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FRANK A. MUNSEY, (81 WARREN ST.,

In five minutes more, the anchor is catted and "fished;" and the gallant Narwhal, with all her canvas spread to the welcome breeze, is cleaving through the blue water gally, dashing the spray from her bond and its becomings, far behind in her wake, on her way to the emerald-tinted heights of Greenland, and the fairly landscapes of the Arctic waters!

"A life on the ocean wave!" Ah! no wonder painters picture its charms, and poets sing its praises; for:
"Ob, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried, and danced in triumph o'er the waters wide. The exulting sense—the pulses a maddening play, That thrills the wagderer of that trackless way!"

CHAPTER II.

Our of the harbor and safely over the bar—where but a few hours earlier the lead would have run but something over a fathom—the

Here all the fishing gear is overhauled, and harpoons, lances, and fishing spades polished up and sharpened; while the lengthy lines to be attached to the harpoons, some five hundred fathoms long, are carefully inspected and tested, inch by inch, to see that they are all sound, and that no weak place should at the last moment rob them of their prey, by failing in the emergency of the chase. The whale boats, too, those starp rey, by failing in the emergency of the chase. The whale boats, too, those starp revenue, to avoid the rushes of the struck fish; and which are steered by the long our that, and which are steered by the long our that, wielded by skilful hands, is worth all the rudders in the world in a strong chopping sea. Yes, the whale boats are got ready, with their tubs to coil up the lines in, and their tomahawks to cut them clear, should they foul in running out; and the strong, bending, pliant ash oars are fixed in their places inside the gunwales with pickets of rope attached; the thole-pins greased, and everything prepared for the time when the welcome cry "There she blows!" is raised from the crow's nest on the fore-

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with pickets of rope attached; the thole-pins greased, and everything prepared for the time when the welcome cry "There she blows!" is raised from the crow's nest on the forestopmast-crosstrees, and all hands will be eager in low-cry the crow's nest on the forestopmast-crosstrees, and all hands will be eager in low-cry the cry that the crow's nest on the forestopmast-crosstrees, and all hands will be eager in low-cry that the cry that the cry that the crow's nest on the crow's nest on the crow's nest on the crow's nest on the cry that the seas, sponting up foundations that mark their progress before the wind.

Nothing was forgotten, and Willy Armstrong had almost ceased to think of the bitter parting he had had with his poor mother; for the busy life aboard, and will be the compared that the parting had had with his poor mother; for the busy life aboard, and he found himself, surrounded by many boisterous conrades, soon banished all sorrowful recollections of home, and the fond heart that wept for him far away. He had no time for regrets and vain longings that could not be gratified; he had to mix in the action around him, and be busy with the throng; by and by he would return ones more to the old place, and see the dear old of tearful; and then the parting would be forgotten in the return meeting, and the parting would be forgotten in the return some more to the old place, and see the dear old of tearful; and then the parting would be forgotten in the return the proposition of the cry that the return ones more to the old place, and see the dear old of tearful; and then the parting would be forgotten in the return entire, and the trunch of the return ones more to the old place, and see the dear old of tearful; and then the parting would be forgotten in the return meeting, and only now coming to school for the first time.

The Narwal was just approaching the latitude of the most southerly point of Green-land, which lay miles to the westward. Further, yet lay Iceland, and it was thence Willy's thoughts had straye

THE LOST WHALE BOAT. A TALE OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

By HARVEY WINTHROP.

Vol. III.-No. 44.

CHAPTER I.

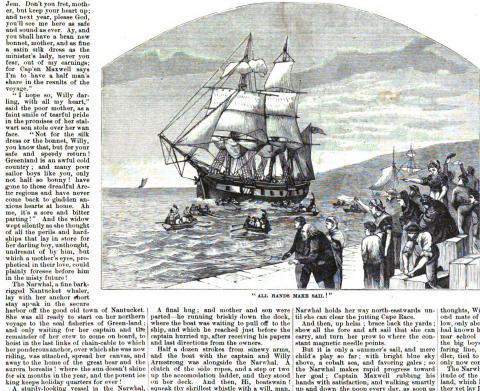
CHAPTER I.

"Good-By, mother!"
"Good-By, my darling, and may God bless and keep you safe!"
"Don't you be afraid, mother dear!" said the hearty, frank sailor lad, looking fondly into his weeping mother's face, with eyes brightened by hope and expectancy, and youth's natural buoyancy, beneath the glittering tear-drops, which he was not ashamed to show, of sorrow at parting with one who loved him as the apple of her eye.

"Don't you be afraid, mother dear! It isn't as if I were going to sea for the first time, you know, for I have already come back all right from two long voyages, besides that coasting cruise I went with Understand the said of the s

away, the home of the great beer and the emerge aboralis! where the sun doesn't shine for six months in the year, and the potent ice king keeps holiday quarters for ever!

A sturdy-looking vessel is the Narwhal, somewhat bluff-bowed, perhaps, but that is on account of the heavy timbers she has braced up in her head athwartships, and up and down with the bilge, in order to enable her to resist the shocks she will have to encounter from a more powerful adversary even than old Neptune, though he can be prettyrough in his treatment when he likes! Bluff-bowed perhaps, but with good "lines," a neatly sweeping counter, and a broad massive stern, fitted with a substantial rudder and rudder post, which seems capable of with standing any force brought against it, laterally of from below. If the substantial rudder and rudder post, which seems capable of with standing any force brought against it, laterally of from below. If the substantial rudder and rudder post, which seems capable of with standing any force brought against it, laterally of the substantial rudder and rudder post, which is going to the Arctic regions, and her masts and yards look astrim as if she were a smart mano-6-war frigate, going for a summer cruise; for her owners know the balefulness of the penny-wise and pound-foolish doctrine, and have rigged and equipped her so that she may want nothing when far away from man's help in the great silent land of the north. She has even wire cordage set



" ALL HANDS MAKE SAIL!

A final hug; and mother and son were parted—he running briskly down the dock, where the boat was waiting to pull off to the ship, and which he reached just before the captain hurried up, after receiving his papers and last directions from the owners.

Half a dozen strokes from sinewy arms, and the boat with the captain and Willy Armstrong was alongside the Narwhal. A clutch of the side ropes, and a step or two up the accomodation ladder, and they stood on her deck. And then, Hi, boatswain! squeak thy shrillest whistle with a will, man, "All hands up anchor!"

The capstan is manned eagerly; and the bars go round by the aid of willing hands, with a steady tramp of feet; and the click, with a steady tramp of feet; and the click, because to prevent its slipping round back the wrong way; with the clinking cable that grates in slowly, link by link, through the yawning hawse hold, and is carefully gathered up, and arranged along the inside bulwarks, fore and aft the deck, in parallel lines of iron chains before being stowed below. "Away aloft there, now," roars out Captain Maxwell's voice, as the ship swings clear. "Away aloft! All hands make sail!" echoes the boatswain. With a cheer, the crew rush up the rat-

boatswain.

With a cheer, the crew rush up the ratlines, and lower and drop the sails; while
others man the halliards, and sheet them
home; and others, again, brace the yards
round to meet the wind, as the helmsman
takes his place and lets the ship fall off and
gather way, leaving her berth lingeringly.

Mare sail.!"

Narwhal holds her way north-eastwards until she can clear the jutting Cape Race.

And then, up helm; brace back the yards; show all the fore and aft sail that she can carry, and turn her prow to where the constant magnetic needle points, sail, and merchild's play so far; with bright blue sky above, a cobalt sea, and favoring gales; so the Narwhal makes rapid progress toward her goal; Captain Maxwell rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and walking smartly up and down the poop every day, as soon as teakes the sun, to express his delight at the number of knots she has run since the previous noon—a satisfaction duly, though more soberly, shared by John Hardy, the first mate, Ben Walton, the second mate, and Willy Armstrong; besides all the crew, some thirty hands in all, for the Narwhal is ably manned by picked lands, who have graduated in whaling vessels from boyhood, and there were the second mate, and willy Armstrong; besides all the crew, some thirty hands in all, for the Narwhal is ably manned by picked lands, who have graduated in whaling vessels from boyhood, and the mere duty of assisting to navigate her; they are really co-partners with the captain and the Nantucket shipowners, and do their work with none the less promptitude and zeal on that account, you may be certain; for, sent they working "for their sels," as one of them expresses it?

On she goag and summer weather, which will enhance the proper than the

Some days afterward they came across small icebergs, and then larger ones, floating down from the north in a southward and when the more than a southward and the state of the control of

lage on the Greenland coast in order to get a team of dogs, which would be of good use in their winter quarters. These got on board safely along with a skilled Esquimanx driver, who hired himself out for so many pounds of salt pork and bread, in lieu of money wages. The vessel bade good-bye to the last traces of civilization—if the huts of the aborigines came under that designation—and sterred direct for Melville Bay, the best whaling haunt of the Arctio region, where icebergs abound, and seals most do congregate, and valruses are as thick as thieves in a kitchen, and whales meet for the season, in fact, a regular paradise of blubber, waiting to be converted into oil out the best winds, which moessitude hutel more work to all thun they had had of late—and all the better, too, as the captain thought, for it saved the men from grumbling, in which they were beginning to rival old Grizzle in his special artmeeting with plenty of icebergs, not in deached specimens but in regular groups, which were too unpleasantly numerous to be agreeable; encountering calms, and again propelled by favoring gales, the "Narwhal" progressed somehow, without coming across the whales yet; until every one again took to grumbling at their bad luck, and even Willy despaired of the successful voyage he had anticipated, while the visions he had formed of the silk dress and bran new bonnet for his mother vanished into air.

The season was rapidly passing, and already the question of whether it would be best or return empty, or optain and his mate, for already warnings in the shape of sharp snow-storms had been given of the return of winter.

However, "the day's always darkset just before dawn" to once another of Willy Arm.

storms had been given of the return of
winter.

However, "the day's always darkest just
before dawn!" to quote another of Wily Armstrong's wise saws and modern instances.

The lst of September arrived, and they and
not struck a fish yet; when, one fine min,
and the set of the lock of the law of the lock of the lock

his excitement.

"About two miles on the lee bow!"

"All hands on deck!" sang out the boatswain.

"Prepare the boats! Harpooners be ready! Boats' crews away! Look smart there!" were the captain's orders, given in rapid sequence and, in another second the listlessness and apathy which had reigned through the ship disappeared, and all was hurry, bustle, and preparation, although everything was done, as it always is in an orderly, well-officered vessel, without scramble or confusion. Meanwhile the ship proceeded steadily, almost in the same direction in which the was to the same direction in which the was to the same direction in which they make out plainly from the water sometimes, and the same direction in which they was the same direction, when they shale when the same direction, when they would spurt fountains of water high in the air, that glittered with prismatic colours in the sunshine, as they could see when they got closer.

