

OLD FASHIONED TOYS

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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FACING PERIL.

A TALE OF THE COAL MINES.

By G. A. MENTY.

CHAPTER I.

A row of brick-built houses with slate roofs, at the edge of a large mining village in Staffordshire. The houses are dingy and colorless, and without relief of any kind. So are those in the next row, so in the street beyond, and throughout the whole village. There is a dreary monotony about the place, and if some giant could come and pick up all the row 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 chapels, and the doctor's house, with a bright brass knocker and a plate on the door. There are no other buildings about the average; and it needs not the high chimneys, and engine-houses with winding gear, dotting 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 black with coal dust, walks rapidly towards his house, with his head bent down, and with his thick felt slouched over 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 bulldog 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 these home before time?"

"For a moment Bill Haden did not answer, but stooped, and, as if he were mechanically, lifted the dog, and stroked his head.

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

"It bain't none of mine, lass," the man said, in an unsteady voice. "It be Jack's. He be gone."

"Not Jack Simpson?"

"Ay, 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."

The woman dropped into a chair, threw her apron over her head, and cried aloud, partly at the loss of her husband's mate, and 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 thar't 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 with a two month baby? I misboud't me it will kill her."

"Thou'st got to do it," Bill said, doggedly, "and thou'd best be quick about it; it won't be many minutes afore they bring him in."

When Bill spoke in that way, his wife knew, as he said, that she'd got to do it, and without a word she rose and went out, while her husband stood staring into the fire, and still patting the bulldog in his arms. A tear falling on his hand startled him. He dropped the dog and gave a kick, passed his sleeve across his eyes, and said, angrily:

"Blest if I baint a crying like a gal. Who'd a thaw't it? Well, well, poor old Jack! he was a good mate, too,"—and Bill Haden proceeded to light his pipe.

Slowly and reluctantly Mrs. Haden passed along the row. The straggled on which she was going was one that has often to be discharged in a large colliery village. The women who had seen Bill go in were still at their doors, and had been joined by others. The news that he had come in at this unusual hour had passed about quickly, and there was

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.

"Jack Simpson's killed by a fall," she said, "and I ha' got to break it to his wife."

Rapidly the news spread along 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 intimate with the Simpsons, followed Jane Haden slowly down the street to the door of their house, and took up a position a short distance off, talking quietly together, in case they might be wanted.

ed, and with the intention of going in after the news was broken, to help comfort the widow, and to make what preparations were needed.



"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.

It had, as the gossip 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 a terrible 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.

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

"He is killed?" she gasped.

Mrs. Haden made no answer in words, but her face was sufficient as she made a step forward towards the slight figure which swayed unsteadily before her. Mary Simpson made no sound save a gasping sob, her hand went to her heart, and then she fell in a head on the ground, before Mrs. Haden, prepared as she was, had time to clasp her.

"Thank God," Jane Haden said, as she went to the front door and beckoned the others in, "she has fainted."

"Ay, I thaw't as much," one of the women said, "and a good job too. It's always best

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

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's 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.

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 sturdy 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 you 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, 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 run'uns, suckled by a wolf, but he can't say for sure that it's true. Mother says it's all a lie, she got me from a bottle. But they call me Bulldog from that, and because Juno and me always went about together; and 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, carelessly.

"And do you like it?"

"I like it well enough; I learnt pretty easy, and so kep't many hidings. Dad says it was 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 you going to do there? You are too young for work."

"Oh, I shan't have no work to do int' pit, nor hard work—just to open and shut a door when the tubs go through."

"You mean the coal wagons?"

"Ay, the tubs," the boy said. "Then in a year or two I shall get to be a butty, that'll be better pay; then I shall help dad in his stall, and at last I shall be on full wages."

"And after that? the artist asked.

"The best I can get, I suppose."

"What will you look forward to after 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 manager."

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

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

"Jack," the artist said, stopping in his work now, and speaking very earnestly, "I mean the sort 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



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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 their titles." And again "Great men make themselves great. They are comparatively little to nature 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.

If people only applied themselves to sober business 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 in this. He put a drop of syrup on his nose, and spent an entire day counting the flies that lit there.

LOOK AT HOME.

We are always ready enough to point out the faults of our friends. People feel quite free 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 better for it, and our friends would be spared some heart burnings. An old Scotch proverb says: "If the best man of a full was written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes." We may well take this home, and not apply it to our neighbors.

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 government is now engaged in an effort 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 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 9,700 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 equilibrium. 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. It 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 became well known.

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 woman." Twenty-four hours later, the street was blocked up with applicants, and the artist had no difficulty in selecting his "remarkably ugly woman."

FORMING CHARACTER.

