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IN A NEW WORLD;

OR,
Among the Gold Fields of Australia.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Plying the World," "Do and Dare," "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER I.

OLD FRIENDS IN MELBOURNE.

A stout gentleman of middle age and two boys were sitting in the public room of a modest inn, in Melbourne. The gentleman was known to the public as Professor Hemmenway, who announced himself on the programme of his entertainment as "The Magician of Madagascar," though he freely confessed to his confidential friends that he had never seen the island of that name.

The two boys were Harry Vane Pendleton, American boys of sixteen. One had come to Australia as assistant to the Professor, and had been accustomed to sing one or two popular songs at the magical entertainments which he gave, besides rendering himself generally useful. Jack Pendleton was a young sailor, who had resolved to try his fortune in the new country, either at the mines or in any other employment offering fair compensation, before resuming his profession. Harry and the Professor had been passengers on board Jack's ship, and the two boys had struck up an enduring friendship. The ship had been wrecked, and they had spent some weeks together on an uninhabited island, from which they were finally rescued, as related in a preceding story, "Facing the World." It had been the Professor's intention to give a series of performances in Melbourne and other parts of Australia, but the unexpected delay had led him to change his plans, and he now proposed to return to America at once. Harry Vane, however, having no near family ties, to stay with an orphan, felt inclined to go with Jack, and try his luck for a time in the New World, which appealed strongly to his imagination and youthful love of adventure. The day had arrived for the Professor's departure, and he and the two boys were waiting for the lighter to take him down the Yarra Yarra river to the point of embarkation, eight miles distant.

"Harry," said the Professor, kindly, "I don't like to leave you here. You are only sixteen, and I feel that it is a great undertaking for you to attempt to make a living so many thousand miles from your native land. I shall feel anxious about you."

"I don't feel anxious about myself, Professor," said Harry, with the confidence natural to youth. "I am young and strong, and I mean to succeed."

"But suppose you fall sick?"

"Then Jack will look out for me."

"You may be sure of that, Harry," said the young sailor, with a glance of affection at Harry.

"You might both fall sick?"

"Is it best to borrow trouble?" said Harry, smiling. "I think we shall come out all right. But I am sorry you won't stay with us, Professor Hemmenway shook his head.

"I am three times your age, Harry," he said, "and am not as hopeful or sanguine as you. Besides, I have a wife and children at home who are already very anxious at my long silence; I did indeed mean to make a professional tour of Australia, but the shipwreck, and those lonely weeks on the island, changed my plans. Henceforth I shall restrict myself to America. I have a competence already, and can make an income at home twice as large as my expenses. Why should I incur any risks?"

"I don't know but you are right, Professor, but Jack and I are not so fortunate. Neither of us has a competence, and our prospects are probably better here than at home."

"Remember, Harry, that if you return I

shall be glad to continue your engagement, and will even increase your salary."

Jack Pendleton fixed his eyes anxiously on Harry's face. He feared that he would yield to the Professor's persuasion, and leave him, but his anxiety was soon removed.

"Thank you, Professor," said Harry. "but I don't want to leave Jack. If I return in bad luck, I may look you up and see whether the offer still holds good."

"Do so. You will always find a friend in me. But that reminds me, Harry, of an important consideration. If you are to remain here, you will want some money."

"I have sixty dollars which I have saved up in your service."

"And how much have you, Jack?"

"The young sailor colored, and looked a little uneasy."

"I have only ten dollars," he answered.

"That is, we have seventy dollars between us, Jack," said Harry promptly.

The hackman put the Professor's trunk aboard the carriage, and they set out for the banks of the river. It was a new trunk, bought in Melbourne, for the Professor's trunk and clothing had been lost at the time of the shipwreck. His first care had been to get a complete outfit in Melbourne, and he was now as well provided as when he left New York.

The two boys found the trip down the river a pleasant one. The trip by land would have been considerably shorter, but the Professor preferred the river. The distance to the mouth is nine miles. Vessels would be able to ascend the river but for two bars which obstructed its course. The city of Melbourne is situated chiefly on the north bank, and is at present a handsomely built and prosperous town of three hundred thousand inhabitants. At the time of Harry's arrival it had perhaps half that number. The country bordering the river is not particularly inviting, but it

the zest to be expected of boys thoroughly healthy. When the meal was over they repaired to the public room.

"Now, Jack," said Harry, "it is necessary for us to settle on our plans."

"All right," said Jack.

"Have you anything to propose?"

"No, Harry, you are smarter than I am, and I leave it to you."

"Thank you, Jack, for your confidence, but we are on a par here. Neither of us knows much about Australia. We have a great deal to learn."

"Then you had better decide for us both."

"Very well, I accept the responsibility, but I prefer to talk over my plans with you. First of all, then, shall we stay in Melbourne, or strike for the mines?"

"Just as you say, Harry, but I would prefer the mines."

"I feel that way myself, and for that reason I have been making some inquiries. There are three principal localities, Ballarat, Bendigo and Ovens. We might try one of the three, and if we don't have good luck make our way to another."

"Which shall we try first?"

"I have thought of Bendigo. I hear of one party that cleared two thousand pounds out of one hole."

"How much is that?" asked Jack, who was not very well acquainted with any but United States currency.

"It is equal to ten thousand dollars," answered Harry.

"That's a big pile of money," said Jack, his eyes sparkling.

"True, but we musn't expect to be so fortunate. It isn't everybody who succeeds as well as that."

"I should be satisfied with a thousand, Harry."

"And what would you do with it, Jack?"

"Convey it home to my mother, Harry. But I would fix it so that my stepfather couldn't get hold of it."

"You are a good boy, Jack, for thinking so much of your mother. I wish I had a mother to provide for," and Harry Vane looked sober.

"Do you know how far off Bendigo is, Harry?"

"About a hundred miles. That is, it is seventy-five miles to Mount Alexander, and the mines are twenty-five miles to the north of that."

"It won't take us long to travel a hundred miles," said Jack, hopefully.

"On the contrary, it will be a long and difficult journey, as far as I can find out. The country is full of bogs, swamps and moist land."

"Then we can't walk?"

"No; the custom is to charter a cart, drawn by oxen, which will give a chance to carry a stock of provisions. The roads are not very well marked, and are often impassable."

This description rather discouraged Jack, who was more used to the sea and its dangers than to land travel.

"I wish we could go by water," he said.

"So do I, Jack, but unfortunately Bendigo happens to be inland. However, you've got good stout legs, and can get along as well as the thousands that do go. Besides, it will give us a fine chance to see the country."

"Ye-es," said Jack, doubtfully, for he had very little of the traveler's curiosity that prompts so many to visit strange lands.

"There's another difficulty besides the mud," continued Harry, thoughtfully.

"What's that?"

"The bushrangers."

"Who are they?"

"Haven't you heard of them?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"I heard two men speaking of them last night, but I didn't take much notice."

"They are highwaymen—robbers, who wander about and attack parties of miners and travelers, and, unless successfully resisted, strip them of all their property."

"Are we likely to meet them?" said Jack, eagerly.

"I hope not; but we stand a chance of doing so."

"When are we going to start?" asked Jack, with alacrity.



"ARE YOU HURT, SIR?" ASKED HARRY, BENDING OVER THE OLD MAN.

"That is too little," said the Professor, shaking his head. "You must let me be your banker."

"On one condition, Professor, with thanks for your kindness."

"What is that?"

"A gentleman at home, Mr. Thomas Conway, President of the Craven County Railroad, has charge of two hundred and fifty dollars belonging to me. I was fortunate enough to save a railroad train from destruction, and this is the money the passengers raised for me. I will give you an order on him for the amount of your loan."

"I will, sir."

"At this moment a carriage drew up in front of the inn."

"It is the carriage I ordered to take me to the lighter," said the Professor. "You and Jack must go with me to the ship and see the last of me."

"With great pleasure, sir. Come along, Harry."

"How much shall it be?"

"Jack and I have seventy dollars between us. A hundred more ought to be sufficient."

"As you please, Harry, but if you get into trouble, promise to communicate with me, and send for assistance."

"I will, sir."

"At this moment a carriage drew up in front of the inn."

was new, and the two boys regarded it with interest. The soil was barren and sandy, and the trees, which were numerous, were eucalyptus or gum trees, which do not require a rich soil, but grow with great rapidity on sterile soil.

"What peculiar leaves!" said Harry. "They look like leather."

"True," said the Professor, "and you notice that instead of having one surface towards the sky and the other towards the earth, they are placed edgewise."

Soon they reached the mouth of the river, and there, just beyond the bar, rode the good ship Areturus on which the Professor was to sail for Boston. His baggage was hoisted on board, and then the Professor himself followed.

"Will you come on board, boys?" he asked.

"No, sir; we will go back by the lighter."

"Then good-bye, and God bless you and bring you good luck."

Harry could not help feeling sober as he bade farewell to his good friend, the Professor.

"I have only you now, Jack," he said. "I don't know what lies before us, but we must stick fast to each other, in sunshine and in storm."

Jack's only answer was to seize Harry's hand and press it warmly. Nothing more was needed.

CHAPTER II.

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

The two boys returned to the Crown Hotel in time for dinner, of which they partook with

"Do you want to meet these gentlemen, Jack?" inquired Harry, with a smile.
 "There'll be some fun about it," responded Jack, shrugging his shoulders.

Harry shrugged his shoulders.
 "I don't think there'll be much fun about being robbed," he said. "I would rather they would give us a wide berth, for my part."

Jack did not answer, but from that time he was eager to set out for the mines. The hint of danger invested the journey with a charm it had not hitherto possessed in his eyes.

While the boys were conversing, a tall man, with heavy black whiskers and wearing a rough suit and a slouch hat, appeared to listen attentively. At this point he rose from his seat, and lounged over to where Harry and Jack were seated.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "do I understand that you are thinking of going to the mines?"
 "Yes, sir," answered Harry, surveying his inquirer with some attention.

