THE GOLDEN ARGOSY
FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. III.—No. 47. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER. 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885. TERMS. $2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. Whole No. 151.

IN A NEW WORLD;

OR,

Among the Gold Fields of Australia.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER V.

STARTING FOR THE MINES.

HARRY may be considered rash in his immediate acceptance of his Yankee acquaintance as a member of their party, but there are some men who need no letters of recommendation. Obed Stackpole certainly was not a handsome man. He was tall, lean, gaunt in figure, with a shambling walk, and his skin was tough and leathery; but in spite of all there was an honest, manly expression which instantly inspired confidence. Both Harry and Jack liked him, but Dick Fletcher seemed to regard him with instinctive dislike.

"What made you accept that scarecrow onto our company?" he asked, when Stackpole had left them to make his own arrangements for leaving the city.

Harry smiled.

"He isn't a handsome man," he replied, "but I think he will prove a valuable companion."

"You took no notice of my objection to him," said Fletcher, frowning.

"Our company was too small," returned Harry. "From inquiry I find that parties seldom consist of less than half a dozen."

"I know all about that," said Fletcher, impatiently. "You might have been guided by me."

"I shall be to some extent," answered Harry, "but not implicitly."

"I am going to have trouble with that boy," thought Fletcher. "Wait till we get on the road." Aloud he said: "If you had mentioned the matter to me I would have found some one to go with us. You had better tell this Yankee that we haven't room for him, and I will do it now."

Fletcher's persistence only aroused vague suspicions in Harry's breast. He felt glad that Stackpole was neither a friend nor likely to prove a confederate of Dick Fletcher, and was resolved to hold on to him.

"I have invited him, and I won't take back the invitation," he said.

"How old are you?" asked Fletcher, abruptly.

"Sixteen."

"I should think you were sixty by the tone you assume," said Fletcher, with a sneer.

"Do I understand, Mr. Fletcher," asked Harry, steadily, "that you claim to control our party?"

"Seeing that I am more than twice as old as you are, I am the natural head of the expedition."

"I cannot admit any such claim. If you are not satisfied to be simply a member of the party, like the rest of us, I shall not be offended if you back out even now."

This, however, did not suit Fletcher, and with a forced laugh he answered. "You are a strange boy, Vane. I suppose it's the way with your countrymen. I don't want to back out, as you term it. I fancy we shall get along together."

"I wish he had decided to leave us," said Harry, when the two boys were alone. "Somehow I distrust him."

"I don't like him myself," said Jack, "but I don't see what harm he can do us."

"Nor I, but I feel safer with this Yankee addition to our party."

About ten o'clock the next morning the little party got off. It is needless to say that Obed Stackpole contributed his full share of expense, and more too, for he furnished the yoke of oxen that were to draw the cart which conveyed their provisions and other outfit.

"I don't want to push in where I ain't wanted," he said, "but I'm used to oxen, and if you want me to I'll drive these critters, and you three can foller along as you please."

"That'll suit me," said Fletcher, with unusual graciousness. "I've no doubt you understand the business better than I do."

"I'd ought to understand it," said Stackpole. "I was raised on a farm in New Hampshire, and used to drivin' oxen when I wasn't tall enough to see over their backs. I never thought then that I'd be drivin' a team in Australy."

"What led you to come out here, Mr. Stackpole?" asked Harry.

"Well, a kinder rovin' disposition, I guess. A year ago I was in California, but things didn't pan out very well, so when I read accounts of the gold fields out here, I jist dropped my pick, and started, and here I am."

"Didn't you find any gold dust in California?" asked Fletcher, with sudden interest.

"Well, I found *some*," answered the Yankee, with drawling deliberation, "but not enough to satisfy me. You see," he added, "I've got two to make money for."

"And who are those two?" inquired Fletcher.

"The first is my old dad—he's gettin' kinder broken down, and can't work as well as he could when he was a young man. He's got a thousand dollar mortgage on his farm, and I want to pay that off. It'll kinder ease the old man's mind."

"That is a very excellent object, Mr. Stackpole," said Harry, who felt still more drawn to his plain, ungainly, but evidently good-hearted companion.

"I think so myself," said Obed, simply.

"The other person is your wife, I fancy," said Fletcher.

"I expect she will be my wife when I get forehanded enough," replied Obed. "It's Suke Stanwood, one of Farmer Stanwood's gals. We was raised together, and we've been engaged for nigh on to five years."

"Very romantic!" said Fletcher, but there was a veiled sneer in his tone, as he scanned with contemptuous amusement the ungainly figure of his Yankee companion.

"I don't know much about such things," said Obed, "but I guess Suke and I will pull together well."

"You are not exactly a young man," said Fletcher, "You've waited some time."

"I'm thirty-nine last birthday," said Obed. "I was engaged ten years ago, but the girl didn't know her own mind, and she ran off with a man that came along with a photograph saloon. I guess it's just as well, for she was always rather flighty."

"It is very strange she should have deserted a man of your attractions," said Fletcher, with a smile.

Harry was indignant at this open ridicule of so honest and worthy a fellow as Stackpole, and he wondered whether the Yankee would be obtuse enough not to see it. His doubt was soon solved.

"It looks to me as if you was pokin' fun at me, Fletcher," said Obed, with a quiet steady look at the other. "I'm a good-natured fellow in the main, but I don't stand any nonsense. I know very well I'm a rough looking chap, and I don't mind your sayin' so, but I ain't willin' to be laughed at."

"My dear fellow," said Fletcher, smoothly, "you quite mistake my meaning, I assure you. I am the last person to laugh at you. I think you are too modest, though. You are what may be called a 'rough diamond.'"

"I accept your apology, Fletcher," said Obed. "If no offence was meant, none is taken. I don't know much about diamonds, rough or smooth, but at any rate I ain't a paste one."

"A good hit! Bravo!" laughed Fletcher. "You are a man of great penetration, Stackpole, and a decided acquisition to our party."

"I'm glad you think so," said Obed, drily. "If I remember right you didn't want me to join you."

"At first I did not, but I have changed my mind. I didn't know you then."

"And I don't know you *now*," said Obed, bluntly. "If you don't mind, s'pose you tell us what brought you out here."

Fletcher frowned and regarded the Yankee suspiciously, as if seeking his motive in asking this question, but his suspicions were dissipated by a glance at that honest face, and he answered lightly. "Really, there isn't much to tell. My father was a merchant of Manchester, and tried to make me follow in his steps, but I was inclined to be wild, incurred some debts, and finally threw up business and came out here."

"Have you prospered as far as you've gone?"

"Yes and no. I've made money and I've spent it, and the accounts are about even."

"That means you haven't much left."

"Right you are, my friend, but in your steady company I mean to turn over a new leaf, and go in for money and respectability. Now I've made a clean breast of it, and you know all about me."

In spite of this statement there was not one of his three companions, who did not feel sure that there was much in Fletcher's history which he had kept concealed, and possibly for very good reasons.

"WHY, YOU OLD SKUNK, WHAT IN CREATION DO YOU MEAN?" EXCLAIMED OBED.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT INCIDENT.

THE path of the gold seeker in Australia was beset with difficulties. The country about Melbourne, and far inland, was boggy, the soil being volcanic, and abounding in mud, which appears to have no bottom. The road to the mines was all the worse for having been ploughed up by bullock teams, and worked into a slough which proved the discouragement of mining parties. Some were even months in traversing the comparatively small distance across country to the goal they sought. But the attraction of money, which is said to make the mare go, enabled them to triumph at last over the obstacles that intervened. It was not long before our party began to understand the nature of the task they had undertaken. The cart sank up to the hubs in a bog, and the oxen stood still in patient despair.

"Well, if this don't beat all creation!" ejaculated Obed. "I've been in the Western states and I thought I knew something about mud, but Australy's ahead. I say, Fletcher, is there much of this that we've got to go through?"

"Mud's the rule, and dry land the exception," answered Fletcher, coolly.

"Well, that's comfortin'!" remarked Stackpole, drawing a deep breath. "I s'pose people do get through after a while."

"Yes, generally. I was six weeks getting to the ovens once."

"I wish we had some ovens to bake this mud," said Obed, with a grim smile at his joke. "It would take a powerful large one."

There was nothing for it but dogged perseverance. It took an hour to get the oxen and cart through a bog a hundred feet across, and the appearance of the party when they finally reached the other side, was more picturesque than attractive.

"How would Clinton get along here?" suggested Harry. "I can imagine the poor fellow's despair."

"His trousers would suffer some," said Jack. "I think it would break his heart. The sea is much nicer. If we could only go by water," and the young sailor looked down at his mud bedraggled clothes, and his shoes caked thickly over with the tenacious mud.

"Yes, the sea would be cleaner at any rate. I agree with you there, Jack."

Arrived on the other side of the bog, they were obliged to give the tired cattle a rest. Indeed, they needed rest themselves.

At the end of the day they made an encampment. As well as they could judge, they were about eight miles from Melbourne.

"Eight miles, and how far is the whole distance?" asked Harry.

"About a hundred miles," answered Fletcher.

"At this rate we can go through in twelve or thirteen days, then."

"You mustn't expect this rate of speed," said Fletcher. "We shan't average over five miles."

"Well, I hope we'll get paid for it," said Obed. "If we don't I'd better have staid in California. We haven't any such mines as this in that country."

"You'd better have staid there," said Fletcher, drily, and he evidently wished that his companion had done so.

"'Variety's the spice of life,' as my old schoolmaster used to say," responded Obed. "I kinder wanted to see what Australia is like. All the same I don't want to stump through to the other side of the globe."

The travelers encamped for the night in a dry spot among a group of gum-trees, and it may readily be believed that all slept well.

The boys felt dead tired, and it was with difficulty they were awakened in the morning.

About five o'clock Fletcher opened his eyes. He was one who slept fast, so to speak, and obtained as much refreshment from an hour's sleep as most people do from a period twice as long. He had been lying on the ground wrapped in a blanket, as was the case with the other members of the party.

Raising himself, and leaning on his elbow, he saw that they were all fast asleep. He nodded with satisfaction, and getting on his feet he approached Obed Stackpole with noiseless tread. The Yankee was sleeping with his mouth wide open, occasionally emitting a sonorous snore through his aquiline nose. He was not beautiful to look upon, as Fletcher evidently thought.

"Ill-favored brute!" he ejaculated. "I'd like to choke him!"

If any special advantage had been likely to accrue to him, Fletcher's conscience would not have been likely to stand in the way of violence; but his purpose now was different.

"The fellow must have gold about him," muttered Fletcher. "I wonder whether I can get at it without waking him up."

Obed seemed to be in profound slumber, but it was a peculiarity of our Yankee friend to wake up at the least touch. This, of course, was not known to Dick Fletcher, who felt that there would be no risk in a careful exploration of Obed's pockets.

He thrust his hand into one of the Yankee's pockets with the practiced skill of a pickpocket, when an entirely unexpected result followed.

"Why, you skunk, what in creation are you about?" exclaimed Obed, suddenly seizing Fletcher by the throat.

"Let me go!" said Fletcher, struggling violently, but ineffectually, to free himself.

"Not till you've told me what you are after."

"Let go, and I'll tell you."

Obed loosened his grip, saying, sternly, "Are you a pickpocket, my enterprising friend, or what is the meaning of all this business?"

"You had better not insult me!" said Fletcher, angrily. "I'm no more a pickpocket than you are."

"Then what is the meaning of your little game? Maybe you got up in your sleep."

"No, I didn't. I just waked up, and thought I'd like to have a smoke, but had no matches. I thought you might have some in your pocket."

"Why didn't you wake me up and ask me?"

"You looked so comfortable, and I thought you needed rest after a hard day's work, so I decided to help myself."

"It looks like it," responded Obed, dryly. "So that's all you were after, was it?"

"Of course," said Fletcher, regaining confidence. "What else could it be?"

"Well, it strikes me it's rather takin' a liberty with a gentleman to search his pockets while he's asleep, that's all! In California, Fletcher, if you had been caught doin' it, ten chances to one you'd have been lynched, and lynchin' isn't usually regarded as comfortable or desirable. Where's your cigar?"

"I haven't any, but I've got a pipe."

"Well, I do happen to have a few matches in my other pocket, but I'd rather you'd ask for 'em next time."

"I will. The fact is, I ought to have brought some with me. It's very strange, old traveler as I am."

"It would have been a little better than borrowin' them of a sleepin' man without leave. Don't do it again, Fletcher."

"I'm not very likely to borrow them of you again, except when you're awake," said Fletcher, with a short laugh. "Do you always wake up so easy?" he asked, in some curiosity.

"Always. I sleep mighty sound, but the least touch wakes me up."

"I shall remember that," thought Fletcher. "This Yankee is rather a dangerous man to tackle. I won't attempt it again unless I have the decided advantage."

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Stackpole," he said aloud, in a smooth tone. "I used to travel with a friend—a great chum of mine—and we never stood on ceremony with each other. I ought to have remembered that you and I are comparatively new acquaintances."

"Perhaps it will be best," said Obed, drily. "You see when I wake up, I don't always have my wits about me, and I might cut up rough before I had time to think."

"Oh, no apologies, I beg," said Fletcher, waving his hand.

"Who's apologizin'?" demanded Obed, in surprise.

"Never mind, it's all right! I thought you were apologizing for seizing me by the throat. As you say, you waked up suddenly, and didn't have your wits about you."

"Well, I know!" ejaculated Obed, half to himself. "I didn't think of that way of putting it. You're a cute fellow, Fletcher."

"Thank you, Mr. Stackpole. Now I will have my smoke," and Fletcher, though he did not care for it, by way of removing any lingering suspicion, lit his pipe and puffed away with apparent pleasure.

CHAPTER VII.

PARTING COMPANY.

"I MISTRUST that man Fletcher," said Obed to Harry Vane the next day, taking the opportunity when, at one of their rests, the man referred to had sauntered into the woods.

"I don't like him myself," said Harry. "Have you any particular reason for mistrusting him?"

"He was searchin' my pockets last night when he thought I was asleep," answered Obed, and he related the incident of the night before.

"It looks suspicious," said Harry. "I have not much money, but I don't care to lose what I have."

"I should like to shake him, but I don't see how we can very well. He's a reg'lar member of the party."

"We can be on our guard at any rate," said Harry. "I'll tell Jack, and advise him to be careful also."

At this point Dick Fletcher returned. He looked suspiciously from one to the other, under the impression that something had been said about him. He asked no questions, however, and no information was volunteered. He could not but observe, however, that there was more or less restraint in the manner of his companions towards him, and that they were not disposed to be social.

That day they made nine miles, the road being slightly better than the day before. About five o'clock they reached a rude wayside inn, over the door of which was a swinging sign, on which was printed—

TRAVELERS' REST.

"We might as well stop here, instead of camping out," said Fletcher.

"I'm agreeable," said Obed, "if the tax isn't too high."

"Oh, Linton is moderate in his charges," said Fletcher. "I've known him a good while. He's a good fellow."

This was not a very valuable recommendation in the opinion of Obed and the two boys, but they had no objection to becoming guests of the establishment.

It was a rude building, and the accommodations were very limited. In fact, there were but two sleeping rooms. One of these Fletcher occupied, and the other was given up to the other members of the party, there being two beds.

"I'd rather bunk in with you, if you don't mind," said Stackpole to Harry. "I don't feel easy in the same room with Fletcher."

"We shall be very glad of your company, Mr. Stackpole."

"If I snore, just come and turn me over. I don't want to disturb nobody."

"I think Jack and I will be too sound asleep to be disturbed by your snoring," said Harry with a laugh. "However, if there is any occasion, I will follow your directions."

The landlord was a broad-shouldered man of moderate statue, who had lost the sight of one eye. The other, being covered with a green shade, gave him an ill look. His manner, however, was hearty, and showed a bluff, offhand cordiality, as he welcomed the party to the hospitalities of the "Travelers' Rest." He was familiarly called "Larry," by Fletcher, who greeted him like an old comrade.