In whaling ships the captain always remains on board. The harpooners, who are chosen for their skill, and who may be mates or merely able seamen, take the command of their respective boats. In the present case Ben Walton, who had proved himself askilful harpooner, took the command of one, and Williams, a foremast hand, that of the other. Willy Armstrong, who rowed a good our, took an oar in Walton's boat. Every man knew his place, and they scrambled into the boat same captain exclaimed, "Now, then, lover away there smart, men, smart, "We man nor risk the gifts of "Irovindence by laziness."

"Are ye all ready?" asked the captain. "Now, Walton, don't was the captain." for her and about and not yet seen, "is that the Aurora Borealis."

If was so excited that he spoke his thoughts alond Airora be hanged!" said the gruff voice of old Grizle, the cooper, who was standing close beside him. "Ye grate fule, 'tis only a whaler like oursels, trying out her oil; the Lord be praised! and we'll be among the fish to-morrow!"

The nen clustered around and confirmed the cooper's statement.

It was a whaling ship, sure enough; for they could now faintly distinguish the forms of men working about the cauldrons on deek, n which the blubber was being boiled down to get the oil—"trying it out," as it is called in whaling parlance; and if another vessel had caught a fish thereabouts, why they might have equal luck to-morrow!

All hands were, therefore, cock-a-hoop, from old Grizzle—who grew more amiable from the moment, although he had called Willie "a fulle" for thinking the whaler's fires were the reflection of the northern lights down to they youngest prentice, and all turned in that night to their bunks with gladsome visions of tons of blubber, and punchesno of oil, and a quick return home to Nantucket with the best haul of the season, albeit it had not yet commenced.

Evening dreams and morning realities do not, however, generally tally, as Willy recollected afterwarls him other used to say.

When daylid around, and there was not a tracer of their nocturnal visitor of years of whales about—not a glost of a "ground" being visible to even the most sanjout" being visible to even the most sanjout" being visible to even the most sanjout" being visible to even the most sanjout which would be a fairn Bay which used once to be regarded by the early navigators as the ultima fluide of the habitable world; but far beyond which, the hardy Esquimaux are now known to have settled colonies—settled so far as their no-madie proclivities will allow them to settle. From the middle of the bay, Captain Maxwell sailed over, with the wind still fair, to a villence of the carbonal development of the carbonal devel

A FAMOUS WOMAN'S VINDAFOS

A FAMOUS WOMAN'S KINUNESS.

ONE little story, out of numberless ones to which I listened, I will repeat, says a correspondent in the Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch, feeling sure it has never been in print, and illustrative of Miss Cary's (now Mrs. Raymond) character.

One sugmer as was her custom, she spent some little time in her father's old home, a short dis-tance from Portand, which she made her own during her vacation. It was after she was feted at home and abroad, had sung before crowned heads home and abroad, had sung before crowned heads and nobility, and diamonds had been but one of profusion of gifts showered upon her. One morn-ing she ran into a neighbor's kitchen as it's she were not Miss Cary," as the girl said, where a girl of eighteen or twenty stood troning. Like many bright New-England girls, she longed to get away from her small surroundings and try a larger sphere. "Why, I have my trials," said Miss Cary, and you could not understand them "

"and you could not understand them."
"Oh," answered the girl, "what are troubles to you? You can do as you please with the world, instead of waiting to see what the world is going to do with you."
"You are tired; let me iron a while," said the

O'You' and tired; let me iron a while," said the famous songstress.

The girl protested. Miss Cary insisted and carried her point. As her iron moved to and fro. she entertained the weary girl with stories of her own life, showing with what labor she had achieved her present success, and the trials incident to a public places with the girl, who had become rested and contented, and saying, "Now I'll sing tor you," the voice which had held hundreds entranced now filled the little kitchen. For a long time she held the girl entranced by the spell of that charming voice, and when she went home left her happy, where she had found her restless and discouraged.

### CHARLES READE'S LOVE FOR DOGS.

No man liked dogs better than Charles Reade No man liked dogs better than Charles Reade.
When I first knew him, says a writer, the pet of the household was an obese white Pomeranian known as "Superior Tiny." When this superior creature took his departure, full of years and honors, and his loss had been deplored for a considerable period, the great novelist went down to the Dogs' Home at the great novelist went down to the Dogs' Home at Battersea—upon an occasion made memorable by a famous article in *The Daily Telegraph*—and bought five dogs, chiefly mongrel, for he always maintained that the mixed breed was the most in-telligent of the canine species. Three of his pur-chases he presented to friends, but "Puff." a mon-grel poodle, and "Tiny Number Two," a mongrel chases he presented to friends, but "Puff," a mongrel poodle, and "Tiny Number Two," a mongrel lale of Skye, were to the day of their master's death "monarche of all they surveyed" at Shepherd's But his master paid a revard of £15 for his return. Some years ago, when Reade was visiting with ns, "an interesting event" occurred to our little brown terrier, who was an especial favorite with the other was a compared to the state of th

### GESSLER'S NAME.

A CURIOUS example of the power which the le-gend of Tell still exerts over the population around the lake occurred only last week. Baron von Ges-sler, a Russian nobleman of the German immigra-tion, but who never dreamed that the detested tion, but who never dreamed that the detested "Landvogt" of Schiller's play had a place on his family tree, hired a boat, together with some friends, to cross from Brunnen to the Ruli. During the passage one of the party chanced to address the young nobleman by his name. The foreign the started with horror. He had been the started that the started explanations, he turned the head of his boat, and rowed to the land, and insisted that the supposed descendant of Gessler should disembark.

#### EVARTS'S CONTRIBUTION

That eminent storyteller, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, returning from a recent visit to the Senator at Windsor, Vt., relates that Mr. Evarts, while showing him over his farm, incidentally mentioned showing him over his farm. Incidentally mentioned that he had been invited to contribute to the Brooklyn Maguzine. Nothing more was said on the subject till the senator and his estad corn at the dinner table, which farm. The senator stod up to carve a handsome ham. Driving his fork in the centre and raising the carving knic aloft, suddenly the glittering blade was suspended in mid air while the senator paused to remark:

"Depew, a happy hood from the track me; something good from my pen. I shall send him a slice of this ham."

#### TOO NEAR HOME

AFTER dinner one day, Mr. Porcine took his little AFRE dinner one day, Mr. Porcine took his little boy aside and administered this reproof:

"Johnnie, you eat too fast and too much. You are a regular pig."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced Johnnie, blandly.

"Do you know what a pig is?" inquired Mr. Porcine, severely.

"Yes, sir,"

"What?"

"What?"

"A hog? little boy.

Mr. Porcine changed the subject.

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#### THROUGH THE MIST. BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

I ser in an upper room,
And I watch the misty wreath
That veils this morning of June,
And covers the world beneath;
And out room a hidden tree
The song of the eparrow comes,
And the transam plashes and huma.
The now of the cow I hear,
And the tinkling bell of the sheep,
And the song of a robin near,
That called me from my sleep,
So I know the world is there,
And I think it must be fair,
The sounds have a cheery trill.

п.

H. We stand in the misty morn;
The way is shadowed and drear.
The depths are trackless and lorn,
The depths are trackless and lorn,
The soul has many a fear;
Our hearts are listening here.
To the sounds of the unseen land,
The land of the dead and dear,
The land of the dead and dear,
They tell us the end is naught;
But the mist holds a murmured son
That our listening ears have caugh
And faith in the shore have we,
For the song it is wondrous sweet,
And we feel that land must be
A glorious land to grock.

## Footprints in the Forest. By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

## CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER AAII.

DURING the time occupied in the minute scrotiny of the immediate surrounding, Jack Carleton forgot all about the river which they had set out to watch for the returning Pawness. Though the Sauk most likely kept it in mind, yet he was so intently occupied that he gave it no attention. Now, that he was relieved, however, he advanced the few yards required, and took a survey of the river as it.

yards required, and took a survey of the river as its wittly swept past.
It so happened that he was just in time, tof the cance which had caused such a stir earlier in the day was seen returning. It was two hundred yards up stream, and was loaded to its utmost capacity with Indian warriors. There were tilly a dozen and the cancer that the two who were haudling the pad-dies were forced to use great care to escape swamp-ing.

The Sauk thought that probably other Indians were swimming alongside or behind the cance, but a brief study of the water convinced him that such was not the case; all the Pawnees, who were coming over to push the campaign, were in the boat, warriors were sufficient to combat the force on the other side.

a brief study of the water convinced him that such was not the case; all the Pawnees, who were coming over to push the campaign, were in the boat, it would seem that a dozen brave and well armed warriors were sufficient to combat the force on the other than the convention of the programment of the

assigned a promised periodic and individual.

Without affecting any secreey in the matter, I may as well say that the scheme of Deerfoot was simple and difficult. He could converse readily with the Pawnee, Lone Bear; the latter knew the

side of the stream, he had opened negotiations at long range, with the company, and, finding them ready to receive him, had passed over and joined them.

Sudently to be a straightened up, like a man was a stream of the stream

they had sattred the wrath of the Pawmees to that joint that they had secured reinforcements to go back with them to sweep the daring foes from existence.

All this indicated that it would not do foes the period of the main party of period to linger after the departure of the period to linger after the period to linger the period to linger after the period the period to linger after the period to linger after the period the period to linger after the period the period the linger that the period that the period

fate of Otto Reistaub: he had lied, when asked for information; Deerfoot resolved to compel him, if the project at first seems absurd, for it may well be asked by what possible means could Deerfoot hope to extract reliable information from the rogue. It would never do to venture among the war party for that purpose, for the previous experience of the Shawance showed how atterfy he was detested and the company, so as to have him alone to "operate" upon; but that would require strategy, more deloized and skiffelt than that by which the hunter detaches a choice bull from a herd of bison, Enough has been told to show in what terror the Shawance was held by Lone Bear, who verily believed he was under the special patronage of the Evil One. Should he encounter the dreaded warrior alone in the woods, more than likely the would successible without a blow.

The world have been told to stay there for an indefinite time to come. As nothing could be done, so long as he had company, the one and all important problem which faced Deerfoot at the beginning, was how he was to draw the warrior away to a sate protocol could conjure up no strategy which, when launched against a party of Indians, would produce the desired effect upon a single member, leaving the others unaware of what was going on. He had sked the Great Spirit to open the way, and he was promet of an ancient Hollander, while the Shawance surveyed his painted and sodden features with peculiar interest. Red Wolf and several warriors, but the presence of one party caused, genuine guite with the presence of one party caused, genuine guite with the placid endersolute the company. He had probably kiled his antagonist, and had fied without stopping to catch up his gun. After his experience on the other had been to company, and, finding them long, and the company, and, finding them long, and the company, and, finding them long, and the substance of the party caused, genuine guite similar to the proposed of the proposed to the company. He had probably kiled his antagonist, a be heard by enemies, who, if they did not know, would be quite sure to suspect its purport.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SUMMONS AND A SURRENDER.