"And you talk of going to Bendigo?"
 "Yes; do you know anything about the place?"
 "I ought to. I only came from there last month."
 "What luck did you have there, may I ask?"

"Pretty fair. I brought back about a hundred and fifty pounds in gold dust."
 "And how long were you there?"
 "Four weeks."

"That is pretty good pay for the time."
 "That's so, especially as I made little or nothing the first three weeks. I struck it rich the last week."
 "What do you say to that, Jack?" said Harry, turning to his companion; "nearly eight hundred dollars in a month."

"I can't say but that being a sailor," answered Jack, smiling.
 "I should say it did."
 "When do you expect to start?" asked the stranger.

"As soon as we can get ready," Harry replied.
 "You are right there. Have you got money?"
 "Why?" asked Harry, rather suspiciously.

"It will cost something for an outfit."
 "I can't say I have more than being a sailor," answered Jack, smiling.
 "I should say it did."
 "When do you expect to start?" asked the stranger.

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CHAPTER III.
FLETCHER ACTS SUSPICIOUSLY.

ONE circumstance led Harry to hurry his intended departure. He found to his dismay that the hotel charges for their very plain accommodations was a pound a day for each of them. The brown inn was what would be called in an American city a horse hotel. There are plenty such to be found in the United States where the rate charged is but a dollar a day. But Melbourne was full of strangers, drawn thither by flaming accounts of the richness of the mines, and the bright prospects of acquiring sudden fortunes, and war prices were prevalent everywhere.

"Five dollars a day!" exclaimed Jack in open amazement. "Do they take us for millionaires?"
 "I began to think they were imposing upon us," said Harry, "till I made inquiries elsewhere. I find a pound a day is about the usual tariff for such accommodations as we have."

"But we have only a small bedroom, and the rates very cheap," he replied, "and that is nothing more than what we deserve."
 "That is true, but it seems to make no difference."
 "Our money will soon be gone at that rate," said Jack soberly. "Mine is nearly gone."
 "No, it isn't, Jack. We are going to share and share alike you know."

"But that is imposing on you, Harry," protested the young sailor earnestly.
 "Let me judge of that, Jack; I'd a good deal rather have my company and half of the money, than be alone and have the whole."
 "Thank you, Harry. You are a true friend. I can't do much for you, but I'll do what I can."
 "If I had known of the high prices, I would have taken more money from the Professor," continued Harry. "However, I can make this do. But I want to start to-morrow, if possible. We shall then be owing four days board each, and that will make forty dollars."

At this point Fletcher joined them.
 "By the way," said he nonchalantly, "I want to ask a little favor."
 "What is it?" asked Harry suspiciously.
 "I am rather short of money. Can you lend me five pounds?"

Jack looked at Harry in alarm. He was afraid Harry would grant the favor, knowing his obliging disposition. But he didn't know his hero. Harry was not willing to do anything for a new friend, he was too prudent to waste his money on acquaintances who had no sort of claim on him.

"I am sorry to refuse, Mr. Fletcher," he said, "but I can't lend you the money, as I have no money, and just before you came in, we were considering how we could manage to pay for the necessary outfit."
 "Hav'n't you got five pounds?" asked Fletcher quickly.
 "Of course we have, or we should be unable to get the mines."
 "Then I think you might oblige me," he continued, looking very much displeased.

"I am the best judge of my circumstances," said Harry shortly.
 Fletcher looked hard at him, and saw that the boy he had to deal with had a mind of his own, and was not to be imposed upon easily. Still he made a further effort.
 "Then I think," he said coldly, "I shall not be able to assist you in your preparations."
 "You may as well ask for me," answered Harry promptly.
 "As you volunteered I accepted your proposal. Now I will act for myself. I have heard of a party about to start, and I will arrange to join it."

Fletcher felt that he was being out-generaled. He did not mean to let Harry and Jack slip through his fingers, for he had an idea, notwithstanding Harry's disclaimer, that he had a large sum of money, and that he would be a good party to follow. He saw that he had made a false move, and hastened to repair it.
 "Excuse me," he said, assuming a hearty tone. "I was hasty and I apologize. You are right, and I like you too well to cut up rough, just because you can't do me a favor. There, take my hand, and we will make it up to you."

"With pleasure," answered Harry, as he accepted the proffered hand, and Jack followed his example. Nevertheless Fletcher's demand had produced an unpleasant effect upon him. The coarse-grained selfishness of the man had shown through his outward varnish of good fellowship, and he felt that henceforth he must be on his guard.
 "I may have to ask for some money, however," continued Fletcher, in an off-hand manner, "for it is necessary to buy supplies for our journey. You know your man's not able to put up at hotels on our way, but must furnish our own meals."
 "So I have heard," answered Harry. "What is it customary to take?"

"I think it will be best to buy a bag of coffee, a sack of flour, some ship biscuits, potatoes and sugar. That will do to start on, and we shall vary our diet by what we are able to kill on the way."
 "Well, kangaroo meat isn't bad, and we can bring down a few birds occasionally."
 "Then we shall need guns."
 "I think we will be well to have them."

This was another expense upon which Harry had not calculated. He began to think that he had been very imprudent. The Professor would readily have left him a hundred dollars more, and as it would have been repaid with his own money, he was sorry he had not availed himself of it.
 "How much do you think the supplies will cost?" asked Harry.
 "Well, you had better let me have ten pounds. I think that will be sufficient for our share?" asked Harry pointedly.

"For your share," answered Fletcher after a pause. "It seems to me you are very suspicious." Really he had intended to make the two boys pay for the whole stock of provisions and save his own purse, for he had in reality as much money as they. "I really wanted to understand clearly," said Harry quietly. "As we are in some sort partners that is fair, is it not?"

"Oh, yes," returned Fletcher, but he did not respect Harry's alacrity. "I'm always fair and above board, I am. No man can say that Dick Fletcher ever tried to get the best of him. Why, if I was better fixed I wouldn't let you two boys pay a cent. I'd shoulder the whole thing myself."
 "Your offer is a kind one, Mr. Fletcher."
 "Don't say Mr. Fletcher, call me Dick," interrupted their new acquaintance.

"I will if you wish it, though as you are so much older, it hardly seems proper. What I was going to say was, that Jack and myself are determined to pay for our share. We couldn't accept any such favor as you mention it."
 "That's all right. Now, if you'll let me have the ten pounds I'll take all the trouble off your hands, and have everything ready for a start to-morrow morning."
 "I would prefer to go with you and help select the articles."
 Fletcher looked disconcerted.
 "Oh, well, if you think I ain't capable," he began.

"I think nothing of the kind, but I want to learn as much as I can. I may have to do it alone some time."
 It was well Harry adhered to his determination. It saved three pounds, and Fletcher was forced to pay his share, as he had not intended to do. While they were making purchases they were accosted by a tall, loose-jointed man, whom it was easy to recognize as a Yankee.
 "Goin' to the mines, boys?" he asked in a strong nasal tone.

"Yes," answered Harry.
 "I'd like to look on to your party, if you ain't no objections."
 "For some reason Dick Fletcher did not appear to like the proposition very much.
 "I don't think we can accommodate you," he said abruptly.
 "I think we can," said Harry, who was beginning to distrust Dick Fletcher, "but we can't be adding another to the party. There are but three of us, and we shall be glad of your company."
 Dick Fletcher looked angry, but did not venture to oppose the plan further.

CHAPTER IV.
A TIMELY RESCUE.

ON the last evening spent in Melbourne the boys decided to take a farewell walk about the city, not knowing when it would again be their fortune to see their old friend. Fletcher met their new Yankee acquaintance as at hand, and they started by themselves. They did not confine themselves to the more frequented streets, but followed wherever fancy led.

They had no thought of an adventure but one awaited them. As they were turning the corner of a narrow street, their attention was suddenly excited by a sharp cry of blended surprise and fright.
 "What's up?" asked Harry, grasping his companion by the arm.
 He did not need to await a reply, for by the incident light he saw two men struggling, a few rods further on. One appeared to be a middle-aged man with white hair, the other was a man of middle age. Clearly it was a case of attempted robbery.

"Run, Jack, run!" said Harry, in excitement. "But help the old man!"
 "I'm with you," answered the young sailor, bravely.
 Harry had in his hand a heavy cane—his only weapon—but he did not stop to consider the personal risk he was running. As he drew near, the old man, whose feeble strength was quite unequal to a conflict with a man so much younger, swung and fell backward. His assailant bent over him, and despite his feeble resistance began to search his pockets, at the same time indulging in savage threats. The old man gave himself up for lost, but help was nearer than he anticipated.

So occupied was the villain with his disgraceful work that he did not hear the approaching footsteps. His first intimation of them came in a sounding blow over his shoulders, given by Harry's stick, which was laid on with great good luck. Harry jumped to his feet with an oath, and darted a rapid glance at his two assailants. Then, much to the surprise of Harry, he turned and ran rapidly away. It was a piece of great good luck, Harry thought, for he was not at all sure that he and Jack combined would have been a match for the highwayman.
 "Are you hurt, sir?" asked Harry, bending over the old man.
 "Not seriously," was the reply. "Will you kindly help me up?"

Harry helped Harry get the old man on his feet. He was a tall man, of splendid aspect, over sixty years of age. He looked like a gentleman of wealth and position.
 "You have had a narrow escape, sir," said Harry's hero.
 "Yes, indeed," answered the old man, "thanks to your brave interference. It surprises me that my brutal assailant should have run away from two boys."

"I am surprised also, sir. I feared we should have had hard fighting. I suppose his object was robbery."
 "Yes, he must have heard in some way that I had a large sum of money about me. Thanks to you, it is safe now."
 "I am very glad, sir."
 "Do you mind accompanying me to my house? This attack will be best to buy a bag of coffee, a sack of flour, some ship biscuits, potatoes and sugar. That will do to start on, and we shall vary our diet by what we are able to kill on the way."