WHAT should seem of greater importance to young people is character. Yes, this has been said before, we know, but it seems to be forgotten. It is a weakness 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 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 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 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 worse 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 deposit 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. So 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 daring and glorious achievement. But the grim and gloomy details do not appear.

Some of the older readers of these columns know what war and battle mean, by their own experience. But the youngsters have in their knowledge only the romantic and glorious side of them. English periodicals give special attention to tales of war and combat, for England is a fighting nation, and the enthusiasm of her youth must be kept 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 withdrawal of the British troops to Saumkin 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 striped 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; 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 carrion 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 detected their trade. The great American general who so recently passed to his rest, had no fondness for war. He never favored 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 illustrious deceased, that both North and South should be represented in his funeral train, as the symbol of that peace and harmony he had been so anxious to see consummated.

General Johnston had responded with alacrity and followed the tier to the grave with sentiments truly sincere. For, in common with other broad-minded men of the South, he recognized the true worth of the northern commander, and fully appreciated the charity that lay behind all his military actions and to its full extent the debt the South owed to their magnanimous conqueror. No better representative of the enlightened sentiment of the South could have been selected than this general who had dismissed his men after the great climax with the injunction to return home and "discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens 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 cordially during 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 distinguished 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 educated, so that the family was eminently representative 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 enterprise. 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 unflinching fortitude and composure, 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 various transfers, until 1838, when he was made First-lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and in that capacity served with distinction throughout the 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 reconnaissance of a region which lay around a lake, and, having crossed the lake in boats, the party was waylaid by an ambuscade of Indians, and all its officers killed or disabled 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 action, a perfect volley of balls sweeping around. At last one struck Johnston immediately above the forehead and passed backward over the skull, without 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 various grades, and in 1847 he sailed with General Scott's expedition to Mexico as lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. On the advance to Cerro Gordo he made a very hazardous and daring reconnaissance in which he was wounded so severely as to be pronounced in danger of death. But he recovered and resumed 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, 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 several promotions.

After the close of the war, Johnston was made a full 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 prominent and esteemed soldier, but, in common with so many others, deemed it his duty to renege himself with the fortunes of his own state when it seceded.

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 command of what was called the Army of the Shenandoah. Impressed 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 Manassas, 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 Bull 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 adjacent 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 Sherman'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 scars.

His personal appearance and characteristics during the war are thus described: "He is about five feet, eight or nine inches in height, of good form, very erect, a handsome face, thick moustache and beard somewhat sprinkled with white. His hair is slightly gray. His organs of benevolence and veneration are extremely large; and his eye is very full and large. He speaks well and speaks freely. Everything about him—his bearing, style of dress and even his most careless attitudes—betoken the high-toned and spirited soldier, who loves his profession, and whose soul revels in the din and uproar of the battlefield. Intellectually, he is the equal of any of the generals in the army. His reports are written with a degree of elegance which shows that, in the turmoil of the campaign, he is unimpaired of the graces of literature. As a strategist, he enjoys a very high reputation among military men. He is also considered one of the best fighters in the army; but his general manners are rather quiet and dignified."

JACKSON NEWMAN SMITH.

LOOK AT THE BEST.

Look at the best and the brightest, my friend. Be a philosopher, but stay distant, God. Don't look so cross over. Matters you never can alter or mend.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THERE is no creature so contemptible but by resolution may gain his point.

THERE is no study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.

The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools in the camp of God.

Does not the whole tenor of the divine law positively require humility and meekness to all men?

EVERY great mind seeks to labor for eternity, and alone is exempt from the prospect of distant good.

At all truths is pretence, if not all diving. And what dilutes the powers must needs refine.

POWER when employed to relieve the oppressed and to banish the oppressor brings a great blessing.

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

The most divine light only shineth on those minds which are purged from all worldly-dross and human uncleanliness.

EVERY man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.

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

ALL is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like a diamond, yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower, yet it is valuable. So different persons have different degrees of excellence, and to be just we must have an eye to all.

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF SHADOW.
 A child lay dying; but still her brow was clear.
 Sad faces dressed around; but on her own
 No shadow darkened. Was the end unknown
 Her young heart? And started with sudden fear,
 Her mother should take her by surprise—"My dear,
 Her mother whispered, "thou wilt soon be gone;
 But, oh, my lamb will not be left alone."
 Though art in death's dark vale; but He is near."
 The child looked wondering in her mother's face.
 "I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.
 "I see the light; and I shall not be left alone."
 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.

WALTER'S 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 had good reason to suppose so from what 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, it might it not be only another portion of the same fearful den?

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 it, of what he at first took to be living animals.

There were a bear, a puma, a wildcat, and a mountain sheep. What a strange family! Then, too, perched a few yards from his couch, he saw an immense owl, 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 he were there all his life.

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 bewildered condition, could not help perceiving that they must be only stuffed specimens. No huge "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 I shall not escape a second time."