The supper consisted in part of their own supplies, with some small additions from the larder of the inn. It was, at any rate, an improvement upon their camp fare, and the boys enjoyed it.

After supper they sat down on a settle in front of the inn, but presently Fletcher strayed away into the woods at the back of the house. Some fifteen minutes later Larry Linton also got up, but ostentatiously went in a different direction.

"I'm going a little ways to a squatters to speak about some vegetables," he said.

"If you don't mind company, I'll go along too," said Obed.

"Better not," answered Larry. "There's a boggy spot which a stranger is likely to fall into."

"I've had enough of bogs," said Obed, shrugging his shoulders. "Seems to me you haven't got much besides bogs out in Australy."

So Linton went off by himself. After he was fairly out of the way, Obed said, turning to the two boys, "Did you think I wanted to go off with Linton?"

"I supposed so, as you made the proposal."

"I only wanted to find out if he wanted me or not. I have my suspicions."

"What kind of suspicions?"

Harry was the speaker as usual, for Jack never took the lead when Harry was present.

"Fletcher and Linton are too thick together to to suit me," answered the Yankee. "Looks as if they was in league together."

"Do you think they have arranged a meeting?"

"That's just what I do think."

"But they have gone in different directions," objected Jack.

"Bless your simple heart, my boy, that's done on purpose," said Obed. "Can't they fetch round together without our knowing it?"

"I didn't think of that," Jack admitted.

"Mr. Stackpole," said Harry, after a moment's thought, "if you and Jack will keep each other company, I will explore a little myself. I may happen to be at the conference."

"Be careful if you do, Harry," said Obed. "Don't run no risk."

"I'll look out for that."

In the rear of the house, and almost reaching to it, was a forest of eucalyptus trees. It was unfavorable to Harry's purpose that these trees rise straight from the ground, and are not encumbered by undergrowth. It was very pleasant walking through, and Harry sauntered along at his leisure. He almost forgot the object of his enterprise, until some half an hour later in the stillness of the woods his quick ear caught the sound of voices.

He was instantly on the alert. The voices, he doubted not, were those of Dick Fletcher and Larry Linton. He moved forward cautiously, and soon espied the speakers. They were sitting on the ground, under the overreaching boughs of a gigantic tree. Harry managed to get near enough to listen to the conversation, being himself concealed from view behind the trunk of a neighboring tree.

"Is there much money in the party?" he heard Linton ask.

"I can't tell you. The boys haven't got much, but that long-legged Yankee has probably got considerable."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He's likely to prove a troublesome customer. He is muscular, as you can see, and not easily scared."

"Has he any suspicion of you?"

"Yes; my foot in it the other night."

"How's that?"

"I saw him sleeping like a boy, and thought there was no danger of his waking up, so I took the liberty to explore his pockets. Before I could say Jack Robinson he had me by the throat, and wanted to know what I was after."

"That was awkward. How did you get out of it?"

"Lied out! Told him I was looking for matches, as I wanted a smoke."

"Did he swallow it down?"

"He didn't contradict me, but it has made him watchful and suspicious. If I got the money, I was ready to make tracks, and leave them to find their way as they could."

At this point the two rose and walked away, leaving Harry in his position behind the tree. As soon as he thought it was safe he came out, and made the best of his way to the inn, getting there about fifteen minutes before Fletcher appeared, but without the landlord. During that interval he had time to communicate what he had heard to Obed Stackpole.

"Just what I expected!" said Obed. "The treacherous skunk! So he's in league with the landlord, is he? I'll fix him."

He cautioned the two boys not to show by their manner that they had made any discovery, but to appear as usual.

The next morning, the party started as usual. They plodded on for almost a mile, when Obed turning quickly to Fletcher, said, "Let me look at that weapon of yours a minute."

Fletcher unsuspiciously handed it over.

"I think I shall *keep* this, Fletcher," said Obed eyeing him steadily; "I'm pained to have to bid you good-bye."

"What does all this mean?" blustered Fletcher.

"It means that your room is better than your company. We'd better part."

"Would you rob me? That revolver is mine, and I paid for a share of the things in the cart."

"I'll allow you the valy of them, and pay you on the spot, but we can't go on together."

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Stackpole handed over a handsome sum of money.

"But I don't want to sell my revolver," repeated Fletcher. "What am I to do out here alone, and unarmed."

"You'd better go back to your friend Larry Linton. He'll look out for you.

"You will regret this high-handed proceeding!" exclaimed Fletcher angrily.

"Maybe I shall, and maybe I shan't," answered Obed indifferently. "I'll risk it."

Fletcher halted a moment as if undecided, then turned back, and was soon out of sight.

(To be continued.)

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

A POOR DEBTOR.

A NUMBER of architects, says the Boston Record, were talking the other day of the peculiarities of the bright men of the profession in Boston, and they agreed that the late Arthur Gilman, who designed the City Hall, Arlington Street Church and Horticulture Hall, took the palm for dashing self-confidence. The way in which his practical humor cropped out amid seemingly adverse conditions was recalled by two good stories. Though he made a good deal of money he managed to spend more, and the result was that he applied on a certain occasion to take the poor debtor's oath. To be able to take this oath, a person has to satisfy the magistrate that he is not worth $20 in the world outside of certain exempted articles of property.

The questions put to Mr. Gilman by the counsel for the creditor elicited the fact that he was boarding at the Tremont House, then kept by that prince of landlords, Paran Stevens, at the rate of $40 a week.

"Is not this a high price for a man who hasn't got $20 in the world?" asked the lawyer. The architect hesitated about answering this troublesome question, but on being told by the judge that he must reply to it, he exclaimed:

"Yes, your honor, I have often told Mr. Stevens that he was charging me a great deal too much, and I wish your honor would present the matter to him in this light."

The coolness of this speech convulsed its hearers, and the judge, who knew Gilman well in his social relations, could not refrain from joining in the merriment. The witty architect was allowed to take the oath.

MR. MARMADUKE'S OPINION.

A CURIOUS scene occurred in the President's room at the White House the other day, when Governor Marmaduke, of Missouri, was advocating the appointment of Frank P. Blair as District-Attorney. Cleveland evidently did not want to appoint him, and Governor Marmaduke, who was standing very boldly before him, with one hand in his pocket and gesturing with the other, was anxious that he should be appointed, and appointed at once. He undertook to advise the President about the matter.

He said: "Now, President Cleveland, you are going to have great trouble here without you pursue a different course. Now, I am Governor of Missouri. I don't expect to have more than one term, and when I have an office I appoint just whom I please. Now you are President of the United States. You don't expect to have more than one term, and you ought to appoint just whom you please."

The President laughed and said he did not know but that Marmaduke's rule was a good one.

SHARING A QUARREL.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL has a mastiff. Another visitor at the same hotel, the Rev. Henry Wadley, was accompanied by a dog of the same breed as Ingersoll's pet. A waiter says:

"The two gentlemen was a dining together, out onto the veranda. They got to talking pretty fast and loud, and not waiting for one to stop before the other commenced."

This seems to prove that a religious argument had sprung up.

"The gentlemen smiled all the time, or else I'd a thought they was mad." The waiter adds, "The dogs guessed a quarrel was going on between their masters. Pretty soon Mr. Ingersoll said he'd got to go, and Mr. Wadley said he had to too, and they got up kind of sudden, sticking out their hands to shake good by. Well, the dogs mistook it for a putting up of fists for a fight, I suppose, for they pitched in like bulldogs in a pit."

The infidel's dog was whipped.

EXCHANGES.

Geo. H. Daniel, Osceola, Mo. Hammerton's "Intellectual Life" (morocco), for "Rod and Gun Club."

Frank Whitney, 819 Spring St., Quincy, Ill. Stamps and postmarks, for the same.

Henry F. Hatton, Pleasant Hill, Mo. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY from Jan. '84 to Jan. '85, for a pair of No. 8 Roller Skates for a coarse boot.

E. A. Davis, Albion, Mich. Toys for the same.

Frank O'Ryan, 7 Troutman St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Books from the "Gunboat Series," for books by Mayne Reid or Mark Twain.

W. E. Skinner, Lynn, Mass. 1000 mineral labels for 500 U. S. stamps, or smaller quantities in the same proportion.

BOUND VOLUMES

OF

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

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

DO AND DARE;
OR,
A Brave Boy's Fight for Fortune.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

NICK AND NELLIE;
OR,
God Helps them that Help themselves.
BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

UP THE TAPAJOS;
OR,
Adventures in Brazil.
BY ROLLO ROBBINS, JR.

ARGOSY YARNS;
Charming Tales of early Mythology.
BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

DON GORDON'S SHOOTING-BOX;
BY HARRY CASTLEMON.

HER MOTHER'S RING;
BY MARY A. DENISON.

A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST;
OR,
Jack Bond's Quest.
BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

HECTOR'S INHERITANCE;
OR,
The Boys of Smith Institute.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

LOST IN THE WILDS;
A Sequel to "Up the Tapajos."
BY ROLLO ROBBINS, JR.

THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE;
A Tale of real Ships and real Sailors.
BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

JACK AND GEOFFREY IN AFRICA;
BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF;
BY OLIVER OPTIC.

THE STORE BOY;
OR,
The Fortunes of Ben Barclay.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE FRENCHMAN'S WARD.
BY MARY A. DENISON.

THE NEW PUPIL.
A Story of English School Life.
BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

THE LOST TRAIL.
BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

WORK AND WIN;
OR,
Jack Drummond's Pluck.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS;
OR,
The Fortunes of a Young Artist.
BY MARY A. DENISON.

EVERY INCH A BOY.
BY OLIVER OPTIC.

STIRRING EVENTS;
OR,
The Experience of a Young Sailor.
BY JAMES GRANT.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.
BY MARY A. DENISON.

CAMP-FIRE AND WIGWAM.
BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

HELPING HIMSELF;
OR,
Grant Thornton's Ambition.
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The above serial stories printed in single volumes would make each a $1.25 book, or for the 23 stories $28.75.

In addition to the serials, the two volumes contain about two hundred short stories, a series of articles on "Orators and Oratory," a large number of Biographical sketches of eminent men, together with a vast amount of short matter, interesting and instructive to all.

The volumes are handsomely and substantially bound in cloth and gilt with leather back and corners. Single volumes $3.00. Volumes I. and II. when taken at once $5.00.

EXPRESSAGE PAID BY RECEIVER.

The two volumes contain $60.00 worth of reading, which is handsomely illustrated with about 300 original and striking illustrations.

Ask your Newsdealer to get them for you, or send to the Publisher,

FRANK A. MUNSEY,
81 Warren Street, New York.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Midst the scenes of earthly strife,
Midst the pleasures of thy life,
Always keep thy soul's pure mirror
Free from guilt and free from error
Unchecked by ambition's pride,
Raise thine eyes to God above;
Deep and strong these, warm and bright,
Fix thy heart, thy life, thy love.

Footprints in the Forest.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FIGHT AND A RETREAT.

THAT which Otto had called a cave proved really to be no cave at all. Up the winding ascent, over a stony path which seemed to have been worn by some furious torrent, the frightened fugitives sped, until opposite a lip or shelf, which projected from the rocks on their left. It extended forward three or four feet, rudely sloping away like the forepiece of a cap, but the concavity below was less than half that depth. Jack expected to find a retreat ten or fifteen feet deep, where they could turn at bay with a good prospect of success. As it was, there was barely room to screen themselves from the flying bullets, and had the rain been driven from the opposite direction, when Otto first sought refuge there, it would have given no protection at all.

Jack was half disposed to continue his flight over the ridge, but, fearful of the greater peril to which they would be exposed, and, alarmed by the knowledge that their enemies were almost on their heels, he darted to the left, and stood with his back against the rocky wall, grasping his loaded and cocked rifle, ready to fire on the instant appearance of the pursuers. Otto did the same, and, taking a position beside him, began reloading his weapon.

The hostiles did not stop, but hastened up the rough gorge and in a twinkling the formost dashed into sight. Quick as Jack was in bringing his gun to his shoulder, some one else anticipated him. The red man bounded high in air, with the inevitable death shriek, and went over backward, his body pierced clean through with an arrow, driven with resistless force from the bow of Deerfoot, the Shawanoe.

This checked the rush of the other two, who found, what they ought to have known before, that the "Evil One" was on hand They turned and ran at break-neck speed down the slope, vanishing with a swiftness that rendered it almost impossible for Deerfoot to bring down either of them had he been so disposed. Rapid as was their charge up the slope, their descent was a great deal more so.

Directly behind the arrow came Deerfoot, landing in the presence of the youths with such suddenness, that Jack half raised his gun under the belief that he was an enemy.

Otto was so startled that he spilled the powder he was pouring into the barrel of his rifle, and the young Shawanoe smiled and said:

"My brother is not glad to see Deerfoot."

"I ishn't! you shust waits till I gots dis gun loaded."

Working rapidly, he soon had the charge rammed home and the weapon primed for action. Then, leaning it against the wall, he impulsively threw his arms around the neck of the Shawanoe and kissed him on the cheek.

Jack Carleton was horrified, and supposed the young warrior would be offended, but he smiled in a way which showed he was pleased with the honest fellow, who was not ashamed to show the affection he felt.

It was noticeable that during the brief moments spent in pleasant interchange, Deerfoot was never quiet. His eyes were continually flitting hither and thither, and he glanced right and left, as though expecting some person or the occurrence of some event. The fact was, that, although the Indians who made the rash attack had fled, the Shawanoe was by no means satisfied. He reflected, that while only the four warriors had been seen, it was more than likely that others were within call.

There was no good reason for tarrying on the slope, and, as soon as Otto had finished loading his gun, he signified they were to leave. For a brief spell nothing was to be apprehended from the panic-smitten Indians, but the Shawanoe glanced furtively down the gorge before leaving the partial shelter of the excavation in the rocks. Then they moved hastily to the top of the ridge, where a stop was made until all could take a hasty survey of the surrounding country. This was an important matter, and Deerfoot did it in his usual thorough fashion, his penetrating eyes taking in the whole horizon.

The elevation of the ridge, and the sparse vegetation on the crest, gave the Shawanoe the best kind of an observatory, and he gained an extensive knowledge of the vast expanse of surrounding country.

Looking toward the south-east, the three saw a somewhat similar ridge, though less in extent. It seemed more than ten miles distant, and the attention with which Deerfoot regarded it, showed that he was meditating some scheme in connection with it. It took him but a minute or two to form a conclusion. Then he scrutinized the territory lying in the opposite direction. Toward that point he was looking for enemies; it was there the Pawnee party was in camp or hunting back and forth.

Deerfoot was able to trace the river, on the other shore of which had been kindled the camp-fire of the Pawnees, but he could discover nothing of the warriors themselves. More than likely some of them identified the little party on the slope, and took good care to keep themselves out of sight.

Both Jack and Otto wondered at the absence of Hay-uta, the Sauk. He had been absent much longer than Deerfoot, and the report of guns and shouts of the Pawnees must have told him the same story which brought the Shawanoe in such haste to the spot.

Once more Deerfoot faced the distant ridge in the south-east. Pointing toward it, he said:

"Let my brothers make haste thither, and wait for the coming of Deerfoot."

"What's the matter now?" asked Jack; "why don't you go with us?"

"The Pawnees are on our trail; they will follow fast; my brothers must make haste while Hay-uta and Deerfoot tarry."

A few words made clear the plan of Deerfoot. The Pawnees, like all their race, were extremely revengeful in their disposition, and they would never consent that the four intruders should be allowed to go back without punishment. They had slain several of their warriors, without receiving any injury in return. What though the Evil One in the guise of a young Shawanoe warrior, had charge of the little party, neither he nor they were invulnerable, and the well-aimed bullet must be more effective than the arrow of the matchless archer Deerfoot.

An additional incentive to pursuit lay in the fact that the Pawnees had learned of the trick that Otto Relstaub played on them. His presence in his own flesh and blood was evidence that could not be disputed. These and other considerations, which it is not necessary to give in detail, convinced Deerfoot that a desperate pursuit would be made by the hostiles. Such a pursuit would be pushed at a pace which neither of the pale-faced youths could equal; they were absolutely certain to be overtaken unless some skilful strategy was employed.

