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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

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 cast. 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

a deep purple tone, into which the distant horizon melted.

Suddenly, very faint and far away, ounded the tinkle of a bell. Had Suddenly, very faint and far away, sounded the turkle 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 far-away tinkle struck 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 lime toward the glory which the sinking sun had left behind.

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 eye. The men who belonged to it were dressed in rough compents made

natted. 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 great turban-like caps of bear-skin. A long roll of coarse linen, like a surgeson's bandage, served instead of boots and stockings. It was twined about the foot, and up the leg to the knee. This bandage was perlaps an inch in thickness round the foot, and afforded capital provection again the same states of the same of

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

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 salequend 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.
"Drascovitch! you speak all languages.
Come and talk to them."
The old man whom the leader had addressed as Drascovitch, 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 borsemen 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

"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," re-plied the other. "This old fellow is going to examine him."

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

The state of the fires had been reskindled, and in its fiftul 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 hue of health upon the pale checks 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 profered 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 Drascovitch sat down beaside him, and beckoned the Americans, which had been made ready for him. He was laid down tenderly, and well covered. Old Drascovitch sat down beaside him, and beckoned the Americans gravely filled their pipes, and, having secured a light from the fire, sat down.

"Old it, Harold," said the one who had sits no trouble to you."

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



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 cassed; and as the travelers listened, each with a foreinger upon the trigger of his weapon, they heard a faint pounding of the earth, and two men on borseback 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.

CHAPTER II.

DRASCOVITCH 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.

accompany us to the with his escort.

"We camped about ten miles away from the camped about ten miles away from the camped about ten miles away from the campany and the campany to the campany to the campany ten are the campany here, as nearly as I can guess. There were fifteen of us altogether; for Colonel Nikoloff had ten men with him, and we had two Rushat een men with him, and we had two Russian servants. We were quietly settled for the night—or at least we funcied so—when a sund on the darkness, 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 wonded and that some were wonded and that some were who had spring up with us fell to the ground. My friend and so that one or two of them seemed to be struggling 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

I am arrand the escort were all killed by the Kirghis."

Drascovitch translated this statement in Russian.

"Colonel Nikloloff3' cried one in the outsity of the crowd, pushing eagerly forward. "Is that Colonel Nikloloff 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 1" he cried.

"Bring me a light 1" he cried.

"Bring me a light 1" he cried.

"Bring wounded this way through the erowd, and kneeling above the figure on the ground, peered closely into his face.

"Bring me a light 1" he cried.

"Bring me a light 1" he cried.

"Bring wounded man's face, gave a cry of recognition, and training to the leader, spoke rapidly for a moment.

"Drascovitch," said Harold, "called out to us to mount; and those who were able, did sto when the well as the suddenness of the attack that we had shot in return. Indeed, we could scarcely tell where the enemy were shotel, and make straight for the east. We should, "and make straight for the east. We should have a safely a way fred, and one of the bullets struck hand on the old man." Swell when a fresh voltage in the colonel structure is a straight for the east. We should have a safely a way fred, and one of the bullets struck hand the merchant, regarding the wounded man's who they were."

"He had scarcely yellow when a fresh voltage in me the mean of the structure of the structure of the straight for the order." The colonel, "said Harold, "called out to us to mount; and those who were able, did sto mount; and those who were able, did sto mount; and those who were able, did so the mount; and those who were able, did so the mount; and those who were able, and the standard, and we had had not time to think who they were."

"He lad scarcely tell where the enemy were startled by we could scarcely tell where the enemy were startled by we could scarcely tell where the enemy were startled by we could scarc

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 glame of the camp-fire had dazeled us a little. But we began to see now that a perfect 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 know where I was, I found myself beyond them; and seeing my friend at my side, I made my loose trans as fast as I well knew how to make him. He enemy followed us for eight or ton nine. See nearly as I can guess, and other or twice we could then about the second them and fire They were coverally dogs, and when we had dropped two or three of them who had ventured within pistol shot, the rest draw off. Just then we saw your 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 would not have run away."

"And you know nothing of the fate of them you left behind?" said Druscovitch, gravely."

"Held you sentine?"

"There were two men told off for duty."

men you sorgravely."

"Nothing."

"Had you sentinels?"

"There were two men told off for duty."

"So you are friends of Colonel Nikoloff's?"

"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

seems?" said Harold, laughing at the old man's enthusiasm.

"Friend to the Turks!" said Drascovitch, but years a the butcher, or the wolf? Why should I do anything but hate the Turk?" said Jack.

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

"You are a brave young man," said Drascovitch, but you are not a wise one, or you come from the outlete, and Turkey the lamb."

"You are a brave young man," said Drascovitch, but you are not a wise one, or you can not a Russian but a Bulgarian, and for many and many a year the Turks have been the oppressors of my people."

"All'said Harold, "Bulgarian. I know Bulgaria pretty well. What part of the country do you come from?"

"I come from Kesanlyk," 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 Hassim Bey? The cy of the widow and the fatherless will not always rise to heaven in vain."

"Is Hassim Bey Our enemy?" asked Jack. "My father was shob by order of his grandfather?"

The Bulgarian looked at him with a dult grow heaving heaving the properties of the widow and the fatherless will not always rise to heaven in vain."

"Is Hassim Bey your enemy?" asked Jack. "My father was shob by order of his grandfather?"

The Bulgarian looked at him with a dult grow heaving heaving heaving the widow. "I was all the properties of the properties. "I nurse revenge," he said, striking him and all his house." His eyes opened with a widden flash of hatred as he spoke. He laid his hand and pon the young man's win wind with a sudden flash of hatred as he spoke. He laid his hand upon the young man's win wind with a sudden flash of hatred as he would have leave the properties. "I nurse revenge," he said, striking him and all his house." His eyes opened with a wind he will have been a summer of

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 Alika Bey and my father's murder. And I have not forgotten how my mother's bare feet 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 ome a day for the Bulgarians yet, when they will have vengeance upon the accursed Turk."

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL NIKOLOFF ENLISTS A SECRET AGENT.

COLOME. NIKOLOFF EMISTS A SECRET AGENT.

BY the first light of dawn, the caravan was once
more astir. Harold Fiercey 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.

pale smile.

The same of first and a second of the same of
Jack told him the story of the previous night's
escape.

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

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

"To whom can they look for help?" asked Colonel Nikoloff.
"They can only look to Heaven," the old man

""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 asy. The day is coming near when your people will be freed from the Turkish yoke. I cannot they out the freed from the Turkish yoke. I cannot they out the freed from the Turkish yoke. I cannot the they out they be but your brothers, the Russians! We are all of one blood, and the shame of your slavery is ours. We shall not endure it long. We are preparing ow. Why do you think Russian officers went into fine blood, and the shame of your slavery is ours. We shall not endure it long. We are preparing ow. Why do you think Russian officers went into into Servia? The way is being paved for a great war, and it will come to pass behere long."

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

"Would you do anything to help to bring it about!" asked the colone!

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

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

"For what purpose?" asked the old man, shak its proposed of the colone of the cold 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 and to help us. We shall give them weapons, so that they can hold their own against the Turks, whilst we go southward. We want them to you can help us. It will not be an unprofitable service. The Russian government pays its secret agents liberally. Will you go, and see how the people at Kesaniyk—the Bulgarian people—think and feel? Sound them carefully and cautiously. Do not commit yourself. Take nobody into your con help us. It will not be an unprofitable service. The Russian government pays its secret and the proposed and the carefully and cautiously. Do not commit yourself. Take nobody into

"I will but go to Moscow," answered Drascovitch, "and arrange my affairs." Moscow," said the colonel, the time is going in Moscow," said the colonel, 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 it so, your excellency," said Drascovitch.

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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 sit-ting 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

oolong.

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

Drascovitch advanced and saluted the sick man, who half raised himself to return his greeting. The many has a single the return his greeting. The many has a single the return his greeting. The many has a single return his greeting. The many not have long to wait for vengeance after all."

"He may not have long to wait for vengeance where the cast soud. At the manual properties of the many of the third day, the caravan haited three miles from Kimikova, and on the Nothing had been heard of the men of Colonel Nikoloff accort, and it was naturally concluded that all of them had been slain by the Kirghis. Old Drascovitch had by this time become so much attached to his patient, that he entrusted the sale to mire the colonel. Jack and Harold also remained at Klimikova, making occasional excursions into the desert.

As (clonel Nikoloff grew better, Jack and Harold pare themselves more blierty, and their town the cast of the colonel grave themselves more blierty, and their summer hight, when the hum of the little town came peacefully up to the overhanging balcony in which the old man and the colonel arther the system of the colonel gradually five Drascovitch in the speak of the annual proposed to talk; and the colonel gradually five Drascovitch on to speak of the days of his poverty, and the side that a story he had a side of the place of th awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low, she waited developments, and stood prepared to spring upon his ratship. At

named Raguideau.

