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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

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Whole No. 147.

hind a thicket, the ambushed watcher arose and followed him as silently as possible.

Soon he was again in sight, but it was a very difficult matter to watch him, and at the same time avoid detection, as his eyes were doing full duty. At some points he would come out into such plain view that his pursuer would be obliged to hide himself veryquickly, and next there would be need of hastening the chase to avoid losing the direction altogether.

Once he paused and listened, in the meantime looking all about him, but Walter was so close in the meantime looking all about him, but Walter was so close in the shadow of a thicket, that he could not be seen. He had trodden upon a dry stick, and it was the snapping of this which Number One had heard. A greater caution seemed necessary, and our young friend now followed more by sound than by sight, getting only very brief glimpses of the robber.

The retreating figure at length

by sound than by sight, getting only very prier glimpess of the robber.

The retreating figure at length passed behind the point of a sharp rock, and when Walter reached the spot, he could neither see or hear anything which would give a clew to the direction takes.

The surroundings were of the most bewildering character—a strange mingling of thickets and crags. There were natural openings which looked as if nothing but a panther or a grizzly bear had ever traversed them. There were rocks that seemed ready to fall from their places; and dead trees with their rocks in the air and their tops downwarder.

Where Bill Stark had gone was a mystery. The distance of the star of the rocks in the star of their characteristic was the other in the star of the star

a person who is lost always turns to the left—
never to the right.
"Well," he bused, "Th watch my left foot
and make sure that it takes just as long steps
as the other. I'll remember, a sailor would
say, that there is a current setting to the left,
and so guard against it."

This time he avoided the dead puma, yet
was a little disturbed by the thought that
perhaps the right leg might not now be holding its own, since the left had become aroused
to a full sense of its duty. The stars were
obscured by an haze so that they afforded no
guide, while thickets, rocks, and gulches were
everywhere.

everywhere.
Walter continued walking for a considerable time till convinced that although he

step be getting farther from the right path to

step be getting farther from the right path to
the cave.

"I'll remain here till morning," he said to
timself, "and then I may be able to see how
far I have gone out of the way and where I
am." Yet he did not feel quite sure that even
daylight would resolve all doubt.

To a spirit that is naturally adventurous
there is a charm in difficult situations, and
had it not been for the thought of Mr. Ferry,
our young friend would hardly have regretted
the mishap which had thus left him to pass
a might in the solitary wilderness.

He had in his pocket a few cards of matcheess, placed there at the time of exploring the
hermit's cave, and now gathering a quantity
of dry grass and piling brushwood upon it,
he set the heap on fre. Next he
collected a number of dead limbs
from fallen trees and added them
to the rest.

to the rest.

The blaze had a cheerful look The blaze had a cheerful look as it rolled up against the side of a large rock, and Walter, feeling that he had nothing more to do for the present, threw himself down beneath a tree and watched the brands as they crackled and fell slowly away one after another. He thought of Ralph and the night encampments which the hermit had described him as making among the mountains, and almost wished that he himself were obliged to find his home in such rugged places with no company but his rifle.

For the greater part of the night

places with no company but his rifle.

For the greater part of the night the activity of his thoughts prevented sleep, and two or three times he arose and Ternited the fire, feeling a real enjoyment in doing so from the mere novelty of the thing. It had always been a saying of Mrs. Dayton that her boy was at home anywhere, and could she have seen him in his present situation, she would have been doubly impressed with the fact. He gathered up the fuel with a real enjoyment, and lay down to see it burn with all the satisfaction of a Robin Hood.

At length he fell into a brief nap of perhaps an hour, and when he awoke the sky was reddened with the streaks of daybreak.



COMPANY AT BREAKPAST.

As the light broadened, the scene around took on a wonderful ruggedness and grandeur, but to this Walter had become accustomed. It was now his chief anxiety to find whether anything within the scope of his vision would assist him in deciding upon the point toward which he ought to direct his course. course.

East he could now distinguish

ward which he ought to direct his course.

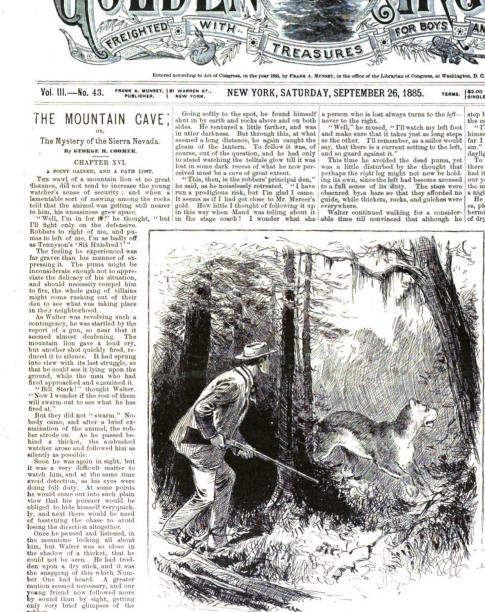
East he could now distinguish from west, and, as a consequence, north from south. But was he in a much better condition on this account, since it was impossible to say from what direction he had reached his present standpoint?

Where was the robbers' cave—to him she stood? Of this he knew no more than he had at midnight. All things still had that appearance to him which they always have to a person who is lost.

"Well," he thought, "I am no 'babe in the woods'; I have got out of worse difficulties than this within the last fortnight, and I'll just take it coolly. The more a fellow frets when he's in trouble, the worse it is for him."

Feeling quite hungry, as he had caten nothing since the previous noon, he resolved to shoot a rabbit and broil it upon a stick for his breakfast. Then he would feel refreshed and be able to take a fair start in one direction or another.

As rabbits and to reliable to the condition of an oddificulty in securing one. Then dressing it and rekindling his fire, he broiled it in the Indian fashion over the glowing cools. He look all possible care not to burn it, as the asarages often de but to wook one, he laid it to cool on a broad strip of bark, and it certainly had a very tempting odor.



THE MOUNTAIN LION

would say if she knew where I am at this moment?"

As he emerged into the open air, it was like coming out of a dark cellar; and if he had not before been completely "turned contains the completed to the contains as one of the co

Walter felt that the want of salt might prove a serious drawback, but he hoped that a good appetite would go far to supply its place. So, making a table of a small elevation at the foot of the tree where he had slept, and using the piece of bark for a plate, he prepared to take his meal. And here let me say in parenthesis, that such a meal, so rude, so simple, taken in the wild wood, has relish which all the conveniences and fine arts of cookery fail to give in a house.

He had just opened his jack-knife, preparatory to cutting off one of the fore quarters, when a step close behind the tree by which he sat caused him to look up in alarm. His heart leaped to his throat as he saw within ten feet of him the figure of a man with a good of the control of the control

heart leaped to his throat as he saw within ten feet of him the figure of a man with a gun.

"One of the robbers," was his first thought, but almost instantly he saw his mistake.

"Ralph! Ralph!" he cried, forgetting that the shape before him was as deaf as the mountain itself, "where have you come from? How glad I am to see you!"

It seemed as if the sight of a human being gave him for the first time a realizing sense of his loneliness. Ralph watched the motion of his lips and smiled, as if the thought of an outburst of words addressed to a mere post amused him. Then he made signs, first of explanation, and next of inquiry. They were given more deliberately than usual, so that Walter interpreted the most of them with but little difficulty.

He gathered that Ralph was on his way to the hermit; that he had slept in the woods that might; and that he had in some way lost his matches, so that he could not make a fre that morning.

"Glad of it," thought Walter, "he has not had a good warm breakast, only some bits of dry bread, I suppose, and this rabbit will got the right place."

He signified these thoughts to Ralph as well he was able, and found that a bit of rabbit would be very acceptable. The mute guest must have seen with what hearty good will the invitation to breakfast was extended, for to the right, to say nothing of his relief at so unexpected an escape from a longer wandering.

Ralph had plenty of sait, so that the able to the right was the of the sait of the sait

light, to say nothing of his rener at so unexpected an escape from a longer wandering.

Ralph had plenty of salt, so that the rabbit would not lack for seasoning, after all, and he produced also a few small crackers which made an excellent complement.

Their pantominic discourse had to be, in some measure, suspended during the meal, as one can hardly converse with facility in the sign language, and est rabbit at the same that More than once Walter caught him.

After than once Walter caught him, then Ralph would laugh at the earnest manner, though he had to guess at the rest. He saw perhaps how difficult it was for his companion to gesticulate without speaking at the same time.

The very eniovable reneat being over, each

panion to gesticulate without speaking at the same time.

The very enjoyable repast being over, each tried to inform the other in the way of particulars as to what had taken place since their previous meeting, but the endeavor was not very successful on either side. For though Ralph was skilled in his own sign language, he found it as difficult to understand bim. Our young lad could arrive at generalities, but was perplexed by details.

By holding up both hands, with the fingers and thumbs spread, Ralph told him that it was ten miles to the hermit's cave, though it seemed incredible that he could have wandered so far. He reflected, however, that, as the had at first followed the robbers for at least half that distance, and had taken as way conse afterwards, it was not strange this sole anxiety was new for one head. His sole anxiety was new for one head in the most proposed in a vain and weary search.

Refreshed by their early breakfast, the two

who might be miles from his home, engaged in a vain and weary search.

Refreshed by their early breakfast, the two companions set out for the cave, stopping once by the way to drank at a clear spring with which Ralph was familiar, and where they saw the broad footprints of a grizzly bear, looking as if just imprinted in the stony soil.

As they traveled on, Walter's tongue would sometimes forget, in spite of him, that its office was now delegated to the hands; and, in fact, he found it quite as difficult to converse by signs while walking as it had been while eating.

From every favorable position, they scanned the surrounding region, hoping to see Mr.

From every favorable position, they scanned the surrounding region, hoping to see Mr. Percy if he were really out and thus save him from further trouble. At length Ralph, com-ing to a full stop, like an Irish setter, pointed towards a cliff at some distance aside from their course. Walter looked and saw a hu-man figure just coming up from the other side of the rock.

man figure just coming up from the other side of the rock.

"Hello!" shouted the boy with a voice that could have been heard a mile off, at the same time waving his arm.

"Hello!" returned the figure as lustily, with an answering wave.

"Oh, Ralph!" cried Walter, "isn't this a streak of good lack? How near we were to leaving him behind!" And then bethinking himself, be would have translated the words into pantomine, but just then couldn't think of the motions.

be at home. Walter's mother had received the letter of

be at home. Walter's mother had received the letter of the robbers and had got his own immediately afterwards. She had come at once from San Francisco and sought out Ralph, who assured her that he would bring the boy back with him, but he had been obliged to spend some time in nursing a sick relative, and this was what had delayed his return.

He had also discovered the Mercers, finding them very poor. Mr. Mercer had been prostrated by his loss and was still in a very good angel of the himself of the was suffering from illness, but Maud, the daughter was the good angel of both.

"She must be, I know," said Walter impulsively, "she couldn't help being so!" "To think that all this unhappiness should nave been brought about by those villains!" murmured Mr. Percy, while Walter's dark eyes glowed as he thought of the "good angel" and the possibility of serving her The three now proceeded towards the cave, and on reaching it, they were glad to throw themselves upon the comfortable bearskins for rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

"I THINK It would be my best course," said Walter, "to go back with Ralph to-morrow, tell by standard see what can be done about the robbers."

"Yes." replied the hermit, "you will be able to give information of great value. The officers of the law will undoubtedly move in the matter as soon as they can learn anything definite as to the whereabouts of the gang."

"I believe I could go straight to the place in the daytime, even though I did get lost last night," rejoined the young adventurer.

"I do not doubt it," said Mr. Percy, "you could take your departure from the spot where you first saw the two men, and you would not be likely to get far out of the way."

where you first saw the two men, and you would not be likely to get far out of the way."