The ear of the American Indian, like his eye, is often trained to wonderful fineness, and the faint, tremulous note, which seemed to float from among the tree tops, stirred the suspicions of the Pawich and showed such interest that Decriot citle compelled, for safety's sake, to steal further to the rear. If they should locate the point from whence the call was sent, it would be advisable for him to move still further away gingal, if disappointing in one of the tree of the safety in the safet

io "operate" on him without interference; the opportunity he sought was trunt into his hands so unexpectedly that he believed it was in answer his prayer. Seem that Deerfoot ought not to have lound any difficulty in manipulating matters to suit himself, but, in reality his situation was exceptionally delicate; for, above everything else, it was necessary that he should not be discovered, or have his presence suspected. It have given the every that the should not be discovered, or have his presence suspected. In his experience on the other side of the river, he was sure to put forth all the vigilance and cunning of his nature, to escape any surprise from his enemies. He was sure to put forth all the vigilance and cunning of his nature, to escape any surprise from his enemies. He was salert and glanced from side to side, and, indeed, in all directions, while advancing on a discovery from him, but, in moving round the trunk of the tree (so as to interpose it as a screen), there came a time when the Shawance was likely to be seen by the main party, which was not only clone, but showed on hurry to move on.

This danger was. He lay flat on his face, in which posture he could not be seen by any one a dozen yards away, and skilfully shifted his position until the back of Lone Bear was turned toward him. Peering around the trunk, be kept his flashing eyes on the Pawner until the intervening trees and vegething for the property of the prope

The latter had not proceeded far in the direction of the river when he again stopped, and, standing motionies, when he again stopped, and, standing motionies, and the process of the control of the river when he again stopped, and, standing motionies, and the control of the many at time, when stealing through the country of an enemy, and just as he did years before when fleeing for so many miles through the wilder-ness to escape the Shawanos Pawnee might have been the only living person within a thousand miles of the londy spot. Looking aloft at the arching trunks, the branching boughs, and the apread of the leafy root, he saw no sign of life, except a gray squirrel, which running lightly along the significant of the same and the same an

what a capital armor it would make against an enemy. At any rate, whether he thought of it or menny and any rate, whether he thought of it or menny and any rate, whether he thought of it or menny and the dark, corrugated bark of the towering wood king, and he was surveying it with a curious expression, when Deerfoot the Shawanoe stepped from behind it, and with his tomahawk ransed over "Let Lone Bear stand still and make no outery, and Deerfoot will not harm him; let him disobey, and the Shawanoe shall split the skull of the Pawnee before he can utter a cry."

The previous experience of Lone Bear in that time to argue the question of the shawanoe shall split the skull of the Pawnee before he can utter a cry."

The previous experience of Lone Bear in that time to argue the question; indeed no choice remained but to accept the situation, and he did so with a certain grace of meckness which was not without its effect on the Shawanoe.

Deerfoot is the greatest hunter of the Shawanoes, and the Fawnee bows his head before him."

Deerfoot is the greatest hunter of the Shawanoes, and the Fawnee bows his head before him. When completeness of his submission, doing that which was unexpected to his conqueror. The rifle which he was holding in his right hand, when summomed to surrender, was thrown on the ground; then the tomalawk was thrown from the gridle, the knife from the sheath, and all three lay beside each in the complete steps backward and signified to the Shawanoe that he was at liberty to come forward and take them without modestation from him.

"Let my brother, Lone Bear listen," said Deerfoot, lovering the lett hand which held the tomalawk all had not been the letter and it shall be well with Lone Bear; his rifle and tomalawk and knife shall never know he was vanquished by Deerfoot."

This was promising a great dead, and the Pawnee book expectionings of the other, chough it could be ledges.

"The cars of Lone Bear are open; he hears the ledges."

be seen that he placed much retrance on m-pleiges.

"The ears of Lone Bear are open; he hears the words of the great Deerfoot; his words reach his heart; what is it my brother the mighty Shawanow would say to him?"

It must have been that Lone Bear had some suspicion of the business of Deerfoot though it was imported made it know his full purpose, before the properties of the properties

"Lone Bear will speak with a single tongue."
"Lone Bear will speak with a single tongue."
"Then," said Deerfoot, "he will make known the truth of the pale faced boy for whom the heart of Deerfoot mourns."
"To be continued.)

### (To be continued.)

#### A FLORAL DESIGN FOR HIS FRIEND.

A FLORAL DESIGN FOR HIS FRIEND.

He hunted up a tony florist on Fifth Ave, and told him that he wanted the handsomest floral design that he could get up.

"Money is no object," he said.
"Well, sir, we'll try and suit you," the florist replied, struck with the magnanimity of his customer. "How will somethings like this do, or this?"

"No, no!" was the reply. "I want something original."
"Suppose you suggest something, then," the florist told him. "We can get it up."
"Well, just get me up a hig mound of the florest buds in the market a big one, mind you. I don't care what it costs. Then put on the top in immortalest the said of the said



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#### A "PAT" TITLE

Even a savage can appreciate good qualities of nind and character. It is said the western Indians have given General Sheridan the name of "The-Chunky-Man-Who-Means-Business." Those braves a very expressive title for a lazy school boy if they set out about it.

#### ACCOUNTED FOR.

THE scientific people tell us that nature is full of THE SCIENTING PEOPLE TELL US THAT HATURE IS full of music. The grant hums on the note A in the second space. The owl hoots in B flat. The honey bee buzzes in E, and the house fly sings in F on the first space. So then, the fly is fond of music!

That explains why he always alights on the nose of the flutist, just as the performer is in the agony of

#### A FATAL CORSET.

In vain do the doctors tell young girls that cor-sets are dangerons to the health. Equally futile is the assurance of artists that petite waists are a deformity to the female figure. Women will wear the article, because fashion orders it. Well, sometimes there is a victim to this habit. A few days ago, at a ball in Basle, Switzerland, a young girl fell in a faint and died a few minutes after. Cause; a tightly laced corset.

#### SENSE IN ACTION

"Well now, John, why did you multiply by velve?" And John replied: "To get the an-A great many of our readers have doubtless swer. A great many or our reaster nave doubtiess heard this sort of dialogue in school. Perhaps some of them have found out that the reply "to get the answer "did not seem to satisfy the teacher. What was wanted was a sensible reason, and the one so common with school children had no sense in it.

The same sort of thing is often seen outside of school. That is, people do not employ sense as a guide in their actions. They want to accomplish something, but go to work about it without using any reason. A merchant in a small town was asked why he took such an enormous profit on his goods. His reply was that he did not sell much and must make a living out of what he did sell. It never occurred to him that if he were more reasonable he would sell more. He only wanted to "get the answer" somehow.

#### TABLE DELICACIES.

FASHION has a great deal to do with food. The Chinese are fond of rats, and Bostonians nourish their brains with pork and beans. The South American Indians delight in smoked monkey, and poor people in France, Germany and even Eng-land are learning to relish horse flesh, because it is cheap. And it is not bad either, by the way. many curious articles of food might be mentioned, as in vogue in different parts of the world.

When people choose their own diet it is all well enough. A man may devour what he likes, provided he does not attempt to feed on his human neighbors. But imposing on people is another thing. A few weeks ago the police of the French City of Avignon-where the Popes lived once on a time-made a startling discovery. They found, in time—made a startling discovery. They found, in a snug, out of the way house, a regular business of a fattening dogs and cats in full blast. The dog raw of the table will see the face, neck, collar meat was sold to cheap hotels as lamb, and the cats as rabbits. The animals were fatted like hogs, being shut up and deprived of exercise. Their trick which has bevildered so many thousands.

barks and miauls attracted the notice of passers, and so the police became aware of it. When the officers entered the premises, they found twenty dogs and twenty-one cats, all so fat that they could hardly walk.

#### PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

MEN of lofty ideas are often so lame in practice that we might easily conclude it to be impo for the same man to have force enough for the best of theory and the best of practice also. This ques-tion we will not stop to debate, but procede to

quote one of the many examples of the fact.

When Prince Bismarck and Jules Favre were discussing the French-German peace, the former offered the latter a cigar. Favre declined, being a non-smoker. "You are wrong," said the Prince, "when one begins a talk that may become a heated debate, he ought to smoke. . . . You who do not smoke are more liable than me to be carried away and to follow the first impulse." Shortly after, the and to follow the first impulse." Shortly after, the question of an armistice for Garibadic came up. Bismarck became furious. "I'll have him dragged around Berlin," he cried, "with a placard on his back inscribed 'Italian gratitude.' After all we have done for these people it is really indecent."

At this juncture, Count d'Herisson one of the ssion, quietly offered his cigar case to the angry Prince, with a significant bow and smile. At first Bismarck did not see the point. Soon, how-ever, the wrathful glare vanished from his eyes, and he exclaimed: "You are right, captain; it's of no getting angry." This scene was not a little en joyed by non-smoking Jules Favre.

### WALKING IN CIRCLES.

Ir is a common incident in stories for a person lost in the woods to travel in a circle, coming out at the place whence he started. This is founded on a curious fact, namely, that without the aid of the eyes few people can walk in a straight line. You may try the experiment if you please. Let a number of persons blindfold themselves and set out to walk in some large open space. The great majority will find themselves traveling in circles of

fifty yards diameter, or thereabouts.

A trial was made with eight schoolboys. these six hopped on the left leg, rose on that leg after a jump, and strode longer from left to right than from right to left. One boy did the very opposite, and the last showed no difference in his strides. They were put upon a walking match for straightness, when the six boys swerved to the right, the one to the left, and the eighth kept straight on and gained the prize.

Some scientific men think this peculiarity is due to the fact that one leg is slightly longer than the other. Mr. Darwin, however, and with more appearance of reason, believes that men are right and left legged, as they are left legged, as they are right and left handed. Right-handed persons are usually left-legged, and hence tend to diverge to the right as they walk. This, however, is opinion merely, for the cause of our walking in circles is not really determined. Possibly those ingenious scientists who think tor-nadoes are made to whirl by the motion of the earth round its axis, may attribute the circular progress of lost persons to the same cause. Meanwhile, the youngsters can amuse themselves by experiments on their own hook.

#### CURIOUS OPTICAL TRICK.

During the past year, sight seers in the great cities have been greatly puzzled by an exhibition known as the "Thawma," or "Where is the body?" The spectators behold a girl, apparently cut off at the waist, swinging in the air. Her bust rests upon the board of the swing, and the lower portion of the body is invisible. She is evidently portion of the body is invisible. She is evidently alive however, and she has a body fast enough, as you would perceive if you met her walking away after the performance. The question is, where is

the body?

The exhibitor passes a rod beneath the girl, above her, and on either side, to prove that no support is there. Indeed she is but a few feet from the spectators, so that all appear to see clearly that there are no mirrors and no supports. Then the exhibitor pushes the board away from the girl, and she sways back and forth in the air supported by the grasp of her hands upon the cords. How is it done? It is a simple trick, as an English gentleman found out who purchased the

right to use it in his own house.

