenty-one or two you get man's wages, live on less than half, and lay by the rest. Don't marry till your te thirty: keep away from the public house: work, study, steadily and intelligently: and by the time you are thirty you will have a thousand pounds laid by, and be fit to take a manager's place."

rest. Don't marry till you're thirty: keep away from the public nouse: work, study, steadly and intelligently: and by the time you are thirty you will have a thousand pounds laid by, and be it to take a manager's place."

"I do, Jack. My case is something like it. My father was a village schoolmaster. I went when about twelve years old, as a boy in a pottery at Burslem. My father told me pretty well what I have told you. I determined to try hard at any myself generally, and I went three evenings a week to the Art School. I liked it, and the master told one of I stude at it. I may to the the third was a state of the art School. I liked it, and the master told one of I stude at it. I may the pretty well and the great of the art School. I liked it, and the master told one if I stude at it. I may the pretty of the art School. I liked it, and the master told one if I stude at it. I may the pretty of the art School. I liked it, and the master told one, if and at five-and-twenty was getting as high enough to go into that branch of pottery. I stuck to it, and at five-and-twenty was getting as high eight artists. I am thirty now. I still paint at times on china, but I am now getting well known as an artist, and am. I hope a gentleman."

"I'll do it," the boy said, rising slowly to his as an artist, and am. I hope a gentleman."

"I'll do it," the boy said, rising slowly to his hand; "that's a bargain, Jack. Now, give me your name and address; here are mine. It's the stof May to-day. Now, perhaps it will help you a little if write to you on the lst of May overy year; and you shall answer me telling me how you are getting on, and whether I can in any way give you ill had suppose that you have got tired of it, and have given it up.

"You need never suppose that, sin," the boy said, earnestly. "If you don't get an answer, you will know that I're been killed as father was, in a fall or an explassion. Thank you, sin," And the waddling behind him.

"There are the makings of a man in that boy," and how the first the form you."

and or an explosion. Tanks You, air. And the weadfing behind im.

"There are the making of a man in that boy," which are the making of a man in that boy," which are the making of a man in that boy," which are the dever makes a name for himself."

"In the green reades a name for himself."

"While, is that you, Jack Simpson!" he school-make the door of the school-maker of the Stokehridge National School, when the boy before him. "Yes, come in, my down, Jack. Now what is it. You had Simpson!" he school-maker add holding the candles so that is light tell upon the boy before him. "Yes, come in, my down, Jack." Now what is it. You had so had you had to share the books! The school-maker and holding the candles so that is light tell upon the boy before him. "Yes, come in, my down, Jack." Now what is it. You had the school-maker and holding the candles so that is light tell upon the boy before him. "Yes, come in, my down, Jack." Now what is it. You had the school-maker and had the school-maker and holding the candles so that is light tell upon the special Stater, which is the school-maker and the school-maker and

Jack said with a sigh, when September began. "I can't see to read for even an hour before I have to go to work; but then I shall be at home o' nights, and shall get a little time when dad's at the publichouse."

house."
Satisfied now that the boy was in carnest, Mr.
Merton, a few days afterward, took occasions when
Mr. Brook, the owner of the Vaughan mine, called
in on school business, to tell him how one of the
pit boys was striving to educate himself.
"He is really in earnest, Merton; it is not a mere
freak?"

"He is really in earnest, Merton; it is not a mere freak?"

"No, Mr. Brook, the lad will stok to it, I'm sure. He goes by the nickname of Bulldog, and I don't think he is badly named; he has both the pluck and the tenacity of one."

"Very well, Merton; I am glad you spoke fo me about it. I wish a few more boys would try and educate themselves for viewers and underground managers; it is difficult indeed to get men who are anything but working miners. I'll make a note of his name."

managers: it is difficult indeed to get men who are anything but working miners. I'll make a note of he had we days afterwards Mr. Brook, after going through the books, went over the mine with the underground manager.

"Do the wagons often get off the metals along this road, Evans?" he asked, stopping at one of the doors witch regulate the ventilation.

"Fretty often, sir; the rails are not very true, "It would be as well if there was an extra light somewhere here; it would be handy. This is number three door, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir," who is the son of a hand who was killed to the properties of the properties of the rock cut for him."

"Yes, sir, he is the son of a hand who was killed in the pit some ten years ago, Simpson."

"Ah, I remember," Mr. Brook said. "Well, serve the boy a lamp out when he goes down of a day. You'll be careful with it, lad, and not let it "Oh yea, sir," Jack said, in a tone of delight; "and please, sir, may I read when I am not wanced?"

"Certainly you may," his master said; "only you must not neglect your work;" and then Mr. Brook went on, leaving Jack so overlyeed that for metals arthemetic were egregious failures.

getting drunk to-night, and dad's not slack at that. Have you got tea ready, mother?"
"Ay, lad."
"I've made up my mind, mother," the boy said.

getting drunk to-night, and dad's not slack at that. Have you got tea ready, mother?"

"Ay, lad."

"I've made up my mind, mother," the boy said, as he ate his slice of bacon and bread, "that I shall go over to Birmingham to-morrow, and try to get work there. John Ratliff, the engine-man, is going to the control of the c

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

#### THE RATTLESNAKE'S REVENGE.

"SPEAKIN' o' snakes," said the Texas frontiers man, "reminds me ov a little adventure me and a chum had with rattlesnakes that made me respect the rattlesnake ever since."

"What kind of an adventure did you have that makes you respect the rattlesnake?" asked a St Louis man.

"Well, one evening just before dark, out among the Rio Grande canons, there come the all-firedest rain you ever seed. Before we could get out, the water had risen so that the only way of escape was to cross a canon about thirty feet wide and 500 feet

deep.
"When we got to this canon we found about 1,000,000 rattlesnakes there. They recognized me as their friend, it seemed, as I tried to keep my friend from shooting into a mound of 'em, for the

as their friend, it seemed, as I tred to keep my friend from shooting into a mound of 'em, for they crawled around me and looked into my face, as much as to say: 'You can help us over if you will.' I noticed that the snakes paid no attention to my clum, except a big rattler my chum wounded, lowers and seem to tell them something.

"Well, I tied a knot in the tail of a big rattler, and then got another and looped his neck into this, and so on nutil! Inda a snake-rope about sixty feet long. Then I coiled it in my Land as I would a larint, and throwed it across, and the head snake a larint, and throwed it across, and the head snake a larint, and throwed it across, and the head snake a larint, and there were the some some the same. I had my lot of snakes to go over first, and then I went over on this snake-rope bridge. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled up and the others followed until all were across plrige. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled and the others followed until all were across plrige. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled and the others followed until all were across his snakes were over, and my chum was going over as had done, that by gwounded rattler seemed to grim—showed all his teeth—and let go. Of course, the whole shebang went down with a 'swish,' and my clum was throwed off and snasshed into jelly, and —"but the crowd had acattered and let the big Texan to himself.

#### DIAMONDS.

An expert jeweler on Broadway told a reporte that Mrs. Wm. Laton wore diamonds of great value. "She has some of rare beauty and brilliancy. The total value of her gems is about \$100,000. Ten or twenty years ago the same diamonds would have realized five times that amount. The newly discovered fields in South Africa have caused a decline in value all over the world. Diamonds are so nu-merous that in London they have a street, Hatton Street, where the diamond brokers congregate and deal in them as stock brokers do on Wall Street Dr. Huyler has a \$100,000 collection.

Dr. Huyler has a \$100,000 collection.

"Many of the wealthiest millionaires have few diamonds. It is a mania with some ladies and men to possess germs. Mr. Pope, now of Brooklyn, formerly of the firm of Dan Lorring & Co., of Chicago, has the finest collection of Brazilian diamonds and hies, pearls and diamonds is at least \$2,000,000. The heavy duty on diamonds keeps them in Europe. If free trade existed, the United States would some befooded with precious stones. Every millionaire would invest \$50,000 or \$100,000 in them. The control of the

#### A GOOD REASON WHY.

EXAMINER-What is the color of this flag Engineer-Green, sir.

"Right. Now close your left eye. What is the olor of this flag?

color of this flag?"

"Green, sir. Dark green."

"Just so. Shut your right eye. What flag am I
waving now?"

"A black one, sir."

"Nonsense. It's bright red. And this flag?"

"Nonsense, It's bright red. And this flag?"
"Black, sir."
"Pshaw! It's white. Your left eye seems a

little off."
"Well, maybe it is. It is a glass eye, sir."

NARROW ESCAPE OF LINCOLN

THAT more than one attempt was made to s sinate Abraham Lincoln is known to John W. Nichols, ex-President of the Omaha Fire Department. Mr. Nichols was one of the body guard of President Lincoln from the summer of 1862 until 1865. The following narrative, related by many Nichols, is strictly true, and the incident is not The following narrative, related by Mr.

generally known:
One night, about the middle of August, 1864. I was doing sentinel duty at the large gate through which entrance was had to the grounds of the home. The grounds are situated about a quarter of a mile off the Bladenburg road, and are reached by devious driveways.

by devious arriveways.

About 11 o'clock I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the city, and shortly afterward I heard a procaching hoof-beats. In two or three minutes a borse came dashing up and i recognized the helated President. The horse was very spirited, and believe the state of the president of the Lamon, marsial of the District of Corna of the About 11 o'clock I heard a rifle shot in the direc-

searce and percent and the President dismounted and entered.

ed and entered.

ed mid entered en

him, and a well-nigh successful one, too. The fair was kept quiet in accordance with his requ After that the President never rode alone.

#### HER TENDER SPOT.

SHE answered the ring at the door to find a strange man on the steps.

"Any fly-screens?" he asked.

"Any fly-paper or powders for making lemon-

ade !" " No, sir."

"Any painting or whitewashing to do?"

"Any painting or wintewassing to do?"
"No, sir."
"No, sir."
"No, sur."
"Couldn't you spare me—"
"What's that, sir?"
"Oil, never mind. My wife is barefoot, and I was going to ask for a pair of old shoes, but it would be no use. You have got such a dainty little foot that my wife couldn't get her big toe into one of your shores.

ines."
When he left he had an old coat on his arm, a narter in cash in his pocket, and there was a pare meal stowed away behind his vest.

WHY AN ARDENT ADMIRER DIDN'T MARRY.

"How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to an old darkey, "that you never married? Aren't you an admirer of the softer sex?"

"I fo't er duel wonct 'bout er gal, sah," replied Uncle Rastus.

"A due!?"
"Yes, sah; yeahs an' yeahs ago. Sam Jackson an' myse' we bof lubbed de same gal; we were bot bound to git dar, an' de bisiness climased in er duel. We bof wah a triffe nalwons, sah, an' staed oh me hittin' Sam or Sam hittin' me, we brought down a vallyble mule dat wah standin' near de force."

fence."
"And did you fire again?" asked the gentleman, very much interested.