"But, after all," said Walter, "the mouth of their den is more difficult to find than one would imagine. I almost wonder how they can get back there themselves in the dark, when they have been out on a foray."

"It is a wild and strange state of things," remarked the hermit, "and these are desperate men. The deeds of the old English high-waymen were on a very small scale as compared with theirs."

"I suppose so; though I have never read much of the old highwaymen. My mother would never have allowed such books in the house."

"And she is wise. A thief is no less a thief because he rides a horse; and Tom King and Dick Turpin were no better than other thieves."

"In what way will a band of men manage."

King and Dick Turpin were no better than other thieves."

"In what way will a band of men manage so as to capture the robbers?" asked Walter. "It looks very difficult;

"Yes, it will be difficult; but the management must depend wholly on the circumstances that may present themselves. It will probably be done mostly by stratagem. A direct attack would be like the storming of fort, and would no doubt cost a number of lives. The villains would fight desperately if driven to bay, and their knowledge of the region would give them a great advantage. I hope they will be secured without bloodshed on either side."

"So do I," replied Walter, "though I don't believe I would waar crape for old Eli Stark, if he should happen to get killed. The miscrable old villain! I can't help thinking of him as he appeared that day in the stage."

"But he is the very man who, above all others, must not be killed! We are all selfish, Walter, and the life of this old criminal is very dear to me."

The remark seemed strange, yet Walter was scarcely surprised by it after all that had passed.

"Yoow," continued Mr. Percy, "we cannot."

position to see me and be seen by me as I reached the top."
Walter expressed a sincere concern for the trouble he had so unintentionally given, and beginning with the start, related his adventures in full.
"I thought of you all the while," he said, "and when it began to look as if I would have to spend the night in the open air I felt ready to fly. It plagued me to think you would be hidden almost as securely as if they were to spend the night in the open air I felt ready to fly. It plagued me to think you would be hidden almost as securely as if they were to see the set of it. "swill the least idea where I was, and so had to make where the set of it. "swill the least idea where I was, and so had to make where the set of it. "swill the hermit. "You rank has come of it," said the hermit. "You rank has come of it," said the hermit. "You rank has come of it," said the hermit. "You rank has come of it," said the hermit. "You rank the open are said to seach other that their treasure is not the discovery you have made; it will save time and trouble. This gang must be rooted out at once, and what you have just learned will prove a great help."

Mr. Percy had no difficulty in arriving at all that Ralph had to tell. They conversed digether with hands and arms flying like shutters, while Walter eagerly awaited the tetranslation of the dialogue.

Mr. Dayton, Ralph signified, was absent from the country, having unexpectedly been called upon business down to the coast of old California. He knew nothing of his son's capture, but he had expected to be gone only two or three weeks, and would therefore soon be at home.

Walter's mother had received the letter of wards and the proposed of the same of the coast of old california. He knew nothing of his son's capture, but he had expected to be gone only that in you."

"And you think my affair has done some good?"

friend.
"I told them what to expect."
"Yes, I don't doubt you did! I can see that in you."
"And you think my affair has done some

"And you think my aftar has done some good?"
"Good! it has done everything. Nobody knew anything about them before. You may some time know what you accomplished by the sound of the sound

der!"

"Yes, and I was wondering how I might escape from you."

"I think you were sent, Walter," said the hermit; "at all events we shall know some time whether you were or not."

That evening Ralph was as communicating east its possible for a dumb man to be, and his hermit host seemed to read his gestures as if they were written sentences.

Sometimes he told of his encounters with bears and pumas. Think of a man righting with a roaring bear, when in his own brain there is utter silence!

Mr. Percy would occasionally explain to Walter:

"You see he is showing us a place on his head where the skull seems to have been fractured. A grizzly did that—he has shown it to me before."

Walter laid his finger in the broken place and wondered how a man could have lived after such a wound.

"Now he is rolling up his sleeve to show how his arm once fared from a mountain lion."

All this was of some interest, but Walter and the hermit were both thinking more of

on."
All this was of some interest, but Walter
nd the hermit were both thinking more of

All this was of some interest, but Walter and the hermit were both thinking more of other matters.

"I am glad he went to Mr. Mercer's," said our young lad, "that is the best of all."

"Yes," said Mr. Percy, "I am glad of it too. I am sorry to learn that the poor man is so cast down. It is the thought of his wife and daughter that two bless him. He pointed and daughter that two bless him. He pointed he had but a twentieth part of the price to the had but a twentieth part of the price the had lost it would make him happy."

"I hope he will get back more of it than that," said Walter. "I'm in a great hurry to let him know there is some hope."

"You and Ralph will go there," replied the hermit, "but of course you cannot give him much assurance as yet. Not a dollar of the treasure may ever be recovered, even should all the robbers be captured."

"Oh, I know that," inswered Walter, "and shall take care not to say too much. It almost stops my breath to think of finding it!

it!"

He was in high spirits at the thought of meeting that pretty traveling companion with whom he had never yet exchanged a single word, but who, as he felt, would be so glad to talk with him of the events of that memorable

ride.

Thus with alacrity he prepared for the morrow's journey.

(To be continued.)

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

A DOG FANNING THE BABY.

Dog stories are always in order, provided they are true. The Pittsburg Chronicle says that a gentleman in one of the suburban wards owned a fine specimen of the spaniel breed, which is very fond of children, and when any little ones visit his mas-ter's house constitutes himself their companion, playmate and guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The day took his place near the little one, as usual. The day the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Deggie watched her for a few minutes, and then walking close ap, with his nose or paw drove away every fly as soon as it lift on the baby's face, and did it so gently too as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attenof children, and when any little ones visit his masinto pantomime, but just then couldn't think of the motions.

Mr. Perey clambered down from his position, and they hastened to meet him. He was deeply thankful to find Walter safe.

"I have not closed my eyes," he said, "in how not closed my eyes," he said, "since you have been gone. Last night I was out on the mountain, lighting fires, and at times firing my rife. Finally I went home, hoping you might have returned in my hastenee, and this morning I started again. I elimbed that rock for a better observation, and it appears that you had just got into a their horses. These are probably picketed a last thoughtful kindness. This story has the meeting of the morning that the morning in the properties of the morning in the same probably picketed a last the meeting of the morning in the morning is the meeting of the morning in the morning in the morning is the meeting of the morning in the meeting of the morning in the meeting of the meeting of the means the meeting of the means and in the course of the day the claim that has been gone as the mean of the means and in the course of the day the claim to a limit on a pillow on the properties of the means and in the course of the day the claim to a limit on a pillow on the properties of the properties of the means a searcely surprised by it after all that had passed.

"Now," continued Mr. Perey, "we cannot know how many hiding places they may have, the many hiding places they may have, the means are the little on a place where the little one as usual. The day hassed.

"Now," continued Mr. Perey, "we cannot know how many hiding places they may have, the think place mean the little one as usual. The day hassed.

"Now," continued Mr. Perey, "we cannot know how many hiding places they may have, the their has a place mean the little one of the place mean the little one of the position of the mother and there are the little one of the position of the mother and the source of the day the course of the position of the mother and the safe of the position of the mother and the po

BOUND VOLUMES

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We have on hand a few volumes of The Golden Argory bound. Volumes I. and II. contain the following serial stories :

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MORNING. BY TERESA HERRICK

A GLEAMING opal in a sapphire sea, Flashing across the Orient seems the sun, Its bright crest topped with rubies all ablaze While o'er the distant hills a purple haze Hangs with a royal splendor.

The grasses lift their shields of living green,
The birds sing fervently their matin song,
A thousand blossoms burst to perfect flowers;
It is day's Resurrection! Happy hours,
So pure, so fair, so tender.

I quaff in dramphs the pertume-freighted air, Elixir pure of life, that youth restores; I watch the bee within the rose's heart Steal her life's wine, then (changeful lover) dart And woo the lily splendor.

I feel the fresh, free breezes on my face, I feel my being thrill with wild delight; Like Adam when he stood in Paradise And knew he lived, I feel the glad surprise Of life and all its splendor.

Footprints in the Forest.

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

CHAPTER XXI.

"Jack and Ges and the second of the second o

in the recommendation of the phase of the ph

the admiration of others. "If I should walk back to Martinsville, and stride up and down between the houses, wouldn't they open their eyes? and wouldn't mother conclude that her Jack was doing "If you have gone their eyes? and walked out or sight in the woods; well?" order the better to examine the scalp, the youth had hall down his gun and the quiver and bow within the cance, where they could be snatched up if wanted. He was too prudent to hold his position with the possibility of the Pawnees reappearing, without continually clancing around in quest of them. Aware too that his footprints were practiced the cance, had if not been tor a well formed purpose of turning the boat to his own advantage.

"The Pawnees have come over the river to rise the misteried with us, so it will only be fair if to what I can to reciprocate. I'm sure that when the crown of Jack's head to his feet, for a that instant, he heard a slight sound as if made by a person clearing his throat. Looking up, he saw one of the Pawneew arriors twenty yards distant, thand, and was moving slowly with his eyes fixed on the ground just in front of him. His manner lett no doubt that he was the owner of the seal jin throat that he was howen on that he was to owner of the sea fixed and the doubt had and without a second's hearling that he are the word of the linking of the land walked out of sight in the woods; well we will be a support and the profit of the prof

wently. I moiner conclude that her sleek was doing with had haid down his gun and the quiver and how within the cance, where they could be anatched up if wanted. He was too grade the supposition of the possition of the possitio

shore. There really was but one thing to do, and that was done off-hand and without a second's hesitation.

The canoe, under the silent but powerful strokes of the Sauk, and with its light load, skimmed over a second of the sauk, and with its light load, skimmed over the same to could, without allowing, the overlanging limbs to obstruct his speed. Twenty rods were passed in this manner, when he turned the head of the boat toward shore, refraining, however, from letting it run against it. One bound carried him out, and Jack, comprehending his purpose, was at his heels. Then a spente shove sent it beyond the sin heels. Then a spente shove sent it beyond the full hand to be a sent of the same and the

out entering the water, they crouched into the smallest possible space, Jack wondering whether their good fortune would still bear them company.

It good good the still bear them company. The still good so the sale to the

believe the curious coincidence that the Pawmees were as ignorant of the respectance of the Shawane on the other bank, as he was of the paware and the shout of the Pawnees, and the shout of the Pawnees, had given him an inkiling of the truth, before he was able to learn all by investigation on his own part. Still it was a most annoying interference with a daring and ingenious ger of being overthrown altogether. The brow of the youth wrinkled in impatience, for he knew that all this skirmishing could have been saved to his friends, had they used proper care: but at the moment he was most discouraged, events took as uncoment he was most discouraged, events took as uncomentation of the state of the s

the knowledge of any one of the three, since starting on their memorable journey.

Something on the ground just ahead and a little to one side of Hay-uta, caught his eye. The Sauk did not seem to see it, and the boy did not suspect it was of any account. It was in obedience rather to a whim than to any reasoning impulse that he stepped aside and picked up the object.

Seeman Pres Cassar Pres exclaimed. "Its Otto's

"Great Casar: "He excensions cap!"
For a moment, Jack stood transfixed, with the article held at arm's length, while the Sauk stared in turn, as if he thought the youth was beside him-

in turn, as if he thought the youth was beside himwith the had was too familiar with that head-gear
to be mistaken. He turned it tower and over, held
it; it was the same peaked hat which poor Otto
had worn so long, and it was on his head when he
and Jack—both captives—parted company weeks
before.

John the tool one, and it was on his head when he
and Jack—both captives—parted company weeks
before.

John the tool is the same was send that,
while the owner had worn it several years, it was
still good for an indefinite time to come. A day or
a month of exposure would make little difference
in its appearance.

