GOLDEN ARGOSY
FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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Vol. III.—No. 45. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER. 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885. TERMS. $2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. Whole No. 149.

THE LOST WHALE BOAT.

A TALE OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

By HARVEY WINTHROP.

CHAPTER III.

As the two whale boats approached the school of whales, they gradually drew apart, each singling out its own prey. That for which Ben Walton — whose place as harpooner was in the bow of the boat — directed the steersman to take his course, was a whale of unusual size. It lay rather farther from the ship than did the whale for which the other boat had made, and the crew, glancing over their shoulders as they rowed, saw Williams plunge his harpoon into his chase; an action followed by the elevation of the creature's tail high in air, as it dived deep down into the sea.

Another three minute's rowing, and Walton quietly gave the order, "Easy all." He was standing up now with his harpoon balanced in his hand. Fifty yards ahead lay the great whale, unconscious of the approach of its hunters. The way of the boat carried her forward until within some ten yards of the whale.

Then the harpoon flew through the air; and as it struck the fish, and buried itself deeply in the blubber, the crew, obedient to the order, "Back all," sent the light boat darting back. The whale, in surprise and pain, gave one mighty sweep with his tail, and then, almost throwing himself out of the water, plunged headlong down.

The line attached to the harpoon flew rapidly out from the tub. Throwing water on the side of the boat as it flew out, to prevent the friction of the line setting it on fire, the line in the first tub was rapidly run out; that in the second followed with scarcely diminished speed. When the third and last tub was reached the men began to look grave, for should the monster continue his dive until that was spent, there would be nothing to do but to cut the line, and lose fish and gear. When this tub was half empty there was a sensible diminution of speed, and the faces of the crew brightened; but there were but a few coils left in the tub when the line suddenly slackened, and a cheer broke from the men.

"Haul in the line!" Walton shouted cheerily; "stow it carefully, lads; this fellow may take it out again yet before he gives in."

The whale came to the surface half a mile away, and lay there motionless, exhausted by his immense effort, and by the enormous pressure of water which he had had to sustain at the depth to which he had sounded. Very quietly the boat rowed toward him, as the men in the bow coiled in the rope. As they neared him the mate took another harpoon, with a rope attached, while one of the sailors took a large lance.

This time the boat approached more closely than before, and lance and harpoon were plunged simultaneously into him. The whale, startled from his repose, dealt two or three tremendous blows with his tail on the water, and again dived. This time, however, but one tub was run out, when he came again to the surface, and started at a great pace straight ahead. The lines were now made fast; and the boat tore along through the water at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, throwing two great sheets of water from her bows high into the air. The men all sat in the stern, so as to give her head buoyancy, while Walton stood by the tubs, axe in hand, ready to cut the stoppings, and let the lines run out again should the whale again sound.

"How long will she run on like this?" Willy asked the man next to him.

"She may run for an hour," he said; "I once knew a whale run for two hours."

Willie looked round at the ship; only her topsails could be seen above the level of the water. The whale was taking them in the teeth of what wind there was.

"She'll pick us up," the sailor said, carelessly, "if not to-night, to-morrow morning. No fear of that."

Thus reassured, Willy turned all his attention to the chase, which was still tearing along at a tremendous rate of speed. For an hour and a half it kept on its way, then the speed slackened. The men again put out their oars; but before they had greatly decreased their distance from the chase it again started, this time at right angles to its former course. Another run of an hour, and then it lay quiet on the water.

"Row all," Walton said; but as he spoke, thick flakes of snow began to fall round the boat. All looked up in alarm.

In the excitement of the chase they had given little heed to the weather. Above them hung what seemed rather a thick fog than a cloud, so near was it overhead, while with the first fall of the snow-flakes, a sharp puff of bitterly cold wind struck them. The men's faces blanched suddenly, and they looked simultaneously at the young officer.

For a minute he was silent, struck like them by the sudden danger. Then he said, cheerily:

"We are in for a squall of snow, lads. Well, we can't find the ship now, for in five minutes we shan't be able to see ten yards away. So we had better stick to our fish. Let us kill him, and fasten up to him; his body will give us a lee against the squall; and when Captain Maxwell bears up, he will see it sooner than he would the boats. Give way, lads!"

The men bent to their oars, but it was no longer with the light-hearted eagerness which they had hitherto shown. They were some thirty miles from their ship, and had the prospect of passing the night in a snow storm, in the first sharp pinch of an Arctic winter. However, each felt that the words of their young officer were founded on reason, and that, for the present at least, their energies had best be devoted to the work in hand. A quarter of an hour's rowing brought them up again to the whale, whom they did not see until the boat was within a few yards of him, so thickly were the snow-flakes now falling. The impetus of the boat actually brought them alongside the fish, and two lances were plunged deeply into him.

"Back all, for your lives!" Walton shouted.

Quickly as the order was obeyed, it was but just in time. The great tail was lifted high in the air, and fell with tremendous force, just missing the boat, and smashing the four starboard oars as if they had been matches; the way on the boat took her beyond the next mighty blow on the water, and shifting the oars from the port side, the boat lay fifty yards from the whale, while the latter thrashed the water on all sides in his frenzy.

"It's his last flurry," Walton said. "We can't see him, but his blows are getting feebler. No; by Jove! he's off again!"

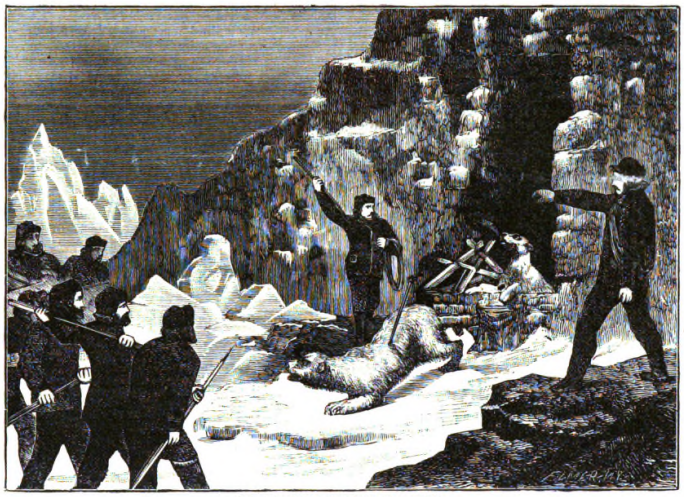
And again the whale started, with almost as great a rapidity as when he was first struck.

"He won't go far this time," Walton said. "Five minutes will be about the end of his tether."

It was now almost as dark as night. The thick, black cloud overhead seemed to weigh upon the water; the snow fell so thickly that the man at the steering oar could scarcely see the figure of the mate as he stood up in the bow, and the wind was blowing in sharp puffs, which cut like a knife. Suddenly the mate gave a sharp cry. The men heard his axe fall on the line, and then there was a tremendous shock, which threw every one into the bottom of the boat, into which the water instantly poured. In an instant each was struggling for life.

CHAPTER IV.

FORTUNATELY for the occupants of the whale boat, as she filled, she drifted round broadside on to the floe of ice against which she had struck, and which was but a foot above the water.



ALL HANDS ATTACK THE INTRUDERS.

"Clamber up, lads," Walton shouted, cheerily, as he climbed out, followed instantly by Willy, and lent a hand to help the others up. "Catch hold of the boat, boys; we must get it up; our lives depend on it."

The ice formed a partial shelter, and the water under its lee was still unruffled by the wind; the men, who all saw the importance of the effort, waited not an instant after gaining the ice in throwing themselves down and grasping the shattered boat.

"Now, altogether, heave ho! Gradually, lads, let the water run out of her, so. Now up with her!" and something almost like a cheer broke from the men, as they hauled the broken boat up on to the ice. She had not turned over, and the men's jackets and other matters were still on board her.

"Get the oars up, lad's; there's one drifting away there."

Willy sprang into the water, took a few strokes to the oar, and brought it back.

"Well done, Willy," the mate said. "Now, lads, let us see how big our island is."

Cautiously, and shouting continually to each other, so as to keep near each other, they explored the ice-cake, and found it to be about a hundred yards across either way.

"Now, boys," the mate said, "there is nothing whatever for us to do but to keep ourselves warm. Turn the boat upside down, spread her sail right over it to the ground, and then we've got a hut; the snow will fill all crevices in no time. But first drag her pretty well to the centre of the floe; for, if the wind rises, the edges may get broken off."

In half an hour all were gathered under the boat, which proved a warm shelter after the bitter gale, which had now begun to blow without. In half an hour every crack and crevice was sealed by the snow, and, although wet, there was no longer any sensation of cold.

"Now, lads," Walton said, "a pipe will cheer us up. My oilskin pouch is all right, and my matches are dry inside of it. Has any one else got matches and tobacco?"

All had tobacco, but only three of the party found that their pouches were waterproof; several, however, had boxes, which had kept their matches dry.

"We must be careful of matches," Walton said. "So strike only two, when all the pipes are filled, and pass them round."

The pipes were soon alight, and a sense of comfort stole over the party.

"What chance do you think there is of the ship's finding us, Mr. Walton?" one of them asked the mate.

"Of one thing we may be sure" he said; "Captain Maxwell will stick to the search, if he is all the winter about it."

"It won't be of much use, if he don't find us in three or four days," the man who had asked the question said.

"Oh, nonsense!" Ben Walton said, cheerily. "We shall do very well here for a long time. We have got a warm house, and it's hard if we can't knock over a seal; besides, I expect that in the morning we shall find the whale close to us; he was slacking off just as he went under the floe. Blubber is not good eating, I grant you; but hungry men might do worse."

"It's blowing a big gale outside," Willy said, quietly, to the mate, "and the sea's getting up fast; I can feel a little motion in the floe."

"So can I, Willy, but it's no use fretting over it."

There was a silence for awhile, and then, as the last pipe was extinguished, the mate said:

"Now, boys, we had best lie down for a sleep till to-morrow morning. There is no watch to keep. But before we do so, let us thank God for our escape, and pray Him for His protection over us."

"Ay, ay," was the response, "that's the thing to do."

Then, in the darkness which reigned in the whale boat, Ben Walton's voice went up in prayer, the seamen all joining in the devotion with their deep responses.

"And now for a sleep," he said; "the ice is not the softest of beds, but I don't think it will keep me awake."

It did not. The warmth of ten bodies in so confined a space after the bitter cold without soon produced its effect, and the whole party slept soundly for many hours. Finally, they were awakened by a tremendous crash. With some difficulty they scrambled out one after another through the bows of the boat, which were completely knocked in with the collision with the floe, and on making their way through the deep snow into the outer air, an exclamation of astonishment broke from each. The sun was shining brightly, but the wind still blew fiercely, and a white carpet of snow lay deep in wreaths. They were in a deep bay of a steep rocky coast, and not far from the shore. They appeared to have been early arrivals, for behind them icefloes were piled up in great confusion, one upon another, while behind all was a vast iceberg, which was still crashing and grinding through the ice, and which extended right across the mouth of the bay. It was a heavy floe which, driven up by the force of this berg, had crushed against that upon which the party were encamped, which had awakened them. The wisdom of the step they had taken in placing the boat in the middle of the floe, was now apparent, for the action of the waves, and collisions with other floes, had broken off large portions of the cake, which was now not more than forty yards across at the widest spot. The men looked round in astonishment at the harbor in which they found themselves, and did not know whether to be sorry or the reverse at the new state of things, when the mate exclaimed, cheerfully:

"Well, lads, there is one danger over; there is no fear of our being drowned now."

"Look, Walton!" Willy exclaimed, pointing to a great round-backed ridge of snow close to the floe on which they were; "look, Walton, I do believe that is the whale."

"That's him, sure enough," the mate exclaimed. "He must have died close to us, and has drifted all night alongside. Lads, let us thank God for His mercy to us. There is food and fuel for months."

The men bowed their heads while the young sailor uttered a fervent thanksgiving, and then took their way to the whale.

The crashing of the ice had ceased now, for the great berg had grounded at the mouth of the bay. The portion of the whale above water rose ten feet above the level, and after a consultation the men agreed that the best plan would be to tow the whale by the harpoon lines as near the shore as it could float, as they would not only have less distance to carry the blubber, but the body could not sink farther, and they would, therefore, be able to obtain more of the flesh and blubber.

"First of all, though," the mate said, "we must have some food. The flesh underneath the blubber is not such very bad eating, and when the cold really sets in we shall not mind the blubber."

Willy thought it was quite cold enough already, for it was freezing hard. He soon warmed himself, however, at the work of towing the dead whale through the low pieces of ice to the shore.

By the time this was done one of the men had broiled a large piece of whale flesh over a fire, made of a few pieces of wood from the boat and some lumps of blubber. It was not nice, of that there was no doubt, but the party were all desperately hungry, having had nothing since leaving the ship the morning before, and the flesh was pronounced to be not so very bad after all.

"The first thing to do now is to find a storehouse," Walton said, "or the bears will rob us of our food in no time."

A search along the shore showed, in a short time, a place which was pronounced suitable for the purpose and it possessed the advantage of being within a hundred yards of the place where the whale was grounded. It was a sort of opening in the cliff, some forty feet deep, and as much across, except at the entrance, where it narrowed to some twelve feet. From the floor the rocks rose sheer up a hundred feet, so that except through the entrance not even a bear could get at anything stored there.

"It could be no better," Walton said. "We will build our huts across the entrance, and then, except over our bodies, the bears can't get at our store. Now to work. It is freezing sharply now, and the open water between the floes is beginning to set. Cut the blubber off in chunks that one man can just carry, and lay them on the ice to freeze. Now, Willy, you come with me. That berg is too steep to climb, but we will follow the shore out to the mouth of the bay and climb up the rocks and look out for the ship—not that we are likely to see her yet. Still we can have a look."

Two hours clambering over the rocks took them to the mouth of the bay. There they were beyond the partial shelter afforded by the berg, and could scarcely keep their feet against the force of the wind. An exclamation of disappointment sprang from them both as they looked seaward. As far as the eye could reach ice floes and bergs were being driven down upon them by the force of the wind.

"Some great pack must have broken up with the force of the gale, and it is all setting down on this shore," Walton said. "The look out is bad, Malcolm, and we may give up the idea of a rescue from the sea. The winter has suddenly set in before its time, and when once these bergs have all packed in round the bay, the 'Nawhal' might sail past a hundred times. Our only chance is that Captain Maxwell may lay her up for the winter somewhere in the neighborhood, and may send sleigh expeditions along the shore. However, we must not reckon on that. We have got to depend upon ourselves, lad, and the great thing is to keep our spirits up. You and I must be always cheerful and full of life, and make the best of everything. Then, with God's help, we may pull through."

When they returned to the crew Walton simply said that there was no ship in sight, and that in point of fact it might be many days before the captain could beat up and coast along the shore.

"If the 'Nawhal' comes, lads, all the better; if not, we shall pull through somehow, never fear. Willy, do you with Joe Halkit go along the shore all round the bay, to bring in drift wood. I saw a good deal about, and it is most important to get it all stacked before the snow falls deeply. Stick to that job for the next day or two."