The scientific papers explain it in this way. The girl has a false waist which rests upon the swing board, and is firmly attached to her body. Her lower limbs are extended behind her, upon an apparatus which follows the motion of the swing. apparatus which follows the motion of the swing. This apparatus is entirely hidden by black coverings, which are totally impervious to light. The girl's head and bust, and the swing, are brilliantly illuminated by gas jets and powerful reflectors illuminated by gas jets and powerful reflectors behind the scenes. It is a simple, but very deceptive optical illusion, and that is all there is to it. An experiment is described, which will aid in understanding the mystery. Let a person draped entirely in black, place himself at the side of a table, with his head between two lamps provided with powerful reflectors. Also have a lamp at each end of the table with a piece of white paper, opened book, behind it. The spectators on the POPE LEO XIII.

A Sketch of his Life and Character, and a Glimpse of the

THE Pope is believed, by millions of human beings, to be, by the divine grace of the Creator, a man immaculate in thought and deed. However some may see fit to refuse this view, they will not refuse to admit in him, and respect accordingly, a purity of life that is as near perfection as it is possible to attain to. To such we could not impute the weakness of personal pride; but of all the broad empires of the world, not one would furnish as valid a warrant for that weakness, as that vast and mighty domination over the minds of men as is exerted by the successor of St. Peter.

Deprived of a temporal kingdom that has at times threatened to vie in extent with the mightiest in the world, the Pope yet exerts a far might-

ier power than the sov ereigns of the world; not a power of men or of arms, but a more subtle, a more effective and a more worthy power which moves men through their convic-tions and their beliefs.

The dominion of the Popes was not always thus confined to the minds of men, but for ages extended over the broad lands of Italy and controlled untold wealth. So great had the power of the Popes become, in the early part of the second cen-tury, that kings conceived their own king doms in danger or were violently excited with jealousy at the increasing power of Rome. ipshot of this was,

that, in 1081 and the succeeding two years, Rome was beseiged by Henry IV, and the then Pope, Gregory IX, was driven out.

Since then, the power of the Vatican experienced many ups and downs until 1867, when the civil government of Italy seized and confiscated nearly all the lands of the Holy See and crushed its temporal power. Since then the Popes have not quit ted the Vatican or Papal palace.

His Holiness is commonly termed a prisoner, but who can deem him such, or, rather, how could one deem himself such, with the freedom and possession of the vast palace, with its broad gardens, its saloons, galleries, corridors, its chapels; its library of a hundred thousand volumes to feast upon : its immense museum, its twenty courts, eight grand stairways and two hundred smaller ones, its numerous buildings comprising some five thousand chambers—to say nothing of the invaluable treasures of art that adorn them.

Pone Leo XIII. the 258th successor of St. Peter porn at Carpineto on March 3, 1810, and was Joachim Pecci-Pecci being the family name and belonging to a race of ancient nobles.

From a very early age he was destined for the

church and was accordingly sent to the Roman College when he had attained the proper age, and, finishing there, passed through the Academy of Ecclesiastical Nobles. After studying law and the-ology in the latter place, Pecci was admitted to the priesthood.

It was not long before the young man attracted the attention of the then Pope, Gregory XVI, who was noted as a keen judge of men; and in March, 1837, Pecci was surprised by a document from Gregory, appointing him prelate of the House and private refe rivate referendary.

Brought thus near the head of the church, the

impression Pecci had made upon the Pope was confirmed and deepened, and he decided to entrust the government of a State to his young friend.

Pecci was accordingly appointed Papal delegate to Benevento. This was the smallest of all the districts presided over by a delegate, but it had a population composed almost entirely of smugglers and brigands, who followed their nefarious pursuits with the coolest indifference to law and authority. It was in this manner these robbers received the young Papal delegate, going about their little expeditions as usual.

Pecci quietly determined to put an end to smuggling and brigandage in his province, but he found greater difficulties before him than he had imagined. The nobles of Benevento had received him courteously, bidding him be at his ease; but they despised his authority, and, in overwhelming fear of the brigands, they consequently sheltered and protected them. Further yet, two cardinals, natives of the place, took side with the nobles against Pecci, who thus found himself with a triple force to combat.

Pecci saw that extreme measures were neces He surrounded himself with capable and trusty as sistants, weeded out his soldiery until he could depend upon all and furthermore enlisted the aid of the neighboring king of Naples. All things were the negatoring king of Naples. All things were prepared to chase the brigands; they would fly for shelter to the castles of the nobles, but they would be followed by the legate's men and, the castles would be broken into and the nobles and their shabby friends be compelled to su'tait.

At this time, a Marquis, learning of the danger At this time, a marquis, tearning of the danger that threatened him, called upon the Delegate to warn and threaten him. Pecci was firm in his pur-pose to follow to earth the scourge of Benevento. Then said the Marquis:

I am about to start for Rome, whence I shall return with an order for your expulsion, Monsig-

· Very well, sir Marquis," returned Pecci coldly; "but before going to Rome you will pass three months in prison, and I shall give you nothing to eat but black bread and nothing to drink but

The castle of this noble was the first to be assaulted. The brigands within were killed or made prisoners, and the process being repeated, the no-bles submitted, the brigands were swept away and the honest people of the province united in praise

of the Delegate.

Pope Gregory, well pleased, removed Pecci to a higher charge at Spoleto and again to Perugia, In the latter place, he became the centre of cultured society. Yet he was but thirty years old.

In a very short time he was summoned to Rome, and was imme-diately created Bishop of Damietta and ap pointed Nuncio to the Court of Belgium. Falling ill here he was forced to return to Rome. The King of Belgium was sincerely grieved, for the Nuncio's stay, though but short, had been long enough to at-tract the sincere affection of the king. The latter gave

sealed letter to deliver to the Pope.

On reading it, Gregory said to Pecci:
"The King of the Belgians exalts your character,

"The King of the Belgians exalts your character, your virtues and your services, and demands for you one thing which I will accord with pleasure—the purple. But here is a deputation from Perugia which begs of me to confide to you the government of that diocese. Accept, then, the See of Perugia; you will soon receive the cardinal's hat." rugia in 1846, and was at the same time created cardinal, though this was not announced. Gregory dying, his successor, Pius IX, allowed seven years to go by without rendering unto Pecci what was his due. At the age of forty-six, justice was done the head of the Roman Catholic Church, Vicar of Christ, Pope.

ble head of the Roman Catholic Church, Vicar of Christ, Pope.

His services to the church, his ability, his wide learning and his character make him a perfectly fit successor to Pius IX. He is a literary man and a patron of literature and science. Under him, a freer access to the priceless treasures of the Vati-cian library has been accorded the world; and this, with his liberality of spirit and policy, combined with many other good qualities, have made a deep impression upon all those whose eyes are turned A rleasure ancedute is related of him which, has

toward him.

A pleasant anecdote is related of him which has for its point, his love for children and his enjoyment of their artless ways.

A certain little fellow gained access to the Pope with his father, and during the serious conversation of his elders, mounted up the knee of his Holiness, unrestrained. The Pope regarded the child tenderly as the little fellow played with the former's cross.

cross.
"I hope you are always a good boy," said the

"I hope you are aiways a koo or,
Pope.
"Oh no! bit Mare yesterday," replied the litte fellow, boldly, but with a conscious blush.
"What! Biff whom?"
"Marie, my sister. She called me a little pig, and I bit her on the arm."
A smile of keen enjoyment stole over the Pope's face, restraining which with an effort, he said seriously!

face, restraining which with an enore, we saw sectionaly:

"It was not nice in your sister to call names, to be sure; but you ought not have bitten her."

"Of course not.!" said the naive little tellow, "for you see I am neither a pig nor a dog."

We can readily believe that the Pope laughed heartly at the courage and frankness of his little triend. It was a seene such as probably seldom refreshes his tender heart.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

## TIS SWEET.

'Tis sweet, to hear the watch dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

E clever turn everything to account Walk and be happy; walk and be healthy.

No well bred host will praise his own wines.

It is always easy to say a rude thing, but never ise.

Beware of dreams. Beware of the illusion of fancy. eware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desire.

Beware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desire.

Thou art an elim, my husband; I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
Makes me with the strength to communicate or wife than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

Does that man take a rational course to preserve thinself who refuses the endurance of those lesser troubles to secure himself from a condition incompensation of the strength of the secure himself from a condition incompensation of surface, when it is read and school the secure himself who the strength of the secure himself who the secure himself who are strength or secure himself from a condition incompensation of surface, when it is read and school the secure himself when the secure himself from a condition incompensation of surface, when it is read as a school to the secure himself when the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a subject to the secure himself when the secure himself we have a s

Depression of spirits, when it is real and when people cannot be pit, comes in minety-nine cases out of a hundred from dyspepals, or from a discordant liver—in short, from bodily causes. The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

#### QUESTIONS

BY V. ANDERSON

Oh: Star, in yonder azure heavens deep, Oh: Rose, with blush of dawn upon thy cheek, I pray you, tell me whence doth come the power That makes a perfect sphere—a perfect flower? Did God perform the whole of this great work, Or did he gwide the powers that gave you birth?

A tiny golden gleam of light shot down,
And stopped to kiss the opening gates of morn;
Then, whispering low and soft, it said to me:
"In doing duty well I grew to be
What you call perfect—my appointed lot
Fulfill. Nor seem to be what I am not"

Fullii. Nor seem to be what I am not."

The glowing, bright-winged heralds of the dawn Had come. The sentinels of the night were gon And, breathing fragrant, He-inspiring air, I looked about and saw my rose was there. She draw her eviet petals close around. She shook the dow-gems from her golden bair, And thus the answer came to me: "You care To know the cause of my perfection? See! I make good use of all that comes to me."

#### FRANK CHANFRAU.

HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND CHARACTERS.

WHER FRAIR CHARITA died, in 1884, we lost an actor who had played, and played successfully, to two generations of playeds.

In his youth the Bowery, known by namel probably to our most remote readers, and Chatham Square, were the centres of New York life. To that neighborhood all New York went for amusement and the excitement of cities—the glare of shops and theatres and the rush of crowds of pleasure seekers. Not hanged in character, but lower and older, is the neighborhood of to-day; but fifty or sixty years ago it was the birth-neighborhood of many men of genius and of note.

In this neighborhood Chanfran was born. His father was an officer on the Freech manifers of the control of the

forward.

This accounts for the rapid rise he made as shown by the records, for in 1844, only four years after his engagement as a super, he played Lacrtes to the Hamlet of J. Wallack, Jr., and other equally important roles. Work was not wanting for the young man now; engagements, good ones toe, were to be had without trouble, and he was always

now; engagements, good once too, were to had without trouble, and he was always busy.

In 1845 he and another man opened the rebuilt Bowery Theatre, and Chanfrau was stage-manager as well as actor.

Thus until the fall-of 1847, when he joined the stock company of the old Park Theatre, when he again played Laertes.

