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WITH FIRE AND SWORD.

A TALE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. BY ONE WHO WENT THROUGH IT.

CHAPTER I. THE NIGHT ALARM.

There was not a single object from which the setting sun could cast a shadow. The turf, short, brown, and withered, covered a vast and unbroken surface, which at a little distance looked as level as a lawn. There was not a tree in sight, not a shrub; not even a flourishing weed lifted itself above the edges of the stunted grass. The stillness which slumbered over the enormous plain had something awful in it. No breath of wind rippled the dry herbage, no bird wheeled in the air, no insect chirped or hummed. In the western sky the sun was setting in the midst of a cloudless golden glory, which grew fainter and fainter toward the zenith. The color of the sky grew deeper toward the east, and took, where it seemed to touch the land, a deep purple tone, into which the distant horizon melted.

Suddenly, very faint and far away, sounded the tinkle of a bell. Had there been a lonely traveler here, he might have strained his ears in vain to catch another sound. In a minute or two the same faint and faraway tinkle streamed upon the air and died again. Then came a wonderfully delicate and fairy-like jingle of bells, the sound of which continued, with here and there a pause, until the noise of shrill and high-pitched voices mingled with it. These voices chanted a dreary tune, and were so shrill that their tones traveled almost as far as the jingle of the bells. By-and-by the bleating of sheep, the neigh of horses, and the complaining "baa" of camels, were mingled with the sound of bells and voices; and a procession—a mere purple black streak in the distance—came in a straight line toward the glory which the sinking sun had left behind.

In this centre of the desert, where you and I have placed ourselves in fancy to wait for it, the procession halted. It was a very remarkable procession to unaccustomed eyes. The men who belonged to it were dressed in rough garments, made chiefly of sheep-skin with the wool upon the inner side, and they wore gaiter-turban-like caps of their own. A long roll of coarse linen, like a surgeon's bandage, served instead of boots and stockings. It was twined about the foot, and up the leg to the knee. This bandage was perhaps an inch in thickness round the foot, and afforded capital protection against cold or injury. Every man carried arms. Their wild air, their half-savage dress, their untrimmed beards, and bronzed features, gave them a lawless look, and a stranger might easily have fancied that they belonged to some uncivilized and wandering tribe. Yet they were all peaceful, law-abiding men—Russian merchants, traveling from China with tea and other merchandise. They had started many and many a weary month ago, and now, laden with the spoil of their journey, they had turned, had faced once more the Great Desert and the Turkestan plains, and were again in southern Siberia, within three days' march of the banks of the Ural, which now alone flowed between them and their own land.

When the halt was made, the burdens of the patient beasts were removed, and the horses were hitched in a wider ring outside the line of camels. In the outer circle of all, the men bestowed themselves. A few of the more luxurious spread sheep-skins to lie upon, but most of them reclined on the bare turf.

The calm and unclouded sky the stars shone with a sparkling lustre unknown in other lands. The sentinels alone were left awake, and they, with rifles loosely thrown across their knees, sat with their backs to the camp-fires, and looked out on the tranquil

star-lit night. The level surface of the grass desert gleamed in the star-light like water, and no sound broke the solemn stillness, except for the occasional jingle of a camel's bells.

Suddenly, out of this dead silence, came a sound which sent the hands of every watcher to his rifle. The crack of a shot, far away! Then came another, and another, in rapid interchange. The sounds grew nearer. The sleepers awoke, and each man groped for his rifle. Some drove apart the embers of a fire which still gave out a little flame. The ashes gleamed awhile upon the grass, and then died out altogether.

"Lie down," said a commanding voice, and in a moment every figure lay motionless upon the grass. The shots came nearer still; and the distance was decreased at such a pace,

"What tongue is that?" asked the leader. "Drasovitch! you speak all languages. Come and talk to them."

The old man whom the leader had addressed as Drasovitch, stepped forward and spoke to them. "Ah!" cried the spokesman of the two strangers joyously, in the same language. "You speak French. We are two American travelers. We were attacked just now by the Kirghis. We have a Russian gentleman with us, who is severely wounded."

"Bid them come in," said the leader. The order was given, and the horsemen advanced slowly; and as they drew nearer, it was seen that one of them bore a heavy burden in his arms. When they came yet closer, the merchants saw that this burden was the figure of a man, whose head hung

he is one of the best and bravest in our army."

"He is wounded in the breast, I think," said the stranger who had not hitherto spoken, addressing his friend.

"And wounded severely, I am afraid," replied the other, "This old fellow is going to examine him."

By this time one of the fires had been re-kindled, and in its fitful and uncertain glow, the old man knelt down, and gently cut away, with a sharp knife, the part of the coat which lay over the wound.

"There is no severe hurt," he said to the strangers, who knelt beside him with anxious faces. "The collar bone is broken. Quite a simple matter. The bullet struck high, and seems to have passed out again. No, it is here. Take a brand from the fire, and hold it up so that I can see what I am doing."

One of the strangers obeyed, and held the flaming brand at the patient's head. A ruddy light fell upon the bent head and flowing beard of the old man, and laid a line of health upon the pale cheeks of the wounded. The sparkling eyes of a dozen bearded faces peered out of the darkness to watch the operation. It was but a rough and simple surgery, but it was not without skill. Half-a-score of hands were proffered to move the wounded man to a pile of sheep-skins, which had been made ready for him. He was laid down tenderly, and well covered. Old Drasovitch sat down beside him, and beckoned the Americans to approach and be seated.

"Tell me," he said, "how you came here, and what has happened?"

Both Americans gravely filled their pipes, and, having secured a light from the fire, sat down.

"Go it, Harold," said the one who had spoken least, "and speak French, and it's no trouble to you."

"All right," said the other, and, after a comfortable pull at his pipe, began.

CHAPTER II.

DRASOVITCH RELATES HIS HISTORY.

"We met Colonel Nikoloff," said the young American, "at Kalmikova, nearly a month ago. My friend carried letters of introduction to him from St. Petersburg, and he received us with great kindness. We wanted to go down to Bokhara, and he promised to accompany us for the greater part of the way with his escort."

"We camped about ten miles away from here, as early as I can guess. There were fifteen of us altogether, and Colonel Nikoloff had ten men with him, and we had two Russian servants. We were quietly settled for the night—or at least we fancied so—when a sudden volley was fired out of the darkness, and a perfect hail of bullets fell into our little encampment. My friend, and I, and the colonel were not hurt. You may guess that nobody had much time for looking about them, but I could see that one or two of our party lay quite still, and I could see also that one or two of them seemed to be struggling to rise. It was plain that some were wounded and that some were killed. We were scarcely on our feet when another volley came, and some of our men who had sprung up with us fell to the ground. My friend dashed at the fire, and scattered it with his feet, and they fired at us thick and fast the while, but they hit nobody after the first two volleys."

"Go on," said the old man. "What happened next?"

"The colonel," said Harold, "called out to us to mount; and those who were able, did so. Up to this time we were so startled by the suddenness of the attack that we had not fired a shot in return. Indeed, we could scarcely tell where the enemy were stationed, and we had had no time to think who they were."

"Scatter yourselves, men," the colonel shouted, "and make straight for the east. We shall meet in the daylight."

"He had scarcely spoken when a fresh volley was fired, and one of the bullets struck him. He reeled in his saddle. I was very near him, and reached his side just in time to catch him by the arm. His horse bolted from under him, but I managed to keep hold, and got the poor colonel across my horse's



HE CAUGHT THE WOUNDED COLONEL AS HE WAS FALLING FROM HIS HORSE.

that it was plain some party of men was pursuing a flying foe at headlong speed. The shots grew less thick and frequent, and then ceased; and as the travelers listened, each with a forefinger upon the trigger of his weapon, they heard a faint pounding of the earth, and two men on horseback came dimly into sight, bearing down upon them with the swiftness of the wind.