The Shawanoe, therefore, directed the boys to make for the ridge which he pointed out in the south-east. He told them to use all haste and reach it at the earliest possible moment. It was probable they could not do so before dark, but he impressed upon them the duty of making no halt until their arrival there. If darkness overtook them while several miles away in the woods, they must push on. Both, and especially the young Kentuckian, had had enough experience in the woods to know how to maintain a straight course when the sun was not shining.

Deerfoot expected to join them before daylight, but in the event of his failing to do so, they were forbidden to wait for him. At the earliest dawn, they were to press their flight, and keep it up to the utmost limit until nightfall. If by that time no further molestation resulted, they might consider all danger ended, so far as that particular party of Pawnees was concerned.

Deerfoot instructed the two friends to resort to every expedient to hide their trail. When they reached a stream, they were never to cross it by a direct line, but, if possible, wade a considerable distance before stepping out on the other bank. If they should find their path crossed by anything in the nature of a river, they were to make a raft and float a long distance with the current, before resting their feet again on dry land.

It followed, as a matter of course, that all this strategy designed to throw the hostiles off the trail, ought to be equally effective against Sauk and Shawanoe; but the latter made all necessary provisions against going astray. He had a clear understanding with Jack as to the distance he was to follow a small stream before leaving it on the other side, and, in case a river was reached, it was agreed that the youths were to drift downward a half mile. Then, when they emerged, a sign was to be left in the shape of a broken limb, dipping in the current. Such evidence would be immediately detected by the Shawanoe from the opposite side of the bank—that is, if he had the daylight to assist him, and he could easily arrange *that*.

The sagacity of Deerfoot enabled him to provide against almost every contingency, and the time which he took in making such provision was but a fraction of that which I have consumed in the telling. Within three minutes after he directed them what they were to do, they were traveling down the slope, with their faces toward the distant ridge, and their feet carrying them rapidly in that direction.

Each of the boys fully understood the scheme of Deerfoot, and lost no time in speculating over its final issue. In fact the rule of invariable success seemed to apply so forcibly to everything which he undertook that I am warranted in saying that neither felt any fear, when he left the ridge and plunged into the forest stretching so many miles beyond.

"You have never seen Hay-uta," said Jack, after they had walked some ways, the Kentuckian taking the lead.

"No," replied Otto walking much faster than was his custom.

"He is a Sauk, and one of the five who went off with you, when we parted from each other."

"Den I dinks I seen him," was the natural remark of the grinning German.

"Of course you have seen him very often, as he has seen you, but you never heard his name Hay-uta, and won't recognize him from any description I can give you."

"Why not?" queried his companion.

"It seems to me," replied Jack with a laugh, "that all negro babies and all Indian warriors look so much alike, that no one can describe the difference. I have seen a great many Sauks, but it was hard work to tell them apart, when they were a little ways off. Some of them were so hideous that they could be identified by their appearance, as others could by the scars on their features or the particular style they had of painting their faces."

Otto naturally wanted to know how it was that a Sauk had come to be the ally of a Shawanoe, and and why, when Hay-uta was anything but a friend to Otto, he should travel so far and run into so much danger for the sake of rescuing him.

You and I know the explanation of such a singular course, and so it is not required that I should repeat the story of Hay-uta's encounter with Deerfoot in the depths of the wilderness, when the youthful Shawanoe vanquished the sinewy warrior, overcoming not only his physical prowess but to his hatred, and how the words fitly spoken at that time had proven to be seed sowed on good ground, which was already springing up and bearing fruit.

The boys became so interested in the subject, that they involuntarily slackened their gait, while they discussed the wonderful incident and recalled the gentle reproofs which Deerfoot had given them more than once. It is at such times that we feel the prickings of conscience, and both Otto and Jack asked themselves the question.

If this American Indian, born and nursed as a heathen, was so quick to grasp the Word, what excuse shall we offer in the last day when God shall demand of us why, with a hundred fold more light, we persisted in rejecting him?

CHAPTER XXX.

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

"WHAT do you suppose Deerfoot once asked me?" said Jack Carleton, stopping short and staring in the face of his friend, who answered with native innocence.

"If you vasn't ashamed mit yourself, 'cause you didn't know more apout de woods?"

"He handed me some cold water in a cup which he made of oak leaves, and when I thanked him, he smiled in that way of his which shows his beautiful teeth, and asked me whether I always thanked *everybody* who handed me anything like that, or who did me a favor; I told him that I would consider myself inexcusably rude if I failed to do so. Then smiling a little more, he came for me! 'Who gives you the sunlight?' he asked; 'who makes the moon and stars to light your feet at night? who gave you your good mother, your health, your food and drink, your clothes, your life? Do you thank Him when you lie down at night, and when you rise in the morning and through the day?"

"I tell you, Otto," continued Jack, "I stood dumb; he has reproved us both and made us feel thoughtful, but I never had anything that went home like *that*. I have thought of it a hundred times since then, and, that night, when I lay down, I prayed harder than ever before, and something told me that my prayers went higher, and that He who never turns away his ear, was pleased. I didn't say anything to Deerfoot, but you know, young as we are, that in running back as far as our memories will carry us, there are some words and little occurrences that will stick by us forever. It is so with that question which was asked me by an American Indian, in the deep woods, just as night was closing in about us; his questions will cling to me, if I live a hundred years."

"I nefer heard him speak just dot way," said Otto, who was in as serious a mood as his companion, "but he said a good many dings to me and sometimes to both of us which I forgets nefer—nefer—nefer! When he left me and the Injins was as cruel almost as fader and moder, I dinks a good deal apouts dem; when I was a layin by de fire and not knowin' wheder dey wouldn't kill me, den I dinks apout dem again and I prays hard; when I swallers de tobacco and feels as if I was dead, den I prays agin to Him and He makes me well and prings me owet all right; arter this I nefer forgets to prays to Him."

There could be no misjudging the sincerity of Otto. Jack heard nothing in his quaint accent which could cause him to smile. In truth he was equally thoughtful.

"Most people are willing to call on God when they are in trouble or they think death is close," was the truthful remark of the young Kentuckian, "but it seems to me He must despise a person who forgets all about Him, when the danger goes by. I think if I was ashamed to profess Him before others, He *ought* to be ashamed of me, when I came to die and called out in my distress."

The conversation continued in this vein, until both awoke to the fact that they were violating the orders of Deerfoot, by loitering on the road; they had allowed valuable time to pass unimproved—that is according to one view, but in another sense it could not have been better used.

As if to make amends for their forgetfulness, it was agreed they should cease talking for the time, and break into a moderate trot, which both could maintain for half an hour or more without special fatigue. Jack took the lead, and, keeping the right direction, he struck the pace which resembled that of Deerfoot, though it was not so rapid nor could he maintain it for a tenth of the time the Shawanoe could run without showing fatigue.

The wood as a general thing was favorable, though the occasional undergrowth or uncropping of boulders and rocks, compelled some deviation and delayed their advance. No water appeared until they had gone several miles. Then it was that they suddenly found themselves along side a stream remarkable for its crystalline clearness. It was not very broad nor swift, though quite deep. Standing on one shore, the bottom could be distinctly seen clear to the other side. The bed was mainly a reddish clay, with here and there a few pebbles and large stones, but there was no difficulty in following with the eye the beautiful concave as it curved downward until the deepest portion in the middle was reached, and, with the same line of beauty it rose to the land beyond.

"Otto, let's have a swim!" called out Jack Carleton, after they had admired the charming stream for several minutes.

What youngster could withstand such temptation? The afternoon was warm, and, though rather early in the season, the water itself could not have been more inviting. The only answer Otto Relstaub made was to begin disrobing as fast as he could. Then it became a race between him and Jack as to who should be the first. The Kentuckian was only a few seconds in advance, and both frolicked and disported themselves as only a couple of urchins can do when they know they are doing something which they should not do.

Deerfoot had ordered them to push on with all the haste at their command, and not to rest until they reached the ridge many miles beyond, where he hoped to join them. He would not be pleased if he should learn in what manner his wishes had beed disregarded.

The boys dove and swam hither and thither, splashing each other and reveling in the very luxury of enjoyment. It will be understood how a couple of persons so placed as were they, found such a bath not only a luxury but a necessity. Men who spend days and weeks in tramping through the woods, without a change of clothing, cannot preserve the most presentable toilet, and the washing of clothing, which at other times was done by those at home, was looked after to a greater or less degree by him who was many miles away.

But, on the other hand, the garments worn by woodmen were far different from the fashion of to-day. They were tough and enduring, and the coarse texture next to the skin preserved its good appearance much longer than does the finer linen we wear. Often Jack Carleton had washed his and frolicked in the water or lolled on the bank until it was given time to dry in the sun. He and Otto did not do so now because thair consciences would not permit them to linger long enough. As any wading they might do would leave their footprints in plain sight on the bed of the stream, they tried to satisfy their sense of duty, by placing their garments and weapons on a light raft, and swimming behind it while it floated down stream. In this way they left no trace of whither they had gone, and a bloodhound himself would be baffled in attempting a pursuit.

The only mishap of this novel voyage was, that while making it, the gun of Otto rolled off and went like a stone to the bottom, but the clearness of the current revealed where it lay, ten feet deep, and it was an easy matter to dive and recover it.

When at last they emerged, a long distance below the point of entrance, a branch was bent and broken as Deerfoot had told them to do, in case they crossed a river, and, donning their garments, they turned the light raft adrift, and resumed their journey toward the ridge which still lay a long distance away.

By this time, the sun was well down in the western sky, and it was clear that if the ridge was to be reached before going into camp, several miles would have to be traveled by night, when the moon would give them scant light indeed: but both had done a good deal of that kind of traveling, and the prospect caused no uneasiness. But the sight of some game or anything which could be utilized as food would have been most welcome to the hungry lads.

Lest it may strike my reader that both were showing a degree of recklessness inconsistent with their training and character, it should be said that they kept their ears open for alarming sounds from the rear. It was not considered possible for the Pawnees to press the pursuit with any vigor without the discharge of more than one firearm. The instant such report reached them, such tardiness and tarrying would end.

That report came just before the sun sank from sight. Faint but distant as it floated to them from across the miles of wilderness it told (like the sound of Otto's gun when heard by Deerfoot) an important truth; the Pawnees were on the southern side of the further ridge, and were pushing the pursuit of the boys with a persistency that left no doubt of their revengeful feelings.

"I dinks we petter goes fast," said Otto, breaking into a trot, which Jack instantly imitated in order to prevent himself from falling behind. They kept it up until the gathering darkness forced them to moderate their pace. A couple of miles still remained to be passed over, but their training rendered that an easy matter, and, but for the craving hunger, there would have been little choice between that and stopping short where they were.

The boys were relieved over one fact: they had come upon no broad stream or river. Indeed, they had seen but the one stream which proved such a means of enjoyment to them, and the configuration of the country rendered it unlikely that they would meet anything of the kind, until after passing the ridge where they expected to go into camp.

Another source of relief was the certainty that their long swim down the stream would be an effective obstacle to pursuit by their enemies. They would be compelled to make an elaborate search before the trail could be recovered, and that certainly could not be done before the rising of the morrow's sun.

And thus it was that, while hurrying toward the ridge, they were shut in by darkness, and progress became difficult. Even had the moon been at its full, the dense shadows under the trees would have rendered the sense of touch more useful than that of sight, but, as it was they were making good progress when Jack, who still kept a slight lead, exclaimed in an excited undertone:

"By gracious, Otto, there's a light ahead! what can it mean?"

"It means dot some wood ish burning, I dinks."

Of one thing the boys were convinced—whoever had kindled the camp-fire was not a Pawnee. None of them could have reached such a position in advance of the fugitives, and the villagers of that tribe were so far to the north-west, that no others beside the main party were anywhere in the neighborhood.

"Deerfoot told us that we must not camp this side of that ridge," added Jack, "so we'll keep on until we find out who our neighbors are."

This was an easy matter, since no effort had been made to hide the light of the fire, which was distinquishable a long distance away. As is the case at such times, it appeared to be much closer than it was, both the lads expressing disappointment that it seemed to recede, like the *ignis fatuis*, as they walked toward it.

But when at last our friends halted within a few rods, they were amazed to find there was but a single warrior in camp. It required considerable maneuvering to make themselves certain on the point, but the fact was not only demonstrated, but the equally amazing truth was established that the warrior belonged to the Sauk nation.

Both lads were so familiar with that people that it was scarcely possible to err. In spite of what Jack Carleton had declared, as to the similarity of appearance of all Indian warriors, there were certain peculiarities of dress and looks which identified them whoever they might be. More than that, the young Kentuckian recalled this particular one, whom he had often seen, during his own captivity among that people. He was one of the wildest revelers at the feast described in "Camp Fire and Wigwam," though generally he was reserved and quiet. What drew Jack toward him was the recollection that no one in the village showed more consideration toward him than did he who sat on the blanket smoking his pipe and looking into the fire, as if in a deep reverie. He had interfered several times when the prisoner was threatened with violence, and was so consistent, indeed, in his chivalry, that, when Jack had assured himself the Sauk was alone, he walked straight forward with Otto at his heels, and offered his hand.

The red man showed no surprise, though he must have been astonished to meet the white youths so many miles from their own home. He rose to his feet, without any appearance of haste, shook hands with both, muttering something which was doubtless meant as a welcome. Jack managed to mutter a few broken words in the Sauk language, but, for all practical purposes, they might as well have remained unspoken.

But several very pleasant facts were extracted from the Indian, and they added much to the enjoyment of the visitors. The Sauk was alone, he had not seen any Indians for several days, and he had considerable meat left from that which he had rudely broiled for his own meal. When I say he placed this at the disposal of the guests, it need not be added that in a short time there was none of it left.

The reason why the Sauk had fixed on that spot for his camp was that a tiny spring bubbled from under some rocks only a short distance away. The small bowl-like cavity, in which it collected before rippling away among the gnarled roots of the trees, held enough to afford all they could wish. The added moisture of this spring, as is often the case, nourished a vigorous growth of succulent green grass, which was also turned to good account.

Just as the boys finished eating, they were startled by the whinney and stamp of a horse near them. They looked inquiringly at the Sauk, who smiled and nodded in a fashion which clearly showed that the animal belonged to him. Instead of traveling the long distance on foot, as did our friends, he had ridden a horse, which had been cropping the grass close at hand when the boys came up. The latter reconnoitered the camp for several minutes before presenting themselves, but neither discovered nor suspected the presence of the animal.

Observing the interest of the boys, the Sauk picked up a brand from the campfire, swung it over his head until it was fanned into a vigorous flame, and then motioned them to follow him, while he showed his steed, of which he was undoubtedly very proud.

The horse snuffed and displayed some timidity when the flame was brought near him, but a few words from his master quieted him, and he stood still while the three walked around the animal and admired his points. The boys said nothing until they were through. Then Jack, with the firelight lighting up his manly face, looked significantly at Otto, who laughed and nodded his head.

The two had discovered the fact that the horse before them belonged to Otto Relstaub, and was the one for which the poor lad had hunted in vain so long, and which, therefore, was the cause of all the misfortunes that befell him and Jack Carleton.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the ARGOSY is $2.00 per year, payable in advance, or five cents a number on news-stands. All newsdealers will furnish the ARGOSY on application.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

THE NUMBER (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

THE ARGOSY is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

RENEWALS.—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

IN ordering back numbers enclose five cents for each copy.

NO REJECTED MANUSCRIPT will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, at $2.00 a year—weekly—contains more long stories and other valuable reading matter by leading authors, is more carefully edited, is printed on finer paper, and is better illustrated than any other publication for the same money in America.

DIED AT HIS POST.