Each morning Ben Walton went to the rocks at the mouth of the bay to see if the ship were in sight; at the end of the fourth day he gave it up as hopeless, for new ice had formed, and the old floes and bergs were now connected together by a sheet of ice extending many miles from there. At the end of five days all the blubber and flesh above water had been cut from the carcass of the whale, frozen, and stored, and all agreed that there was enough there to last them for many months. Then they set to work at the hut. Two walls of stone, four feet high and ten feet apart, were built across the opening into the store-yard. The boat was then knocked to pieces, and its keel formed the ridge-pole from rock to rock. To this, from the wall, pieces of driftwood and the seats of the boat were placed to make rafters to support the sail when the pressure of heavy snow came on it, and on the top the sail was laid. Thus a room ten feet by twelve was formed, with two small openings three feet high by two wide, one leading into the store-yard, the other to the beach. Sailcloth was hung across these, both within and without. The first night the men grumbled at the cold, which, after the snug boat, was very great.

"The first snow storm will render all snug," Walton said, "and if I mistake not, we shall have it before morning."

The mate was right. In the morning the snow lay two feet deep on the ground. The men were for throwing this up against the wall of the hut.

"You can do that for to-day," Walton said, "but it will not do for the winter. We must heap snow together, trample it solid, then cut it into blocks, and regularly build them on each other, with a little water for cement. Now the great want is warm clothes. There are still some patches of open water outside the bay. We will divide in two parties. We have two harpoons and two lances. Let us take the four oars and the steering oar, shorten them a little with the axe, sharpen them and char the points in the fire. They will make very good spears. That will arm nine of us. Willy can take the axe. Let each party take a coil of rope. Halkit, you are the eldest of the party, so I shall appoint you second in command; you take charge of one division. Now let us eat a good meal and start in different directions. Let us meet here again at sunset."

Willy accompanied Walton's party, and when they reached the berg and caught sight of the open patch of water, several dark objects, which were at once pronounced to be seals, were seen near its edge.

"We must be as quiet as mice," Ben said, "for if we do not get between them and the water before they see us they will be in like a flash of lightning."

"There are three fellows there," Willy said, "farther from the water than the rest, and the floe is canted up high beyond them. I think we might work round behind it, so as to cut them off."

"I think we might, Willy; at any rate, we can try."

The distance was considerable, and the detour long; the ice, too, was very rough, and had to be traversed with care. It was three hours after they had first sighted the seals, before, working round behind the ridge of ice, they found themselves at the patch of water. As they appeared, there was an instantaneous movement on the part of the seals on all sides, and their bodies flopped into the water with wonderful rapidity. The sailors, however, rushed forward, and to their delight found that they had cut off the retreat of the three seals whom they had been specially stalking. The animals, which were of considerable size, were, however, scuttling rapidly along. The sailors attacked them with harpoons, lances, and pointed oars, Willy wielding his axe with effect. The largest of the three burst his way through, although severely wounded; but the other two, pierced through and through, fell and died, and a cheer arose from their conquerors.

"Here are materials for a couple of warm suits of clothes anyhow," Walton said, "to say nothing of the flesh, which will be an improvement on whale."

No time was lost in skinning the animals, whose skins, though far from being so soft as those used in commerce, had still a thick coat of fur, and would make capital winter garments.

One man took the two skins, which were as much as he could carry, while the other four loaded themselves with flesh.

It was of no use waiting for a chance of another catch, as it was certain that the seals, once frightened, would not return for hours. As they got within sight of the hut, they perceived the other party also approaching in the distance, and they, too, were also heavy laden. As they neared the house, Willy exclaimed—

"Walton, something has happened! the roof has fallen in!"

"By Jove! it must be bears at our storehouse. Run, Willy, and hurry the other party up. We shall want all our strength; for these fellows are no joke."

In ten minutes the whole party were united near the hut. The marks of bears' feet in the snow were clear, and it was evident that there were two of them. They had set to work to climb over the hut to get at the blubber in the store-yard, and the roof had of course given way with their weight.

"What do you say, Halkit? What is our best way of attacking them?"

"Well, Mr. Walton, two of them are over much for us ten. We could manage one well enough, but two of them is a risksome business."

"It is so, Halkit; but just look at the food; bear's flesh is as good as beef!"

The very thought made the men eager for attack; as the sight of their wrecked hut had inspired them with a desire for revenge.

"Should we try to use the wall of the house as a breastwork, and spear them as they try to get out?" Walton asked.

"No, sir, they'd knock that wall down as easy as look at it, and we should get mixed up and less likely to hold our own than if we were clear in the open."

"That is so," Walton said. "Now, lads, this is going to be no child's play. I, with the party who were with me, will take one bear; Halkit and his party the other. As they come out into the open, you and I, Halkit, will both harpoon our bears. Then we will each have a rope with a running noose, and as the bears rush on the men with the lances and spears—and mind, lads, you all stick together—we will get the noose over their heads, and haul away. Of course they could pull us along easy enough, but it will confuse and bother them, and they will most likely turn, then you go at them with the spears. Do you understand?"

All being prepared, Halkit and the mate approached the hut, and deep growls from the stone yard told that the bears were perfectly aware of the presence of their foes. Picking up lumps of rock, the sailors hurled them in the direction of the sounds. These grew more angry, and the two large white bears put their heads over the wall, and proceeded to climb over the ruins of the hut. As they reached the level surface, Mr. Walton and Halkit buried their harpoons deeply in their flanks. With fierce growls the bears turned upon them, but in an instant the assailants took refuge behind the men, who were drawn up a few paces off in two groups with their lances levelled. The bears, without a moments' hesitation, rushed at their enemies, and were received with thrusts of the lances and pointed oars, given with all the strength of the sailors. In another minute, Mr. Walton and Halkit, slipping behind the bears, dropped the noose over their necks, and hauled upon them with all their might. Astonished at the sudden choking sensation in their throats, each bear sat up and pawed at the unknown foe at the throat. The sailors seized the moment, and every weapon was thrust deeply into their bodies. With a sweep of their powerful paws, the bears broke short several of the weapons; but at Walton's orders, the men thus disarmed sprang to the ropes. The bears struggled hard, but their foes were too many for them. Again and again the lances were thrust into them. Willy, getting behind them, succeeded in ham stringing both with his axe. And at last, strangled and bleeding, they lay dead on the snow.

(To be continued.)

THE MARK OF HEROISM.

COMING into Washington, about the first man I chanced to meet was Senator Plumb, of Kansas. The senator's face is pitted from the effect of smallpox, though not to the extent of disfigurement. I will tell you how he came by these marks, and in doing so I will tell you a tale of rare heroism, as it was told me by an old Kansas man who was personally cognizant of the facts.

Many years ago, when Plumb had just come to Kansas, from Ohio and settled at Emporia, he was poor and struggling for a living, as were most of the other pioneers about him. One day he drove to Lawrence with a load of produce. On his way he stopped at a little town to feed his team, and while there he heard that some Ohio people had been there looking for a place to locate, and had passed on, leaving one of their number behind, who had been stricken down with smallpox. Some of the people had carried the sick man out of town to a shed, and left him there alone.

Plumb sent his load of produce on, and went to work to find some one to take care of the man if it was found that he was still alive. He found at last a man and his wife living some distance from there who had had the disease, and agreed to take the invalid for good pay. Plumb then could get no team with which to transfer the sick man, and finally, in desperation, seized one that was hitched in front of a store. He got away a short distance, when he was overtaken and the team taken away. Finally, after persistent effort and pleading, and bitter denunciation of the people, he obtained a team and drove to the shed and took the poor plague-stricken creature, dying alone of his disgusting disease, in his arms, and drove with him to the home selected. He left all the money he had, and promised more when he could get it—for the care of the man if he lived, and his burial if he died.

Then he went on down to Emporia and had the smallpox himself, and came very near giving his own life as the sacrifice for that of the poor stranger whose life he saved. That is the story of how Senator Plumb's face came to be pockmarked.

A STORY OF VAN BUREN.

JOHN VAN BUREN, who was in his day "the gentleman, the scholar and the humorist" of the Democratic party in the State of New York, used to tell many good stories, among them one of his own experience in the days when railroads were not quite so abundant as now.

He was traveling in a stage-coach out West, and, there being no other passenger inside at the time, he indulged in a cigar. By and by an old man came in, and after the lapse of a few moments Mr. Van Buren said: "Is smoke offensive to you, sir?" "Oh, no," said the old man, "I've been looking for a long time to see if I could find an infernal loafer who would puff his tobacco smoke in my face."

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

ATTORNEY—Miss Someage, you are the plaintiff in this breach of promise suit, I believe?

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Squint, here, is the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Someage, you may tell the court how and when he promised to make you his wife."

"It was on the third of last September, sir. I went into his photograph gallery and asked him if he would take me, and he said he would."

IT JUST FIT THE DOG.

IN a Sixth avenue street car filled with ladies a ninety-pound dude sat wedged in one corner. At Twenty-third street a fat woman, handsomely dressed, and with a little dog in her arms, got on. The little dude struggled to his feet and touched his hat politely, remarking facetiously: "Madam, will you take this seat?" The fat lady looked at the crevice he had left and thank him pleasantly. "You are very kind, sir," she said: "I think it will just fit the dog," and it did.

OLD OCEAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLES E. BOLTON.

Along the shore a little child
Upon her knees was playing;
Was laughing at the surges wild,
At what the waves were saying;
The breezes blew her golden hair,
And with her dress they bound her,
Her cheeks were one bright glow with salt sea air,
And there the ocean found her.

Old Father Sea came up the beach,
She quickly fled in laughter;
He slowly sank beyond her reach,
She followed quickly after;
And so upon the bright sea sands,
Old Ocean gave his greeting:
He, ever loving, held his hand,
She timid e'er retreating.

Footprints in the Forest.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXV.

LONE BEAR'S REVELATION.

WITHOUT hesitating a moment, the Pawnee made answer.

"Lone Bear speaks with a single tongue; he cannot tell where the pale faced warrior is."

It might have been supposed that the Indian was trying to mislead Deerfoot, but the latter saw his meaning, and understood that it was his anxiety to tell the actual truth which caused him to make answer as he did.

"How many suns ago did the Pawnee part with the pale face?"

Lone Bear showed he was thinking. His brow wrinkled and he seemed to be looking at something a mile behind the Shawanoe. Then he began counting on his fingers, like a child solving some simple problem in addition. Seeing that Deerfoot was watching him, he held up his left hand, with his fingers spread apart, and touched them one after the other with the forefinger of the right, until he had checked off four, thereby indicating that four days had elapsed since he had seen Otto Relstaub.

"What tribe bought him from the Pawnees?"

"The pale face went with no warriors."

"With whom did he go?"

"The pale face was in the woods alone."

This was astonishing information, for it implied that Otto, like Jack had managed to escape from his captors; such, however, was not the case.

Deerfoot repressed all sign of deep interest, as he plied Lone Bear with his questions.

"Did the pale face run away when the skies were dark or was it when the sun was in the sky?"

"The sun was so high that when Lone Bear walked in the clearing, it cast no shadow," replied the Pawnee, thereby signifying that Otto Relstaub disappeared at high noon. As it was clear that even the acute Deerfoot did not grasp the full story, Lone Bear attested his sincerity by adding:

"The youth whose face was pale, became ill; he could not walk: the Pawnees lingered hours, hunting and fishing; but his face was white like the snow; when he tried to rise, he fell down like a pappoose when its eyes first look on the day. Red Wolf raised his tomahawk to slay him, but Lone Bear stayed his arm. The Pawnees marched on and the pale face lay on the leaves, white and ready to die."

There at last was the practical solution of the mystery. The Pawnee had not bartered off Otto with any other tribe, but were journeying homeward with him when he fell ill. The captors had tarried near him for a time, but, instead of recovering, he had grown weaker, until one of the Indians proposed to end the trouble, by sinking his tomahawk in his brain. He had been prevented from doing so, and then the warriors had quietly moved on, leaving the poor youth to die alone unattended in the wilderness.

But had he in reality perished? That was the question which was to be answered, but, in order to do so, it was necessary to gain all the information he could from Lone Bear, who, in fact, was the only one that could give it. He, therefore, plied him with questions, until nothing more was left to tell. That which he related was pitiful indeed.

Without any sense of the pathetic side to the narrative, Lone Bear repeated his account of how, while they were moving at a leisurely pace, Otto fell ill. It happened to be late in the afternoon, and as the spot was favorable, the company went into camp. The poor fellow lay ill all night, and, on the morrow was so pale and weak, that his captors believed he could not live many hours. Still they stayed in the neighborhood until noon, when they finally abandoned him to his fate. Believing he would not survive more than a few hours, Lone Bear and another warrior placed his gun beside him, covered most of his body with leaves, laid his hat over his face, and composed his limbs, as if for the grave. Otto seemed about to go, and showed no interest in the last sad rites, his eyes being closed when they departed.

Having obtained the particulars of this remarkable occurrence, Deerfoot learned another surprising fact—the point where Otto was abandoned to die, instead of being a long distance to the east, was full three days' journey in the opposite direction. That is to say, the Pawnees, after parting with the lad, had doubled on their own trail and were now the distance named from where it was supposed he had died.

The cause for this retrogression was the innate love of migratory life which is characteristic of the American race. The Pawnee villages, as I have stated, lay a long ways to the north-west, but among the party which had been on the long tramp, was a strong minority in favor of moving their town to the neighborhood of the river, across which we have seen friends and foes pass so frequently. It abounded with game and plenty of water, numerous fish, and its surface was undulating enough to suit their fancy. All this, no doubt, could be found in other places nearer home, but the stretch of open land which followed one side of the stream for a considerable distance, it may be said, was the deciding inducement. It was the ideal of a site for an aboriginal metropolis, for there was just enough land to put under cultivation to meet their simple wants.

The attractions of the locality formed the principal theme of discussion, until, when three days' journey from the river, the minority had become the majority, and it was decided to return and make a more thorough examination of the neighborhood. They had been thus engaged, in their lazy fashion, for some time, when Deerfoot, Hayuta and Jack Carleton overtook them and the incidents, already told, followed.

When all this became known, the young Shawanoe felt that Lone Bear had nothing more to tell him. Otto Relstaub, if alive, was to be searched for many miles further toward the Rocky Mountains, though, if he was as ill as was represented, he must have succumbed long before.

While Deerfoot had no thought of disregarding his pledge to the Pawnee, he was too prudent to trust him further than was unavoidable. Should he hand him back his weapons, he might not attempt to injure him, but he would be likely to tell his comrades enough to lead them to do their utmost to thwart the purpose of Deerfoot and his friends.

"Let my brother listen," said the youth, stepping closer to him, as if to make his words more impressive, "when the sun is yonder" (pointing to the western horizon), "Lone Bear will come to this tree; he will look on the ground, and will draw the leaves aside: when he does so, he will find his rifle, his knife and his tomahawk; his brothers shall never know they have been grasped by the hand of Deerfoot."

There was a certain chivalry in this proceeding, for it gave to Lone Bear the means of rejoining his friends without the humiliating confession he would be obliged to make if he appeared unarmed; for he could invent no fiction that would wholly conceal the truth. All that he had to do was but keep out of sight until sunset, when he could make his way to the spot, recover his weapons and go back with a story of the long reconnoissance that had held him away much longer than was anticipated.

Lone Bear signified his appreciation of the regard shown him, and the Shawanoe strode off toward the main body of hostiles. He made no change in the route, until beyond sight of the Pawnee. Then he turned to the left, his course being part of the circumference of a large circle, until it brought him to the westward, or, as may be expressed, to the rear of the single enemy. Then he approached, at a slow gait, the large tree which had served him so well. As he expected, Lone Bear was not in sight.

Deerfoot smiled as he stepped to the spot, and, bending over, laid the captured weapons on the ground; then they were carefully covered with leaves, so as not to attract the notice of any one accidentally passing near. That done, he withdrew, the faint smile still playing around his mouth.