The reflection was bitter and humiliating. "It is too bad!" he thought, "to have them triumph in this manner after all my efforts. If I had not become insensible, I could 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 animosity, and brought him back to himself.

As the man stood revealed by the lamp-light, he was not at all prepossessing in appearance. A full beard, reaching to his breast, gave his face a look of ferocity, which was increased 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 had the features and complexion of a white man.

His dress consisted of moccasins, buckskin trousers, and blue flannel shirt, without vest or coat. He was, moreover, a muscular and somewhat tall man; and, altogether, he appeared like one who must be an ugly customer at the door of a stage coach, with a 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 story he had read of "Bluebeard." "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 villainy, 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 prisoners.

The long-haired creature approached and looked sharply into the boy's face. He seemed to have been preparing some medicine.

"There's life enough in him," he muttered. "He swallowed that last night knowing it. If I could only get a little of this into him—"

Walter stirred and looked up in the strange face.

"Ah! coming to," said the man. "Boy,

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 blunt 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.

"Well, you will feel better soon. You must keep still now."

"Who brought me here?" asked Walter. "I did."

"Where did you find me?" "In the water."

"What place is this?" "It is a cave."

"So I thought," replied Walter; and 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 stable here somewhere. Perhaps I am close upon



THE REPORT OF THE GUN AND THE ROAR OF THE BEAR WERE SIMULTANEOUS.

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."

"Are there Number One and the others?" "Boy, keep still a moment, will you? I 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 thinking."

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

Once or twice his host approached him, as if 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.

He acts more like a lunatic than a robber," thought Walter; "but I suppose he is studying up some mischief or thinking of some danger. Such fellows most always be uneasy in one way or another."

But in spite of all the boy's efforts at defiance, he still felt what amounted nearly to despair. He saw himself buried in the heart of the mountains, where no friendly hand could reach him save at the will of his villainous persecutors; and under such circumstances it was an agony to think of home and those who were dear to him.

While strong and well, he could fight his way with words, at least, and could be on the watch for any loophole of advantage or es-

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

In the meantime his keeper proceeded to overhaul a variety of odd-looking articles, apparently of a mechanical nature; and Walter queried as to whether these, too, might not be the proceeds of some robbery. If so, he wondered what use they could be put to by such a man in such a place.

"Oh, I know," he said at last to himself; "he has got some infernal machine there, and is trying to perfect it. That's what he must have been thinking of just now when he said he was busy. It may be intended to blow up a bank safe, or a steamboat, or a locomotive—something of that kind in the wind! The next that people will know, some explosion will take place in order that a robbery may be committed."

He watched the man at this kind of work till the sinister countenance grew into his soul like a photograph.

"I shall know him, at all events," he thought; "and so now I have three of them in my mind without their masks—three of the head ones, too, I guess. Number One is certainly the least, and that smooth old fellow of the stage coach must rank next; then this man here neither looks nor acts as if he were of the lowest. He's shrewd enough—he's no more crazy than I am."

The man seemed wholly absorbed in his work—sometimes loosening a screw or changing

the smell of broiled venison, but 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 more than necessary.

"Sore all over of course."

"Yes, as if I had been run through a flour mill."

"Well, I'll bring you some coffee."

"I wonder that I should care how I feel," thought Walter, "but somehow he doesn'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."

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

"There," said the man, "move about and lumber yourself." And turning away abruptly, he disappeared for the moment. Returning, he set a number of dishes upon a rude sort of table, and pushed the wall, between the table and the grizzly bear.

Walter thought the odor of the venison very tempting; but his appetite failed after a few mouthfuls, for he was not well enough to relish an ordinary meal. His companion, however, ate heartily.

Very few words were spoken during the rest, the strange personage seeming all the while moody and preoccupied.

"You must keep quiet for a day or two," he remarked, as he finished breakfast. "Lie down when you like, and get up when you are tired of lying down."

"But when am I to have my liberty?" "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 tomorrow I may be able to walk, at least, if I can 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 then in the silence he watched the long-haired man at some mysterious employment, 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 only occupant.

"He must be a lunatic, sure enough," thought Walter, "and 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 jailor had nothing of an insane look. He was simply queer—seeing.

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 do you come here?"

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

"Yes; but how came you in that stream?" "What is he at now?" thought Walter.

"It is all right, I don't know all about it. Well, I'll tell him no more than he asks."

"I went into it from a rock," he answered. "Pell in—I see. But how came you in this part of the country alone?"

Walter was puzzled. What object could the man have in pretending ignorance? "Has he not just spoken," he thought, "as if he knew me to be a prisoner?" However, nothing could be lost by non-committal.

"I was out on a school vacation," he said. "Alone?"

"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 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 stared at Walter 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."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INCIDENT THAT BROUGHT A CHANGE.