WE have heard of heroic cases of death at the post of duty. Here is a recent one in commonplace life. A restaurant keeper in Berlin, being taken suddenly ill while at table, rose hastily and cried: "If I must die, at least I will be busy to the last." He went to his cash desk, sat down in his usual place, and never spoke again.

LOOK OUT.

WHEN one reads an advertisement offering a dollar for a dime, or a fortune for five dollars, it is wise to give the advertiser a wide berth. The good fairies who make kings out of beggar boys do not organize gift enterprises. Almost always some swindle lurks behind such tempting offers.

The English papers give notice that a number of boys have been allured to California by false baits of the sort. They were to be taken, according to the advertisement, as "pupils" on fruit farms, at five dollars per month. The fathers had to pay one hundred dollars "entrance fee," and the agent got twelve dollars for his services. The boys paid their own passage from London to San Francisco, and on arriving out found the whole thing to be a humbug.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

THE latest victim was only seven years of age, but stupidity seems to begin in the cradle. He was fascinated by a story entitled "Dying on the Point of Honor." Being punctured by the point of a slipper would have been more wholesome for him. The story was too tough for the digestion of a youngster not long out of "Mother Goose." It made such turmoil in his liver and his brain that he blew his brains out.

That was a sad ending of the boy's trashy reading. But the grief of it remains with his parents. And right here is the place to notice the duty of parents and teachers to see that boys and girls are provided with a proper sort of interesting reading. To forbid bad books is not enough; good books must be supplied.

A MODEL POEM?

IT is a fact that very wise men are sometimes greatly embarrassed when called upon to address an audience of young people. Many stories are related of their ludicrous efforts in such situations, but none of the victims on record has gone ahead of Dr. Connolly, a Baltimore alderman. This gentleman, when called out recently for a speech to a collection of boys, remarked that he was no orator, but would recite a poem. Then he gave them this stanza:

> "The June bug has a guady wing,
> The lightning bug a flame;
> The bed-bug has no wing at all,
> But he gets there all the same."

It is said the boys were delighted, but, all the same, we suggest that on his next appearance the doctor induce one of the boys to recite in his place.

FOOTBALL ABUSES.

AND now the English papers begin to demand a reform in the rules of football. This game has become the most dangerous of all popular sports. If there are not as many accidents to be laid to its charge as to the sport of hunting, yet in the respect of the personal hostility which the present system engenders, it is worse than hunting. The English critics of the game employ the language of an old writer in describing it as "a friendlie kind of fight rather than a play or recreation—a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sporte or pastime."

It is a pity that so stimulating a game should fall into disrepute on account of its brutality. It is suggested to the Rugby Union authorities to amend the rules relating to "collaring" and "charging." It has been for some time apparent that some changes are needful in this country.

A WISE COUNSEL.

PROFESSOR PHELPS, the minister from this country to Great Britain, has been making some addresses to the English working-men. These were considered to be very sensible by the British newspapers, and were highly commended. Among the sensible things which Mr. Phelps said was something on the question of emigration. It is well worth noticing, because it applies to a state of mind which is very common among American youth—that is to say, the desire of change.

Mr. Phelps counseled the English worker who thought of coming to the United States, to stop first and reflect. He should ask himself what is the trouble? Why does he not get on at home? Is the fault in the land? If so, let him depart as soon as possible.

"If it is his own fault," continued the speaker, "he may be perfectly certain that with this change of soil and sky he has not changed himself. The conditions of prosperity there, as here, are industry, economy, virtue. Without these, it is of no use to go to America."

This remark applies equally to those here who are discontented with their lot, thinking that circumstances have something to do with their lack of success, when the fault is really in themselves. "There is no country good enough for an idle and worthless man that has yet been discovered in the geography of the world," said Mr. Phelps. Mark that down, restless reader, and also recollect that no circumstances are so bad that virtue, industry and resolution cannot make headway against them.

TO WORK AGAIN.

SCHOOL vacation is long past by this time, and it is to be hoped that all our young student friends are doing some honest work. Play-time loses its virtue if it merely disposes one to continue frolic. It is only valuable as a change of activity, one that inspirits all the joytul and hopeful part of our nature, and prepares it to take up the burdens of life cheerfully. Even the working youngsters had their outing, too, we trust. They ought all to have a thorough snuff of good air, a frolic with the ocean breakers, or a season of high delight in the woods and hills. As to the farmer's young tribe, they have also enjoyed their "breathing spell" between hay and corn, though their leisure hours are mostly in the future. But we hope all have had a good rest, and a full solace of happiness. And now to work. But work is a different thing. In frolic we flourish at our own sweet will. Unlucky souls, those who try to be happy by rule and regulation! Fancy a colt eating his oats with a teaspoon! So what would vacation life be if we had to measure off our fun by the ounce or the square yard? In study, however, or labor, we must come down to rule and method. The young student cannot safely be too "optional." He is not like the butterfly, to sip a little knowledge from flower to flower. Perhaps in these liberal days we have too much of this sort of thing. Discipline is sometimes better gained by doing what we don't like than what we do.

Just so in labor. There is a right way and a wrong way, and the right way is not commonly stumbled into by doing as one happens to feel like doing. Precision, care, method, rule, application in good moods and bad moods—these are the requisites. If vacation has fitted us to take up our duties in the right way, and with the proper vigor, let us all be thankful.

POST ODDITIES.

IN former times the franking privilege was grossly abused in England. Articles quite unlike letters were sent by the mail service, as may be seen by the following extract from an official report: "Fifteen couples of hounds; two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Meltman; Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow, and divers other necessaries; a deal case with four flitches of bacon." It is needless to say that these abuses were reformed long ago, yet very queer things are sent by mail to-day. Among these are eggs, Devonshire cream, frogs, rabbits, goldfinches, and other birds, and often live snakes and other reptiles. These latter sometimes escape, and there are some lively times among the postoffice clerks when it occurs. One box, recently opened at the Return Letter office in Liverpool, was found to contain eight living snakes.

Candidates for employment in the mail service have to submit to a written examination. Among the questions on the printed form are a few concerning the health of their parents and other members of the family. The replies are sometimes curious. "Father had sunstroke, and I caught it off him." "My little brother died of some funny name." "A great white cat drawed my sister's breath and she died of it." "A parent died of apperplexity." One had "runminatic pains," and another's sister was "consumpted."

The postoffice officials are often written to by ignorant persons, who suppose it their business to furnish information. This is a sample of these odd epistles: "We heard in the paper about twelve or fourteen months back, Mary Ann ——, the servant girl at London was dead. Please send it to the printer's office by return of post whether there was a small fortune left for ——." A large volume has recently been published in London full of these curiosities of the mail service.

NEAL DOW,

And the Maine Liquor Law.

IN the State of Maine, to sell or to make intoxicating liquors as a beverage is against the law. A man found selling liquor is snapped up and prosecuted, and, if convicted, he is imprisoned and heavily fined. It is provided that liquors may be searched for, and when found, seized and destroyed; and for such goods destroyed the courts are not allowed to entertain any plea for damages.

If a man be prosecuted under this law for selling liquor and is found guilty, he has, in common with others, a right to appeal to a higher court. In such a case he is required to give bonds of sufficient value to insure the payment of double the fine if found guilty on appeal, and he must suffer double the imprisonment laid down as the penalty of his original offense. In adopting this law, Maine took a unique course, and has impressed her name on more people over the world through the Maine law than in any other way.

This great step toward better government got its first impetus from a trivial incident. One night, in 1837, a woman called at the house of Neal Dow, then mayor of Portland, and in great agitation related that her husband, a prominent public officer, had been on a spree for four days. During this period he had been guzzling at the tavern of a man under whose influence he was completely. Were this rumseller to tell the husband to go home, he would do so. Would the mayor try to influence the rumseller to do this?

Neal Dow immediately put on his hat and went out to the rumshop where the husband was thought to be. The rumseller denied that the husband was on the premises. Neal Dow turned to go out; through the closed door of a side room came the familiar though drunken voice of the public official whom the mayor was looking for. The mayor turned again and told the rumseller what he had come out for—would he use his influence on the degraded man he was harboring and send him home to his wife? The saloon-keeper refused. Said he: "I don't want to offend the man by telling him to leave. I make it my business to sell liquor. I have a license from the government and support my family in that way. You may go about your own business, and when I want you I'll send for you." Neal Dow looked the man straight in the eye and said: "You support yourself this way, do you? You'll go on, selling this man, will you? *Wait and see if you will!*"

General Dow's blood was up. Here he had been confronted all of a sudden with the enormity of the liquor traffic, had seen a wife's distress pleading in vain before sordid interest.

He went to work to squelch this business. He first organized a Temperance Union. The members traveled over the State into towns, villages and hamlets, in house, in school, and in church, everywhere proclaiming the enemy's presence, and educating the people to the idea that the liquor traffic was fatally hostile to every public and social interest. Besides the great numbers of exhorters that went out of Portland, thousands of temperance pamphlets and tracts were sent out to farms, schools, churches, or given out in the public streets to passers by, until the State of Maine was sowed knee-deep with temperance literature.

Prohibition thus took root, and under the determined guidance of Neal Dow the cause was taken up far and wide throughout the State. He did more than to disseminate his principles; he set about giving them a practical form by working in the legislature and making prohibition a factor in politics.

"Oh, what grand days were those!" says Neal Dow in one of his speeches. "Incidents like these occurred on every hand. Three lawyers and Farmer Skillig were members of the legislature, and, of course, all of them wanted to be elected for a second term. They sat down and talked over this temperance question, debating whether they should vote in favor of our bill. The lawyers did not ask 'what will benefit the country?' but 'what will re-elect us?' But Farmer Skillig said: 'It's right, anyhow, and I'm going to support it.' Well, at the next election we lifted the three lawyers out of their seats, but we left the old farmer in undisturbed possession."

Neal Dow had appeared before the legislature more than once, pleading for laws to put down the liquor traffic, and at last he had drafted a bill which, through the pressure of the people whose sympathy he had wrought up, was at last passed, and became the celebrated Maine Law as outlined above.

Thus, in 1851, the "Act for the Suppression of Drinking-Houses and Tippling-Shops" was signed by the governor, and prohibition has since remained the formost item in the Policy of the Pine Tree State.

Statistics show the telling effects of this law immediately after its passage: the number of paupers throughout the state was perceptibly reduced in a year's time; street-begging and vagrancy were greatly diminished; ragged children received the benefits of the money formerly spent by their degraded parents in the grog shops, and were better clothed and fed and educated, when the father could no longer sneak into the rum shop and soak himself in the vile stuffs as of yore; numbers of work-houses and jails became empty, and the former sinks of iniquity bore now no sign but one which read "To Let."

The man who is the father of this great reform was born in Portland, Maine, about 1813. At seventy-two years of age, he is still hale and vigorous, a worker yet, pressing his life's work as zealously as ever.

When the war broke out, he raised a regiment of volunteers. Lincoln made him a general, and he came out of the fight safe and well, but with two badges of loyalty—scars that spoke of the wounds he had received.

He was twice mayor of Portland and only last year was nominated for the Presidency by the Prohibition party.

He is of medium height, but broad and strongly made, with a face on which are engraved insight, integrity and firmness. His hair is snow-white, and altogether he presents a truly patriarchal picture.

A careful life, no bad habits and a clear conscience make him at three score and ten a younger man, than nine out of ten at fifty, who have misused their system by a free use of intoxicants.

Neal Dow is a forcible debater, a master of argument and by no means devoid of the ready wit, indespensable to a platform orator.

He said once, "You say I musn't talk so hard," as he was denouncing the liquor traffic with all the fire of argument he could muster. "But I must talk so until you learn that blank cartridges are no match for slotted guns;" and, when wrought up, his shot is, indeed, of the heaviest.

During a tour in England, under the auspicies of the United Kingdom Alliance, he had occasion, one night, to address a great meeting at Leeds. Factory men and working men of all sorts made up the majority of the vast crowd of hearers. It is safe to say these were thoroughly soaked through with the alcohol they had been drinking for years. In the course of his speech, Neal Dow said:

"Is anything more harmful than strong drink? If anybody thinks so let him raise his hand." No hand appeared.

"Very well, put it down as worse than arson. Murder is punished by imprisonment for life. Does not strong drink do as much harm as murder? Anybody object to that?" Not one.

"Well, then, put the traffic above murder." Then he offered these resolutions:

"Resolved, that strong drink breeds infinite mischief to the nation, and infinite misery to the people; that we declare the suppression of the drink traffic would be an incalculable blessing to the government and the people of Great Britain."

"Does anybody object to that?" he asked.

Only one. A red-nosed fellow held up his hat on a stick. Neal Dow cried out:

"Only one negative, and that's only a hat on a stick—no brains in it, no heart under it—that's a reasonable vote after all."

We are proud of our venerable reformer and our sentiment is, "Let the good work go on."

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

A UNIVERSAL RULE.

> VIRTUOUS and vicious every thought must be,
> Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
> The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
> And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

IN your home study refinement and comfort, but study economy also.

THERE is nothing so much prevents us from being easy as the desire of appearing so.

IT is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

> ALL habits gather by unseen degrees;
> As brooks makes rivers, rivers run to seas.

BE careful how you exercise your wit. Epigrams, like curses and chickens, come home to roost.

THAT which seemeth most casual and subject to fortune, is yet disposed by the ordinance of God.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

HURRY and Cunning are two apprentices of Despatch and Skill, but neither of them ever learned their master's trade.

LORD CHATHAM defines politeness as benevolence in trifles or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life.

LET us remember those that want necessaries, as we ourselves should have desired to be remembered had it been our sad lot to subsist on other men's charity.

A MAN'S house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and sincerity, so high that no shadow rests upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late that the day has twice as many hours as those of other men.

THE man or woman who engages in some congenial regular work will never be on the brink of despair; their names will never be chronicled in the lists of self-destroyers, for in idleness alone is despair. Work chases it away, no matter how thickly the clouds may have gathered.

PATIENCE.

BY AMY E. BLANCHARD.

Have patience, heart!
That were no rose that were not first a closed bud.
How comes the day? Not with the noonday sun o'er head
But slowly stealing up the east, in faintest red.
Have patience, heart! Wait so thine own life's dawning good.

Have patience, heart!
Seek not at morn to make the day as bright as noon,
Force not the bud, before its time, to be a rose.
How slowly, when we watch the sky, the daylight grows;
And yet, for all, indeed, the sun goes down too soon.

Have patience, heart!
For rain will come; thine own self knows how tear-drops fall.
Seek not to stay the clouds before they've spent their rain,
Or else across thy sky the clouds may come again.
Have patience, grieving heart! for good must come to all.

CAUGHT ON THE "FLATIRON."

It was an odd craft on which we started down the Allequash river, a few days after the ice broke, in April—a great raft of old pine logs, piled high, fore and aft, with bunches of shingles.

There were almost three hundred "double bunches" of those shingles; and it had taken my companion, John Killigrews, and myself four months to rive out and shave them. We had done this work at an old lumber camp where we had spent the winter, and hoped that what we had done would bring us a hundred and fifty dollars each. Of course we were in pretty good spirits when we started down stream with our raft.

We were to deliver the shingles at Grand Falls, on the St. Johns, for two dollars and seventy-five cents a thousand.

The raft was made of sound pine logs which we had picked up in the logans and along the banks of the river above our camp. These were worth seven dollars a thousand feet, and the raft contained, according to our rough survey of it, upwards of ten thousand feet of good clear stuff.

But to get to Grand Falls we had to take our unwieldy raft a distance of nearly a hundred and forty miles; and Allequash Falls, a cataract of fifty or sixty feet, lay between us and our market. The cataract was the grand difficulty, the bugbear of the trip. For had it been all smooth river, the navigation would have been comparatively easy.

We had thought of all this beforehand, however. On arriving at the Falls we intended to moor our raft at the head of the "carry path" above the cataract, then stretch a "boom" across the river in the dead water below. We should then haul our shingles, a few bunches at a time, overland around the Falls.