Having promised Lone Bear that his weapons should be given back to him in payment for his story (which the Shawanoe was satisfied was substantially accurate), the conscientious young warrior would not allow anything to prevent the fulfilment of his pledge; but, he expected that when sunset came, he would be many miles away, and it would be a grievous inconvenience to return. Much, therefore, was to be gained by this course. Again, Lone Bear, having no expectation that his property would be given up by the Shawanoe before the time he had set, would not be likely to go near the tree until the close of the day. Then, when he was armed again, it would be too late for him to work Deerfoot any ill. Possibly, however, he might take it into his head to return earlier; but the Shawanoe cared very little if he did, for even then he felt there was little, if any, cause for fear.

That which Deerfoot now wished to do was to proceed westward with the utmost speed. He had learned from Lone Bear a description of the camp where Otto was left, so that he was confident he could find it with little trouble. Although considerable time had passed, yet when such a party moved through the wilderness, they necessarily left a trail which could be followed a long time. Deerfoot was confident he and his friends could reach the spot in a couple of days, but his plan was that he should press on alone, leaving Hay-uta and Jack Carleton to follow at a pace more suitable to them. By putting forth his amazing speed, he knew that the three days' journey of the Pawnees, could be covered, without the slightest difficulty, between the rising and setting of a single sun.

Had he been alone, he would have crossed the river at once, and, by the time night was closing in, would have been many miles on his way; but the first step was to rejoin the Sauk and his young friend. A perfect understanding must exist between him and them, and that could be done only by a personal interview.

Furthermore, though a quiet seemed to hang over wood and river, it could not be doubted that Hay-uta and Jack were in considerable personal danger. They were on the same side of the stream with the hostiles who were actively hunting for them, and it would be no trifling matter to extricate themselves.

And again, Lone Bear would be sure to give a "pointer" to the rest of the warriors, by which they would suspect that the purpose of the little party was to push on and hunt for the boy that had been left alone to die in the woods. Thus, while Hay-uta and Jack were following their friend, the Pawnee would be trailing them and another curious complication of affairs was likely to result.

Deerfoot had seen enough, while along the river, to satisfy him that his friends were further down the stream than the hostiles whom they were seeking to avoid. His first step, therefore, was to circle to the left, so as to pass around the spot where he had seen them gather near their canoe. On his way, he discovered one of the scouts prowling through the wood; he easily avoided him and took care that his own presence was not suspected.

At the proper moment, he emitted the signal which in case the Sauk was listening, would be understood by him. It required great care, for, more than likely, some shrewd Pawnee would catch it up and turn it to account, as has been done times innumerable under similar circumstances.

There was no response and Deerfoot did not repeat it, until he had gone some distance further. Then the whistle was emitted in the same guarded manner, and almost immediately brought its reply. Fearful that the latter came from a foe, Deerfoot kept his position, and, with all his senses alert, indulging in some variations which were answered as only Hay-uta could answer them. All doubt being gone, Deerfoot now advanced unhesitatingly and a minute or two later was with his friends.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

THE faces of the Sauk and Jack Carleton lightened up, when Deerfoot noiselessly appeared, and warningly raised his finger for them to remain quiet. That he did not mean they were in imminent danger, was shown when he said, as he took each hand in turn:

"Deerfoot is glad to look upon his brothers."

"And we needn't tell you how glad we are to see you, old fellow," responded Jack, carefully modulating his voice to the same low key as that of the Shawanoe; "you were gone so long that we began to think we would have to hunt you up. Here, take these blamed things," he added, passing the bow and quiver to their owner; "I never was so glad to get rid of anything."

The lad had shoved the hat of Otto Relstaub under his coat, where he meant to keep it from the sight of the Shawanoe, until after hearing his story. The young warrior, convinced that no Indians were in the immediate vicinity, and that it would require an hour and probably more for the Pawnees to trace the little party, conversed quite freely.

The narrative, as may well be supposed, was one of transcendent interest to Jack Carleton, for it was the first definite knowledge obtained of his missing friend. The heart of the listener was filled with pitying sorrow when he learned how Otto had been left to die alone in the wilderness. Tears filled his eyes and his voice trembled, when he said:

"We know now that he was living a few days ago, but what hope is there that he has lasted this long? I am afraid that the most we can do is to give him burial—and we haven't the means to do even that very well."

The three seated themselves on the fallen tree, near which the hat was found, and talked as freely as though no hostile was within a hundred leagues of them. The Sauk had little to say, a few words between him and Deerfoot being sufficient. Then, as if to allow them to talk unreservedly (though, of course, he could not understand anything said), he walked a short distance away. He was just far enough removed to be visible to the two friends. His purpose was to mount guard while they conversed, though there was little need, for Deerfoot could never forget his vigilance.

When the touching story was ended, Jack looked at his friend and asked:

"Do you think he is dead?"

The young Shawanoe nodded his head.

"The Pawnees saw he was very ill; his face was like snow; he was weak; they laid his gun beside him and covered him with leaves."

"Why didn't they take the gun? It was worth considerable and the Indians hold such things in high value."

"When the Pawnees bury a warrior, they bury his weapons with him; they were afraid to take the gun; they covered his face with his hat——"

"Are you sure of that?" broke in Jack, with some excitement.

"Such were the words of Lone Bear who spoke with a single tongue."

"If they left Otto three days' journey away, with his hat lying on his face, I should like to know how it comes to be *here*."

And Jack drew the article from under his coat and handed it to Deerfoot. The latter did not conceal his astonishment, for he identified Otto's property at the first glance. He immediately asked his friend for the particulars, and received them.

Deerfoot's theory was overturned by this discovery, and it was beyond his power to explain the presence of the hat so far away from where the owner had been abandoned. It would naturally be supposed the discovery would throw discredit on the story told by Lone Bear, inasmuch as the two seemed irreconcilable; but such was not the case. Deerfoot did not doubt Lone Bear's words, and I make free to confess that to have subscribed to his doctrine proved that the vanquished Pawnee had not deviated from the truth in the slightest particular.

The active brain of the young Shawanoe grappled with the puzzling problem and he was still unable to solve it, when the faint report of a gun was heard, and the stars of himself and friends. It was so faint, indeed, that Jack Carleton just caught the sound, but it was as distinct to the warrior as if fired within a hundred yards.

I am aware that it sounds incredible when I state that the single report of the rifle, far away in the wilderness, so that it was softly borne through the many miles of intervening space, told the whole story to Deerfoot the Shawanoe; it solved the mystery; it made clear that which was hidden; he no longer saw through a glass darkly; the history of Otto Relstaub was as plain as if it had fallen from his own lips.

I repeat that it will seem incredible to the reader that such a thing could be true, but I shall soon make plain how it all come about.

The sound of the gun was from a point due south. Deerfoot, having fixed it clearly in his mind, said something in a low voice to the Sauk, who had turned his head and was looking as if he expected some summons. Then, rising to his feet, he addressed Jack:

"The night will soon come; we must make haste."

"Ain't you going to search the ground for Otto's trail?" asked Jack, who had hoped that the powerful eyes of Deerfoot would reveal to him that which was hidden from the Sauk.

"There is no trail there," replied the Shawanoe, glancing indifferently at the ground, and walking away with a stride which seemed reckless, when it is remembered that the Pawnees were comparatively near. In fact, the course of the three took them close to the war party, who were so clamorous for their scalps; but the task of flanking a company of hostiles was not difficult to Deerfoot. He let his friends know when the situation was delicate, and each used the utmost circumspection; but the young leader deviated so far to one side, that he soon placed them in the rear.

Nearly half the day remained and there was time to cover a great deal of ground. Deerfoot did not break into that loping trot, which he could maintain from sunrise to sunset, but his strides were so long and rapid that Jack was on the point more than once of being forced into a run.

The Shawanoe so shaped his course that he passed the tree, near which he had placed the rifle, tomahawk and knife of Lone Bear. A glance showed him they were still there, and he smiled in his shadowy way, but held his peace. He did not tell his friends the story, knowing the panic stricken Pawnee would not reclaim his weapons until the hour fixed—sunset.

Jack Carleton was well aware, from the manner of Deerfoot, that he was carrying out some extraordinary theory of his own, though the boy failed to connect it with that far away report of a rifle. He was far from suspecting the surprising truth. Nothing would have pleased him more than to have had the Shawanoe explain what line of policy he had adopted, but I have shown long ago, that Deerfoot was inclined to keep all such matters to himself, until their truth or falsity was established. Jack knew better than to seek to draw anything from him, and, inasmuch as he was equally reserved toward Hay-uta, the young Kentuckian could not feel that he had any ground for impatience.

It was noticeable that as they advanced, the ground became rough, broken and rocky. Traveling was difficult—that is to Jack Carleton—who bruised himself several times in his efforts to hold his own. He was on the point of protesting when, Deerfoot abruptly halted.

Hay-uta showed some signs of the severe strain to which he had been subjected. His chest rose and sank faster than usual, and his dusky countenance was slightly flushed. Jack's face was uglow; he breathed hard and fast, and felt as though he would like to sit down and rest a few hours. But Deerfoot was as serene and unruffled as if he had walked only a mile or two at a leisurely pace.

And yet a crisis was at hand. There was an indescribable something in the eyes and face of the Shawanoe which showed a consciousness that they were near the end; within the following few hours it would come.

Deerfoot pointed to a ridge which lay a short distance to the south. The top was rocky and precipitous, and the trees and vegetation were so scarce that the rugged baldness could be seen a long ways through the woods.

"The Sauk will hunt from *there* to *there*," said the Shawanoe, indicating a spot a quarter of a mile to the south, and pointing by the sweep of his arm to another almost opposite where they stood. "Deerfoot will hunt from *there* to *there*," he added, marking out a similar, though more extensive field, in the other direction.

"And what am *I* to do?" asked Jack, half amused and just a little provoked at what he knew was coming.

"My brother's legs are weary; they want rest; let him sit down and wait till Deerfoot and Hay-uta come back to him."

"The same old arrangement?" exclaimed the lad. "I would give considerable if some one would explain why in the mischief I was brought along with this party anyhow."

"My brother is gentle hearted; his voice is low and soft as that of the pappoose, when its laughs in its mother's eyes, his face is beautiful; the hearts of Hay-uta and Deerfoot are sad, but when they look into the face of their brother, their hearts become light and they feel strong."

This was the most extensive joke in the way of a remark that Deerfoot had ever been known to originate. Jack Carleton saw his slight smile and the twinkle of his black eyes; and knew he was quizzing him. Assuming a seriousness which deceived no one, the doughty Kentuckian deliberately leaned his gun against the nearest tree, pretended to roll up his sleeves, spat on his hands, rubbed them together, and advanced threateningly upon the Shawanoe. The latter feigned alarm, and, ducking his head, as if to dodge the threatened blow, ran away so swiftly that before Jack could take more than half a dozen steps in pursuit, he was out of sight.

Hay-uta could not be considered handsome, but the beaming smile which lit up his features made them interesting, to say the least. When he grinned he did so to the extent of his ability, which was considerable, in that direction.

But the Sauk had been assigned to an important duty, and the Shawanoe having departed, he did not linger. He waved a parting salute to Jack Carleton, who, a few minutes later, found himself alone, much the same as he had been left, when Shawanoe and Sauk crossed the river to reconnoitre the Pawnee camp.

"There's one thing certain," he said to himself, recalling the parallelism, "whatever happens, I won't be caught as I was then; I'm not going to climb a tree, and I mean to hold fast to my gun; but we have come so far from the river that we must be a long ways from that party of Pawnees, unless," he reflected, glancing to the rear, "they have struck our trail and have followed hard after us."

The possibility of such danger was not great, but Jack Carleton changed his position to one, where he could keep a better lookout, with less danger of discovery. He was sure his friends would not be absent a long time and he meant to avoid embarrassing their action.

"It was the sound of that gun which led Deerfoot to come all this ways. I wonder what it can mean.

Jack had got this far in his meditation, when he heard a footfall near him, and, just as he turned his head, a familiar voice called out:

"*Helloa, Shack, ish dot you?*"

(To be continued.)

FEATS OF AN EXPERT.

AFTER the races at a recent bicycle meet, Canary came on the track, radiant in a maroon velvet jacket and lavender tights. He showed some wonderful things that may be done with a bicycle. Before he got through with his exhibition, no one would have been surprised if he had thrown aside the wheel and ridden around on the air where it had been. His best feats were: Riding with small wheel off ground. Backing with small wheel off ground. Swinging in small circle on the big wheel only. Facing backward and riding forward. Standing up on saddle, the machine being still and balanced. Machine upside down, mount the big wheel, turn the small one over into place and start off. Removing the small wheel, ride the large one backward or forward. Lay handle bar on the ground, mount the big wheel, reach over and get the bar, and start off. He succeeded on the third trial and it was cheered.

Then he removed the handle bar, leaving only the big wheel which he rode. Next he removed the treadle from the big wheel, and, mounting, propelled it with his hands. Next he stood upright, hands in air, and rode the wheel. Then he brought out a common wagon wheel, placed his feet on the hub on either side and propelled it with his hands. He closed by laying the wheel flat on the ground, suddenly pulling it upright, springing on and riding away. This was loudly applauded.

PURE NUGGETS FROM TRUTH'S RICH MINE.

ABOUT the time a boy learns to smoke with ease and dignity, without the fear of a wrathy father before his eyes, he begins to wish he had never learned. If you doubt this assertion, boys, ask the gentlemen of your acquaintance who are given to the habit, and see if three-fourths of them won't vouch for the truth of it.

THE REGULAR WAY.

"Waiter, can you bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?"

"No, sah. We doesn't kill 'em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

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"MY."

BIG-FEELING people are not uncommon, but not all of them are as frank as the famous Russian Emperor Nicholas. He let his feelings loose in his speech. He used to say, "My climate, my snow, my thunderstorm." Looking out of his window on one occasion, he exclaimed: "My clouds are hanging very low this morning." Doubtless we all know some people who act as if they owned the world; perhaps they do not need to say "my."

A CONTRAST.

A SHORT time ago, the President of the United States was chronicled as out on a vacation trip. He went like any common citizen, carried his own fishing pole, camped out, and "roughed it" with the rest. This was so natural an event that few people gave it a second thought. Yet it was something astonishing when compared with the customs of foreign countries.

The Czar of Russia recently paid a visit to the Emperor of Austria. During his passage through Austrian towns he was guarded by a troop of cavalry. When he showed himself in public, he was surrounded by a cluster of bayonets, and by his side crouched a hugh mastiff, trained as a body guard. Some day, when Russia permits equal rights to all, as we do in this country, such a contrast will not be possible.

LUCK AND PLUCK.

WHEN an insect collector swoops his net at a fine butterfly, stubs his toe and tumbles headlong into a swamp hole, he is accustomed to remark, "Confound the luck." Perhaps an element of luck does enter into human affairs now and then. Yet there is usually some other cause than luck for fortune or misfortune. The butterfly collector, for example, was somewhat careless in his haste.

Many people go through life with the idea that they are somehow dependent upon luck for success. This is a baneful notion to get into anybody's brain. An old proverb says that "a pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck," and that is just about the truth of it. People who keep their front doors open for luck to enter, would do better to take pluck for companion and fall to digging in the back yard.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

SOMETIMES very unjust things are done under cover of law, and there is always great rejoicing when a legal oppressor is baffled. The story of Shylock and his pound of flesh has given birth to proverbs hitting at the greed of money lenders. A case of the same sort recently happened in England, where there are no usury laws.