The old gentleman lived perhaps a quarter of a mile distant in a handsome house. He pressed the boys to enter at that moment. He mentioned them as to their plans, and then selecting two bank notes of large denomination, urged the boys to accept them as a recognition of the help they had given him at that moment. The boys, however, declined positively to accept any hanging benefit, but expressed their satisfaction at having been able to do it.
 "At least," said the old gentleman, "you must promise to call on me when you return from the mines. There is my card."
 "That we will do with pleasure, sir," answered Harry.

He looked at the card, and read the name of Henry A. Woolson.
 "Harry," said Jack, as they resumed their walk. "I thought that robber had a look like Fletcher?"
 "So I thought, Jack, but I had only a glimpse, and could not be sure. I wish he were not to be in our party."
 "We must be on our guard, I don't fancy," said Harry.

When the boys saw Fletcher in the morning he appeared as usual, and they were disposed to think they were mistaken. Yet the lurking suspicion occurred to them from time to time, and made them feel uneasy.
 The next day they set out on their journey, accompanied by Dick Fletcher and Obad Stockpole. (To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.
He can get any number you may need.

INFORMATION FOR A STRANGER.
 A PARTY of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff.

Noticing the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenahan, he asked: "Ah, driver, I wonder what the doose those boots are doing up there?"
 Old Bill scarcely glanced us as he replied: "That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."
 "But I say, that's very strange, ye know; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toll point down. He must be buried on his face, 'ye know."
 "Yes," said old Bill, musingly, "he was an Irishman."
 "But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a plying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone full of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance, said: "Well, do you see, we've got a sort of superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so he laid his head to bury himself on the top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out, the deeper he gets in the ground."
 "Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman, gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

"Mother, don't the angels wear any clothes?" asked a little girl of her mother.
 "No, my daughter."
 "None at all, mother?"
 "None at all."
 There was a pause, and then the little cherub asked:
 "Where do the angels put their pocket handkerchiefs?"

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This city's streets the little school boys
We'll hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.
The small boys' treble piping clear,
The bigger boys' growl.
And from the boys who roar
A weird, discordant howl.
With swelling hearts we hear them sing
" My country, 'tis of thee
From children staid to the anthem ring.
" Sweet land of liberty!
Their little hearts glow with pride,
Each with exultant tongue
Proclaim: " From every mountain side
Let freedom's song be sung.
Let him who critic's the time,
Or scold the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime—
No patriot is he!
" From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall o'er be strong
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with freedom's song."

Footprints in the Forest.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN STRANGE STORY.

The amazement of Jack Carleton, when he recognized the figure before him, was beyond description. It was Otto Reibsteb—the same honest German lad from the schoolhouse rings, when the two were captives in the hands of the wandering Sanks, the divisions of which took such different directions, and he had acquired the noticeable difference being that he was bareheaded and his garments were much worn and torn. He held his gun in his right hand, the stock resting on the ground, while with his left he made an inquiring expression, as if doubting the identity of the young Kentuckian who had come such a distance to help restore him to his friends. And a second searching stare fastidied both and ransacking foot each other, they shook hands, laughed and cried for very joy, their expressions disjoined and only clear in their evidence of the delight which overflowed in their hearts.

"Oh, I forgot!" suddenly exclaimed Jack, drawing Otto's hand under his coat and slapping it on the yellow crown of his friend; "here's something which belongs to you."

"Ver' d you got him?" asked Otto, taking it from his head and inspecting it; "I never dinks I would see him as a stranger story."

Jack gave the particulars which the reader learned long ago, adding an account of the efforts made by Deerfoot and the Sanks to trace him, and of the despair all felt when they were told the captive had been left to die alone in the woods.

"I never expected to meet you again," said Jack, "and I couldn't understand why it was Deerfoot had any hope."

"'Cause he knowed," was the truthful remark. "But what was the matter with you? You must have got well on your feet by this time. Otto threw back his head and laughed in his old-fashioned, hearty style, adding quizzically: "Do you dinks I'm any sicker?"

And then the two told each other, which perhaps you would prefer to hear in a little better accent than that of the narrator.

The statement of the narrator by Little Bear only a few hours before, was shown to be accurate in every particular, by the narrative of Otto himself, but it had an extraordinary phase, which neither Lone Bear nor any of his comrades suspected.

The Sanks who wandered away from their fellows, taking Otto along as their prisoner, encountered the Pawnees, who were only a few miles from home. Otto was battered to them and his captors continued toward their village, many days of toiling they continued. They went at a leisurely pace, stopping and hunting by the way and making themselves familiar with the country, with a view of removing their loads thither, provided they could find a satisfactory place.

They were many hours on this dismal tramp, when Otto asked himself whether it would not be as well to give up the idea of being rescued, and of becoming one of the people into whose hands he had fallen. The injustice and hardship imposed by his captors, and the long and weary course, and, more than once, he decided not to make any effort to leave the Pawnees, even if a good opportunity offered. Had it not been for Jack Carleton and his kind men, he probably would have become an adopted Pawnee.

But, as the distance between him and his humble cabin in far away Martinsville increased, a feeling of home sickness overcame him, and he was utterly miserable. He finally reached the unalterable resolve that he would never rest until he was home again in the arms of his mother, in Mississippi; no matter how oppressive his lot, it was home and that was preferable to a gilded palace.

That the prisoner in the dungeon finds no difficulty in making up his mind to leave; is the insurmountable task is to carry out his intention, and the days and nights passed without the first glimmer of hope appearing in the sky of Otto Reibsteb.

Several times, especially during the stillness of the nights, Otto saw chances which, as he believed, would enable him to get away, but he feared the inevitable pursuit. He was so many miles from home, that day after day, of the most laborious tramping would be required, even if able to proceed in a direct line.

It was this well-founded dread which prevented such an attempt on the part of Otto, while his some sickness increased, until his appetite waned and his strength declined. While in this pitiful condition, the poor fellow asked himself whether he could not feign illness to such a degree that his captors would abandon him to die.

The probabilities of success were, in the first place, the Pawnees were quite certain to perceive the sham, and, in case they were deceived, they were likely to be disappointed at the end of the annoyance. These two considerations kept him plodding along with the party, which, fortunately for him, progressed very slowly.

But while the party was moving on, there was not bad enough to deceive the Indians, he became desperate, and determined to seize the first opportunity that presented itself. Within an hour after

making such a resolution, he found a chance to pilfer some tobacco belonging to Lone Bear. He took the little sack and hid it under his coat, not suspected. Straightway he swallowed it, and I need not say that it was unnecessary for Otto to pretend to be ill, for he was never in such a state of collapse in all his life.

His deathly paleness convinced the Pawnees that their captive was lying at death's door. They tried to get him to walk, but he would not, and he stayed in camp longer than was intended, in the hope that the patient would rally.

Otto showed a good deal of pluck when, finding himself rescued, he resolutely swallowed some more of the poisonous weed and soon became so prostrated that he really believed he was going to die. He was in great danger, for the medicine threatened the seal of life, and Otto lost interest in everything, feeling that it would be a relief to perish and end his misery.

This was his condition, when the Pawnees formed the opinion that he could not live more than an hour or two at the most. Accordingly they covered him with leaves, laid his hat over his face, and, placing his gun beside him, went off. The youth lay a considerable while, hovering, as it seemed, between life and death. While in that condition, he detected a footfall near him. He was able to turn his head and saw a young Indian, who he recognized Red Wolf, who was standing a few steps away, knife in hand. He had returned to take the scalp of the dying lad, and would have done so, had not Lone Bear, coming from another direction, interfered. By some arrangement he led the other to change his mind, and went away again.

From that moment, reaction set in and Otto rallied fast. It was beginning to grow dark, and he was soon shut in by impenetrable gloom. Fearing that Red Wolf would return, he hid himself and would steal upon him in the night, he crept from the spot and deeper into the wood, where he knew he could not be found when the sun was not shining.

Although his rugged system rapidly threw off the nicotine poisoning, he was still weak and trembled, and he could not get up the ridge, but was awake at the earliest streakings of light and immediately started on his return.

Otto Reibsteb's experience in the woods now served him well, and he quickly recovered from the war party, instead of continuing westward, were retracing and doubling on their own trail. He suspected the true reason—they were prospecting tracks for their village, and he had learned from their previous actions, that something of the kind was in their thoughts.

It was therefore, most necessarily lie in the same direction, he wisely chose to deviate until he was far off their trail, so as to avoid any risk of them.

His deliverance from captivity was singular indeed, but he was too wise to consider it complete, until actually assured that such was the case. He feared that Red Wolf or some of his comrades would return to the spot where he had been abandoned; and, discovering the track, instantly pursue him.

Therefore, devoted many hours to elaborate efforts to obliterate his own trail, or to shape it so that even a bloodhound could not track him. He crossed all the streams he could, wading long distances, and he took care to leave no tracks, but so great to permit his footprints to be seen. When he finally emerged, he often did so on the same side which he entered, perhaps repeating his manner of escape, well before leaving the stream by the opposite bank.

This kind of business played havoc with Otto's gang, and he was soon and injured, and he looked doubtful whether they would last him through his journey. Sometimes, when walking where the water was only a little above his knees, he would suddenly step into that which was six or eight feet deep, but he always reached bottom.

During the first day, when the vigorous system of the fugitive demanded food, and when he saw the smoke arising from the camp, he was trotted swiftly across his path, he refrained through fear that the report of his gun would betray him. He was not a berries, but he managed to have some from the preceding winter (the season being rather early for anything of the kind to have grown scarce), chewed some tender buds, and lying down he tried to get his strength up.

When Otto arrived on the bank of the river, across which his friends had passed several times, he felt the opportunity for which he longed had come.

With considerable labor, he succeeded in constructing a sort of raft, sufficiently buoyant to float him, without resting any part of his body or limbs in the water. Pushed by the wind, the raft, he drifted downward fully three miles, all the time gradually working the support toward the further shore, by the report of a gun, so near.