"And did you fire again?" askee ane genueman, very much interested.
"No, sain, dat was a very vallyble mule, boss, an' we bol got kinder skeart like. So we entered into an americable prearrangement."
"Sam tak ke gal an' 'gred to pay fo' de mule, an' I hain't nebber lubbed sence."

# DUMLEY entered a law office and said to the only

occupant of the room : "This is the office of Messrs. Legal & Blank, is it

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"A man of the name of Jones, John G. Jones, has brought suit against me for \$500. It's an old affair, and I think it can be settled for shout fifty cents on the dollar. If Jones forces the suit I'll have to pay the full amount with interest. I want you to take hold of the case and do the best you can."

"Polyton members of the firm are out just at prevoir, "pipiled the gentleman addressed, "but I am expecting them back every moment."

"Oil, I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were one of the firm.

"No, sir. My name is Jones, John G. Jones."

### THE SCALPER.

"Ma," said little Tommy, "do the 'Injuns' own

the tailroads?

"No, my son."
"Well, they've got somethin' to do with them,
'cos pa says he bought his ticket off a scalper."

Ť.

#### A SURPRISE

SHE had scorned me that season at Newport Her refusal was saucy and pert; But I really believe she repented When we met later on at Desert.

I was cruising, just then, with the squadron, My yacht was the pride of the fleet; And for style, though I say it who shouldn't, My new sailor togs couldn't be beat.

When we met she was charmingly gracious, Arm-in-arm with the old Commodore. "Why, I didn't know you were a sailor," Said she, "when I met you before."

Then the Commodore patted my shoulder— The old man thought I hadn't a fault— "Oh, yes," he declared, "I assure you Our young friend here is quite an old salt."

Well she knew, this beauty malicious,
How she tangled my heart in a mesh;
"Estee periole!" "she exclaimed," how delicious,
Why, I thought he was awfully fresh!"

# Footprints in the Forest,

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, Author of "Camp-fire and Wigwam," "The Lost Tr "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nellie," etc., etc.

CHAPTER AND AN UNEXPECTED CALL.

THREE separate times Jack Carleton noticed a peculiar jar of the tree in which he was perched. He felt no alarm, but some curiosity to know the cause.

lie lelt no alarm, but some curiosity to know the cause.

Peering downward between the limbs, he could be enothing to explain the occurrence. The first time he concluded it was imagination, but when it was repeated twice, he knew there was "something in it." Still, as the most careful search limbs, and the limbs, and th

ory was more ingenious that reasonable, but was accepted in lieu of a better one, and once more the lad fixed his eyes on the open space across the stream.

The other Pawnees had not put in an appearance, and before they did so, the young gentleman in the queries of the property of the property of the property of the stream.

A fourth time the jar went through the trunk from base to summit—the disturbance more marked than before.

"There must be some animal down there..."

"There must be some animal down there..."

"There must be some animal down there..."

"Ack Carleton grasped a limb above him, leaned had only a stream animal down there..."

"It have been a simple that the property of the hand of an Indian warrior reach around the trunk, at a point half way between the top and the base, and grasp the riffe which the young Kentuckian had skewered between several supports. The stock and grasp the riffe which the young Kentuckian had skewered between several supports. The stock age brought his head into view, Raging it, the savage brought his head into view, Raging it, the savage brought his head into view, Raging it, the savage brought his head into view, coarse hair dangled about his shoulders, and yellow, crimson and blue paint were mixed in that on his crown. There would not disalwying, and the body was served with a thun shirt of deerskin above the waist.

The Indian must have glanced aloft from the ground and taken in the satustion at once. He had climbed with great care, and, when he stopped, was slightly below the point where rested the trifle when he felt the first jar, he could have scrambled down and secured his gun ahead of the Indian. It would have been a stirring race between them, but as I have shown, the first knowledge of the truth came to Jack, when he descried the extended arm and secure his gun ahead of the Indian. It would have been a stirring race between them, but as I have shown, the first knowledge of the truth came to Jack, when he descried the extended arm and secure his gun ahead of t

horseniar-like covering of his head, rendered the features the most repulsive on which the had had more unwelcome visited by head and the had had the control of the contro

lieve there's any netp not as any net not as any net not as any net not as any net not as an an ecould be reached by signal. He has lify drew aside the leaves and looked toward the spot where he saw him but a short time before. But the seen had changed. Deerfoot was invisible, and the Paw nees were swarming back to camp, a number listening with rapt attention to the monumenta warns which Lone Bear and Red Wolf were pouring warns which Lone Bear and Red Wolf were pouring

believe almost anything.
"No help from there," concluded the youth with

had substituted the gun, and held it leveled at the youngster, who was so slow in moving from his lofty perch.

There was no call to fire; the youth grasped the There was no call to fire; the youth grasped the great promptness. While doing so, he occasionally yook a peep between his feet, and each time saw the warrior standing erect and tollowing his movements with the gun, as a hunter does when aiming at a granting bird.

"I hope I'm gatting satisfaction," gasped Jack, "I hope I'm perspiration breaking not all ever his body; "If he isn't satisfact, I'll let go and drop. I wish I could do it," he ficerely added, "so as to fall on his head and break his neck."

When almost to the ground, Jack was relieved to observe the red man lower his weapon. He heard the click of the lock, as he carefully let the pense, but it may be doubted whether after all Jack's danger was any less than before. Whatever sinister thoughts were in the mind of the red man remained when the young Kentuckian stood hefore him an unresisting prisoner.

I need not say that while Jack Carleton was demanded to the say that while he hard and hast. He was in a situation of the gravest peril, and there was no human arm on which he could rely for help. His hot Kentucky blood was aronsed, and he inwardly resolved that if his captor offered him harm or indignity, he would give him the hottest fight of which he was capable. The youth still had his where it could not be seen, but was available for instant use.

Jack feared the warrior had several comrades

knile and he meant to keep it. While coming down the tree, he quietly showed it inside of his coat where it could not be seen, but was available for instant use.

Jack feared the warrior had several conractes and the control of the

was the action of this one in which he felt great interest.

It was a noteworthy feature of the young Kentackian's capture that he was angered by the evitation of the state o

ment, the warrior in the control of a course parallel to the river and leading toward its mouth.

The action placed Jack behind his master, instead of in front, and it could not but suggest several desperate expedients to him, who was resolved not to allow himself to be taken unresistingly across vated lookout to convines through from him on his right was his Rubucon; if he once passed that, there would be no return.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVI.

A STARTLING CONCLUSION.

JACK CARLETON stealthily pressed his left hand against his breast; his kuife was beneath where he could whip it out when wanted.

Why couldn't he draw it, and, leaping forward, bury it in the side of his captor before he could save himselt?

"It will be a dreading the couldness with the side of his captor before he could save himselt?

save himselt?
"It will be a dreadful thing," he reflected, compressing his thin lips, "but it is the only chance I have: I'll try it!"

He began insimuating his hand under his coat front, and groped for the only weapon on which he could now rely. In his eagerness to escape detecton, he unconsciously steeped more softly and slightly crouched, as one is apt do at such a time.

time.

It may have been that his captor took the lead
for a short distance, with a view of tempting him
to some such demonstration; but more than likely,
the excessive caution of the lad betrayed him; for,
before he could draw his knife, the ghoul-like face

The captive did not think it wise to refuse, but minati

a sigh, as he let the leaves come together again and shut out his view of the other shore: "I wonder what this warrior will do with me: I suppose he will take me over to the rest, and they'll even up will take me over to the rest, and they'll even up there's no end of that!" Looking downward. Jack Carleton discovered his captor was no longer beckoning for him to descend. Like the old farmer, who, finding there was no virtue in grass, resorted to stones, the Indian had substituted the gun, and held it leveled at the youngster, who was so slow in moving from his Indry perch. In the statation at once and began lowering himself with great promptness. While doing so, he occasionally took a peep between his feet, and each time saw the warrior standing erect and following his movements with the gun, as a hunter does when aiming at a gyrating bird.

"I hope I'm giring satisfaction," gasped Jack, "He held it firmly, and listended closely for the first movement which would betray the other's who fet the cold perspiration breaking out at or restriction."

in the send it in my, and issende closes yet comments which would betray the other's But the youth erred as to the immediate purpose of the warrior. He strode along in his deliberate way, stepping in the footprints of his captive, so an englisher to recede from nor approach him. Less than The couple were so near the river, that, when not able to eatch a glimps of its shining surface, it was easily located by the sparseness of the trees. Jack was so anxious to avoid the stream, that he began bearing to the left, hoping the individual the land was unwise by think such a thing possible. The result of this weak piece of strategy was the proof that the red man was the owner of a voice.

Winoff resembled the cough of a wild beast, and started Jack like the privick of a pin. Glancing around, he saw the eyes of the warrior snapping, while his right arm was rigidly extended, and the finger pointing toward the river, the probability of the proposition of the result of the resul

be reminded of the torgenumess, rel over the matter."

Jack, however, was too prudent to make an abrupt turn, which would bring him to the shore before going more than several rods. His divergence was perceptible, though the angle very ob-

before going more than several rods. His divergence was perceptible, though the angle very obtuse.

The prisoner was astonished and mystified by what followed, and it may be said that he never in the reaching the prisoner was astonished and mystified by what followed, and it may be said that he never in the reach as proven that he has the use of his tongue—that's certain. I don't like the idea of keeping in front of him and leading the way to the river's edge. When we reach that, he can call to the others and bring over all he wants to help him likely. I'll keep on, till we are close to the water's sade, and then I'll make a fight."

When only a few yards separated him from the river, the warrior emitted an exclamation precisely like that which first arrested the footsteps of the river, the warrior emitted a captor. The latter advanced to the front, and, while the other stood still, the Indian made his way to the water's margin, parted the bushes and looked out.

They are the bushes and looked out.

"They are the bushes and looked out."

"They are his friends, and I should think he extreme caution. The realskin acted as fill his whole care was to escape being seen by any one on the other side. Why he should wish to do so was beyond the power of the youth to guess.

"They are his friends, and I should him he was the warrior stood fully two minutes, crouching and leaning over the water, one hand grasping the gun and the other holding the undergrowth apart, while his keen eyes roved up and down, as if searching for that which he expected and yet dreaded to of the warriors as if the san was in the sum and search and twilight was creeping through the wood and over the river. Soon objects would become indistinct; but, for a few minutes at least, it would be to the warrior as if the san was in the safe was not as the same was not to the warrior as if the san was in the same wa

come indistinct; ust, to a low the would be to the warrior as if the sun was in the sky.