When Jack he enough the same controlly examined
the immediate vicinity. The act active to the
Sauk, who did not fail also to see the value of the
Cauch who did not fail also to see the value of the
Cauch who did not fail also to see the value of the
Cauch who did not fail also to see the value of the
Cauch that da accidentally tallen into their hands.

Ten feet from where the cap was found, lay a
mand deepyed tree. It had probably been blowed
itself that Otto Relstaub was sitting on this support, when he either fung the hat from him, or
some one else did so. That which the friends
wisheld to find now were the footprints left by the
lad when he went away: they would tell the story
If the missing boy had gone within the preceding
two or three days, the keen vision of the Sauk
would see and follow the trail. Recognizing his
immeasurably superior skill. Jack remained seated
on the tree and nodded to Hay-uta to push his sesheet the search of the seven should be a serven the search of the
wearing did everything be could, stepping as
lightly as a fawn, his shoulders bending low,
while he scrutinized the leaves with a minuteness
as hencestle and follow the reveal cach of the seven
stars, when, if the gaze is fixed on the medestly shrinks from view.

There was no artifice known to the shoriginal
the warrior did everything be could, steeping as
lightly as a fawn, his shoulders bending low,
while he scrutinized th

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argosy.

A BRILLIANT OPERATION.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon-in-chief of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of

times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times.

"Ah! but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you need to be unous Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face.

"I," said the Englishman, "aaved eleven out of the one hundred and sixty?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I lose them all; but the operation was very brilliant."

A STOPPER.

On General Grant's staff in one of his campaigns On General Gran's staff in one of his campaigns was a rough and ready fighter, "full of strange oaths and stranger vulgarities," One evening in the presence of General Grant and several other officers, he opened the conversation in some such way as this:

"Well, boys, I've got a mighty good thing to tell you. It would hardly do to repeat, of course, in the presence of ladies."

"Well, for an integret then, that it might be advisable to omit it in the presence of gentlemen."

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

Clara-I understand Mr. Featherly paid me a

ery pretty compliment to-day? Ethel—Yes? What was it?

Clara—He said that among the most beautiful oung ladies at the party last night was Miss Clara

oung ladies at the polynomic modified you among mith. Ethel (with a cough)—Yes, I noticed you among



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RIGHT USE OF MOTTOES.

WATCHWORDS are good for inspiration. Many successful men have been greatly helped by their mottoes. But it is well to remember that the watchword is not all: there are often two sides to it, and there is some work to be done to make the motto good. "What man has done man can do," is very fine. Yet a youngster with a voice like a crow will do well to keep out of the choir.

A GRASPING LAWYER

PEOPLE who are greedy in charging for their services are favorite objects of sarcasm. An Eng-lish attorney was one of this sort, and a good story is told of him. On one occasion he swallowed a half-sovereign. Anxious to save the gold, he sum moned a surgeon, but the most that medical skill and a stomach-pump could recover was three shil-lings fourpence. The balance of six shillings, eight-pence, had been "gobbled up" by the greedy anatmy of the unlucky attorney.

INDEPENDENCE

To get along successfully in the world, one needs a great deal of independence. Mulishness is not a great deal of independence. Mulishness is not precisely what is meant; any dunce can be obstin-ate. The proper independence is founded on that old saying: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Many men go ahead without taking pains anead. Many men go aread without taking pains to know if they are right; and many feel sure they are right, but have not the courage to go ahead.

In early times, when "Democrat" was a new

name for a party man, there was just one Democrat in a certain New England village. He was looked at with great scorn by all his neighbors, who reat with great scorn by all his neighbors, who re-solved to frown him down. But they had hold of the wrong man. At the first town meeting held after he became a Democrat, this man promptly called for *a divison of the house" on a certain question. And as all the other electors marched one side of the room, he proudly stepped to th other. He was always respected after that.

NERVES AND ORATORY

The boys whose knees knock together when they get up to declaim may take courage. The very nervousness which thus annoys them is a valuable aid to effective oratory. Why, even to this day the famous orator John B. Gough experiences a tremor when he comes before an audience. Senator Frye of Maine confesses to the same thing. Canning, the Englishman, said he could always tell when he was going to make a good speech because he felt a chill running through him.

Macauley says that Tierney, one of the most flu ent debaters ever in the English Parliament, felt his knees bumping together when he rose to address the house. And, to go back to the schoolboys' old friend Cicero, the great Roman is recorded as "shuddering visibly over his whole body when he first began to speak." Is not this encouragement enough for the nervous and bashful? And yet, boys must not always take shaky knees for a symp tom of great genius.

A NARROW ESCAPE

COOLNESS and a quick wit have saved many a man from death. But these qualities are also use ful in cases where lite is not in danger. Lamar tine gave a good illustration of this at the time of the French Revolution of 1848. A deputation of fifty women of the people, called "Vesuviennes waited upon him at the City Hall of Paris. spokeswoman declared their mission to be to express the admiration of the people. "We have received orders," she said, "to kiss you."

and men of honor too. Now men don't kiss each other but are content with a shake of the hand This clever stroke saved the Provisional President and the women retired delighted.

A TITLED SHOEMAKER

It is the fashion now-a-days with some classes of people to despise trades. Why a young fellow esteems measuring tape more than hammering iron, it is not easy to tell. Perhaps he is lazy, possibly he is proud; or, maybe, he cannot afford soap to keep his hands clean. However it is, the fact remains that many young folks disdain trades. This is a pity, for skill in hand work is an honora ble accomplishment and greatly to be desired.

Count Tolstoi, a famous Russian poet and nov elist has some ideas of his own on this subject They are quite unlike our too genteel young Amer icans. Count Tolstoi is rich. He does not need to work for a living. And he is powerful too, holding a position under the Czar which corresponds what to that of our Secretary of the Interior It is he who has charge of the police, and directs the arrests of Nihilists and other agitators and disturbers of the public peace.

Well, the count is no longer young, and yet he recently began learning the shoemaker's trade. A newspaper man heard of it and interviewed him. He had not believed the report, and hence had a genuine surprise when he found the famous man working at his bench. "It is true, then?" he exclaimed. The novelist replied: "Why are you as tonished? Every rational man ought to continue some manual occupation. Physical labor rests the mind, and softens the heart of a man." This is sound philosophy, coming front a writer who has been celebrated for philosophical ideas. He labors to rest from thought. And, on the other hand, la bor prepares a man to enjoy good reading and good thinking.

A PRECIOUS HAIR

The story books recount many wonderful strokes of fortune, but we rarely see them in the walks of of fortune, but we rarely see them in the walks of real life. When a youngster gets into trouble, no good fairy pops out of a keyhole to rescue him with his magic wand. Courage and patience are the only fairies that come to his aid. Now and then, however, a bit of real romance is heard of; and it happened thus recently in the city of Vienna.

A rich traveler entered a barber's shop and

found a pretty young girl in tears, bargaining with the proprietor for the sale of her long tresses. She wanted four dollars, but the barber would give only three. She consented at last, and the scissors were about to do their work when the tourist interfered Upon inquiry of the girl he learned that her parents were in a state of extreme destitution, even ing for lack of bread. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and asked: "Will you sell your hair to

Without hesitation, after a glance at the money

the girl replied: "Yes."

Then the traveler carefully cut off one of her fine golden hairs, and placed it in his pocketbook. The girl was stupified with astonishment, and slowly withdrew with the bills in her hand. When she counted the money, she found herself in possession of the neat little fortune of one thousand dollars. So it appears the fairy god mothers are not all dead. And yet we would not advise our girl readers to offer their curls to any stranger who happens to pull out a roll of bills. Romantic beings who pay a thousand dollars for a single hair are scarce.

SELF TAXATION

PROPLE in general seem to enjoy growling about the taxes. This subject makes a theme for conver-sation in the family, it inspires the loungers in the sation in the family, it inspires the loungers in the corner grocery, and it puts life into many a political campaign. Why, our forefathers actually plunged into rebellion, fought seven years, and finally won our national independence from Great I ritain, on a question of taxes. If you want to see a "hot" wn melting in a back-country township, just pro-

pose an extra tax for some new road and a bridge.

And yet there is one sort of tax that is not grum-And yet there is one sort of that that is not gother bled at. That is to say, the tax payers themselves rarely denounce it, or dispute it. They keep on paying it serenely all their lives, unless they happen to tumble into the poorhouse. Their friends and relatives often scold about it, but they, while they feel its pressure, go right on paying out. Even poor men keep these payments up when all others are cut off

We refer to the tax which men pay to passion and appetite. The sums thus expended every year—say for tobacco and liquors only--are stupendous. This sort of tax paying begins very early in life, when the youngster gets into a habit of treat-ing himself to lemonade, or beer, or a cigarette, or ice-cream. After a bit he "can't get along without it," and so he binds himself to pay taxes to it all his life. He growls about his road tax, when he grows up, his school tax, and his church tax, but self-indulgence tax he passes out without a murmur, even though it may have made him a poor man. Sometimes he is conscious of it, but he has become a slave to his habits and cannot eeween orders," she saud, "to kiss you."

The gallant Frenchman was appalled for an instant, but a lucky thought came to his aid. He gave them some flattering words, and added:

"Citizenesses, permit me to tell you that patriots the kas which it voluntarily pays to appetite and passion."

CHESTER A. ARTHUR. tufirst President of the United States

Twenty-first President of the United States.

It is a fresh recollection in our minds under what sad and solemn auspices the twenty-first President of the United States entered upon the luties of his office. No President ever stepped into office with so marked an absence of ceremonial and

The martyr-President, James A. Garfield had been struck down, had languished in the White House at Washington, had made that hazardous and memorable journey to Long Branch, under the anxious gaze of fifty millions of people—without avail. At ten o'clock, on the night of September 19 1991 Carfield died

Two hours later, under advice of the cabinet then at Long Branch, the Vice-President summoned a local judge, and in the quiet of his own house in

New York City, at the dead of night, wa in as President of the United States.

After the first shock of grief caused by the national calamity of Garfield's death, the people experienced a sense of fear as to how the responsibilities of his new position would be borne by a man thus suddenly elevated as was President Arthur. His course was firm. conciliating and satis factory, and his admin istration was fully equal to what might pected of one who had in former life shown so many worthy and dis tinonished characteris-

Chester Allen Arthur

first impressed his per-sonality upon the country as represented by his father's household and neighbors—in other words, was born on October 5, 1830, at Fairfield, Vermont. He is introduced thus, because, as will be seen further on, he made his mark on the minds, and in fluenced and directed the actions, of his as under all circumstances, from his earliest days.

It is related of him that he was a politician at the early age of fourteen. It was during the exciting contest between Polk and Clay for the presidency. Clay was the Whig candidate, and ye Arthur imbibed the principles of that party, and as serted them to everyone he met.

At the head of a crowd of juvenile Whigs, h started, one day, to erect a pole in his village, in honor of Henry Clay. A party of equally young and enthusiastic Democrats resented this outrage upon their political sensibilities, and took a threatening attitude. Young Whig Arthur at once opened a juvenile argument by heading an impetu-ous attack, and at the head of his irresistible host rushed on the opposing force and sent them home pell mell, having the worst of the argument, but with unshaken faith in James Polk and Democratic

Young Arthur's father, a learned Irish clergym proposed that his son should have as good an education as the land could give; and, though not rich, so contrived, that young Arthur was enabled to enter Union College, being then but fifteen years of age. The expenses of his course had to be born partly by the student himself, and in order to meet them, he was obliged, part of the time, to teach. Spite of the time this took from study hours, he was first in his class every year and was graduated with honors.

Immediately on being graduated in 1848, he commenced the study of law, and three years later was made principal of an academy for young men at Pownall, Vermont. But he still continued to pursue his study of the law, and in 1853, went to New York City, where he was entered at the bar. From the first, he embraced the cause of anti-

slavery, for that question was fiercely canvassed fore that time, 1853; and he also embraced politics in a more practical way by a constant at-tendance at primary political meetings and by keeping a watch over the polls at elections.