This would be a tedious task and would consume four or five days. The "carry" was about a hundred rods long; but as there was a good "tote path," we thought we could draw three bunches on a sled at a time, and make twenty trips in a day.

After getting the shingles round the falls, and ready to load again below, we intended to break the raft, and let it go over the falls, knowing that the logs would be caught in the boom. We should then have only to put them together again, load the shingles, and voyage on.

The logs were held together in the raft by strong spruce cross-poles and two-inch white-ash pins. Getting round Allequash Falls would, even if we had good luck, take seven days of hard work.

The ice had broken up, and the snow was rapidly melting. The banks of the Allequash were already brimming over. It was a broad, rapid stream, seeming almost black in contrast with its snowy banks, as the water whirled and eddied against the ledges. White ice-cakes, here and there, flecked its dark current.

It had been raining through the night! but the clouds were breaking and the sun beginning to shine as we bade farewell to our old camp, where we had lived and worked so long and so hard, and shoved out into the swollen river. The raft was about a hundred feet long and sixteen or seventeen feet wide, and it moved steadily on the current.

The weight of the shingles bore the logs and even the lower tier of bunches down under water; but the upper layer of bunches rose three or four feet above the river, so that we had a dry deck on which to walk.

The centre log was left projecting two or thee feet out from the stern, and in this were set strong thole-pins, for the broad steering-oar, or "sweep."

We did not, of course, try to row, or in any other way propel so heavy a craft. Our progress was with the current. But one of us stood at the sweep continually, to steer clear of the shores at the bends, and to keep off of rocks and bars. The other was as constantly forward, keeping a sharp watch for the channel.

Along the middle of our raft were our tools, blankets, provisions, etc. At night we designed to moor to trees on the bank, then prepare supper, and sleep in our blankets on the raft; first having stuck up a shelter of hemlock or fir boughs between the bunches of shingles, to break off the cold wind.

On the first day we made about fifteen miles, and at night moored under a high bank where a rick of drift supplied us fire-wood. The night was bright but cold. Anchor-ice formed between the raft and the shore.

During the night a "drive" of logs began to pass us. We had guessed from the chips in the river, for several days, that a gang of lumbermen had been at work somewhere above us.

This was their winter's "cut" on its way to market. But only the head logs had yet come in sight, and we had no idea there were so many behind. We saw nothing, of course, of the "drivers" themselves, as yet.

"Well, the logs can't do us any harm," Johnny said; not did it seem to me that they would.

So as soon as we could get our breakfast and eat it, we shoved off, hoping to get down to the falls by noon. The distance, we supposed, was about eleven miles.

But the loose logs drifted faster that our heavy raft. Not more than a hundred were in sight when we pushed off; but by the time we had gone three or four miles, the river seemed nearly full of them, and they kept thickening in.

"I don't just like this," Johnny said.

Neither did I; but I saw no better way than to go on. We did not yet realize the situation.

Three or four miles above the falls, the channel begins to narrow somewhat, and has a swifter current. We were now fairly hemmed in by logs.

"Do you suppose we can get to shore through all this lumber?" Johnny asked me at length.

The thought had been troubling me for some minutes. We both held the sweep and worked it sharply.

FAST ON A ROCK.

The raft would turn in toward the shore, shoving the logs before it, for fifty or sixty yards; but when they began to jam together, then it would slow up and swing off again.

Watching for best places, we tried, time after time, to run through the logs. There were chances to jump from the raft and run to the shore on the "jams" we made; but we had as yet no thought of abandoning our raft. It was our entire winter's work, and we meant to cling to it.

But the situation grew more dangerous every moment—not only for our raft, but for ourselves. As we went round the great bend about three-fourths of a mile above the cataract, its heavy roar came to us. And were struck with affright.

"It'll go over the falls in spite of all we can do, Ed!" exclaimed Johnny, turning pale. "We must get off, somehow, or we're lost!"

He did not need to tell me that now.

We worked for life at the sweep, trying to "jam" in as near the right shore as possible. But the current was so strong that before we could step down on the logs, they would separate, and the raft would swing clear.

Twice we had to jump back to the raft for our lives, and came very near going under. To have fallen into that current, full of rolling lumber, would have been certain death.

It seemed as if every chance of escape was suddenly snatched from us. We stood bewildered and looked at each other.

A squad of drivers had been stationed at the falls, to keep the logs from "glutting" as they went over. These men now saw us, and came running up the bank, shouting and swinging their hats. But their shouting could do us no good; we were already in the rapids, and the mighty rhythmic or "churning" motion of the water had begun.

The raft danced up and down, and was swept on past the men on shore, some of whom stood like posts, and seemed horror-struck. Others gesticulated and seemed to be shouting. What they said was drowned by the thunder of the falls, and the dull "booming" of the lumber as it went over them.

In the channel, just above the precipice, are a number of ledges and great slate bowlders, which at low water stand out high above the stream. Now all but one of these were under water. This one was a huge triangular rock, which lay about a hundred and fifty feet off from the right bank. We saw the water flying up round it, and the logs glancing from it.

The raft was surging down toward this rock, as fast as a man could run, and would probably have struck it in spite of us, even had we tried to avoid it. But the instant Johnny caught sight of "the old flatiron," as the drivers called it he jumped to the sweep.

"Steer for it!" he shouted; and we both used all our strength to bring the head of the raft squarely upon it.

A moment more and we struck the rock. It was a terrible shock. We were both thrown headlong.

All the forward bunches of shingles went tumbling into the stream. The raft seemed lifted by the surge, then settled with a dull crunching noise upon the rock.

Creak—crack—snap went the cross-poles and pins. But the flimsy structure hung there, though bunches of shingles were washed off, as the great surges broke against us. We expected every moment to feel the logs give way, and to go down together!

The raft couldn't hold long; and the logs from above, as they came shooting down the raipd, struck it like sledge-hammers; hard enough it seemed to batter it in pieces.

Clinging to whatever appeared firmest, we turned our eyes anxiously to the shore. The drivers were bringing to the river a dog-warp.

One of them hastily coiled and threw it, but it fell short. It did not come half-way to us. They hauled it in. Then another threw it, and another. All fell short.

Each failure made us more desponding. We could feel the raft giving way. The descending logs kept knocking off logs and bunches of shingles. Moments seemed hours. It looked as if they might do better.

"Oh, why can't they throw it out to us!" cried Johnny.

The men now went higher up the river and threw the rope, hoping that it might be borne out to us; but the furious current swept it in shore again. It seemed as if we were doomed.

But there was a young fellow in the gang named Defosse, who at last thought of a way to throw us a line.

We saw him catch an axe and run into the woods. In a moment he came back with a long pole. Next they cut off a small billet of green wood, and tied the line to it. Defosse then split the top end of the pole, and wedged the billet into the cleft.

Raising the pole, they planted the other end in a crevice between two rocks; then four or five of them bent it over by main strength.

We saw now what the plan was; for on letting it fly up, billet and line were thrown high in the air, and fell as far out as we lay, though below us.

Hauling it in, they again launched it into the air.

It still fell below; but the next throw saved us. The billet fell above the raft, and was instantly washed down to us. Johnny caught it.

With this small line we hauled out a two-inch cable, such as is used for "warping" logs across dead water. To knot this rope round our big sweep and knock it loose was but the work of a moment.

Locking our arms about the sweep, we then lowered ourselves into the water. The men began to haul in, but the instant we were out clear of the raft the current swept us down.

I thought the line had broken; but it held, and they hauled us, buffeted and half-strangled to the bank. Never before did the firm land feel so good to my feet. We were both nearly exhausted.

The drivers hurrahed, and leaped, and flung up their hats. They shook hands with us, and poked and hustled us about.

"Ah, but you had a narrow squeak!" cried one grizzled old driver, who had been on the river thirty years.

It was Lotte Defosse's "spring pole" that saved us.

Our raft held together on the rock for ten or fifteen minutes more, then broke up and went over the falls.

We supposed that was the last of our shingles; but, luckily for us, these men had stretched a boom across the river half a mile below, to recollect the logs after they had passed the falls.

The next morning we went down to the boom, and with the kindly assistance of the drivers, got out nearly two hundred bunches of our shingles, which, strange to say, had not been broken open. We had bunched them strongly, and the water had swollen the shingles, making them tight in the bindings.

We lost rather over a hundred bunches, which were broken up and floated away beyond recovery. We were very thankful to have escaped with our lives. And yet, as we were but boys, could it be otherwise that we should feel disappointed that the money we had sought to earn for schooling, by working steadily all winter, should thus in an hour or two be lost?

A HUNGRY STATESMAN.

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS, when he ponderously presided over the Senate, says Ben Perley Poore, preserved the manners of the bench, and ruled in an arbitrary manner never before witnessed at the Capitol. One of his annoyances was a debate protracted after his usual dinner hour, and when that time arrived he would look around imploringly for a motion to adjourn. If no senator made the motion, he would boldly mumble out:

"The Senator from——" (indistinct) "moves to adjourn; those in favor say yes; those opposed no. The Senate stands adjourned till twelve o'clock to-morrow."

This assumption by the presiding officer was tacitly permitted, and much enjoyed by some of the other senators, who also liked to dine at an early hour.

One day, Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, had risen to debate an important bill which was under consideration, when Judge Davis, who wanted to go to dinner, looked toward the other side of the Senate chamber, mumbled out his motion, and declared it carried. So the Senate adjourned to the astonishment and vexation of Ingalls.

"Mr. President," he exclaimed in the distinct enunciation for which he was so celebrated. "Mr. President, I *am* astonished."

Davis, bringing his portly person well up before him so that it overflowed the Vice-Presidential desk, leaned over, winked, and chuckled out deliberately:

"So'm I!"

This is said to be the only time in which the whole Senate indulged in loud, unanimous and long-continued laughter.

SHERIDAN AND SHERMAN.

BREVITY of stature in Gen. Phil Sheridan, by the way, is caused by his legs alone, for he is about as big as Gen. Sherman from the hips up. As they sat side by side on a hotel veranda at Manhattan Beach their heads were on a level. The gallant Phil is not sensitive on the subject. A girl came for his and Sherman's autographs for her album, and the generals wrote their names. She was not content, for she set her heart on a verse of "Sheridan's Ride" in his own handwriting. This he declined to grant. Then she began to question him about that famous piece of equestrianism. His answers were polite, but not revelatory. "Now, Gen. Sherman," she at length asked, turning in pretty desperation to him, "what do you imagine Gen. Sheridan said on mounting his steed?"

"Well, I really don't know," was the response, with a quizzical glance down at the legs of his fellow officer, who had just got out of a chair; "but maybe he said to his orderly 'Shorten those stirrup straps.'"

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"WHAT good does preachin' do anyhow?" was a question which astounded Bobby's mother at Sunday dinner.

"It does a great deal of good, my little boy," she replied. "It makes people better and happier in every way."

"It doesn't effect pa that way," continued Bobby. "When we went to church this morning pa was feeling first-rate, but when we got home and found that dinner was hall an hour late, you wouldn't think preachin' made people better or happier if you'd seen him."

A POISONOUS BREW.

BEER is more dangerous than whiskey. That is the verdict of the *Scientific American*, which sets forth that the use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. A slight injury, a severe cold or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally in a beer drinker.

TRANSMUTATION.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

The Tomb says to the Rose above :
" The tears wherewith the gleaming sprinkles thee
What dost thou with them, flower of love ? "
The Rose says to the Tomb : "Tell me
What thou dost with the many things that fall
Into thy ever gaping maw ? Dull tomb,
Those tears I transmute all,
Honey and amber and sweet perfume,
Amid the shade." "Sad, plaintive flower,"
The Tomb in turns replies :
" I make each soul that comes within my power
An angel for the skies."

THE LOST WHALE BOAT.

A TALE OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

By HARVEY WINTHROP.

CHAPTER VI.

No one who has never tried the experiment can form an idea of the labor of traveling over ice piled up in every fantastic shape as it was driven ashore, by the force of the wind or the pressure of icebergs from without, and this with the thermometer standing forty below zero, when every breath of air seems to cut the throat and lungs like a knife. The dogs did their best, but over such ice as this they were next to useless, and the men had to travel, and push the sledge over walls and ridges of ice tossed in every direction. Had they been further out at sea, the ice would have been comparatively level, but their object was to search the shoreline, and here the difficulty was almost insurmountable.

The first day, in spite of the most unflagging labor, they did not make more than six miles, and the bell of the ship, as it struck the hour, came to them with startling distinctness through the frozen air.

Men and dogs were alike exhausted as they sat down round a fire that they had kindled under the lee of a rock. A lump of blubber was thrown to each of the dogs, and the men, having drunk a cup of scalding coffee, and eaten some meat roasted over the fire, crept into their sleeping bags, and slept soundly until the captain's voice awakened them.

For three more days they struggled on. The morning of the fifth day broke wildly. Clouds flew past overhead, and the coldness of the wind was almost insupportable. Snow, too, threatened, and the men, exhausted with their labors, begged the captain to turn back. This he positively declined to do.

"We agreed to go five days' march, lads, and we will do it. However short the distance we may get, we will get it. We can't escape the storm. If we were within a march of the ship I would myself say it was tempting Providence to go forward, but whether we face the storm three miles back or three miles further on, we've got to face it. Who knows but this last day we may hear something of our dear friends?"

The argument that the storm had to be faced, and that it might be as well three miles ahead or three miles back, had more weight with the men than any hope of finding anything of the lost boat; and without another word, after taking their breakfast, they set out on their journey. In a few hours the force of the storm was upon them. The snow swept round them, the wind howled, and the men, exhausted by the struggle against nature, and by the effect of the intense cold, sank in the snow by the sledge. Captain Maxwell saw that human nature could do no more.

"Come, lads," he said, "make no more effort; get the sledge into the shelter of yon rock, and we will go no further. We have done all that men could do."

Even this short distance, fifty yards only, was not accomplished without difficulty; some of the men were half torpid with cold, and could not rise; it was only with the most tremendous exertion that the captain and the more sturdy of the men dragged first the sledge and then the men to the shelter of the rock.

"Now, lads, for some hot coffee," he said cheerily.

Some dry shavings were taken out of a bag in which they were carefully stored, some sticks ready smeared with oil placed upon them, a handful of powder sprinkled on the shavings, and a match applied. In a moment a bright flame leapt up. More wood was piled on, and the pot full of snow placed on it. In ten minutes coffee was ready, and a large bowl with some biscuits soaked in it handed to each. Some of the men were so far gone that a little had to be poured down their throats; and the captain, seeing the emergency, poured a spoonful or two out of a flask of brandy, which he carried inside his coat, into each bowl.

In a few minutes all felt revived. The sleeping-bags were got out, and all crept in so that only their faces were visible. Pipes were lighted, and all spoke cheerily of their return. They lay in a circle round the fire, and the dogs curled up among them for warmth. Then, one after another, each man got lower in his sleeping-bag, the mouth was closed from within, and all was quiet.

Presently the captain emerged from his bag. "I'm not content," he said; "we have not made a fair five days' march, and somehow I shall always think, if we had just gone that bit further, we should have found out something of 'em. I'll go myself just a mile or two on." Taking his gun off the sleigh, the captain started. For a moment he hesitated, as the wind met him full in the face as he got out from the shelter of the rock; then, bending his head to the wind, he struggled on.

How long he walked he never knew. A terrible drowsiness, against which he fought in vain, stole over him. Thoughts of Nantucket, and of his wife at home, passed through his brain. Once or twice he stumbled, and nearly fell, but each time recovered, and went on like a man in his sleep. "I can't go farther," he muttered to himself; "I will fire my gun, and maybe the boys may hear me." He lifted his gun, and discharged both barrels. It was his last effort; he fell heavily to the ground, insensible.

When Captain Maxwell awoke to life, suffering torture in every limb as the blood rushed through the arteries again under the influence of warmth and friction, he thought that he was in a dream, and that his pains, as well as his vision, were alike fancy. He was in a low hut, with a sail-cloth roof lighted by a great flame which rose from several large wicks in a potful of oil. Round him were many figures who were chafing his limbs.