WALTER felt very languid upon awaking, but his mind had grown clearer and stronger. His companion of the previous evening was still alone with him, and he wondered that no others of the gang made their appearance.

Perhaps this, too, was merely an outpost, like the other place he had seen, and the real hold of the robbers might be at a wide distance from it.

He detected the fragrant odor of coffee and

Presently he observed the workman pause and look up in a listening attitude. There was a long narrow rent in the rock, nearly

over the man's head, and just then a few bits of gravel fell and rattled on the table at which he sat.

"There are men coming," thought Walter. "Number One and the rest of them. I can hear them on the cliff outside."

"There was, indeed, a slight noise, as of some living object making its way down the side of the rock.

The long-haired man rose softly, muttering Walter to be silent. Then taking a double-barrelled gun, he noiselessly disappeared outside. It was the first time that the lad had perceived the way of exit. Full of curiosity, he arose and attempted to go to the door, though the moment pained him.

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

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 bear, with both fore paws on his breast.

The gun, of which only the barrel had been discharged, was lying a few feet off, and behind the enraged animal.

Walter wanted to divert the bear's attention, and losing all sense of lameness and weakness, plunged desperately out of 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 all certain death, as the bear would undoubtedly leave the first victim, and he would have no life as at stake, and the case required instant action.

As he passed close to the bear, it glared upon him with fury in its small blue eyes, and seemed on the point of rushing forward.

To pick up the gun without being instantly torn in pieces appeared impossible, but a quick moment might accomplish the deed.

Walter's hand flew out and snatched the weapon; while the bear, wheeling about, rose on its hind legs to climb the cliff.

The report of the gun and the roar of the furious bear were simultaneous. At first the boy felt himself lost, for the bear sprang upon him with a force that threw him flat on his back.

Struggling up, however, he saw that the creature was beyond doing further harm, having died almost instantly.

As to the man, he was so badly injured that Walter's assistance was required to enable him to walk. Once within the cavern, he flung himself upon a pile of furs, and then called to his young companion what to do in the case.

All the while, he looked into the boy's face with a grateful expression, and his whole manner appeared to be changed.

CHAPTER IX.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

WALTER found the cavern well stocked with curatives, and the man, lying pallid and helpless, invited him how to apply them.

The poor boy had himself been hurt by the last effort of the bear, so that there had been no great necessity for action, he would have felt compelled to try any quack as he in a moment of despair scarcely a thought to his own condition, but seizing upon this that support, hobbled briskly towards his father, his disability become less with the forced exercise.

"I saw that the bear hurt you," said the man. "I thought you were as good as dead when he made that last spring and I could not help feeling sorry 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 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 have done it if I had thought about myself."

"That's true," 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."

"Can this man be a robber?" thought Walter. "How he has changed! He is not the same person; and yet he means to be a robber. He has changed his talk about my being a prisoner. But then, didn't he seem to talk the other way too, as if he knew nothing of how I 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 gravely injured and might die. And Walter saw that the last finding himself alone in that vast cavern in the presence of death.

"I could hobble away now," he reflected, "and take my chance among the mountains; but wouldn't I be a coward to leave this man as he is, to suffer alone, and perhaps to die? No; I'll stay and see it out with him. At all events, I'll do so unless I discover something further. He can't be a robber; he don't look like one in his face; he don't talk like one."

"I suddenly found myself grown into a nurse, and there was a kind of satisfaction in the discovery that he was capable of being one. Getting about as well as he could, he rummaged for bandages, liniments and external restoratives, and felt the better for his sense of responsibility.

His mind was occupied with the good he could do, and should not be troubled with the reward, that would not be his haul. So he went on with a real interest in the case before him, as if it were the only thing to be considered.

"I wonder if he is going to be moody again," mused Walter, with a look of disappointment. "Do you feel tolerably easy now?" he asked.

"Yes, tolerably."

"That's all of it," said the wounded man. "I know you are."

"It is the first time I ever attempted to do up a wound."

"I should have to keep you till I get better."

"Keep me prisoner?"

"Yes."

"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.

"I'm sure," 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 on thinking."

The change from 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.

The grimaces of the creature which had been administered, and after a time he fell asleep.

Upon his awakening, the shock to his nervous system appeared to have passed away, so that he was able to sit up. Much of his reserve was now 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, at the time of my accident."

"Did you come into the mountains with company?"

"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?"

"They attacked a stage coach I was in, and after plundering it they carried me off with them in order to make my father ransom me."

"How should they have known anything about you?"

"O, there was an oldish man in the stage who asked me 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?"

"Yes, and besides, I think that this man has a grudge against him."

"Well, where did they take you?"

"To a cave among the rocks; but I haven't the least idea of its location."

"And you escaped?"