The view was unsatisfactory, for he drew back, allowing the bushes to come together, and muttered some impatient expression. Looking angrily at the wordering Jack, he extended his arm and finger so as to point away from the stream, and signified by gesture that the youth was to take that

tered some impatient expression. Looking angruy at the wondering Jack, he extended his arm and signified by gesture that the youth was to take that course.

"Nothing will suit me better," was the thought of the captive, as he obeyed; "I don't understand to the captive, as he obeyed; "I don't understand to get as far as I can from the river."

As nearly as Jack could judge, this odd march lasted until he had tramped fully a hundred yards, when it was terminated by another emphatic.

They were in the woods, where the trees were close and there was little undergrowth. So far as could be seen, the nearest water was the river, but the captor quickly showed that his purpose was to go into camp, as may be said, for a time at least. He broke of some dead hardward of the captive to do the same, Jack's previous experience had taught him that the wisest course, under such circumstances, is promptly to obey, and he sprang to work with such vigor, As he always carried a flint and steel with him, he hoped to conclide the scaptor to a slight extent by starting the fire, though the latter had also a stone in land, from which, it is probable, he would have extracted fire with little trouble. He stood still may extend they threw it aside for the modern invention.

It was many years afterward, before such a thing as a lucifer match was known, and our ancestors acquired as definess in igniting a flame from the simple contrivance named, which leads us to doubt whether they gained such a wonderful advantage they threw it aside for the modern invention. When the help of dried leaves, small dead twigs, and the swift blows of the steel across the face of the flint, as spark speedily darted to the combusting and the swift blows of the steel across the face of the flint, as spark speedily darted to the combusting and the swift blows of the steel across the face of the flint, as spark speedily darted to the combusting and the swift blows of the steel across the face of the flint, as spark speedily darted to the combusting and the swift bl

ving dark. The shadow the trunks of the tree

"I would give a good deal to know what he is thinking about." said Jack to himself furtively, watching the repellant face on the other side of the fire; "something seems to have gone wrong with him, though why he should want to keep his move-ments from his friends on the other side of the river is more than I can guess; maybe he has had a quarrel; they have taken his gun and set him adrift."

river is more than I can guess; maybe he has had a quarrel; they have taken his gun and set him adrift."

This theory, however, did not sound reasonable, and the had was still unastisfied; whatever the could not explain it.

For a full half hour the warrior was as mute and motionless as the oak against which the fire had been kindled. All that time, he sat six or eight feet from the fames and about the same distance the feet from the fames and about the same distance youth, each formed the corner of an equilateral triangle. He who was master of the situation, retained his Turk-like pose, the captured gun between his arms and knees and his small eyes fixed on the flames, which the industry of the prisoner never a stranger of the situation of the flames, which the industry of the prisoner never a Strauge mostless must have attired within the bronzed skull, but it is useless to speculate, since have no more means of knowing their nature than had Jack Carleton, who wondered and guessed without satisfying himself.

But one thing was certain: hattever the thoughts cake could not mistake the soowl which wrinkled the heavy brow, while now and then an evil light shone in the eyes.

"He doesn't think of supper, or, if he does, he knows there is no way of getting anything to eattends to do with me. If he decide to sky he call night, I know I shan't close my eyes for a single second."

night, I know I shan't close my eyes for a single second."

But the test did not come and it cannot be known, therefore, what the result would have been. The Indian seemed to rouse all at once to a sense of the indian seemed to rouse all at once to a sense of the interpretation of the sense of the sense

fate as that of poor Otto," was the thought of Jack, who displayed genuine Kentucky pluck in facing the peril.

He was only a second or two behind the warrier of the peril of the peril.

He was only a second or two behind the warrier was the peril of t

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

#### A BORN DETECTIVE.

A COLORED man came out of an alley off Michigan avenue yesterday, and inquired of the grocer

"Say, boss, has you had a watermellyon stole

Why, I declare, if some one hasn't stolen a big one which laid on the end of this shelf!" exclaimed the grocer.

"Did you see a white man and a cull'd feller hangin' round yere?"
"Come to think of it, I did."

"Dem ar' de chaps what stole dat mellyon."
"Did you see them?" asked the grocer.

"Nebber did, sah."

"Nebber did, san."
"Then how do you know?"
The colored man then took him down the alley nd showed him two heaps of melon rinds and ex-

and showed nim two ways of the claimed:

"If de mellyon wasn't dun stole nobody would come in heah to eat it. Dat pile of rinds hain't half-gnawed. Dat's jist de way white folks eat em. De odder pile am gnawed right down to de bark. Dat's de work of a cull'd man, an' doan'you forgit it. Down dar am a rind all alone. De chaps got sear't an' run'd away afore dey was dun."

chaps got scart an runu and dun."
"Say, maybe you are sharp enough to catch em," said the grocer.
"Wall, I dunno," was the reply, but in the course of half an hour the man brought in a hang-dog looking African, and turned him over with the remark:

rk:
'Heah's one of 'em, but the odder one has

"Heah's one of 'em, but the odder one has skipped." one know that this fellow is guilty?" "How do yno know that this fellow is guilty?" "Kase dun look for a darkey wid a mellyon's dun guilty, and has got thirty-five cents to settle wid ye." The grocer says he'll have that man on the de-tective force or break a leg.

### EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORNS.

"I wish, mamma," said little Johnnie Frizzlethat I lived in South Africa. "Why, my son, do you wish you lived in South

"Why, the mammas there don't wear any slip-pers, you know."
"Yes, my son, but you must also remember that little boys in South Africa don't wear any pants,

either."
"That's so." said Johnny, "it's queer I never thought anything about that."



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#### TRUE GREATNESS.

HERE are a couple of old and true sayings : "It is not titles that reflect honor on men, but men on not these that reneet nonor of men, but her their titles. 'And again: 'Great men make them-selves great. They owe comparatively little to na-ture and nothing to accident." We have had a good illustration of these sayings brought before our eyes recently, by the death of General Grant.

#### PATIENCE

Ir people only applied themselves to sober busi ness with the same patience which they bring in play for their amusement, what a blessing it would be. In Oxford, England, there are two cribbage players who keep count of their games. Up to last advices the score was 23,000. There was a man in the White Mountains who, perhaps, got ahead of this. He put a drop of syrup on his nose, and spent an entire day counting the flies that lit

#### LOOK AT HOME

WE are always ready enough to point out the faults of our friends. People feel quite tree to do this, just as they do to spend other folks' money. It would be a good plan if part of this criticism were turned inward. We ourselves might be the were turned inward. We ourselves might be the better for it, and our friends would be spared some heart burnings. An old Scotch proverb says: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead. it would make him pull his hat over his eyes." may well take this home, and not apply it to our

#### THE EARTH'S HEAT.

Science tells us that the interior of the earth is hot. Just how fast the heat increases as we go down, is one of the problems. The German gov-ernment is now engaged in an effort to solve it. ernment is now engaged in an enort to solve it.

An excavation is in progress, near Schladebach,
driven forward by a diamond-tipped borer worked
by water power. Early in the present year this
shaft had reached a depth of 4.450 feet. This is thought to be the greatest depth yet attained,

An ingenious sort of thermometer is used to measure the heat. It is constructed so that the measure the heat. It is constructed so that the mercury flows over the lip of a tube as it expands, and the quantity that escapes indicates the degrees. At the depth mentioned above the temperature was found to be 120 deg. Fahrenheit. At this rate of increase the boiling point of water should be reached at about 9,760 feet. Keeping on, we might expect to arrive at liquid fire in forty to fifty miles. So that our earth is much like an egg, so far as its shell is concerned.

#### SELF BALANCE.

SCIENTIFIC men tell us that the awful cyclones and hurricanes which ravage land and sea are due to a disturbed equilibrium of the atmosphere. A body of air gets heated above the adjacent air. It rises. and other air flows in to fill the space. Perhaps the motion is gentle at first, but, as various currents set in, there is soon a great tumult and then the fierce rush and roar of the tornado. It is a good deal so in life and society. Business

crashes, social sensations, come about because some body loses his head to begin with. His equilibrium is disturbed. He makes rash speculations, or to gratify his passions he rushes over the borders of virtue. His acts affect and involve other people. There is a little stir at first, and then a great storm carrying bankruptcy and disgrace along its track.

The obvious method of avoiding these storms is for everybody to keep cool—to preserve the equilib-rium. Reasonable boldness in business is good, but is very different from rashness. Manly self-assertion is valuable as a means of success in society, but unprincipled self-gratification is quite another thing. Each one should maintain his own balance firmly, and then mankind will escape many of the storms from which it now suffers.

#### HUMAN NATURE.

A KNOWLEDGE of human nature is needful for shrewd advertising. As a rule good advertisers are successful business men, for the above reason is related of a painter that he hired two or three elderly men to stand before his picture in an exhibition and take notes in a mysterious sort of way. Another arranged with a very handsome woman to pose in rapt admiration before his work. In both cases a large crowd was collected, and the pictures

A Parisian artist made a slight mistake in this line. He wanted to paint a plain face in one of his compositions, and advertised for "a remarkably ugly woman." Not a person came near him for a month. Then a new idea struck him. He put out a new demand for "a remarkably handsome wo-Twenty-four hours later, the street was blocked up with applicants, and the artist had no difficulty in selecting his "remarkably ugly wo-

#### FORMING CHARACTER

What should seem of greatest importance to young people is character. Yes, this has been said before we know but it seems to be forgotten. It eakness of human beings to forget the most important things. Some youngsters, strange as it may appear, even forget to come in to dinner when the bell rings. Now character is of more consequence than dinner, and indeed than money, even quence than dinner, and indeed than money, even in this world. And as to the next world, we all know that we cannot carry a dollar there. The word "character" is said to be derived from a Greek verb that means " to cut into furrows; to

a Greek very that means "to cut into introws; to engrave." Letters and other symbols came to be called "characters" because they were engraved, or cut. Every act of our lives is like a graving tool: it cuts a furrow or character. In course of time these marks become so deep that they can never be rubbed out. Our characters are then never be rubbed out. Our characters are then fixed. It is easy to get the idea, from this comparison, how important it is that we have good tools and cut good characters. If we engrave with poor tools—that is, indulge ourselves in unworthy acts the result will be disfigured characters. And much se will it be, if we go into excesses, and let the Devil hold the graving tools.

Another figure of speech compares character to the precipitate from the stream of conduct. This deposite on the beds of rivers, rises gradually in height, becomes firm and hard, and in course of time--as may be seen in the Nile Delta-towers above the parent stream and confines its flow. our actions deposit our character, and in time this character controls our acts.