"Der," he exclaimed, when he stepped out on land, "dey won't find my tracks if dey don't look all summer."

This was certainly the fact, so far as trailing the fugitive from the spot where he was abandoned, but it so happened that the course of the raft down stream, carried him into the very section where they were hunting for the trail, and for the boy's sake that he was not discovered, for there must have been times, when his enemies were on each side who were looking for him, but he hid between them—and that too, with the sun shining.

He was so tired that he lay down beside a fallen tree and slept until near nightfall. Even then, he was not safe, for the report of a gun, so near that he started up and rushed off in such haste that he left his hat behind him. Soon another rifle was discharged so close, that he believed he was surrounded by foes, and he had to get away, but dared not go back after it, the last gun seeming to have been fired from a point near him. All he could do was to get away as fast as he could, and he could, in the least time possible. A strong wind, accompanied by some rain followed and hastened his footsteps.

It was very remarkable that the fugitive's presence so near a number of the hostiles was not discovered, but there is no reason to believe that any such suspicion entered their minds, or that they were dreamed of the fact, until they were met by the captive when he seemed to be lying at the point of death.

When pressed on, until once more he felt he had the best ground for believing he would elude his enemies; but he was famishing for food, and, when in the moment of temptation, a dozen wild turkeys were seen in the woods, he fell and lay fly at the plumpst, which also fell.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STARTLING INTERRUPTION.

WHEN Deerfoot the Shawanoe first saw the recovered hat of Otto Reibsteb and tried hard to

guess how it came to be left where Jack Carleton found it, he recalled the words of Lone Bear to the effect that he was placed over the rocks, rocks higher than any others near them, and among which the boy had found a refuge from the storm that drove him thither—a storm which it may be necessary to say, was not so clear as that of Deerfoot and his friends, who were not far off, saw nothing of the elemental disturbance.

The Pawnees who were seeking to surround the boy at the moment they started, were on different points, all converging so as to shut in the fugitives, as they would have done had a little more time been given, but the storm, which Otto faced the rocks, their enemies in their rear, one or two were uncomfortably close.

Indeed, there was one fierce warrior, high enough to interpose as a shield of the fugitives. Otto had taken a dozen steps or so, after climbing to his feet, when the savage, brandishing his tomahawk in one hand, while he grasped his gun in the other, gun, shouted continually some exclamation which was clearly a command to halt, but which, it need not be said, was disobeyed.

Quick to see that he was wasting his breath, the warrior, with a couple of blows, placed himself so directly in front of Otto that the latter could not pass him without turning to one side.

"There's no use in that," said the fellow, "was the conclusion of Jack Carleton, raising the hammer of his gun, without slackening his speed; but, before he could bring the weapon to his shoulder, Otto stopped, seeing that he was on the same point, and led drive at the warrior, who could not have had the remotest suspicion that he was in danger, and that he was standing with muzzle almost in his face, and then, scarce time was given him to know what was coming, when his interest in earthly things ceased.

The intervening space was so brief, that both arms, the gun and rifle flying several feet in the air from the spasmodic movement, he went forward on his face, head and shoulders being thrown upon the ground, and he lay motionless on his chin and forehead following like the rockers of a chair.

"Well done!" called out Jack, glancing around, and observing that, while others were approaching, there was none very near, and all were checked for the moment by the unexpected shot; "push ahead and you'll be all right."

Suddenly Otto slackened and turned about by a slanting face.

"Mein gracious! I dinks I her got de wrong road!"

"Jack was in despair; then he was angered. "Go on; go somewhere; don't stop here!"

"He was so shocked him off his feet in his desperate impatience.

"Vosn't dot foolney?" said Otto, breaking into another desperate run; "it is the right road arter this."

Not only at that moment, but for some time previous, it must have been in the power of the Pawnees to bring down both boys by shots from their guns. The intervening space was so brief, that it could not have missed, and, when Otto made his last dash for safety, Jack Carleton was in such a good luck as to have been shot, that a single well-aimed bullet would have laid both boys on the ground, confident there was no possible escape for the boys, determined to make both prisoners.

Deerfoot, however, who had referred to the action of the redmen at that time, as almost unexplainable. They must have known that the youths had friends close by, and that one of them was the warrior whom Deerfoot had seen in league with the Evil One. The footprints which had guided them through the forest told that fact.

There were four Pawnees (one of whom was the warrior whom Deerfoot had seen in league with the Evil One. The footprints which had guided them through the forest told that fact. There were four Pawnees (one of whom was the warrior whom Deerfoot had seen in league with the Evil One. The footprints which had guided them through the forest told that fact.

As the number of fugitives, if such they may be called, had increased, they were all in league with the Evil One. The footprints which had guided them through the forest told that fact.

He stumbled forward, almost falling again. "Where?" demanded the terrified friend; "I don't see anything like the cave you told me about."

"It is hid de pest dot we have," replied the German hunter, noticing the disappointment of his companion.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newelcase for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. It can get any number you may want.

A NOVEL NECKLACE.

A NEW YORK jewelry firm a short time ago received a novel order for a necklace. With the order came a few dozen things that were of a brown amber color, and might be taken for a new shade of opals. They were in shape and appearance like petrified human eyes.

When the old Peruvians died and were mummified, centuries before Pizarro's time, the men who did the embalming had trouble in making the face look natural, because the eyes disappeared. So they took the eyes of a kind of fish with a long Latin name, and used them instead. The eyes of the fish were spherical, and the Peruvians cut them across the middle. They exposed the flat section somewhat resembles in appearance the human eye. These planned off eyes were dried and hardened, and were put in the mummy's eye sockets. Properly placed, they gave the mummy a natural air, and there was no necessity for closing the eyelids. Mummies are plenty in Peru, and the eyes were easily obtained. They are not petrified, but shine with a dull lustre like an opal without fire. The material looks like fine amber.

INFORMATION FOR THE PROFESSOR.

OLD Professor Gasaway one night last week was disturbed by the ringing of his door bell. Hastily enveloping his figure in a dressing gown, he threw open a window, and, sticking out his head, asked what was the cause of the disturbance.

"The burglars are bad, and we only wanted to tell you that the door was open," he was answered. "Which one?" he asked anxiously.

"The one you have got your head stuck out of, professor," replied the students in chorus.



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Dear Sir—I have read THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for a year, and regard it as a most excellent and interesting paper for families and young people.

Sincerely yours, A. T. WOLFF.

ARTIFICIAL HATCHING.

ANOTHER of our so-called modern inventions is the artificial egg-hatching machine. But in this, as in many other matters, we must get up early to beat the ancients.

WILLOW TEA.

POSSIBLY some of our young readers have formed the habit of drinking tea. The stimulus of the Chinese leaf is really not needed in youth.

AN EMPEROR'S FUN.

A MONARCH has to pay well for simple pleasures, and he is often only too willing to do so. It is related of the Emperor Joseph II. that his carriage broke down one day in an Italian village.

ILLS WE HAVEN'T GOT.

WHEN one is inclined to fret over the petty evils of life, it is a good plan for him, as the old lady said, to "think on his marcies."

"The common ills of life are bad enough. Misfortunes fall as easy as the dew; And still, for every morning's steak that's tough, There might be two.

Oh, trust me—better not to make ado At the few miseries of our common lot, There's millions of 'em, if we only knew, We haven't got."

In this sort of spirit we can shuffle off the petty ills of life quite easily. Why not cultivate it; rather than waste time and nerve in fretting?

THE YACHT CONTEST.

NOTHING better illustrates the human liking for competition and contest than the strife of the yachts for the America's cup. During the preliminaries of the Puritan-Genesta race, the coming struggle was the most prominent object of public interest in England and the United States.

a great battle been in suspense, the interest would have been more painful, but could hardly have been more general.

And what was really to be settled? It was not, after all, a question of superiority in boat-building or seamanship. It was a test between the model boat suited for English waters and heavy weather, and one which experience has shown better fitted for our own harbors and storms.

Such contests are useful, when pursued with fairness and honesty. They stimulate manly qualities, and sharpen the inventive wits.

CHINESE ENTERPRISE.

The Chinese, it is said, are showing themselves a little more friendly to railroads than they have in the past. Consequently the English, and others who make rails and machinery, have some hope that a market will be opened before long in the great Celestial Empire for their wares.

To show how hostile John Chinaman has been to railroad building, the history of one experimental line may be quoted. It was a road of two-foot gauge, constructed from Shanghai to Woosung, a distance of nine and a half miles.

But the railway was completed at last, and ran with great success for fifteen months. Finally the Imperial Government raised an objection to having railway property owned by foreigners.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

MUCH is said in the papers about civil service reform, and all who are going to be voters will take more or less interest, some day, in this subject.

When this subject was first talked about, some fear was excited lest reform might lead to the establishment of an office-holding class. It was said that England has an official aristocracy, and we want nothing of the sort in this Democratic country.

This is the problem which interests public men and citizens generally. On the one hand we want no fixed official aristocracy. On the other hand, we want the business of the government done by competent men, and such men should not be turned out of office merely because they belong to one or another party.

It will have to be done on business principles, as it has begun. The first step is the retaining of efficient servants. Thus all the offices will not fall into the hands of the victors, and in time they will be more equalized among the parties.

It is easy to see, without dwelling further upon the subject, that a thorough reform of this sort will take time. That it is a desirable thing for the safety of our democratic government, the thoughtful men of the country believe more and more firmly every day.

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

A MULTITUDE of boys greater than any man can number, will thank us for presenting them this week with the likeness of writer who has employed his genius so long in their behalf.

Mr. Alger is a native of Revere, Mass., where at the birth of the son the father was the officiating minister of the Unitarian parish.

He was prepared for Harvard College at Gates's Academy, Marlboro, and graduated just before the breaking out of the civil war. He was in Europe when Fort Sumter was fired on, and returning home, settled in Cambridge, and began writing widely for periodicals, including Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Putnam's Magazine, The North American Review, and other leading publications.