"Yes; they tried to make me sign a letter to my father, but he would not sign it, and I refused to do it, and then they counted my hand and forged a letter. I found afterwards that it was done by the same man I had seen in the stage."

"Forged, you say?"

"Yes, and it was done to perfection. I heard one of the robbers tell another that the one who did it called the president of a bank."

"Forged your name? Counterfeited your handwriting?"

"Yes; I suppose he must have found a scrap of my writing which he copied, and then about me."

"An oldish man—how did he look?"

"He had large eyes, a hooked nose, and a very white head."

"So he was one of the robbers?"

"Yes; a robber in disguise; he appeared like a gentleman."

"Did you make your escape from them and afterwards get lost?"

"I got out of the cave, but pretty soon I came 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 take me to their cave. I tried to run, but they held me up, and at last jumped off a high cliff into that torrent where you must have found me."

"So the old man asked you questions in the stage?"

"Yes, many; 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 dollars in gold—all the property he had. He is a Mr. Mercer."

"Mercer—a Mr. Mercer—and where is his home?"

"I don't know. His daughter told me where."

"So you think the old man of the stage coach was the one who forged the letter?"

"O, yes, I heard them talking about it afterwards. He wasn't very old—I should say he was about fifty."

"Had a grudge against your father, you think?"

"I heard him say something about getting even with him; and he spoke of some one besides whom he called 'Gerald,' as near as I could understand."

"What did he say of him?"

"I have forgotten the expression he used, but it seemed as if 'Gerald' was some one he had wronged."

"The villainous gang!" said the long-haired man, looking intensely excited. "They burrow in the mountains like rattlesnakes!"

"His face had a fierce wild look, that was startling. In his suggestion of a robber, he was right."

"And what do you think of me?" he asked presently.

"I was doubtful when I found myself here," answered Walter. "I thought—"

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

"Well, I did—I—"

"Yes, I felt that you did; and you don't know but I am one."

"I'll risk it," said Walter.

"You mean that you must risk it."

"I mean that I am not afraid you intend me harm."

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

"No; except in the way mentioned."

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

"The strange man, weak and pale, threw himself upon his cot."

(To be continued.)

NO RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THEM.

"Please describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner."

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 a lawyer?"

"No, yer honor. He looked like an intelligent gentleman."

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Illustration of a man writing at a desk, part of the Ames' Mastery of the Pen advertisement.

Illustration of a man writing at a desk, part of the Ames' Mastery of the Pen advertisement.

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JIMMY'S LITTLE GOAT.

Jimmy had a little goat
Which followed him about,
And every time that Jimmy stooped,
That bad goat knocked him out.
It followed him to school one day
And scared the female teacher,
But she climbed quickly on a bench
Where Billy couldn't reach her.
Then when the goat was hauled out,
It lingered round the door,
And, when it's owner sauntered forth,
Knocked him a jolly one more.
"What makes the goat buck Jimmy so?"
The children all they cried.
"Cause Jimmy plagues the goat, you know!"
The teacher quick replied.

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!" protested Nellie.

"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 got 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 position. 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."

"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 injustice Matthew has done you. I cannot believe he foresaw all that would follow from his first petty revenge, but he was forced on 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 explain 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.

"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 I 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, my native state even, and all to gratify a petty greed. I wish you would see Fred Worthington and tell him how I have wronged him, and ask him if he can forgive me. He 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 a new 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 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, not only 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 I earn, 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."

"Cousin Henry has been very kind to me. He promises to communicate with me often. I shall write to you and mother every week. I shall tell 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, and by assuring them of his love.

Fred returned the letter to Mr. De Vere, feeling deeply touched and profoundly sorry for Matthew.

"Tell him," said he, "that he has my forgiveness 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 how—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 the 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 more."

"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 thanks," 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 been his own privilege to help him.

Fred's promotion to the bank created a sensation 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 bank, 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 together, and each helped the other in their fixed purpose to master the language.

That they were happy in each other's society 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 beautiful 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 country. 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 engrossed 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, and soon they were beyond our view.

"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 when 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.

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 very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing gown 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 unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"'Nice morning.'
"'Yes, very pleasant.'
"'Shouldn't wonder if you had rain by and by.'
"'Well, we could stand a little.'
"'This is a nice house you have here.'
"'Yes, we rather like it.'
"'How's your family?'
"'Quite well—and yours?'
"'Oh, we're all comfortable.'
"There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air, 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. I must be out of state of things. But this morning came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea. I—'
"But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up stairs, trailing the language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and had returned to the veranda Mark wasn't there."

BOUND VOLUMES

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We have on hand a few volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY bound. Volumes I. and II. contain the following serial stories:

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LOOK THE WORLD IN THE FACE.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.
Blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men...

THE CITY BOYS AND THE FOX.