#### WAR'S HORRORS.

THERE is a great deal of pugnacity in mankind. In many communities the combat with fists is as popular as any of the sports. Boys and men alike delight in reading the history of great wars, and feel their hearts thrill over battle stories. This is all natural enough. The instinct of contest and competition is aroused, and the imagination is fired by the stirring recital. But it is to be hoped that young readers of battle records stop long enough over the story to catch the idea of the horrors of war. It is very inspiring, the picture of noble dar ing and glorious achievement. But the grim and gloomy details do not appear.

Some of the older readers of these columns know war and battle mean, by their own experience. But the youngsters have in their knowledge only the romantic and glorious side of them. Eng-lish periodicals give special attention to tales of war and combat, for England is a fighting nation and the enthusiasm of her youth must be kep alive. But now and then we read a plain, matter of-fact record of the battlefield and the march Here is an extract of a letter describing the with drawal of the British troops to Suakim on the Red

Sea:
"The last three miles of the march were marked at every step by graves, Arab and Indian, so shallow that from all oozed dark and hideous stains, and from many protruded mangled feet, half stripped grinning skulls, or ghastly hands, still clenched in the death agony, though reduced to little more than bone and sinew. Strewed around thicker and thicker, as we neared that Sunday's fight, lay the festering bodies of camels and mules nght, lay the testering bodies of cameis and mues; and around them hopped and fluttered, scarcely moving when our column passed, hundreds of kites and vultures. The ground was also thickly sown with hands and feet dragged from their graves by the hyenas, and the awful stench and reek of car rion which loaded the air will never be forgotten by any of us.

This will suffice. This shocking picture is very unlike the dramatic recitals which fill war histories and tales. Yet it is the dismal truth, and such a picture is inseparable from battle and victory. War at its best is a terrible misfortune, and many of the world's most renowned fighters have detested their trade. The great American general who so recently passed to his rest, had no fondness for war. He ever favored it except as a means of peace. never tayored it except as a means of peace. He said in England: "Nothing could afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that at some future day the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of Congress which shall take cognizance of questions of international difficulty." There is a sentiment more honorable than victory on the bloody field.

#### JOSEPH E JOHNSTON

Confederate General.

Among the great assemblage of notables drawn to New York on the occasion of the memorable obsequies of General Grant, was General Joseph E. Johnston, who, as one of the most prominent of the Confederate generals, had been appointed by the President to act as pall bearer to his former antagonist in pursuance of the expressed wish of the il-lustrious deceased, that both North and South should be represented in his funeral train as the symbol of that peace and harmony he had been anxious to see consummated.

General Johnston had responded with alacrity and followed the bier to the grave with sentiments truly sincere. For, in common with other broadminded men of the South, he recognized the true worth of the northern commander, and fully appreciated the charity that

lay behind all his tary actions and to its full extent the debt the South owed to their magnanimous conquer-No better represen tative of the enlightened sentiment of the South could have been selected than this general who had dismissed his after the great climax with the injunction to return home and "dis-charge the obligations of good and peaceful cit izens to the powers that be," who had acknowledged shortly after the war that Virginia would have been a richer State than New York had the institution of slavery never existed, and who fraternized so cordialduring his late visit

to New York with northern men and northern generals and testified to the brotherly union of both sections of the country.

General Johnston was born about 1808, in Prince

Edward County, Virginia. His father, a distin-guished judge, had served in the Revolution under Greene in the campaign of 1781, and had married Miss Polly Wood, a niece of Patrick Henry, and "one of the most accomplished ladies of her day. Their children were carefully and thoroughly edu-cated, so that the family was eminently representa-

tive of cultured Southern society.

Joseph, the youngest of the sons, received his education in the Abingdon district, and was in his youth distinguished for quickness, courage and en-terprise. He evinced, also, great powers of endurance, of which an example is found in an accident when his arm was broken. During the suffering, incident to the setting of the injured limb, he bore himself with unmurmuring fortitude and compos-ure, and during the enforced confinement during his recovery, he exhibited a degree of patience

hardly to be expected in a high-spirited boy.

These traits spoke well for his success when he elected to pursue a military career. He entered at West Point and was graduated with credit in 1829, whereupon he was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, as brevet Second-lieutenant. He served with va-rious transfers, until 1838, when he was made Firstlieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and in that capacity served with distinction throughout the Seminole War in Florida.

Seminole war in Florida.

For the elucidation of his soldierly merits, we quote an incident in that war, in which he was the most distinguished figure: "On one occasion having been sent, under the escort of a party of infantry, to make a survey or reconnoisance of a 1e gion which lay around a lake, and, having cros gion which lay around a lake, and, having crossed the lake in boats, the party was waylaid by an am-buscade of Indians, and all its officers killed or dis-abled at the first fire. The men were thrown into complete confusion, and were in imminent danger of destruction, when Lieutenant Johnston took command, and, by his coolness and determination, succeeded in rescuing them. He laid hold of a small tree with one hand, and, standing boldly out in face of the whole fire of the savages, called upon the men to rally and form upon him. They immediately returned to their duty and resumed the ac tion, a perfect volley of balls sweeping around. At one struck Johnston immediately above the forehead and passed backward over the skull, with out fracturing the brain, and he fell, but the troops had caught so much of his spirit that they repulsed the enemy and carried off the wounded in safety.

For such services he was promoted through va-rious grades, and in 1847 he sailed with General Scott's expedition to Mexico as lieutenant-colonel made a very hazardous and daring reconnoisance in which he was wounded so severely as to be pro-nounced in danger of death. But he recovered and resuming his command, participated in the later battles of the war. At Molino del Rey he also came under the notice of his superiors by reason of his gallantry, and at Chapultepec was again wounded, being, also, according to General Scott's report, being, also, according to General Scott's report, among the first in the assault. A writer says: "It is reported that General Scott should further say of him, 'Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an un-

fortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." This shows how ardently and courageously he performed his duties, and how

he merited his severel promotions.

After the close of the war, Johnston was made a After the cross of the wat, sounded has been all colonel in the regular army, and when the Rebellion broke out in 1860, had become the head of the quartermaster's department with the rank of brigadier-general. At this time he was a promi-nent and esteemed soldier, but, in common with so many others, deemed it his duty to league himself with the fortunes of his own state

The governor of Virginia gladly accepted his services and appointed him to a high command, and when the state forces were absorbed in the regular Confederate Army, General Johnston received a major general's commission from Jeff. Davis, and

was detailed to the command of Harper's Ferry, and later was given called the Army of the Shenandoah. Impress-ed that Harper's Ferry was untenable. Johnston withdrew thence, and set about checking the advance of the Union forces under Patterson into Virginia After checking the Federal forces, Johnston was in turn put upon the defensive in his attempt to join his fellow commander Beauregard encamped on the plains of Manageas and in the most masterly way in which he foiled and eluded his opponent Patterson, displayed remarkable skill. Accomplishing a junction with

Beauregard at Manassas, Johnston shared the command at the battle of Rull Run

In the spring of the following year, General Johnston was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, as usual, and this time very badly. While in the front, ordering some new attack, a battery opened upon him from an ajacent position. A piece of a shell struck him and simultaneously a minie ball entered his shoulder and passed down his back. In falling from his horse he broke two of his ribs, and these severe injuries compelled his retirement for over two months.

After recovering, General Johnston figured in

many important operations, but most prominently and finally in the attempt he made to check Sher-man's famous advance from Georgia toward Richmond. Some details of this will be found in a former sketch on Sherman; suffice it to recall the fact that as a result of the great crisis shortly after at Richmond, Johnston was forced to surrender in common with the other armies of the Confederacy. He left the fields of battle covered with honors and seems

common with the other arms or well with honors and scars.

He left the fields of battle covered with honors and scars.

His personal appearance and characterites during His personal appearance and characterites during His personal appearance and characterites during expensive the second of the s

LOOK AT THE BEST.

LOOK at the best and the brightest, my friend.

Be a philosopher,

Don't look so cross over

Matters you never can alter or mend.

# GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

is no creature so contemptible but by resolu-THERE is no study that is not capable of delighting is after a little application to it.

THE idle, who are neither wise for this world nor ne next, are emphatically fools at large.

Does not the whole tenor of the divine law positively equire humility and meckness to all men? EXERY great mind seeks to labor for eternity, and lone is excited by the prospect of distant good, ALL truth is precious, if not all divine, And what dilates the powers must needs refine.

ower when employed to relieve the oppresse panish the oppressor becomes a great blessin

By indulging this fretful temper you alienate those i whose affection much of your comfort depends.

THE most divine light only shineth on those minds high are purged from all worldly dross and human

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is s own heir. He devises his own future, and he in-

erits his own past.

It is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ught to do well. Thoughtfulness, therefore, becomes duty, and gratitude one of the graces.

THROUGHTHE VALLEY OF SHADOW.

A CHILD lay dying; but still her brow was clear.
Sad faces drooped around; but on her own
No shadow darkened. Was the end unknow
No shadow darkened. Was the end unknow
Her mother whispered, "thou will soon be gone;
Her mother whispered, "thou will soon be gone;
But, ob, my lamb will not be left alone;
Though art in death s dark vale; but He is near."

Inough art in death so dark vale; out he is since it face.
"I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.
"I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.
"Love, thou didst light death's valley for that child; And to the child-like soul that trusts thy grace, Thus wilt thou come when death's dark shadows fall.

# THE MOUNTAIN CAVE:

#### The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada. By GEORGE H. COOMER.

#### CHAPTER VII

A PAINFUL UNCERTAINTY

CHAPTER VII.

A PAINFUL UNCERTAINT.

Walteria last sensations had been those of suffocation and struggling, and when consciousness began to return, his thoughts were sadly confused.

"Where am I?" he asked himself, "and what has happened to me?"

It seemed to him that he must have met with some dreadful accident; but he had not the least recollection of it.

Soon, however, the remembrance dawned upon him; and, as it did so, a terrible apprehension shot through his mind.

Was he again in the robbers' cave? Surely he could see about him.

It was certainly a cavern of some sort; and though the gloomy room in which he found himself was not the one from which he had evidently escaped, might it not make only another portion of the same fearful dap."

No human form was to be seen, but there were lamps burning which revealed the weirdness of the place.

The room was irregular and very large; and Walter was struck by the appearance, in different parts of the same has a surely and a mountain sheep. What he as first took to have a seen a seen, but there were a bear, a puma, a wildeat, and a mountain sheep. What a strange family!

Then, too, perched a few yards from his couch, he saw an immense ovl, with great, staring eyes; while a rattlesnake, not less than seven feet long, occupied a position against the wall of rock, at some height from the floor, as if it had climbed there.

None of these objects, however, appeared to stir; the snake made no progress along the wall, and the bear uttered no growl. So that Walter, in spite of his feeble and bewidered or grizzly or puma had carried him to its hole among the rocks.

Walter found it difficult to move; and he realized that he was very weak and sore.