At the request of a personal friend, he prepared a short sketch for The Student and Schoolmate. This was so widely copied and attracted so much favorable notice, that Mr. Alger saw that juvenile literature was his field.

In April, 1866, he established himself in New York, where he was soon interested in studying the peculiarities of the street Arabs. He became a familiar figure along the docks, and wherever the friendly urchins could be found.

The story which first brought Mr. Alger prominently before the public was "Ragged Dick," which began in The Student and Schoolmate, in January, 1867. He never dreamed at that time of issuing it in book form.

Mr. Alger wrote biographies respectively of Garfield, Webster and Lincoln. The publishers were in a hurry for the first work, and he completed it in thirteen days. Several of his stories have been dramatized and played in different parts of the country.

To show the power wielded by a writer with the genius of Mr. Alger, it may be said that his story of "Phil, the Fiddler," who was an Italian musician, was the cause of the almost immediate stoppage of the nefarious traffic of the Italian padrones, who leased the boys of their parents in Southern Italy and subjected them to the severest treatment in order to gratify their greed for gain.

Mr. Alger is a native of Revere, Mass., where at the birth of the son the father was the officiating minister of the Unitarian parish. He was a very studious boy, and inordinately fond of reading every book which he could lay hands on.

Mr. Alger is the author of forty-nine volumes, including two volumes of poems, and his contributions to weekly papers and magazines would make fully thirty volumes more.

Mr. Alger has fitted a great many young men for college—his partiality being for classical studies. He resides in New York three-fourths of the year, but goes to his country home, at South Natick, Massachusetts, during the summer months.

It is easy to fathom the secret of Mr. Alger's great power and popularity. In the first place, he has a profound sympathy with childhood, and besides he possesses a genius for weaving that sympathy into charming narrative.

His first writings were published when he was only thirteen years old, and when in Harvard College he took the first prize of forty dollars for an English essay on "Athens in the time of Socrates."

The same year he took the Greek prize. Mr. Alger has never married, but no one can be fonder of children than he. Nothing pleases him more than to have a troop of happy youngsters about him, and his best work is often done, when a half dozen boys are making the liveliest kind of music in his handsome rooms in West Twenty-sixth street.

Mr. Alger has a style of remarkable clearness and purity. His sentences are smooth and graceful—his plots and narrative captivating and the vein of high morality which pervades everything from his pen, renders his works among the most effective of all educators of the rising generation.

A WORD OF WISDOM.

To be resigned when ills befall, Patient when forces are denied and pleased with favors given, Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part, Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The wealthiest miser is the poorest of all men. He'll find the means. Be just to your enemies, generous to your friends, and independent of both.

Nothing more clearly indicates the true gentleman than a desire evinced to oblige or accommodate.

Exact and pride seek things at vast expense, Which relish not to reason or to sense.

The sun shines for everybody, the flowers smell sweet for all noses; and the nightingale warbles for all ears.

It is an unfortunate fact that many of us put off our manners as we put off our boots—on the threshold of home.

Pity and virtue are not only delightful for the present, but they leave peace and contentment behind them.

More in prosperity is reason lost Than ships in storms, the helms and anchors lost.

The knowledge drawn from experience is of quite another kind than that which flows from speculation or discourse.

The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

Providence not niggardly, but wise, Here lavishly bestows, and there denies, That by each other's virtues we may rise.

While politicians are disputing about monarchies, aristocracies and republics, Christianity is alike applicable, useful and friendly to them all.

I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of actions in which the choice of others or his own necessities may have engaged him.

Partiality in a parent is commonly unlucky, for fondlings are in danger to be made fools, and the children that are the least cockered make the best and wisest men.



A FALL BOUQUET.

Out on the meadow the golden rod blooms,
Where the west wind waves in its yellow plumes.
And a thousand diamond ripples gleam
Down on the breast of the wandering stream.

The sunbeams are swaying with crimson beads,
And the purple leaves are proudly bowing,
The breeze laughs low as it launches a leaf,
To begin its career, brilliant and brief.

Up on the hill the asters are growing,
And their purple heads are proudly showing,
As they fling their heads to the dreaming sky,
And dance with the sunbeams passing by.

Changed the hue of the emerald wood,
And amber and scarlet on the tall trees stood:
For the spell has come to them one and all,
Cast by the wand of the Fay of the Fall.

GREAT CYCLONES.

Who knows what a cyclone is? Not what it does, for the newspapers too often have occasion to tell of towns being swept away and tracts of land turned upside down, to leave us in ignorance of its effects; but the reason why—that is, the scientific principle of cyclones—is not so generally comprehended.

In order that your fire may burn well your house is provided with a chimney, which creates a draft. If you can understand just what this draft is, you will understand the first principle of the cyclone. Your fire heats the air above it and around it; heat makes the air expand, and air expanded becomes lighter than air at a lower temperature.

Suppose the air in your room is, say, 70 degrees of temperature;

a fire started in the grate raises the air in the chimney to a greater heat; the cooler air of 70 degrees presses downward to the earth acts on this heated air in the chimney just as water acts upon a cork forced to the bottom of a basin of water and released: it makes it rise up and make room for the heavier matter.

The hot air in the chimney goes, the chimney cools it, and the same process goes on and on—hot air rushing up and through the chimney and cooler air rushing in through doors and windows to take its place and be in its turn thrust out of doors without ceremony.

If you understand, now, the reason why of the draft, the first stage in the scientific growth of the cyclone will be smooth. Imagine in place of your fire a prairie heated by the rays of the sun. The air directly on this plain becomes more and more heated by contact with the scorching earth. The cooler air on the hills around and above this plain presses down upon the warmer atmosphere of the plain which naturally bursts in a column straight upward, making for itself a natural chimney; and the prairie soon cools that going on before you while you are reading, perhaps, by the fire in the cooler days of October.

The cool air coming down from the hills on to the heated plain, the prairie soon cools that particular spot; but that column of hot air by a natural force travels on and on over the heated earth, gaining such a terrible power as only nature can supply. Just as nothing can suppress the expansion of steam, so no barrier can stay the progress of this "chimney" as it travels across the face of the earth, overcharged with heat, striving to break away.

The hot air rushing upward and the cooler rain, making the frightful whirlwinds down the roof, while the clouds above, and the descending rain are caused by the condensing of the particles of water that have been lifted up in vapor form by that ascending column of overheated air.

All these natural forces that originate a cyclone are not, you understand, called into play by any power in the heat or the heated air. It is rather in the cooler, and therefore heavier, air that it is drawn downward by the natural force of gravitation—the same that once made an apple fall upon the eye of a philosopher as he lay dreaming under a tree. To keep the explanation clear in your mind, think of the cork at the bottom of the basin, think of the chimney in your parlor, and if you need another comparison, think how the great big bully of your school drives all the weaker boys off the field.

In the western part of our country, the

people are frequent sufferers by cyclones. Towns have been leveled and even blown away. Indeed, a cyclone always carries with it for miles, mementoes of the places it has frowned upon. Rocks are loosened from their beds, trees are torn down and borne onward, sweeping the earth. Railroad trains have been lifted from the tracks and set down with no gentle hand. Those instances can be multiplied indefinitely, if necessary.

One of the historic cyclones occurred in India in October, 1865. Its force was felt most terribly in the town of Masulipatam on the Coromandel coast. The town was on land below the level of the sea, separated from it only by a bar upon which the waves broke, as if eager to run over and swamp the town beyond.

It was in the dry season when the heat was intense, and the drought made the district thirsty and pestilential. One morning broke misty and damp, but by evening a gale arose, and the natives began to tie their light houses down with ropes in anticipation of a breezy time.

Heavier and heavier it blew. The English magistrate and a friend thought they would pass the night in watching the gale; about nine o'clock P. M. a native rushed in crying, "Sea come over us—sea come over us!" "Nonsense! get along with you!" replied the imperturbed Englishman. "Come and see," pleaded the native. The Englishmen descended—the water was already over the verandah, and natives were swimming around

of the room, all the people present passing in procession before him; but, the callers having been arranged around the walls to the full capacity of the big red-leather chairs and sofas, he walks around from right to left, shaking hands with each caller and listening to what he has to say as long as patience is a virtue. He is a good listener. Braced firmly on his legs, with his head attentively inclined, he can listen to the dreariest talker for five minutes without manifesting any feeling. His patience is only equalled by his self-possession.

At eleven o'clock Col. Leoffler, his gray-haired doorkeeper, ushers in the first batch of callers, promptly cutting of the stream when the oval of people is complete. The President, who has been at his broad, oaken desk, there in the big window ever since nine o'clock, rises and courteously addresses the first caller on his right. So he goes around the room. As fast as it is emptied it is filled again, until one o'clock, when the doors are closed for the day. What do all these people want? Most of them want simply "to pay their respects." They have or have not, as the case may be, letters of introduction to the President. They present them if they have them, and shake him by the hand and say anything they can remember at that critical moment of what they had prepared to say. If they haven't, then they go through the rest of the operation just the same. The women who call "to pay respects" are always more self-possessed than the men. They are very apt to say something bright to which the President,

Later in the day a party of hunters came along and he boy excited his trophy, and told what he had seen. One of the hunters, a ranchman of varied experience, got out his pocket-knife, and with the remark that he guessed he could show the others something about rattlesnakes they never knew before, stooped down and drew the sharp blade across the thickest fold of the dead snake. Out squirmed eleven young rattlers, all of a size, six eight inches long and a size round as a common pencil. They were a very lively family, and had to be laid out one at a time. Billy's eyes grew big as he saw the revelation before him, and he was so overcome by the snake story. The ranchman said that when overtaken with her young the maternal rattler will, as a last means of protection, swallow the little ones. She calls them with a noise which is a combination of cluck and whistle. Very rarely does it happen that the act is witnessed. In all his experience the ranchman said he had never seen this snake-swallowing performance but once. Then he had come upon the mother snake and her young sunning among the stones. They had tried to get away, but failing, the young had glided into the mouth of the old one in response to the peculiar call, and disappeared before his eyes.