Entering into a law partnership with a friend, h at once showed considerable ability, and he soon went into practice independently. In the well went into practice independently. In the well showed such marked astuteness as a lawyer, that he was at once lifted into prominence.

In the political set in which he worked, his earnestness and aptness had pushed him to the front. so that he was sent as delegate to the Convention at Saratoga in 1856, which organized the Republican

Mr. Arthur had for a number of years displayed great interest in the organization of and had been appointed Engineer-in-Chief on the staff of Governor Morgan. When the war broke out in 1861, he was elevated to the post of Quartermaster-General of New York State. Under one call troops in 1862, New York was r nish nearly sixty thousand men. This number was duly sent southward, and it is due in a great measure to General Arthur's energy and talent for organization that they were raised and equipped.

When a Democratic governor was elected in 1864. General Arthur's services were dispensed with, naturally, and he returned to New York and law practice and entered the firm that has since become that of Knevals and Ransom.

In 1871, President Grant appointed Gen. Arthur Collector of the Port of New York, which is one of the most lucrative offices under the government. He held this office until 1878.

In 1879 the Republican State Committee chose General Arthur as their chairman because he was the most experienced and the most able organizer and manager of the party; and the success of the ensuing campaign in New York State was due not a little to the chairman's generalship.

When, on the death of Garfield, President Arthur assumed the mantle of government, no great and sudden change of policy occurred; the affairs of the nation went on with a

quietude that was surprising on a change of executive chiefs.

President Arthur drew to himself great com-mendation by his attitude against polygamy as practiced in the Moron Territory, and when Senator Edmunds' Anti-Polygamy Bill was passed by Congress, the President immediately signed it

Another feature of the administration was the prosecution of the Star Routes ring. The frauds of the Star Route Ser-vice had been discovered during Garfield's term. When Arthur en-tered the White House he insisted upon a full prosecution. The conprosecution. The con-spiritors would not have

grudged a few hundred thousand dollars to the hushing up of the whole affair.

His administration was remarkable as a quiet and rosperous one for the country; socially, his term was quite remarkable, for it is seldom the White House has held a host who has dispended his hospitality with such taste and grace as President Arthur. Besides the practice of his profession and his political work of former years, he had been able to devote much time to polite society. He is a man of the world, moving in the best circles, and it was the courtliness and elegance of good society that he brought to the White House.

As a sportsman, General Arthur is famous. During his term of office it was to the trout streams he nerally went when he could snatch a brief vaca on. They say that few can surpass the ex-Presi ent's skill in casting the fly and whipping the

dent's skill in casting are ny anu mapping actreams.

General Arthur's wife died in the fore part of 1881, leaving to him a son and a daughter. With these two children he has returned to New York and set thed down to his extensive law business. And it may be justly said that the Presidency has sellone been the means of so raising a man in the general mapping the second of the s

THE common problem, yours, mine, every of Is—not to fancy what were fair in life Provided it could be—but finding first What may be, then find how to make it fair Up to our means.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE soul of the world is God, and its parts are true

Man's character often speaks the loudest when his ps are silent.

Many keep their reputations polished only that they ay outshine their neighbors. What can that man fear who takes care to please a eing that is able to crush all his adversaries.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his reeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on see how it will come out.

breeches pockets and a hipe in his mouth, looking on Ler us seek liberty and peace, under the law; and, following the pathway of our fathers, preserve the great legacy they have committed to our keeping.

A MAN can no more be a Christian without facing will and conquering it, than he can be a soldier withevil and conquering it, than he can be a soldier withevil and conquering it than he can be a soldier withend of the control of the control of the control
GOVERNINGS rowes its birth to the necessity of preventing and repressing the injuries which the associated individuals had to fear from one another. It is
laborer be not disturbed. In order that the common
laborer be not disturbed. In order that the common
have the control of the control

his lot or successful in any great undertaking. Which life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare. . . . But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years, and, dropping of obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old.

ewer loves is in no condition old.

Kinness and cordiality of manner are searcely less pleasing to the feelings than express compliment, and pleasing to the feelings than express compliment, and support of the plants of the plants of the plants of the plants of the support and concentration of the plants of t

HIRAM HAYES IN STRATFORD

Once I journeyed while the mavis
O'er the English meadows sang;
It was beauteous summer weather
All the roads with music rang.

Hiram Hayes was my companion.
Straight from Boston he had compurse as long as John J. Astor's,
Head as hollow as a drum.

Towards the leafy lanes of Warwick Merrily the stage coach flew— How I clapped my hands and shouted : "Soon in Stratford we'll be due."

"What of that?" asked weary Hiram :
"Shakespeare's country! glorious Will!
We shall see the spire of Avon
When we mount up yonder hill!

"There his home was: there his grave is: There his fancies grew sublime: There he plumed his mighty pinions, Built his fame up for all time."

Drive on faster; I shan't stop there!" Muttered Mr. Hiram Hayes; Shakespeare never would be thought of If he hadn't writ them plays!"

A GREAT ACTOR.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

A GREAI ACTOR.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

No more will John McCullough tread the boards behind the footlights and thrill his audience with the fire of Spartacus, or move them with the passionate grief of outraged Virginius. His life of struggles and successes is over now to all intents, for he is insane. His history is one that presents as much romance and contrasts as great as some of the dramas of the stage he trod.

John McCullough was an Irish boy from Londonderry, where he was born in 1837. His father was a farmer, well-do-do, a tenant of Sir Harvey a farmer, well-do-do, a tenant land left his native Ireland, the actor still stage of the stage of the dramatic field of the section. Years after he eighborhood; a large-hearted father, rollicking and improvident, and finally a broken hearthstone, death, poverty, eviction."

That tells the story of his earliest years. When his father died, and John had to leave the old home, he was taken in hand by an uncle who made him work harder than should have been the lot of a boy of tender years. Such a contrast of past and present made the lad almost despair. But the hopeful temperament of sixteen years suggested America, and with a blackthorn stick over his shoulder, and a pocket handkerchief for a satchel, he came aeross the ocean.

Thirty-seven cents constituted his capital. He somehow managed to get to Philadelphia where he found a job in wheeling coal at the gas-works.

A little later he secured a place as appren-

gas-works.

A little later he secured a place as appren-

gas-works.

A little later he secured a place as apprentice to a chairmaker.

Working with him was a companion named Burke, who was wofully steed-struck. McOullough caught the infection, became fond of the theatrentic structure of the properties of the properties. McOullough undertook to play the part of Othello one night in 1857. As fortune would have, the manager of the Arch Street Theatre was present. Impressed with the young amateur's rich voice, and the care and correctness of his delivery, he sought him out, and offered him a position among the supernumeraries at \$4.00 a week. Among his fellow "super," McCullough soon became a favorite and the recognized leader, and he was frequently chosen to fill minor parts, such as are required to say "Yes, me lord," and retire.

McCullough at this time was in the habit of standing in the wings during the play, and

McCullough at this time was in the habit of standing in the wings during the play, and watching everation. The play over, he would minute to the actors with minute to his small room and repeat and improve. Probably there was not an hour of the day, at this period in which the future tragedian did not study.

His handsome figure and rich voice, made him the choice of the manager for real speaking parts; his talent young though it was gained him better parts little by little until after a while, at the age of twenty-two he had become known and liked by the regular patrons of the Arch Street Theatre.

E. L. Davenport, the well-remembered tragedian, took McCullough to Boston and gave him a part when he played at the Atheneum. That engagement completed, the young actor returned to Philadelphia and secured an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre.

ensem. That engagement completed, they ong actor returned to Philadelphia and secured an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre.

McCullough was thus situated when one day to his ulter astonishment, he received the information that he had been selected to play Pythias to the Damon of the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest. This was the beginning of his fortune. He traveled with Forrest many years as his chief support, and received the benefit of his instruction and advice.

McCullough was painstaking in the extreme, for he had a name to make; and the result of the care that Forrest took with him, was that the protespe began to feel an affection for the great actor that kept them together for many years, and, being mutual, opened for McCullough all the wellsprings of Forrest's knowledge.

Forrest was a gruff old fellow. It was not easy to tell his thoughts or fathom his sympathies from his face. He became fond of McCullough, but the first time he seemed to show a particular interest in him, was one evening when McCullough had come into the wings from the stage followed by a storm of applause that showed he had made a decided sensation. Mrs. Gladstone had been on the econe with him. The applause continuing, McCullough asked nervously:

"What shall I do?"

"Do? Go and make your reputation—take the lady on and bow!"
When Edwin Forrest died, he left his young proper much of his wardrobe and those treasures with the lady of the la

I think of the destiny that might have been mine if I had settled among the downs of Londonderry, and I never thanked the ship that the state of the kind-hearted peasantry whose lives are being worn away in the neighborhood where I first saw light."

The life of the successful actor, even with all the plandits and the fame, is the hardest of all lives. The strain of constant study, the effort of daily impersonations, the necessity of facing an audience whether well or ill, happy or in sorrow, and the long and hasty journeys, are features of the actor's life that entirely dispet that atmosphere of delightful and romantic mystery through which we are wont to regard it. And it may be in great measure due to such causes that some montax had to be followed constantly to see that he had to be followed constantly to see that no harm came to him. Rest did not improve his condition, and at last all trace of reason vanished and he now walks the precincts of Bloomingdale utterly oblivious of all around him, and unconscious of who it is when an old friend sadly visits him.

Many are the old and firm friends that John McCullough has. Hearty, sincere and genial he made friends; generous and steadfast, he kept them.

The parts he most often took were Jack

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

He wrote that he remembered that a bright boy, a son of his old tenant, had gone to America many years ago, and when he had read the name of the great American tragedian, he had been struck with the thought that these two might be one and the same. In truth they were; and McCullough, musing over the letter, remembered how years before, he had stood beside the road in Londonderry and doffed his cap and pulled his forelock, as this landlord and his lady rode by in their coach and four.

In extreme contrast to that seene, was the sight of the nobleman's carriage driving up to the door of McCullough's lodgings the next day. And Sir Harvey, a vigorous old man of seventy, protested that it needed but a glance to identify the dramatic artist with the urchin of former years. This encounter seemed to delight the old nobleman. Nothing would satisfy him but that McCullough must dine with him. And he gathered together such a company of guests as probably the American had never dreamed of sitting at table with. Lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses—titles were the rule at that dinner.

At the end of his London engagement, McCullough revisited the scenes of his youthful days. His fame had traveled before him, and even in the country villages which he

At the end of his London engagement, McCullough revisited the scenes of his youth I days. His fame had traveled before him, ful days. His fame had traveled before him, and the scenes of his work of the scenes of his youth had known in boyhood, crowings which he had known in boyhood, crowings which he had known in boyhood, crowings with its armorial bearings.

In speaking of this visit, McCullough says:
In speaking of this visit, McCullough says:
'Sir Harvey Bruee and his kind lady wanted me to buy the old farm on which I was born, and settle down; but I told them I would not give up my life and my friends in America for all of I reland.' Then he added: "God bless that land (America) of grand possibilities, where honest effort and merit bring all that are worth living for; where rail-splitters and canal-boat drivers are exalted as rulers, and the sons of cobblers achieve riches!

Cade, Spartacus the Gladiator, Othello, Virginius and Iago, as which latter his old friend, Forrest had specially praised him.