The great turning point of his life was approaching. Near the end of 1847 the Olympic, the proprietor, B. A. Baker, was given a benade a decided hit in one play, in which his management, with Frank Chanfrau and the tought of the stage of the stock company. Here he made a decided hit in one play, in which his management, with Frank Chanfrau and the tought of the stage of the

before the "steamers" were thought of, every young man of the middle and lower classes belonged to an engine company, and pulled on the ropes by which it was dragged to fires with a rank and a roar that would wake up to the rivalries between the different companies were intense. At the sound of the fire-bell, engines from all points strove to reach the fire first, not so much to give relief as to beat some other engine. When they had fought the flames, they turned and fought each other. Indeed, they did not always deep themselves so much as to wait for their pleasure until their work was done, but set about cutting each other's hose and heads while the fire was still raging.

A fire was an event: it was an excuse for a fight, and a fight was better than a circus to the rough and hearty felllows of some of these cold-time engine companies.

"Old Maid" Engine, No. 15, had in former days claimed Chanfrau's allegiance. He had been one of the "thoys," and retained pleas ant memories of the joly times he had enjoyed with the machine. When he went on the stage, he had frequently asked Mr. Baker to write a piece embracing a part of a fire laddie, but the wish had never been gratified.

Well, Ben Baker's benefit was announced to take place in two weeks, but to the beneficiary's dismay, the leading people of the company were ill insure a financially successful benefit. What was to be done? Two things occurred to him at the same moment. These two were dovetailed and worked up. A popular novel had been written embodying scenes and characters from New York life, Bowery life, the life of the engine companies and the like: Chanfrau wanted a fire laddie's part. These were what occurred to Ben Baker, and he set to work to use the novel as the foundation of a play-sketch, and to cast Chanfrau in the principal role, written for him especially. The sketch was entitled "A Glance at New York in 1848;" the part for Chanfrau was that of "Mose," a Centre Market "b'hoy."

The Centre Market boys were the roughest and the toughest of the town, and in the theatre pit they were a power. It was to them all the playing was done; their approval was worked for, and their disapproval was dodged—that is, the eggs and vegetables. For that reason the author felt some trepidation and anxiety as to how the Centre Market boys would receive a "take off" of themselves, audaciously acted to their faces. Chanfrau was stricken down with control the part of "Mose," for fear the one for whom it was intended and who was stricken down, should not recover in time to appear. Chanfrau pulled through, though, and appeared on the appointed night as "Mose." The Centre Market boys were out in force. They received "Mose" with a coldness that boded no good to the piece, the actor and the author. But Mr. Baker had introduced an incident into the play that showed "Mose" as rough with a warm spot hidden in his heart, and when this incident was arrived at it just melted the pit, and they shook the house with applause.

Though he was successful financially, there was a misfortune connected with the character in the fact that after a while the first-class theatres would not open their doors to Mose. In after years, happily, this was no longer the case, and fashionable audiences sat in the dim light of the auditorium gazing upon the picture of the Bowley of wenty distell to the play in its first years and Character in other roles it is true, but he could not break away from the fascination of an original, favorite and successful part.

Even success becomes monotonous, and the story of Chanfran's "Mose," being ever successful, will no longer be interesting in this place. "Mose" was Chanfran's part and success of the former generation. The present one knows him better as "Kit, the Arkansaw Traveler." This part, arranged for him, was an equally phenomenal success, and was played by Chanfrau fiften years, or about 4,300 times. A periodical incident in his life every year for thirteen consecutive years was his opening at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre at the beginning of the season in the role of Kit.

Though hardly remembered in any other characters than his two favorites, it is yet a fact that Chanfrau, versatile actor that he was, acted in many other characters, of every gard by high and low, gay and severe, elegant and the state of the state of the state of the seven on times of failure for Chanfrau, for, indeed, he had his share of misfortune, though it was a small one and unsuccessful engagements for him were few and far between.

One of his first acts, on getting into a prosperous way, was to buy a country house in Yonkers, N. Y., which he furnished well, and in which he installed his aged parents. It was there they both passed away.

He was notably good to his family, which consisted, of late years, of his wife, two sons

and two married sisters, one of whom resided with him. During the summer months for seventeen years, he accompanied his family to Long Branch, where they lived in a good house built by him. He left a comfortable fortune to his family.

One of his sons was acting with the father before he died.

That sad event occurred on Oct. 2, 1884. It was in Jersey City, N. J., and Chanfrau had appeared one night as "Kit," and was billed for a week at the Academy of Music.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 1, he was sitting at dinner with a sister-in-law, chatting pleasantly. He accidently dropped his fork upon the floor, and, stooping to pick it up, he never rose again, but fell unconscious to the floor. It was an apoplectic stroke. During that night and until five o'clock on the following morning, at which he was a strong the strong the

les, and the procession of carriages was over haif a mile long.

There are few of the old-time actors such as Chanfrau, few indeed who have so im-pressed themselves upon the public who looked upon him almost as a friend, so well were also be known and so thoroughly did he please, from one generation to the next.

#### JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

SPEAKING of John Jacob Astor the first, says a writer in the New York *Graphie*, I cannot help realizing the memory of conversations I have heard

between him and my father when I was a boy.

"People think," said the old man, "that I have had an easy time of it, but that's a mistake. My early life was a hard struggle, and even my own brother refused to lend me money."

had an easy time of it, but that's a mistake. My early life was a hard struggle, and even my own brother refused to lend me money."

This brother was a butcher named Henry, pretty well off, with a stall in the Bare Market—or Bear Market as it got to be afterwards called—and writhed under John Jacob's borrowings. One day, "John. I'll willingly give you slioe if you will premise me that you will never come to me again to borrow,"

"I closed with the offer at once, and took the money," said Astor, laughing heartly."

"I closed with the offer at once, and took the money," said Astor, laughing heartly.

If the kept his store in Feck Slip, and there bought furs, almost any that were offered him, until he had a stock packed away that he could not realize on. What to do he did not know, but consulting with his wife, as he always did about everything. The could have been been supplyed to the supply of the su

#### BACKWOODS GEORGIA JUSTICE

In a certain backwoods community a suspicious character had been arrested for cattle stealing. When his trial came up he was represented by able counsel. The judge looked upon the lawyer with suspicion, and seemed to feel that his presence was

suspicion, and seemed to feel that his presence was entirely unnecessary. He assumed an amount of dignity, and called the court to order, Having been in the Superior Court a few times, he had caught an idea of how criminals were tried there, so he arraigned the prisoner and demanded "Guilty or not guilty."

"Guilty or not guilty."

"Guilty or not guilty."

"Guilty or not guilty."

"And the guilty." and the justice looked him squarely in the face and said, "Now, see here, you know that's as big a lie as you ever told.

"The lawyer suggested that the Court should not pass judgement before hearing the evidence. The Court intensated that he knew his own business was concluded the justice proceeded to pass judgement. "Stand up," he said to the prisoner. "It is ordered by the Court that the defendant be confined in the chain gang at hard labor for twelve months."

fined in the chain gang at hard labor for twelve months."

"Hold on, your Honor," said the lawyer "you have no jurisdiction to pass such a sentence as that. You can only blind the prisoner over to an-tally the such that the prior Court. You was no right to enter the theoretic Court. You "Now, see here, young man, this Court thinks she knows herself, and it will stand you in hand to keep your mouth shut. If I hear another word out of you I'll give you six months in the chain gang."

The lawyer collapsed, and the justice proceeded with the call of his decket.

### POOR CHOICE OF WORDS

"Hello, Bub! Is this a good place to hunt for reed birds ? "

"Y-e-s."
"Seen any round here?"
"No. Pop's been beatin the marshes for over a week."
"Did he get any?"
"No, he didn't get none. That's why it's a good
place to hunt 'em—but as so finding 'em, it's the
meanest place in Jarsey."

#### THE CRITIC.

- grouse drummed a roll-call below,
  While a robin piped up a tree;
  A fig for that tune," said the grouse, with a croon,
  For a high-born critic was he.
- With a twitter a sparrow flew down,
  The wasp and the beetle came, too;
  The bee left the rose and the frog from a doze
  Was aroused by the loud tattoo.
- A grasshopper perched on a straw, A popolink paused on his way, And the burrowing mole peeped out of his hole To hear what they all had to say.
- "What's the row, Mr. Grouse?" croaked the frog
  "What's to pay?" sang the blue jay and wren;
  While the geese, with a squawk, shouted back to the
- While the geese, with a squawk, shouted be hawk,
  And were joined by the quarrelsome hen.
- "Alack!" said the grouse, with a frown,
  "I am sick of that malapert's song."
  What matters to me?" piped the bird from the tree,
  And he sang there the whole day long.

FACING PERIL. A TALE OF THE COAL MINES. By G. A. HENTY.

### CHAPTER XL

"We can light our lamps again safely now," Bill Haden said. "We shall want our tools, lads, and the powder; there may be some heavy falls in our way, and we may have hard work yet before we get to the shaft, but the rock is strong, so I believe we shall win our

"It lies to our right," Jack said. "Like our own, it is as the lower end of the pit, so, as long as we don't mount, we are going right for it."

as rong as we don't mount, we are going right or it.

There were, as Haden had anticipated, many heavy falls, but the water had swept passages in them, and it was found more easy to get along than the colliers had expected. Still it was hard work, for men weakened by famine; and it took them five hours of labour clearing away masses of rock, and floundering through black mud, often three feet deep, before they made their way to the bottom of the Logan shaft, and saw the light far above them—the light that at one time they had never expected to see again.

them—the light that at one time they had never expected to see again.

"What o'clock is it now, sir? Bill Haden saked Mr. Brooks, who had from the beginning been the time-keeper of the party.
"Welve o'clock exactly," he replied. "It is that days and an hour since the pit fired." "What day is it, sir? for I've lost all count of time."
"Sunday," Mr. Brooks said, after a moment's thought.
"It could not be better," Bill Haden said; "for there will be thousands of people from all around to visit the mine."

"How much powder have you, Bill!" Jack asked.

asked

"How muca power nave you, bin: Jack asked.
"Four twenty-pound cans."
"Let us let off ten pounds at a time," Jack said. "Just damp it enough to prevent it from flashing off too suddenly, break up fine some of this damp wood and mix with it, it will add to the smoke."

In a few minutes the "devil "was ready, and a light applied; it blazed furiously for half a minute, sending volumes of light smoke up the shaft.
"Flash off a couple of pounds of dry powder," Bill Haden said; "there is very light draught up the shaft, and it will drive the air up."

"Flash off a couple of pounds of dry powder," Bill Haden said; "there is very light draught up the shaft, and it will drive the air up."

For twenty minutes they continued letting off "devils" and flashing powder. Then they determined to stop, and allow the shaft to clear altogether of the smoke.

Presently a small stone fell among them-another—and another, and they knew that some one had noticed the smoke.

A stranger arriving at Stokebridge that Sunday morning, might have thought that there was a fair, or some similar festivity, so great was the number of people who passed out of the station as each train came in. For that day Stokebridge was the great point of stratection for excursionists from all parts of Staffordshire. Not that there was any thing to see. The Vaughan mine looked still and deserted; no smoke is see the station of the shaft. Still less was there to see in Stokebridge itself. Every blind was down—for scarce a nouse but had lost at least one of its members; and in the darkened room women sat, silently weeping for the dead far below.