Madame, who had great faith in her legal advisor, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after her engagement to Bonaparte, who, as nausal, 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. On Riguideau to describe the season of the seas

EMORY STORRS ON MILLIONAIRES.

One day a group of millionaires who 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:

service. The Russian government pays its secret agents liberally. Will you go, and see how the people at Kesaniyk—the Bulgarian people—think and feel? Sound them carefully and cautusly, look commit yourself. Take nobody into your confidence until you are quite sure of him. If you go the sure of him. If you go that? If you fall, you are a martyr to the cause of liberty."

"I will go," the old man said firmly, after deliberting for a moment.

"I have done of the comment of the commen

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IF I WERE YOU

Why did he look so grave? she saked. What might the trouble be. "My little maid," he sighing said, "Suppose that you were me, And you a weighty secret owned, Pray tell me what you'd do?" "think I'd tell it somebody." Said she, "if I were you!

Bad she, "If I were you!"

But still he sighed and looked aska
Despite her sympathy.
"Oh, tell me, little maid," he said
Again, "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
Oh then what would you do?"
"I think I'd go and tell her se,"
Said she "if I were you!"

Baid she "II I were you!" he said,
"Alone are dear to me.
Ah, then, she turned away her head,
And the 'er a word said she,
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered too—
O no, I cannot tell you this;
I'd guess, if I were you!

Footprints in the Forest.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, r of "Camp-fire and Wignoam," "The Lost!
"Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and
Nellie," etc., etc.

> CHAPTER XXXI. A FATAL FAILURE.

DEERPOOT the Shawane made known only a few of the thoughts which troubled hin, when he hurried Jack Carleton and Otto Relstanb forward with orders to make no tarrying (except to cover their footprints), until they should reach the distant ridge, where, as I have stated, he hoped to join them.

of the Paymees to return as soon, that then was get safely away. Accordingly the daring rogue safely away. Accordingly the daring rogue safely away. Accordingly the daring rogue safely away. Accordingly the woods to the ridge, from which he had just fied in such mortal fear.

The result of the Paymee (who was the one held captive by Deerfoot and Hay-ata the night before agree of the payment of

given himself wholly up to the divine joy of the hour.

While he sat thus guns were fired, shouts were uttered, and signals were sent out that were in-tended for the ear of the Sank alone, but he was no more conscious and the sank alone, but he was no more conscious alone he alone the sank alone. The was the sank alone he had been more immov-shib than he.

No sature in winecommunication able than he.
Studying the countenance of the Sauk warrior,
Deerfoot noticed the radiant light which seemed to
glow through every feature, and which told of the
great peace what was brouding in his heart.

Oh blessed hope! as free to the begger at the gate as to the master within the palace; to the sinking mariner, as to the sceptred king; to the savage in the depths of his own solitudes, as to those who listen to the silver chimes of magnificant cent churches; thou art free to every man, woman and child, and to the uttermost islands of the sea think had in ever stretched forth to save the perishing everywhere.

Deerfoot stood lower down the slope, where he instinctively screened himself behind a tree. He was watching the countenance of his friend, and speculating as to what his emotions were, when he saw atching the countenance of his friend, and speculating as to what his emotions were, when half yemployd.

Still lower down the slope, and about the same distance from Hay-uta as was Deerfoot, a Pawnee warrior who was creeping forward, noiselessly roose to the upright position. He was bent so fow at first that Deerfoot failed to see him; but, when he shawnoe shrank back a few inches, no as to hide himsell. Then he watched the Pawnee, who was less than a hundred feed distant.

The first sight of him showed Deerfoot that he was the warror whom he and Hay-uta captured the night before, and who was given his liberty by tax, who, you remember, played the part of Pocahontas to Captain John Smith. The whole thing was a scheme of the Sauk, who hoped thereby to make a "friend at court," and to secure an ally who ho would give them help in their quest for Otto Rube.

Relataub.

The Pawnee, therefore, saw before him the party who, he must have believed, saved his life, when the captive was in such despair that he sang his death-song, and bowed his head to receive the blow of the upraised tomahawk. Common gratique would have bound the l'awnee to his preserver coi fic.

death-song, and bowed his head to receive the blow of the upraised tomahawk. Common gratitude would have bound the Pawnee to his preserver for life.

For the control of the start of the control of the

CHAPTER XXXII. "THE PRAYER OF HAY-UTA IS THE PRAYER OF

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE PRAYER OF HAY-UTA IS THE PRAYER OF DEERFOOL."

DEERFOOT knew the extent of the fatal accident the instant it took place. There was no means at command for repairing it, but, in the hope of arousing Hay ut and disconcerting the sim of the arousing Hay ut and disconcerting the sim of the was capable, and dashed toward the traitor. He had flung aside his useless bow and heid his toma-hawk in his teth hand.

He failed in both his deliverable was capable, and dashed toward the traitor. He had flung aside his useless bow and heid his toma-hawk in his teth hand.

He failed in both his del had a few seconds move been at his service. The frightful cry did arouse the Sauk but it hardly passed the lips of the Shaw ance when the gun of their enemy was freed, and Hay-uta, lesping half way to his feet, fell back mortally wounded. Saw the raging Shawance realing.

The hawken saw the raging Shawance realing. The hard had been at his service. The raging Shawance realing the man who theresteed his life only such a short time before. The weapon was drawn but half way from his gridle, when the self-with the same who had been allowed to the his toward had been allowed to the his service when his keeped, Deerfoot sent his half-suppressed shriek he went to the earth, every spark of lied driven from his body.

Deerfoot stood for a moment, panting and glaring like a tiger at the miscreant whom he had brought his foundark, he turned and walked toward the Sauk, knowing it was too late to help him.

A long time before when the rife on which the young warror relied flashed in the pan, he fing the weapon into the Ohio, and returned to his wondard the Sauk, knowing it was too late to help him.

A long time before when the rife on which the young warror relied flashed in the pan, he fing the weapon into the object with the took his bromahawk, he turned and walked toward the Sauk knowing it was too late to help him.

A long time before when the rife on which theyong warror relied flashed in the pan, he fing the weapon into

smile?" he asked, in a voice as now a mother.
"Hay-uta was looking at the clouds in the sky and he saw the face of the Great Spirit that Deerfoot told him about.
"He smiled and showed he loved Hay-uta,—who sees him again," added the dying warrior, turning

his gaze toward the billowy clouds, tinted with gold in the rays of the declining sun. "He smiles and is waiting for me."

A divine joy suffused the heart of the Shawanoe, when he not only heard these words, but noted the expression which illuminated the contenance when he not only heard these words, but noted the expression which illuminated the contenance when he not only heard these words, but noted the expression which illuminated the contenance when he had been declared the expression which illuminated the contenance when he had sain the only Pawnee in the immediate neighborhood, but he could not take it for the contenance of the

fail him when he points it at use deer or as menemy."
"It is the Great Spirit who guides the arrow and builet," was the characteristic response of the Shawanne. "Deerfoot will use the bow no more; the spirit spirit specific properties of the spirit specific properties of the spirit specific properties. The vill think of Hay-uts and the gun will be better in the hands than his bow." "Then Deerfoot will be greater than any hunter in the west," was the remark of his friend, and that he was a true prophet will be shown by the incidents in which the Shawance was soon called to take part.

dents in which the Shawanco was soon called to take part. In warrior had no wish to hear the de-served compliments at such a time, for he saw that only a few more words could full from the lips of the Sauk. Still holding the hand tenderly in his own, he asked in a gentler voice, "Does my brother see the face of the Great Spirit now?" that were crowing dull, brightened

reactive transfer of the variety of the prayer of the prayer of Hayuta is the prayer of the prayer of Hayuta is the prayer of Hayuta is the prayer of Hayuta is the prayer of Hayuta inshed, the Shawanoc ceased and looked into the face of the Sank, awaiting what further request he might make. The calm, triumplant expression which lit up the features, led him to expression which lit up the features, led him to express on the prayer of the prayer of the same transfer of the was dead.

was dead.

While Hay-uta had seated by thim, and then, rising to his feet, seanned the surrounding solitude, while Hay-uta had seated himself where he gained an unobstructed view of the sky, he was not at the top of the ridge, now was he liable to be discovered by any enemies at a distance. It was a statl mischance which brought the treacherous Pawnee that way.

**Deerfoot stood, he could see the feet of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of the ridge of the ridge of the feet of the ridge of th

chance which brought the treacherous Pawne that way.