As an actor, he wore the manule of the great Forrest, though more acceptably even than the former owner. Forrest was of the time acceptably even than the former owner. Forrest was of the time acceptably even the exaggeration of voice and gesture were the marked qualities of tragic acting. While McCullough played just such "robust" roles as Forrest, it was with more finish, less of the rant, but with a suppressed fire, that gave one continual warning of the mighty climax. While Booth is justly thought the greatest tragedian of this time, it is yet a fact that McCullough is his superior in the "robust," and in general is only second to him. McCullough's favorite character is that of the noble Roman father. As one of the critics put it, he 'leaped upon the Kemble-haunted stage, and took down from a musty shelf, where Macready had left it, a majestic, classic figure—the Roman Father—and breathed new life into it."

Physically, he is singularly adapted for such parts, for his face is noble and distin-

life into it."

Physically, he is singularly adapted for such parts, for his face is noble and distinguished, his figure stout and shapely, his limbs matchless in symmetry, and moving with a perfect grace. In short he was classed as the representative of classical tragedy at the time

time. The representative to transact targety at the time. Seed the Irish peasant boy remained, except the same kind generous heart. He was a polished gentleman, as much at home in genteel society as on the boards. His life is said to be but a question of a few months. But lost as he is to the world even now, many an old friend yet goes sadly to his place of confinement to grasp the hand of an old and true friend in misfortune.

The great tragedian meets his friends leaning heavily on his cane, with vacant eyes in which no responsive recognition shines.

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'entrown:"

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown."

A NINE DAY'S WARNING.

DR. GLASSE's son George, who became a clergy-man, says Mury Howitts, was acquainted at col-lege with a dissolute set of young men, who turned religion into ridicule, and aimed to extract as much lege with a dissolute set of young men, who turned religion intordicule, and aimed to extract as much so-called pleasure out of life as possible. On one cocasion a member of the group entered the room where the rest were assembled, with an unasually depressed countenance. All rallied him upon his gravity and demanded the cause. He explained that on the preceding night he dreamed he was breathing stifling, oppressive air in a large, gloomy that the state of the state of

GUESSED HIM.

"Speaking of General Stonewall Jackson's pecu-liarities," said an ex-Confederate, "why, sir, a whole book might be written about 'em. One time -I never shall forget it—we were on a forced march in Virginia. I was hungry as a wolf, and I had bein Virginia. I was hungry as a wolt, and I had begun to grow tired of the Confederacy. Fighting for
a principle was all well enough, you know—but I
am driting from my story. Well, we were marching the most proper of the property of the convey long with that division and I had not been
ever long with that division that I well, the
rain was pouring down. One of my wagons got
stuck fast in the mud. Oh, but I was mad and I
couldn't help swearing. Pretty soon an old fellow
"Say," said I, you needn't sit there looking at
that wagon. Get down and help the men haul it
out."

that wagon. Get down and help the men hadl it out."

"He got down without a word of protest, put his soulder to the wheel and tugged away. I didn't pay any particular attention to him, aside from seeing that he was doing his duty. After awhile, when the wagon was rolled out, I felt sorry that I spoke so harshly to the old fellow. Well, to make a long story short, I'll bet you a dollar that you can I guess "I'll take you," said one of the company. "He was Stonewall Jackson."

"No, sir; he was old Ben Bailey a noted chicken peddler."

ROSECRANS AND PRICE.

WAR creates attachments more lasting than any other, and which are not severed except in death. An incident of the war established between General other, and which are not severed except in death. An incident of the war established between General Rosecrans and General S. W. Price peculiar relations, which, so far as General Rosecrans is concerned, seem never to lose the Rosecrans is concerned, seem never to lose the force. In the terrible struggle of Stone River, when General Rosecrand almost crushed by the Confederate advance and almost crushed by the Confederate advance and andressed him thus:

"General Price, then in command of a brigade and holding a position of great importance, and addressed him thus:

"General Price, von command here, do you?"

"Yes sir,"

"Well, ar, will you hold this ford?"

"Will you hold this ford?"

"I will die in the attempt,"

"I will die in the attempt,"

"Sr, will you hold this ford? Look me in the eye and tell me if you will hold this position?"

"General Price answered, "I will."

"General Price answered, "I will."

"That will do," replied General Rosecrans. "I have good aday."

A WISE SUGGESTION

THE negro is an imitative creature. The white nan does nothing which the negro does not imiman does nothing which the negro does not imitate. Sam Johnsing and Jim Webster, who can the shanties in which they reside in the subarbay of Austin, determined to have their property insured gainst fire, merely because the white folks did. The insurance agent yielded at last to their importunities, and went to look at the premises of the two enthusiasts on the subject of insurance. Declining an invitation to come inside and partake of some revestments, the agent said anties."

"What's objecthums?" asked Sam Johnsing.
"In the first place, Mr. Johnsing, you have got your smoke house right up close to your cabin, and it will be sure to catch fire the first time you use your smoke house."
"Ef dat's all, I jess won't make no fire in my smoke house. I'll smoke my meat in Jim Webstock house, and he can smoke his meat in my smoke house; so dat objectshun am done away wid."

GIVING A DIRECT ANSWER.

The death of Martin Van Buren has called up umerous memories of his grandfather, the President. One is that a party of gentlemen once were discussing his idiosyncrasies, and a wager was laid that he could not be induced to give a direct auswer to any question, and it was agreed that he should be told the purpose and condition of the bet, One of the party, an acquaintance of Mr. Yan Buren, was deputed to make the test. When he found him, "Mr. Van Buren," said he, "some gentiemen have been accusing you of non-committalism and have wagered that you will not give a plain answer to a plain question. Now let me ask you, 'Where doese the sun rise?'"

o a pian question. Now let me ask you, "Macre loss the sun rise?".

The President's brow contracted. There was a noment's hesitation. Then:

"The terms cast and west, Mr. Smith, are con-rentional, but J."

"That'll do, Mr. President, we've lost the bet."

FORGIVENESS

LIFE is too short, dear love, for unkind feeling, Too short for lards reproach or bitter tone, We two should know but loving words along—We two should know but loving words along—Is a should know but loving words along—Is a should be sh

Oh, love! by all our past of untold gladness;
By every tender word and fond caress,
Which filled our lives with such sweet happi

ness,
Forget, forgive that one brief hour of madness!
'Tis nobler for another to forgive
Than the most faultiess life one's self to live!

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

BY HARRY COLLING WOOD.

You see the lighthouse out there; it stands on the end of a long reef, which brought up many a stout craft before it was built. In thick weather, with a sou'-westerly wind, vessels often got embayed, and in trying to beat out, not knowing of the reef, ran right on it and were lost.

Father was sent down here as head lighthouse-keeper, some years before the time I'm speaking of.

His mate was Dick Tregidgo, an old mano'-war's man, who, owing to a bad wound in his head, had been discharged.

Mother and I lived ashore, in that little cottage there on the top of the cliff, from which the lighthouse is in sight, and mother used to say that she felt more comfortable when she saw the light burn up at night, as she then knew that father was all right.

when she saw the light burn up at night, as she then knew that father was all right.

It's impossible in blowing weather to get off to the lighthouse, so I used to take every chance when the sea was smooth to pay a visit to father, to carry him milk and eggs, and fresh butter, and his clean clothes, and even letters and newspapers sometimes.

I was just about seventeen when I made one of those trips, which I shan't forget in a hurry. A chum of father's, old Pentrussett, gave me a shove off. As I jumped on the ladder with my basket of things, he said,—""I'll call for ye as I come back if the wind doesn't veer round as it has a mind to do; and if it does, why, you'll have to stay till it shifts again; good-bye, lad."

Father was glad to see me; not only on account of what I'd brought him, but because Trecitgo had been complaining of being ill. He looked flushed in the face; his eyes were bloodshot; and his hand felt as dry and hot as a coal. He said he thought he'd got a heavy cold coming on; and father persanded him at last to go and lie down, and not to mind about the lamps, as I could help him with them.

So Tregidgo went and turned in; and I set to work with the heanps; trimming the wicks; filling up with fresh oil; polishing

sa a coal. He said he thought he'd got a heavy cold coming on; and father persuaded him at last to go and lie down, and not to mind about the lamps, as I could help him with them.

So Tregidgo went and turned in; and I set to work with the lamps; trimming the wicks; filling up with fresh oil; polishing the reflectors and glasses; cleaning and oiling the machinery, and so on.

When we went down to dinner, poor Tregidgo seemed to be no better. He complained of pain in his head; and said he'd stay where he was, as he had no appetite for dinner; but he'd be glad if we'd bring him up a pitcher of water, as he felt thirsty enough to drink the sea dry.

As soon as we'd finished dinner, we turned to at the lamps again, and got everything ready for lighting up; we went below, and straightened things up there too; and by that time the afternoon was getting well on, and we had to think about having tea.

It was while we were sitting, one on each side of the fireplace, waiting for the kettle to boil—father enjoying his pipe, and I telling him the last shore news—that from the owner. I found oil Pentrussett's prophery had come true; it had shifted, and was at about west-sout-west, or thereavay; and blowing strong, with heavy gusts now and saw from the way the sea cane tumbling home upon thereef and swirring over it in boiling foam, that I was booked for a berth in the lighthouse for that night, at least; and perhaps for three or four on to the end of it. This, however, gave me no concern. I had often slept there before when detained by the weather, sometimes for a week at a time, so that I was used to it; and, as mother knew where I was, she wouldn't be uneasy.

Tea was by this time ready; and I went up to the sleeping room, carrying a cup of the hot fragrant liquid, a couple of slices of buttered toast, and two boiled eggs, thinking that perhaps such dainties might tempt poor it only be the sleeping room, carrying a cup of the hot fragrant liquid, a couple of slices of buttered toast, and two boiled eggs, thinking that per

should have signalled for a boat, and sent the poor fellow ashore at once.

By the time tea was over we had to about lighting the lamps in the lantern; and father went up to do so. Two or three minutes had passed by, when I heard him eall being washed off the narrow footway, at the same that the major to possible to reach the lighting conductor.

Indee my way cautiously round the tow-father went up to do so. Two or three minutes had passed by, when I heard him eall being washed off the narrow footway, at

I went up, and found him standing on stairs, outside of the sleeping room door,

me. I went up, and not the stairs, outside of the sleeping room door, which was shut.
"I say, Frank, here's a pretty business," he said, "Dick's as mad as a March hare, and has locked himself in; what can we do?" "Can't you persuade him to let us in?"

"Cunt you persuade nim to let us in a wid I. "No," replied my father. "He says Dick Tregidgo is dead; and that he's got to guard the body until it's buried. Let's try him again. Dick! I say, Dick, hammering at the word cut is below the say of the say of

a good fellow. It's time to ngin the samp-, you know."

"I tell you Richard Tregidgo is dead;—gone to his last account, poor fellow, and no man enters this room until I have buried him," returned Dick.

"Are you sure he's dead? Open the door, and let me take a look at him; perhaps we may be able to bring him round yet, if we are smart about it," insinuated my father, in a coaxing tone.

"Are you sure us cleant? Open the door, and let me take a look at him; perhaps we may be able to bring him round yet, it we are smart about it," insinuated my father, in a coaxing tone.

"That was all ve were able to get out of him; and neither by threats or persuasion could we induce him to open the door, though we tried both for a good half hour, or more. Matters were becoming serious. It was now nearly as dark as it would be at all that night, the moon being at the full; but her light was greatly obscure by the swiftly flying clouds which often hid her face; and the lamps were not yet lighted.

At last, my father would delay no longer; but bid me run down and fetch up a hammer or the axe, to break open the door.

As I went below, I glanced for a moment out at one of the windows which commanded a view of the bay to the north'ard; and, to my horror, I perceived, far away in the distance, the lights of a ship. I dashed down to the room below, and seized an aze, the first thing which came to hand.

"Father," I exclaimed, as I returned breath less to his side, "there's a ship in the bay; and far to leavand too.

"At last, man the axe; we must have the late of the windown of the poor souls will never live to see daylight again."