"So they have got me, after all," he said, "and no doubt they will take good care that shall not escape a second time."

The reflection was bitter and humiliating. "It is too bad!" he thought, "to have

"It is too bad!" he thought, "to have them triumph in this manner after all my ef-forts. If I had not become insensible, I coult!

them triumph in this manner after all my efforts. If I had not become insensible, I coult have kept out of their way."

However, he could not yet think very clearly, or realize his failure as he might have done at another time.

Presently a footstep was heard, and he saw the figure of a man moving about the room.

"There is one of them," he thought. "He has no mask on. I'll take a good look at his face before he discovers that I am awake." And again, feeble as he was, the old idea of a final reckoning and triumph took possession of him.

It seemed as if the mere sight of the robber gave him strength, for it aroused the sense of antagonism, and brought him back to himself. As the man stood revealed by the lamplight, he was not at all preparance. A full the back, reaching to his personance. A full the back, reaching to his uncreased by the effect of the long, Indian-like hair that floated in a wild mass over his shoulders.

Yet evidently he was not an Indian for he

his shoulders.

Yet evidently he was not an Indian, for he had the features and complexion of a white

man.
His dress consisted of moccasins, buckskin His dress consisted of moccasins, buckskin trowsers, and blue finantel shirt, without vest or coat. He was, moreover, a muscular and somewhat tall man; and, altogether, he ap-peared like one who must be an ugly cus-tomer at the door of a stage coach, with a dark lantern in one hand and a revolver in

dark lantern in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"He is the worst of them all," thought Walter; and his mind reverted in a confused manner to the stories he had read of "Blue-beard." "I guess I am given over to this fellow as a punishment for trying to escape. They have the advantage of me now; but they cannot make me help them in their vil-lating do what they mag."

they cannot make me help them in their rul-lainy, do what they may.

Still, he felt a great dread of this strange man, as if he were a something worse than a common robber—a wild, hideous being, whom the gang employed as a kind of underground terror, to have the charge of refractory pris-

take this." And putting an arm under the patient's head, he placed a cup to his lips.
"Your mind's coming right," he said.
"Just now, when I forced some drops down your throat, you didn't know it."
The tone was bluff and hasty, though not really harsh. It did not come up to Walter's conception of "Bluebeard's" voice, and yet it was not a tone to give him much encouragement. The man had spoken much as he might have done to a sick dog.
"They wish to keep me alive," thought Walter, "but I should think this fellow would put on a mask like the rest, if he believes I shall ever get away."
"How do you feel?" asked the man.
"I feel very weak and lame," replied Walter.

cape; but now, disabled as he was, he had only to wait in a weary and dreadful sus-

patient's head, he placed a cup to his lives, and a coming right," he said.

"Just now, when I forced some drope down your throat, you didn't know it."

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"They wish to keep me alive," thought would put on a mask like the rest, if he believes I shall ever get away."

"How do you feel?" asked the man.
"I feel very weak and lame," replied Walter.
"Who brought me here?" asked Walter.
"Who brought me here?" asked Walter.
"Who brought me here?" asked Walter.
"What place is this?"

"What place is this?"

"It is a cave."
"So I thought," replied Walter; and he he wondered if this might not be the chief den of the outlaws.

He lay musing upon his situation, and watching his rough companion.
"Yes," he said. "this is another of their holes, and all those twelve horses are stabled here somewhere. Perhaps I am close upon of the lowest. He's shrewd enough—he's no or the lowest. He's shrewd enough—he's no of the lowest. He's

the smell of broiled venison, but could see the smell of prolled venison, our could see nothing of any appliance for cookery. "How now?" said his gruff jailor. "You feel better this morning, I think." "Yes, a little," replied Walter, surprised that the man should have used a single word

"Sore all over, of course."
"Yes, as if I had been run through a flour

"Yes, as if I had been run through a flour mill."
"Well, I'll bring you some coffee."
"I wonder that he should care how I feel," thought Walter, "but somehow he don't look as savage as he did last night. Here comes the coffee. I must drink that to keep alive, if a robber did make it."
The beverage revived him greatly.
"Now," said the man, "get up and let me see what you look like. Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you."
"I am not afraid," replied Walter, "but it hurts me to move."
"Well, out you come—here, let me help you."

you."
Walter got out upon the floor, his companion at first supporting him. He was lame from top to toe, but felt stronger with each

ion at first supporting him. He was lame from top to toe, but felt stronger with each movement.

"There," said the man, "move about and "There," said the man, "move about and the proposed of the second of the second of the proposed of the second of the s

"Have your liberty?"

"Yes, that is what I would be glad to know."

"Oh, in a few days; you won't be a prisoner long, if things work well."

"I could escape from this man," thought Walter, "if I wasn't so disabled. Perhaps by to-morrow I may be able to walk, at least, if I can't run."

If there had been any doubt in his mind in regard to the connection of this singular person with the robber gang, it was now set wholly at rest. It did not occur to him that there might be a misunderstanding. He would have asked a question or two more but the strange individual, without the least further notice of him, arose abruptly and went about some business of his own.

Walter hobbled to the couch and lay down upon it, as this was his easiest position; and position and the silence he witched the long-haired man that of the night one supplyment, though not that of the night one supplyment, though not that of the night of the supplement.

though not that of the night before.

After a time the stalwart robber arose and walked the room, precisely as if he supposed himself its offered as the supposed himself its offered as a lunaic, sure enough," the must be a lunaic, sure enough," thought Waster—'a crazy robber. But then would the gang leave a crazy man here to manage things? I think not.

After all, he could not help seeing that his juilor had nothing of an insane look. He was simply queer-acting.

At length, seeming to remember Walter's presence, he stopped in his walk and looked at him thoughtfully.

"So they will come in upon me," he said, "get where I will. Boy, I wish you had kept away. How did you come here?"

"You said that you brought me," replied Walter.

away. How can you come with the work of th

"Atone?"
"Yes."
"A boy of sixteen here in these mountains!
"Were you lost?"
"Yes."
"What is your name?"
"Walter Dayton?"
"Where is your home?"
"In Sacramento."

"And so you are on my hands—a prisoner

"And so you are on my hands—a prisoner here."
"Prisoner again!" thought Walter. "He asks all these questions, and yet he knows knows just how it is all the time. But then —hold, he may belong to another gang; I never thought of that."

The man turned away as if vexed with himself for having manifested any interest in the matter, and again fell into a study over something of the mechanical kind.
"I am puzzled more than ever," said Walter to himself. "I will ask him about the robbers outright, and see what he will say."

He would ask nothing, however, till the man should seem less absorbed in his work; so he hay and watched him, thinking that, so the hay and watched him, thinking that, ong it had not a bad face. It was that ong the foreness.

Presently he observed the workers now.

of fierceness.

Presently he observed the workman pause and look up in a listening attitude, T was a long narrow rent in the rock, no



Mr. Mercer's gold, and a great deal of other treasure too. It may be all for the best that I am retaken, for if I had got away I should not have discovered this place."

But the attempt to console himself with the last reflection was not very successful. It was too much a matter of form.

"Is it night?" he finally asked aloud.

"Yes," replied his guardian.

"How long have I been here?"

"An hour or two."

"An hour or two."
"Where are Number One and the others?
"Boy, keep still a moment, will you?

"Boy, keep suit a mount am busy."

He had answered Walter's questions as if wholly preoccupied; and his last reply was petulant and even savage.

"Well," thought our hero, "I will be as independent as you! If you ask me a question, old fellow, I'll tell you I am busy think-

tion, old fellow, I'll tell you I am busy thunsing."

He lay for a while longer watching the queer man, and asking himself what good such a person could expect from money, should he get ever so much of it.

Once or twice his host approached him, as it to keep informed of his condition, put his hand on the young patient's forehead, and felt the pulse in his wrist. But he seemed to do it all absently, as if thinking of something else.

airy, do what they may.

Still, he felt a greate and of this strange strange and the strange of the starge of the strange of t

her ing the position of a lever; now peering under the suspicious contrivance, and now over it; now lifting it; norm the table, and now replacing it; and all the while with brow contents.

tracted and every indication or troublesome thought.

Here, perhaps, was an invention which might be set to do a giant's work; but an evil work, indeed, it must be in such hands.

After a while he suddenly started up, as if all at once remembering his prisoner.

"Wide awake yet, eh?" he said, coming to Walter's side.

Valter's side.
"Yes."
"How do you feel?"
"Not so bad as I did."
"Do you want anything?
"No."
"Not in much pain?"

"Not in much pain?"
"Not in much pain?"
"No; only sore and weak."
"Here take this "and he presented some sent and the presented some sent and the presented to the least of the present.

Shortly afterwards, he found himself very drowsy. Two or three times he rallied, and each time saw the mysterious workman at his task; but at length the tired young eyes refused to open, and the lad forgot his unhappiness in a deep, quiet sleep.

#### CHAPTER VIII. AN INCIDENT THAT WROUGHT A CHANGE

tance from it.

He detected the fragrant odor of coffee and

over the man's head, and just then a few bits of gravel fell through it and rattled on the table at

which he sat.
"They are coming," thought Walter, "Numb
One and the rest of them. I can hear them on t
cliff outside."

There was indeed a slight noise as of some li

foutside."
'here was, indeed, a slight noise, as of some liv-object making its way down the side of the

ing object manny its way some rock.

The long-haired man rose softly, motioning Walter to be silent. Then taking a double-barrelled to the silent rock of the rock of the first time that the lad had perceived the way for exit. Full of curiosity, he arose and attempted to walk to the door, though the movement pained birm.

him.

In a few minutes he heard a harsh growl, and then the report of a gun. This was followed by a startling roar; and Walter forgot his crippled condition as he hurried out to see what was taking

starting roar, and dition as he hurried out to see what was taking dition as he hurried out to see what was taking. The sight he encountered was a thrilling one. Stretched prone upon the ground lay the man of the cave, while over him stood a huge cinnamon hear, with both fore paws on his breast. The gun, of which one barrel only had been discharged, was lying a few feet off, and behind the enraged animal.

It was his object to get the cave. It was his object to get possession of the gun; but the attempt would be more perilous than his leap from the cliff. It would expose him to almost certain death, as the bear would undoubtedly life was first than the case required instant action.

in the ten in the ten

#### CHAPTER IX.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

Warren found the cavers well stocked with curatives, and the man, lying pallid and helpless, instructed him how to apply them.

The poor boy had himself been hurt by the last effort of the bear, so that had there been no great necessity for action, he would have felt compelled to lie very quiet. As it was, however, he gave to lie very quiet. As it was, however, he gave ing upon this or that support, hobbled briskly about, feeling his disability become less with the forced exercise.