From where Deerfoot stood, he could see the feet and leggings of the fallen Pawnes, who lay flat the store and leggings of the fallen Pawnes, who lay flat the store and the store the

It would have been hard for any one venturing from the woods, and catching sight of the body for the first time, to believe the spark of life had fied.

from would have even hard to any our venturing the mean would have been and to any our venturing the time time, to believe the spark of life had field.

The Shawanoe contemplated the striking figure, and felt that he had done the most fitting figure, and felt that he had done the most fitting figure, and felt that he had done the most fitting thing. Looking up at the darkened sky he asked the Great Spirit to protect the body from molestation by wild man or beast, and then, with a faint sigh, he toward the renderson, who will be the strength of the control of the control

(To be continued.)

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

APES FISHING FOR CRABS.

"THRY have on the coast of Java a peculiar long-tailed ape, and a sand-crab that grow traordinary size and possesses great strength in its claws," said a gentleman who lived in Java years ago. "The apes are particularly fond of the crabs, which are very shy and wonderfully quick in their movements.

"They live in deep holes in the sand, but spend much of their time outside of their holes, where they run and hop about. They range in size from that of a silver dollar to that of our edible crabs. Their claws are not large, but have a grip that is vice-like.
"The apes make daily raids on the haunts of the

"The apes make daily raids on the nauma of the crabs, and occasionally succeed, by creeping stealthily to within a lew feet of a group of them, in springing upon them and capturing one before they have scampered to their holes. Usually, however, the crabs are so wary that while the ape is still in the air, during his spring toward them, they have separated and disappeared into the ground. The ape, finding himself too slow to make a capture,

separated and disappeared into the ground. The ape, finding himself too slow to make a capture, then resorts to a bit of strategy to secure a dinner. His mode of final capture inflicts upon him a pang of physical suffering which is frequently more than he can bear, but his love for the crab as a morsel of food is so strong that he never hesitates to accept the personal discomfort which its capture involves, and usually bears it with a stoticism which might inspire admiration if it were not for its commentation of the state of the st

THE FIRST WAS THE LAST.

THE FIRST WAS THE LAST.

It is more than a quarter of a century since Jay Gould tasted whiskey, if the Albany Ecenting Journal is right, and the first drink was the last. In the days when he was surveyor in a small way, and was mapping a county on the practical plan of getting lodgings and meals of the farmers in exchange for marking correct sun dials on their doorsteps, he became tired, one hot dusty afternoon. He came to a country tavers. In his pocket was a medicine to relieve faintness, he ought to buy a glass of whistey with the half dime "! was ignorant of har usage." at both were set before me, I filled the tumbler chock full. The bartender made no protest, and I swallowed the big horn. Then I went my way, trundling my wheelbarrow like a measurer of distances, and occasionally taking the bearings with balt so biltheomely, and for a while left as though making a map of the starry heavens instead of a very dusty portion of this mundane sphere. After an hour or more of exaltation I great selection of the starry heavens instead of a very dusty portion of this mundane sphere. After an hour or more of exaltation I great selection of extra star was required in my note-book during the time of extra steam were quite incoherent. I was fully convinced that whisky was a bad surveyer, and I have never tried it for any other purpose."



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payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

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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-DESERVED 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 Ar-gosy 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," and there is strong evidence to sustain this position, as two new and excellent form puzzles have recently been introduced by the Ar-Gosy. These forms are the "Star" and the "Pentagon," which many puzzlers believe will, in time supercede the "Square" and the "Diamond."

The editor claims that no department in the "Dom" can show a more brilliant galaxy of contributors and solvers than his.

We are glad that this department takes so high a rank, which is in keeping with all the other depart-ments of the paper, and for the Puzzle Editor, se 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. A fresh illustration of this truth has just been furnished by the sale of the manuscript of Burns's "Tam o' Shanter" for eleven hundred dol-Relics often command a higher price than works of art and genius.

APPROPRIATE BEQUEST.

A NEW and curious illustration of the old saying "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall re-turn to thee after many days," recently occurred in London. An old lady died there and bequeathed in London. An old lady died there and bequeathed a huge box to the physician who had attended her for thirty-five years. When opened, the box was found to contain all the bottles of medicine the doctor had ever given her—unopened.

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. The reader takes little note of what he eats. He loses the pleasure of the table, and overloads his loses the pleasure of the table, and overloads his stomach with half-masticated food. As his mind is active, there is a tendency of blood to the brain, whereas the flow ought to be toward the stomach to add in the process of digestion. It is a bad hab-it, only fit for leaving off.

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. As thieves become more expert, more powerful and elaborate protections are devised to baffle them.

A safe, or strong room, has just been built for

the Bank of Scotland, which goes ahead of any-thing 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 compart-ments by heavy steel partitions. It is entered by three massive doors, each seven inches thick and three massive doors, each seven mones three and weighing a ton. Its surface is so hard and polished that no file will touch it. It took seven months to build it, and it will hold 1,250 tons of gold bullion, equal to about \$500,000,000 in money. The robber who gams an entrance to that safe, will not only be able to fill his pockets, but will earn his laurels as a prince of mechanical experts.

SPARE THE BIRDS

Ir is pleasant to learn that the fashion of decora It is piesaant to learn that the iasmon or decor-ting 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. To show what slaughter this fashion has occasioned among the pretty songsters, here are some figures. At one auction room alone in London, there were sold, between the months of December 1884, and April 1885, 6,828 pirds of paradise, 4,974 Impeyan 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. To supply these demands of feminine vanity, scores of huntsmen invade the tropical forests, robbing them of one of their greatest charms. Of course when such a craze once begins, it is carried to absurd extremes. In one English shop a cabinet photograph frame was discovered to be adorned with

graph frame was discovered to be adorned with three birds and a stuffed kitten.

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. Nature's beauties are worth sparing, but human vanity would cut up the Garden of Eden into building lots.

A GREAT TIME SAVER.

WITH the aid of the scientific discoveries and Wirn 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. Our mills and machinery perform the work of many hands, and bring about over-production of many hands, and offing about very front and stoppage of business, which turns people out of employment. This is not agreeable, but in course of time, when men learn to take more comfort in improving their minds than in making money, wages will be advanced and idle time will considered so much of a hardship.

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 en-croaching 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 nowa-days who use the tinder-box, and these articles can be bought in some London shops. Although an Arabian discovered phosphorus in the 8th century, it was not

covered phosphorus in the 8th century, it was not until 1833 that buffer 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 fo the same time. The lighting of matches requires, at the rate of consumption above given, twelve hours a year; while the use of the tinder-box hours a year, while the use of the tinder-box would consume ninety. Therefore, if you figure on it, you will see that by the invention of matches every man, woman and child, saves about ten working days each year. Figure up the value of this time for all the inhabitants of the United States, and you will have an astounding result.

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. This is a waste of time and paper, and is an affront to the correspondent. If the letter and is an airront to the correspondent. If the letter should have been written, no excuse of a trivial character is valid for the neglect. A lame excuse only adds one breach of manners to another. Replies should be prompt and concise. Ques-tions asked should be answered if proper. Some

tions asked should be answered in proper. Some people answer questions not asked, and omit giv-ing information desired. Of course these rules ap-ply mainly to letters of business or courtesy. Yes in friendly correspondence, brevity may well be cultivated. It is easy to be foolish in letters, and hence the less said the less risk. A once famous clergyman, Matthew Hall Smith, said to a young ster about to depart for a preparatory school: "My son, let me give you a word of advice. Don't write letters except on strict business. Some day they will rise to plague you."

This is extreme advice, perhaps, and yet we 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 folly might, however, be escaped if every writer of a letter handled his pen as if he expected his words were to be printed for the inspection of the world.

The form of letters is of great importance. They should always be respectful and courteous. The should never be slovenly in appearance. Never write with a pencil unless there is a good reason, and then mention it. See that your paper is neat, and do not write on scraps. In the year 1644 Mr. Robert Salstonstall, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Massachusetts, was fined five shillings by the courts for "presenting his petition on so small and bad a piece of paper." Such penalties

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's great ability as an organizer and manager was everywhere acknowledged, and proved by the nomination of his candidate. But he did not bring ination of his candidate. But he did not string about this result as a professional politician, but, rather, as a business man—one who knows how to manage men, and who inspires them with confience in him as a leader.

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.



But Mr. Elkins, like the majority of our leading men, commenced life with no other means than his own capabilities as his capital; therefore, the story of his career will not only be read with interest but will, we trust, prove a stimulant to the boys to work patiently and industriously to win success and an honorable position in life.

Mr. Elkins was born in Perry County, Ohio, in

1841. His parents were moderately well-to-do, and his early life, passed on a farm and later in a counhis early lite, passed on a narm and nater in a court ry village, presented all the features of other boys' lives similarly situated. His early education was in keeping with his circumstances, while his training was in the hands of a careful Christian mother whose teachings and influence still bear fruit.