Without another word my father began to ply the axe, I retiring down a few steps, to be out of reach of its swing. In the course of two or three minutes, the door yielded; and my father was about to pass into the room, when Tregidgo appeared at the entrance—his hair bristling, his eyes gleaning with the fury of madness, and the foam flecking from his heavy moustache and beard. This terrible apparition caused my father to pause of two or three minutes, the door yielded; and my father was about to pass into the room below. A moment's glance as I cantered it, showed he chadlong down the stairs toward me.

Terrified at seeing my father fall and the attack made on me, I turned and sprang in the retained door of the lighthouse, which I flung open.

trance door of the lighthouse, which a many open.

I was about to plunge into the sea, as the only possible means of escape, but the sight of the furious waves leaping and plunging down upon the reef in great churning masses of yeasty foam, checked me for an instant. The next, I darted out, flung myself upon the ladder, and from thence upon a narrow iron platform or grating, about eighteen inches wide, which ran all round the lighthouse. I had to throw myself down flat, at once, and hold on with might and main; for a huge wave came foaming up, breaking a huge wave came foaming up, breaking a leaping high above

nouse. I had to throw myself down flat, at once, and hold on with might and main; for a huge wave came foaming up, breaking against the building and leaping high above my head. When it had passed, I rose to my feet, dashed the salt water out of my eyes, the salt of the salt water out of my eyes, the salt of the salt water out of my eyes, the salt of the salt water out of my eyes, the salt of the sal

and, from their increased brightness, I saw that she was rapidly approaching the reef, and at the same time drifting fast to leaward. How could I light the warning beacon which should show their danger to the crew of the stranger? A quartor of an hour longer, and her fate would be sealed; and all on board would meet a watery care. My agony or mind was dreadful; I felt that I would willingly give my life for theirs, if it might be; and in my great extremity I cried aloud to God for help. That cry went up through the howling of the gale, and reached the everopen Ear; for I and searcely uttered it, when it struck me had searcely uttered it, when it is truck me that it might be possible to reach the lantern by climbing the lightning conductor.

length reached the slender rod. What was my relief to find a rope swinging near it, lowered for some purpose by Tregidge that very morning unknown to father. Without that rope I could not have done what I intended. I caught it as it swung near the rod and held it fast. The ship was still visible, rapidly approaching; and the sight nerved me for the terrible climb. Terrible it was in truth, for I was now on the weather side of the lighthouse, and exposed to the full fury of the gale. Slowly and laboriously I made my way aloft; the wind beating upon me with a strength which threatened every moment to whir me far into the boiling sea below; but clutching the rope and holding on the conductor with my knees, up and up I climbed.

At length I found myself underneath the

the conductor with my knees, up and up I climbed.

At length I found myself underneath the gallery which runs round the top of the lighthouse, outside the lantern. The lighthing rod passed up the face of the tower, close to the masonry, and through the floor of the gallery—which-projected about three feet from the face of the building. How was I to get past its projecting edge? I twas a difficulty I had quite overlooked. And while I hung there helpless, I could see, full in view, the fast approaching lights of the devoted ship. I must reach the lantern somehow, and that within the next five minutes, or it will be too late.

ate.
Suddenly the ornamental open-work iron
rackets which supported the gallery, attractd my attention. They might help me.
There was one on each side, that on my right eing nearest.

I stretched out my hand, but failed to reach

There was one on each side, that on my right being nearest.

I stretched out my hand, but failed to reach it, and nearly in the attempt lost my hold. I tried again, and holding on to the rope with my hands, and grasping the lightning-rod, I swung my body towards the bracket, and caught it with one hand. Tightening my grasp, I let go the lightning-rod with my feet, and swung for a moment in the furious blast by my right hand only; and at first it seemed that I had not sufficient strength left to gain a hold with the other. A further desperate of another dreadful strength. I manager of a hold with the other. A further desperate of another dreadful strength. I manager of another dreadful strength. I manager of another dreadful strength. I manager of another dreadful strength. In manager it would be impossible to accomplish the short, though extremely difficult, climb before me; but I did manage it at last—to sink sick with terror at the awful peril I had gone through, faint, exhausted, on the floor of the gallery. Only for a moment though. The next instant I was in the lantern, groping for the match-box; and in another minute the brillant light was darting its warning ray across the wild sea to the imperilled ship. I paused long enough to see the ship, now awkened to the imminence of her peril, go about, and make a tack to seaward; and then lurried down to my father, who still lay was difficulty got him, and recovered sooner than I had expected, though at first he could him, "the ship is safe at all events; and now let us go and look after poor Tregidgo, Frank."

We found Dick lying senseless on the floor, just inside the entrance. When he came to

Frank."
We found Dick lying senseless on the floor, just inside the entrance. When he came to, his frenzy had passed away, but his senses had not returned, and he was as weak as a

child. was a terrible night to me, for father was still suffering, and I was afraid every that I had not go up and see that the lamps that the suffering and I was afraid every that I had not go up and see that the lamps another it and attack him. The night, however, passed, and the next morning the wind falling, we made a signal for a boat, and Dick was taken ashore.

Though he was at length able to get about again, he has never been exactly right, from that day to this, and, of course, he has never been back to his old berth at the lighthouse.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

LITTLE colored boy went to a butcher's stall in

Austin, and said to the butcher : "I say, boss, gio me a little chunk of meat for

onr dog,"

"All right, black face and shiny eye," said the
butcher, good naturedly.

"Yes, boss, but don't gib me sich a tuff piece as
yer did las' time. My fodder mos' broke his jaw
tryin' ter chew hit."

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DISENCHANTMENT

If none were sick and none were sad, What service could we render? I think if we were always glad, We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart, And every wish were granted, Patience would die and hope depart, Life would be disenchanted.

FACING PERIL.

A TALE OF THE COAL MINES.

By G. A. HENTY.

CHAPTER WELL TX

"Ay, they ha' just gone on. There, don't you see his light down the heading? No? well I saw it a moment since."
"Come along," Jack said. "Quick! I expect they've met it."
At full speed they hurried along. Presently they all stopped short; the lights burned low, and a choking sensation came on them.
"Back, Jack, for your life!" gasped Bill Haden; but at that moment Jack's feet struck something, which he knew was a body.
"Down at my feet; help!" he cried.
Then he stooped and tried to raise the body. Then the last gleam of his light went out—his lungs seemed to cease acting, and he saw no more.

his lungs seemed to cease accung, ass. as no more.

When he came to himself again he was being carried on Bill Haden's shoulder.

"All right, dad," he said. "I am coming round now; put me down."

"That's a good job, Jack. I thought thou'dst scaree come round again."

"Have you got either of the others?"

"We've got Brooks; you'd your arm around him so tight that Ned and I lifted you together. He's on ahead; the missons are carrying Brooks, and Ned's showing the way. Canst walk now?"

him so tight that Ned and I lifted you together. He's on shead; the masons are carrying Brooks, and Ned's showing the way. Canst walk now?"

"Yes, I'm better now. How did you manage to breathe, dad?"

"We didn't breathe, Jack; we're too old hands for that. When we saw you fall, we just drew back, took a breath and then shut our mouths, and went down for you just the same as if we'd been a groping for you under water. We got hold of you both, lifted you up, and carried you along as far as we could before we drew a breath again. You re sharp, Jack, but you don't know everything yet. And Bill Haden chuckled to find that for once his practical experience taught him something that Jack had not learned from his books. And Bill Haden chuckled from his books. And Bill Haden chuckled to find that for once his practical experience taught him something that Jack had not learned from his books. And Bill Haden the history was the state of the place fixed upon. Here the miners were engaged in restoring consciousness to Mr. Brooks, who, under the influence of water dashed on his face and artificial respiration set up by alternately pressing upon the cheet and allowing it to rise again, was just beginning to show signs of life. Their interest in their employment was so great, that it was not until Mr. Brooks was able to sit up that they began to talk about the future.

Jack's account of the state of things near the shaft was listened to gravely. The fact that the whole of the system of vertilation had been deranged, and the proof given by the experienced men. It sounded their death-knell. Gallant and unceasing as would be experienced men. It sounded their death-knell. Gallant and unceasing as would was not an act of simple madness for their friends above experienced men. It sounded their death-knell. Gallant and unceasing as would was not an act of simple madness for their friends above to endeavor to clear the shaft and headings, and to restore the ventilation. The fact was further impressed upon them by a sudden and simultan

Your intention was equally kind," Mr oks said. "But is there nothing that we

Brooks sand.

"Nought," Bill Haden said. "We have got our dinners wi' us, and might make 'em last, a mouthful at a time, to keep life in us for a week or more. But what 'ud be the use of it? It may be weeks—ay, or monthabefore they can stifle the fire and make their way here."

before they can stille the fire and make their way here."

"Can you suggest nothing, Jack?" Mr. Brooks asked. "You are the only officer of the pit left now," he added with a faint smile. Jack had not spoken since he reached the stall, but had sat down on a block of coal, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands—a favorite attitude of his when thinkind deeply.

ally as they thought of their loved ones above,

ay in silence.
answered the appeal by rising to his

Jack answered the appeal by rising to the feet.

"Yes, sir, I think we may do something."
The men raised themselves in surprise.
"In the first place, sir, I should send men in each direction to see how near the chokedamp has got. There are four roads by which it could come up. I would shut,the doors on this side of the place it has come to, roll blocks of coal and rubbish to keep 'em tight, and stop up the chinks with wet mud. That will keep the gas from coming up, and there is air enough in the stalls and headings to last us a long time.

That will keep the gas from coming up, and there is air enough in the stalls and headings to last us a long time.

"But that would only prolong our lives for a few hours, Jack, and I don't know that that would be any advantage. Better to be choked by the gas than to die of starvation," Mr. Brooks said, and a murnur from the men showed that they agreed with him.

"I vote for lighting our pipes," one of the miners said.

"If there is fiery gas here, it would be better to finish with it at one." The world was a general expression of approximation of the said of the s

charge of the food.

"There are just twenty of us, sir, without you, and mineteen dinners. So if you divide among us four dinners a day, it will last for five days, and by that time I hope we shall be free."

e. Four men only could work at the face of the Il together, and Jack divided the twenty

Four men only could work at the face of the stall together, and Jack divided the twenty into five sets.

"We will work in quarter of an hour shifts at first," he said; "that will give an hour's rest to a quarter of an hour swork, and a man can work well, we know, for a quarter of an hour. When we get done up, we will have hour. When we get done up, we will have hour. When we get done up, we will have hour askep in between."

The first shift the men, stripped as usual to the waist, set to work without an instant's delay; and the vigor and swiftness with which the blows fell upon the face of the rock would have told experienced miners that the men who stood there were working for life or death. The other men Jack took into the adjacent stalls, and set them to work to clear a narrow strip of the floor next to the upper wall, then to cut a little groove in the rocky floor along it, to intercept the water as it slowly trickled in, and lead it to small hollows which they were to make in the solid rock. The water coming through the two stalls would, thus collected, be ample for their work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were gene how the men at work at the down were gene how the men at work at the down were gene how the men at work at the down were gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene how the men at work at the down were the gene her the sold the two the down here. with his clows on his knees, and his chim on his hands—a favorite attitude of his when thinking deeply.

The other collers had thrown themselves down on the ground; some sobbed occasion-damp had been mer with at a distance of fifty

yards from the stall; but upon the upper road it was several hundred yards before it was found. On the other two roads it was over a hundred yards. The men had torn strips off their flannel jackets and had thrust them into the crevices of the doors, and had then plastered mud from the roadway on thickly, and there was no reason to fear any irruption of choke-damp, unless, indeed, an explosion should take place so violent as to blow in the doors. This, however, was unlikely, as, with a fire burning, the gas would ignite as it came out; and although there might be many minor explosions, there would scarcely be one so serious as the two first which had taken place.