PRISONERS IN PINAFORES.

One who was intimately acquainted with the late Lord Houghton (or Monckton Milnes, as he was known to literature) furnishes the following of the celebrated writer:

Houghton with all his high gifts, had, like most really noble men, a good deal of the woman in his nature, not only of the gentle, the merciful woman, but also the woman exclaiming man by her ready intuition, by her swift sagaciously transcendent of the reasoning process, and then by her nimble, her clever resort to a charming little bit of stage artifice. My landress had come to me one day in floods of tears because her little boy of eleven years, but looking, she said, much younger (being small of stature), had wandered off with another little boy of about the same age to a common near London, where they found an old mare grazing. The urchins put the saddle on her back, and triumphantly rode her off, but were committed to Newgate for horse stealing. My landress, not wanting in means, took measures for having her child defended by counsel, but I thought it cruel that the fate of the poor little boy should rest on the chance of a solemn trial. I mentioned the matter to Milnes. He is a tall, thin, spare man, with a high forehead, and a pair of spectacles. He gave the right counsel. "Tell your landress to take care that at the trial both the little boys—both, mind—shall appear in nice clean pinafores." The effect, as my landress described it to me, was like magic. The two little boys in their nice "pinafores" appeared in the dock, and smilingly gazed round the court. "What is the meaning of this?" said the judge, who had read the depositions and now saw the "pinafores" case of horse stealing, my lord. "Stuff and nonsense!" said the judge with indignation. "Horse stealing indeed! the boys stole a mare, by my pinafores," so sagaciously suggested by Milnes, almost an ovation in court, and all who had had to do with the prosecution were made to suffer by the judge's indignant comment.

THE POOR PEDAGOGUE.

DURING the time when Garfield was a humble country schoolmaster, having in his wardrobe but one pair of pantaloons, which had been worn very thin, he was invited to a country party; but the night before it came off he split one of the knees of his pants, and he felt terrible about the accident, as he had no money to buy him a new pair, and he was very desirous of attending the festivity. "You go to bed," said the mother of his pupil, "and send your pants to me by John, and I'll see if I can't mend them for you, Mr. Garfield." The teacher did as desired and the next morning he found his pantaloons at the foot of his bed, with the damaged knees so neatly repaired, that he hardly told that it had ever been torn. The teacher was profuse in his thanks, but the good woman cut him off with: "Never mind, Mr. Garfield, when you're a member of the Legislature or Congress no one will ask you what kind of pants or how many of 'em you had when you taught school up here on the Reserve."

BESSEMER'S FIRST INVENTION.

Sam Henry Bessemer, the steel process inventor, first made his mark by devising a stamp that could not be used twice. The English Government made him Superintendent of Stamps, at a good salary, and he called on his betrothed to inform her that they could get married soon. His invention consisted of a die that punched 400 holes in the paper to be stamped, and the young lady suggested that it would be much simpler to make a stamp that contained movable dies. The Legislature or Congress no one will ask you which the government adopted and which cost him the position that had just been created for him. He had himself rendered it unnecessary.



IN THE MIDDLE OF A TERRIBLE CYCLONE.

the house like rats from a sinking ship. The magistrate placed a light on the verandah as a beacon, and some lives were thus saved.

The water came into the parlor; the furniture was soon floating; the upper floors were invaded, and the roof was lifted off by the wind in one piece. By morning the water had subsided until it was but three feet deep. When the people looked out from the house of the magistrate, the town was gone, corpses floated everywhere, men and animals filled the verandah where they had been washed by the waves. Here and there a brick house still stood, but not a tree, except a pliant palm or two. All the crops were spoiled or washed away, and the wells were choked up or filled with salt water. One fifth of the people of the town were dead, and four fifths were homeless. The rivers were filled with dead bodies, and the desolation was indeed heartrending. Now the great point of the storm was in this fact: one tremendous wave had been rolled over that sandbar by the force of the cyclone. No storm before had driven the waters down upon the town, but of this one rolled before it one gigantic wave, of such volume that it covered the whole lowland with at least three feet of water.

Out west they are now building cyclone cellars, into which people descend at the first warning, and, shutting themselves in with provisions and necessaries for a seige, are glad thus to save their lives, let the cyclone do what it pleases with their property.

J. T. NEWMAN SMITH.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CALLERS.

EVERY Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nowadays, from eleven o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon, or perhaps till two some days, the president of the United States receives visitors. On these occasions he does not sit in stately style at the head of the Cabinet table in the Cabinet room, as did Rutherford B. Hayes; but, standing in the oval library room, he receives his callers as any gentleman might. He does not stand quite still, as Arthur used to do, at one end

who is very quick at repartee, makes a witty retort, and so what would otherwise be intolerably monotonous is brightened up.

A statesman of the old school, speaking of his first visit to the President, says he never forgot "While I awaited my turn in the library I observed very carefully his reception of those who preceded me. I saw that he received Senators, Representatives, and other politicians with great reserve. He stood very straight. He held his head high. I said to myself: 'I am afraid he is too unbending. An afraid he won't be pleased. But presently the President spied a little girl poorly clad over in one corner of the room, and as soon as he saw her timidly standing there he let the great politicians, and, crossing over to her, asked her what she desired. He listened to her story as courteously as though she had been the highest lady in the land, and then answered her in the gentlest manner. Having done so, he conducted her to the door with as much respect as he could have shown to any one."

THE LITTLE SNAKES.

A BARELEGGED boy riding a rake on one of the divides near the Santa Fe trail, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, dragged into the window a rattler; but instead of coiling and giving forth a defiant buzz, the snake manifested every inclination to get off peacefully. The average Kansas kid would have taken a strap from his harness, given the reptile two or three paralyzing pats, counted the rattles, and gone on his way before anybody discovered the rake was idle. Not so did Billy Woodward, who is only a few months from County Donegal and possessed of the abundant natural curiosity of the Irish boy abroad. He got down from his high seat and began to study natural history. The snake tried to run away, but Billy "headed her off," as he said afterward. Once or twice the fugitive coiled and threatened to the boy's great delight. For fifteen minutes the teasing went on, and then the snake darted her head into a hole in the prairie sod. Perhaps a third of her length was concealed, while there came from underneath a noise that sounded like a rattling of a queer kind of clucking. "By the time he had got a trace chain loose the snake was out of the hole and wriggling slowly toward the uncut grass. He picked it up, and he dashed her head into a crack," and supposed the sport was over.

UNDER THE GUNS.

BY T. C. HARBORER.

Under the old embrasures dim, Where the trallars hang from cannon grim, The long-lust cry of the buried shell Comes in on the ocean's stormy swell: The sun hangs low where the crested wave Tosses over the mitered wave, And I seem to see in his crimson glare A ghostly flag on the rampart bare.

Under the guns that never more Will waken the echoes of surge and shore, The, and laugh at the enemy's crest That lightly leaps at the seagull's breast; The curlew screams, and the albatross Dips his wing when the seaweeds toss; And twice my bark and the newest star Is a tattered sail on a broken spar.

Under the guns that long ago Dictated terms to a million foe! Over the mouth of the culverin A silvery web the spiders spin; And, half asleep in my listless glow, I hunk the past to the busy now; And, 'twix my bark and the newest star Is a tattered sail on a broken spar.

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

By HARVEY WINTHROP.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN MAXWELL and the remainder of the crew of the Narwhal, watched with eager interest the two whale-boats as they raced a-long side by side towards the school of whales, most of the men climbing into the upper crossbeams to obtain a better view of what was taking place. A cheer greeted the sight of the plunge with which the fish struck by Williams dived out of sight, and another minute or two later hailed the like proof that Walton's boat was fast to its whale. Two good fish in one day! this was indeed a pleasant change of affairs, and many were the discussions as to the number of barrels of oil which each fish would produce. Captain Maxwell was sitting in the tops, with his telescope bearing on the boats.

"Williams's fish is up," he shouted. "There goes the boat for her!"

Then, a few minutes later, he muttered to himself, "That's a powerful fish of young Walton's; he's not up yet. He'll take a lot of killing that creature will, and I don't like the look of the sky. There! he's up at last! There, now Williams has his second harpoon in, and she's sounded again. Finish on him, lad! finish on him as quick as you can, for it's going to snow I misdoubt me. I wonder what the glass says. Mr. Macpherson," he shouted down to the first mate, "will you just step into my cabin, and look at the glass."

"It's fallen a quarter of an inch, sir, in the last hour."

"Ay, ay, I thought as much. There's Williams's whale, in his flurry; but Walton's has just taken the bit between his teeth and has gone straight away with him. He must give him up and be contented with the one. Peterson, hoist the signal of recall but I doubt if he will see it. Load the carmine, and fire a gun. Quick, boys! quick! he's three miles away now, and the wind's from him. I doubt if he will hear it now. Work up, Mr. Macpherson, to Williams's whale as fast as may be."

In half an hour the "Narwhal" lay alongside the whale, and in view of the clearly approaching storm all hands went to work with the greatest vigor to get off her blubber. The men, with spikes strapped on to their shoes to prevent their slipping, cut with sharp instruments, called flensing axes, long gashes through the skin and blubber, a hook was inserted in the strip thus separated in the rest, and it was hauled on board ship by tackle.

The uselessness of the captain as Walton's boat disappeared from sight from the tops was very great. A consultation with the first officer, however, resulted in the decision that they had better wait where they were, as the wind being against them they could make but little way, and the boat running back before the wind might miss them should they make the attempt.

The anxiety of all on board increased rapidly when the snow began to fall, and the wind rapidly got up. So long as possible the crew stuck to their work at the whale, and succeeded in getting about half her blubber on board before the rising sea put an absolute stop to work. Then the captain had a light anchor made fast to the whale, which had sufficient blubber still left to be buoyant, and riding to this the vessel remained for some hours. As night fell the wind shifted, and blew so hard that the captain feared that he should be obliged to slip his cable and run before it; he still held on, however, and the three "trying" fires kept alight on deck through their volumes of flame high in

air as a beacon to the boat should she be running back. A deep depression reigned on board the "Narwhal" that night, and the conjectures as to the probable fate of the boat and her crew were numerous. The general opinion was that the whale in its last flurry had destroyed the boat and all in it.