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 col-lege, 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. While in College he became

cared by the fact of his being graduated at the oniversity at the head of his class, being then but eighteen years of age. While in College he became impressed with the truths of religious teachings and faithful to his conviction, joined what is denominated the Christian Clurch, of which the late President Garfield was a member. Of this church, Elkins has remained a member ever since.

The war came, and with it came also financial revresse to his failing. He nevertheless managed mission to the bar in 1804.

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 place of the control of the production were Spanish, speaking people, and ignorance of that language loomed mission to the work to acquire Spanish, and was master of it in a year.

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 the we find him elected to the Legislature of the territory and appointed U. S. Attorney for the territory by President Johnson 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 control of the control of the control of the control of the weight of the control of the control of the weight of the control of the c

time. The went to Europe, and when he landed in New York on his return he received the gratifying news that his friends had re-elected him to Congress in his absence. This, without his oficiation, 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 achieves

became even closer by Mr. Elkins's mar-riage to the senator's

included the second of the sec

CAN WEALTH GIVE HAPPINESS?

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see. What gay distress! What splendid misery! I envy none their pageantry and show, I envy none the gilding of their woe.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

The art of living easily is to live within your means.

MANNERS do not make the man; man makes the names.

None live so easily, so pleasantly, as those who live v faith

POLITENESS is a virtue, for it is nothing less than a orm of self-denial.

orm of self-denial.

By pitful, be convicous; not rendering evil for evil,
r railing for railing.

Give me a staff of honor for mine age;
But not a sceptre to control the world.

The Greek word for contentment is containment—
ufficient in one's self.

The human spirit deen not perish of a single wound,
nor exhaust itself in a single trial of life.

VIRTUE maketh men on the earth famous, in their raves illustrious, in the heavens immortal.

Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst ay a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably,

but feel so.

Fine manners in their highest manifestation are the expression of a generous temper, a refined taste and a cultivated mind.

You never will envy your neighbor's lot or get plenetic under the shady side of your own if you are

ue is a gentle element, and man may breat calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living wa heart is pure; and this is human happine

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice
Live hose steep descent in lost perdition ends.
Live hose steep descent in lost perdition ends,
the first in made up, not of great sacrifices or dutit
but of little things, of which smiles and kindness as
small obligations, given habitually, are what win ap
preserve the heart and secure the comfort.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE OLD DINNER HORN.

I've heard many a strain that has thrilled me with j But none, I will say, since the day I was born, Has pleased me so much as, when a small boy, I heard on the farm the old dinner born.

The trumpet was tin, a yard or so long, And was blown for "the boys" at noon and a

morn;
The monotone strain was piercing and strong,
But sweet, for all that, was the old dinner he

When building the fence or tossing the hay, Or reaping the grain or plowing the corn, With appetite keen, at the noon of the day, Oh! sweet to my soul was the old dinner horr

A mother's fond lips pressed the trumpet of tin, And blew her full soul through the barley and corn Oh! I hear even yet 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 horr 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 "Facing the World," "Do and Dare, "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER VIII

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 condidence. Now they were a united party, and whatever might be the hardships of the trip they were ready to sympathize and co-operate with

ready to sympathize and co-operate with each other.

They had already learned that it was no holiday trip they had undertaken. The bogs have already been referred to. In addition the heat was oppressive in the middle of the day. Then the nu-merous insects that infest Australia, the the middle of the day. Then the numerous insects that infest Australia, the ants, flies and scorpions were most troubesome. 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 state of the severe and the second control of the second con

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.

"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, yon'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 devoured 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.

ala. You'd besset to... en I got to where victuals were." 'How did that happen, Mr. Stackpole?'

"How did that nappen, asked Harry.
"I was lost in the mountains," answered Obed, "and couldn' find any trace of a living creature except an old miser, who pointed a musket at me, and didn't dare to 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 com-

of tea.

"How is all the same to you, I think you'd better get ready to live," said Obed.

"I'd rather die now than suffer as I have

done in the last three days."
"You won't have to. We've got plenty

"You won't have to. We've got plenty and to spare."
"But I have no money. I have been robbed of everything."
"Robbed! How is that?"
"It's rather a long story. You may not have patience to hear it."
"We've got time enough, and patience enough, but perhaps you don't feel strong enough to talk."

"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 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.

have been lost."

The three adventurers looked at each other soberly. The ill fortune of their new acquaintance did not auger very well for their read feathers. ood fortune

n you had bad luck," said Harry, in

"Then you have quiringly.
"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 Bal-arat or Bendigo, but finally decided upon

larat or Bendigo, but finally decided up the latter."
"We are bound for Bendigo," said Jack.

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 awked found myself alone. A little startled, 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?

"What was the name of your companion a asked Obed, quickly.
"He called himself Fletcher."
"I thought so!" exclaimed Obed, slapping his leg with emphasis. "We know the gen-tleman a little ourselves."

CHAPTER IX

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRI 'You have not met Dick Fletcher?" said

Ralph Granger in surprise.
"Yes, we only parted from him this morn

"Yes, we van, y ing."
"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."
"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 on our way back with our pockets well-lined. Although you have been robbed, you've got a good sum waiting for you in Melbourne."

Melbourne."
"True; I shall be all right when I get there, but as I am at present situated, it seems very uncertain 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

y ger. 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 got the company of the comp

been my late it is a second by !

"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

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

treed a much pleasanter country. In place of sandy clay, baked hard in the sun, alternating here and there with a 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

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."

"I'm with 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 as good as his word, and plunged into the creek first. Harry was scarcely 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 delicious.

"I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I capture is a substantial, said Harry, with a deep sight of saids." I wish I could have a beth every evening." I wish I could have a beth every evening." "I wash I could have a beth every evening."

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 looked up into the tree beneath which they called among the branches. He resulted a mong the branches, He resulted among the branches among the branches, He resulted among the branches, He resulted amon

Stackpole. "I wish no joke, and we'll laugh too.

joke, and we'll laugh too."

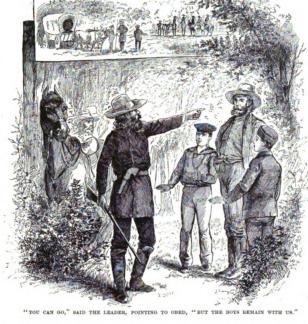
This was not the only sound they heard. A flock of white cockatoos were roosting on the tree, and favored the party with their dissonant cries. They are described as having "most sharp and rasping voices."

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

"Don't you sing, Mr. Stackpole?" asked Jack, smilling.

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 one Sunday mornin' to practice.
Soon my father was at 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



"So I inferred. Ballarat is in a different direction. Very well, I reached Endigo 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 uneathed gold to the value of a thousand pounds."

"That certainly wasn't bad luck."

"It was extraordinarily good luck, and naturally drewth eattention of the rest of the camp. This was unfortunate, for in such a settlement, as may well be supposed, there are the such as the settlement, as may well be supposed, there are the sum of the sum o Ballarat is in a different "So I inferred.

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.

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

way, and did not meet any one. I hope you way, and did not meet any one. I hope you 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 day's provisions, and you can push on."

throat, he concluded he'd tackled the wrong

throat, he concluded ne'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 out in the woods concocting a scheme to rob us, 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."

coolly, "out I don't mean to forrow 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

skunk, Fietcher?"
"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?"

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, six men on horseback rode out from the leafy covert. They seemed inclined to dispute the passage of the party.

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

CHAPTER X.

FLETCHER TURNS UP AGAIN. PLETCHER TUNNS UP AOAIN.

HARRY didn't need to be told that bushrangers in Australia correspond to bandits in Italy and high-waymen in other countries. The escaped convets and desperate characters who are naturally attracted to a new country, readily adopted the wild and lawless life of the bushrangers. Stories of their 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 gen-transport of the property of the

"I guess our trip to the mines must be given up," said he, in a low voice to Harry.

Meanwhile Harry had been scanning the faces of the men who confronted them, and made a surpris-

discovery.

Look, Obed," he said, eagerly, "at that man
the extreme right."

[r. Stackpole did look.
Dick Fletcher, as 1'm a living sinner!" he ejac-

ulate ated. But at this point the leader of the bushrangers

But at this point the leader of the bushrangers broke silence.

"Do you surrender?" he asked in brief, commanding accents.

In a surrender and have to, squire," answered Obed, to whom the demand was naturally addressed. "But I would like to ask a question or two if you don't mind."

"Go on."