For the last four days work had been entirely sispended through the district; and the men of the other collieries, as well as those of the Vaughan who, belonging to the other shaft, had escaped, hung about the pit yard, in the vague hope of being able in some way to be useful.

Within an hour of the explosion, the managers of the surrounding pits had assembled; and in spite of the fact that the three volunteers who had first descended were, without doubt, killed, plenty of other barve fellows younteered their services, and would have gone down if permitted. But the repeated of the shaft and the fact that the three volunteers who had first descended were, without doubt, killed, plenty of other barve fellows younteered their services, and would have gone down if permitted. But the repeated of the shaft men who had assembled that such a course would be madness—an opinion which was thoroughly gended within a few hours of the accident.

If was unanimously agreed that

are few things more painful than to come to the conclusion that nothing can be done, when women, half mad with sorrow and anx-

when women, half mad with sorrow and ana-tety, are imploring men to make an effort to save those below.

Jane Haden, quiet and tearless, sat gazing at the fatal shaft, when she was touched on the shoulder. She looked up, and saw

"Thou art not down with them then

"Thou art not down with them then, Harry?"
"No; I almost wish I was," said Harry. "I came up with Jack, and hurried away to get breakfast. When I heard the blow I ran up, and found that Jack had just gone down. If I had only been near, I might have gone with him;" and the young man spoke in regret at not having shared his friend's fate rather than in gladness at his own escape.
"Dost think there's any hope, Harry?"
"It's no use lying, and there's no hope for Jack, mother," Harry said; "but if any one's saved it's like to be your Bill. He was up in the old workings, a long way off from the part where the strength of the blow would come."

part where the strength of the blow would come."

"It's no use telling me, Harry; I ask, but I know how it is. There ain't a chance—not 'a chance at all. If the pit's a-fire they'll have to flood it, and then it will be weeks before they pump it out again; and when they bring Jack and Bill up, I shant know 'em. "Dun't wait here, Mrs. Haden; nought can be done now; the inspectors and managers will meet this evening, and consult what is best to be done."

"Is your father down, Harry? I can't think of aught but my own, or I'd have asked afore."

"Is your father down, Harry? I can't think of aught but my own, or I'd have asked afore."
"No; he is in the other shift. My brothers Willy and George are both down. Come, mother, let me take you home?"
But Mrs. Haden would not move, but sat with scores of other women, watching the mouth of the pit, and the smoke curling up, till night fell.

The news spread round Stokebridge late in the evening that the managers had determined to shut up the mouth of the pit, if there was still smoke in the morning. Then, as is always the case when such a determinent in sarrived at, there was a cry of grief and'anger throughout the village, and all who had friends below protested that it would be nothing short of murder to cut off the supply of air. Women went down to the inn where the meeting was held, and raved like wild creatures; but the miners of the district could not but own the step was necessary, for that the only chance to extinguish the fire was by cutting off the air, unless the dreadful alternative of drowning the pit was resorted to.

In the morning the smoke still curled up,

The was by enting off the air, unless the resadful airty of drowning the pit was resorted to.

In the morning the smoke still curled up, and the pit's mouth was closed. Boards were placed over both the shafts, and earth was heaped upon them, so as to cut off altogether the supply of air, and so stife the fire. This was on Thursday morning. Nothing was done on Friday; and on Saturday afternoon the mining authorities met again in council. There were experts there from all parts of the kingdom—for the extent of the catastrophe had sent a thrill of horror through the land. It was agreed that the earth and staging should be removed next morning early, and that if smoke still came up, water should be turned in from the canal.

At six in the morning a number of the leading authorities met at the mine. Men had during the night removed the greater part of the earth, and the rest was now taken off, and the planks withdrawn. At once a four the control of the planks withdrawn. At once a four the control of t

tion that the present is no alternative," Mr.
"I fear that there is no alternative," Mr.
Hardinge said; "the pit must be flooded."
There was not a dissentient voice; and the party moved towards the canal to see what would be the best method of letting in the

could be the best method of letting in the ater, when a cry from the men standing ound caused them to turn, and they saw a ense white column rise from the shaft. "Steam!" every one cried in astonishment. A low rumbling sound ran from the pit. "What can have happened!" Mr. Hardinge calaimed, in surprise. "This is most extra-rdinary!"

ordinary!"
All crowded round the pit mouth, and could still hear a distant roaring sound. Presently still hear a distant roaring sound. Presently this died away, Gradually the steam ceased to rise, and the air above the pit mouth was

For the last four days work had been entirely suspended through the district; and the men of the other collieries, as well as those of the Vaughan who, belonging to the other shart, had escaped, him about the pit yard, in the vague hope of being able in some way to be useful.

Within an hour of the explosion, the managers of the surrounding pits had assembled and in spite of the fact that the three volunteered their services. But the repeated continuers who had first descended were, without doubt, killed, plenty of other brave fellows younteered their service. But the repeated gone dome, and the fact that the lower part of the shark was now blocked up, decided the experienced men who had assembled that such a course would be madness—an opinion which was thoroughly endorsed by Mr. Harding and other government inspectors and mining authorities, who arrived within a few hours of the accident.

It was unanimously agreed that the pit was on fire, for a light smoke curled up from the hir's mouth, and some already began to whiser that it would have to be closed up. There is no smoke rising, "one of the inspectors and "black lower any lowe, for the wispector said. "What on earth can have heperated town, a species."

There is no smoke rising, "one of the inspectors said. "What on earth can have heperated town."

Hoisting gar and rope had been prepared to lower any one, for the witch were rope had suppered when the attempt had be necessary to lower any one, for the witch own of the witch and the sudem release from the strain law to lower any one, for the witch was the sudem release from the strain have lower any one, for the witch was the sudem release from the strain have lover any one, for the witch was the sudem release from the strain have too been made to draw up the cage after the second explosion, caused the eager for the strain have to be eliminated to the sudem release from the strain had to been and to love any one, for the wispector said. "What one with the prevent sealing and rope had been prepared to love an

"There are six more fathous yet, sir—nigh seven—before it gets to the hundred-and-twenty fathom mark."

twenty fathon mark."

"Draw up carefully, lads, What can have put the light out forty feet from the bottom of the shaft? Choke damp, I suppose; but it's very singular."

When the candle came up to the surface there was a cry of astonishment, the tray and the candle were wet! The whole of those present were astounded, and Mr. Hardinge at once determined to descend himself and verify this extraordinary occurrence. There was no fear of an explosion now. Taking a miner's lamp, he took his seat in a sling, and was lowered down. Just before the rope had run out to the point at which the light was extinguished, he gave the signal to stop by lerking a thin rope which he held in his hands.

There was a pause, and in a minute of the stop the stop was a pause, and in a minute of the stop was a pause.

hands. There was a pause, and in a minute or two came two jerks, the signal to haul up.
"It is so," he said, when he gained the surface; "there are forty feet of water in the shaft, but where it came from is more than I can tell."

Greatly atonished at this singular occurrence, the group of mining engineers walked back to breakfast at Stokebridge, where the population were greatly excited at the news that the pit was shooded. To the miners it was a subject of the greatest surprise, while the friends of those in the pit received the news as the death-blow of their last hopes. It was now impossible that any one could be alive in the pit.

At ten o'clock the mining authorities went again to discuss the serious phenomenon.

news as the death-blow of their last hopes, it was now impossible that any one could be alive in the pit.

At ten o'clock the mining authorities went again to discuss the serious phenomenon. All agreed that it was out of the question that so large a quantity of water had accumulated in any old workings, for the plan of the pit had been repeatedly inspected by them all had been very search of the pit had been some immense that there must have been some immense that there must have been some immense the probable where yet in the cavern into the mine; others pointed out that there was no example whater of a cavern of such dimensions as this must have been, being found in the coal formation, and pointed to the worked out Logan pit, which was known to be full of water, as the probable source of the water. During the previous four days the practicability of cutting through from the Logan, which was known to have been worked nearly up to the Vaughan boundary, as a means of entering the pit and rescuing any miners who might be alive, had been discussed, but the fact that to erect pumping gear and get out the water would be an affair of many weeks, had caused the idea to be abandoned as soon as broached. To those who argued that the water had come from the Logan, it was pointed out that there were certainly several varies of solid coal between coursely several varies of solid coal between the pits should have been shattered. However, it was decided to solve the question one way or the old Logan shaft.

They were just starting when they heard a movement in the street, and men setting off to run. A moment later a miner entered the room hurriedly. "There's a big smoke coming up from the Logan shaft, gentlemen; it's too light for coal smoke, and I don't think it is steam either."

With exclamations of su

(To be continued.)

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#### THE DOLLAR. BY JAMES RILRY.

FROM the king on his throne, from the peasant wh

toils.

From the lawyer who pleads in his choler.

From the client who waits for his share in the spoils.

Comes the cry of the crowd for the Dollar.

As it ever has been so it ever shall be, While the heart to the bead is a scholar. The Grindens and Grundys by Nature's decree Shall worship the almighty Dollar.

A round bit of gold! that is all! yet I'm told That the world is built up by its glistening! That the ching-a-ling-ling of this idol so old Brought the devil to stand at his christening.

## THE MOUNTAIN CAVE;

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

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THE JOURNEY WITH RALPH.

It had been settled that Walter should take Mr. Percy's gun, for the hermit would hear nothing of his going upon a mountain tramp of forty miles

"You may need it, my good boy," he said, "before you shall have made a quarter of the distance.

And now I charge you not to take any unnecessary

And now I charge you not to take any unnecessary risks. If you meet with a bear and he will let you alone, let him alone, by all means! I know how your parents would feel, and, for the present, let me stand in the place of both of them."

"I thank you, Mr. Percy," said the boy, deeply moved by the good man's solicitade, " and I shall remember your advice. I hope my father and mother will some day have a chance to thank you, to fay your kindness to me. I shall return to some -1 that has been the through the state of th too, for your kindness to me. I shall return to you as soon as possible after setting things in motion.

"I could decide the case in an instant, if the gun were in my hands," thought Walter. "There is a small private mark on the guard of mine that no other rifle in the world can have. But I do hate to meddle with the man's guns in his own house, when I'm already an intruder. And the thought is such nonsense too! I will, though!" he added, if will have been about to lay his hand on the rifle, when He was about to lay his hand on the rifle, when He was about to lay his hand on the rifle, when detected in an act of tood kind to passe said elected in an act of tood kind to passe said elected in an act of tood great freedom in a stranger's house; and a tall, masculine woman entered frowing ominously." "Look a-yere." she said, "I don't 'low not ravelers to make a tavern o' my house. What yer doin' yere, any way?" Walter explained that shey had called for a driah. Walter explained that shey had called for a driah was the word of the word

and that they could not and would not understand his signs. Walter tried to tell him of the gun and of his supplicions, and he found that Raiph, too, had noticed the weapon. His fingers fire quick to desire the supplicit of the

## CHAPTER XX.

ter.
"And he seems to feel a personal interest in me, you think?"

and ac seems so feet a personal interest in me, you think?"