"Thank God, he's coming round," a voice he seemed to have heard somewhere said. "His eyes are open. All right, captain! Thank God, you're all right."

The captain struggled to a sitting position, and looked round bewildered.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it, captain. Here we are, Walton and young Willy, and every one of us, safe! We heard your gun, and rushed out to find you lying insensible within fifty yards of our hut."

"No, I must be dreaming," the captain murmured; "they're all dead months back."

"Not a bit of it, captain. Here, take a drink of this hot oil—it's all we can offer you—and shake hands with us all round; you'll see you are awake enough."

"What! really saved?" the captain said, rising to his feet, "really saved? Walton and Willy and all? Now the great God be praised for all His mercies! It's too much, lads! it's too much!"—and he broke into tears; and then, recovering himself, embraced Walton and Willy, and wrung the hands of the others.

"But how came you here, captain? Are you alone? Are there any others we can help?" Walton asked.

"Ay, lads, there are seven of them all asleep, I don't rightly know how far away, but not very far, and I misdoubt me some of them will never wake again unless help is given to them; they had not much vital heat when they lay down, and the cold's just awful."

"We'll fetch them in, sir, never fear," Walton said. "We're all strong and well, thanks to Esquimaux fare—bear's flesh and blubber. Willy will stop with you, and we will be off, if you will tell us where to find them."

"You only have to keep along the shore to the north; you will find them under shelter of a big rock."

In five minutes the party set off, and Willy sat down to give the captain the story of their adventures.

With the first portion my readers are already acquainted. Some more seals had been killed, and from their skins, and those of the bears, warm garments had been made for the whole party. The fear of another attack from bears, and the destruction of the greater portion of their weapons, made them determine upon fortifying their house; accordingly, with blocks of beaten snow, they had built a wall across the entrance to the opening, close to the hut. This wall was twelve feet high, and three in thickness, and as smooth and perpendicular as a wall of stone. No bear could scale it.

The occupants of the tent made a rope ladder, with which, when they went out, they passed over it. The wall had the further advantage of keeping the wind off the tent, and of so adding to its warmth. Night and day six great wicks burnt in a lamp, constructed of one of the baling tins filled with whale oil. This gave out a considerable heat, and, with the warmth of their bodies, the tent was kept at a comfortable temperature.

The whale-boat's crew were in good health. Living on fresh meat, there was no danger of scurvy; and the blubber, which in an ordinary climate would be absolutely sickening, was soon relished by them, as by the Esquimaux, as its oily nature renders it, in fact, the food exactly suited to the climate.

Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Walton and Willy, all were in goods spirits. Songs, stories, and games, invented for the occasion, passed the hours of waiting away.

They had ample stores of food and fuel to last them through the winter, and they relied upon a rescue by the "Narwhal" in the spring.

In three hours Ben Walton and the whole party returned. There had been great difficulty in arousing some of them from sleep; but another cup of hot coffee, the sight of their long-lost messmates, and the news that a comfortable shelter was at hand, gave them new life. Intense had been the enjoyment with which the rescuing party had also indulged in a bowl of coffee, after their long diet of whale and bears' flesh, and they had struggled back through the storm, pulling the sledge and helping their weaker comrades. There was joy indeed when all were assembled within the tent, and all joined with an intensity of devotion when Captain Maxwell offered a solemn thanksgiving for their marvelous reunion.

Then from the stores of the sledge an ample meal was prepared, and the dogs were not forgotten. The hut was already overcrowded, but huge chunks of blubber were thrown down to them, and having eaten until they could eat no more, they curled themselves up together for warmth, and went to sleep in high contentment at the foot of the wall.

For two days the storm raged; after that the clouds passed over, and the sky was bright again with stars. Then the whole party started, and with many hands made light work of the sledge, reaching the ship on the evening of the third day from setting out.

Mr. MacPherson and their comrades had been greatly alarmed at the storm, and would have started out as a search party had they not returned on the evening of the tenth day.

The meeting was indeed a joyful one on all sides, and a happier party than that on board the "Narwhal" never gathered together.

The winter passed over without further adventure. Spring set in early, and the "Narwhal" was fortunate in getting out from her winter quarters soon after the sun was up in earnest. Fish were plentiful, and by the last day in June, the good ship, full to to the beams, spread every sail on the southward journey.

It needs not to tell of the joy with which the voyagers were greeted on their return, how half Nantucket poured out when the news came that the "Narwhal" was in sight, or how mothers, wives, and children rejoiced over the loved ones. Still greater was the joy and thankfulness which filled every breast when the story was known of the marvelous escape of the lost whale-boat's crew!

THE END.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

Statistics show that more people die of consumption than from any other cause. Slight colds are the true seeds of consumption. Beware of the slightest cough. ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM stands without a peer. Trial size only 10 cents.—Adv.

Consumption Cured.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

172 SCRAP PICTURES, Album Verses, Cards, Sample Book, &c., 10 cts. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

6 CENTS For 51 New Chromo, Scrap & Gold Edge Cards. ESSEX CARD WORKS, Ivoryton, Conn.

200 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Album of 49 Card Samples for **10c.** Steam Card Works, Hartford, Conn.

50 DESIGNS and Samples of Fun and Acquaintance Cards, only 3 cts. W. W. COOK, Perry, O.

20 GOLD EDGE HIDDEN NAME CARDS, and New Sample Book, 10c. HUB CARD CO., Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL CARDS. Agents' sample book and full outfit for 2c. stamp. EAGLE CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.

SAMPLE BOOK containing 51 samples of New Cards **FREE!** for **6c.** to pay postage. CENTER-BROOK CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE Bros., Janesville, Wis.

WORK FOR ALL! $5 to $8 per day easily made. Costly outfit FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

20 All Hidden Name Cards, an elegant 48 page floral Autograph Album, 5 French Dolls with wardrobe of 32 pieces, and 200 New Scrap Pictures, all for 25 Cents. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent, send for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

OLD COINS WANTED. Send 10 cents for Catalogue of prices paid. J. C. SCHAYER, 13 Lambert Avenue, Boston Highlands, Mass.

$50 WEEKLY EASILY EARNED! We want agents for our celebrated Oil Portrait. No experience required! 4 orders per day gives the Agent $50 weekly profit! Our agents report from 4 to 30 daily sales! Send at once for terms and full particulars. $2.00 Outfit free! SAFFORD ADAMS & CO., 46 Bond St., New York.

STAMPS. 162 sorts, many rare, Turkey, Persia, Chili, Egypt, etc., 30c.; 262 sorts, 40c.; 322 sorts, 50c.; 8 var. P. E. I., 15c. Stamp Album, 12c. W. E. SKINNER & CO., Lynn, Mass.

This New Chased Ring 144 New Scrap Pictures and 12 New Hidden Name Cards, all for 15c. worth 50c. New Sample Book and Premium List 4c. F. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

YOUNG MEN Learn Steam Engineering and Earn $100 per month. Send 10 cents in stamps to F. KEPPY, Engineer, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will give AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

4% LONG LOANS. To stand as long as interest is kept up. Personal security only for Interest. Send 6 cents for particulars, Loan forms, etc. Name this paper. T. S. Gardner, Manager, Palace Building, Cincinnati, O.

MAGIC LANTERNS and STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with small capital. Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 128 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. addr ss. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FREE! $2 SAMPLES fastest selling Invention ever introduced sent free to energetic men and women seeking permanent employment. There is big money for every reader of this paper during leisure hours. Send for full particulars and investigate the easiest, most money-making business in America. We furnish all kinds of printed matter free of charge, and pay freight. This saves talking and makes it easier for inexperienced persons. Try it. Address, G. J. Merrill & Co., Chicago.

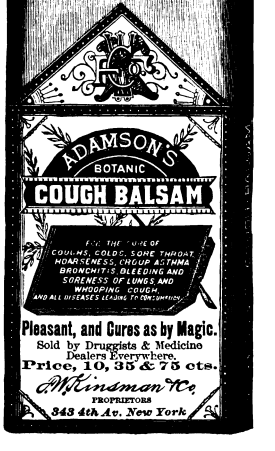
BEAUTIFUL LADIES! Inclose 10c. (stamps) for *particulars! testimonials!* etc., in sealed letter by return mail, of Elegant Toilet Requisites! How to Beautify and Adorn the Complexion! Remove Wrinkles! Black Heads! Freckles! Tan! and Pock-Marks! Emollitane heals Chapped Hands! Face and Lips. Splendid for the Toilet. Cascarene for the Hair. Corpse-Lean reduces superfluous flesh 10 to 15 lbs. a month! NO POISON! NAME PAPER and mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co., 2800 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa. **WOMEN!**

WOOD'S LADIES' BLACKING

PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER, FOR IT CONTAINS NO SHELLAC OR ACID.

HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

Bottle contains double quantity. Use no other. GEO. H. WOOD & CO., Manufacturers, Boston.



CONTENTMENT.

We war gettin' on tol'able well—
Matildy, the childers an' me—
If we didn't cut much of a swell,
We war mighty near what we wanted to be.
Ther war plenty to do in them times,
An', a'though 'twan't so very big pay,
We managed to save a few dimes
On our dollar'n a quarter a day.

But there came a rich broker along,
And he built a house over the way.
Then everything seemed to go wrong
With Matildy and me f'm that day—
Our cottage got dreadfully small,
An' we wanted, an' never before,
A porch, an' bay-window an' hall,
An' our name on a plate on the door.

Now, I never was much on advice,
But there's one thing I reckon I know:
When a man's got enough to suffice,
He'd better just keep along so,
An' mind his own business alone,
An' not give his jealousy vent,
For the best thing a man can own
Is a stock of good-natured content.

THE MOUNTAIN CAVE,

OR,

The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOLLOWING THE FUGITIVE.

"You are sure that he is old Eli?" said the sheriff.

"Yes, I am quite sure," replied Walter, "it was Eli Stark's voice that I heard last evening. I didn't recognize it then, but it was a voice that gave me a disagreeable impression, and now I know that it was exactly like his."

"Then we must loose no time in following him," was the reply. "Of course, he will reach the den in advance of us, but he must be allowed as small an opportunity as possible to make his arrangements. I have not slept since night before last, and am tired almost to death, but that makes no difference, I shall start at once."

"There will be no time for me to see my family before setting out, I suppose," said Mr. Mercer.

"No; you can send them word how it is with us, and if you think it necessary, they can have company to protect them till your return."

"They will be lonesome and timid," said Mr. Mercer, "for my wife is not well, and my daughter is very young. The thought of what has occurred will make them nervous, especially as they are not used to staying alone at night."

"I will send out my two boys," said the sheriff, "the lads will be company for them at least."

"Thank you," said Mr. Mercer, "I shall be greatly obliged."

This matter arranged, he felt easier, and Walter too was glad that Maud would have company—glad also that the two lads, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen, were not remarkably handsome.

Fresh horses were procured, and the party, numbering fifteen, set out for the wild interior. The sheriff said it would expedite matters if they were to discover on the way the smaller cave to which Walter had been conveyed on his night of his capture; but this there seemed little hope of doing without too great a loss of time. While our young adventurer, however, was raking his brains in the effort to recall the landmarks he had noticed at the time of his escape, the prints of a horse's hoofs were discovered crossing the track of the party, and looking off in the direction in which they led, the lad fancied that the very path he had taken in his flight.

"I am sure it must be yonder," he said, "and not far off. Old Eli has taken it in his course, perhaps."

"Yes," said the sheriff, "these are the tracks of his horse, without doubt, and we can lose nothing by following them. He may possibly be at the place."

The tracks were soon lost, from the nature of the ground, but presently a spot was discovered where a horse had been tied to a sapling, and close by was a singular pile of rocks which Walter saw with a thrill of exultation.

"This is the place!" he cried, "I ran out from between those rocks at the time I got away!"

Hurriedly the explorers went climbing the difficult path till they entered the den itself. It was soon examined in all its windings, but nothing of value was discovered.

"They would not have hidden their spoils in a place like this," the sheriff remarked. "Old Eli has simply made a flying call here and gone on again. But I am glad we stopped at the place, for now this will be off my mind. We have only the other cavern to attend to; there is where the gold is."

By the time the party was again fairly under way it was past sunset, so that all that could be done was to reach the mountain side not far from where Walter had fallen in with the two robbers, and there encamp for the night. Both men and horses were extremely tired, and besides it would have been useless to attempt the tracing of such a labyrinth in the dark.

Ralph had thus far pointed out the general course, but from this moment all must depend upon Walter, the only person of the company who had ever seen the mouth of the cave. He felt the responsibility thus devolved upon him, and could not help fearing that he would not be able to go directly to the spot even by daylight, it was so singularly protected by rock and chasm and thicket.

With the dawn of day the exciting search was entered upon. Walter led the way, looking all the while for the spot where he had lain in ambush and seen Bill Stark kill the mountain lion. Knowing what was expected from him, he had a nervous dread of blundering, and thought how mortified he would be should he actually get lost as he had done when last near this spot. Then, however, it was night, while now it was day.

At length, just by his horse's feet, he discovered the skeleton of an animal newly picked by the wolves: and looking a little above the place, he recognized the small rock and bush which had concealed him on the night when the puma mewed close to his hiding place, and when the report of Bill Stark's gun started him by its nearness.

It was a happy discovery, for he felt that now he would know how to proceed. He led the party along the intricate way, by which he had followed the robber less than a week before; but there were so many divergencies that he was sorely perplexed. Things do not look in the daytime as they do at night. It soon became necessary to dismount, and the men fastening their horses to the bushes, groped their way about the strange, wild place, looking everywhere for the doorway which would let them into the mountain.

But the exact spot was more difficult to find than any one had anticipated; and Walter felt his perplexity increased by a consciousness of the impatience of his companions, and the thought of what they hoped from him as a guide.

"You are sure this is the place?" said the sheriff.

"Yes, sir, quite sure. Here is where I followed Bill Stark, and the mouth of the cave cannot be a dozen rods from where we stand."

All the rocks, chasms and trees, however, were so supplemented by others that it was impossible to remember which way the robber had turned from any given point. Some of the party squeezed themselves into fissures, some climbed tall cliffs, and some crept under fallen treetops. Some kept on much farther than necessary, and then retraced their steps.

Walter felt exceedingly nervous. Was he to be foiled at last? What would the sheriff say? What would the men think of him? Again he stopped and cast his eyes sharply about. A sudden thrill of joy shot through him. He sprang forward a few steps; there could be no mistake.

"Mr. McGregor!" he called to the sheriff.

"At! what is it?"

"Come here a moment it you please."

The sheriff was instantly at the boy's side.

"See anything that looks like it?" was the officer's hurried question.

"Yes sir, I see the entrance itself. Can *you* see it?"

Mr. McGregor turned his head in all directions.

"No," he said, "I can't say I do."

Walter stepped along a few yards, and then indicated a certain spot from before which he removed a dead branch or two.

"What would you call this?" he asked.

"Walter! you're a trump!" cried the sheriff. "I do believe you've found it!"

"This is the place," said Walter, "where Bill Stark went into the mountain. Here is where I first saw the light of his lantern. You see a man can hardly squeeze through, and everything around it is calculated to hide the hole."

"No wonder it perplexed you, my boy," was the reply. "You have done nobly to find it at all! Now for the lanterns, and next we'll see how the place looks inside."

The whole company gathered about the spot; the lanterns were lighted, and then one by one the party entered the narrow opening, the sheriff leading the way.

Mr. Mercer was tremulous with excitement as he thought how much might be decided within an hour. Was he to return to his little family a rich man or a beggar?

CHAPTER XXIX.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the darkness of the cave old Eli Stark might be hidden, and probably no one of the explorers took a step without thinking of him. Not that he would be very dangerous in the face of such a force, but then the idea of rousing a human monster in the bowels of the earth has in it something startling.

"First of all," said the sheriff, "I wish to settle the question as to whether the gang made their headquarters here or not. If they did, we shall find beds, tables, and other things that they must have had. We will find where they have eaten and slept, if we can, and thence take our 'departure,' as a sailor would say, in quest of the treasure."