"Go on."
"Are we prisoners of war? I didn't know for my part that there was any war in this country."
"I have no time for foolish discussion," was the stern reply. "You must give up what money you have about you."
"It's mighty inconvenient, squire. I'm a good many thousand miles away from home, and—."
"Peace, fool! Produce whatever you have of value."

value."
"I haven't got much. You've tackled the wrong man, squire."
"Fletcher, search that man!" said the captain of the band.

"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 Yankec.
"I think we've met before," said Obed, signifi-

"I think we've met before, 'sau touch name cantly.

"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 meeting. However, I respect you more now when you show yourself in your 'rue colors, than when you sneaked up me at night, and searched my pockets, pretending all the while to be a friend."

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

"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." "So you want me to kill you." said Fletcher, "Do you want me to kill you." said Fletcher, to insuit me, pooket. "It isn't safe for you to insuit me," "Just so! You have a right to be brave with all them men at your side."
"What are you doing there, Dick Fletcher? Why don't you proceed to business?" demanded the leader, impatiently."
"All right."
"All right."
The Yankee plunged his hands into his pockets,

"All right."

The Yankee plunged his hands into his pockets, and produced in succession a jack-knile, a plug of 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 you want."

tobacco, a bunch of keys, and a couple of buttons.

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

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

You've done it before," answered Obed, impertuably. "The 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."

Every pocket was searched, but no money was found. Dick Fletcher looked puzzled.

"Bry open his clotther," 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 up. Just hand over that jack-knife, won't you!" I may as well give it up. Just hand over that jack-knife, won't you!" I give it back to you if you want it, but I

Fietcher nessassay.

10. (III give t back to you if you want it, but I need it to get the money."

11. Upon this the knife was given back to him.

Obed cut open the lining of his pantaloons, and drew out four five-pound bank notes. They were creased and soiled, but this did not impair their value.

value.

Solved, but this did not impair their value.

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

Is that all you've got? "demanded the chief of the bushrangers, looking very much disappointed.

Every eart, squire."

The leader turned to Fletcher.

Didn't you tell us this man was well fixed?"
he asked.

I thought so "general the said of the said of the said."

he asked.
"I thought so," answered Fletcher, crestfallen.
"I thought you knew it. Why this is a contemptibly small sum, and doesn't pay for our trouble."

bie."
You're right, squire," said Obed, "It ain't th carryin' away. You may as well give it t Fletcher."

worth carryin away. You may as well give to back Fletcher."
"That's a different matter," continued the captain. "Once more, is that all the money you have about you?"

"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 Washington. I dare say you've heatd of him."

nim."

A further search was made, but no money was ound, luckily for Obed, since there is reason to believe that the outlaw would have carried out

"There are the Control of the Contro

Hugh drive the team into the woods, and populations 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.

"You ain't goin to take our team, are used a large to the common to the common the common that we have spared you this. As it is, we must have them."

"But we shall starve, without money or food."

"That is nothing to me."

"Well boys, come along," said Obed in a despondent tone. "Our prospects ain't over bright, but something may turn up."

Meanwhile there was a quiet conference among the bushingsgrea.

Meanwhile there was a quies commented by the bushrangers.

"Hold!" said the captain, as Harry and Jack rere about to leave the scene with their older comanion.

"You can go," turning to Obed, "but he boys remain with us."

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Abgosy 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 ambu-lance 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 this dirumness became a source of concess and 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 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 ready to go, Bill was quietly eating some oats and the little fellow was teeding him from his hands. I was the stand allowed him to finish eating what the washad, and then got in the ambulance and drove off.

waited and 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 laid it all to the oats, but the rest of the fellows laughed at me when I told them of it. "Will twan not to be discouraged in the second of the way to the work of the way to the hospital. Set Bill I told the second of the way to the hospital. After this defeat I thought much over the matter, and tried to devise some other means of conquering Bill of his bad habit. I liked the horse and hated to part with him, and the set image could not go on as they had well that the way that the way that the way the way the way the way time flower 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 tien became convinced that Bill's good behavior and oats had some very intic 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 lied has to believe that he liked to be 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

HER affections center upon a doll whose namethe longest her tongue could frame at the time it was bestowed—is Elizabeth. For some misdemeanor bestowed.—is Elizabeth. For some misdemeanor of unusual gravity this young fady was sent to bed at an early hotr, and in the woe attending the infliction of this punishment she forgot to take with her the cherished Elizabeth to share her couch. Realizing her desolation she summoned her mother by calls from the chamber:

Elizabeth produced to the chamber of the cha

nal discipline:
"Nellie, I am afraid I shall have to come up and

Punish you."

Quick came the response, punctuated with so "Well, when you come up, please bring Elibeth!"

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 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 ensuing 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!"

"And your mother's!"

"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 re-storing persons to life after actual death. By com-bining artificial circulation with artificial respiration, a dog was restored to life sixty-five minutes after having been killed by an overdose of chloro-form, the heart having become perfectly still and cold; and trogs killed by nitrate of anyl were re-stored 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 nyuogen in realizated body. These observations, in heat to a really fleed body. These observations, in the conclusion that a drowned or suffocated man is not hopelessly dead so long as the bodyl 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 like.

STRICTLY TRUTHFUL.

"I've just been to call on old Mrs. Perkins." said Miss DeVere as she met Miss Porcine on the str "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 now, and I don't believe in these social fibs."

"No. 1 wow.
Know, and I don't believe in these."
"What did you say?"
"I said 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."
"Oh!"
"Dr. Kline's Great

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Gerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Maus cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cand to Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

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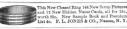
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ally joined in month work: Gherry, and not article for the proof of th which is ever being an entropy. And a restrict of the control of t



MY DAUGHTER

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

THERE came to port, last Monday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she Should cross the unknown wate And moor herself right in my root My daughter, oh, my daughter i

She has no manifest but this, No flag floats o'er the water; She's too new for the British Lloyds My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and lame ones, too!
Ring out the lovers' moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

THE MOUNTAIN CAVE

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

CHAPTER YYYI

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MORINDO EXERCISE.

The spring that Walter gave was quick and powerful. He clutched the bear-skin on which he had been lying, and in a moment it was wrapped around the man's head as if hurled by a tornado. Then the two struggled flerely together; but the lad had the advantage, as his enemy was not heavy blanked but in a manuer phinate the hould not be thrown off. Though but sixteen, the boy was strong, and he now exerted his powers the hould not be thrown off. Though but sixteen, the boy was strong, and he now exerted his powers desperately.

The stranger fumbed for a pixel, but Walter caught it first, and dashed it across the cavern. Then, the stranger fumbed for a pixel, but walter heads till in a "bag," and his arms but partially free, and the lad clasping him about the shoulders and trying to trip his feet. Not a word was spoken, and very little noise was made—in fact, not half as much as came from Ralph and the stant floor, Walter uppermost. Then Mr. Percy woke.

"Walter, Walter!" he cried as he sprang up, "what is the matter? What is going on?"

"Oh, nothing," said the boy, still struggling to maintain his advantage, "only I have old Eli Stark! Impossible! Mr. McGregor!" But the sherfif had already stopped sunring and the latter of the strong had tumble scene, "old Ell Stark! Impossible! Mr. McGregor!" But the sherfif had already stopped sunring and to the latter of the strong and tumble scene, "old Ell Stark! Impossible! Mr. McGregor!" But the sherfif had already stopped sunring and termine and the latter of the strong and the latter of the strong and the strong an

"Old Eli Stark!" exclaimed the hermit, springing forward to join the rough and tumble scene.
"Old Eli Stark! Impossible! Mr. McGregor!
But the sheef had already stopped snoring and
war at home in affairs of this kind.
For a few moments old Eli kicked vigorously and
struggled to free his arms; but upon perceiving
how useless the contest was, he presently gave it,
p. The first precaution taken by the sheriff was
to examine the entitle and the sheriff was to examine the rough and the floor."

Our young friend was almost out of breath from his exertions; the perspiration streamed from his face, and he was if the rough the doorway of the care, which had been left open through the night, from the heat of the weather.

Mr. McGregor looked for his coat, the pocket of which contained a pair of handcuffs; while Mr. Percey and Ralph, the deaf and do the captive.

"Bother the coat!" said the sheriff, "I have forgotten where I threw it." But he quickly found it and produced the manacles.

Old Eli, though he stood up, seemed limp and powerloss, hardly able to keep his feet. He appeared not notice any histograms of the captive.

How was also thothing.

How it was done they could experience the hold of him secure, for they fairly grasped the old culprit sheak as well as his clothing.