The work at the doors and the water being over, the men all gathered in the stall. Then

I might be many minor explosions, there would searched be one so serious as the two first which had taken place.

The work at the doors and the water being tover, the men all gathered in the stall. Then Jack insisted on an equal division of the tobacco, of which almost all the miners possessed some—for colliers, forbidden to smoke, often chew tobacco, and the tobacco might therefore be regarded rather as a luxury, and as being very valuable in assisting the men to keep down the pangs of hunger. This only had to be divided into twenty shares, as Mr. Brooks said that he could not use it in that way, and that he had, moreover, a couple of cigars in his pocket, which he could suck if hard driven to it.

Now that they were together again, all the lamps were extinguished, save the two required by the men at work. With work to be done, and a hope of ultimate release, the men's spirits rose, and between their spells of work they talked, and now and then even a laugh was heard. Mr. Brooks, although unable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work, was very valuable to do a share of the work to share the part of the very large to the very large to the very large to the very large to the work work was the preceding to the very large to the ver

thick, so that they did not have to work upon the rock—it was removed by the set of men who were next for work, so that there was not a minute lost from this cause.

The next twenty-four hours saw almost as much work done as upon the first; but upon the third there was a decided falling off. The scanty food was telling upon them now. The shifts were lengthened to an hour to all the state of the set of th

CHAPTER X

APTER an earnest thanksgiving by Mr. Brooks for their success thus far, the whole party partook of what was a heartier mea than usual, consisting of the whole of the remaining food. Then choosing the largest of the drills, a hole was driven in the coal two feet in depth, and in this an unusually heavy charge was placed.

"We're done for after all," Bill Haden suddenly explained. "Look at the laup."

"We're done for after all," Bill Haden suddenly exclaimed. "Look at the lamp."
Every one present felt their hearts sink at what they saw. A light flame seemed to filthe whole interior of the lamp. To strike a match to light the fuse would be to cause an instant explosion of the gas. The place where they were working being the highest part of the mine, the fiery gas, which made its way out of the coal at all points above the closed doors, had, being lighter than air, mounted there.

"Put the lamps out," Jack said quickly, the gauze is nearly red hot." In a moment "Fut the samp."
"the gauze is nearly red hot." In a momenta
they were in darkness.
"What is to be done now?" Mr. Brooks

"What is to be done now?" Mr. Brooks asked after a pause.
There was a fillence for a while—the case seemed desperate.
"Mr Brooks," Jack said after a time, "it is agreed, is it not, that all here will obey my my orders?"
"Yes, certainly Jack" Mr. Beach.

Yes, certainly, Jack," Mr. Brooks an-

"Yes, certainly, Jacs, survey."
"Whatever they are?"
"Yes, whatever they are?"
"Yes, whatever they are."
"Yes, are."
"Yes,

owder."
"What then, Jack?"
"That's all," Jack said; "I will fire the rain. If the gas will explode at the match it rill light the fuse, so that the wall will blow a anyhow." in any

In anyhow."

"No, no," a chorus of voices said; "you must be killed."

"I will light it, Jack," Bill Haden said; "I am getting on now, it's no great odds about me."

"I am getting on now, it's no great odds about me."

"No, Bill," Jack said, "I am in charge and it is for me to do it. You have all promised to obey orders, so set about it at once. Bill, take Mr. Brooks up first into the other stall; he won't be able to find his way about in the dark."

to obey orders, so set about it as once. Bill, take Mr. Brooks up first into the other stall; he won't be able to find his way about in the dark."

Without a word Bill did as he was told, Mr. Brooks giving one hearty squeeze to the lad's hand as he was led away. The others, accustomed to the darkness from boyhood, proceeded at once to carry out Jack's instructions, wetting their finnel jackets and then beating the roof with them toward the entrance to the stall; for five minutes they continued this, then Jack said:

"Now, lads, off to the stall as quick as you can; cover your heads well over; lie down can; cover your heads well over; led own can; cover your heads well over; led own pieces by the explosion of the gas. He listened until the sound of the last footstep died away—waited a couple of minutes, to allow them to get safely in position at the other end of the fuse in one hand, and the match in the other, he murmured a prayer, and then, stooping to the ground, struck the match. Mo explosion followed; he applied it to the tuse, and ran for his life, down the narrow heading, down the stall, along the horse road, and up the next stall. "It's alight," he said, as he ran on.

"Cover your heads close," Jack said, as he threw himself down; "the explosion is nigh sure to fire the gas."

For a minute a silence as of death reigned in the mine; then there was a sharp, cracking explosion, followed — or, rather, prolonged—by another like thunder, and, while a flash of fire seemed to surround them, filling the air, firing their clothes, and scorching their limbs, the whole mine shook with a deep, continuous roaring. The men knew that the danger was at an end, threw off the covering from their heads, and struck out the first form their garments. Some were badly but they may but the legs, but anyword or cryptony and the stall and the pressure from behind decreased, the sound gradually deminished, until, in another five minutes, all was quiet. The nir in the next stall was clear and fresh, for as the Logan pit had emptied

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

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Miss Birdie McGinnis and Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin, two of the leading belles of Austin, were discussing a ball at which both had been present. "O, I had such a compliment paid me by Gus De Smith," said Miss Birdie, giggling hysterically,

Smith, "and miss prive, gigging nysterically.

"Yes; what did he say?" asked Esmerdela.

"I had on my new bands, and just a little face
powder, a.n-d my new gilk dress fitted just as if I
was poured into it, a.n-d ma said she never saw me
look so well a.n-d.——"
"What did Gus De Smith say?" asked Esmer"What did Gus De Smith say?" asked Esmer-

elda, impatiently.

"He whispered to me—Miss Birdie, you are fixed up so pretty to-night that I hardly recognized you."

THE FASCINATION OF TERROR.

Your article on the "Fascination of Terror," says a correspondent of the London Spectator, reminds me of an ancedote told me by a triend no reminds me of an ancedote told me by a triend no longer in this world. He had gone with another friend to see the Tubular Bridge over the Menaj Strait, then in process of construction. While doing so they had to creep along a portion of the uninished bridge overhanging the sea. While thus While the While the Strait of the While the Wh

A NICE, CLEAN HOUSE

I SCARCELY dared to tread within I SCARCELY dared to tream within So neat was everything:
The porch was clean as any pin.
The stoop showed soap was king Almost with awe I strode the floor Into the parlor prim.
And as I closed the noiseless door The light was soft and dim.

The sofa stood in stately form,
Each chair was in its place;
I could not say the air was warm,
Though order reigned with grace
No speck of dust, no sign of rust
Profaned this nice, clean house;
No cat, no dog their bones discusse
Nor e'en a nibbling mouse.

Nor e en a mooning mouse.

'You're very quiet here.'

'You're very quiet here.'

And as he speaks, his cold words send
A chill upon my ear.

'No! no!' he sald, 'our child is dead;
There's none about the place.''

As a within the life he led
As a word word word with the sald.

No signs of dust trace.
No children round the well-kept house,
No sound of pattering feet;
No little ones to kiss and bosse,
No ditty fingers sweet.
Give me the toys and dust and noise
And furniture awy—
The work of baby girls and boys—
And that will suit my eye.

A WILD RUN FOR A WIFE.

The engineer stood oiling his locomotive and waiting for another train. A wedding party was on the platform, bidding good-bye to bride and groom.

"I never see a wedding party get on my train," said the engineer, "that I do not think of the time I got married myself. That was several years ago. Though an engineer, I was rather wild, and when I courted the daughter of the section boss -as pretty an Irish lass as ever lived-the old man objected. He said if I didn't reform my ways I'd be killed some night on my run, and he didn't want any widows and children on his hands. But the gal and I made up our minds that we'd get married anyway, and trust to luck for the future.

"So I had made all the preparations for an elopement. I had a day run, but one night I changed off with another engineer on pur-That run brought me to the little station where the section boss lived during the night. It was all arranged that she should come on board my engine, ride to the second station with me, and there a telegraph operator, a friend of mine, was to have a minister ready. Everything worked all right, and the lass was soon seated behind me in the cab How the old locomotive did run that night. She seemed to fly through the air without touching the rails, but even then she did not go fast enough to suit me.

At the next station we stopped for orders and the orders were to side track three miles and the orders were to succerack three mines beyond at the coal switch and wait for No. 6. That was four miles from L—, where the minister was. It was pretty rough, but orders had to be obeyed. We had got nicely on the switch, and stood waiting a little while, when the brakeman came running forward as fast as he could run, and from the top of the front car shouted: 'The old man's coming on a hand-car. Look out.'

"I turned, and sure enough, thirty rods away, a hand-car was coming with four men on it. Somebody had betrayed us. There was no time to lose. As quick as a flash I decided what to do. Shouting to the brakeman to uncouple the tender from the car, I told my fireman to jump for the switch. He did and I opened the throttle. Just in the nick of time the switch was turned, and we bounded on to the main track. The old man made a run for us, but he couldn't make it, and then returned to his hand-car and gave chase. The question was now, could I make - siding before No. 6 left there? If I couldn't I might have a collision.

"I pulled the throttle wide open, and while I fired the lass kept her eye peeled along the track. She was a brave lass and never faltered, though we ran so fast that the engine bounded and swayed as if it would leave the rails. Soon she called to me, 'I see a light. I looked, and it was the headlight of No. 6. But I looked again and could see the switch

But I looked again and could see the switch lights this side of her—she was standing at L—. I whistled fiercely for the switch again and again. I could see the engine of No. 6 begin to puff—they were moving out. Again I whistled, and at last they heard me, No. 6 stopped puffing, the white switch light gave way to a red one, and in a few seconds we glided upon the siding.

At the station was our minister, and in five minutes we were married. Then we followed No. 6 back to the coal switch, and I moved on with my train without the loss of any time. The upshot of it all was that when he heard of it the superintendent overlooked my wild run' for a wife, and the old man came down and did the handsome thing by us. I never see a wedding party but I think of that night's ride."

HE WAS NOT PREPARED.

A few years ago the people of a certain township were about to celebrate the opening of a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver the oration.
He had made no written preparation, supposing that a lawyer ought to be capable of speaking with out note or notice any number of hour subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence.

subject, in a style of thrilling cloquence. Therefore, he trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon a platform crected near the bridge and began amid the profound and attentive silence of his audience:

"Fellow-citizens: Five and forty years ago this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howing wilderness!"

He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens only five and forty years ago, this bridge where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!"

now stand, was part and parcet of the nowing classics of the paused. (Cries of "Good! Go on!")
"I feel it hardly necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five and forty years ago was part and parcel of the howling wilderness, and I will conclude by saying that I wish—I wish it was part and parcel of it now!"

A CAREFUL MAN.

JUDGE BOLLINGSWORTH is unfortunate. The other night after a hard day's work he did not go home until the family had eaten supper.

"I won't put you to any trouble to get me anything to eat," he said to his wife, "I'll go out and get a lunch."

"You'll find everything in the safe. Don't leave anything on the table for the mice are awful bad."

When the judge returned to the sitting room his wife asked .

Did you put everything away?"

"Yes."
"Did you shut the safe door?"
"Yes."
"What did you do with the lamp?"
"What lamp p?"
"The lamp you took with you."
"Didn't bring it back?"
"No."

"No."
"Blew it out then, I guess."
When the fire bells rang, a bright blaze lighted
up a certain part of the town. When the engines
arrived, the judge was seen walking about in an
excussable scarcity of dress. He had shut the lamp
up in the safe.

A RUINED MAN

Moseby, who has been away from town some time, returned the other day. Shortly afterward a friend met him, and noticing his seedy and low "Moseby, what's the matter, old fellow "Ruined."