The formation of the cavern appeared very favorable to the purpose of the archers, for the floor was level, and the walls, so far as could be discovered, were smooth.

At length a place was arrived at which the robbers had evidently used as their especial house and home. Here were made beds of gathered leaves, over which were spread the skins of various wild animals, recalling to Walter the thought of what he had seen in the hermit's cave; and there were, besides, a roughly hewn table and a dozen clumsy stools. Eatables and drinkables were discovered in abundance.

"The scamps lived well," said the sheriff; "look at this smoked venison, this flour and corn meal; and above all, at these bottles of choice liquor. Here is a quantity of coffee and tea; here are some sweet potatoes: and here are rice and raisins. Oh, they had no intention of starving!"

But now arose the great question of the treasure. Mr. Mercer's hopes fell as he saw nothing like "wedges of gold," nor anything likely to contain such.

There were several lanterns found, and those were now lighted in addition to those that the party had brought. The effect was to make the cavern for a considerable space around as light as day; but beyond was utter darkness.

"As we move about, every man with a lantern," said the sheriff, "we shall, of course, carry the light with us, but we shall at the same time be limited in our seeing to a few yards distance."

"How would it do," asked Walter, "to explore the sides first, and find how large the cave is?"

"That is what I will do," said the sheriff, "then we shall have some correct idea of the place. It is just possible that old Eli Stark may be hidden in some part of the cavern; but I don't believe it. I think he would not have risked such a thing; he would have been more likely to take what treasure he could carry and decamp to some other hiding place."

Walter's heart sank; he had feared this. All must he go back to Maud Mercer with the sad intelligence that her poverty was a thing assured? that all he had done, however it might assist justice, could not assist *her?*

The party was divided, and while one half of it went carefully groping to the right, the other wing turned to the left. Here and there the walls were irregular and broken, and in some places deep, gloomy aisles led off at right angles to the main cavern; but all these were found to be only of small extent, and the lanterns so lighted them up that it seemed as if nothing they contained could remain undiscovered.

At length the divisions of the explorers met, having traversed the entire circumference of the cave. Neither party had anything encouraging to say to the other. The place, for a large cavern, was unusually free from difficulties, and easy to be explored. All the walls had been viewed in the strong glare of the lanterns, all the intricacies explored. It remained only to look carefully over the body of the underground room, crossing and recrossing the wide chamber, to make sure that the stone floor should be thoroughly examined. This was done, but with an utterly barren result.

Then the fifteen persons, separating, continued the search each on his own account; and the sight of fifteen lanterns, scattered here and there in the otherwise pitch darkness, and moving about like phosphorescent substances that sometimes float above a deep swamp in the evening, had a strange and weird effect.

Yet only disappointment was the result. If old Eli Stark had visited the cave since his flight from the settlement, he must have removed everything of value, provided any such thing had been there. But it began to look as if this had never been a repository of treasure.

"The cave we have been examining to-day," remarked Walter, "has crevices in its walls that seem to run very deep. I could not help imagining another cavern beyond; but I suppose that was a mere fancy."

"Oh, the wall is solid enough," put in the sheriff, "it hasn't a loose stone. You know we examined every foot of it."

"And yet Walter may be in the right about an adjoining cavern," replied Mr. Percy. "I am prepared to believe almost anything in that direction."

"And you think," said Walter, "that the mountain ranges were thrown up by fires in the earth?"

"Undoubtedly. There was once a time when the earth's material was red hot. It boiled and bubbled like molten iron, gradually cooling and hardening. Probably *all* mountains were once volcanic. Yes, even the most insignificant hill was throw up in the same manner as Coatzacoalcos or Chimborazo, sputtering and smoking long after the valley about it had been reduced to quiet."

"And then the caves," said our young friend, "were formed, you believe, just as vacuums sometimes are in substances that we melt and boil?"

"Exactly. How else could they have come?"

"I could never grasp such an immense stretch of time as this must have taken," said Walter. "How awful it all seems."

"Yes," replied the hermit, "the lessons of geology are solemn and grand beyond conception. Even in times comparatively modern, great changes have taken place. The cave now closed may once have admitted the mammoth—we cannot tell."

The more practical sheriff showed no great interest in a conversation reaching so far beyond old Eli Stark, but Walter would have been glad to prolong it.

Seeing that both Mr. McGregor and Ralph were very tired, the hermit showed them the sleeping accommodations which, almost unnoticed, he had prepared since their arrival, and they were soon comfortably snoring. Ralph in particular sounded his nasal trumpet outrageously.

"I should think the jar would wake him," said Walter, who still sat up talking with Mr. Percy, "though of course the noise would never disturb him."

The hermit spoke feelingly of Mr. Mercer and his family, inquiring into every particular, and expressing the deepest regret that there should be so little chance of finding the lost treasure.

"I wish I knew the extent of this cave," he said, "and whether it has any outlet elsewhere."

"It may go quite through the mountain," said Walter, "and who knows but the robbers may have discovered some way of getting into it at the other end?"

"But in that case why should they have made their home in a separate cavern?" queried the hermit.

"Perhaps it was more convenient," replied Walter.

"True; that would have been a good reason."

"It could do no harm to go in and explore beyond the lake," was the lad's remark; "then we should know."

Mr. Percy said this would, of course be done, provided the next day's search outside should prove fruitless, however, little hope there might be of success.

Walter felt much at home as he threw himself on a bearskin, close under the rock wall; yet it was a long time before he could get asleep, for the events of the past few days had all to be passed in review, and the chances of the future to be considered and re-considered, while the puffings of Ralph and the sheriff came in fitful responses to his thoughts.

He slept at last, however, forgetting the dear old hospitable cavern and all the fancies that had been chasing each other through his mind. It must have been near daybreak, when the soundness of his slumber was broken by a partial return of consciousness, accompanied with that queer sensation which one experiences when neither asleep nor awake.

But this was not all. He had a vague nightmare impression that the place contained one occupant too many. In fact, he seemed to see this occupant, though unable for the moment to move or call out.

The condition of drowsy bewilderment, however, was very brief. His mind struggled to arouse itself, and suddenly the nightmare feeling was gone. Opening his eyes with a full consciousness of what was passing, he fixed them upon the figure of a man who seemed to have just issued from the depths of the cave, and who stood revealed by a dim lamp which the hermit had allowed to burn through the night. If the person had brought a lantern it had been set carefully down behind, as a matter of precaution.

Ralph and the sheriff still snored, puff, puff, puff—snort, snort, snort—and Mr. Percy, too, was sleeping as soundly as they, though he made less noise about it, for he was not of the puffing kind.

The intruder advanced as stealthily as a cat in an unexplored cellar, and seemed every moment on the point of turning to retreat. Evidently he was both surprised and alarmed at the discovery he had made.

"Puff—snort," went the sheriff; "snort—puff," answered the deaf and dumb man; calmly and deeply breathed the hermit. The unannounced visitor shot a quick glance towards each, then moved a foot backward and was prepared to retrace his steps. A few minutes more and he would be hidden in the labyrinths of an almost limitless cave.

Suddenly he discovered that Walter was lying awake. Our young friend felt a pair of large, owlish eyes fixed full upon his own. It was the most thrilling moment that the boy ever experienced. All that he had been striving for—all that his friends had hoped for—might depend on a single effort then and there. He hesitated not for an instant.

(To be continued.)

HIS AMBITION.

LITTLE Boy to Reverend Gentleman—"I want to have a nice loud voice like yours when I grow up, Mr. Sermonizer."

"Ah, you wish to be an orator doubtless. I have no doubt you can become one if you try, my son, and let me hope it is your desire to devote yourself to the service of the Lord in the pulpit."

"Oh no, indeedy! I don't want to be a preacher. I'm goin' to be a base ball umpire."

"Somewhere under the mountain."

"We have explored the cave thoroughly."

"Oh, no doubt of it; but then there may be other caves. I have been here for years, and yet there is much for me to learn about my surroundings. Probably a great many strange tunnels were left when the Sierras bubbled up into their present shape from the fires beneath."

"The cave we have been examining to-day," remarked Walter, "has crevices in its walls that seem to run very deep. I could not help imagining another cavern beyond; but I suppose that was a mere fancy."

"Oh, the wall is solid enough," put in the sheriff, "it hasn't a loose stone. You know we examined every foot of it."

"And yet Walter may be in the right about an adjoining cavern," replied Mr. Percy. "I am prepared to believe almost anything in that direction."

"And you think," said Walter, "that the mountain ranges were thrown up by fires in the earth?"

"Undoubtedly. There was once a time when the earth's material was red hot. It boiled and bubbled like molten iron, gradually cooling and hardening. Probably *all* mountains were once volcanic. Yes, even the most insignificant hill was throw up in the same manner as Coatzacoalcos or Chimborazo, sputtering and smoking long after the valley about it had been reduced to quiet."

"And then the caves," said our young friend, "were formed, you believe, just as vacuums sometimes are in substances that we melt and boil?"

"Exactly. How else could they have come?"

"I could never grasp such an immense stretch of time as this must have taken," said Walter. "How awful it all seems."

"Yes," replied the hermit, "the lessons of geology are solemn and grand beyond conception. Even in times comparatively modern, great changes have taken place. The cave now closed may once have admitted the mammoth—we cannot tell."

The more practical sheriff showed no great interest in a conversation reaching so far beyond old Eli Stark, but Walter would have been glad to prolong it.

Seeing that both Mr. McGregor and Ralph were very tired, the hermit showed them the sleeping accommodations which, almost unnoticed, he had prepared since their arrival, and they were soon comfortably snoring. Ralph in particular sounded his nasal trumpet outrageously.

"I should think the jar would wake him," said Walter, who still sat up talking with Mr. Percy, "though of course the noise would never disturb him."

The hermit spoke feelingly of Mr. Mercer and his family, inquiring into every particular, and expressing the deepest regret that there should be so little chance of finding the lost treasure.

"I wish I knew the extent of this cave," he said, "and whether it has any outlet elsewhere."

"It may go quite through the mountain," said Walter, "and who knows but the robbers may have discovered some way of getting into it at the other end?"

"But in that case why should they have made their home in a separate cavern?" queried the hermit.

"Perhaps it was more convenient," replied Walter.

"True; that would have been a good reason."

"It could do no harm to go in and explore beyond the lake," was the lad's remark; "then we should know."

Mr. Percy said this would, of course be done, provided the next day's search outside should prove fruitless, however, little hope there might be of success.

Walter felt much at home as he threw himself on a bearskin, close under the rock wall; yet it was a long time before he could get asleep, for the events of the past few days had all to be passed in review, and the chances of the future to be considered and re-considered, while the puffings of Ralph and the sheriff came in fitful responses to his thoughts.

He slept at last, however, forgetting the dear old hospitable cavern and all the fancies that had been chasing each other through his mind. It must have been near daybreak, when the soundness of his slumber was broken by a partial return of consciousness, accompanied with that queer sensation which one experiences when neither asleep nor awake.

But this was not all. He had a vague nightmare impression that the place contained one occupant too many. In fact, he seemed to see this occupant, though unable for the moment to move or call out.

The condition of drowsy bewilderment, however, was very brief. His mind struggled to arouse itself, and suddenly the nightmare feeling was gone. Opening his eyes with a full consciousness of what was passing, he fixed them upon the figure of a man who seemed to have just issued from the depths of the cave, and who stood revealed by a dim lamp which the hermit had allowed to burn through the night. If the person had brought a lantern it had been set carefully down behind, as a matter of precaution.

Ralph and the sheriff still snored, puff, puff, puff—snort, snort, snort—and Mr. Percy, too, was sleeping as soundly as they, though he made less noise about it, for he was not of the puffing kind.

The intruder advanced as stealthily as a cat in an unexplored cellar, and seemed every moment on the point of turning to retreat. Evidently he was both surprised and alarmed at the discovery he had made.

"Puff—snort," went the sheriff; "snort—puff," answered the deaf and dumb man; calmly and deeply breathed the hermit. The unannounced visitor shot a quick glance towards each, then moved a foot backward and was prepared to retrace his steps. A few minutes more and he would be hidden in the labyrinths of an almost limitless cave.

Suddenly he discovered that Walter was lying awake. Our young friend felt a pair of large, owlish eyes fixed full upon his own. It was the most thrilling moment that the boy ever experienced. All that he had been striving for—all that his friends had hoped for—might depend on a single effort then and there. He hesitated not for an instant.

(To be continued.)

HIS AMBITION.

LITTLE Boy to Reverend Gentleman—"I want to have a nice loud voice like yours when I grow up, Mr. Sermonizer."

"Ah, you wish to be an orator doubtless. I have no doubt you can become one if you try, my son, and let me hope it is your desire to devote yourself to the service of the Lord in the pulpit."

"Oh no, indeedy! I don't want to be a preacher. I'm goin' to be a base ball umpire."

CHESTNUTS.

BY MRS. HENRY O. ROGERS.

The chestnuts brown are falling down
Where long rich grass is deeply green;
The light is clear, the sky seems near
Where far-off purple hills are seen;
Wild hedge flowers make shady bowers,
Shading the warm sun's amber light;
A fleecy veil, transparent, pale,
Melts away in the blue so bright.

The ivy's shade is softly laid
On the old wall where lichens grow,
Where soaring swallows' nests are made
In chestnut branches bending low.
Dreaming I lie beneath the sky
Listening to the linnet's tune,
While, soft, white clouds above me fly,
And bees on the thistles softly croon.

Like Robin Hood, in leafy wood,
I am sole monarch here to-day,
For Nature's subjects, kind and good,
No harsh, rebellious sounds display.
My monarch's crown, the chestnuts brown
That lightly fall upon my head,
The dewdrops here, on roses near,
Are all the tears my subjects shed.

A BEAR ADVENTURE.

BY A COFFEE PLANTER.

ALTHOUGH I am an old man now, have long since given up coffee planting, and have returned to live comfortably in my native country, I never look back upon my days in Ceylon without a feeling of regret. The island is lovely; the vegetation so wonderful and varied, so exquisite in its graceful form; and the climate in the hills, where the coffee plantations are all situated, so delicious, that life was a pleasure there, although one missed many of the comforts of home—the cozy hearth, the warm fire, and, above all, the companionship of men of one's own country, education, and mode of thought. The plantations were then much less numerous than they are at present, and, it was quite an event when a neighboring planter could ride over for a few hours' chat.

My father's plantation was some fifty miles away from Candy, and we were exceptionally fortunate in that our next neighbor lived but two miles away, and was, like my father, a man with a family. I had a brother, and Mr. Wilson had a son and daughter, and as we boys were all too young to take any active part in the management of the plantation, we were able to spend a great deal of our time together.

During the heat of the day, from two to four, we worked at our lessons at home, but the rest of the time was our own, and we rambled together, made collections of butterflies and insects, botanized, hunted for snakes, and enjoyed ourselves as we pleased. Mary Wilson—she has no objection to my stating to you in confidence that she has now been for thirty-five years, Mary Corbett, which surname happens to be my own—used to wear a sort of compromise between the dress of a boy and girl, when out with us—for long skirts were not only an absurdity, but an impossibility, in rambling through a thick tropical vegetation.

Our meeting place was generally, on Mary's account—for although strong and active, she could not walk so far as we boys—near the boundary of her father's estate, between which and our own there was a mile of rough broken ground, with ravines and gullies.

One afternoon we started as usual to meet Mary and her brother Tom. We met them at the usual place, and started for a long ramble in the forest on the lower slopes of the hills, hunting particularly for a rare butterfly which was just then in season, and of which we possessed only a solitary specimen. We were some distance from home when we came upon what had evidently been once a clearing. There were no large trees there, but the plantains grew thick, and a variety of flowers, such as do not grow in the shaded forest. Among these we saw one of the coveted butterflies, and at once a wild chase began. Suddenly Mary gave a scream, followed, as she disappeared from our sight, by another even louder.