How it was done they could experience the pole of the struck each of them a quick blow as he whiteled about, and then, through the narrow doorway, and out into the open air, he shot like an escaped wolf.

and the period of the short like an escaped with the short like and there was great difficulty in following him as he dodged among the rocks and trees at a breakneck speed. Walter had been nearer the door than any of the others, so that the old robber when he made the plunge had fairly dashed him against the wall; nevertheless, he was the state of the short like t

the crackle of Druss and the stones. In some places it was pitch dark, and in such he more than once hid behind the trenks.

Some places it was pitch dark, and in such he more than once hid behind the strunks. It was weenched from his hand. The last time, the robber struck him a heavy blow which for the moment staggered him.

"Hold on to him!" crack the sheriff.

"Don't let him hurt you!" called the hermit. Instantly the boy was again in hot pursuit, and prepared to grasp the desperate criminal for the But old Eli had made his final effort. A chasm, which he did not see, lay directly in his course, and which he did not see, lay directly in his course, and

emotion with the distribution of the distribut

sight alone, while the others had a part of the time ro by sound.

"Do you think the villain is dead?" asked Mr.
Percy of the sheriff.
"No, he isn't killed so easily! He is badly burt, but I guess he'll come to. Nothing but a slipsuper and a trap door with a nine-dot fall, will stop such an old scamp's wind for any length of time."
"What is to be done with him?" inquired the

hermit.
"Oh, we'll make a litter, and carry him on it to

"Oh, we'll make a 11889, was the reply.
"Yes, we might do that," was the reply.
"This finishes them up," said Walter, "but I'd
no thought it would be done so soon, when they
had me prisoner, though I meant to do my part towards it."

had me prisoner, though I mean wards it."

"How wards it."

"How me you to discover this man, and where he was the wards that the same to the wards it."

"He came out of the main care; and he was about getting back there when I threw the bearskin over his head."

"Why didn't you call for help before you made eave movement?"

"Why didn't you call for help before you made any movement?"

"Because I thought he would run into the cave, and perhaps give us a great deal of trouble—he might know of some way of escape that we knew mothing of."

"I think you were right, said Mr. Percy. "Had because the cave, he would have had every discovered to the cave, he would have had every discovered to the cave, he would have had every discovered to the cave, he would have had every more secret passage, as he must have done, he would be able to go out the same way."

"It is not likely that he went in by your entrance," said the sheriff.
"No, that sout of the question. There must be

able to go out the same way."

"It is not likely that he went in by your entrance," said the sheriff.

"No, that is out of the question. There must be some other way of getting in. This old wretch, in wandering about, may have got about. It puzzles me, however, to account for his being on this side of the lake."

"Perhaps the robbers may have been acquainted with a part of the cavern for some time," suggested Walter. "They may have had some means of padding about over explored the whole of it."

"That is quite probable," said Mr. Percy, "but I hope we shall soon solve the mystery."

"That is quite probable," said Mr. Percy, "but I hope we shall soon solve the mystery."

Not a word was said of the stolen treasure, though all were thinking of it. Ell Stark was conveyed to the cavern, and laid, still insensible upon your subject of the cavern, and laid, still insensible upon your subject of the cavern and laid, still the was not you moment of reaching the hermit's door, was seized with a weakness of the spine, brought on was seized with a weakness of the spine, brought on the said, with vexation. "It have had the same before."

"Oh, dear!" thought Walter, "how many more

fore."
"Oh, dear!" thought Walter, "how many more
delays are there to be?"
He ran into the main cave and found the lantern
which Eli Stark had set down there before venturing out.

ne ran into the main cave and found the lantern which Ell Stark had set down there before venturing out. What of the lake and the canoe? Would another canoe be found by the side of Mr. Percy's? Was there not a shore oeyond that solemn pool where the hundred thousand dollars of Mr. Mercer's, and other golden piles lay concealed? He passed into and out of the smooth alley way, impatient and nervous, ieeling that he could hardly bear to wait longer of the smooth alley way. Impatient and nervous, feeling that he could mardly bear to wait longer of the smooth alley way. Perhaps I shall hit upon a line of gold eagles dropped to mark the way." replied the hermit, absently, as he was attending to old Ell's case.

Walter returned to the inner want of the mark the way." replied the hermit, absently, as he was attending to old Ell's case.

Walter returned to the inner want in ther—then further still.

"I'll keep on to the lake," he said; "it won't take long, and iguess Mr. Percy will not be alarmed about me."

At the start he had taken with him the canoe padde, but even now he did not expect to use it. He would aimply try to did not rety what means the robber had crossed hie water.

CHAPPER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Ir was not without a feeling of awe that Walter traversed the long and silent aisles so far from the light of day. Yet he was almost glad to be alone. The very sense of his loneliness bore him up—it was such a grand and solenn thing to be thus plunging all by himself into the deep heart of the

plunging all by himself into the deep heart of the class he descended gradually fowards the lake, and looked upon the immense and shining walls about him, he thought of what he had heard the hermit say of the "contre of gravity," where an elephant would be no heavier than at thea; and from which all directions must be "up," without any "down," higher sail must be south to a person at the north

just as all must be south to a person at the north pole.

Most boys would have hesitated and turned back as if fearful of meeting some undefined personality representing the Spirit of the Cavern; but Walter had nothing of this feeling. He thought only of the had nothing of this feeling. He thought only of the great cedars above must now be pointing directly towards him.

"I cannot be far from the lake," he thought, not length, "and I'll soon discover if old Eli has meddled with the cance. Then I must hurry back, or Mr. Percy will begin to fear I have got loss igh his mind, he seemed to detect a light ahead, and setting down his own lautern, he advanced a few paces in the dark to make sure. He could now see it plainly. It appeared like a bright red star, and remained motionless at a point slightly below his own level.

length, "and I'll soon discover if old Eli has medded with the cance. Then I must hurry back, or Mr. Percy will begin to fear I have got lost."

As such reflections were passing through his mind, he seemed to detect a light ahead, and setting down his own laukern, he advanced a few litting down his own laukern, he advanced a few length of the seemed to detect a light ahead, and setting down his own laukern, he advanced a few length of the seemed to detect a light ahead, and setting down his own laukern, he advanced a few length of the seemed to detect a light ahead, and setting down his own level.

"What, and where can it be?" he asked himself. "I will leave my lautern where it is, and go no till can discover the meaning of livith a vagor apprehension that, after all, there might have been more bigh, with pillows and broken walls rising all and bench and been hand been bargined for. Brighter and brighter it grew, but still continued immovable. Suddeniy a happy thought flashed upon him.

"It must be a lautern that old Eli left to guide his return," he said. "Yes, that's what it is, sure of the set of the robbers, and that old man crossed the water lin in."

But this isn't Mr. Percy's cance, 'he sead it, 'tit is different in every way. It must have belonged to the robbers, and that old man crossed the water lin in."

Not far from the bones he came upon another roll is still more interesting, for it was a tank several cance, remaining as he had last seen it. And now

came reflections of the most exciting nature. Must not the robbers have been well acquainted with the cave on the other side of the pool? And hence was it not almost certain that they had there deposited the one hundred thousand dollars, the loss of which had reduced Mr. Mercer and his family to a distressing poverty? Oh, how Walter's heart glowed at the near prospect of its restoration! After all her uncertainty, all her anxiety, what happy news there might be for poor little Mand—and that too, so very soon!

sthere might be for poor little Mand—and that too, so very sou!

He looked off upon the black lake, and the longing to launch forth upon it grew almost irresistible. The darker and more solemn it seemed, the stronger was its fascination. But should he obey the impulse—what would he to thin the stronger was its fascination. But should he obey the impulse—what would he to the long missing the good man would become alarmed for his satety.

He walked along the shore of the pool, and saw no end of the water. Overhead there were bright, starry spots where the stalacitties glowed in the he perceived, through the prevailing blackness, a something at a distance that at once drew his whole attention. It was a small light, as steady as the ray from a lighthouse. Such a steady as the ray from a lighthouse that of the control of the pool without a moment's delay!"

He had at the first lighted all the ingeniously contrived lamps attached to Mr. Percy's cance, and now, leaving two other's burning behind him, he lad only to pash off upon "the melancholy flood," though not "with that grin ferryman which poets with the surprised him to find how elight an effort would cause the light thing of bark, in which he was, to shoot rapidly along, as it glided farther and farther into the region of "Chaos and Old Night." The lamps he carried threw a broad dare over the light he had discovered was shedding its gleam; the surprised him to find whe was hough the well as the work of the property of the proper

wont to come, in ages when, perhaps, a dim light might have held the place of this solemn darkness. Young manunds might have been born here, and how many huge skeletons of the race might be hidden forever under the wide pool.