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 seems to have the impression that Maine is down, geographically, and so on.

All through the fall the Edwards boys, Tom and Midge (we call him Midge because he's such a little fellow) and their father...

We were waiting for a storm, when our prospects were most unexpectedly darkened by the arrival of a weather which drove the fellows from the city, who came up "down, I mean) on the afternoon stage, and went in to quarters at the tavern at the "Corners." They had in long green hounds, a lot of guns and rifles in long green covers, and a whole chestful of trap-shot-pouches, shooting jackets, etc.

"Plague take 'em!" was all we could say. Their coming had spoiled all our plans. Perhaps they did have as much right to hunt 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, stebbing, 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, which chased by the hounds, nearly always "circle" around some hill, or range of hills.

It began snowing on the 8th, and on the morning of the 9th the ground was white. A rare chance, but, hearing their hounds out as early as six o'clock, we held back. We didn't care to get in their way. For they were a pretty saucy, flashy-looking trio; and there was no knowing what mischief might result to boys like us, from running across them on their war-path.

"During the day they ran a fox up to the 'Hardscrabble,'" where he began circling around the base of the hill, we saw the fox looking up from thence, and saw his chase, upon the southward side, quite plainly. They would be an hour making the circuit, which might have been from five to six miles in extent.

"Now it 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 whup him easily as now, when he comes round again."

"It's rather a saucy trick, Midge, to shoot the fox out from 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 of them, though."

In about forty minutes we again heard the hounds coming round the foot of the hill; and presently the fox appeared, trotting leisurely along with his tongue out a little. "Twas a fair 'n' woods-gray," a beauty, with a "brush" as large as the foot of your green coat.

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

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 foot of the tree, then, raising him over his shoulder, climbed rapidly up and placed the carcass in as natural a position as possible among the topmost branches.

In a few minutes the hounds came up, and running to the tree sniffed around a little; when, suddenly discovering the fox aloft, they began yelping and whining, as is their custom when sighting game, and 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.

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

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

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

"Well, did you know?" inquired the not posted Newcome.

"There's evidence for you, at any rate!" exclaimed Archer.

"Well, what's to be done?" demanded Bragdon.

"Done! 'Why shoot him, I suppose," said Archer. "We've treed him, and the next thing to be done is to get him down."

"Let's all be together," suggested Newcome, "so as to be sure of him." They were seven or eight rods off; and, raising their guns, Bragdon counted (as if it had been a duel) one, two, three, and they all blazed away.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Uncle Pete Emery, an old mercer, standing by the fence. "So you've got him at last!"

"Yes, siree, my old buck!" cried Archer, slapping the old fellow on the shoulder.

"Rather a nice job, too! Hounds treed him handily!"

"Treed him! Treed him!" exclaimed everybody.

"Yes, treed him," repeated Archer. "In a pretty high tree, too. Forty feet from the ground, sure!"

Now, at 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 exclamations "whows" and whistles, and then by a roar of laughter.

As soon as they had gone out Midge told the whole story, and a chorus of laughter. And under the circumstances he judged it best for the fox to come down by the tree again. So he can't describe the denouement. 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 fine 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 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 November.



PUZZLE DOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. O. C. Du Pre, Tex. Jay Gould lives and does business in this city.

J. B. Whitehouse, O. It is not on the Trade Catalogue, and must therefore be of our own country.

J. B. Dayton, O. Your exchange cannot be inserted. See correspondence column of last number.

J. P. W. Grand Junction, Col. The serviceable horse of the hemp plant is not in the bark proper, but composes the inner bark.

G. H. W. Minkoff, Ill. Most plants during the first months of their growth excrete more than two hundred 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.

F. T. McE., Pulaski, N. Y. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus is permitted under the Constitution "when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

G. A. L. Crookston, Minn. The Janizaries were a file of Turkish infantry numbering in times of war 100,000 men, and forming in their time the best disciplined troops in Europe.

R. R. Schenevyn, N. Y. Eggs have been preserved intact for forty years by the following: Shake fresh lime with boiling water; when cold, thin with cold water to the thickness of cream.

B. J. S. Westminster, Mass. A good way to test the soundness of your lungs is to draw in as much breath as possible, then cough as long as possible in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath.

R. E. New Orleans, La. I. Westminster Abbey claims its origin way back in the seventh century. Partly destroyed, rebuilt and added to, it is a mass of no uniform style of architecture.

J. E. N. O. T. A. Plata, Leuca. A. The greatest Greek artist was probably Phidias, the sculptor.

PUZZLE DOM NO. 144

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE. ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper only, and apart from the other puzzles. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so labeled.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 139. No. 1. Civil Service Reform.