"I have that the bear hurt you," said the man. "I thought you were as good as dead when he made "I thought you were as good as dead when he made you had not let him kill me instead of exposing yourself. You are a noble boy to risk your own life for another, and that, too, under such terrible circumstances. I don't think you can know what there is."

fear is." und think you can know what fear is." I hadn't time to be afraid," said Walter; "I was thinking of what I had to do. One thing at a time, you know—I meant to kill the bear, and I couldn't. "That's trie," said the wounded man, "you are a keen philosopher for a boy." "Perhaps I follow instinct," said Walter.
"Yes; but instinct is sometimes the best of all guides."

guides."
"Can this man be a robber?" thought Walter.
"How he has changed! He is not the same person. And yet he most be one of the robbers, for he talked about my being a prisoner. But then, didn't be seem to talk the other way too, as if he knew nothing of how I came here? I can't understand

rousing or now 1 came here? I can't understand it."

He thought of saying something on this point, but would not do so just now. The man seemed grievously injured and might die. And Walter saw the possibility of at last Inding himself alone in "I could hobble away now," he reflected, "and atc my chance among the mountains; but wouldn't lbe a coward to leave this man as he is, to suffer a can't a country of the country of t

he don't look like one in his face; he don't talk like one."

Walter suddenly found himself grown into anurse, and there was a kind of satisfaction in the discovery that he was capable of being one. Get ing about as well as he could, he rummaged for bandages, limmer and internal restoratives, and His mind was occupied with the good he could do, and should any base treachery be his reward, it would not be his fault. So he went on with a real interest in the case before him, as if it were the only ting to be considered.

The man was at length comparatively confortable, though after the first involuntary outflow of being the conformal of the confo

wound."
"I shall have to keep you till I get better."
"Keep me prisoner?"
"Yes."

"You said I was a prisoner before,"
"O, but that was on your own account. You know you are not fit to travel."
"So no one else knows I am here?"
"Certainly not."
"You live here all alone then?"

"Yes."
Walter's heart felt lightened of a great load.
"There," he said to himself, "I am sure at last that he does not belong to the gang. He may be a

robber on his own hook, but I will say nothing about that at present. I feel now as if I could afford to leave off asking him questions, and just go nithinking. Go to the form the form the form the former state of suspense brought a feeling that was almost happiness. Now he would no longer have to listen for the footsteps of Number One and his associates. He had only to consider how best he might get out from the mountains when he should again be able to travel. He had not to travel, the trattlesshade upon the was softened, and even the rattlesshade upon the wall appeared less hide-ous than at first.

The wounded man was getting drowsy, perhaps from the effect of something which had been administered, and after a time he fell asleep.

Typon his awakening, the shock to his neervous was able to sit up. Much of his reserve was how gone, and he seemed to regard Walter with great interest. He had "taken to him," so to speak.

"You say you were alone," he said.
"Yes I came with a company of robbers!"
"Yes; I came with a company of robbers!"

"Did you come into the mountains with com-pany?"
"Yes! I came with a company of robbers!"
And Walter looked into the man's face to see
what effect the revelation would produce.
"Robbers! how came that about?"
"Robbers! how came that about?"
"Robbers a stage coach! I was in, and after
planter thanks a stage coach! I was in, and after
planter to make my father ranson me."
"How should they have known anything about
you?"

you?"

You, o, there was an oldish man in the stage who a do the some questions about myself, and it was he who told them of me. He appeared to know my

father."
"Your father is rich, no doubt."
"Your father is rich, no doubt."
"Yes; and, besides, I think that this man has a grudee against him."
"Well, where did they take you?"
"To a cave among the rocks; but I haven't the least idea where it is."
"And you escaped?"

least idea where it is."

"And you escaped?"

"Yes; they tried to make me sign a letter to my father; begging him to ransom me. I refused to do it, and then they counterfeited my hand and forged a letter. I found afterwards that it was done by the force of the state of the stat

"Forged your name: County witing!"
"Yes; I suppose he must have found a scrap of my writing which I didn't know! had about me."
"An oldish man—how did he look?"
"He had large eyes, a hooked nose, and a very wide head."

vide head."
"So he was one of the robbers?"
"Yes; a robber in disguise; he appeared like s

"Yes; a robber in disguise; ne appeared and gentleman,"
"Did you make your escape from them and afterwards get lost?"
"I got out of 'the cave, but pretty soon I caue upon the oldish man and another that the robbers called Number One. They didn't see me at first, but two others came up and discovered me where I was hidden, and then the whole four attempted to catch me. I dodged them, and at last jumped off a high old into that torrent where you must have

ound me."
"So the old man asked you questions in the stage?"

"So the old man asked you questions in the stage?"
"Some few; not many; and rather carelessly, as I thought. There was a girl in the stage whose father had just been robbed of a hundred thousand Mr. Mercer".
"Mercer—a Mr. Mercer—and where is his home?"
"Mercer—a Mr. Mercer—and where is his home?"
"I don't know. His daughter did not say."
"So you think the old man of the stage coach was the one who forged the letter?"
"On, yes., I heard them talking about it after—about fity."
"Had a grudge against your father, you think?"
"What did he say of him?"
"What did he say of him?"
"Everned as if you the expression he used, but it seemed as if you the expression he used, but it seemed as if you the expression he used, but it seemed as if you the expression he used, but it seemed as if you the expression he used, but it seemed as if you the expression he used, but it seemed as if you had you

wronged."
"The villainous gang !" said the long-haired man, looking intensely excited. "They burrow in the mountains like rattlesnaker."
"His face had a flerce wild look, that was startling in its suggestion of insanity.
"And what do you think of me?" he asked presently.

"And what to you sums or "res" are ossessive printly.

"Port thought—""

"You thought me a robber, like the rest."

"West, I felt that you did; and you don't know with the robber with the ro

harm."

"And you don't feel yourself a prisoner?"

"No; except in the way you mentioned."

"That is right; we are prisoners to each other
for the present."

for the present. "

or the present."

(It is a continued.)

(To be continued.)

NO RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THEM. "JUDGE\_"Please describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner."
Witness\_"I don't know how ter do it, yer

Witness..."I don't know how ter do it, yer honor."
"Can't describe him? Did he look like any of these lawyers? Did he look like me."
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JIMMY had a little goat

That was a little goat

That was a little goat

That had a little goat

That bad goat knocked him out.

It followed him to school one day

And seared the female teacher.

But she climbed quickly on a beach

But she climbed quickly on a beach

That when the goat was hustled out,

It lingered round the door,

And, when it's owner sauntered forth,

Knocked him a rod or more.

"What nakes the goat buck Jimmy so?"

"Cause Jimmy plaques the goat, you know!"

The teacher quick repiled. JIMMY'S LITTLE GOAT

# UNDER FIRE

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI

Among those who congratulated Fred upon his perfect triumph, none did so with more sincere pleasure than did Nellie Dutton, and the flattering remarks of him by the entire village were as gratifying to her as if they referred to her own family.

And as she and Fred talked over together the trying events of the past few months, she remarked that they had taught her, as well as others, to appreciate him much more highly than before.

"To hear you say that, Nellie," said he gratefully, "more than repays me for all I have suffered from Matthew De Vere's malice."

"Oh, you can't mean that, Fred!" pro

- "Yes, I do, indeed."
- "But, just think, how broad a statement."
- "Though it is broad, it means less to me than your statement."
- Truly?
- "Yes.
- "I am glad then that we are still so good friends," continued Nellie, thoughtfully,
- "Yes, even better than in the old days are we not?" said Fred almost affectionately
- "We know each other better, I think," answered Nellie, after a pause, in which she seemed to study her reply, and, by way of changing the conversation, she went to the piano, and, playing her own accompaniment. she sang with unusual effect one of Fred's favorite songs.

A few days after the trial, while Fred was at work in the mill, he received a note from Mr. De Vere, asking him to call at the bank, if convenient to get away for a little time.

He took the note to Mr. Farrington and go permission to go, and consequently started off, wondering what was wanted of him.

He found the bank president alone in his private office, looking worn and anxious.

Mr. De Vere greeted him kindly and said : "Fred, I sent for you to offer you a posi-Would you like to become a banker?

Fred was thoroughly surprised at such a proposition. "I can hardly realize that such an opportunity is before me," he answered, "but I think I should like it very much."

"Yes, you really have the opportunity, and

I should like to have you accept the position."
"I thank you, sincerely, Mr. De Vere, but I can't understand why you should offer it to me when there are so many others better fitted for the position."

"There are two reasons, my boy. First——" and he hesitated, as if pained, "yes, two reasons, the first is, I owe you some recompense for all the injury and some recompense for all the injury and injustice Matthew has done you. I cannot believe he foresaw all that would follow from step by step, by a wicked man, till at last—" and the tears, which he was no longer able to restrain, rolled down his cheeks. Wiping them away, he continued : "But the injury to you was the same, and my wife and daughter join me in feeling under obligations to you."

"Do not think of such a thing, Mr. De Vere. You are in no respect responsible. That matter is now past. I would not think of accepting a position on that account.

Mr. De Vere drew from his pocket a letter, and handed it to Fred.

"Read this," said he, "and then I will ex-plain further."

The letter was from Matthew, dated "Chicago." It contained a full confession of his crime, and gave all the circumstances that led up to it. He begged his parents and sister to forgive him. Upon this point he said :

"Oh, if you only knew what I have suffered and am still suffering, on account of my foolish and wicked acts, I think you would have charity for me.

a....

"How I would like to see you all—my dear home, and my own pretty room. If only I could fall on my knees before you and mother, and with true penitent tears wipe out the past, how gladly I would do so. But this, I realize, is forbidden me. I have forfeited my home, my parents, my reputation, and all to gratify a petty gratie were for worthington and tell him how I has see Fred Worthington and tell him how I have see Fred with the see that the see that him; and sak him if he can forgive me. If has won the contest while I am ruined—ruined so far as my old life goes—but now, my dear father and mother, I have commenced anew life.

"I have told Cousin Henry everything about the past and he has helped me plan for the future. He has furnished me some money and I shall start to-morrow for one of the territories where I shall commence life the start of the second start of the second secon

the territories where I shall commence life for myself.

"I shall work hard and be a man in all that is honorable and right, I feel ten years older than I did a few months ago. I have taken some books with me to study in my odd moments. Among them is that Book to which mother always goes for comfort and encouragement. I shall study it faithfully, and try to heed its teachings. God knows I need to be comforted and encouraged. "The first money! carn, shall go to Mr. Rexford, in payment for his loss by my hands. He shall lose nothing if I live long enough to earn the money due him. I wish you would protect Tim Short so far as possible. I am alone responsible for his connection with the robbery.

alone responsive to the robbery.

"Cousin Henry has been very kind to me, the promises to communicate with me often. I shall write to you and mother every week. Will send the letter to cousin and he will for

Will send the letter to cousin and he will forward it to you.