"Remed."
"A financial wreck." s
"How did it occur?"
"Well, you see, I had charge of a bridge not far from here. The owners of the bridge are very particular about receiving every cent that is due them, so they put in one of those registers. It is a sort of the bridge, and makes a mark with a clicking punch every time anybody steps on it. Well, everything was all right until the other day. A big Newfoundland dog got on the blamed thing and began to scratch himself, and, sir, before I noticed hospital that the bad charged me up with two hundred and seventy-tive dollars. Yee, I am a ruined man."

STILL TOLLING FOR WASHINGTON

Many bells on shipboard have been tolled or the Potomac River opposite Mount Vernon since the death and burial of General Grant. This is a the death and burial of General Grant. This is a renewal of an old custom more honored in the observance than in the breach, that sprung up in this way: One afternoon long ago a merchant vessel manned by French admirers of Washington passed slowly down the streamand when Mount Vernen came in sight the tricolor was put at half-mast. deek tolled as if at a funeral. From that moment it seemed to the rivermen that the thing to do in goingby the grave of Washington was to make some sign of respect. Nevertheless, the younger generation had aimnost forgetten to keep up the cusminder of what their fathers did.

A MISCONCEPTION.

"Just one," said the lover, as he stood upon the toop with his girl, "just one!"
"Just one," said the mother, putting her head out

of the bedroom window above; "well, I guess it ain't so late as that, but it's pretty near twelve, and you'd better be going, or her father will be down."

And the lover took his leave with pain in his

EXCHANGES.

We cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, we cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, state of the publication of any exchange what be made as brief a possible and few in case of the publication of any exchanges where the sum of the publication of any exchange where the sum of the publication of

Harry G. Ritter, Carlisle, Pa. Tin tobacco tage, for Ney Pickering, 317 Montrose Ave, 8t. Louis, Mo. A pair of No. 11 ice club states, for a pair of 10-12 half clamp roller states.

April of No. 11 ice club states, for a pair of 10-12 half clamp roller states.

Bernard States, and the states of the states of the Profits of the pair of the Harry Van Magnerer, 8t. Cor. 86 St. and Broadway, N. C.City, A middling-size croquet set, two books and States, and the states of the Sta



CORRESPONDENCE

W. C. M., Crete, Ills. An infallible remeblues, young man, is to set out to walk five side of one hour. Try it and see.

side of one hour. Try it and see walk five miles inside of one hour. Try it and see walk five miles inB. F. S. New Florence, Ps. The national debt of
England was increased during the American Revolution by over 121 million pounds sterling.
M. B. C., Grenport, N. Y. The fastest passage
around the world was made by the steamstip Arawa,
in 72 days, 8 hours, 40 minutes steaming time.
H. W. B., Falmouth, Ky. Carmifie coloring is made
by holling the cochineal insects in water with certain
settles it—see?

femicals. The mixture is then he reson, and telles it—see?

A. N. G., Hot Springs, Ark. The earth's atmosphere is supposed to extend some forty miles from the arth's surface. Beyond a very few miles it becomes (6. F. H., Harrisonville, Mo. Ivory comes mainly rom Africa, and the elephant supplies it. That admail will be extinct there in another century if the laughter is maintained.

mal will be extinct there in another century if the shaughter is maintained.

P. D. O., McDonald, Pa. Harriet Beecher Stowe's now de plane was Christopher Crowfield. George one deplane was Christopher Crowfield. George ican story writer, Chas. Egbert Craddock, is, in real-ity, Mary N. Murfree.

E. B., Dayton, O. To remove ink stains from paper, first wash the paper with warm water, using a camel's hair brush for the purpose. Then wet the paper with a to a half pint of water. Then wash again with clean water and dry with blotting paper.

S. W. M., Spencerville, Ind. A remedy for a felon, at no matter what stage, is said to be common salt, roaded on a bot story until all the chlorine gas is casponoful, and also a teaspoonful of pulverized Cas-tics one, and a teaspoonful of Venice turpentine; mix well into a poultice, apply to the felon, and renew

well have a protect supply the supply and the supply and the paper supply and the supply and the

PUZZLEDOM NO. 147

PUZZLEDOM NO. 147
CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

OMMINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper oxix, and apart from all other communications. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. tems of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor." This Golder Amoor, 50 Warren Street, Rew York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 142

ANSWERS TO FU	ELLES IN NO. 142.
No. 1. H O B B I S M O T R A N T O B R A N D E R B A N D E R A I N D E R T S S T E R T E S	No. 3. A I R T R A P I T E R A T E R E C O V E R T R O W E L S R A V E L L O A T E L L A N
MORASSY	PERSONS
No 2. Scaramouch.	No. 4. Paragraphically.
No. 5.	No. 7.
FIR	PUR
FIRES	HALAI
FIREMEN	PAWLING
FIRESIDES	JULLINDER
REMIGES	RAINIER
SEDEI	INDEX
NES	GER
8	R
No. 6. Handsome.	No. 8. Burden.
No. 9.	No. 11.
PERASTO	PESCARA
ENACTOR	EXPOSES
RANTERS	SPENCER
ACTUATE	CONFINE
STEANED	ASCITAN
TORTEAU	REENACT
ORSEDUE	ASSENTS

No. 10. The death of General Ulysses S. Grant. No. 12. Together.

No. 12. Together.

We have received the falloming lists of solutions to No. 142. Rec Ford, 36 Mullins, largey and The General, complete; A Solver, Mack, Damon, North Star, K. T. Did and Dona Telore, 10; Minnie, 9; Sam Silek, K. T. Did and Dona Telore, 10; Minnie, 9; Sam Silek, K. T. Did and Dona Telore, 10; Minnie, 9; Sam Silek, G. Marchan, 10; Marchan,

PRIZE WINNERS

FIRZE WINNERS.

First Prize—REX FORD. Second Prize—A. SOLVER.
No 3, Hecla; No. 5, Charlie Davis; No. 9, Minne
No. 11, Billie Taylor; No. 2, Moonshine; No. 4, Willie
Wildwave; No. 10, Byrnehe: No. 11, Ronnock.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

WILL, 1 Charade: Wood B. Rhymst, 1 Double I.
ter Edigma: Mardea, 2 Pentagons: Rex Ford, 1 Pe
tagon: ST. ELMO, 1 Square, 2 Pentagons, 1 Diamon
Fine Proof, 2 Pentagons.

PENTAGON COMPETITION

We received 35 Pentagons in competition, which are accepted. The prize is awarded to M for Pentagon published last week. The one by ARTHUR in number 144, is second best.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. Anagram.
"Sad plots are on limits." Though dead and gone these many years,
This his work to all appears
The outcome of a noble mind,
Gaining him honors from all mankind,
LADELPHIA, PA.
VILLA NOVA.

No. 2. PENTAGON.

No. 2. PENTAGON.

1. A letter; 2. A bird's wing (Worc.; 3. Dales; 4. feights of two pounds, formerly used in India; 5. A ind of antelope; 6. A division of the articulate anials: 7. Certain small fishes; 8. Soldiers; 9. Baron the Exchequer (d. 1859).

EAST BORON, Mass.

BONTON BOY.

No. 3. CHARADE.
What do you think I got to-day?
My papa brought to me,
One of the prettiest winter cloaks
That ever you did see.
It had one abovece,
And totals all around,
Oh, I tell you, I'm the happiest girl
That ever trod the ground.
One, Mo. CHARLE DA
CHARLE DA
CHARLE DA CHARLE DAVIS

No. 3. CHARADE.

No. 4. PENTAGON

1. An article; 2. A broad flat-boat; 3. Kelp, or icinerated seaweed; 4. Irish measures of two feet in length; 5. Edentate, plantigrade mammals of the genus Orycteropus; 6. The act or art of engraving or embossing; 7. The wax or yellow matter secreted by the ear; 8. To shelter; 9. A luguminous plant.

MYSELF. MYSELF.

NO 5 CHARADE

No. 5 Chahade.

The sun is blaring overhead:
The very earth with heat is red.
Foot thirsty first, with sleep; eyes
Regard with fear the vagrant files.
The very earth with start files.

Regard with fear the vagrant files.

I shall be succeeded the start of the start

No. 6. Stab.

1. A letter; 2. Stop; 3. To trespass; 4. A 'market town of England; 5. The pith of a plant; 6. Full of needs of the pith of a plant; 6. Full of needs of the pith of a plant; 6. A peculiar species of the pith of the pith

No. 7. ANAGRAM.

(Io "Willie Wildwave.")

Best womes are in pumer. Can pro.
The best womes are in engages,
the best forms, and the strongest,
the best forms, and the strongest,
The best words are the longest,
the best forms, and the strongest,
the best forms, and the strongest,
the best forms, and the strongest,
the best forms in the strongest,
the strongest forms the strongest forms the strongest forms.

The side with heart and mind,

From this mine.

Then dig with heart and mind,
And with patience you will find
Those good words, seldom used and big;
BEST WORDS ARE IN IT BUILED, yet
YOU CAN DYO.

No. 8. Diamond.

1. A letter; 2. A decree (Obs.); 3. A province of Brazil;
4. Cat-fishes (Sup.); 5. Separating; 6. Indicating some
thing to be distinguished; 7. Deceived (Obs.); 8.
Dresses; 9. Certain numbers; 10. A messenger; 11. A

JAREP.

No. 9. QUINTUPLE LETTER ENIOMA (To "Rochelle." with regards.) In "sunbeams bright, that at daylight," Awaken the sleeping cardt; In "shades of night, that place from sight" Scenee of joility and mirth.

My next and I, the other day, Into the country went first day— At least third spend a day or two, Upon the farm with our Aunt Sue The good old soul was glad to see My mother and her son Johnnie. She told me to put on old clothes And lay aside my shoes and hose. And lay aside my shoes and hose. Her sage advice I took to heart. I felt fauth from the path did dart. I felt fauth free, I did not care. I felt four fare, I did not care. I felt four fare for the fauth from my sight lessons on the fauth from my sight. Bespoke my heart spreitts. The way it vanished from my sight. Bespoke my heart spreitts. We had to take the homeward train, We had to take the homeward train, and leave behind the farm house, which Had furnished me with pleasures rich. MONETON STAR.

1. A letter; 2. A prefix signifying victory (Worc.); 3. A fixed spot; 4. Limited in range; 5. The helmsman of a ship; 6. Distinguishing; 7. That which glistens; 8. Blades of leaves; 9. Beats; 10. Nearer (Obs.); 11. A letter. SAM DILLING AND REX FORD

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of solutions, The Anoose simonths. For the best incomplete list, three months. For neatest list not less than five, a stylographic pen. For best answer in rhyme, a volume of poems. For first correct answer to either of the flats, a silver dime. For first correct answer to number 10, a bound dime. For first correct answer to number 10, a bound

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTION

For the best 17 star, five dollars. If only one is of-fered and that one is accepted, the prize will be paid. For the best 13 star, one dollar; for second best, a book; third best, 30c. in stamps.

CHAT

The following diagram explains the star form by Bolls. The words read across and diagonally down

from left to right the same. We think this is the first solid star ever made. The next size would contain who will make the first one? See prize offers. Boxta applogizes for using the "est." but we think it quite excussible in makinga new form. We are much obliged to Witt. for his Charde and for sols. Navo. of New Orleans is new known as fixx. Dox Tetion was knocked mischlevous boy known as Nyas, so he says. The Anagram by Boxta receives many compliments. Welcome Caro; please come often. No. 105 spublished as a curl-osity, Say Ditt. See Anagram by Boxta receives many compliments. Welcome the same time. It was not collision, neither was it planerior form, were it not for one word which is not in velocity. perior form were it not for one word which is no Webster. Mack wishes our mutual friend Anox to know that he once had a good opinion of him, that little Geog. Diamond (No. 7.) knocks him out. ROCHELI