No. 2. J. A. M. E. D. U. G. O. C. A. M. E. R. S. D. E. C. A. N. T. S. J. A. M. E. R. S. D. E. C. O. R. A. T. I. O. N. P. A. R. A. C. E. C. U. L. A. C. H. E. L. A. S. J. A. M. E. R. I. C. A. N. G. I. N. G. G. E. N. T. E. E. L. E. R. D. I. A. N. O. T. A. T. A. S. T. I. L. E. I. F. A. R. N. S. S. O. L. E. R. N. A. R. C.

No. 4. The Midsommer Holidays. No. 5. M. P. P. B. M. H. C. D. C. A. R. E. P. A. Y. E. R. C. R. O. N. A. L. P. A. P. A. Y. E. R. M. O. N. O. T. O. N. E. S. P. A. R. A. D. I. S. E. S. I. M. O. T. O. S. P. I. N. G. I. D. I. V. I. D. I. T. A. N. A. I. T. E. B. E. S. I. D. E. S. L. E. T. T. E. F. O. R. G. E. T. T. H. S. E. E. R. S. S. I. S. T. E. R. S.

No. 6. S. W. C. D. C. L. E. A. N. X. O. L. I. C. C. H. A. R. T. A. S. C. E. R. O. M. A. S. S. I. A. B. E. R. E. R. I. E. S. C. O. R. A. C. E. S. D. E. E. R. B. E. R. I. E. S. X. I. O. L. O. C. A. T. I. O. N. W. A. T. E. R. G. O. D. S. D. I. M. I. S. S. I. O. N. N. A. R. K. O. W. S. S. E. I. D. S. S. E. R. S. S. N. S. N.

No. 7. Wedlock. No. 8. S. W. C. D. C. L. E. A. N. X. O. L. I. C. C. H. A. R. T. A. S. C. E. R. O. M. A. S. S. I. A. B. E. R. E. R. I. E. S. C. O. R. A. C. E. S. D. E. E. R. B. E. R. I. E. S. X. I. O. L. O. C. A. T. I. O. N. W. A. T. E. R. G. O. D. S. D. I. M. I. S. S. I. O. N. N. A. R. K. O. W. S. S. E. I. D. S. S. E. R. S. S. N. S. N.

No. 9. S. W. C. D. C. L. E. A. N. X. O. L. I. C. C. H. A. R. T. A. S. C. E. R. O. M. A. S. S. I. A. B. E. R. E. R. I. E. S. C. O. R. A. C. E. S. D. E. E. R. B. E. R. I. E. S. X. I. O. L. O. C. A. T. I. O. N. W. A. T. E. R. G. O. D. S. D. I. M. I. S. S. I. O. N. N. A. R. K. O. W. S. S. E. I. D. S. S. E. R. S. S. N. S. N.

No. 10. S. W. C. D. C. L. E. A. N. X. O. L. I. C. C. H. A. R. T. A. S. C. E. R. O. M. A. S. S. I. A. B. E. R. E. R. I. E. S. C. O. R. A. C. E. S. D. E. E. R. B. E. R. I. E. S. X. I. O. L. O. C. A. T. I. O. N. W. A. T. E. R. G. O. D. S. D. I. M. I. S. S. I. O. N. N. A. R. K. O. W. S. S. E. I. D. S. S. E. R. S. S. N. S. N.

The following lists of answers to puzzles in No. 139 have been received: Tantrums, Minnie and A. Solver sent complete lists; I. B. Am. Jarep, Paul, Mand Leary, The General, Mrs. J. W. Jones, Mrs. M. F. Square, 2 Half Squares; HAZE, 1 Pentagon, 1 Hexagon; ST. ELMO, 2 Pentagons, 1 Diamond; TREASURY, 1 Square.

First Complete List—Tantrums. Best Incomplete List—Will I Am. Single Solutions—No. 1, Hecle; No. 4, Gopher; No. 8, Senrue; No. 9, Edid; No. 10, Gopher.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED. DONOR. 2 Diamond 2 Squares; REX FORD, 1 Pentagon, 1 Hexagon, 1 Square; W. H. Jones, 1 Square, 2 Half Squares; HAZE, 1 Pentagon, 1 Hexagon; ST. ELMO, 2 Pentagons, 1 Diamond; TREASURY, 1 Square.

NEW PUZZLES. No. 1. CHABRE. (To "Dolls.") My first, 'tis quite clear, Is "a sort of strong beer."

And says Webster "tis 'silence' as well.

"Belonging to me," Is my second, you see. Now a hint to my total I'll tell. Your brain you must tax, For a queer "sort of wax, Used in grafting and pruning a tree;" And when that is in sight You are not far from right. For my total is surely worth it. RED LAKE FALLS, MINN. NORTH STAR.

No. 2. PENTAGON. 1. A letter; 2. Support; 3. Instruments for measuring; 4. Refuse from grain distillers; 5. A county of California; 6. A large oak tree; 7. Arranged in succession; 8. To wander; 9. Prophets. BROOKLYN, N. Y. TANTRUMS.