"In writing me, if I may so far expect your forgiveness, please send to cousin and he will forward to me. I will write you as soon as I get located, and tell you all my plans."

After writing at some length upon family matters, he closed his letter by again appealing to his parents and sister for forgiveness. by assuring them of his love.

Fred returned the letter to Mr. De Vere, ing deeply touched and profoundly sorry for Matth r Matthew. "Tell him," said he, "that he has my for

giveness in full, and that I wish him prosperity in his new life."

Thank you, Fred, for your generosity. He is my boy still, and is dear to me though he has done wrong. But," he continued, with moist eyes, "he is lost to me now—lost so far as all my plans for his future went, and now, Fred, I want you to take his place I had designed to put him into the bank next year and give him a thorough training; but as he has gone and cannot return, I want you to take the position. I have so far modified my plans that I shall want you at once to assist cashier and do his work while he does mine, for I have very little heart in my work now, and shall probably never do much

"I thank you sincerely for this offer, Mr. De Vere. I should certainly like such a position, but the fear that you offer it to me as a recompense, causes me to hesitate about accepting it."

Do not hesitate on that ground, my boy. I have heard from Dr. Dutton, one of our directors, from Mr. Rexford and others, that you are in all respects better qualified for the position than any other young man in town.
The salary for the first year will be five hundred. After the first year you will be advanced. Will you take the position?

"Yes, I will accept it with many, many thenke " replied Fred gratefully.

Fred immediately returned to the factory and told Mr. Farrington of his good fortune. The latter congratulated him, "and yet," said he, "I am rather sorry, for I had designed to take you up to this department and teach you the entire business; however, I will gladly let you go, believing as I do that your new position is an exceptionally fine one for a boy of your age."

"I thank you a thousand times, Mr. Farrington, for your willingness to let me off and for all your kindness to me. Now I know the value of a good friend. If it had not been for your kindness and assistance, when none spoke well of me, I might not have established my innocence. As it is, through your help I have gained everything."

On leaving Mr. Farrington, Fred went to Mr. Rexford and told him he should be obliged to give up the idea of taking his old position as clerk, and after explaining why, told him he wanted him to do him a favor by giving little Carl a position in his store at a fair salary, and to arrange his duties so he would have only light work to do.

The merchant agreed to do this. In fact he would have done almost anything for Fred, for he felt under many obligations to him.

Fred was very happy over the bright prospects for his little crippled friend, as it had en his own privilege to help him.

Fred's promotion to the bank created a sen-sation in the village, and he was looked upon as the most lucky person in town. It is safe to believe that Nellie Dutton rejoiced in Fred's good fortune far more than she was willing for any one to suspect. As time rolled on they were often seen together, and seemed like brother and sister.

He easily mastered his duties in the benk and as his hours were short, had much time left for study and recreation. Nellie was taking German lessons from her teacher during the day, and at night imparted the same instruction to Fred; thus they studied to-gether, and each helped the other in their fixed purpose to master the language.

That they were happy in each other's soci ety there could be no doubt. Her influence upon him refined his manners and elevated his tastes, while associating with him was quite as beneficial to her in gaining broader ideas and contracting the habit of thinking and reasoning after the fashion of men. The last time I saw them was on a beauti-

ful evening in June. Dave Farrington and myself were returning home from a trouting expedition. We were upon an elevated plain, where we could survey the surrounding coun try. Nature seemed at her best, and this was one of her choicest scenes. The rich green stretching everywhere before the eye was only broken by the white and pink blossoms of fruit trees and shrubbery. The sun was just sinking behind a distant mountain which threw its shadow upon the landscape about us, and rich, golden hues spread out over the entire western horizon.

"A charming scene," remarked Dave with true admiration.

"It is indeed," said I; "but here is beauty far more attractive."

Dave turned, and beholding Fred and Nellie close upon us, replied:

"You are right. I never saw her look so bewitchingly pretty."

They were taking an evening drive with a handsome bay horse and high-top carriage The top was tipped back, and they appeared to be enjoying the scene that had eng our own attention.

Nellie was clad in a light summer dress, with a pale blue sash which matched the trimming of her jaunty little hat. Never until then had I realized that she was so handsome. With fair complexion and glowing cheeks, she presented a picture for an old master, as she talked and laughed merrily, showing a set of perfect teeth.

We raised our hats as they passed by, a

"Dave," said I, "there is a glimpse of what life should be. It is the rarest picture of the kind I have ever seen. Why, I wonder, do boys go to destruction by visiting iniquitous dens, by keeping low and vulgar company, by drinking, smoking and gambling en they might follow Fred's example, and be as refined, respected and as supremely happy as he now seems to be?

THE END.

## MARK TWAIN WAS NEIGHBORLY.

MARIA I WALL SMITH relates this: "When I THE Rev. J. Hyatt Smith relates this: "When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't se very much of him, but one morning as we were en joying our cigars on the verandah after breakfas we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing gowr and slippers and look over at us. He stood at his door for a minute, as if making up his mind about something, and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupled rocking chair on the verandah, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and

sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"Nice morning,"
"Yes, very pleasant,"
"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by "
"Well, we could stand a little,"
"Well, we could stand a little,"
"Yes is a nice house you have here."
"Yes is a nice house you have here."
"How's your family?"
"Quite well—and yours."
"Oh, we real comfortable,"
"Oh, we real comfortable, and the letter was another impressive silence, and fandline to the sir, and, in his lazy drawl, removed in the letter was another impressive been so make into the sir, and, in his lazy drawl, remarked.
"I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I ought to be. We must over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so exight the perhaps, as I ought to be. We must over here so early the single single

# **BOUND VOLUMES**

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MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF; BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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LOOK THE WORLD IN THE FACE.
BY INDESTIGATION ACCASTIV.
BUT bleesed that child of humanity, happiest man among man.
Who with hammer, or chisel, or pencil, with rudder or plowhater or pen.
Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morn-winning home and its darling divinities, love-worshipped children and wife.
Sound swings the hammer of industry, quickly the atharp chisel rings, the strong with the bosome of kings.

He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race.
Who never has arm for life's contest, and looks the strong world in the face.

### THE CITY BOYS AND THE FOX.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

THE CITY BOYS AND THE FOX.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

This isn't an old story, or a fiction, or anything of that sort. The thing happened on the 9th of last November, down in Maine. I say "down," because all the rest of the country try seems to have the impression that Maine is down, geographically; though being farther north than the rest of the country, it ought to be "up," according to my way of this country that the same than the set of the country, it ought to be "up," according to my way of this country in the same than the same

as we had. But we couldn't see it so exactly; we were the "oldest proprietors" at any rate, and we felt as if they had no business to get in our way.

All that day, and during the two following days, they were out, hallooing, stebboytag, and now and then firing off guns. We soon discovered, however, from their motions, that they were green, grass-green, at the business; that was some satisfaction. Foxes, when chased by the house of the chase of the house of the hill, as our shad done. Looking up from the flat below, we saw the house of the hill, as ours had done. Looking up from the flat below, we saw the house of the hill, as ours had done. Looking up from the flat below, we saw the chase, upon the southward side, quite plainly. They would be an hour making the circling around the base of the hill, as ours had done. Looking up from the flat below, we saw the chase, upon the southward side, quite plainly. They would be an hour making the circling across the deep, wooded valley, we espied our city friends, seemingly jaded as their hounds.

"Now if they only knew enough," exclaimed from, "to cross over and lie in wait for the form, "to cross over and lie in wait for the form."

ridge, across the deep, wooded valley, we espied our city friends, seemingly jaded as their hounds.

"Now if they only knew enough," exclaimed Tom, "to cross over and lie in wait for the fox, somewhere along the path he's running on, they might shoot him as easily as not, when he comes round again."

"Tell you what!" exclaimed Midge, suddenly, "Let's play a little game on them. Get the gun and come on, quick!"

"Why, what will you do?" said Tom.

"O, I'll tell you. Come on!"

The fox had just passed along the south side of the hill; we ran up the valley on the opposite side from our Boston friends, keeping well out of sight; and going up thrilling was to find a good hiding place. There was a clump of spruces some eight or ten rods off. Here we concealed ourselves, and waited for the fox to trom before their hounds, "said I. "I know that well enough," said he. "But they shall have their fox all safe and right. We'll have some fun with them, though."

In about forty minutes we again heard the hounds coming round the fox out forty minutes we again heard the hounds coming round the fox out forty minutes we again heard the hounds coming round the fox of the hill; and presently the fox a papeared, trotting leisurely along with his tongue out a little. Twas a fair "woods-gray," a beauty, with a "brush" as large as the sleeve of your great-coat. Occasionally he would stop, cock his ear and listen, then lick the snow a moment and sentile away again. As soon as he had come up opposite our hiding-place, Midge freed and dropped him.

"Now for a sell!" he exclaimed, throwing down the gun. "If the hounds come up before I get him placed, you keep them

before 1 get him placed, you keep them
off."
There was a large yellow birch, with trailing limbs, standing near the track; such as
you often see in the pasture. Catching up
the fox, Midge trailed him along to the root
of the tree, then, singing him over his shoulder, climbed rapidly up and placed the carcase in as natural a position as possible among
the topmost branches. This done, he as
quickly descended, and brushing out his
tracks with a spruce bough, came back to our
lurking-place. It was rather a ludicore
spectacle certainly. For, of course, to a person knowing anything about a fox, his habits, toe-nails, etc., the idea of one climbing a
tree must be wholly preposterous and whimsical.

ited must be whonly preposerous and wainsical.

In a few minutes the hounds came up, and running to the tree sunffed around a little; when, suddenly discovering the fox alol; they began yelping and whining, as is their custom when sighting game. We kept quiet, waiting for the hunters. It was too far for them to have heard our gun; but they would doubtless come round soon. So we waited with much patience, in anticipation of a rich thing. In the course of an hour and a half we began to hear voices, and, peering out from among the thick spruces, saw them come out in sight of the tree and the now clamorous dogs.

come out in sight of the tree and the now clamorous dogs.

"Hillo! pon my soul," quoth Mr. Archer, "they're treed him at last! See him look down at them!"

"Drin't know they climbed trees before," said Newcome.

"Ah, that's because you're not posted, Fred! "cried Bragdon.

"Well, did you now?" inquired the not posted Newcomb.

"I? Well, I don't know that I did. But they do, it appears."

they do, it appears."
"There's evidence for you, at any rate!" exclaimed Archer.
"Well, what's to be done?" demanded

"There's evidence for you, at any rate!"
"Kexlaimed Archer.
"Well, what's to be done?" demanded Bragdon.
"Done! why shoot him, I suppose," said Archer. "We've treed him, and the next the said of the

slapping the old cellow on the Muser,

"Lather a nice job, too! Hounds treed him
handsomely!"