The commander of the merchant party arose, and shouted in Russian:

"Who comes there?"

The two horsemen stopped, and a voice came back in answer:

"Who calls?"

"Russian merchants. Come in and surrender yourselves." Then in a lower voice to his own people,—"Rise."

The horsemen came forward at a slower pace, and the merchants stood to await them. When they were within a hundred yards, the chief of the trading party called out to them:

"Halt there. Who are you?"

The strangers having returned no answer, the leader of the traders repeated his inquiry sternly. A reply came back in three words; but the three words were from three separate languages—Russian, French, and Turkish.

loosely as though he were dead. Two of them took the insensible body in their hands, and lowered it gently to the earth.

"Did I understand you to say," asked one of the strangers, looking inquiringly about him, as if seeking for the man who had spoken, "that you were Russian merchants?"

"We come from Hongki, and are on our way to Moscow. Who are you?"

"I am an American," said the stranger. "This gentleman is also an American, and my friend. This," pointing to the prostrate figure on the turf, "is Colonel Nikoloff, a Russian officer, with whom we were traveling. I am afraid the escort were all killed by the Kirghis."

Drasovitch translated this statement in Russian.

"Colonel Nikoloff!" cried one in the outskirts of the crowd, pushing eagerly forward. "Is that Colonel Nikoloff lying wounded there? He saved my life at Tourinsk, and I should know him amidst a thousand."

The new-comer worked his way through the crowd, and kneeling above the figure on the ground, peered closely into his face.

"Bring me a light!" he cried. A light was obtained in a little time, and the merchant, regarding the wounded man's face, gave a cry of recognition, and turning to the leader, spoke rapidly for a moment.

"Drasovitch," said the leader, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder, "we could not do without you to-night. See to this man's wounds. Old Palski over yonder says

neck. He never spoke or groaned, and I thought it was all over with him. We were so freshly awakened from sleep that everything at first had looked dark; and the glare of the camp-fire had dazzled us a little. But we began to see, in a pocket crowd of figures on horseback surrounded us, and without stopping to think in which direction we ought to go, we put in our spurs and dashed forward. Before I knew where I was, I found myself beyond them; and seeing my friend at my side, I made my horse travel as fast as I well knew how to make him. The enemy followed us for eight or ten miles, as nearly as I can guess, and every now and then they took a shot at us. Once or twice we found them so near that we had to draw fire. They shot towards dogs, and when we had dropped two or three of them who had ventured within pistol shot, the rest drew off. Just then we saw our fires; and not knowing whether you were friends or enemies, we agreed to take our chance, for we were certain that we had been heard and seen, and our horses were so dead beaten that we could not have run away."

"And you know nothing of the fate of the men you left behind?" said Drascovitich, eagerly.

"Nothing."

"Had you sentinels?"

"There were two men told off for duty."

"So you are friends of Colonel Nikoloff?"

"We met him in Montenegro," said the American who had spoken so little. "He was fighting there against the Turks."

"Heaven reward him!" said the old man, raising his hands and eyes.

"You are no friend to the Turks, it seems?" said Harold, laughing at the old man's enthusiasm.

"Friend to the Turks!" said Drascovitich, bitterly. "Is the lamb a friend to the butcher, or the wolf? Why should I do anything but hate the Turk? He should die."

"That is the story," said Jack. "I should have thought that Russia was the butcher, and Turkey the lamb."

"You are a brave young man," said Drascovitich, "but you are not a wise one, or you would know how to share the blame. But I do not speak of Russia and Turkey. I am not a Russian but a Bulgarian, and for many and many a year the Turks have been the oppressors of my people."

"Ah!" said Harold. "I know Bulgaria pretty well. What part of the country do you come from?"

"I come from Kesanyk," said the old man, with a softened look upon his rugged face; "from the city of roses. A lovely country, where, in the summer time, the air is heavy with the scent of flowers."

"I know the town," said Harold. "Do you know Hasmim Bey?"

"The old man's face changed again, this time to a look of dull anger and hatred. He waved his hands, and his teeth, and said, with slow distinctness:

"There will come a day of reckoning and revenge for Hasmim Bey. The cry of the widow and the fatherless will not always rise to heaven in vain."

"Is Hasmim Bey your enemy?" asked Jack.

"My father was shot by order of his grandfather," said the Bulgarian.

"And do you cherish revenge?" asked Harold, raising himself upon his elbow, and leaning the old man's head on his fist.

"I cherish revenge against a man for the acts of his grandfather?"

The Bulgarian looked at him with a dull fixed gaze, through half-closed eyes.

"I nurse revenge," he said, striking himself suddenly upon his breast. "I hate Hasmim and all his house." His eyes opened wide with a sudden flash of hatred as he spoke. He laid his hand upon the young man's wrist, and went on in an eager voice. "Listen to me. It is fifty years ago that the Russian army marched over the Balkans, and encamped in the Plain of Roses. It was in the year 1820 of your reckoning that the peace of Adrianople was signed. The Bulgarians and the Russians are all of one people, and my father received the Russian general gladly, and gave him shelter in his house. I was a lad then, though seventy winters have gone over my head now, and have left his snows in my hair. The general was good and kind, and many a time he took me on his knee, and told me stories of the great north of cities; and I used to play with his sword-knot, and turn over his medals whilst he spoke to me. Well, the time came when he marched away with his men to Adrianople, but he left a guard behind him in the town, and in peace and quiet. He marched back when peace was signed, and stayed with my father once more; and then, having said 'Good-bye,' he went away again. The town had not been clear of the Russian soldiers one month when Alexia Bey sent for my father. He expected no harm, and went up to the Kontaz with a light heart; but he was cast into prison, and charged with treason to the state. His fortune was confiscated, his goods and his house were seized, and he was put to the prison; that he had tried to escape. His mother was driven from the town, and nobody dared to give us shelter. We wandered on foot, begging our way across the northern plains, until we reached Shumlia. There we were so far from Alexia Bey that he could not come to take pity upon us; and an Armenian merchant took us to Rinstchuck, and we crossed the Danube with him, and went up to Moldavia, where he lived. He found that I could read and write a little, and he took charge of me, and I served him for his house. He died long up. Then he sent me upon journeys, and at last I ventured into the world by myself. When my old master died, he left me all he

was possessed of, and I traveled to Moscow, and there engaged in business on my own behalf. I am a wealthy man now, but I have not forgotten Alexia Bey and my father's murderer. And I have not forgotten how my mother's bare foot bled many a time as we crossed the stony passes, or wandered, tired and hungry, over the great plain. No! I have not forgotten those things; and I shall not forget them till I die. When I am dead, my son will remember them; and there will come a day for the Bulgarians, when they will have vengeance upon the accursed Turk."

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL NIKOLOFF ENLISTS A SECRET AGENT.

By the first light of dawn, the caravan was once more astir. Harold Pierrey and Jack Delamaine were astir with the rest, and as a first duty went to look at their wounded companion. He was conscious by this time, and greeted them with a faint pale smile.

"How did you bring me off?" he asked in excellent English; "were any of them saved?"

Jack told him the story of the previous night's escape.

"Who dressed my wound last night?" asked the colonel.

"A Bulgarian merchant named Drascovitich," answered Harold; "here he comes to look at his patient?"

Drascovitich advanced and saluted the sick man, who he appeared anxious to return his greeting. The merchant waved his hand.

"Keep still," he said in Russian, "do not exert yourself for anything."

"He needs rest to consume and dress the wound."

On the march Harold related the story of old Drascovitich, and the colonel listened with deep interest. He said little, contenting himself with the observation:

"He may not have long to wait for vengeance after all."