No. 3. PENTAGON. (To "Pearl.") 1. A letter; 2. Wolfman; 3. In the East, the part of the house allotted to females; 4. A kind of confection (Sapp.); 5. Distractions; 6. A large oak tree; 7. A mixture; 8. A large, fat stone such as is frequently laid over a tomb; 9. Prophets. DOR JAR, N. Y. TANTRUMS.

No. 4. CHABRE. (To "Delphine.") The light of day was fading fast, As through April Eastern village passed, A lad who bore high or he head, A banner which could be read, Puzzeled!

His face looked sad, his heart beneath A heavy load drew its breath; His voice like a loud trumpet dard, Rang praise for that well-known art, Puzzeled!

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

On dusty road the banner's borne, Carried slowly by a breeze; Who, poor by birth, and seely too, Complete will meet with his just due, For striving Puzzeled.

No. 5. SQUARE. 1. Advance (Ob.); 2. One who destroys; 3. To bind with twigs; 4. Refuses of broken hogs; 5. Lets anew; 6. Wearing rich clothes. ASPHIO.

No. 6. SQUARE. 1. An annual plant; 2. One who opens; 3. A phrase of supplication; 4. A quadrangle; 5. second scale; 6. Expressions changed from the original signification to a new meaning. BROOKLYN, N. Y. BORNEO.

No. 7. CHABRE. Submerged beneath the surface of the ocean, And wearing diamonds, pearls, gold and treasures rare, You'll find the fast; and, too, in active motion, Gems and opals are scarce.

How many are the heartful tribulation Of martiners far out upon the Deep! In vain you search for the cause of contention, How many are the brave hearts caught to weep!

Many gallant seamen, brave and noble-hearted, Who are all heroes of the sea and of the land, And in their sturdy fists from friends they parted, And left behind their dear beloved home.

They seem to think not of the many fold'er's That cling to their hearts by the ropes in their o'er; That of or o'er take them they ere reach the portals Of heaven, to see the angels of the spheres; Where friendly hands extended are to greet them, And comforts share with sturdy hearts and brave; But when such a parting comes, Many there are who find a watery grave!

WASHINGTON, D. C. MACK.

No. 8. PENTAGON. 1. A letter; 2. An instrument of warfare; 3. An axle or spindle on which a wheel turns; 4. Smiles upon; 5. A thick mass covering the carinaum of a flower; 6. To pass from one key into another; 7. An historian; 8. A town of Sicily; 9. A rest house. JAREP. NEW YORK CITY.

No. 9. PENTAGON. 1. In the Golden Armoire; 2. An inhabitant of a city; 3. The neck of a bird; 4. The dried bodies of the Coldeus (died), used in dying; 5. A genus of shrubs with yellow flowers; 6. Strainers or bolters; 7. Rivers; 8. A knot or snarl in silk thread; 9. Certain animals. NEW YORK CITY. KING ARTHUR.

No. 10. DOUBLE LETTER ENTHUM. In "blustering winds" that whistle shrill, In "blowing day" of'er wood and hill, In "blushsome beams" of heaven's rainbow, In "dowers sweet" on grassly lea, From stars on high, In cloudless sky, Bright beams on landscape fair now break, Our fate to guide, As on we glide, Oh, joy, 'tis moonlight on the lake. Oh, joy, 'tis moonlight on the lake.

We speed along, With thought but long, To meet the queen of the moon, A calm serenade, Rests of'er her head, Still evening casts her charm around, What joy supreme, To frolic and dream, No words to range, Or words to range, Or words to range, Oh, joy, we've no e'er, At evening fair, Ride on in such sweet mood as this, No rocks to fear, The coast all clear, But flood had seen the woe we take, And abedding light, On our moonlight, Beams forth glad moonlight on the lake. PROVIDENCE, R. I. EMPHATIC.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of solutions. The ARGOSY monthly. For the second list of prizes, three months' prices for Single Solutions—For No. 1, a book. For No. 3 or 9, 20c. in stamps.

CHAT. The Hexagon credited to JANUS last week belongs to JAREP. The change of name was a typographical error. Not discovered until the proof was printed. The Verbal Pentadum by HA HA was solved by TANTRUMS, MINNIE, A. SOLVER, G. ROVAL, BOLS, MYSEAR, MACPAP, FORBES and TWILWAY. A puzzle which no other solver is a solver, but he did not send us the correct solution. Several other solvers, including TANTRUMS, whose good opinions, having complimented it. SOL CON has a dept. in Health and How, and we hope he may be well supported. We are sorry that BROWN BOB had to miss the ARGOSY. Best prize offers for cons. in the last three numbers.

ROCKELLE.