"Treed him! Treed him!" exclaimed
everybody.

"Yes, treed him!" repeated Archer. "In
a pretty high tree, too. Forty feet from the
ground, sure!"
Now the evening assemblage at the Corners tavern is never, in any state of the
weather, a very intellectual one, but they
couldn't stand that anyhow. A great and
mighty silence succeeded this unparalleled
announcement, broken at first by a few credulous "whows" "and whistles, and then by a
roar of laughter. Archer stared contemptuously around. Bragdon asserted, protested
and declared upon "his word and honor"
that it was so. The uproar redoubled. It
seemed as if those old fellows would split
themselves. It was very evident they hadn't
the slightest intention of believing a word of
it. Archer and Bragdon now flared up.
"They reckoned they knew what they had
seen, and what they had done; and they
were not to be sneezed at by any such crowd
as the one now present. In short, if that
beastly haw-hawing wasn't shu of, somebody might get punched." But just then supper was called; and having been out all day
they concluded to devour the supper instead
of the crowd.

As soon as they had gone out Midge told
the whole story, amid a chorus of laughter.

usey concluded to devour the supper instead of the crowd. As soon as they had gone out Midge told the whole story, amid a chorus of laughter. And under the circumstances we judged it prudent to withdraw before they came in again. So I can't describe the denowement. I have been told, though, that it took them down prodigiously. At any rate, they left the next morning, hounds and all. But they sent Midge the present of a first-rate rifle, with their "compliments;" and the old fellows at the tavern speak of them in the very highest terms. So I must needs acknowledge that they did the handsome thing by us all.

I can't help hoping this way care in the service of the contract of the

I can't help hoping this may come to their eyes. If so, they may know by this token that we still take a fox up here now and then, but that we haven't heard of any being "treed" round here since the 9th of Novem-



CORRESPONDENCE

W. O. C., Du Pre, Tex. Jay Gould lives and does business in this city. J. E. P., Whitehouse, O. It is not on the Trade Cat-alogue, and must therefore be out of print.

J. B., Dayton, O. Your exchange cannot be inserted. See correspondence column of last number. J. B. W., Grand Junction, Col. The serviceable fibre of the hemp plant is not in the bark proper, but com-poses the inner bark.

oses the inner bark.

G. H. W., Minonk, Ills. Most plants during the few on their growth exhale more than two hunred times their dry weight of water.

dred times their dry weight of water.

H. J. Van V., Greenwood, Ark Between 1,300 and 1,400 lbs. have been lifted by athletes, without harness. With harness, 3,000 lbs. have been lifted.

F. T. McD., Pulsaki, N. Y. The suspension of the writ of shocks organ is permitted under the Constituence of the const

times and were finally exterminated.

W. F. H., Greenpoint, N. Y. A very simple way to cure your colt of kicking is: Fasten a rope around his under jaw, pass it through the collar and attach it to his hind feet. In this way one kick will cure him, as the force of the blow falls on his jaw.

S. R. R., Schenevus, N. Y. Eggs have been preserved untainted for forty years, by using the following: Slake fresh lime with boiling water; when cold, thin with cold water to the thickness of cream. Pack the pour on the cold whitewash, covering the eggs.

pour on the color whenevast, covering the eggs.

B. J. S. Westminster, Mass. A good way to test the soupenists of the so

the image are sound, the time will range as high as wearly diffury seconds. A. Westminner's Abbey claims its origin away back in the serventh century. Parly destroyed, rebuilt and added to, it is a mass of no uniform style of architecture. What remains of the oldest part is in the Norman style; the greater part of coronations take place, early English; the western towers, mixed Grecian and Gothic. 2. Four famous cities of ancient Greece; Athens, Thebes, Corinth, Byzantini. 3. Ditto battle fields: Marathon, Thermoylie, but the state of the state

#### PUZZLEDOM NO. 144 CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

OSBUCKED BY ROCKELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and spart from all other communications. When works not in same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Hems of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor." In Golden Assocs, 18 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 139 No. 1. Civil Service Reform. No. 2. No. 3. The Midsummer Holidays. No. 5.

M
COD
HONED
CORONAL
ONOTONES
DENOTATE
DANAITE
LETTER
SEERS P PAD CARIB PAPAVER PARADISES DIVIDIVI BESIDES REVERT SISTS

No. 10. Si-Sin-Sing-Singe-Singer

No. 10. Sis—Sin—Sing—Singer—Singer.

The following lists of answers to puzzles in No. 139 have been received: Tantrums, Minnie and A. Solver sent complete lists; will 1. Am, Jarep, Peral, Mand Lynn, The General and F. Aitchell each solved 9; Jo Mullins, Ed. Ward, Res. Ford, Jason and Mahdea, 8; Damon and Aspiro, 7; Black Raven and Eolis, 6; and May B., 5; Elbert, Tradelles, Matelay, Nayelf and Dion, 4; 1 Did 1t, Jay Ees and O. U. Nobim, 3; and May B., 5; Elbert, Tradelles, Matelay, Nayelf and Dion, 4; 1 Did 1t, Jay Ees and O. U. Nobim, 3; and May B., 5; Elbert, Tradels, Samplatic, Willie Wildwave, Mack, Senrab, Florence, Gopher, End, Lyrnehe and Morrhing Star, 2; 8; Elmo, Beech Mills, Marchalles, Marchall

PRIZES WON. First Complete List—Tantrums.

Best Incomplete List—Will I. Am.
Single Solutions—No. 1, Hecla; No. 4, Gopher; No. 8, enrab; No. 9, Enid; No. 10, Geoval.

### CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

Dona Telore, 1 Diamond 2 Squares; Rex Ford, 1
Pentagon; Aspiro, 1 Charade; Janus, 1 Numerical, 1
Square, 2 Half Squares; Hazz, 1 Pentagon, 1 Diamond;
ST. ELMO, 2 Pentagons, 1 Diamond; Theseus, 1 Square.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. CHARADE. (To "Bolis.") My first, 'tis quite clear, Is "a sort of strong beer," I says Webster 'tis "silence" as well.

Your brain you must tax,
For a queer "sort of wax,
For a queer "sort of wax,
Used in grafting and planting a
And when that is in sight
You are not far from right,
For my total it surely will be.
LAKE FALLS, MINN. No. 2. PENTAGON

Belonging to me," s my second, you see, a hint to my total I'll tell.

A letter; 2. Support; 3. Instruments; 4. Refuse from grain distilleries; 5. fornia; 6. A lady's long cape · 7. Arraion; 8. To wander; 9. Prophets. ents for measur-; 5. A county of Arranged in suc-

No. 3. PENTAGON (To "Pearl.")

(To "Pearl.")

1. A letter: 2 Wolfram: 3. In the East, the part of the house allotted to females: 4. A kind of confection (Supp.); 5. Staircases in a spiral form; 6. A beverage; 7. A mixture; 8. A large, flat stone such as is frequently laid over a tomb; 8. Prophets.

1094 FALLS, La.

DOC JR.

No. 4. CHARADES. (To "Delphine.")

(To "Delphine.")
The light of day was fading fast, as through first Eastern village passed a lind who bow high or in his head, A banner which or his head, A banner his fact booked and, his heart beneath A swelling bosom drew its breath; this voice like a lond trumped dart, Rang praises of that well-known art, Pruzeledom !

In many homes he saw the light Of kerosene now flashing bright, By which the weary solver tries, With aching brain to win a prize In Puzzledom.

In Puzzledom.

On dusty road the banner's borne,
Carried nezt by a lad forlorn.
Who, poor by birth, and seedy too,
Complete will meet with his just due,
For aiding Puzzledom.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I DID IT.

1. Advance (Obs.): 2. One who destroys; 3. To bind ith twigs; 4. Refuses of broken rock; 6. Lets anew; Durson, III.

I DID IT.

No. 6. SQUARE.

1. An annual plant; 2. One who opens; 3. A phrase of supposition; 4. To entangle; 5. A second sale; 6. Expressions changed from the original signification another.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BRINGE

No. 7. CHARADE.
Submerged beneath the surface of the ocean,
And bearing diamonds, pearls, gold and treasures
rare. rare,
You'll find the last; and, too, in active motion,
Cephalopods are sporting here and there.

con input use or as and, too, in active motion, Cophalopola are sporting here and there. How many are the heartfelt tribulations How many after the heart and the second the second in t

1. A letter; 2. An instrument of warfare; 3. An axie or spindle on which a wheel turns; 4. Smiles upon; 5. A thick mass covering the ovarium of a flower; 6. To pass from one key into another; 7. An historian; 8. A town of Sicily; 9. A rest house.

NEW YORK CITE.

JAREP.

I. In Golden Noo. 9. Pertagon.

I. In Golden Nooser; 2. An inhabitant of a city; 3. The bed-piece of a machine; 4. The dried bodies of the Coccus ilicis, used in dying; 5. A genus of cere; 7. Revives; 8. A knot or snarl in livraci; 9. Certain animals.

New York City.

No. 10. Double Letter Enigma.

No. 10. Decume Latters Exicox.
In "blustering winde,"that whister shrill,
In "blustering winde,"that whister shrill,
In "blustering winde,"that whister shrill,
In "lighthouse beacon" far at sea,
In "flowers sweet," on grassy lea.
In "flowers sweet," on grassy lea.
From stars on high,
In cloudless sky,
Bright beams on landscape fair now break,
As on we gilde,
As on we gilde,
Oh, joy, 'tis moonlight on the lake.
We speed along,
With aught but song,
To mar the quietness profound.
Rests o'er the scene,
Still evening casts her charm around,
What Joy supreme.

What joy spireme,
To first and dream,
No worldly cares to blight our bliss.
Oh, could we e'er
At evening fair,
Ride on in such sweet peace as this.

Ride on in such aweet peace as this.

No rocks to fear.

All freed from gloom our course we'd take,
And shedding light
On our solor bright,
Beams forth glad moonlight on the lake.

WIDENCE, R. I. EMPHATIC.

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CHAT.

CHAT.

The Hexagon credited to JANUS last week belongs to JARDE. The change of name was a typographical error, not discovered until the paper was printed. The MINSHE, A SOLVER, GROVAL, BOLIS, MYSKLY, MARCH, BYRISHER AND TADDLESS. WILLIE WILLIAWS says this puzzle is a beauty, but he did not send us the correct whose good opinion is worth something, have complimented it. Sour Cox has a dept. in Health and Hessal who have been good opinion in worth something, have complimented it. Sour Cox has a dept. in Health and Hessal who have been good opinion in worth something, have compilemented it. Sour Cox has a dept. in Health and Hessal who have been good of the source of t