In the evening of the third day, the caravan halted three miles from Kilmkova, and on the following morning they passed into the town. Nothing had been heard of the men of Colonel Nikoloff, and it was clear that the caravan to which all of them had been slain by the Kirghis. Old Drascovitich had by this time become so much attached to his patient, that he entrusted the sale of the stores of the caravan to the care of the chiefsten of the expedition, and remained behind to nurse the colonel. Jack and Harold also remained in Kilmkova, making occasional excursions into the desert.

As Colonel Nikoloff grew better, Jack and Harold gave themselves more liberty, and their walks in the town became longer. One fine summer night, when the hum of the little town came peacefully up to the overhanging balcony in which the old man and the colonel sat together, they began to talk; and the colonel readily drew Drascovitich on to speak of the days of his youth. The old man repeated the story he had told the two Americans:

"And you wish for your revenge?" said Colonel Nikoloff, turning upon him suddenly.

"It is my hope," said Drascovitich with a light in his eyes which looked like a dull, slow-burning fire. "It is the thing I live for."

"Listen," said the colonel, laying a hand upon his arm. "You have served me well, and if you are eager for vengeance, you may surely conclude, as I say I am," cried the Bulgarian. "As eager as I say I am; if I spoke for a hundred years, I could not tell you how I long to see the Turk dragged down, and his land made ready. 'That will do,' said the colonel coldly. 'Sit down. Listen. Your countrymen in Roumelia and Bulgaria still live in slavery. 'In the most shameful slavery," said Drascovitich.

"To whom can they look for help?" asked Colonel Nikoloff.

"They can only look to Heaven," the old man answered.

"And Heaven will send a helper. Mark what I say. The day is coming when our people will be freed from the Turkish yoke. I cannot tell you within a year when it will be, but the time is coming very near. There is only one people in the world who care for the oppressed Bulgarian. Who are they? Do you ask? Who should they be but your brothers, the Russians! We are all of one blood, and the shame of you are making. We shall not endure it long. We are preparing now. Why do you think Russian officers went into Montenegro? Why do you think they are going into Serbia? The way is being paved for a great war, and it will come to pass before long."

"This is good hearing," said the old man, "pleaseth hearing."

"What do you do anything to help to bring it about?" asked the colonel.

"I would do anything," Drascovitich responded.

"How can an old man like me be of service?"

"Youth is rash and careless," answered the colonel; "age is slow and wise. Will you revisit the city of your youth?"

"For what purpose?" asked the old man, shaking his head.

"Look you," said Colonel Nikoloff, laying his hand on the old man's arm; "I will be quite frank with you. War is expected, and we are making ready for it. If we make a dash into Bulgaria and Roumelia, we expect the Christian people to welcome us to help us. At the same time we are making so, that they can hold their own against the Turks, whilst we go southward. We want them to be prepared and ready for us. And that is where you can help us. It is not an easy matter to do service. The Russian government pays its secret agents liberally. Will you go, and see how the people at Kesanyk—the Bulgarian people—think and feel? Sound them carefully and cautiously. Do not commit yourself. Take nobody into your confidence until you are quite sure of him. If you go, you will run great risk—are you ready to do that?"

"If you fall, you are a martyr to the cause of liberty."

"I will go," the old man said firmly, after deliberation for some time.

"Consider well the undertaking."

"I have done so."

"You are, then, ready to brave all the dangers?"

"You know, of course, if you should be discovered you could hope for no mercy?"

"If you are with your wife and in a manner that showed he understood the situation clearly.

"Then you are resolved?"

"I am not," answered firmly.

"When can you be ready to start?" asked the colonel.

"I will but go to Moscow," answered Drascovitich, "and arrange my affairs."

"Waste no time in going to Moscow," said the colonel. "I will give you a guarantee for all you have behind; and you can make all your business arrangements in Odessa, on your way to Turkey."

"No," said the old man, with a suspicious sideway look; "I will go to Moscow first."

"Very well," said the colonel. "Where will you report yourself to me? Wait! My expedition is broken up. I can receive no instruction here for months. I will go to Moscow with you."

"Be so, your excellency," said Drascovitich. (To be continued.)

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A PRETTY SPECTACLE.

A VERY tough story, which is vouched for, after a fashion, is going the rounds and given for what it is worth. It is related that a gentleman was sitting in his backyard talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had emerged from its hole, and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal.

As the rat came from its hole, the house cat awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low, she waited developments, and stood prepared to spring upon his rear. As the appearance of the rat made him start, the Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the woodshed, pricked up its ears, and quietly made for the place where the cat stood. At this moment a boy came in with a stick. The terrier was not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline the dog, which had not noticed the coming of the boy. A little chick wandered too high, and he was seized by the rat, which in turn was pounced upon by the cat, and the cat was caught in the mouth by the dog. The rat was not content with his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking side was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It was fan for the boy, and in high glee he watched the contest and the struggle of the rats. The terrier released his grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turned let go the rat, and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and he had already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost. The owner of the dog was so angry at his death, he said he had to have some making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard on street.

ONLY A CAPE AND SWORD.

BONAPARTE never forgot anything: least of all the days of his poverty, and the slights he then received. Grace Greenwood sends to the New York Tribune the following reminiscence of the corporal and emperor, which is quite characteristic:

Benharina, the first paid court to Madame de Beauharnais, and she was rich when she kept her carriage, and the young hero, who was deep in love, often gave the charming widow his arm, when she went to visit her man of business, a notary named Raguedain.

Madame, who had great faith in her legal adviser, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after her engagement to Bonaparte, who, as usual, accompanied her, but, from motives of delicacy, did not enter the notary's cabinet, but remained in an adjoining room, where several clerks were writing.

The door being imperfectly closed, he here heard nearly all that was said during the interview, and especially the arguments used by Raguedain to induce Madame de Beauharnais from the marriage she acknowledged herself about to contract.

"Mark my words, ma'am," he said earnestly, "you are about to commit a great folly, of which you will bitterly repent. Why, this man you are about to espouse has nothing in the world but a cape and a sword."

Said Raguedain: "Bonaparte never spoke to me of this, and I had not the faintest suspicion that he had overheard Raguedain's contemptuous words. Can you, Bourneine, figure to yourself my astonishment when I heard afterwards, after the days of our coronation, as soon as he was invested with his imperial robes, he said:

"Let them go and seek Raguedain; have him come instantly. I have something to say to him."

The notary was promptly brought, and stood much astonished before the emperor, who, with his peculiar sarcasm, said to him: "Eh, bien, monsieur! have I nothing in the world but a cape and a sword?"

EMORY STORRS ON MILLIONAIRES.

One day a group of millionaires were sitting on the Piazza at the United States, began to chaff the late Emory Storrs in a solemn fashion. He had just confessed to them that he was not worth any money, and that he had spent everything he had made as fast as he had got it. Suddenly he turned upon one of his would-be tormentors and began:

"You rich fellows seem to think that money-making is an intellectual process, and that the wealth acquired by you proves that you are a very superior kind of men. You are very much mistaken. There is nothing intellectual about acquisitions of wealth, it is merely a matter of chance, highly developed in you, gentlemen, than it is in the chipmunk. The beaver is very much your superior in this respect. It is the beaver that has done history? There are two only who live in the legends of literature—Dives, who survives on account of his fortunate connection with a pauper, and Croesus, because his name has been used by poets merely as a synonym. Gentleman, where are the stockholders who built the Partitions? Doubtless, in their day, they sat around in Athens and spoke of the five work that Phidias was doing for them. But, gentlemen, who are the stockholders to-day, and who are Phidias?"

"He must not come to my aid for fully half an hour, and when he had finished even the millionaires did not seem to think they had the best of it."

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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...

WITH FIRE AND SWORD; A TALE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR, commences in this number. It is a story of strong incident, and will be found interesting throughout.