It seems that a poor man borrowed the sum of one hundred dollars. His creditor took advantage of his distress, and charged him one hundred and thirty per cent. for his loan. The man failed, could not pay, and asked for time to redeem his bond. The Shylock sued him, and the magistrate could not deny the soundness of his claim. But the judge had some of King Solomon's wit about him, for he gave judgement that the debt should be paid by instalments of twelve cents a month.

A little calculation will show that, at this rate, the usurer would have to wait about seventy years for his principal. Besides that, the interest and costs of suit would require ten years more. Supposing the money lender to be forty-five years old, he would be one hundred and twenty-five before the unjust debt was settled. Such a piece of judicial equity as this is refreshing.

THE ART OF WHISTLING.

THERE are a great many whistlers in the world, but, unluckily, only few good ones. Whistling seems to be a gift, rather than an acquirement, like poetical genius and the canker rash. We are not sure that it is not one of the punishments of the sons of Adam for that apple transaction. And yet it is pleasant to listen to a good whistler, from a safe distance. The whistler himself seems usually to be the most amused member of the audience. And, since this is so, it is strange that he is rarely content to whistle to himself, in the barn loft for instance, but breaks out with the greatest enthusiasm right among folks who want to talk or read or, perhaps, sleep. In view of this fact, we venture to urge young whistlers to reform their methods of practice.

It is said to be true that the best whistling is developed in solitude. We have an idea that the most exact performers perfected their gift in the Desert of Sahara. There is a youth in the next room as we write, to whom we beg the ARGOSY to present a through ticket to the sequestered spot. He whistles himself out of bed in the morning, whistles his dinner down, and when his mouth is full he hums. He was on a railway car the other day, and drove a nervous invalid nearly distracted by his constant hum and buzz. After this had gone on for some time, he began to whistle "I wish I were a bird." His testy neighbor had reached the end of his endurance, and broke in, "I wish to goodness you were a bird young man; and wouldn't I wring your confounded neck."

MORAL: There is time to whistle, and there are other times.

YOUNG INVENTORS.

OF course we cannot expect boys to do the work of men, or to exhibit those qualities of the mind which are best developed by years of study. Yet there have been many cases of wonderful genius in youth. Among the useful inventions several have been made by boys. The valve motion of the steam engine was the discovery of a playful and ingenious lad, Humphrey Potter. He was employed to work the valves of a large steam engine at a mine. It was hard labor, but it kept him on the alert, and his wits led him to a scheme for relief.

One day the foreman discovered the youngster playing marbles, while the engine was working away on its own hook quite correctly. His curiosity was excited, and he found that the boy had simply attached a strong cord to the valve lever and made it fast to another part of the engine, so that the machinery regulated itself. This idea was at once put into practical shape, as we see it to-day.

The power loom was invented by a farmer's boy, who whittled out the model with his jack-knife. His father was enraged at what he called a waste of time, and kicked the model to bits. Shortly afterwards the lad was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and in his leisure hours he reconstructed his loom from the fragments of the first model. He showed it to his master, who had a loom built under the boy's supervision. It worked perfectly, and the blacksmith furnished capital to manufacture the new machine, the venture proving a profitable one for both of them.

OLD SCHOOL FLOGGINGS.

SOME of our youngsters may thank their stars that they did not live in the era of the flogging schoolmasters, a half century, more or less, ago. There are many Bostonians of mature years, we may venture to say, who would instinctively rub their palms did they hear the name of Barnum Field. Several others of the old grammar-school masters have a similar record for the use of the rod—far better remembered than their expertness in geography or compound fractions.

Some of the former English masters also have a prodigious reputation of this sort. Dr. Keats, master at Eton over half a century ago, was a colossus of the ferrule. He once had seventy boys at a time on the flogging books, for skipping a penalty imposed upon them. The young scamps resolved to stand by each other and refuse to be ferruled. The alternative was expulsion, and the boys felt secure in the strength of their numbers. But Dr. Keats was equal to the occasion. He allowed the culprits to go peacefully to bed, and about ten o'clock at night he had the sub-masters bring out their boys in squads, so that there was no chance for combined action. When the seventy compared notes the next morning, they found that all had "been there."

It was said of Dr. Keats that he would never hear a word of excuse when a boy's name was on the books. Consequently he once flogged a dozen innocent lads who were sent up to be prepared for confirmation, but who had been unluckily enlisted on the wrong paper. It is a curious fact, but the boys of those days used to brag of their floggings—that is, after they got over the smart. Yet the majority claimed to have been benefited by the experience.

EDWIN L. DRAKE,

Who Sank the First Pipe for Oil.

THE life of Edwin L. Drake presents two peculiar features. First, it shows how a man who is capable of good things can drift about unconscious of what is really in him, or ignorant of the field peculiar to his talents; and, second, how one who has achieved things that have made his name worthy of a place on the broad arch of history can go down to the grave in poverty, leaving the world possessed of the valuable fruits of his genius or his discoveries.

There is probably no one who does not know what a great boon the world found when the value of the petroleum fields of this country was learned and came to be appreciated, and when the means was found to open the way to Nature's lavish supply.

In remote times, the Indians were acquainted with the medicinal value of the oily scum floating on the marshes and streams of what is now the oil region in Pennsylvania. They collected this oil by laying their blankets on the water and then wringing out the oil they had absorbed. It was not long before the early settlers from Europe learned the same secret, and they collected it, too, by means of blankets and cloths, or by digging pits into which the oil exuded, forming pools. As a remedial agent it was considered very valuable, and, sold under the name of Seneca Oil, it fetched a high price.

The process of digging pits, or, at best, deep wells, was employed for many years to procure the oil. When people discovered that it was valuable for lighting and in other ways, the necessity for an easier and more speedy process of collecting it was apparent to some. It was for "Colonel" Drake to find out how to do this.

Edwin L. Drake was born in Greenville, Green county, N. Y., on March 29, 1819. The Drakes were a family of farmers, well-to-do and intelligent. Edwin was the elder of the two children, boys. The family removed to Castleton, Vermont, in 1827, and Edwin went to school there. His schooling ended when he had gone through the common school. At nineteen years of age he left home to seek a fortune in the West (in those days it was the Great West and the Wild West), but when as far as Buffalo, N. Y., he took a clerkship on a lake steamer plying between Buffalo and Detroit, and spent the season thus. When the steamers were laid up at the close of the season, young Drake went on to an uncle living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and worked for his relatives on the farm.

Later, he became a clerk in a hotel in Tecumseh, Michigan, and then, returning to the East to visit his parents, he decided to remain there.

At New Haven, Connecticut, he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and then found a position of the same kind in New York City. While there, he married a lady of Springfield, Massachusetts, and as she fell ill very soon, he took her back to her home in New England, in the hope of benefiting her by the change. He then procured employment as an express agent on the Albany and Boston railroad; leaving this he became a conductor on the New York and New Haven road and remained in that position for ten years.

Before these ten years had passed he had become a widower, and had buried two out of three children born to him. He had also met a banker of New Haven, who had talked to Drake about oil, and had induced him to invest two hundred dollars in shares of the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company." His attention became interested in the place where his money was, and the idea of the development of the oil industry took a strong hold on him.

In 1857, Mr. Drake married again, and, his health failing, he concluded to give up his position and seek a change of scene. He naturally decided to go to the oil country and look after his interests there. Returning home, the banker who had induced him to invest, James M. Townsend by name, and President of the board of directors of the oil company, engaged Mr. Drake to go to their place in Venango County, Pennsylvania, to see what could be done in developing the petroleum production.

In December, 1857, Mr. Drake arrived at Titusville, Pennsylvania, the scene of operations, behind the dashboard of the wagon that brought the mails over to the busy little place from Erie.

Mr. Drake first attended to some legal business connected with the securing of the lease of the land, some one hundred and five acres, in Cherry township, Venango County, at the junction of Oil and Pine Creeks. Then he looked around, and, returning to New Haven to report, laid before the company an enthusiastic account of what he hoped to achieve.

Dissentions having arisen among the stockholders, the fee of the land was conveyed to George H. Bissel and Jonathan G. Evelett, for five thousand dollars and a new "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company," afterward the "Seneca Oil Company" was founded.

Mr. Drake went back to the oil region in the employ of the company in 1858, commissioned to improve the process of getting at the oil, and employed at a salary of one thousand dollars a year. He was to drill a deep well and was furnished one thousand dollars for the expenses of the work.

Mr. Drake took his family with him and settled them comfortably. Then he put the old works—the oil pits—in operation again. Then he set about digging the oil well.

He conceived the idea of boring an artesian well through the rock until he should strike oil.

He procured timber for his derrick, and tools and machinery for boring. Then difficulties began. He was considered crazy, by the people down there, with his crochets and newfangled notions, and he met with opposition and discouragement enough to make him crazy in truth. Work was not found possible until June, 1859, when he had procured a man named William Smith and his two sons from the salt fields near Pittsburg, who went to work in a decent spirit.

Now these men had to get through the upper layer of earth before they got to rock, and they began to dig a big hole to reach that same rock. But the water came in and filled up the hole, and as they pumped it out, it came in just as fast as it went out. That settled it. The earth could not be gotten through in that way.

Puzzling his brains to find a way to get over this difficulty, Mr. Drake struck the happy thought of driving a pipe down through the dirt until rock was reached, and then sinking the drill down through the pipe to bore through the rock. This was successfully accomplished: the water difficulty was thus surmounted; slowly the rock was penetrated until the drill suddenly sank, and the oil welled up the pipe. Colonel Drake should have procured a patent for this process, worth a good many fortunes, but he didn't.

The news of the success of the plan created great excitement. A pump was rigged up and the company that had refused Mr. Drake money for the necessary expenses which exceeded the allowance of $1,000, was now producing twenty-five barrels of oil a day. Mr. Drake soon settled down as a justice of the peace and made considerable money in drawing up oil leases. Leaving the oil region for good in 1863, with some twenty thousand dollars, he settled New York City, and, going into Wall Street, lost all he had in ruinous speculations. His health, never good, gave way entirely, and he was so reduced in circumstances that his wife had to ply her needle to support the family.

An old friend meeting "Colonel" Drake was touched by his misfortune, and, besides helping his friend on the spot, he organized a subscription list in Titusville and raised four thousand two hundred dollars for the oil pioneer.

In 1863 the Legislature of Pennsylvania granted Mr. Drake a life pension of $1,500. He died on November 9, 1881, in Bethlehem, Pa. The people of the oil region are now trying to raise $5,000 for a monument at Titusville to Mr. Drake to perpetuate the memory of his enterprise and ingenuity in developing the industry in those parts.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THE PASSING MOMENT.

SEEK not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moments all our store;
The next, should heaven allow.
Then this will be no more;
So all our life is but one instant now.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

LET friendship gently creep to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

IT is no help to a sailor to see a flash of light across a darkness, if he does not instantly steer accordingly.

IN studying character, do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

THE seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

KEEP your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.

BE pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

IT is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.

IT is good for us to think no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.

OLD age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.

IN fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve
As that abominable tittle-tattle
Which is the cud eschewed by human cattle.

STORIES heard at mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

THE man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

A LITTLE CULPRIT.

"Oh, fie. The sad thing I have heard!
A most astounding rumor.
Just brought me by a little bird,
Has quite spoiled my good-humor!
A deed that has no proper name,
And in a place secluded!
Oh, Mary, I should die with shame
To do the thing that you did!"
"Aunt, can you mean that stupid tale
Of what I said to Charley,
Because the poor boy looked so pale
When I met him in the barley?
What happened there is simply this—
And let them make the best of it—
I gave him scarcely half a kiss,
And he gave me the rest of it!"

FRESH AIR.

For those boys and girls who have always lived in the country, far away from the smoky and crowded cities, it will be hardly possible to imagine the degree of squalor and confinement endured by their fellow children of the city tenement-house districts. For comfortable farm houses, they have one or two small rooms in which the family eat and sleep, cook and wash; for the hayloft playroom, they have the dark and dirty corridors and stairways; for green fields, the filthy streets and gutters. As for the country, they do not know what it is.

In 1877, Mr. Willard Parsons, now of the New York *Tribune*, made the experiment of obtaining free summer board in the country for tenement house children, and he invited subscriptions of money to pay for their transportation to and from the city. The idea was a success from the first, and the experiment, under the name of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, has developed into one of the great charities of New York City.

Mr. Parsons, in his breezy room in the *Tribune* building, some eight stories above the street, manages the great work. Some community in the country signifies a willingness to receive a party of children. A local committee is appointed, and each person willing to board one or more children, for two weeks free of charge, signifies to the committee the number of children that can be accommodated. People of all degrees join in the reception of these little guests. The movement is not confined to one town, but a list of houses in many neighboring villages is made up until accommodation is provided for two hundred or more children. Meanwhile, the manager has been in communication with numerous clergymen, churches, Sunday schools and charity organizations of New York, and from them has received lists of such children as they think in greatest need of a two weeks' roll in the hay.

POOR CHILDREN OF NEW YORK ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

These children are invited to take the trip, and on an appointed day the whole party starts together. Arriving at their destination, they are assigned to the various houses, and what follows for two short, happy weeks may be inferred from our engraving.

As a supplement to this work, daily excursions are organized by which some hundreds of poor children are permitted a day in some grove in the neighborhood of the city or at the sea shore.

It will seem strange to our farmer reader that many of these little children cannot conceive what the country is. A little bit of park fenced around with an iron railing is the nearest thing to the country they have ever seen.

"What street is the country in?" asked one poor little weakling, as a party started on one of these country visits. The leader of the party tried to explain, but it was beyond the little one's imagination.

The management of the fund is as economical as it is possible to be. There is no office rent to pay, no salary for the manager, no money compensation to the many ladies and gentlemen who escort the children. No advertising is done, excepting such as is obtained from the accounts of the excursions published in the daily papers as items of news. The only expense of any importance is the transportation of the children by railroad or by boat, and in such cases greatly reduced rates are obtained.

The money is obtained by voluntary subscription, and the interest taken in this matter by little children is surprising. Many favored little ones save their pennies from month to month, and then send them in to swell the fund. Or, a number of little friends hold a fair and contribute the proceeds to give enjoyment and health-giving air to their poor brothers and sisters of the city.

From all sorts and conditions of people the money flows in, and some $80,000 have been received and expended since the foundation of the work. $20,808.31 were received last season and with the exception of a small balance, it was all expended during the months of July and August to the benefit of thousands of little ones.

It is notable that people, in signifying their willingness to board the children for the two weeks, as a rule, ask for girls, so that the boys number about one, to every three girls. You see, the boys are more harum-scarum than the girls, and cause rather more trouble to the quiet folks whose guests they are, although it is seldom the young scamps commit any very serious pranks. It is frequently the case that a child behaves so well and becomes so endeared to the kind folks of a house that the people write to the Fund to send the same child again during the following summer, and in this way some thousand children can yearly visit kind friends in the country, and leave for a while the dirt and noise of the big city.

We do not doubt that some of our readers will take this matter to heart and send their mites to swell the fund. There is no standard by which we can measure the intense delight afforded the children by these holidays among the fields and in the woods, unless it be by the extreme contrast between the life and surrounding of those two happy weeks on the one hand, and the spectacle of their quarters during the remainder of the year.

As an example, which holds true for nearly all of these children, one little fellow being shown the soft clean bed in which he was to rest at a farmhouse, asked with surprise, "Have I got to sleep in that lay-out?"

HUMOROUS ELEPHANTS.