I was nearest to her, and was in a moment at the spot where she had disappeared. It was a deep hole with steep sides, evidently an old well belonging to the cottage which had once stood there. Mary, in the excitement of the chase, had not noticed where she was running, and had fallen in. I looked over the edge, and my fear that Mary had hurt herself, was as nothing to the horror which I felt at the sight that met my eyes. The well was ten or eleven feet deep, and at the bottom, which was dry and sandy, was not only Mary, but a huge bear. Whether the animal had, like Mary, fallen into the well, I know not, but there it was. Apparently Mary had fallen upon it, and at present it was as astonished as its disturber, and was making efforts to climb out of the well, rather than to attack her. "Lie quiet Mary; don't move for your life," I exclaimed.

By this time my brother and Tom had come up, and were gazing horror struck.

"Run boys," I said, "and cut a rattan—a thick one, twenty or thirty feet long, and two or three smaller ones."

The boys darted off at full speed; and I set to work to attract the attention of the bear. This I easily succeeded in doing by throwing some stones at his head, and by flapping my handkerchief as if trying to strike him with it. The bear, with a fierce grunt, stood up on his hind legs, and strove to reach me with his formidable fore paws. I kept teasing him, with my hands just out of his reach, moving round the pit, so as to keep him occupied, and intent on me.

The boys were back in two or three minutes with some of the creepers, which are as pliant and as strong as rope.

"We can never get Mary out," Tom said.

"The bear would seize her directly she moved."

"I know. Look here, Tom; make a slip-knot with one of the strongest creepers; give me the slip-knot, and give the other end half a turn round that tree. I will drop it over his paw, and the instant I do, you pull hard, and take it round the tree."

While I was speaking, I was still worrying the bear, who became more and more furious. Tom put the noose in my hand, and, just as the bear stretched his paw up to its fullest height, I slipped the noose over the wrist. "Now!" I shouted, and in a moment it was jerked tight; and before Bruin had even a suspicion of what was being done, there he was, with his fore paw stretched at its extreme length above his head.

"Now another, Tom, quick!" and another, and even stronger rattan, was slipped round what I may call his wrist, and fastened tightly. "I don't think he can break that," I said. "Now, Mary dear, it is your turn."

Mary crept from beneath the bear's hind legs; a light rattan was lowered; she fastened it round her waist, and was in another moment on the surface, when, to our intense alarm, she fainted. Tom and I carried her to a distance from the well, while my brother started at the top of his speed to Mr. Wilson's, for men with guns.

When they arrived, however, they found the well empty. The bear had apparently climbed out by the aid of the rattans that bound him; and, once on the surface had easily broken them and made his escape.

I was not sorry, after all; for he had at least abstained from killing Mary when she was in his power. Such, at least, was my opinion at the time, but I changed it some three months afterwards.

Great complaints had for some time been made by the natives employed on our plantation of the damage done to their little gardens by a bear. The brute had several times been seen, and was pronounced a particularly large one.

My father, therefore, determined to organize a hunt, and a half-holiday was given to the coolies, in order that they might all act as beaters. Mr. Wilson and Tom, of course, came over, and some villagers with dogs were engaged to be of the party.

The beaters were to make a wide semicircle in the forest, on the side from which he always sallied to commit his depredations; and Mr. Wilson and my father, Tom, Harry, and myself, all armed with rifles, took our post among the trees at the edge of the plantation.

After an hour's weary waiting, we heard, by the sound of tom-toms and the yelping of dogs, that the beaters had begun to advance. With my gun cocked and ready for action, I awaited the bear. An hour passed, but no bear came; and at length the beaters arrived at the spot where I was stationed. The beat had been a failure.

My father was an energetic man, and was not to be conquered by a bear.

"He is not likely to have gone beyond the circle at which you started," he said. "He must either be up a tree, or, which is more likely, in the hollow of some decaying tree. Go back; form your circle again, and try once more. This time you must give no attention to undergrowth, but look up into every tree, examine every trunk."

The beaters again started to take up their posts, but by their looks I could see that they did not believe that they had overlooked the bear. We who had gathered round my father, went back again to our posts; but as it would be another hour before the next beat would begin, I placed my rifle against a great tree, and sat down on a grassy spot a few paces distant.

The day was hot, and it was dull work waiting. In half an hour I was sound asleep. I woke suddenly, and was conscious of something breathing hard close to me. I don't know why, but some instinct of danger urged me to lie still, and to open my eyes cautiously. To my horror, there, between me and my rifle, sat the bear on his haunches, watching me. He had, we afterwards found, been all the time hidden in the hollow of the very tree against which I had leant my rifle, and the opening of which was on the opposite side of the tree. I closed my eyes and lay perfectly still. I knew that at the slightest movement he would spring upon me, and brain me with one stroke of his powerful fore-arm. For a minute or so he remained quiet, and in vain I tried to recollect whether the spot on which I was lying was visible to my father and Tom, who had the stations to my right and left. Then I heard a movement—a heavy paw was placed on my shoulder, and I felt a warm breath on my face. I ceased breathing. It was all-important that the brute should imagine me dead. He turned me over with his paw, sniffed my face again, and growled with a low, menacing roar. Then I heard the crack of two rifles almost simultaneously, and the bear, shot through the brain, rolled over beside me.

Whether he was the same bear who had been in the pit with Mary I cannot say. Tom and Harry, and Mary herself, when she came to see the dead animal, were all of the opinion that it was; and certainly he was about the same size and make. At any rate Mr. Wilson had two of his claws set in a bracelet, in the same fashion that tiger-claws are often set in India, and Mary has it to this day. My father also had a claw mounted as a breast-pin for me; and it is a question which Mary and I have often debated, whether she or I had the narrowest escape of being torn to pieces by the black, curved claws. I assert that she had, and she is equally positive that it was I. Which do you think, reader?

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS
PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

B. B., Baltimore, Md. He objects to the publication of his real name.

O. D. C, Brooklyn, and I. M. K., Cincinnati, O. No anonymous exchanges inserted.

G. W. V., Forreston, Ill. Yes. The bird-catching tree is a plant of New Zealand. Its seed vessels secrete a very tenacious gum, and birds as well as insects, are held by it with fatal effect.

J. T. R., Stratford, Conn. Jumbo is to be stuffed, and in that shape will be an attraction of the "Greatest Show on Earth." His skeleton will be articulated and will be given to the National Museum at Washington. It will take three months to complete the work, the cost of which will be fully $2,000.

J. C. F., Hicksford, Va. France takes the lead in the breeding of carrier pigeons. $2,000 are appropriated annually by the government for the maintenance of the extensive cotes in several large cities. Austria and Germany give the subject great attention, and the design is to utilize the birds as messengers in times of war.

F. G. B., Hicksford, Va. Have your medicine in a glass as usual and a tumbler of water by the side of it; then take the medicine and retain it in the mouth, which should be kept closed, and if you then commence drinking the water the taste of the medicine is washed away. Even the bitterness of quinine and aloes may be prevented by this means.

W. C. M., Waynesburgh, O. We cannot use your sketch, for it shows in many ways that the author is a beginner. On the other hand it is surprisingly well composed, if you are still a lad. If you wish to learn how to compose elegantly, study well your grammar, syntax and rhetoric and read the very best authors with all the care you would give to school books.

F. Mc C., Trenton, Mo. The Field of the Cloth of Gold is the name given to a plain near the town of Arles in the northern part of France. It is so called because of a meeting on this spot in 1520 beween Henry VIII. of England, and Francis I. of France, with their retinues, and the cloth of gold with which the tents of the two sovereigns were covered.

W. M. D., Chicopee, Mass. A medical man who doesn't believe in shoulder braces says nature furnished the needed braces to keep the shoulders in position, and when you use the artificial, these natural ones become weak from want of exercise. The best way to cure stooping shoulders is to carry a weight on the head a half-hour morning and evening. Make the weight large. A bag of sand weighing from twenty to eighty pounds is a good weight.

M. Q. S., Bradford, Pa. There are people and many of them, even doctors, who do not believe in vaccination. The strongest evidence in its favor is the testimony of figures whenever they can be found. One example is given by the registers of an old hospital in Prague, where the mortality from smallpox from 1670 to 1815, that is, in the pre-vaccination period, was 27 per cent., while from 1815 to 1885 it has been only 4.53 per cent.

W. L. B., Valparaiso, Neb. The temperature at which water boils is 212 degrees, F. But that is the temperature for such cases only where the boiling is done at or about the level of the sea. If you put fire under water at the top of a high mountain, boiling commences before the water's temperature is 212 degrees. This is because water does not boil until the tension of the vapor formed by heating it is greater than the atmosphere's pressure, which, you know, is less and less as you climb higher and higher above the sea.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 151

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper ONLY, and apart from all other communications. When words not in Webster or Lippincott are used, authority for the same must be cited, and words obsolete or rare must be so tagged. Items of interest relating to Puzzledom will be gladly received. Address "Puzzle Editor," THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 81 Warren Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 146.

No. 1. The Tyro.

No. 2.

P
WHO
SOAPS
WOOLENS
PHALAROPE
OPERATED
SNOTTED
SPEECE
EDDER

No. 4. True-born.

No. 3.

Q
PUR
GLAIR
PLODDED
QUADRIFID
RIDICULE
REFUSAL
DILATE
DELES

No. 5.

C
COD
SOMER
DUMPLES
SURPLICES
COMPLANATED
COMPLACENTIAL
DELINEATING
RECANTING
SETTING
SEING
DAG
L

No. 6. Serai—Aries—Erias—Raise—Arise.

No. 7.

S
GOD
NALES
GAVILAN
SOLICITOR
DELICATE
SATANIC
NOTIST
RECTO

No. 8.

M
CAM
PACOS
CABARET
MACAWTREE
MORTLING
SERIATE
TENTHS
EGEST

No 9. Porte—Toper.

SOLVERS LIST, NO. 146.

Complete lists were received from Dona Telore, and Rex Ford. Incomplete from A. Solver, Pearl, By Law, Mephisto, Aspiro, Tantrums, Bolis, Jo Mullins, Minnie, Damon, Geoval, Edwin F. Edgett, Elbert, Moonshine, Norry Normay, North Star, Black Raven, Roe, Ami Wright, St. Elmo, Willie Wildwave, Eittah, Leroy, Beech Nut, Cohannet, Jay Ess, Plexus, Rex, Thunderbolt, Alpha, Morning Star, Charlie Davis, I Did It, Roy Redwing, Mary B. Elliot, Byrnehc, Billee Taylor, and Florence. Total 40.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Complete List—DONA TELORE
Best Incomplete List—A SOLVER.
Single Solutions—NO. 4, COHANNET; NO. 5, AMI WRIGHT: NO. 6, ROE; NO. 9, DAMON; Best answer in rhyme BYRNEHC.

FLAT COMPETITION.

The competitors were BOLIS, TRADDLES, HAPPY THOUGHT, NESTOR, MOONSHINE, BEECH NUT, FLORENCE. The first three win the prizes in the order in which they are named.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. PENTAGON.

1. A letter; 2. A cell for grain; 3. Concerns; 4. A belt worn over the shoulder; 5. Spread to insnare; 6. A petrified shell; 7. An alloy of copper and zinc; 8. A village of Italy (*Lipp.*); 9. Merriment (*Obs.*).
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ASSERO.

No 2. ANAGRAM.

ED. 'TIS NICE AND BIG WORD-TREASURY.

The puzzler cons its pages vast,
E'er finding one to suit past;
Revealing depth and lofty height,
When studied by the midnight light.
TRENTON, N. J. ENID.

No. 3. PENTAGON.

(To "Bolis.")

1. A letter; 2. Perceives (*Worc. Supp.*); 3. Barbed arrows formerly used with a cross-gun (*Obs.*); 4. Resembling closely; 5. The outer boundary of a body; 6. A mineral; 7. A kind of cloth; 8. A fish; 9. To unweave (*Obs.*).
IOWA FALLS, IOWA. DOC. JR.

No. 4. CHARADE.

(To "Black Raven.")

My *first* "to assign,"
Also means "to decline,"
Once more defined "to regulate."
Now my *last* I will tell
Which means to "expel."
My *whole* "A display as of plate.
RED LAKE FALLS, MINN. NORTH STAR.

No. 5. SQUARE.

1. An insect; 2. An interpreter; 3. A plant (*French*); 4. Rough; 5. To quiet; 6. Put in the aspect of a trine.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. PHIL. O. SOPHER.

No. 6. CHARADE.

My *first* is an animal, a cunning old thief,
Beheaded it makes the best kind of beef;
My *second* is worn by the beaux and the belles,
Beheaded all perfect in heaven it dwells,
My *whole* is a bell shaped, pink flower,
That shelters the bee, in a sunshiny hour.
DANVERS, MASS. MISS SKEETER.

No. 7. SQUARE.

1. This mystic word is often heard
From lips of those who mystify,
They move a hand with gesture grand,
And then this mystic word they cry.
2. *A cavalier* we now have here,
One of the bloods of olden time,
Who won the maids by dashing deeds,
And quoting words of tender rhyme.
3. Forevermore! Forevermore!
Eternal this, though obsolete;
In puzzles new this word we view,
In combinations small or great.
4. The *next* are found beneath the ground,
And may be formed of rock or clay;
We walk them o'er from shore to shore
And feel above them ev'ry day.
5. Upon the field, his only shield,
To save from wind or snow or rain,
He *fiftbly* lies beneath the skies
And dreams of home and wife again.
6. Gay *mountain sprites*, or *nymphs*, Web. writes,
A Goddess of the mountain drear;
Who would not kiss this fabled Miss?
I know *I* would, if she were here!
CLARKSVILLE, ARK. SOU CON.

No. 8. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

(To "Bolis.")

In "happy dean;"
In "harvest scene;"
In "joyous thrill;"
In "miser's hoard;"
In "centre board;"
In "water-mill."

The *total* is a kind of bird,
From out whose *primal last*,
A melody is often heard
That seldom is surpassed.
NEW YORK CITY. JAY ESS.

No. 9. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. Puissance; 3. A heaving up of the floor of a mine; 4. French devotee (1572-1641); 5. A genus of conifers; 6. A berry of a species of buckhorn; 7. Involving change; 8. A kind of lichen; 9. A town of Spain, province of Valencia; 10. A segment of a circle; 11. A letter.
HYDE PARK, MASS. DONA TELORE.

No. 10. DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "hemisphere;"
In "sycamore;"
In "bandoleer;"
In "heretofore."

Who would not be a *complete* man,
And dwell contented with his lot;
The moulding of his own brain's plan,
Containing neither blur nor blot;
Beholden to no earthling's whim;
Indebted only to God's will;
A man of courage, staunch and trim,
Possessing wisdom, tact and skill?
Who would not on himself rely,
Rather than share another's fate?
Who would unto himself apply
The refuse of some vast estate,
When he may earn by his brows sweat,
And by the labors of his hands,
The fadeless laurel's coronet,
And untold wealth, and wide spread lands?
Who would not enter such a cause
And battle for the wreath of fame?
Who would not hearken to applause
That clusters round a victor's name?
Who would not strive with might and main,
To scale disaster's lofty crest,
Regardless of mishaps and pain
Content alone to gain his quest?
BAYONE, N. Y. MYSELF.

No. 11. DIAMOND.

1. A letter; 2. A common laboring horse; 3. English surgeon and physiologist (*b.* 1814.); 4. Cathartic medicines; 5. A sort of pear; 6. A village of Baden; 7 Seeds of an oriental plant from which an oil is expressed; 8. In a common manner; 9. A sketch from nature; 10. A plant; 11. A letter.
NEW YORK CITY. KING ARTHUR.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks.

For the first *complete* list of solutions, THE ARGOSY six months. For the best *incomplete* list three months.

CHAT.

The editor has an attack of New Jersey malaria, and we feel sure that all who have had a similar experience will excuse him for not writing chat this time.

We regret that we have not space to publish Byrnehc's answer in rhyme to No. 6. ROCHELLE.