When morning dawned and nothing had been heard of the boat, none on board entertained more than the faintest hope that the crew might have survived. Although, however, all considered that any search was a pure waste of time, none offered any comment when the captain announced his intention of wintering at the nearest suitable spot, in order to search for the lost boat. Had the ship been full of oil, objection might have been raised; but empty as she was, all were ready to winter north in hopes of a good and early fishing season in the spring. As for the lost boat, not a man entertained the slightest hope of ever hearing of it again. A few hours' work completed the getting in of the blubber, and then the "Narwhal" started in the direction in which the boat had been seen to disappear. A sharp look out was put at each masthead to look for drifting wreck.

Late in the afternoon one of the men aloft cried: "Some small wreckage on the port bow."

The vessel's head was directed as he pointed, and the men crowded to the side. Something very like a groan ran along the bulwarks as the objects seen from aloft came into view. The "Narwhal" passed close to them, and not a man but recognized in the two freshly broken pieces of wood that drifted past, two oars of the whale-boat, broken across below the tholes. No wreck or other mishap would have done such damage as this. The fact that both oars were broken, and just at the same place, told the whalers the unmistakable tale of the blow of a whale's tail in her last flurry.

After this, all hope was gone; but the captain called the men around him.

"My men," he said, "you see for yourselves that poor young Walton's boat has been smashed up, and I don't think that a man here can cling any longer to the hope that the poor boys are saved. Now what do you say? Shall we go home, or shall we stay here? Winter is on us, and I'm not so sure that we can get out of it if we try; still we might try. On the other hand we have put one fish aboard, and if we stop we may fill up in the spring. And men, there is another reason. I don't like the thought of meeting the mothers and sisters of those poor lads, without being able to say that they have tried all that man could do to save 'em. We may be sure that they are gone, but it will be hard to make them believe it at home. If we winter here, as near as we can to the spot where we last saw the boat, and send out sledge parties in the winter, no one can say that we did not do all that mortal man could do to find out their fate. What say ye, my men!"

With one voice the seamen agreed to stay for the winter.

The ship was amply victualled, as it had from the first been looked upon as possible that in case of bad luck they might have to winter north, and none liked the thought of sailing into Nantucket with an empty hold, still less of facing the wives of their lost comrades with the news that they had sailed away home the day after the boat was missing.

Following the course which the whale-boat was last seen upon, in thirty miles the ship reached the coast, sailed fifty miles up, coasting the ice drifts which the storm had packed along its shore, then returned and entered a bay, just at the point where they had first made the land, and about thirty miles north of the spot where the crew of the missing boat were hard at work preparing for winter.

The captain had chosen a good spot for the winter. One or two large bergs were grounded at the mouth of the bay, and these would protect the ship, to a great extent, from the pressure of ice forced in by any storm from seaward.

Then all was made snug, the topmasts were sent down, the ship stripped of her rigging, a roof was built over the deck, and everything done to make the vessel habitable in the extreme cold to which they would soon be subjected.

Day after day the visits of the sun grew shorter, and in the third week in October they saw his upper edge appear above the

horizon for the last time; there was a five months' night before them.

Winter had set in now in all its rigor. The cold was intense; a deep layer of snow covered the sea and the land, and the Aurora Borealis danced in its bright flashes overhead.

"Now, Mr. Macpherson," the captain said to the mate, "we will make two sledge expeditions, one north, the other south. We have got dogs, and they can easily take ten days' provisions for themselves and for eight men. The sleeping bags are all ready, and we have plenty of warm clothes, so we can, I think, make the expedition without much risk. I have not the very faintest hope that we shall find any vestige of Mr. Walton's boat, but it will be a comfort to ourselves and to the poor boys' friends, to look for them as far as we can. What do you say? will you take command of the first, and push five days' journey north? and then when you have returned, I will take the southern track."

Mr. Macpherson willingly agreed to the proposition, and upon the following morning started with seven picked men, and a sledge drawn by the Esquimaux dogs. Upon this sledge were piled ten days' provisions for man and beast, a kettle, a pot, a store of firewood, and the sleeping bags; which were simply bags six feet and a half long, made of sheep-skin with the wool inside. Each would contain a man comfortably, and when the mouth of the bag was closed, the sleeper enveloped in all his wraps, could defy even the rigor of an Arctic winter.

The crew remaining behind gave a hearty cheer as the little expedition set out; and then for ten days things went on in the ordinary course on board the Narwhal. The men went out in parties, and occasionally shot a seal, and once killed a bear, whose flesh, as a change from salt meat, was very acceptable.

On the evening of the tenth day the party returned, worn and broken down with fatigue. They had undergone enormous fatigue in making their way round rocky promontories, and over ice hummocks. With their utmost exertion, keeping on foot eighteen hours a day, they had not made above ten miles in the day, and they had seen no vestige whatever of the lost boat. Dogs and men were alike utterly exhausted, but the satisfaction of being back in the ship, and a hearty meal with plenty of hot coffee, the drink par excellence of the Arctic regions, soon put new life into them.

A week elapsed before the expedition under the captain started, as a rest was absolutely necessary to render the dogs fit for travel. Then with a similar equipment to that which the first party had taken, Captain Maxwell set out with his face to the south.

(To be continued.)

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

LINCOLN AT A BALL.

THE following anecdote of LINCOLN appeared in the North American Review, from the pen of Elihu Washburne:—

"I was again in Washington part of the winter of 1849 (after the election of Gen. Taylor), and saw much of Mr. Lincoln. A small number of mutual friends—including Mr. Lincoln—made up a party to attend the inauguration ball together. It was by far the most brilliant inauguration ball ever given. Of course Mr. Lincoln had never seen anything of the kind before. One of the most modest and unpretentious persons present, he could not have dreamed that like honors were to come to him in almost a little more than a decade. He was greatly interested in all that was to be seen, and we did not take our departure until 3 o'clock in the morning. When we went to the cloak and hat room, Mr. Lincoln had no trouble in finding his short cloak, which little more than covered his shoulders, but after a long search was unable to find his hat. After an hour he gave up all idea of finding it. Taking his cloak on his arm he walked out into Judiciary Square, deliberately adjusting it on his shoulders, and started off bareheaded for his lodgings. It would be hard to forget the sight of that tall and slim man, with his short cloak thrown over his shoulders, without any hat on, starting for his long walk home on Capitol Hill at 4 o'clock in the morning."

Mrs. Henderson, New York City, writes:

"I had not slept for forty-eight hours; was confined all the time. My brother bought a 10-cent bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Peppermint Cure, and the first dose broke the cough, and I was better at once. After using only 75-cent bottle I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending it."

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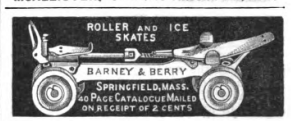
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Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Botanic Cough Balm, featuring an illustration of the product bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments like cough, asthma, and sore throat.

MOTHER'S OLD HYMN.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

Throughout the trembling folds of the twilight dim I can hear the strains of that grand old hymn.

There was something about it, undefined, That charmed into quiet the troubled mind.

And crowning it all with a strange, deep chord, Like the throbs of the heart of the blessed Lord.

With the growth of time has the sweeter grown. And it seems not out of the past to come—

An echo only of lips that are dumb— But down from the home of the glorified,

We know not the music which spirits draw, As earth is receding and Heaven draws near.

Elephants, Wild and Tame.

BY WALTER F. DAYTON.

To boys, the elephant is the largest and most glorious of beasts; they think of him as always doing something wonderful, either in point of strength or sagacity, and as being a creature to be dealt with as a puzzle.

The affair happened in this wise. I was up country, staying with an old school-fellow named Kennedy, who had been for some years in India.

And our ears verified the accuracy of his quick sight, for they were filled with the shrill soundings of an elephant's trumpet.

"Hura! hura!" cried the excited widower, gnawing his teeth, and shaking his head.

I continued to watch for a good mark for my bullet. To have fired until such an opportunity happened would have been madness; for had I done so, and missed, the very monkey would have advanced; but, oh! how exciting had the scene now become.

However, having spoken, the men at once began to beat their tom-toms. Deeming even the noise of these horrible little drums to be insufficient to

provoke the beast to come forth once more, Kennedy ordered a man to go a few yards to the right, and fire his rifle often as he possibly could.

I was too near to fire. I jumped aside, and fell in the grass. Fortunately, he did not see me; unfortunately, however, that the widower, who, blind as I was, was at the sight of the monster, did not move, he picked him out. A human scream aroused me.

My situation, however, was more terrible than ever, for he now stood between me and the only exit from the grass. For a few minutes the smoke might protect me, at least till I had again loaded; but imagine my horror—my ammunition pouch had fallen from my side!

As a last chance, I lay hidden among the grass at full length out of his track. But onward he came, like a great new to the right, with a crash and a bang, and I felt his breath, and I held my own, shutting my eyes, expecting every moment to be my last; but then I heard the tramping of feet, and crack and rattle.

He came to the conclusion, that that those who liked elephant hunting might enjoy the pleasure, free from all disturbance from me. My talent evidently did not run in that line, and there was more to be said than I can suit me. So much for my experience of wild elephants.

HIS END.

A NEW ENGLAND skipper was in the habit of attending to the helm of his schooner, and steering the craft to suit himself. One day the mate who had charge of the front part of the vessel thought he perceived breakers ahead.