To Walter there was a weird enchantment upon every side; but uppermost in his mind was the thought of the object for which he had come; and he wondered if the robbers could have found a better place to conceal their treasure than this dark island.

he wondered if the robbers could have found a better place to conceal their treasure than this dark island.
With a lantern in each hand he traversed it slowly and searchingly. Of course old Ell Stark known of it too? Presently, at a spot where there was a trace of earth, he came to a full stop and ent eagerly to examine it. A number of faint human footprints were visible, and he perceived that they varred in shape and size.

"It is plain that a number of the gang have been here," he said, "and I'll look for more signs of He passed on, scanning the ground foot by foot, peering into every hollow, and measuring every loose stone with his eyes. At length he paused abruptly, and setting down his lantern, picked up some fragments of rock. What had struck him about them was the appearance they had of having stone dust. His heart beat fast. Where was the block from which they had been hewn?

The search, for a time, was almost microscopic; then the fain outlines of a heel print led the eager seeker to concentrate his efforts upon a spot near it, till at length he came upon a large stone, which a case when the said that the said was the said of the said was the said of the

acer 10. Masual: what a story I shall have for you?"
But as he looked again at the huge stone his heart sank—for, much as he longed to make assurance doubly sure, he could see no means of doing so. In addition to its great weight, the rocks on each side held it where it was.
"A man with a crowbar," he reflected, "might pry it up; but I have not even a stick—though a He looked about for some implement which the robbers might have concealed, but nothing of the kind could be found. Then he thought of the huge mammoth tusk, and with infinite labor dragged it to the spot; but the end was so blunt that he could get no hold of the stone with it. His big level would slip and fail down, and then he would tug to lift it again with the perspiration almost blinding his life of no need he does not be such as the sum of the sum

ger no noid of the stone with it. His big level would slip and fail down, and then he would tug to lift it again with the perspiration almost blinding "I'lls of no use," he said, "I cannot do it! I'll sit down and rest a little, and then paddle back as fast as possible to tell Mr. Percy."

He scated himself with his back to a rock, and wiping his hot forelead, thought of the strange situation in which he found himself.

Here I am," he mused, "I'll when we return the said with the tusk of a mammoth? What would Maud say, could she know of it? Wouldn't here eyes grow round and large if she were to look into this cave?! I guess they would! But they could never be any prettier than they are already?!"

The thought of what probably lay beneath the characteristic with the said with the work of the said with the robbers have never lived here," he said to himself, "but I suppose they discovered this cave, and saw that it would be a good place to hide their booty in. The entrance must be a very small one, I think, and no doubt they have covered it in some artiul way."

The thought was the set of the said with the last doubt should be solved, the necessity appeared inevitable, and with reluctant steps he returned to the cance. But the fascination of his strange and dark surroundings, still held him.

"I wonder how far the lake reaches? There must be main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as there is in the up-main land's somewhere, just as ther

main land' somewhere, just as there is in the upper world. I'll keep on for a short distance, at least."

So he paddled leisurely, stopping often to look up at the pillars and vast walls, till the lights he will be a support of the pillars and vast walls, till the lights he in the cancer of the pillars and vast walls, till the lights he in a support of the pillars and vast walls, till the light to the cancer of the pillars and the land in the cancer looking first this way lies and it which way have I come?"

He sat still in the cance looking first this way. The little craft swung slowly around, and he had not the least idea in which direction the head should be pointed. All beyond his small circle of light lay in pitch darkness, and he was liable at any moment to find his craft in contact with some As he sat thus, he could not help getting the impression that the cance was being carried slowly along without any effort of his own. He judged so from the appearance of the walls nearest to him where the stabuttelse kept constantly changing as the what could it mean? Was there a tide in this apparently tideless lake? Was there a mysterious current setting toward some equally mysterious point? Was the cance to go away down to the centre of the earth upon some cold, dark river that The boy struck his paddle vertically into the water. It was only three feet deep.

'I couldn't touch bottom a little while ago,' he said, and he wondered if the end of the lake might not be close at hand.

A LITTLE PIGEON WILL A BIG MEAN.

A LITTLE PIGEON WITH A RIG HEART

The Crystal City Mirror gives an account of a very sagacious pigeon. Its mate was wounded by very sagacious pigeon. Its mate was wounded by a hawk and crept under a house, where it lingered and died. While the wounded pigeon was suffering, the male stayed by it and would never leave. When the sick pigeon at last died, its faithful companion carried sticks, straws, etc., and buried it com-pletely.

A PLEASING STORY OF A PIG.

A Boy discovered a pig taking an ear of corn in his mouth, and then trotting off towards the creek his mouth, and then trotting off towards the creek.
This operation was repeated so often, that it excited
the boy's curiosity, and he followed the pig. What
was his surprise to find at or near the creek another
pig which was sick and unable to walk, and pig No.
I had been taking tood to the sick companion. FADED LEAVES

BY ALICE CAREY.

THE hills are bright with maples yet,
But down the level land
The beach leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red Along the hilltops glow, As in the still, sharp air, the frost Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the briar-rose
Have lost their rounded pride,
The bitter sweet chrysanthemun
Are drooping, heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse sly and wise,
Hiding away in the disgrace
Of nature from men's eyes.

Of nature from men's eyes.

The pigeons in black wavering lines
Are swinging toward the sun,
And all the wide and withered fields
Proclaim the Summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns not The squirrel hastes to gain, And sets his house in order for The Winter's dreary reign.

Tis time to light the evening fire, To read good books, to sing The low and lovely songs that breathe Of the eternal Spring.

ADVENTURES WITH CHEETAHS.

ADVENTURES WITH CHEETAHS.

BY WILLIAM DODGE.

OUT of India very little is known about the cheetah. Some years ago they had one in the Central Park menagerie, but, being pressed for room, they put him in the cage with a Bengal tiger.

Now the cheetah is a fierce brute enough, and a hard and vicious fighter at times, but he is not safe in a tiger's cage. In the morning a dead cheetah lay within the bars, and one of the chief curiosities of the not very extensive collection of wild beasts in the garden was lost.

The appearance of the cheetah is remarkable. He is as tall as the tiger, or taller, but though very sinewy and strong, he seems to lack muscular development, and his body is so than that he always appears half sturved. The old dittier has been a strong preference for two-legged game. He is cruel, cowardly and horribly treacherous. He will particularly and slently follow a traveler for miles through the jungle, keeping all the time within eighty or a hundred yards of him, drawing nearer when the man's back is turned toward him, and falling again to the rear the moment his intended victim faces him. In such emergencies safety rests only in unceasing vigilance.

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 the penalty of his carelesances, Quickly he brute creeps within springing distance, and like a flash is on his victim. His back to his the penalty of his carelesances, Quickly he brute creeps within springing distance, and like a flash is on his victim. His back to his the penalty of his carelesances, disched to the appallingly long list of persons who are annually destroyed by wild beasts in India.

I have heard curious stories from India travelers about the horror of journeving

India.

I have heard curious stories from Indian travelers about the horror of journeying through the jungle at night with one of these creatures on the track. A native hunter once told me his experience on such an occasion.

once told me his experience on such an occasion.

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 dispose of a tiger or a cheetah, unless at very short range.

It was the hunter's intention to travel on foot until midnight, and then light a fire to keep off wild beassts, and sleep until daylight.

But when the time for rest came, the hunter made an unpleasant discovery. He had forgotten his matches, and could not kindle a fire.

But whete we have the had forgotten his matches, and could not kindle a fire.

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 the state of the

to wark on; and ne started at a brisk pace. Every two minutes or so for the next hour he turned and looked around, and each time he did so, he found that the cheetah had crept slowly up to within forty or fifty yards of him. It drew off the instant he turned his

crept slowly up to wann only a may have from him. It draw off the instant he turned his face to it.

This mode of pursuing his journey was, to say the least of it, irksome, and the Hindoo determined to end it if possible. He decided to walk on for a period long enough to give the cheetah an opportunity to approach to within twenty yards of him, and then, turning quickly, give the brute a charge of slugs.

The cheetah's progress, in some measure, resembled that of a stone dropping to the earth. The nearer it approached its destination, the faster it moved; and when the hunter wheeled, it was not ten yards from him, and in another second its fatal spring

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 siting down with his back against a tree, he determined to watch and think until morning. He watched cautiously and thought intently, for perhaps ten minutes, with his musket across his knees. Then his meditations led him into an imaginary 'paddy' field, and he was shooting a very delicate and appetizing species of game known as the 'paddy-bird. But he delution of the hundred and first, when the revengeful bird darted at him, tore, him terribly on the face, breast and arms, and almost flattened him against a tree. In a moment the Hindoo was on his feet, and in the same space of time the 'paddy-bird' had changed into a cheetah.