A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants in undress, says an old newspaper correspondent, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line giving one to each; when I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began *de nova* as before.

Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focussed on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and smacked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing.

READY WIT.

The place was the old Warsaw camp ground in Milton county, Ga. The time recently. A large and seriously attentive congregation had assembled for the night service, the negroes in the rear of the pulpit, as was the custom in those days before the war. The preacher a talented young man, at that time stationed in Marietta. He had reached a point in his sermon at which he held the almost undivided attention of the vast audience, and perfect quiet reigned. Just at this moment, when the interest was most intense, an old negro woman hopped over into the altar, right in front of the preacher, and shrilly cried out: "Hallelujah! the judgment day am come." Her joyful exclamation caused the crowd to look out from under the arbor, and, sure enough, there was a striking and magnificent spectacle.

The northern heavens were lit up by a gorgeous aurora. Not many in that crowd understood the phenomenon, which, in fact, is rarely observable from Southern latitudes. And, not understanding, many concluded that the old Auntie's explanation was the true one. "Ah! then there was hurrying to, and gathering tears, and trembling of distress." Indeed, so great was the commotion that there was imminent danger of a stampede and that somebody would be crushed in the swaying crowd.

It was at this crisis a preacher well known in after years to Methodist circles, tall, angular, red-headed, with the voice of a Stentor, ran out and mounted a convenient stump. "Be calm, my friends," he shouted, "be calm. This is not the judgment day, for how could the judgment day come in the night?" The incongruity struck the people with soothing force, their fears subsided, the preacher finished his sermon and "order reign in Warsaw."

MOSES DID NOT DIE.

Dr. Hauffe, the celebrated physician of Vienna, one day received a telegram from Cracow requesting him to repair thither with all possible haste, as Moses Abrahamson was very ill and required advice. This Moses was known to be one of the richest men of his tribe. The doctor, who had an enormous practice, and was very busy at the time, wired back:

"My fee will be 2,000 florins."

A second dispatch urged him to come without delay, but added that he might surely do it for less.

"Not a kreutzer less than 2,000 florins," was the reply from Vienna, whereupon a final telegram came to hand directing him to start at once.

It was in the depth of winter and bitterly cold, so that the medical man was anything but pleased at the prospect of the long journey. But what was his disgust on being met at the Cracow railway station by a deputation of long-coated Polish Jews, bringing the tidings that he came too late, as Moses Abrahamson had died a few hours before. As there was no train back to Vienna that day, he was perforce compelled to put up for the night at a hotel. Meanwhile the news of the great doctor's arrival spread through the town, that sick people of every description, both Jews and Christians, beseiged his door. So many afflicted persons touched his compassionate heart, and he freely gave them the advice they needed. When at last he got to the station and was about to step into the carriage, a Polish Jew came sliding up to him with a knowing smile on his face and whispered in his ear:

"I say, doctor, I only want to tell you that Moses Abrahamson isn't dead. Not a bit of it; he was among those patients whom you cured for nothing."

TWO METHODIST STORIES.

There is a very jolly member of one of the leading Methodist Episcopal churches in Detroit, who loves a good joke next to the Lord. Over his after-dinner pipe recently he entertained a party of young friends with anecdote and reminiscence as only he can entertain those whom he is fond of.

"One of the best things I remember," said he, "happened in our church a number of years ago. A favorite pastor (now a presiding elder in one of the districts of this conference), was and still is one of the most fervent lovers of the Lord that I ever met. On one occasion we had some Eastern bright-light in our pulpit for the day. The church was packed, and Dr. Blank, our own pastor, democratically planked himself down on one of the steps of the altar. The visiting dignitary was a preacher of mighty eloquence, and every little while Dr. Blank, who was filled to the brim with the Holy Spirit, would exclaim with characteristic fervor, '*Amen!*' In order to make the point of this story obvious it is necessary to explain that the doctor's mind, although eminently a sound one, moved, well, a little leisurely, we will say, so that he was sometimes a neck behind in a race with the nub of a story.

"On this occasion it was evident that the preacher of the day had wrought him up to concert pitch, and his hearty amens were heard pretty often. When the peroration was reached the dear, good soul was fairly ecstatic, and we who knew him well were listening with all our ears to hear his final amen, at the instant of the climax. The preacher got a little away from him in spite of his rapt attention, and had just spoken the lead to the tag, so to say—'another word and I have done'—when Dr. Blank shouted with extremest unction: '*A-men!*'

"That," said the narrator, "reminds me of another. A few days, or weeks, or months, or years ago, one of our members, a leading and wealthy manufacturer here in Detroit, was chairman at some kind of a church gathering. He is an admirable man for such duties and we were having a real treat in watching his clever way of conducting the meeting. Finally he broke off in what he was saying to explain his monopoly of the chair, and this is how he did it:

"Brethren and sisters, I expected that Brother So-and-So (mentioning the name of a minister high up in Methodist councils) would be here to address you this evening; but providentially, he was detained elsewhere."

MUSICAL NEGROES.

For several days past there has been a remarkable family of negroes in Atlanta. Their name is Williamson, and they came from Williamson county, North Carolina. There are three brothers and four sisters, all of whom have been totally blind from their birth. They are the children of black parents who were slaves and ordinary field hands. Unto them were born fourteen children, seven of whom had sight while seven were blind. The blind children were not only hardier and healthier, but their mental endowments are superior to those of their brothers and sisters who could see. Then went to Raleigh to the State blind asylum and were there well educated. Every one of them developed a remarkable talent for music, and on leaving the asylum they organized themselves into a concert company, and began to travel through the South. The oldest brother married a smart negro woman, who acts as guide and business manager of the party. They have been all over the South giving entertainments, which have paid them handsomely. They sing and play on various instruments with remarkable skill. All of them have good voices, which have been well trained.

Their most remarkable performances are the exhibitions of their powers of mimicry. They imitate a brass band so perfectly that a person outside the hall in which they are humming would almost invariably be deceived. Their imitation of the organ is equally perfect. Each of the singers makes a peculiar noise and carries his or her own part of the performance, and the combined result is a deep music, very like to the pealing of a grand organ. These are two of their many tricks. They are constantly adding to their repertoire and perfecting themselves more and more in their curious arts. They have educated the sense of touch to a very remarkable degree. By feeling of a person's face and head they can give an accurate description of his or her appearance; and one of the sisters claims that she can tell the color of the hair by touching it.

The seven will stand with joined hands and any object can be placed in the hands of the oldest brother at the end of the line; while he holds it he claims that the magnetic current which passes through the entire line will enable any one of his brothers and sisters to tell what he has in his hand. At any rate some remarkable guesses of this kind are made.

The blind negroes have given a series of entertainments in various negro churches in the city, and have created a great sensation among the colored population. It is said that they take good care of their aged parents, who still reside on the old homestead in North Carolina, in the same cabin where they lived as slaves, and where their fourteen children were born. The blind singers have bought the place and presented it to their parents. The brothers and the wife of the eldest manage the financial affairs of the combination so successfully, that they have accumulated a snug property.

The oldest brother is about twenty-eight, and the youngest sister about sixteen years old. Various efforts have been made by professional managers to secure the control of this remarkable family, but they prefer to take care of their own affairs. They are all intelligent and remarkably well posted on matters in general.

AND THEN HE STOPPED TALKING.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Swell to a friend, with whom he was holding a heated argument. "I beg your pardon sir; I ought to understand this matter better than you. I am a graduate of two colleges, sir."

"You remind me," replied his friend, "very much of a calf my father used to own who had the milk from two cows."

"Why, how was that?"

"He was a very large calf."

HARMONY.

THE rose said to the lily: "Thou must bow
Thyself in holy reverence to me;
For it is I, about whose scented brow
The purest love is twined so graciously."
The lily said: "To me is beauty given—
Love's shine altar, innocence my shrine—
Death stole my blush, and adding it to thine,
Hath fitted thee for earth, and me for heaven."
The poet said: "Sweet sisters, oh, be still;
To each of ye was given a separate birth,
To each a separate and an envied worth.
Then bloom both rose and lily; bloom and fill
The air with all your purity and love;
Earth's harmony, oh, rose, fair lily, life above."

FACING PERIL.

A TALE OF THE COAL MINES.

By G. A. HENTY.

CHAPTER XII.

"It's one of two things," Mr. Hardinge said; "either the fire has spread to the upper workings, some powder bags have exploded, and the shock has brought down the dividing wall, in which case the powder smoke might possibly find its way out when the water from the Logan drained in; or else, in some miraculous way some of the men have made their escape, and are letting off powder to call our attention. At any rate let us drop a small stone or two down. If any one be below, he will know he is noticed." Then he turned to the miners standing round: "I want the pulley and the rope that we were using at the Vaughan, and that small cage that was put together to work with it. I want two or three strong poles, to form a tripod over the pit here, and a few long planks to make a stage."

Fifty willing hands hurried off to fetch the required materials.

"The smoke is getting thinner, a good deal," one of the managers said. "Now if you'll hold me, I will give a shout down."

The mouth of the pit was surrounded by a wooden fencing, to prevent any one from falling down it. The speaker got over this and lay down on his face, working nearer to the edge, which sloped dangerously down, while others, following in the same way, held his legs, and were in their turn held by others. When his head and shoulders were fairly over the pit, he gave a loud shout.

There was a death-like silence on the part of the crowd standing round, and all of those close could hear a faint murmur come from below.

Then arose a cheer, echoed again and again, and then half a dozen fleet-footed boys started for Stokebridge with the news that some of the imprisoned pitmen were below.

Mr. Hardinge wrote on a piece of paper, "Keep up your courage; in an hour's time the cage will come down;" wrapped it round a stone, and dropped it down. A messenger was despatched to the Vaughan for the police stationed there to come up at once to keep back the excited crowd, and with orders that the stretchers and blankets in readiness should be brought on; while another went to Stokebridge for a surgeon and for a supply of wine, brandy, and food, and two or three vehicles. No sooner were the men off than Mr. Hardinge said, in a loud tone,—

"Every moment must be of consequence; they must be starving. Will any one here who has food, give it for them?"

The word was passed through the crowd, and a score of baskets were at once offered. Filling one of them full with sandwiches from the rest, Mr. Hardinge tied the lid securely on, and threw it down the shaft. "There is no fear of their standing under the shaft," he said; "they will know we shall be working here, and that stones might fall."

In less than an hour, thanks to the willing work of many hands, a platform was constructed across the mouth of the Logan shaft, and a tripod of strong poles fixed in its place. The police kept the crowd, by this time very many thousands strong, back in a wide circle round the shaft, none being allowed inside save those who had relatives in the Vaughan. These were women, who had, on hearing the news, rushed wildly up without bonnets, just as they were when the report that there were yet some survivors of the explosion, reached them. At full speed they had hurried along the road—some pale and still despairing, refusing to allow hope to rise again, but unable to stay away from the fatal pit; others crying as they ran; some even laughing in hysterical excitement. Most excited, because most hopeful, were those whose husbands had worked in the old workings, for it had from the first been believed that while all in the main workings were probably killed at once by the first explosion, those in the old workings might have survived for days.

Jane Haden walked steadily along the road, accompanied by Harry Shepherd, who had brought her the news.

"I will go," she said, "but it is of no use; they are both gone, and I shall never see them again."

Then she had put on her bonnet and shawl, deliberately and slowly, and had started at her ordinary pace, protesting all along against its being supposed that she entertained the slightest hope; but when she neared the spot, her quivering lips and twitching fingers belied her words. Harry made a way for her through the outside circle of spectators, and when she saw that Mr. Hardinge and two other managers were taking their places in the cage, she sat down on a block of broken brickwork and laid her face in her hands.

A smaller circle, of some thirty yards in diameter, was kept round the shaft, and within this only those directing the operations were allowed to enter. The rope was held by twenty men, who at first stood at its full length from the shaft, and advanced at a walk towards it, thus allowing the cage to descend steadily and easily, without jerks. As they came close to the shaft the signal rope was shaken; another step or two taken, and the rope was seen to sway slightly. The cage was at the bottom of the shaft. Three minutes' pause, the signal rope shook, and the men with the end of the rope, started again to walk from the shaft.

As they increased their distance, the excitement in the great crowd grew; and when the cage showed above the surface, and it was seen that it contained three miners, a hoarse cheer arose. The men were assisted from the cage, and surrounded for a moment by those in authority; and one of the head men raised his hand for silence, and then shouted:

"Mr. Brooks and twenty others are saved!" an announcement which was received with another and even more hearty cheer.

Passing on, the rescued men moved forward to where the women stood, anxiously gazing. Blackened as they were with coal dust, they were recognizable, and with wild screams of joy three women burst from the rest, and threw themselves in their arms. But only for a moment could they indulge in this burst of happiness, for the other women crowded round.

"Who is alive? For God's sake tell us who is alive?"

Then one by one the names were told, each greet with cries of joy, till the last name was spoken; and then came a burst of wailing and lamentation from those who had listened in vain for the names of those they loved.

Jane Haden had not risen from her seat, nor approached the rescued men.

"No, no!" she said to Harry; "I will not hope! I will not hope!" and while Harry moved closer to the group, to hear the names of the saved, she sat with her face buried in her lap.

The very first names were those of Jack Simpson and Bill Haden, and with a shout of joy he rushed back. The step told its tale, and Jane Haden looked up, rose as if with a hidden spring, and looked at him.

"Both saved!" he exclaimed; and with a strange cry Jane Haden swayed, and fell insensible.

An hour later, and the last survivor of those who were below in the Vaughan pit, stood on the surface, the last cage load being Mr. Brooks, Jack Simpson, and Mr. Hardinge. By this time the mourners had left the scene, and there was nothing to check the delight felt at the recovery from the tomb, as it was considered, of so many of those deemed lost.

When Mr. Brooks—who was a popular employer, and whose popularity was now increased by his having, although involuntarily, shared the dangers of his men—stepped from the cage, the enthusiasm was tremendous. The crowd broke the cordon of police, and rushed forward, cheering loudly. Mr. Hardinge, after a minute or two, held up his hand for silence, and helped Mr. Brooks on to a heap of stones. Although Mr. Brooks, as well as the rest, had already recovered much, thanks to the basket of food thrown down to them, and to the supply of weak brandy and water, and of soup, which those who had first descended had carried with them, he was yet so weakened by his long fast that he was unable to speak. He could only wave his hand in token of his thanks, and sobs of emotion choked his words. Mr. Hardinge, however, who had, during the hour below, learned all that had taken place, and had spoken for some time apart with Mr. Brooks, now stood up beside him.

"My friends," he said in a loud clear voice, which was heard over the whole crowd, "Mr. Brooks is too much shaken by what he has gone through to speak, but he desires me to thank you most heartily in his name, for your kind greeting. He wishes to say that, under God, his life, and the lives of those with him, have been saved by the skill, courage and science of his under viewer, Jack Simpson. Mr. Brooks has consulted me on the subject, and I thoroughly agree with what he intends to do, and can certify to Jack Simpson's ability, young as he is, to fill any post to which he may be appointed. In a short time, I hope that the Vaughan pit will be pumped out and at work again, and when it is, Jack Simpson will be its manager!"

The story of the escape from death had already been told briefly by the miners as they came to the surface, and had passed from mouth to mouth among the crowd, and Mr. Hardinge's announcement was greeted with a storm of enthusiasm. Jack was seized by a score of sturdy pitmen, and would have been carried in triumph, were it not that the startling announcement, coming after such a long and intense strain, proved too much for him, and he fainted in the arms of his admirers.