WELL-DERIVED PRAISE. We take pleasure in complimenting our Puzzle Editor upon the high standard to which he has brought his department of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

The many testimonials to the effect that the ARGOSY Puzzledom is the best in the country, leads us to believe that it has few, if any, rivals. It is acknowledged as the most progressive department in the "Dom."

We are glad that this department takes so high a rank, which is in keeping with all the other departments of the paper, and for the Puzzle Editor, whose untiring efforts have produced this result, we have a high appreciation.

POST MORTEM VALUE. EVEN great men do a good deal of poorly paid work in this world. It is only after their death that the fruit of their labor commands a munificent reward.

APPROPRIATE BEQUEST. A NEW and curious illustration of the old saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days," recently occurred in London.

READING AT TABLE. THE habit of reading while at meals is, happily, not very common. It is a detestable piece of bad manners, to begin with. Then it is unwholesome.

A TOUGH NUT. HUMAN ingenuity is heavily taxed in these days of mechanical progress. As heavy armor is rolled out for ships of war, cannon are constructed of greater force to crush it.

A safe, or strong room, has just been built for the Bank of Scotland, which has been fully everything of the kind yet produced. It is fifty feet long, forty feet high and ten feet in depth, constructed of steel, and divided into several compartments by heavy steel partitions.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

It is pleasant to learn that the fashion of decorating bonnets with birds' plumage is dying out among wealthy ladies. Now if somebody would invent a cheap and pretty ornament for the hat that would please all classes, it would be a boon.

At one auction room alone in London, there were sold, between the months of December 1884, and April 1885, 6,828 pairs of paradise, 4,974 Imperial pheasants, 707 so-called Argus birds, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian birds, and 356,389 East Indian birds of various kinds.

One young lady in England recently ordered her dress trimmed with canaries. Fortunately she had the grace to change her mind after eight little beauties had been sacrificed to her whim.

It would seem that something involving less brutality might be used for the decoration of our girls. A bird is handsome on a bonnet, to be sure, but it is far more charming amid its native branches.

A GREAT TIME SAVER.

With the aid of the scientific discoveries and mechanical improvements of modern times, work is turned out almost too rapidly for the welfare of the worker. That is to say, this is one half of the truth.

But in the saving of time by machinery there are also immense benefits. We do not stop to think of these when we find fault with machinery for encroaching upon hard work. Take matches, for example. In ancient times the flint and steel were the most civilized implements for making fire.

There are people even now-a-days who use a tinder-box, and these articles can be bought in some London shops. Although an Arabian discovered phosphorus in the 8th century, it was not until 1828 that lucifer matches became a success.

Now see what they save in time. In these days of smoking and cheap matches, statistics show that eight matches per head of the population are burned every day. Each one supplies light in fifteen seconds, or two minutes for the entire day. The tinder-box would occupy fifteen minutes for the same time.

WRITING LETTERS.

MANY rules have been laid down for letter writing. Yet, for all that, careless practices are much in vogue. For example, many people use up half their space in giving silly excuses for not writing more promptly.

Replies should be prompt and concise. Questions asked should be answered if proper. Some people answer questions not asked, and omit giving information desired. Of course these rules apply mainly to letters of business or courtesy.

This is extreme advice, perhaps, and yet we have only to read the court records, or even look about us in daily life, to be convinced that letters are great forcing beds of trouble. Much of this is due, however, to the carelessness of the writer of a letter handed his pen as if he expected his words to be printed for the inspection of the world.

THE HON. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, Lawyer, Statesman, Financier.

The man who figured more prominently than any other in the late Blaine campaign is the Hon. Stephen B. Elkins; and yet, he is not a politician. To his personal efforts, however, Mr. Blaine largely owes his nomination at Chicago, where Mr. Elkins' great ability as an organizer and manager was everywhere acknowledged.

He is to-day a leading financier and director in many great enterprises. He possesses ample means, and the area of his estate in New Mexico places him among the largest land owners of the United States.

ment was his great speech advocating the admission of New Mexico as a State. From the time of his arrival in New Mexico, Mr. Elkins had asserted his claim to success by meeting squarely and triumphing over every obstacle, by the ability he showed in his practice at the bar, and the clear and far-sighted judgment that guided the investment of his savings.

Both as a business man and private citizen, and the best wishes of this Board go with him in his wider field of activity. Among those warm friends of his first Congressional term was Senator Davis, of West Virginia, with whom Mr. Elkins became acquainted in the management of the West Virginia Central and Piedmont Railroad, of which Senator Davis was president and Mr. Elkins vice-president.

For three years he has been chosen to deliver the annual address before the Alumni Association of his university, and, on the last of these occasions, June 3, 1888, he delivered a lengthy oration that has excited laudatory comment throughout the whole country. The subject was "The Industrial Problem," is one that at this time engages the attention of a large part of the civilized world, but most immediately ourselves, from the underpaid mechanic to the possessor of millions.

Mr. Elkins handled with powerful grasp, the depression of trade, its causes and results, the relations of capital and labor, the duties of the one, the prerogatives of the other. On the subject of capital and labor he laid down as his laws, the principles of justice and equity; affirmed that capital and labor were not by nature antagonistic as custom tends to make them, but that their interests were kindred and should be mutually advanced by co-operation and a fair division of profits.

In this oration Mr. Elkins showed himself a vigorous thinker, and presented many new ideas upon the industrial question. As this portrait will indicate, Mr. Elkins is a very large man—tall, straight and broad, with a large, intellectual head and a pleasant face.

At the age of thirteen he was put into a store, and he worked a year behind the counter for his board and clothing. At fourteen he was sent to the town school, where he was qualified for college, and entered the University of Missouri. His ability and application while a student are indicated by the fact of his being graduated at the university at the head of his class, being then but eighteen years of age.

Conceiving the idea that New Mexico was a promising quarter in which to pursue his profession, he went thither that same year. But a very large portion of the population were Spanish-speaking people, and ignorance of that language loomed up as a formidable obstacle to his progress.

He invested his savings in land, which he saw was sure to increase greatly in value, and these investments were the foundation of his fortune. His advancement in his profession and in the general estimation of his fellow citizens was rapid, and was retained after the election of Grant, whose official changes were most sweeping.

In 1872, he resigned this office and in the fall of the following year was elected to the National House of Representatives. "In Congress his intellectual strength," says one who knew him well, "his hard sound sense, his generous nature, and high-minded personal worth won him the friendship of the best men of all parties. This high regard, won by force of his own liberal merits, he has constantly kept, and it has changed only to be brightened by the lapse of time."

In 1875 he went to Europe, and when he landed in New York his return received the gratifying news that his friends had re-elected him to Congress in his absence. This, without his solicitation, was an eloquent testimonial of appreciation and regard from the citizens of his district. During this second term in Congress, Mr. Elkins was a prominent worker. His most notable achievement was his great speech advocating the admission of New Mexico as a State.

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THE OLD DINNER HORN.

I've heard many a strain that has thrilled me with joy. But none, I will say, since the day I was born. He pleased me so much as when a small boy. I heard on the farm the old dinner horn. The trumpet was tin, a yard or so long. And was blown for "the boys" at noon and at night. The monotone strain was piercing and strong. And sweet, for all that, was the old dinner horn. When building the fence or tilling the hay, Or rasping the grain in the corn, With appetit keen, 'neath the noon of the day. Oh! sweet to my soul was the old dinner horn. A mother's fond lips pressed the trumpet of tin. And blew her folk, "all beloved, to supper and corn; Oh! I hear even to the 'Welcome, come in.' Come in, my dear boys, to the sound of the horn." Those lips are now still, and the bosom is cold, Which sent to us boys the sound of the horn; She is waiting in sleep, beneath the dark mold, The archangel's trump and eternity's morn.

IN A NEW WORLD; Among the Gold Fields of Australia.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr. Author of "The Wolf in the Fold and Dare," "Bogged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER VIII. A VICTIM OF TREACHERY.