The brute had crawled up and sprung upon him, but, in its ravenous thirst for blood, it had actually overlooked the tree, against which the man was sleeping. Its claws had lacerated the hunter severely, but encountering the unexpected shock from the tree in the rear, it bounded aside a few yards without completing its work. Seeing its expected pray facing it, the cowardly brute tried even then to sneek way; but it was too close this time, and the heavy charge of slugs that was intended for the "paddy-bird' of demanland, to the pround."

My own personal experience of the cheetah is confined to a single adventure, possibly more amusing than dangerous; and yet I should hardly care to have it happen often. I was an immate of what was called a boarding-house, but what was called a boarding-house, but what was really a hotel at Jubbulpore. It was scorching hot weather, and at night all the guests had their beds carried into the open air as scorching hot weather, and at night all the guests had their beds carried into the open air as sucorhing hot weather, and at night all the guests had their beds ca

EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

8. D. Barrett, Farmer's Mills. N. Y. A Vol. of the Fouth's Companies for a harmonics, worth \$1.50.

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CORRESPONDENCE

L. V. R., Lee, Me. To obtain one yearly subscription free, you must send us three new yearly subscribers. L. L. R., White Bear Lake, Minn. The New Orleans Exposition will reopen Nov. 10th, and will close March 31st, 1886.

Exposition will reopen Nov. 10th, and will close March 31st, 1886.

O. W., Greenfield, Mass. I. Newspaper directories all to credit Alaska with a single newspaper. 2. As no statut to credit Alaska with a single newspaper. 2. As no statut to the control of the c

W. V. B., Newark, N. J. Here are the titles of some juvenile magazines of England: Boys of England, Boys One Typer, Boys' Standard, Challerbox, Every Boy's Magazine, Challerbox, Every Boy's Magazine, Young England and Young Men of Great Bridan. Further information will be given, or subscriptions taken, by so or by the International News Co., Beckman St., N. Y.

60. Deckman St. N. Y.
8. E. 1. Chatto & Windus, London, published a large volume.—"The Original Lists," being a directory of all those who came from England to America between 1600 and 1700 A.D., compiled from ancient manuscripts 2. Address Beratano Bros., N. Y. Cobbett's Peerage is not in the best libraries; but if it is known by any one it will be the above firm. 3. We cannot answer this question. If you asked for the finest hundred stable, but you draw the line too fine. 4. This book is found in no standard catalogue or library.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 189

PUZZLEDOM NO. 182
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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 147 ANSWERS TO PU

No. 1. Milton

No. 2.

K
A L A
G L E N S
A L M E N A S
K L E E N E B O C
A N N E L I D A
S A B I N E S
C A S S Y
C A S S Y

S O D E R S
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L
No. 9. 7 No. 9. Tomato-soup.

No. 9. Tomado-soup,

SOLYEB LEAT, No. 147.

Complete lists were received from Bolis, King
Arthur, By Law, Goroul, Will, I. Am, Ed. Ward, A. Solver, Ha-Ha, Jo Mullins, The General, Elbert and Dona
Felore. Incomplete from Pearl, Tom A. Hawk, MahBlack Raven, Mephisto, North Star, Madcap and Myself, Dreadmanght, Daumtless, Be Peep, Intropid, May
B., Hermit, Minnie, Endi, Willie Wildwave, Aspiro,
Hech, Tantrum, Florence, Alpha, St. Elmo, Cohannet, I Did H, D. J. Bohan, Rex, Lord Nelson, Leroy,
Charlie Davis, S. H. G., Plevus, Thumleidquit, John
Irwin, Aay Ess, G. O. Fischlowitz, Byrnehe, and Redeap, Total 40.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Complete List—Pearl.

Best Incomplete List—Pearl.

Best Answer in Rhyme—HA-HA.

Neatest List—Moonshine.

First Solution to No. 10, Byrnehc.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

ELBERT, 2 Diamonds; REX FORD, I O. K. Hexagon REDCAP, 1 Cambridge Hexagon, 1 Redcap Pyramid CABALLE DAYS: 1 Square, 1 D. L. Enigma; TOM A HAWK, 1 Star; Drok Ess, 1 D. L. Enigma; MARMION 1 Anagram; THE GENERAL, I Diamond.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. Anagram.

OUR DEPARTED CHIEF IS GONE TO A LAST REST.

OUR DEPARTED CHIEF IS GONE TO A LAFT REST. PUT flags at half mast, display embleme of sorrow. Let muffled belis toll, and the deep cannon roar, At last he has entered eternity's morrow. The soul of that grim man has fied from time's shore. Enshrout the old colors, in sable drape sabres. Like Moses, the soldier, who wielded the rod, The hero, our chieftain, now rests from ha labore, His spirit has gone from a mountain to dod. LIMA, Olino.

genus Artocarpus; 6. To examine the thickness of; 7.

A Mussulman; 8. A circular ornament resembling a
dish; 9. Subject to a penalty.

MAHDEA.

No. 3. PENTAGON. (To "Hermit.")

1. A letter; 2. Seems (Wor. Supp., Obs.); 3. English poet (1796-1821); 4. A geographical mile; 5. A blast made by putting the powder into cracks of rocks; 6. A pointed instrument for making cyclet holes in working nuslin; 7. To be careless; 8. Compound ethers (Supp.); 9. A species of cod.

East Bador, Pa.

ST. ELMO.

No. 4. TRANSPOSITION (To "Maud Lynn.")

I raise my eyes toward the sky's Innumerable luminaries, Where, in the north, the prime beams forth Betwixt Andromeda and Aries.

But next my gaze falls on the maze
Of matters and amusements mystic,
A squib I see third unto me—
But, hist! I'm getting egotistic.

Ah, brighter far than any star
That doth the heavenly vault illt
Gleams, in my sight, the final light
Of puzzleistical acumen!
RUTHERFORD, N. Y.

No. 5. SQUARE.

1. Certain ornaments; 2. A kind of shell (Worc.); 3. genus of plants; 4. Approbation; 5. A circle (Obs.); Purer; 7. A word peculiar to the art of navigation, OLNEY, ILL.

BLACK RAYEN.

A silver coin of Persia;
 In her, springing forward (Imperial Dict. Edition of 1850);
 An Arabic name of the Palma Christi;
 A director (Obe.);
 Aown in Italy;
 Feigns;
 In Poland, a fendatory.
 THESEUS.

No. 7. ENIGMA.

No. 7. ENIOMA.

Some find in union highest strength;
The most in union highest strength;
The most in union highest strength;
The most in the light of the light o

e. HAPPY THOUGHT.

No. 8. PIAMOND.

No. 8. IVANOND.

(To "Boston Bey.")

(To "Boston Bey.")

(To "Boston Bey.")

Small tackles formed of two or three blocks or pulyor. 160-1724 [By]; T Petroleums; 8. In English; 2.

German physician, 1748-1800 [By]; 10. Certain coins;
11. A letter.

BROOKETS, N. Y.

PEARL.

No. 9. Diamond.

A letter; 2. To embarrass; 3. To ensuare; 4. To make a senseless noise; 5. The egg-case of certain fishes; 6. Having five fingers to the hand or five tose to the foot; 7. A person in some way remarkable with regard to the number four; 8. The outer coat of the regard to the number four; 8. The outer coat of the Malay Archipelago; 10. One of the two pieces or hearings resembling the letter Y in shape, in the opening or notch of which rests the ends of the axis supporting the telescope in a threadtle or level, the pivots in a transit instrument, and the like; 11, A letter.

New Yong Chapter.

RHYMED SOLUTION, No. 147.

"An Anagram I've brought," said one,
"That surely ean yield place to none,
For if its letters are re-twined,
"Millon's Lott Paradise," you'll find."
Then quick Anonyme replied;
"My Anagram has sphere as wide:
It's Dictionary Unabridged,
Webster's,—the best, as oft alleged."

If a Discionary is morringed.

If who beet, and the lose, and alleged."

If who beet, and the lose is a large of the lose is the lose in the lose is the lose in the lose in the lose is the lose in the lose in the lose is the lose in t

with Schemman, "Dure profound, Marched with victorious, ringing sound.

A Boston Boy took heart of grace And by his Be claimed second place; For this thin reason, "K" began, reason and by his Be claimed second place; For this thin reason, "K" began, reason and the second place; For this thin reason, "K" began, reason and the second place; The second reason and the second reason and the second reason and reason and

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weel For the first complete list of solutions, THE AR is months. For the best incomplete list three mo For first correct solution to No. 7, a book of por

No. 2. PENTAGON.
(TO "King Arthur.")

1. A letter; 2. A gelding; 3. Avenues; 4. Genus of plants (Bel.); 5. The inspissated juice of a tree of the mas Puzzles.

Next week we shall offer a competition for Christ-Rochelle.