"Yes, sir; he spoke as if that were the case."

"And you believe that he, too, has suffered from that old man of the stage coach?"

"I feel sure of it." said Walter, "from a few exexpressions that he dropped; but he told me that I must ask hum no questions. I think he has some hope that if the robbers should be brought to justice, something might turn up in his favor, and that he wishes to remain unknown unless it should be so."

hope that if the robbers should be brought to justice, something might turn up in his favor, and that he wishes to remain unknown unless it should be no."

"He wishes to remain unknown unless it should be no."

"I have been a some a sould do should cause an honest man to hide himself in the wilderness. It seems hard to understand how he could have become a hermit from such a circumstance."

"But he had no idea," explained Walter, "that these men were robbers till my affair happened. I have not been some a hermit from such a circumstance."

"But he had no idea," explained Walter, "that these men were robbers till my affair happened. I somewhere else."

"Well, replied Mr. Mercer, "his cause is a puzzle to me. He must be very odd at the best. There is something romantic in the idea of an aducated man living in a cave in the manner he does, but it will be not be in a house!" Walter observed, looking about him. "I feel all the time as if there were something missing. It appears odd not to see the rock walls shutting me in, and to look out of windows and doors.

"A some was a subject of the household. She prepared tea; and in watching her as she flew lightly about at her task, Walter left that he looked even pretifier than when in the stage coach. As he saw her near the dichest table arrangement, he thought forest, when he had cooked a poor little rabbit on a stick! Then, too, he thought of his culinary achievements in the cave, and how awkward they would have appeared to her could she have wilnessed them!

"The house her her was no beautiful to the plain but excellently prepared dished. Happy he felt!" What was all the rude hoe-liallt to feaves and wooks, where there was no builditty of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of caves and wooks, where there was no buildity of

book for them in their hiding place! It would be better to remain poor than to run such a dreadful risk! "I to not think on "replied her father." If by risking my life I could stand a good chance of recovering what I have lost, I would gladly do so But I hope the capture of the gang may be effected without any great danger. They must, if possible, taken wholly by surprise. They must, if possible, taken wholly by surprise or of vourselves, if the mother joined with her daughter in the entreaty that nothing rash might be attempted.

"Your hermit friend," said Mr. Mercer, "must if the are markable character from what you tell me of him. I is every singlear that such a man should be a remarkable character from what you tell me of him. I is every singlear that such a man should something to do with it.

"Yes, sir, it seems strange; but I think he has been terribly wronged in some way, and I believe he old robber we have been talking about had something to do with it.

"I cannot magine," observed Mr. Mercer, "where "I was the magine," observed Mr. Mercer, "where "I was the magine," observed Mr. Mercer, "where "I was the magine, "observed Mr.

be mixed aged bot the first thing, I am sure!"

"Why, Miss Mercer! you wouldn't if you were a boy."

"Why, Miss Mercer! you wouldn't if you were a boy."

"I know boys can do almost anything, Mr. Dayton!"

"Oh, please don't, now!" laughed Walter, "nobody ever! Mistered!" me before!"

"Well, then, asy, "Walter," and I will say. 'Mand.' I didn't know that you—that you thought as I do about such things."

"Do you really think the robbers have not made sawy with my father's gold, and that there is a general say. The same and the saw with the problem of the saw with in you for course, we may be disappointed—it all depends so on circumstances."

"Oh, I do hope some oit it may be recovered, my father has been as dreadfully cast down. He was so lively and ful of his pleasant sayings once, and "He thinks it will be hard for you."

"Yes; but if he and mother could be happy, I would not mind myself."

"I know. I should feel as you do. But then—Oh it is too it. I should feel as you do. But then—Oh it is too it. I should have a some of the rob. This is a rarde place where we live now, and the people are not like those I used to see."

"Perhaps they may be kind-hearted, though. I thought at first that the hermit was one of the rob."

"Perhaps they may be kind-hearted, though, I thought at first that the hermit was one of the rob."

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"Perhaps they may be kind, hearted, though, I thought at first that the hermit was one of the rob."

"Perhaps they may be kind, hearted, though, I thought at first that the hermit was one of the rob."

"Perh

#### NIGHT

Sad, tired Day with drooping wings doth go Out through the glowing portals of the West, In quiet haste to lay his treasures low And nestle close upon Earth's loving breast.

The thick, soft shadows quickly, lightly creep Across the velvet smoothness of the wold. To lull the breathless flowers in balmy sleep And impress fond, dewy kisses fold on fold.

Up in the shaded sky the stars peep through And twinkling, trembling, quivering with delight, Send swift, true gleams from out the deep ring blu \*To greet the coming footsteps of the Night.

And now the golden moon from Day released 8weeps with her glowing light and gorgeous Far from the amorous chingings of the East To be proclaimed a joyous, radiant queen.

O wondrous hour! serene and grandly fair, With beauty, peace and rest upon thy face, Before thy smile the noontide's fretful glare Flees e'en from memory and leave no trace

#### WOMEN IN GREAT DEMAND

RED BEND, a small town in Washington Territory, has a population of 378 people, of whom 293 are males, the rest being married women and children. More than 200 are bachelors ranging in age from 25 to 50.

Red Bend, like many other new towns in the far West, feels the need of more women, but has experienced great difficulty in getting them to locate there. Not that they are afraid of the two hundred sturdy bachelors, but because the larger towns of the territory with their more stylish bachelors hold out to them greater inducements. Thus it is, that when a school-house was built at Red Bend, the directors of that institution of learning were forced to advertise extensively for a teacher. "The first one who presented herself was employed," says a correspondent of the New York Sun. "She had not, however, been at the desk more than a fortnight before she was married to a storckeeper, who was about the best looking young man in the town. She resigned her place, but consented to serve until her successor had but consented to serve until her successor had arrived. One of the young women with whom the committee had been in correspondence was found disengaged, and in the course of a month she transferred herself to Red Bend and took c' ;ze of the school. She was a tolerably homely woman somewhat advanced in years, but she, too, was led to the altar in less than a month, and gave up the

to the altar in less than a month, and gave up the school as her predecessor had done.

"Once again the place was filled, and things went along smoothly for a while. About that time McGinn, the tavern keeper, imported a servant girl from Portland, and put her at work in his kitchen at six dollars a week. Mrs. McGinn was not very lusty, and her husband found that the only way in which keeping hotel was possible was for him to have efficient help. He had had serious trouble in getting anybody to come, but the wages that he offered finally induced the girl spoken of to accept he isb. She had no more than learned the ways the job. She had no more than learned the ways of the kitchen before two or three young men began to hang around the back door of the tavern. McGinn was equal to the emergency. He watched matters for a day or two, and, becoming convinced that the schoolhouse episodes were to have a repetition in his own kitchen, he got a gun, and just as a young man appeared at the back door the next evening after supper he jumped out on him.

". What do you want here?' he asked.
". Nothing,' said the fellow, coloring up a little; 'nothing much. I was just calling on the girl in there. She's an old friend of my family, and I look in once in a while to see how she's getting on.'

"'Well, I'm a friend of your family, too,' said McGinn, 'to the extent that I don't want to kill you, but if you don't keep away from here I'll mur-

der yon. Now you gith
"The youth slunk away. The next day the girl
was missing from the kitchen, and late in the afternoon it was discovered that she had married the young man. The same day the school mistress announced her resignation, and as McGinn was on the war path with his gun, the leading citizens made up their minds that a crisis had arrived which would require a good deal of statesmanship to bridge over.

bridge over.

"That evening, when the School Committee met
to consider things, Mr. Elder, the Chairman, said
he had an idea which he thought might be worthy
the attention of his associates. He proposed that
in the future all school teachers should be made to in the future all senot teachers should be made to sign a bond not to marry before the end of the term. The idea was accepted, but, fearing that the conditions might make it impossible for them to get women into the town, they said nothing about them to the one with whom they opened negotiations. She came on and after deciding to take the place was informed of the contract which they should have to sign. To this she indignantly declined to accede. The School Committee was inexorable, and so was she. She said she would leave for home in the morning. The committeemen looked at one another to see if anybody was weakening, but no another to see it anyboody was weakening, but no one appeared to be, willing to give in; so it was de-cided that she would have to go. This particular girl was young and very vivacious, and when she started off with School Director Beebe for Yakima, the whole town wished she would stay. An hour later Beebe drove into town with the girl still in his weapen, and to the propule who girl still in his later beene crove into town who are get said in me wagon, and to the people who gathered around the vehicle with questions he said:

"The fact is we've decided to get married. She didn't want to go back, and I didn't want to have

"Everybody felt that Reebe had played roots on everybody else, but there was nothing to say.

"At the next meecing of the committee, which Beebe did not attend, Mr. Elder again had an idea which he wanted to submit. He said that in view of what had happened, it occurred to him that Red Bend had greatness within its graps. "Now, he schoolmakans and servant girls. Advertise for them everywhere, offer big wages, and hire all that come. We'll get enough after awhile to go around, and when we do it we may have a lew on hand. "The suggestion was discussed at considerable length, and finally adopted. The School Board decided to hire ten teachers, and twenty of the servant girls. The advertisements brought many answers, and in the course of time the town began to fill up with young women of every description. As they arrived they were assigned to different families, and before a week had passed there were more marriages on foot than the preacher could keek splendidly, and as the only schoolmakam in town now is said to be on the point of marrying, it is thought that the same device will be resorted to again. Six girls have married out of McGinn's kitchen, and during the last twelve months there have been fourteen teachers at the little school. The present incumbent is a grenadier from McGinn's kitchen, and the committee thins she will last some time."

FEARFUL SUMMONS.

Mr. Smith, I called to see if I could take your.

You see, I'm——"

"Wh-wh-d'you say?" exclaimed Smith, in some

"I say that I've come around to take your life My name is Gunu. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, thought I would just run in and settle it for you at

once."
Then Smith got up and went to the other side of the table, and said to himself: "It's a lunatic who has broken out of the sayhum. He'll kill me if I holloo or run. I must humor him."
Then Gunn, fumbling in his packet after his mortality tables, followed Smith around the room asid to him: "You can choose your own plan, you know. It's immateral to me. Some like one way one do you prefer?"
"Id rather not die at all," said Smith, in despair.

one on you have a state of the control of the contr

"Well, that's a curious sort of an argument, said Gunn. "When I take you, your family will be you want to murder me?" "Murder you—murder you? "Who in thunder's talking about murdering you?" "Why, didn't you say ..." "I called to get you to take out a life insurance policy in our company, and 1...." "I called to get you to take out a life insurance policy in our company, and 1...." "Oh, you did, did you?" said Smith, suddenly becoming ferce. "Well, I ain't a goin to do it, with a poker—come, now, skip!" "Then Mr. Gunn withdrew without selling a policy, and Smith is still uninsured.