"Mr. Mate, I am attending to this end of the vessel, and I wish you to attend to your end." The mate went forward and took another look. Once more he returned to the stern, and said sternly:

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

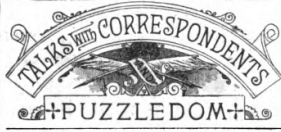
Two Texas negroes dropped into electricity one day during their conversation. "What am dis deah telegraph anyhow? I don't understand how folks can make each other understand more den a hundred miles off, as I has heard tell on."

SHARED THE GUILT.

A CERTAIN Irish coachman was confessing his sins to a priest. After he had got through the priest asked if that was all.

A CORRECTION.

"Now, you young scamp," said Blinks senior, as he led his youngster out into the woodshed, and prepared to give him a dressing, "I'll teach you what is what."



CORRESPONDENCE.

F. H. H. Shreve, O. The normal pulse in manhood is about 76. At birth it is 140, at seventy-six and old age it is 60.

H. J. R. Holdidayburgh Pa. The "century plant," otherwise American aloe, does not take one hundred years to arrive at maturity.

W. B. S., Northampton, Mass. Fifty years ago it cost for a single letter carried not over thirty miles 1/4 cent.

J. B. O. B. E. Brady, Pa. The English-speaking population of the world is estimated at 87,000,000. We add, what will be free for you to know, that of this number, only 1,000,000 are free thinkers, and 8,000,000 are of a particular religion.

M. J. F., Linden, Ala. If you want to see a tree and look down from a height, the cotton can then be plainly seen. You can thus discover the spots along shore most popular with the fish and drop your line accordingly.

W. G. C., Tracy City, Tenn. The largest and ripest olives contain fully 60 per cent. of oil. In Italy the oil is universally used in the household, and is put to many of the uses for which butter is employed elsewhere.

C. H. E., Clinton, N. Y. There are 600,000 miles of lines in the world. The United States does more telegraphing than other countries, having sent some 35,000,000 messages last year.

W. F. A., Brookhaven, Miss. All fruits that grow with a pit, a core or with seeds, can be made to grow without them, when it is desired. It is accomplished by reversing the action—rooting the top end of the plant.

W. F. De V., Shelbyville, Mo. Twenty years ago, all known diamonds came from the East or from Brazil.

PUZZLE DOM NO. 150. CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE. ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apart from all other communications.

- ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 148. No. 1. Sunshine. No. 5. Cantlet. No. 3. No. 4. B T T P M D S E R R S G R O L E P S T E R G E R S T R I S T R A M E R A T E N A T E R S M E R K

- NO. 2. The central railroad of New Jersey. No. 1. No. 2. T A C P E R O U C O R T A S P O R T A G E S T E S T I C U L A T E P A R T I C I P A T I O N S C O A G U L A T I N G U L T I M A T I N G S T I N G E N G

- NO. 6. Hesper, Spere, No. 8. Hot midsummer days. No. 9. No. 11. G P N F E R R A L P A T E D G E M O T E R S C A P O T E R S G R O L E P S N O T O N E S P A P A T E R R E D D E C R E T E D S L O W E R F L O W E R J A Y E W B E C C H N U T B I L L E T Y A T O R G O P H I M O N E A G E T D I D I T C H A R L Y D A V I S S C R A P S I G B R A N D S H. G. G. D Y N A M E , C H I A R I E F O L D .

- SOLUTIONS TO NO. 145. Complete lists were received from Norry Norry, Jo Mullins, Dona Telore, by Pearl and Hollis. Incomplete from Geovl, Bortwell, J. Ford, Asseri, Aspiru, Tantrums, Moonshine, Levy & Lucy Day, North Star Willie Whitlaw, Minnie, Edwin F. Edgett, Maldea, Johansen, Juliet, Edna, Florence, Hester, Jay Ew, Beech Nut, Billie Taylor, Gopher, Simon Egan, Mr. D. D. I. Did It, Charlie Davis, Scrab, Sig Brand, S. H. G., Dymale, Clark, Ford.

- PRIZE WINNERS. First Complete List—NORRY NORRY. Best Incomplete List—GROVAL. Neatest List—HORSWORTH. SOLUTIONS TO NO. 146. No. 1. ANAGRAM. (To—Edwin F. Edgett.) A—CHARM'S OLD BOYS. This puzzle took an author, hide. Whose name is spread both far and wide.

- CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED. ANVILLO, 1 square; NORTH STAR, 1 CHARADE; BOLK, 4 PLATS in competition; SOU CON, 1 CHARADE, 1 RHYMED ANAGRAM, 1 PUZZLE, 1 FIVE WORDS; BIRCH, 4 INVERTED PENTAGONS; TRAMZA, 1 NUMERICAL; MISS SKREETER, 1 CHARADE. NEW PUZZLES. No. 1. ANAGRAM. (To—Edwin F. Edgett.) A—CHARM'S OLD BOYS. This puzzle took an author, hide. Whose name is spread both far and wide. HONORARY S. W. A.

- No. 2. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2. Latin proposition; 3. Cozes; 4. Evenings; 5. To compound; 6. A plant; 7. Occasioning; 8. Gazing at; 9. The point of an epigram; 10. One of the Chinese twins; 11. A letter. LITTLE ROCK, ARK. ST. ELMO.

- No. 3. CHARADE. The first, like my rhymes, "Inferior" defines; From "to strike" is the second infer'd; When chosen at night, The two words unite, And in total, pray name us an herb. WASHINGTON, D. C. NYAR.

- No. 4. DIAMOND. 1. A letter; 2. A blow (P. E.); 3. Vexes; 4. Tells; 5. Round-rules; 6. A Fortuitous seeds (Sup.); 7. A fishing boat (Obs.); 8. Bordering on the ocean; 9. A snath; 10. Lay; 11. A letter. K. T. DID.

- No. 5. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. In "allegory" as the polished; In "broken bones" which are not nice; In "abstinent" downfall of the kings; In "littleness" of earthly things; In "reading" from a book; In "grasping" naught with all your might. Knowing scarce how it was done, Soon with on polluting the floor; All the others think it fun, But for us the word no more. PHILADELPHIA, PA. FLORENSE.

- No. 6. CAMBRIDGE HEXAGON. (To—Boyle.) 1. Pieces of land, containing 160 square rods; 2. A clerk; 3. Reproached; 4. Native aristocrats of copper; 5. Certain sails; 6. An animal of a certain order of vertebrate, numerous, marine animals; 7. To cleanse; 8. A marine deity; 9. Smiths. CAMBRIDGE, MASS. EDWIN F. EDGETT.

- No. 7. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. In "obfuscation," darkened state; In "reading" from a book; In "spike" of intelligence; In "knowledge" scatters ignorance; In "widoms" aloud. In foundaries, ere the metal flow, The workmen must not bestow As on authority I'm told, Upon the scholar; For this each mould With care is made. BROOKLYN, N. Y. BYENBERG.

- No. 8. DIAMOND. 1. In "Abracadabra," 2. A kind of growl; 3. Boundaries; 4. A sword (Obs.); 5. One of a breed of horses, named after an old district of France (Sup.); 6. A chief magistracy; 7. Persons to whom a release is given; 8. Stones found in Europe (Sup.); 9. Mice with white tails; 10. A village of the Netherlands; 11. In "Abracadabra." LITTLE ROCK, ARK. ELBERT.

- No. 9. ANAGRAM. When you have crossed the great blue sea, And land is a bank of the New York Bay, Some men in uniform you'll meet, They are inspectors from complete; In "to be" you'll find a word, Well, then, I SHOW THE MEN YOUR STOCK, And if they find naught else, you know, But persons were, then, of you. But should they find, what they will think, Are smuggled goods, then, O! by jink! Four times will be the word you seek, And, there, a heavy fine you'll get. If you will pay this fine, why, then, You will get your money back, But, if this fine to pay you fail, Your stock will be at public sale. NEW YORK CITY. ANONYMOUS.

- No. 10. DIAMOND. (To—King Arthur.) 1. A letter; 2. A measure of length; 4. That part of a turtle which belongs to the lower shell; 6. Situated on a cay; 6. Furnished with a horn of plenty; 7. One of the islands of France; 8. A king's councillor; 9. A correlative; 10. Passed; 11. A letter. BROOKLYN, N. Y. EDWARD.

- No. 11. CHARADE. Of members who, No. 3, 5, 7, 8, or 11. Than first can be found— In Far Cheet China In "to be" you'll find a word, And on some high tree, Like a garden utoell, It swings, then, then, of you. By its fins predecended, And Darwin maintains That mankind has descended, From ape to man brains, On the tree tops suspended. Perhaps you'll think, that you may be, But quite often I think, As I gaze on a dide, Let us be the missing link." Could I do as I chose, I would stand at my shop, In my one hand a horse, And land a book of the other, which did not be a puzzle. And straight on the poll Of each dide I would pour Of water a whole, His brains to restore. BALTIMORE, MD. MAUD LITTON.

- Prize for Single Solution—For first correct answer to No. 1. A book of the other 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, or 11 silver dime. For nearest list written with pen and ink, a stylographic pen. Answers, solutions and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of solutions, Ten Agost six months. For the best incomplete list three months.

- CHAT. We did not receive an answer in rhyme which we deem worthy to be published with a prize. We had hoped by offering extra inducements, to increase our already large list of solvers, but for some unexplained reason, the number of solutions has not increased. DONA TELORE expresses surprise at finding us on the shady side of forty, and says, "Thought you were a young man, and not my boy, and more to be for many years to come if we live. Growing old is something we have not seriously thought of yet. We will say for the benefit of other solvers that we pay five weeks' prizes at one time. We find it saves time and time is money, except when we are working on our heads." Echo answers, "Who would?" BEECH NUT, DAXON and BROWN BOY were appointed a committee to investigate charges of plagiarism made about a year ago against MYTHOS. We have published his work in this dept., and will continue to do so until he is proved guilty of the charge. We hope the committee will give the matter earnest and careful attention. Plagiarism is a crime, and we believe it should rest under such an implication for a whole year without full and fair investigation. That is one of the legitimate functions of the Eastern Puzzle League. ROCHELLE.