ALL the party felt relieved to be rid of Fletcher. Without being able to prove anything against him, all believed him to be unworthy of confidence. Now they were a united party, and whatever might be the hardships of the trip they were ready to sympathize and co-operate with each other.

They had already learned that it was no holiday trip they had undertaken. The bogs had already been referred to. In addition the heat was oppressive in the middle of the day. Then the numerous insects that infest Australia, the ants, bees and scorpions were most troublesome. They had to be very careful to avoid being bitten, for the bite of all these is severe and dangerous. On the day succeeding their parting from Fletcher, they accomplished, but six miles, the road being unusually swampy.

"I feel about tuckered out," said Obed, about the middle of the afternoon, just after he had extracted the team, by great personal effort, from a morass. "If I'd a known as much of the country before starting I wouldn't have started at all."

"It's a long road that has no ending," said Harry, smiling. "He too was very tired, but youth is hopeful."

"It's the worst country I ever traveled in by a long shot. If I ever make my pile, I'll take the first steamer back to Frisco."

"Who's that?" suddenly exclaimed Jack. Obed and Harry looking up saw a forlorn-looking figure approaching them. It was a man of middle age, and emaciated in appearance, looking the image of despair. He tottered rather than walked, from exceeding weakness.

"For Heaven's sake give me something to eat! I am almost famished!" he cried.

"Why certainly, friend," answered Obed, rising and advancing to meet the stranger. "We don't keep a first-class hotel, but you're welcome to what we've got. Are you travelin' alone?"

"Yes, if you call it traveling. I've been dragging myself along for several days, hoping to find somebody that would give me aid."

"Well, you've found somebody. Here, sit down, for you don't seem able to stand, and we'll provide for you. Harry, bring some biscuit and cold meat, won't you, and Jack had better build a fire. A cup of tea will put new life into you, my friend."

The biscuit were soaked in water and given to the stranger. He dettled them like a man in the last stages of hunger.

"Go slow, my friend. Your stomach must be weak," said Obed.

"If you only knew the gnawing at my vitals," said the new-comer. "I have not tasted food for three days."

"I never was in that fix, though I did go hungry for twenty-four hours once in California. You'd better believe I pitched in when I got to where victuals were."

"How did that happen, Mr. Stackpole?" asked Harry. "I was lost in the mountains," answered Obed, "and couldn't find any trace of a living creature except an old miser, who pointed at me, and said, 'I don't dare let me into his hut. I don't think I could have stood it three days.'"

"That goes to the right spot," said the stranger, after he had gulped down two cups of tea. "Now I'm ready to die without complaining."

"I didn't before you relieved my hunger. The food and the tea have put new life into me, as you predicted they would."

"Then go ahead, stranger. We're all anxious to hear your story."

"I am an Englishman," began the unknown, "and my name is Ralph Granger. When the report reached England of the richness of the Australian goldfields, I sold out my business, and was among the first to come out here. By the sale of my business I realized about five hundred pounds. Three hundred I left with my wife—I have no children—to keep her while I was gone. It is very fortunate that I took this precaution and left her so well provided for, since had I brought all my money with me, it would all have been lost."

The three adventurers looked at each other soberly. The ill fortune of their new acquaintance did not anger very well for their good fortune.

"Then you had bad luck," said Harry, inquiringly.

"On the contrary I had good luck," replied the stranger.

"Good luck!" repeated Harry in surprise. "Then how—"

"How did I come into this plight? That is what you were about to ask?"

"Yes." "You will soon learn. On reaching this country I was in doubt whether to go to Ballarat or Bendigo, but finally decided upon the latter."

"We are bound for Bendigo," said Jack.



"YOU CAN GO," SAID THE LEADER, POINTING TO OBED, "BUT THE BOYS REMAIN WITH US."

"So I inferred. Ballarat is in a different direction. Very well, I reached Bendigo three months since. For a time I was unlucky. I found next to no gold, and the prices of living used up about all the money I had left after the expense of getting there. Just when I was on the point of giving up in despair my luck turned. I made a strike, and during the next six weeks I unearthed gold to the value of a thousand pounds."

"That certainly wasn't bad luck." "It was extraordinarily good luck, and naturally drew the attention of the rest of the camp. This was unfortunate, for in such a settlement, as may well be supposed, there are many reckless adventurers, ex-convicts, and men utterly destitute of principle."

"Then you were robbed at the camp?" "Not then nor there. I took the precaution to send the greater part of my money to Melbourne by express. Destitute and lost, I have six hundred pounds in Melbourne awaiting my arrival, but for all that I should probably have starved to death but for my opportune meeting with you."

"Come, then, you've got something to live for after all," said Obed.

"Yes, you are right. Let me once get to Melbourne and I am all right. I shall buy a passage ticket to Liverpool, and carry with me the balance of my money. With all that I have lost I shall go home richer than I came."

"But how did you lose your money?" asked Jack, who was eager to have his curiosity gratified.

"When I got ready to leave the gold-fields, there was no party which I could join. I did not like to go alone. In this emergency a man who had been working an adjoining claim offered to go with me. He professed to have been fortunate, and to be ready to go back to the city. I saw no reason to distrust him, and accepted his proposal. We bought

each a horse, made other preparations, and set out together. He won upon my confidence, and I told him everything. He was very comfortably fixed himself, he told me, and was glad he had fallen in with me, as he had been afraid of being robbed on the journey. All went pleasantly for three days, but on the morning of the fourth day when I awoke I found myself alone. A little started, I felt for my gold, which I carried in a belt around my waist. It was gone, and so was my horse. Of course you guess how it happened. My companion had robbed me during the night, and left me in the woods utterly destitute."

"What was the name of your companion?" asked Obed, quickly.

"He called himself Fletcher."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Obed, slapping his leg with emphasis. "We know the gentleman a little ourselves."

CHAPTER IX. A DISAGREABLE SURPRISE.

"You have not met Dick Fletcher?" said Ralph Granger in surprise.

"Yes, we only parted from him this morning."

"Did he rob you?"

"No, but he tried to."

Here Obed gave an account of Fletcher's searching his pockets during the night.

"He thought I was sound asleep," he continued, "and so I was, but it doesn't take much to wake me. When I gripped his

"I hardly like to go alone," said Harry. "I am sorry, for your sake, that we are going the other way. You see we haven't made our pile yet, and must go on. I wish we were out back with our pockets well-lined. Although you have been robbed, you've got a good sum waiting for you in Melbourne."

"True; I shall be all right when I get there, but as I am at present situated, it seems very certain when I shall have that good fortune."

"I'll tell you what you'd better do, Granger. Come along with us, and join the first party we meet bound for the city. You will, at all events, be sure of your victuals till then."

"I believe your advice to be good, and will accept your kind invitation. When I met you I was about worn out, but the tea and food have put new life in me, and my strength has returned."

After an hour's halt, the little party resumed their march. They were compelled to go so slowly in consequence of the difficulties of the way, not caring, of course, to get ahead of the oxen, that Granger was easily able to keep up. He proved to be a pleasant addition to the party, and all were glad to have exchanged Fletcher for him. They were not destined to travel long together, however, for before night-fall they fell in with a party of eight men, bound for Melbourne. The two parties halted, and had a conference. Granger's story being told, they agreed to let him join their party, in consideration of a fair compensation which he agreed to make on his arrival at Melbourne.

"Good by, Granger," said Obed, as they parted. "I think you're all right now. I wish you good luck for the balance of your journey."

"Thank you, Mr. Stackpole," said Granger, grasping the Yankee's hand cordially. "If I do, I shall feel that I am indebted to you for my good fortune. I shudder to think what would have been my fate if I hadn't fallen in with you."

"Then don't think of it! Good by! Perhaps we shall meet again."