MRS. HENDRICKS (calling on Mrs. Col. Towser)-Mis. Hexdricks (calling on Mrs. Col. Towser)—
"I noticed your husband at the head of his regiment in the parade yesterday, Mrs. Towser. What a stern and commanding presence he has! "Mrs. Towser—"Very" (to the colonel just entering the door)—"Did you bring the meat for dinner, Towser?"

Old, Towser—"Ah-eh. By Jove, my dear, I—

eh\_\_\_''
Mrs. Towser — "You needn't 'Ah' and 'er'
about it. You forgot that meat, and you can just
tramp back and get it. (To Mrs. Hendricks)—Excuse me, Mrs. Hendricks, but you were saying\_\_\_'

### A GREAT NOVEL READER.

An enthusiastic author having met an acquaintance upon whose literary taste he placed a high estimate, asked:

"Have you read my novel, 'The Flight of the ack Bat or the Place Where the Jug was Found?'"

Black bat of the Fince where the one was round?
"White op on think of it?"
"Why, sir, I can frankly say that it is one of the
best novels I have ever read."
"Indeed! I am greatly pleased to hear you say
o. You are a great novel reader, are you not?"
"Oh, no, I have never read but two, and yours
was one of them."

### EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

52° WE cannot lenser exchanges of frearms, birds' egge, of dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right cannot receive the right cannot be received the r



#### CORRESPONDENCE

H. G. F., Mulvane, Kans. To stick together the diges of paper to make scribbling blocks or pads, us-ordinary glue with about one twentieth of glycerin-dded.

edges of paper to make scribbling blocks seventhal needing and cordinary gine with about one wentited night scriber added.

P. S. H., Syracuse, N. T. Recent surveys indicate that the gorge of Nagara River was cut out in about 23-4 ft.

H. W. T., Goldwater, Mich. A bottle of bromine left in a closed room all night with the stopper out, destroys all infection and insect life, being far more effectual than the vapor of burning subjunt.

B. Hactacked by the registers of an old hospital in Frague, where the mortality from small pox from 1670 to 1815—that is, in the prevaccination period—was 1 per cent., while from 1815 to 1845 it tab sheen only a per cent., while from 1815 to 1845 it tab sheen only contain. This oil is used principally in the country and in northern Europe. They are used mostly for the essential oil they contain. This oil is used principally in the source and a surveys and a characteristic states of the second of t

solve.

RAJAH. 1. For information on billiard goods address
the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., N. Y. City. They
can answer every one of your questions if they choose.
2. G. Munroe publishes the Count of Monte Cristo is
the Seaside Library, two parts, twenty cents each
There is no legitmate sequel to the work.
3. We never
heard of him.

there is no legituate sequel to the work. S. We never heard of him.

M. R. E. Tventon, N. J. Cattle and sheep raising in M. R. E. Tventon, N. J. Cattle and sheep raising in the West, well managed, pays a larger return on the money invested than almost any other business, one should it is attended with many hardships and much deprivation. To make a success of the business, one should with. There are many good opportunities in the West and South for boys in other business than cattle raising.

W. W. P., Pelham, N. Y. Oil on the water is no fable. An experiment was tried in the English Chantinnal example of the power of oil to quell waves is unrished by the spong fishers of Florida. When the water is too rough to permit of seeing the bottom, a spoonful of oil keeps the water around their basis as a poportion of oil keeps the water around their basis as the property of the state o

### PUZZLEDOM NO. 148

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apart from all other communications. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the best object. Hense of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor." THE GOLDER AROON, SI WARRONSTRUCK, OVAR City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 143

## No. 1. Stare, Star. No. 2. No. 2. R A M A G E S A B O D E S T M O L O S S E A D O P T E R G E S T A N T E S S E N C E S T E R T E D No. 3, HARTEST APERTOR RECARRY TRAVERS ETRETAT SORRAGE TRYSTER No. 5. A CAP CARES CAVORTS ARONS RODPERSIANISTRAINT SONNET DITTY NO. 0. K PED GYRES PYRAMID KERATINES DEMILUNE SINUATE DENTAL SEELS rances D. Moulton. True-he NO. 8. COOLS MARROW SIRNAME MISDATED ARDAMINE ORNAMENT ORATING LOMENT SWEDE No. 10. Cerement.

#### SOLVERS TO No. 143.

Solvers to No. 143.

E. Laucy Date, A. Solver, J. o Mullins, Dona Telore, and K. T. Did 9; Will I. Am, Rex Ford, and Aspiro 8; Elbert 7; Mephato and Moonaline 6; Dreadhaught, Elbert 7; Mephato and Moonaline 6; Dreadhaught, Emil, and North Star 5; Madeap and Myself, Willie Wildwaws, James and Beech Nut 4; St. Elmo, Sam Dilling and Cohanute 3; Sou Con, Rex. Byrnehe, Florence, Charlie Davis, Guggenheemer and Adelsdorf 2; Battimore Boy, Doc 4, Mark Antony, E. P. Edgett, Alpha, I. Did R, Plezus, and Hometo: I. Total Capture 1, 1981.

PRIZE WINNERS.

E. Lucy Date, Golden Argosy 3 months. No. 4
Plexus; No. 8, Mark Antony; No. 9, Rex Ford; No. 10, Byrnehe.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

BOLIS, 1 Diamond; DONA TELORE, 1 Pentagon, Square; MAY E., I Inverted Pentagon; Marcar, 1 Interfed Pentagon; Marcar, 1 Interfed Pentagon; Marcar, 1 Interfed Pentagon; Marcar, 1 Charade, 1 Engina; Margare of Numerical, 1 Charade, 1 D. L. Engina; Margare of Numerical, 1 Charade, 1 D. L. Tables, 1 Clarade, 1 Angaram, 1 Reversible Transposition, 1 D. L. Engina in Competition.

Foim Competition.

We received two 13 Letter diamonds One fr
Jamer and one from BADE. We award the prize
from Jamer, and one from SAD DILING and E.
FOID. The latter would have been the best has
not contained the word glistener, which is not
Webster. We award the prize to Jamer.

#### NEW PUZZLES

No. 1 CHARADE. Pray guess the primal from this lot:
"A contribution," "fine," or "shot"—
I'm sure here's choice galore.

To find the last you may appeal
To "easy," "charming," or "genteel,"
To "easy," "charming you support
Of these, if you but persevere,
You'll make the whole "unbut;" or "clear".
The severed word restore.
NYAS. WASHINGTON, D. C.

No. 2. PENTAGOS.
(TO 'Bolla')

1. A letter; 2. Morbid affection; 3. Springs; 4. A species of ox; 5. A species of bitmen (Mn.); 6. A species of cox; 6. A species of bitmen (Mn.); 6. A bolta; 7. A for species of bitmen (Mn.); 6. A species of a weaver's slate; A knot.); 8. Frepares for use on a weaver's slate; A knot.

No. 3. PENTAGON.

1. A letter; 2. A bar; 3. A species of falcon; 4. Became gradually smaller towards one end; 5. Afficied; 6. A place of bliss; 7. Relating to the retina; 8. To forsake (60s.); 9. The space between two mouths of a river.

TAUNTON MASS.

COHANNET.

MATICAL DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. THE MAN TO CO'RT.

THE MAN TO CO'BT.

In "plans and schemes;"
In "motes and beams;"
In "votary;"
In "this and that;"
In "the stonechat;"
In "energy."

In " energy."
Stern Puritan:
Religious man;
Theologian;
He dwelt and taught
In olden days.
With danucless will
He fought 'gaintill;
His work can'till
Be folt and wrought
In many ways.

BAYONNE, N. J.

No. 5. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2 Litigation; 3. Certain weights; 4. One who smooths linen with a certain tool; 5. Description; 6. Pertaining to a certain mangamesian; 7. Rolling (*Proc. Eng.*); 8. Possessions; 9. Scabs; 10. A paramour (*Rare*); 11. A letter.

MYTHO.

No. 6. DIAMOND. 1. A letter: 2. A river of Spain: 3. Forms: 4. Baptizes by immersion; 5. A variety of shale; 6. Meta morphosing (Rare): 7. Rolled bars of iron; 8. A kind of insect (Wore); 9. Family (Obs. and Rare): 10. Halfens; 11. A letter.

Hyde Park, Mass.

Dona Tellore.

No. 7. CHARADE.

Now along the dim horizon,
Far and wide the morning breaks
In a burst of golden splendor,
In a constant of the purple hills
Sounds the feathered minstrel's matins
And the chanting of the rills.
On the roes's crimson petals,
the constant of the rills.
On the roes's crimson petals,
Lies the heavy dew-like jewels,
Flashing in the morning light,
And the catire winds are wafting
Odors of the pines balsamic,
All the breath of new mown hay.
All my heart grows bilthe and primal,
With a rapture that is born
Of the beautoous face of nature,
Ille lost spell it steals upon me,
Till almost do I forget,
In the world is anght of sorrow,
Strift, or anguish, or regret.

WIL

NO. S. PENTAGOS. No. 7. CHARADE.

No. 8. PENTAGON.

1. A letter; 2. A kind of cloth; 3. To discourage by terror; 4. Rebearsed; 5. Retrenchments usually made with two faces; 6. Like a petal; 7. Returning; 8. A two wheeled carriage for traveling; 9. Serew used to bring two pieces together.

New OILEASS, LA. FIRE PROOF.

No. 9 PENTAGON

No. 9. PINTMON.

1. A letter; 2. Unfavorable : 3. Bundles of straw, to relieve the pressure of burdens, carried upon the head (Prox. Eng.); 4. Ground, or formed the edge of, to an article of the control of the contro

No. 10. CHARADE.

Jumbo's Solitopuy.

1. If one is the unit of measure for those
Respectable artist, their living who gain
Respectable artists, their living who gain
By title "preservative art of all arts."
I wonder what unit will measure my parts
From proboscis to tail, and from sole up to
The one-state.

From probosels to tail, and from sole up to brain.

The question I raise is pervaded with purity; Let scientists answer from out their obscurity; 20 or, if they'd have Frenchy confections and sweety and they are they are they confection and sweety and they are they confection and sweety, and though I'm neighborhood they confection and sweety, and though I'm neighborhood they confection and sweety, and though I'm neighborhood they confect the activity. And though I'm neighborhood to the second they are the second to the second they are the are they are the

None legs are each big as the bodies of two men; the seams in whose legs are each big as the bodies of two men; the seams in whose cloth, grinning wide with tense stitches,
Display their gross owners too big for their breeches;
Who have no neck to hang by, the overgrown fellows!

LEDSUTION, VA.

NANO FORTE KEY.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.
For the first complete list of solutions, The Argost
x months. For the best incomplete list three months.

CHAT.

CHAT.

Dear Posers, excuse us. It is the witching hour amidnight. The editor has had a hard day's work an is tired. The paper must go to press to-morrow. We will therefore postpone Chat until next week.

ROCHELLE,