It is twelve years later. Jack Simpson is now part proprietor of the Vaughan pit, and is the real manager, although he has a nominal manager under him. He cannot, however, be always on the spot, as he lives near Birmingham, and is one of the greatest authorities on mining, and the first consulting engineer in the Black Country.

Dinner is over, and he is sitting in the garden, surrounded by those he most cares for in the world. It is the 1st of May, a day upon which a small party always assemble at his house. By his side is his wife, married to him ten years ago. In the chair beyond her sits Mr. Brooks. On Jack's other hand sits an artist, bearing one of the most honored names in England, and whose health Jack always proposes at this dinner as "the founder of his future." Next to him sits Mrs. Simpson's father, a permanent resident in the house now, but some years back a professor of mathematics in Wolverhampton. Playing in the garden are four children, and walking with them are an old couple, who live in the pretty cottage just opposite to the entrance of the grounds, and who Jack Simpson still affectionately calls "dad" and "mother."

THE END.

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

A JOKE ON SPINNER.

A STORY comes up of ex-Treasurer Spinner. Of course, his curious signature on greenbacks made many people desirous of obtaining it in another form and he received hundreds of requests annually for his autograph. For a time he answered each one in an autograph note, but the labor involved became so great that finally he had a printed form prepared, running: "Your request of such a date is hereby complied with." Then when an autograph request came in he simply signed his blank form and let it go at that. One day a tall, raw-boned countryman walked into his office.

"Morning," said he.

"Good morning," said Spinner, looking up.

"I come for that place you promised me," said the countryman, after an awkward pause.

"Place?" said Spinner, crossly; "I promised you no place."

"Yes, you did," insisted the countryman, stoutly; "I've got your promise in your own handwriting."

With that he hauled out one of Spinner's autograph replies, "Your request of such a date," etc.

"But, man alive," said Spinner, "this was in response to a request from you for my autograph."

"No, 'twasn't," said the man; "I never asked no autograph. I want a place; that's what I wrote for."

Spinner had the man's letter hunted up. Sure enough, it was a formal application for a place.

"Here," said Spinner, emptying into his big hand all the money he had in his pocket. "Here's some money for you. I can't give you a place. I haven't any to give."

And with that the countryman had to be content.

A SCHOLARLY WAITER.

THE other day at dinner Professor Henry, of Harvard College, was scanning a line of Virgil's hexameter to illustrate the meter to a rich business friend who had not read the classics.

"Longfellow's 'Evangeline' and Virgil's epics," said the professor, "were written in the same hexameter. Now the first line of Virgil is scanned like this: Arma—vi-rum-que—'

"Why, I declare," he said, hesitating, "I've forgotten the old familiar words."

"Shall I give them to you?" asked the waiter, politely.

"You?" asked the professor, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," said the black man. "They are: '*Arma virumque cano. Trojæ puiv primus ab oris.*'"

"Great guns!" exclaimed the business millionaire. "Where did you learn Latin?"

"At college, sir," said the waiter. When the rich man found out all the poor negro's requirements and ambition and poverty, he asked him how much it cost him a year at Harvard University.

"It costs $130 a year, and I've got three years to go."

"Well, here," he said, "is $500—you can keep the change, and when you get through come and see Nathaniel Ruggles, in Dodge City, Kan."

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

"Is the lady of the house in?" he asked as he stood on the steps of a residence in Cass avenue the other morning.

"Which lady of the house?" asked the girl who answered the ring.

"Why, are there two?"

"Sartin, sah. If you want de white lady, she am out. If you has bizness wid de cull'd lady, purceed to develop."

LONG TAILS AND SHORT.

A TOURIST passing through a village observed the following on a board:

"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, $1.50; short tails, $1.00."

The owner of the land being asked the reason in the difference of price, replied:

"You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short ones are so tormented by them they can hardly eat at all!"

A LITTLE CONFUSED.

A LADY visiting in a large city attended a fashionable church, and through the carelessness of an usher was shown into a private pew. Very soon a fashionable family came in, led by a very pompous-looking old gentleman, who stared angrily at the offending stranger in his pew. The lady, greatly embarrassed, arose and said: "I—I—beg your pardon, sir; do you occupew this pie?"

HE STANDS AND WAITS.

BY WILL. J. LAMPTON.

"He serves who only stands and waits," they say.
And what "they say" is true, but in a way
Not set down in the books. He serves to show
How very many on to fortune go
While he stands waiting. What to him is life
If he but wait and look upon the strife?
He has no share in all the victories won,
His idle hands take part in nothing done;
His need of glory is to stand and wait
And see ten thousand others growing great.
So let him serve. He is not fit to rule.
A slave to self, his master is a fool.

THE MOUNTAIN CAVE;

OR,

The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REJECTED VENISON.

MAUD'S hope was vain that her rough admirer had not come for the purpose she feared.

"I've brung along a deer fer yer folks," he said, riding up close to her side, "one I knocked over this afternoon, an' I want 'em ter take him."

"I don't think they would care to purchase a deer," replied Maud.

"Purchase! who said anything 'bout purcha-in'? I've brung along a deer, an' I want 'em ter take him."

"You will have to talk with my father; he is yonder."

"The' needn't be no talkin'; I've brung him along a-purpus."

Maud made no answer.

"There's some chaps as wouldn't know how to knock over a buck 'f he was right up ter the muzzle of their gun," continued Bill Jinks, glancing at Walter, as if the remark were intended to hit him hard.

Still there was no response.

"Tain't every cub that can do it," he added. "I could skeer some er these fine fellers ter death in the woods. Ever shot a deer, you chap?"

"Yes," was Walter's reply.

"Must er been by accident, then."

"Yonder is Mr. Mercer," said Walter; "if you have business with him he will talk with you."

"What you got ter say 'bout it?" returned the fellow insolently, "I can 'tend to *my* business."

"You had better do so, then," said Walter.

The young desperado glanced fiercely at him, but seeming to perceive the impolicy of any violent outburst under the circumstances, he controlled his feelings in some degree.

"Folks has got ter mind what they say ter Bill Jinks," he growled, threateningly. "If yer was ter stop round here long, yer mought git chawed up!"

Seeing Mr. Mercer near the house, he quickened his horse's pace, as if to win the advantage of announcing his mission to her father before Maud should arrive with an escort who had no deer to present. Perhaps his notions of courtship had been gained from Indian life, where the successful suitor is generally he who can show the choicest buffalo robes.

"He will not take a hint," said Maud. "A few days ago, he came to our house upon some pretense, while papa was out, and offered me a ring that he had brought with him. He seemed to be offended because I would not accept it."

"Was it a valuable one?" asked Walter.

"He called it so. I did not look at it, but he said it was a diamond ring and was worth a hundred dollars."

"A diamond ring!" said Walter. "Where should such a fellow get a diamond ring?"

"Oh, his hands are covered with rings, though I don't know how he gets them. Didn't you notice them on his fingers just now?"

"Yes, I saw that he wore rings of some sort, but I noticed his big earrings most. He fixes himself up in great style. I have seen fellows in San Francisco, right from the mountains, wearing gold eardrops three or four inches long, when they had no shirt collar and looked as if they hadn't combed their hair for a month!"

"I wonder they don't hang jewels on their noses, too," said Maud, "just as other savages do. It seems as if the more ferocious people are, the bigger earrings they want!"

Bill Jinks went on toward the house, in front of which Mr. Mercer was standing, and our two young friends followed. He was evidently intending to present the slain deer as an offering that should secure perpetual amity between the houses of Jinks and Mercer.

"Howdy, Mr. Mercer?" he said, as he came up. "Pooty fair sort of a evenin'."

Mr. Mercer nodded civilly. "Yes," he answered.

"I've brung along a buck here," said Bill, "that I shot special for yer this afternoon, an' I want yer ter take him."

"I don't wish to buy a deer at present," replied Mr. Mercer.

"I don't ax nothin' fer him," said the bejeweled young man, "yer can take him an' welcome."

"No," said Mr. Mercer, "I shall not accept it. The other day, as I understand, you offered my daughter a ring. Had I been at home I should have talked very plainly to you. I warn you not to repeat such conduct, for I shall tolerate nothing of the kind. Please to remember this, and act accordingly."

"But I've brung along this buck that I shot a-purpus," persisted Bill, "an' it's sort er hard that yer won't take him ter 'bleege me."

"Young man," said Mr. Mercer, "I wish you could understand English. I tell you that I do not want your buck, and you have only to take it away."

"Well, I've got a buck yere that I shot special and brung special, thinkin' yer mought want him."

"Haven't I told you to go away with your buck?" said Mr. Mercer. "I do not want it, and shall not take it. I have no desire for any further acquaintance with you."

"Some folks gits the name er meanin' bad," said Bill, savagely, "an' I'm one on 'em, which I'm innocent."

"Would you like to sell your rifle?" asked Walter, who had arrived on the spot with Maud, and was trying to get a good view of the gun.

"Me? No, I shouldn't," replied Bill, with a ferocious tone, "not to no sich cub as you be! Yer wouldn't know how to shoot a bulldog!"

"If you cannot keep a civil tongue in your head," said Mr. Mercer, "the sooner you are moving the better. These premises are mine, and your presence here can be dispensed with."

The young ruffian put on so dark a look as he heard this, that Walter stepped close to him as he sat on his horse, and stood ready to grasp his arm should he attempt any violence.

"I've brung this yere buck," said Bill, "an' now yer don't want him, an' won't take him."

"I don't care what you've 'brung,'" exclaimed Mr. Mercer, "I have told you that I wish you to leave the premises."

"I could chaw up the whole on yer, in half a minute!" cried Bill, making a threatening movement of his arm, as if to draw a weapon.

Walter had moved to within two feet of his side, and was looking him squarely in the face, with both arms partially raised ready for a spring. But the fellow had intended nothing more than menace. He was evidently a coward, and those steadfast eyes with the determined will behind them, completely overawe him.

Maud, however, who stood at a little distance, was dreadfully frightened.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "Oh, Walter!"

"Hush!" said Mr. Mercer, "there is nothing to fear."

"I brung this yere buck," commenced the cowed young ruffian, whiningly, "an' now——"

"Off with you this instant," cried Mr. Mercer, "you impudent young scamp!"

"An' now yer don't want him an' won't take him!" continued Bill finishing out his sentence in spite of the interruption.

Grasping the horse's bridle, Walter turned him from the door, and that not with the utmost gentleness. "Now be gone at once!" he said. "You are an insolent scoundrel!"

Bill seemed confounded by such decisive action, and made no further delay. He might have suspected his two antagonists to be armed, but it was chiefly Walter's peremptory manner that put him down, for such a person has much the nature of the wolf, which somehow always shows a consciousness of inferiority when matched with the house dog.

His malicious feelings, however, found vent, when he had reached what he may have considered a safe distance. Turning in his saddle, he shook his fist at the group behind him.

"I'll chaw yer every one on yer up," he cried, "young gal an' all! an' you, yer poor little stuck-up cub, special! I'll let yer know who Bill Jinks is!"

"This is all dreadful!" said Maud.

"No; it is not dreadful," said her father, "it is simply disgusting."

"I wish I could have examined his rifle," remarked Walter.

"Why?" asked Mr. Mercer.

"Because I think it is mine."

"Think it is yours!"

"Yes, sir; perhaps I am wrong, but I can't help feeling that it is the one that was stolen from me when the robbers carried me off."

He then gave Mr. Mercer an account of his adventure at the house in the woods as he had related it to Maud.

"It is possible that you may be right," said Mr. Mercer, "and if so, it is an important discovery. We may find that this young desperado is really of some consequence to us."

"That is what I am thinking," said Walter.

"Still," replied Mr. Mercer, "there are, no doubt, other guns that exactly resemble yours, and so, until you can see the private mark, there can be no certainty."

Walter felt the truth of this, and he saw also that for the present his doubts could not be solved. When all things should be in readiness for a descent upon the robbers, the cabin in the woods might be searched, but he could not help wishing that he had something more than a mere *surmise* as the basis of action in that quarter.

"If it be as you think," said Mr. Mercer, "the advantage to us may be incalculable."

"Yes, sir," replied Walter, "and especially if we could know beforehand without having our knowledge suspected. Something might then turn up that would help us very much, though, of course, we can't know what it would be."

"Well," said Mr. Mercer, "we will see what the sheriff will propose, though the sheriff is the last person who should be seen near that house until the final swoop."

Poor little Maud was in great trouble, tossed between fear and hope. The danger she thought dreadful, while the chance of the restoration of her father's wealth inspired hopes that quickened every pulse. To see her parents once more in the enjoyment of the property they had lost, and consequently free from the anxiety they now experienced, was her dearest wish; though, of course, she thought also of herself, and was thrilled by the mere possibility of the return of her former advantages.

In spite of Bill Jinks's episode, the evening, for Walter, proved one of the happiest he had ever known. He had never been much in the society of girls; for the last two weeks he had lived in a cave; and now, to come suddenly within the circle of Maud's magnetism, was like plucking a sweet red rose in winter.

He had never felt precisely so in the company of boys, and could hardly understand the subtle influence that appeared so soothing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STROLL WITH MAUD.

In the morning Ralph came to inform them that the sheriff, being detained upon pressing business, would not make his appearance until evening; that the necessary force could be obtained at short notice, and that probably a movement would be made upon the cave within two days. Meanwhile Walter must not show himself at the settlement.

"I wonder," said Mr. Mercer, "what will be done about the Jinks establishment? I suppose, however, that will depend much on what we have to say. We have no direct evidence against the family, but yet I think it would be a good plan to search the premises."

"Yes, sir," said Walter, "and, of course, after that there ought to be no delay. I am all the time afraid they will get wind of our intentions and remove your gold to where we cannot find it."

"As to that," replied Mr. Mercer, "I am afraid it is already where we shall not be able to find it. There are at least twelve of them you say, and they may have declared dividends long before this, so as not to have left a dollar of the treasure where it can be reclaimed."

"That is what I am afraid of," said Walter, "and yet I can't help thinking that they must have some of it in the cave. It seems to me just as if we were going right into a gold mine!"

"Well," remarked Mr. Mercer, "a few days will probably decide the matter. At all events, I shall feel better to be in motion trying to accomplish something, than to be sitting inactive as I have now done for the last two months, simply from having not the least clue to the whereabouts of the gang. As to the authorities, they have only turned round and round in a blind way, because they have been unable to gain any definite information."

Ralph was as full of his motions as ever, and he could be brave or merry with them, just as a person can be with his voice. Maud, who had been acquainted with a deaf and dumb girl, could manage to talk with him quite well, and he was delighted to find that she enjoyed doing so. He rallied her upon the conquest she had lately made, branching his fingers above his forehead to indicate the buck with which she was to be purchased, and going through with various other details in a manner that brought laughter and blushes at once into play, chasing each other over her fair young face.

"Deaf and dumb people," remarked Mr. Mercer, "are very quick to appreciate the notice taken of them. They are jealous and sensitive, and nothing delights them more than to discover that they are making themselves agreeable. It is very natural that this should be so."

It was necessary that Ralph should return to the settlement, and when he was gone, Walter and Maud amused themselves by strolling about the romantic woods and rocks in the neighborhood.

"Only think how short a time it is since we were riding in that stage," said Walter, "and you were telling the passengers what had happened to your father. It makes me feel as if I had been dreaming when I think of all that has taken place."

"I should think it would!" replied Maud. "How I wondered what those men would do to you, and whether you would ever get away from them."

"And I, too," said Walter, "was thinking of you. I wondered how far you had to go, and what you said about me after you got home, and whether I should ever see you again."