Granger also shook hands with Harry and Jack, and so they parted on the best of terms.

"I wonder whether we shall meet with any more of that mean skunk Fletcher's victims," said Obed. "He's in a pretty mean business."

"There's no doubt about that," said Harry. "I'd rather live poor all my life than live by fleecing my neighbors."

Toward the close of the day they entered a much pleasanter country. In place of sandy clay, baked hard in the sun, alternating here and there with a moist bog, they came to tall grass, trees of great height, and meadows suitable for grazing. The cattle reveled in the rich feed, and Obed suffered them to eat their fill, feeling that they had worked hard and deserved it. Though it was rather earlier than usual, they decided to encamp for the night near the margin of a creek, shaded by trees of a gigantic size.

Harry looked longingly at the clear stream, and a vision rose before him of a pond in his native town where he had been accustomed to bathe.

"Jack," said he, "let's have a swim." "In what you," said Jack, promptly. "I'll bet you a shilling I'll be in the water first."

"I'll make a try for it anyway." "But Jack, being more simply dressed, was at a disadvantage, and plunged into the creek first, for Harry was wearing half a minute behind. The boys swam, dived and frolicked as boys of their age will, and were loath to come out at the last. After their experience of mud and heat the bath seemed to them a delicious thing.

"I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I came to Australia," said Harry, with a deep sigh of satisfaction. "I wish I could have a bath every evening."

"So do I," said Jack. "I mean to have another to-morrow morning."

They slept soundly all night, but early in the morning a consciousness returned. Harry was startled by the sound of hearty laughter. He looked at Jack and Obed in amazement, but both were fast asleep. Indeed, the sound seemed to come from above. He looked up into the tree beneath which they had encamped, but could see no person concealed among the branches. He did, however, see a man looking down at him, and it dawned upon him that the laughter proceeded from it. He remembered now to have heard of the bird peculiar to Australia, popularly known as "the laughing jackass."

This was the first chance he had of hearing it, and he woke up Obed and Jack to hear it also.

"That beats all I ever heard," said Mr. Stackpole. "I wish he'd tell us what's the joke, and we'll laugh too."

This was not the only sound they heard. A flock of geese were seen roosting on the tree, and favored the party with their discordant cries. They are described as having "most sharp and rasping voices."

"If that's singing," said Obed, "I shan't be afraid to try myself."

"Don't you sing, Mr. Stackpole?" asked Jack, smiling. "I thought I could once, when I was in my teens. I attended a singing school, and went in the attic Sunday mornin' to practice. Soon my father was the foot of the stairs, and asked me what I meant by sawin' boards up in the attic Sunday mornin'."

Of course, the boys laughed, but in spite of

that, he concluded he'd tackled the wrong man.

"Did you part company with him then?" "No; he pretended he had been in search of matches, and I pretended to believe it, but kept a good lookout. Last evening we stopped at 'The Travelers' Rest,' and Harry, here, overheard him and the landlord on in the woods concealing a scheme to rob me, so I just told the gentleman his room was better than his company and he cleared out."

"I am afraid he will turn up again," said Granger, apprehensively.

"We'll try to be ready for him," said Obed, coolly, "but I don't mean to borrow any trouble."

By this time their new acquaintance had satisfied his hunger. He turned gratefully to Obed Stackpole.

"How can I thank you for your great kindness?" he said earnestly. "I feel that you have saved my life."

"Tut, tut," said Obed, "I've only done as you would have done in my place. Obed Stackpole isn't the man to let any one go hungry when he has enough and to spare. But finish your story, my friend. How long is it since you parted company with that skunk, Fletcher?"

"I think it is only seven days, but it has seemed a month."

"And didn't you meet anybody human enough to relieve your hunger?" "Yes, during the first four days, but not for the last three. Part of the time I lost my way, and did not meet any one. I hope you will never know such torments as I have in that time."

"Amen to that! And now, my friend, what are your plans?" "I should like to go back to Melbourne," said the stranger, hesitatingly. "If you say so, we'll fit you out with three days' provisions, and you can push on."

Obed's disclaimer, thought they would prefer listening to him to the cockatoos.

They got ready to move at seven, the boys having made sure of a bath first. They were not destined to proceed far, however. About ten o'clock, as they were skirting the woods...

"What can they want?" ejaculated Harry, with a startled look. "I expect they are bushrangers," said Obed, quietly.

CHAPTER X.

FLETCHER TURNS UP AGAIN.

HARRY DIDN'T need to be told that bushrangers in Australia correspond to bandits in Italy and highwaymen in other countries. The escaped convicts and desperate characters who are naturally attracted to a new country, readily adopted the wild and lawless life of the bushrangers...

Though Obed Stackpole betrayed no emotion, but was outwardly quiet, his heart sank within him when he saw the bushrangers strung along the road. "I guess our trip to the mines must be given up," said he, in a low voice to Harry...

"Look, Obed," he said, eagerly, "at that man on the extreme end of the line. Stories of his outrages were common enough, and among the dangers apprehended in a journey to or from the mines, that of meeting with a party of this genre was perhaps the most dreaded."

"Do you surrender?" he asked in brief, commanding accents. "I think we shall have to, squire," answered Obed, to whom the demand was naturally addressed.

"Are we prisoners of war? I didn't know for my part that there was any war in this country. I have no money to pay ransom, and I have the stern reply, 'You must give up what money you have about you.'"

"Peace, fool! Produce whatever you have of value." "I haven't got much. You've tackled the wrong man, squire."

"Fletcher, search that man!" said the captain of the band. Dick Fletcher dismounted from his horse, and with evident alacrity advanced to the side of the Yankee.

"I think we've met before," said Obed, significantly. "I think we have," said the outlaw, showing his teeth. "I told you we should meet again."

"I can't say I'm overjoyed at the sight. However, I respect your word when you sink your own self in your true colors, than when you sneaked up to me at night, and searched my pockets, pretending all the while to be my friend."

"Take care how you talk!" said Fletcher, frowning. "Yesterday you were three to one, now you are in my power."

"So you're a highway robber, are you, Fletcher? Well, I can't say I'm very much surprised. I guess that's what you're most fit for."

"Do you want me to kill you?" said Fletcher, touching his hip pocket. "It isn't safe for you to insult me."

"Just so! You have a right to be brave with all them men on your side," said the leader, impatiently. "What are you doing there, Dick Fletcher? Why don't you proceed to business?" demanded the leader, impatiently.

"Empty your pockets, Stackpole!" said Fletcher, in a peremptory tone. "All right."

The Yankee plucked his hands into his pockets, and produced in succession a jack-knife, a pipe, tobacco, a bunch of keys, and a couple of buttons.

"Take 'em, Fletcher," he said, "if you want 'em more than I do."

"What do you mean with this tomfoolery?" demanded Fletcher, perceiving an impatient frown on the face of his chief. "Hand over your money."

"I guess you've got a bank note, Fletcher. You've done it before," answered Obed, imperturbably. "I've mislaid my money, and you may know where it is better than I do."

Fletcher took him at his word, and proceeded to search, using some roughness about it. "Be careful, Fletcher," said Obed. "I'm a tender plant, and mustn't be roughly handled."

"Bip open his clothes," said the leader, impatiently. "He has some place of concealment for his gold, but it won't avail. We shall find it."

"Fletcher whipped out a knife and was about to obey directions, but Obed anticipated him. 'I'll save you the trouble, Fletcher,' he said. 'As you're bound to have the money, I may as well give it you. Just hand over that jack-knife, won't you?'"

Fletcher hesitated, not understanding his meaning. "O, I'll give it back to you if you want it, but I need it to get the money."

Upon this the knife was given back to him. Obed cut open the lining of his pantaloons, and drew out four dollars in bank notes. They were creased and soiled, but this did not impair their value.