"Oh, I didn't suppose you could be thinking of me!"

"I couldn't very well have forgotten! I remembered every word you said in the stage."

Maud blushed slightly. "And did you expect to escape?" she asked.

"I meant to escape if possible; but I thought that at the worst I should be liberated at last, and I kept thinking I would look for Maud Mercer the first thing!"

"Oh, you remembered my name, then?"

"Yes; and when I told Mr. Percy what it was, he said 'Maud' was one of the best names in the world."

"Then you told him of *me?*"

"Yes; and he was very much interested in you."

"How queer! I wonder where he can have come from?"

"That he has never told me, and I have not liked to ask him."

"He found you insensible in the torrent. Oh, how you must have dreaded to make that terrible leap! I should have put my hands over my eyes if I had seen you!"

Walter thought what beautiful eyes they were!

"Suppose you had been killed!" she added.

"But I did not mean to be killed; I thought the thing could be done."

"It would have been dreadful if the hermit had not found you as he did! I am so glad he was there!"

As Maud said this, her pretty eyes expressed all the feeling of her words.

In a deep little dell they discovered a bank of delicious flowers, and while Maud was stooping to gather some of them, her hat was caught from her head by a spiteful branch, which also disarranged her hair. As she was putting her long locks in place, Walter took occasion to ornament them with the woodland blossoms, much to the merriment of his charming companion.

"If you like flowers," she said, "we shall always be friends, for I think them the most beautiful of anything in the world! I thought boys cared only for guns and skates and base-ball!"

"Oh, they like flowers sometimes," said Walter, as with just a little heart flutter he readjusted one which had fallen a little out of place over the low, wide forehead—"they like to see them in a girl's hair!"

"You are a naughty boy!"

"Yes; but we'll always be friends, you say."

"Oh, certainly! we'll always be friends, because you like flowers!"

"Especially where they are now!" said Walter, archly.

"You!" And Maud blushed a deep, rosy red, laughing meanwhile with the guileless voice of a brook.

When they returned to the house, it was time to prepare dinner; and the pretty forest nymph showed what a domestic and practical spirit can exist in the fairest form. Mrs. Mercer was not permitted to tire herself with any details of the work, for Maud's small, shapely hands were everywhere.

"I don't know what we should do without her," said her father, "she thinks of everything, attends to everything; and yet she has never had any experience of the kind till lately."

"She was always thoughtful, from a child," said her mother, "and so I am not surprised that she does so well. Anything which would please her father and me she was always eager to do."

Of course, this almost involuntary praise she did not hear. The flowers were still in her hair as she did the honors of the table; and there was a something grateful to Walter's feelings in this when he thought of what she had said about their being always friends.

It seemed as if the faint ray of hope which had just dawned upon the family, had inspired even Mrs. Mercer with new vigor in spite of the apprehensions she had of danger to her husband from any attempt upon the cave. She was now fast recovering from the effects of her illness, and our young lad felt that, when well, she, too, must be very pretty. He guessed that she must be about thirty-five, the age of his own mother; and, somehow, it seemed to him as if he had known some person of whom her general appearance reminded him, though he could not tell when or where.

CHAPTER XXIV

A DOUBT SET AT REST.

While strolling with Maud in the morning, Walter had noticed in the neighborhood some flocks of wood-duck, the drake of which is a very beautiful fowl, showing the finest blending of colors imaginable—red, green, black and buff—and late in the afternoon, he went out with his gun in the hope of procuring some of the male birds.

He found the shy creatures, however, less plentiful than they had been earlier in the day, and so wandered farther than he intended to do.

"I must return soon," he thought, "for the sheriff and Ralph may come early, but then there is time enough yet. I will follow the line of low land to the next pond if it should not be too far, and perhaps I may get a shot at last. I want to show Maud what pretty birds they are.

He had some hope, too, that should the expected visitors come before sunset, he might see them on the road, as the range of ponds he was following lay near the highway, such as it was.

Continuing his course somewhat further, he at length started a clump of the fowl, that went whirring up from a small pool, and had the satisfaction to see four of them drop at the discharge of his two barrels. Three of them were females and not remarkable for beauty, but the other was a superb drake, as handsome as a paroquet, though a very different looking bird.

"How Maud will fall in love with those colors!" he thought. "It has as many and as soft ones as the rainbow! Now I will get back as fast as possible."

Once or twice since he had been out, he had heard the report of a gun at some distance. He soon struck the road, but had not proceeded far when his attention was arrested by the sight of a huge eagle, which came leisurely sweeping in his direction. He quickly concealed himself, but the noble bird soon made a curve, passing on at too great a distance for a shot.

Walter was about leaving his covert, when the crack of a rifle saluted his ear, and at the same moment he saw the eagle flap its wings spasmodically up and down, while it came to a full stop in mid air. Then suddenly it plunged earthward, apparently stone dead, lodging in the topmost boughs of a dead tree.

From his position our young friend could not see the person who had fired, but hurrying on, he soon found himself near the foot of the tree into which the eagle had fallen, and at the same time discovered a man with a gun in his hand, gazing up at the royal game as if perplexed as to how he should secure it. That man was Bill Jinks.

Bill's eyes were so intently fixed aloft that he did not see Walter, who thus had time to secure a good position from which to watch the hunter's motions undiscovered.

"I ken git yer," said the young backwoodsman, still looking up, "and I will git yer, or break my ornery neck! Yer don't fool Bill Jinks by droppin' inter no treetops!"

Dead as the tree was, it had a vigorous grape vine clinging to its trunk, which rendered possible what would otherwise have been out of the question.

"It's a tough one," soliloquized Bill, as he prepared to climb, "but I've brung him down so fur, an' I reckon I ken bring him down furder. I ain't a go'n ter leave him up thar, by no means!"

He laid his rifle on the ground at the foot of the tree and grasped the vine as a sailor does the shrouds of his ship. The attempt was not only very difficult, but very dangerous. At times he was completely hidden by the broad grape leaves, and Walter could hear the hard green grapes come rattling down the side of the tree as cluster after cluster was torn away by the struggling climber. Several times it seemed as if the effort would be abandoned; for Bill would stop and cling where he was, as if out of breath.

At length the lowest branch was reached, and here he took a long rest. Then laboriously he climbed up from limb to limb, the old decayed wood and bark dropping to the ground as he went. It was an immensely tall tree, and the eagle was still far above him.

The branches were huge and wide apart, so that it was almost as difficult to climb up among them by reaching from one to another as it had been to get up the trunk.

In the meantime, Walter was on tiptoe with excitement. By passing under one or two smaller trees there would be a chance of his arriving at the foot of the one on which Bill was, without being seen by him. He could perceive the rifle lying on the ground, but he wished to examine it without the knowledge of its possessor.

"Now is my time," he said at last; "he is so far up that he will not be able to notice me, but whether he does or not, I will be satisfied now."

He stole nimbly from his ambush, and was soon under the great tree. The pieces of loose bark continued to fall, but he could hardly see Bill Jinks, the large limbs below him being so in the way.

He fancied that the gun had a familiar feeling to to his hand as he picked it up. What a superbly finished rifle it was! If his, the mark by which he would know it must be looked for very carefully; for it was an extremely slight one, though no less positive for that.

In putting the weapon on the ground, Bill had soiled the guard with dirt at the very place where the examination was to be made, and Walter had to brush it with his handkerchief before inspecting it. Then he looked keenly at the spot, and smiled with a feeling of mingled relief and triumph.

The tell-tale mark was there, as distinct as it was delicate!

He laid the rifle softly down and glanced up into the tree. He could hear the quills of the eagle rustle as Bill Jinks disengaged the wide-spread wings from the branches where they had been caught; and as the young ruffian's attention was thus wholly occupied, it was easy to retreat undiscovered.

Soon the dead bird was heard to strike the ground heavily; and now Bill had only to get down as he could. He descended much faster than he had gone up, and reached the lower branches before Walter had got far away from the spot.

"Now I am satisfied about the gun," thought our young friend, "and can go back with the suspense off my mind."

Bill presently swung himself under the last limb and again trusted to the grape vine. Walter, turning for a final look, saw the maneuvre and then continued his course behind the intervening trees.

He had gone, however, but a few yards when there was a sound in the direction of the descending hunter as if something had suddenly given way. It was followed by a rushing noise among the leaves and vines, ending in a startling thud, as some heavy body struck the earth.

Instantly the boy turned and retraced his steps at a run, forgetting all but that instinct which bids us assist the distressed.

Pausing a little as he approached, and peering in the direction of the dead tree, he saw Bill Jinks lying apparently insensible upon the ground, half hidden by the tangled vine he had brought down in his fall.

(To be continued.)

GOT HIM.

A NEGRO boy, while walking along the street, took off his hat and struck at a wasp that had alighted on a tall shrub, hanging over a fence. The boy put on his hat, turned to a man and said:

"I thought I got dat ar ole wass."

"Didn't you get him?"

"No, sah, but I—" he snatched off his hat, clapped his hand on the top of his head, squatted, howled and said:

"Blame fi didn' git dat ole wass,"

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The fire upon the hearth is low
And there is stillness everywhere—
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear my child's simple
My mother's faith comes back to me—
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh! for an hour in that dear place—
Oh! for the peace of that dear time—
Oh! for that childish trust sublime—
Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

THE BOY HERO.

A STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY GEO. GORDON LACY.

It is a glorious night on the grand old Mississippi—a perfect calm. The full moon, rising high in the deep-blue, unclouded vault of heaven, floods the scene with her soft effulgence, and casts a long trembling line of silvery radiance upon the waveless surface of the "Father of Waters," rolling sluggishly along through a fertile country, the plains of which, on either bank of the river, are tinted mile after mile with the delicate green of the young sugar cane.

The silence is profound and unbroken, save for the throb of the engines and the monotonous beat of the paddle wheels of the great steamer Southern States, which is ploughing her way steadily down the river, on her voyage to New Orleans.

She is full of passengers, but all have long since retired to their berths. Many of the crew are also below, and the few on duty are coiled away fast asleep in snug corners among the bales of goods which encumber the deck.

No one seems to be fully awake but the pilot, who stands on the bridge, leaning lightly against the huge steering wheel, and singing to himself a plaintive melody, as he gazes steadfastly forward in the direction of the steamer's course. He is very young to be left in charge of the huge vessel—a mere boy, in fact, probably not much over seventeen; but the steamer is in a long and safe stretch of the river, and so the master pilot has left his pupil at the wheel.

The young pilot is singing:

"Over the river—over the river!
Come, ere the sun has gone down in the west;
Angel forms beckon us, sent to deliver
The weary from labor and offer them rest."

Strange words, these, my masters, to issue from the mouth of a lad, and a seaman.

On the vessel has swept, past steep and crumbling banks; now shooting through narrow passages, down which the current rushes impetuously, and skirting along the edge of treacherous sand bars; now she emerges into a bend of the river, where the banks rapidly recede on either side, until they are so far apart that the steamer seems to be ploughing a miniature sea. Another half-hour, and the weary pilot's watch will be over.

But what means this sudden and strange commotion? Why are those crowds of people rushing, with panic-stricken faces, out of the great saloons? And what is the meaning of that terrible cry? FIRE! Surely not! Yet there it is again—FIRE! FIRE! And now the great bell, tolled by some frenzied hand, clangs out its thrilling alarm calls. Oh, God! with three hundred souls on board, and the boat in the very middle of the stream.

The crew rush up from below; and the captain and officers issue from their cabins, dividing themselves into parties, one of which leads and directs a band of hardy spirits in their endeavor to subdue the fire, while the other strives to calm the terrified women and children.

The pilot-house door opens, and the master pilot enters. Cool, intrepid and self-possessed, he alone has thought of the one thing which *must* be done now, come weal or come woe. Looking fixedly in his pupil's face for a moment, he says:

"Are you prepared to remain here, Harry?"

"Yes, sir," is the reply given in a voice as steady as his own.

"That is well. Now listen. Steer toward the western shore, and, as soon as you near it, make a steep place in the bank, alongside of which you can run the boat; it's our only chance of saving those poor, helpless ones," pointing to the group of women and children on the deck below. "And if the fire gains on us so that you can no longer stay here, ring two strokes upon the bell, and I will relieve you. At present, I am going where I can render better service than I could here."

A fervent grasp of the hand is exchanged, and the boy stands alone at the wheel once more.

Meantime it is evident that the fire is gaining ground. Dense volumes of smoke and quivering tongues of flame pour out at the saloon doors and windows, and the fierce, crackling sound of burning timber is heard above the hoarse shouting, the trampling feet of the men, and the despairing wails of women and children. The steamer's bows are now turned toward the land; the engines, under a full head of steam, are flying wildly round, and the great paddlewheels churning the turbid waters into a torrent of yeasty foam, and urging the doomed steamer at more than racing pace toward the shore. It is a grand and awful race between steam and its parent—fire. Which will win?

There is now a cry to lower the boats; but there are only four of them, and they will scarcely hold a quarter of the people; what are the rest to do! And besides, it would be worse than madness to lower them while the steamer is tearing through the water, as she now is; they would be inevitably capsized.

"Then why not stop the engines?"

There is a moment's pause, and then the answer is whispered, "Because the engine room is a flaming furnace, and the engineers have been driven from their posts."

No wonder that the paddle wheels are flying round as they never flew before.

"There it is at last, thank God. The land! the land!"

Ay, there it is, faintly looming out of the mist, about four miles away; but who will live to reach it? The flames are now leaping out from every aperature in the hull; the funnels are red hot, and are pouring forth long pennons of flame; the saloons are a mass of flame; and the deck is growing unbearably hot.

The only place in the whole steamer still tenable is the fore deck, upon which the advance of the fire is checked by the strong draught of the steamer's rush through the still night air. All efforts to save the vessel are now abandoned as utterly useless; the crew, contesting the advance of their enemy, inch by inch, have been driven back, and have at last taken refuge with the passengers, in the bows of the vessel. And still those two strokes, telling of a young life in the last dread extremity of terror and physical suffering, have not yet wrung out their despairing appeal. That young life, however, has not been forgotten, for there suddenly issues, apparently from the midst of the flames, a scorched and blackened figure, whom no one would recognize but for his voice as the master pilot. Desperately has he striven to reach the pilot house and afford the promised relief. Alas! too late. Turning himself about, and shading his eyes with his hand, he hails:

"Are you still there, boy? and can you hear me?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replies the voice of him who but a short time ago, was singing softly to himself in the stillness of night.

"Listen, then," continues the master pilot, "I have tried to reach you, but cannot; you must, therefore, manage alone. Yonder is the land, and you know your duty; see that you do it."

"Ay, ay, sir," steadily returns the voice, from out of the thick wreathing smoke and the fast gathering flames.

Onward still flies the steamer, her bows pointing straight for the land; and now they are near enough to see that she is rushing toward a steep part of the bank, where her bows will be nearly level with its top, and where she will get so close that the poor, weak, frightened children even may be able to step ashore. Who knows? Perhaps it was of them the noble boy chiefly thought when he selected that spot above all others. Five minutes more, and the shore will be reached—if the boat be steered to the end as she is now. But *can* she be? Can human life endure for five minutes more in that tempest of flame? Does it exist, even now? Our eyes may pierce through that mass of flame and smoke and see how a hero dies.