"I guess that's what you were after," said Obed. "I can't say you've come to them, but that doesn't make any difference to you, I take it."

"It is, squire."

"Be careful what you say, for if we catch you in a lie, we'll string you up to the nearest tree." "It's as true as preachin' squire, I never lie. I'm like the Washington. I dare say you've heard of him."

A further search was made, but no money was found. Harry got to take care then, as you may believe that the outlaw would have carried out his threat.

"The fellow here fooled you, Fletcher?" said the captain sternly. "Take care how you bring us any more false reports."

"There are the boys," suggested Fletcher uncomfortably under the rebuke. "Send 'em away!"

This was done, or rather it would have been done, had not Harry and Jack, fully realizing the futility of resistance, produced promptly some money. "So much, however had been spent for the outfit, that between them they could only muster about seven pounds."

"Humph!" said the captain contemptuously, "that's a big haul upon my word!" "There are the cattle and supplies," said Fletcher.

"Humph!" will be of use. Here, Peter, do you and Hugh drive the team into the woods, and prepare some dinner for the band. We will be there directly."

"Two men, unmounted, who seemed to be servants, came forward, and proceeded to obey orders. 'Hold on, squire!' exclaimed Obed in alarm. 'I can't take our team with me.'"

"Most certainly I am. If you had had a large sum in money, we would have spared you this. As it is, we must have them."

"But you start without money or food." "That is nothing to me." "Well, boys, come along," said Obed in a dependent tone. "Our prospects ain't over bright, but something may turn up."

Meanwhile there was a quiet conference among the bushrangers. "Hold!" said the captain, as Harry and Jack were about to leave the scene with their older companion. "You can go," turning to Obed, "but the boys remain with us."

(To be continued.)

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

A HORSE THAT LIKED PETTING.

An ambulance driver was talking with a reporter the other day as he familiarly patted a large roan horse on the neck. "That's about the most intelligent horse I have ever seen," said the driver.

"About two years ago he was put before an ambulance for the first time. He was a very young horse then, and of course very frisky and unruly. Anything like an unnecessary noise seemed to excite him so that it was a difficult matter to manage him at all. When hurrying through the streets the noise of the gong had various effects upon him. At one time he would tear along at a rate that threatened destruction to the ambulance and death to all in it, and it seemed an utter impossibility to check him. At another time he would stubbornly refuse to move faster than a walk, in spite of all the beating that we might give him. To find some cure for this unruliness became a source of endless anxiety to us. We tried several plans, but each one proved a signal failure. Finally we discovered an effective method by mere accident. One day we were about starting off to get an injured man, when I left Bill for a moment standing near the curb stone in charge of my little boy. When I came back to get my dog, Bill was quietly eating some oats and the little fellow was feeding him from his hands. I immediately allowed him to finish eating what the boy had, and then got in the ambulance and drove off."

"Well, I had no trouble at all in that trip in getting Bill to go good. Of course I had to give him oats, but the rest of the fellows laughed at me when I told them of it. 'Still I was not to be discouraged in that way, and so the next day I tried feeding him about once a week, and tried to devise some other means of conquering his friskiness. I liked the horse and hated to part with him, and yet things could not go on as they had done. I was running a great risk every time I drove him."

"Soon after this I stood patting Bill on the neck and feeding him with my hands, when word came that a man had been injured down town. I started immediately, and strange to say, I never drove a more docile horse. I then became convinced that Bill's good behavior and oats had some very intimate connection, but just what that connection was I could not say. But as I eventually discovered, it depended simply on the manner in which you fed him. My boy had given him his oats out of his own hands, but in my first trial I had merely set them before him in a measure. The second time, I remembered, I had also fed him with my hands. This led me to believe that he liked to be petted and thought much of. Convinced of this, I made the trial of feeding him from my hand, and it worked to perfection. By resorting to this method we have obtained perfectly satisfactory work from Bill ever since."

SHE WANTED ELIZABETH, ANYHOW.

HEX affections center upon a doll whose name—the longest her tongue could frame at the time it was bestowed—is Elizabeth. For some misdemeanor of unusual gravity this young lady was sent to bed at an early hour, and in the woe attending the infiction of this punishment she forgot to take her dinner. She desisted, Elizabeth to share her concern. Realizing her desolation she summoned her mother by calls from the chamber:

"Mamma? I want Elizabeth. Please bring Elizabeth to me."

This mitigation of the penalty was denied; but the demand was repeated, each refusal being followed by a yet more petulant request, until finally there came a suggestion of the last resort of maternal discipline:

"Nellie, I am afraid I shall have to come up and punish you."

Quick came the response, punctuated with sobs:

"Well, when you come up, please bring Elizabeth!"

A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

MARSHAL Castellane had a mania for questioning his officers about their families, says Temple Bar, his invariable mode of interrogation being: "What is your father's profession? your mother's, and your sister's?"

This stereotyped repetition became at last so wearisome that some of his younger subalterns agreed on the following reply, to be given by each in turn.

"My father is a shoemaker, my mother a laundress, and my sister is very flighty."

On the evening Sunday, after the usual military parade, the marshal, who had already received the same answer to his questions from three officers, turned to the fourth, and recommenced in his accustomed strain:

"What is your father's profession?" "He is a shoemaker." "And your mother's?" "She is a laundress." "That will do," interrupted the chief; "I know the rest; your sister is very flighty, and you will consider yourself confined to barracks until she behaves better."

BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE.

SOME facts mentioned by Dr. Richardson, the English physiologist, suggest the possibility of restoring persons to life after actual death. By combining artificial circulation with artificial respiration, a dog was restored to life sixty-five minutes after having been killed by an overdose of chloroform, the heart having become perfectly still and cold; and frogs killed by nitrate of amyli were restored after nine days of apparent death, signs of putrefactive change having appeared in one case. A quite startling effect is produced by peroxide of hydrogen in reanimating the blood and restoring heat to a really dead body. These observations, in the opinion of Mr. W. Matteo Williams, justify the contention that drowned and suffocated men are not hopelessly dead so long as the bodily organs remain uninjured by violence or disease, and the blood remains sufficiently liquid to be set in motion artificially and supplied with a little oxygen to start the chemical movements of life.

STRICTLY TRUEFULH.

"I've just been to call on old Mrs. Perkins," said Miss De Vere as she met Miss Porcine on the street; "but she wasn't in."

"How fortunate," returned Miss Porcine. "She's such a bore. Of course you left word that you were so sorry not to see her."

"No, I didn't; because I wasn't sorry, you know, and I don't believe in these social bids."

"What did you say?" "Oh! I was sorry she couldn't see me before I left the city; you know she's blind, poor thing, and I am sorry for that."

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"Oh!"

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FADED LEAVES

BY ALICE CAREY.
The hills are bright with maples yet,
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
As dry as autumn's eye.

ADVENTURES WITH CHEETAHS.

BY WILLIAM DODGE.
OUR of India very little is known about the cheetah. Some years ago they had one in the Central Zoo, London, but, being pressed for room, they put him in the cage with a Bengal tiger.

would have been made; but, even with so short a distance separating it from the object of its pursuit, it fell back so quickly into the darkness when the hunter's face was toward it that he could not get a shot at it.

At about three o'clock in the morning the hunter began to feel very drowsy, and sitting down with his back against a tree, he determined to watch and think until morning.

My own personal experience of the cheetah is limited to a single adventure, possibly more amusing than dangerous; and yet I should hardly care to have it happen often. I was in an innmate of what was called a boarding-house, but what was really a hotel at Jubnaper.

The cheetah never springs upon a man whose eyes are fixed upon him; but let the traveler remain for many minutes with his back to his pursuer, and his life is pretty nearly in the power of the animal.