There he stands—that young and gallant heart—firm as a rock, with unblenching brow and unusualing eye, in an atmosphere of scorching heat and suffocating smoke. The deck beneath his feet is giving way; the walls of the pilot house are blazing around him; his hair is on fire; and his very garments are smoldering. The wheel is more than half destroyed; yet he still grasps it firmly, though his hands are blistered and bleeding, and the quivering flesh clings to the burning spokes. See how steadfastly he watches the rapidly nearing land through the curtain of flame which spreads itself before him. And now he smiles triumphantly. Is it because the boat is so near the shore? Or is it because his watch on this earthly river is at last over, and he sees—not the flames now—no! but the glorious country of which he so lately was singing, and knows that there will be a welcome for him there:

"that country so fair:
All its streams and its valleys, its mountains outlying,
And the city whose walls are of pearl rich and rare?"

Let us go now, for the steamer strikes the shore, and the shock brings down her great funnels upon the wreck of her saloons; there is a crash; a great shower of sparks; and the whole mass of that part of the ship collapses into an undistinguishable heap of flaming ruins.

But the bows remain fast imbedded in the river bank, and the passengers soon gain the shore and are safe.

AN INNOCENT ARRAIGNED.

"Now, sir," exclaimed a magistrate in one of the New York Courts, as he looked sternly at a mild-mannered man who had been arraigned at the bar, "What have you to say?"

"Nothing, your honor," was the reply, in a tone of surprise.

"Nothing, sir?"

"No, your honor."

"Then you admit the charge?"

"What charge?"

"This one of disorderly conduct."

"Against whom, your honor?"

"You, sir."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"That cannot be possible."

"Why not?"

"I have not done anything."

"Then you deny the charge?"

"Why should I deny it when I have not been arrested?"

"Not arrested?"

"No, your honor."

"Your name is Malone, John Malone, is it not?"

"No; Patrick McCarthy, may it please the court."

"Then what are you doing at the bar?"

"I don't know, sir; I was put here by the policeman."

"What are you doing in court, anyway?"

"I just stepped in on my way up town to see what was going on."

"Well, you just slip outside as quick as you can, and the next time you are going up town, go there, John Malone," added the justice in a voice that augured ill for the wretch who bore the name, and who was thereupon arraigned. John got ten days.

EXCHANGES.

☞ WE cannot insert exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, or dangerous chemicals. The publishers reserve the right of using their discretion in the publication of any exchange. Exchanges must be made as brief as possible and few in number. We cannot insert all that come in if one party sends them oftener than once or twice a year. Do not ask us to insert notice of exchange of worthless articles, or those that should properly appear in the advertising columns.

Will Jones, 23 Sixth St., Wheeling, W. Va. Two Vols. of the *Youth's Companion* and 225 foreign stamps for Vols. I. and II. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

P. R. S. Peters, St. Joseph, Mo. A three months' subscription to a monthly amateur paper for books, magazines, papers (no trash) or curiosities.

Mrs. S. A. B. Sherwin, Hurdal, Minn. The *Youth's Companion* from Jan. to date, for Nos. 113 to 138 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Also beautiful scroll saw designs and reading matter for Indian relics.

S. M. Taylor, Brownsville, Tenn. A copy of Printers' Encyclopedia, a Holly scroll saw, an Ames' Mastery of the Pen, $5.00 worth of reading matter and $4.00 worth of trifles, total value $17.00, for a 30-in bicycle.

R. C. Morris, Greenville, Ill. Vol. I. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, lacking Nos. 23 Nos., also Vols. II. and III. to date (a few Nos. missing), for a good set of boxing gloves or a pair of fencing foils and 6 lb. dumb-bells.

Louis Foell, Jr., 1006 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A printing press, chase 3 1-2 x 5 1-2, with complete outfit, including 10 fonts of plain and fancy type, cards, ink, etc.; a Holly scroll saw, with designs, etc., and various books, papers and magazines, for the best offer; or a photographic camera and complete outfit. Or saw and books for minerals or other curiosities of value.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

PUZZLEDOM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. C. S., Bloomsbury, N. J. "Footprints in the Forest" began in No. 138.

W. W. H., Milan, Mich. The longest life we have ever heard attributed to a tree was 5,000 years.

S. T. C., Olathe, Kan. The jewel in the toad's head was a vulgar error of belief in Shakespeare's day. The toad was thought to have in his head a jewel of great medicinal value, and the animal was believed to be venomous.

P. B. S. P., St. Joseph, Mo. 1. *Del.* stands for Lat. *Delineavit*, he drew it. Thus, if "Smith, del.," appears on a picture, it means that Smith drew it. 2. *Sc.* stands for Lat. *Sculpsit*, he engraved it. 2. Address the commission or your Congressman. 3. $9.00. 4. Yes.

W. F. B., Beardstown, Pa. The paper made from cactus pulp is certainly good. The fact that the London *Telegraph* bought 50,000 acres of Arizona desert in order to harvest cactus for the manufacture of their paper would go to prove that the plant is all that could be desired for paper material.

M. B. S., Rochester, N. H. Monkeys are eaten and relished by the inhabitants of their part of the world. It may interest you to know that lemurs, bats, skunks, foxes, lions, porcupines, crocodiles, salamanders, caterpillars, snakes and ants are also consumed in certain localities. Rats, of course, are a prominent article in the Chinese bill of fare, and horse flesh is becoming popular among the poorer classes in civilized countries, being palatable and cheap.

B. P., Brooklyn, Iowa. 1. $9.00. 2. We never published a story of that length. As to rates, they depend upon various considerations, hardly necessary to explain here. 3. No. 4. *Kindergarten* is from the German, *kinder*, plural of *kind*, a child, and *garten*, a garden. A kindergarten is a school for young children employing a system of instruction that transforms work into play, so to speak. Called a *garten* because the originator began his school in a suite of rooms opening on a garden, and others followed the example.

H. J. L., Opolis, Kan. We have stated before that a safeguard, if nothing better, against cholera is cleanliness and perfect sanitation. Cholera vaccination has not been introduced here yet, so that we could not recommend that if we would. But a story comes to the effect that during a frightful cholera epidemic in St. Petersburg, in 1832, a firm of iron founders employing 500 men required every workman, on pain of dismissal, to submit to a dose of a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal on entering the works every morning. Not one of these hands was carried away by the plague.

F. A. N., Yellow Springs, O. The lasso commonly used by cowboys is made of sixty feet of rope, a third of which forms the loop. When thrown, it is swung over the head and left shoulder, with a peculiar turn of the wrist calculated to keep the loop open until it encircles the object at which it is flung. Expert throwers do not pride themselves on catching a steer by the horns, but try to so hurl the noose in front of the beast that he will step in it, thus entangling his legs and throwing him. In a Wyoming exhibition a cowboy repeatedly caught a bull by any leg that the spectators named.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 149

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 same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 144.

No. 1. Mummy.

No. 2.
C
PAP
POLES
POTALES
CALAVERAS
PELERINE
SERIATE
SANTER
SEERS

No. 3.
C
CAL
HAREM
CARAMEL
CARACOLES
LEMONADE
MELANGE
LEDGER
SEERS

No. 4. Anon.

No. 5.
YAWARD
ABATER
WATTLE
ATTLES
RELETS
DRESSY

No. 6.
ROBERT
OPENER
BEITSO
ENTRAP
RESALE
TROPES

No. 7. Shipwreck.

No. 8.
O
ARM
ARBOR
ARRIDES
ORBICULUS
MODULATE
RELATER
SUTERA
S-ERAI

No. 9.
D
CIT
SHEAR
CHERMES
DIERVILLA
TAMINIES
RELIVES
SLEEVE
ASSES

No. 10. Sail-boat.

SOLVERS TO No. 144.

Bolis, Simon Ease, A. Solver, Haze, Jo. Mullins, Minnie, By Law, Will I. Am, E. Lucy Date, Aspiro, Willie Widware, Moonshine, The General, Newoh and Kaye T. Did, Complete: Tranza, Tantrums, Mephisto, North Star, Damon and Dona Telore, 9; Dreadnaught, Dauntless, Intrepid, Rex Ford, Mahdea, May B., Bo Peep, Madcap and Myself, 8; Borneo, Pearl and Asero, 7; St. Elmo, Fire Proof, Sou Con and Black Raven, 6; Charlie Davis, Hermit and Janus, 5; Mark Antony and S. H. G., 4; Florence, Traddles, I Did It, Dion, Will A. Mette, Alpha and Eittah, 3; Will, Enid, Doc Jr., Romero, Sam Dilling, Byrnehc, Nestor, Cyrus and Athos, 2; Axul, Delight and Rex, 1. Total 61.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Complete List—BOLIS.
Best Incomplete List—TRANZA.
Single Solutions—No. 1, CHARLEY DAVIS; No. 3, BORNEO; No. 9, SIMON EASE.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

DONA TELORE, 1 Diamond, 1 Eleven Letter Polygon; ENID, 1 Anagram, 1 Double Letter Diamond, 1 Puzzlers' Transposition; BLACK RAVEN, 2 Squares, 1 Pentagon; ASSERO, 2 Pentagons, 1 Diamond; K. T. DID, 1 Square, 1 Diamond; DOC, JR., 1 Pentagon; HAPPY THOUGHT, 4 Flats in competition; FLORENCE, 4 Flats in competition; EDWIN F. EDGETT, 1 Hexagon; KING ARTHUR, 1 Pentagon, 2 Diamonds; ASPIRO, 1 Charade.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. CHARADE.

To machine for raising water
Addition make "of the same nature;"
The result is round and golden,
In great esteem by Yankees holden.

PLAINFIELD, N. J. HA-HA.

No. 2. INVERTED PENTAGON.

1. Deviates; 2. Turns aside; 3. Cancels; 4. Neater; 5. Pertaining to the condition of a people; 6. Cuts; 7. A vessel used in the Mediterranean; 8. A town of France; 9. A letter.

NEW YORK CITY. JANUS.

No. 3. CHARADE.

My *whole* I hope all puzzlers do;
But keep my *second* far from you.
My *second* causes feud and strife,
And ne'er should come o'er man and wife.
'Tis said my *first* will sting or bite.
I know my *second's* never right.

POTOMAC, VA. DELMONTE.

No. 4. INVERTED PENTAGON.

1. Twigs; 2. Malevolence; 3. A dresser; 4. A goldsmith's tool used for making rings; 5. Certain bats found in Europe; 6. Portrayed (*Obs.*); 7. To transform (*Theol.*); 8. To spread, as new mown hay or grass; 9. In "Golden Argosy."

BAYONNE, N. J. MAY B.

No. 5. CHARADE.

"A bog's" the meaning of my *first*—
"A boast" perhaps is plainer,
You pay your money, take your choice,
Perchance you'll be the *gainer*.

"A plant" is *last*. The only clew
That I dare give as meaning
Complete, "a wretch fit to be hung"—
A fellow past redeeming

PRINCETON, MINN. MEPHISTO.

No. 6. PENTAGON.

1. A letter; 2. Father; 3. A post-bamlet of Parker Co., Texas; 4. A groom; 5. Blotted; 6. Female professional singers; 7. Dost wander mentally; 8. Reluctance; 9. To restore to the center; 10. Issue; 11. Starts (*Obs.*).

HYDE PARK, MASS. DONA TELORE.

No. 7. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "plenteous grace;"
In "hurried pace;"
In "finest place;"
In "fancy lace;"
In "slightest trace;"
In "want of space."
Species of apples here is shown,
But obsolete the word has grown.

CLARKSVILLE, ARK. SOU CON.

No. 8. PENTAGON.

1. A letter; 2. A cover; 3. A small portable organ played with the fingers (*Obs.*); 4. A testator; 5. Lines connecting notes (*Mus*); 6. An alkaloid; 7. A saddler (*Obs.*); 8. To deny (*Obs.*); 9. Claws or talons (*Obs.*).

BROOKLYN, N. Y. MARK ANTONY.

No. 9. TRIBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "broadswords" keen as razors be,
In "bearded corsairs" on the sea,
In "wedding day" so full of glee.

The crescent moon hangs o'er the dark'ning west;
The ivied towers nocturnal owls infest;
The bee, full freighted with the sweets of flowers,
Wings homeward mindful of the lapse of hours;
Night o'er the earth her sable mantle throws,
And Nature sinks to rest and sweet repose.
Not so the maiden who, with looks depressed,
From *whole* looks o'er the *first* towards the west,
The while her orisons to heav'n arise
To God, the great Protector, in the skies.
Her lover sailed some weeks agone to fight
The pirates, on some Oriental hight,
Who swarmed upon the coast of Malabar,
And every *last* was full armed for the war.
That he may *see* the battle is her prayer,
Then wear the *first* upon his raven hair.

LIMA, OHIO. TRADDLES.

No. 10. DOUBLE PENTAGON.

(To "Myself.")

Across: 1. A letter; 2. A small vehicle; 3. Crippled; 4. Earned by active service; 5. Laid up; 6. A black variety of garnet; 7. A suite; 8. Presents of books; 9. A goddess (*Obs.*).

Down: 1. A letter; 2. Memorandum (*Abb.*); 3. One afflicted with leprosy; 4. Warbled; 5. Dressed with a shirt outward; 6. A mineral resin; 7. A person or thing detained; 8. Presents of books given to meritorious undergraduate students as prizes; 9. A goddess (*Obs.*).

PHILADELPHIA, PA. MYSTIC MAZE.

No. 11. CHARADE.

Rhode Island's famous for its *prime*,
As is New Hampshire for its rocks;
As Whittier for his pleasant rhyme,
As Wall Street for its bears and stocks.
As Boston harbor for its docks,
As beggar for his lack of socks,
As milkmaid for her show of crocks,
As herdsmen for their herds and flocks,
As cowards for their belated stalks,
Pedestrians for their lengthy walks,
Or tattlers for their endless talks.

This much asserted, *two* scarce kn w
What *whole* to write, or how to go;
But 'tis with *three* a rule laid down,
(Not Rule of Three, by any means,
Though this remark in that way leans),
Useful alike to age and clown,
Never to give up in despair
Whate'er is taken in one's care,
But "push things" to the end, though pressed,
And then, with victory sweet, to rest.
Thus having done in this charade,
I'll cool off with some—lemonade.

DUBOIS, ILL. ASPIRO.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first *complete* list of solutions, THE ARGOSY six months. For the best *incomplete* list three months. *Prizes for Single Solutions*: For first correct solution to any puzzle in this number, a silver dime.

CHAT.

We do not like to find fault with our solvers, for they are doing nobly, but if they must send two sets of solutions on one postal card they should draw a broad line between them and sign their nom de plume to each. Three lists of solutions to No. 143 were lost by being on the same card with No. 144, and were not noticed until too late. We do not wish to boast but we think we are justified in bragging of our contributors. What other dept. has introduced three new forms in the short space of nine weeks? And good forms too. We allude to the Pentagon by MYSELF and the O. K. Hexagon and the Star by BOLIS. Now EDWIN F. EDGETT sends another new Hexagon, which commences at the upper left-hand corner and reads across and diagonally down from right to left. But he wants us to set it up so the words shall read perpendicularly down. This would practically convert it into a Rhomboid, or what he calls a Right Hexagon. We like his puzzle, but do not like *that* idea of setting up any more than we like the queer way in which the Pentagon is set in *Golden Days*. We will set the puzzle in true Hexagon form, and to distinguish it from the other will call it the *Cambridge Hexagon*. Look out for it next week. We receive LIVE OAK'S dept., and it is fine in every respect. The Chat is undoubtedly the best of any. LIVE OAK evidently takes great pains to keep himself posted in all that is being done in Thedom, and his dept. is popular, as it deserves to be.

ROCHELLE.