He started at sundown to cross an entirely uncultivated and uninhabited country, extending over a space of about eighty miles. He was armed with the long and not very effective musket used by men of his profession, and, as usual, it was loaded, not with ball, but with an immense charge of powder and a handful of slugs, such as would kill a deer at close quarters, but which would not be trusted to slay a tiger or a cheetah, unless at very short range.

While still engaged in searching the canvas bag in which he thought he had placed them, his attention was attracted by two bright objects that seemed to flash upon him from a distance of nearly two hundred yards away, and he knew that a cheetah was watching him.

EXCHANGES.

S. D. Barrett, Farmer's Mills, N. Y. A Vol. of the Youth's Companion for a harmonica, worth \$1.50.
R. Edmunds, 346 Clarendon St., New Orleans, La. Back papers, etc., of the Foreign and United States Standard. Duplicate wanted. Send lists.
Oliver Watson, Greenfield, Mass. A pair of sidewalk boots, size 10, for adventures, for the same amount with 15 views, for Vols. I, II, and III, to date, of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

MAILS AND CORRESPONDENTS
PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

L. V. R., Lew. Me. To obtain our yearly subscription free, you must send us your yearly subscribers.
L. L. R., White Bear Lake, Minn. The New Orleans Exposition will reopen Nov. 10th, and will close March 31, 1887.
O. W., Greenfield, Mass. 1. Newspaper directories fail to credit Alaska with a single newspaper.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 182

ORIGINAL contributions are solicited for this department. Write on one side of the paper only, and apart from all other communications.
W. B., Newark, N. J. Here are the titles of some of our juvenile magazines of England, from The Boy's Own Paper, Boy's Standard, Chatterbox, Every Boy's Magazine, Young England and Young Men of Great Britain.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 147.

No. 1. Milton's Paradise Lost.
No. 2. K A C
N O S I G
A L M E N S B A N D E S
K L E W E R C A T O U G H S
N E L I D A C E L A T U R E
S A B I N E C R E U M E N
O P E R S K E E N
C A S S Y S E N N A
No. 3. Furbelow. No. 5. Dogdays.
No. 6. H O
S I N
B E A I N T E R
A C E H A R D I O N
A C E H O S E
O P E R S K E E N
S I R V E N T E
H I N D O S T A N
O N S E N T A T I O E

NO. 7. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

No. 8. D O
D E P I G
S I A R A S T A L L
S E A C A S W I L L I S
D I A C R I T I C S T E R E S M A N
D I A C R I T I C A L D I A C R I T I C A L
T R A I F O R E D G L A M I N A S
A T T I R E S L A C E S
C A S S Y S E N N A
L R
No. 9. Tomato-soup.

SOLVERS LIST, No. 147.

Complete lists were received from Bids, King Arthur, By Law, Gooval, Will I Am, Ed. Ward, A. Solter, Ha-La, Jo Mullins, The General, Elbert and Donna Telore. Incomplete from Pearl, Tom A. Hawk, Mahad, Norry Norray, Rex Ford, Moonshine, Odoacer, Black Raven, Memphis, North Star, Madcap and Myrtle, Dreadnaught, Clamshell, Bo Peep, Intrepid, May B., Hermit, Miles, M. K. and M. J. Widaway, Asprun, P. Elliot, Nestor, Cruise, Athens, Azul, Viola, Hocla, Taurans, Florence, Alpha, St. Elmo, Cohanent, I. D. H., D. J. and Lord Nelson, Leroy, Charlie Davis, S. H. G., Plexus, Thumminight, John Irwin, Jay Foss, G. F. Fischowitz, Byrneche, and Redcap. Total 60.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Complete List.—BOLLS.
Second Complete List.—D. J. POLLS.
Best Answer in Rhyme.—HA. HA.
Neat List.—MOONSHINE.
First Solution to No. 10.—BRENCH.
CONTRIBUTORS ACKNOWLEDGED.
ELBERT: 2 DIAMONDS; REX FORD, J. O. K. HEXAGON; RECAP; 1 CAMBRIDGE HEXAGON, 1 REDCAP PYRAMID; CHARLIE DAVIS 1 SQUARE, 1 D. J. LINDSAY; TOM A. HAWK, 1 STAR; D. J. POLLS, 1 WIDWAY; MAMMOT, 1 ANAGRAM; THE GENERAL, 1 DIAMOND.
NEW PUZZLES.
No. 1. ANAGRAM.
OUR DEPARTED CHIEF IS GONE TO A LAST REST.
Put flags at half mast, display emblems of sorrow.
Let unburied bells toll, the deep canyon of grief.
At last he has entered eternity's morrow.
The soul of that grim man has fled from this 'shore.
Emshored the old colors, in sable drapery shrouded.
Let unburied bells toll, the deep canyon of grief.
The hero, our chief, now rests from his labors.
His spirit has gone from a mountain to the clouds.
LIMA, OHIO.
No. 2. ENTOMOLOGY.
(To "King Arthur.")
1. A letter; 2. A gilding; 3. Avenues; 4. Genus of plants. (Bot.); 5. The insipid juice of a tree of the

genus Arctocarpus; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 3. PENTAGON.
(To "Hermit.")
1. A letter; 2. Seema ("Wor. Supp. Obs."); 3. English post (1796-1821); 4. A geographical mile; 5. A blast made by putting the powder into cracks of rocks; 6. A petted, indulged, spoiled child, who is spoiled in working machine; 7. To be careless; 8. Compound ethers (Sapp.); 9. Species of cod.
NEW BRIDLE, PA. ST. ELMO.
No. 4. TRANSPORTION.
(To "Maid Lynn.")
I raise my eyes toward the sky's
Innumerable mountains,
Where, in the north, the prime beams forth
Betwixt Andromeda and Arcturus.
But west my gaze falls on the maze
Of matters and amusements mystic,
A squib I use third into my eye,
But, list! I'm getting epistemic.
Ah, brighter far than any star
That thods the heavenly vault illumine
Glitters in my sight, and bodes light
Of puzzleistical ascension!
RUTHERFORD, N. Y. BOLLS.
No. 5. SQUARE.
1. Certain ornaments; 2. A kind of shell (Wor.); 3. A genus of plants; 4. Arctocarpus; 5. A circle (Obs.); 6. Pure; 7. A word peculiar to the art of navigation.
OLNEY, ILL. BLACK RAVES.
No. 6. SQUARE.
1. A silver coin of Persia; 2. In her, springing forward (Imperial Dict., Edition of 1860); 3. An Arabic name of the moon; 4. A director (Obs.); 5. A town in India; 6. Feigns; 7. In 1820; 8. A feudatory.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. THEBESUS.
No. 7. ENTOMO.
Some find in union highest strength;
This 'tis not the case with me.
But I'm one, and I'm not one;
I might a thousand be.
In fact my head alone is that,
But you, when you love me,
For should you strike it off, its use
Would be forever in my eye.
You see me singularly formed,
Of only head and foot;
Glitters are the wings, and bodes light
For body, too, to boot!
I'm one of mine, Behold me now
By me consoled and bound;
For, truth to tell, we're fickle friends,
When I consent, rarely found.
I've nothing to beget of you.
Perhaps, for a while,
That should you take me quite away
I should have none the less.
Methinks you paid me court long since;
Do not know me by this time?
If so, for such you're sure to find
Amusement in my rhyme.
FREEPORT, ILL. HAPPY THOUGHT.
No. 8. DIAMOND.
(To "Boston Boy.")
1. A letter; 2. A gilding; 3. Avenues; 4. Genus of plants; 5. Arctocarpus; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 9. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 10. DIAMOND.
1. Small letters; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 11. A letter.
BOOLEY, N. Y. PEARL.
No. 12. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 13. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 14. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 15. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 16. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 17. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 18. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 19. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.
No. 20. DIAMOND.
A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensure; 4. To be a; 5. A genus of plants; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7. A Musselman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.
MAHDEA.