

# GOLDEN ARCOBS

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## WITH FIRE AND SWORD.

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

### CHAPTER IV.

IN THE CITY OF ROSES.

HASSIM BEY was Muta Sariff, and a great man in Kessanlyk, the City of Roses. Jews, Armenians, Turks, and Bulgarians alike recognized his authority, and bowed before it. He was a slow-going, solemn, fat little tub of a man, with twinkling black eyes like black glass beads, a jet-black moustache, and a double chin. He wore a dark blue frock-coat, and French-grey trousers; and sometimes, but very rarely, he put on gloves. His small feet were encased in enormous yellow slippers, down at heel, and peaked at the toe; and the long tassel of his crimson fez proclaimed him a soldier. His house stood sheltered from the street by a very high wall, with one little door in it. Behind that high wall was a cool and luxuriant garden, where fruit and flowers grew in rich profusion.

It was a very lazy day in summer. The sun struck with blinding heat and brightness on the whitewashed wall of the garden, and left the other side of the street, where Yakoob and Hoosi slumbered peacefully over their pipes in their own shop window, in cool shadow. Hassim Bey, coming full into the sunlight through the little door in the high wall, crossed over at once to the shadowy side, and shuffled along in his yellow slippers over the uneven pavement. The street was empty, except for one bullock-wagon, and its driver, and half-a-dozen lazy dogs who basked in the sunshine. By and by the animal went round a corner, and the long street was empty, but for Hassim Bey and the dogs. The old Turk shuffled along with his eyes cast down and half-closed; and after a while, hearing the sound of a footstep, glanced up, and saw before him an old man with a grey beard and bent shoulders, who looked upon him with eyes of singular brightness. Now Hassim Bey knew everybody in Kessanlyk, and he saw that this old man, who gazed at him so keenly, was a stranger, and that his clothes were stained as if by long travel. Putting out his hand with a lazy but authoritative gesture, he stopped, and the old man also paused.

"Ooralah!" (God be with you!) said Hassim Bey. "Whence do you come?"

"Your servant," said the old man with a low and cringing salute, "comes from Ismail beyond the Danube."

"Who and what are you?"

"I am a merchant of Moldavia," said the old man, "and I am come here to buy attar of roses."

"What is your name?" said Hassim Bey.

The old man threw out his hands as if to ask for a moment's delay; and fumbling in his belt, drew forth a slip of paper, which he handed to the Turkish dignitary.

"This is your teskerai?" asked Hassim Bey.

The old man nodded. The Turk having read it, returned it to him, and said, pleasantly:

"You may go upon your way, Yussef. Ooralah."

"Ooralah, effendim," the old man answered; and Hassim Bey shuffled with good-humored impatience down the street. The old man walked slowly in the opposite direction, muttering to himself—

"That is Hassim Bey. I doubt not. He has his grandfather's eyes and voice. Trust old Drascovitch to remember! I have not forgotten, though I was then a child, and the

snows of many winters have since fallen on me. I shall be even with him."

As he muttered thus within his beard, an old artificer in iron sitting within his shop saluted him sleepily; and Drascovitch returned the salutation with a sweeping bow.

"I am a stranger," he said; "who is the great man who passed but now, and honored me by his speech?"

"That is Hassim Bey," said the old Turk, puffing at his narghlyk; "a good man. Ay, ay, ay! Good atom. A good man."

Drascovitch saluted, and passed on.

"I was not deceived," he muttered. "A good man? I know the whole race, the

The old man arose from his seat, and led the way with tottering steps into his garden, and turning round upon his guest, asked him his business.

"It is fifty-eight years," said Drascovitch, "since I saw thy face. I am thy cousin Bouris."

The old man before him looked doubtfully at his travel-stained garments, and shook his head.

"How do I know," he asked, "whether the tale be true or no? We are poor folks. It is ill coming here."

"I am not poor," said Drascovitch; and thrusting his hand into his bosom he drew

and he drew from it five golden liras, and dropped them one by one in the other's palm.

"Speak not of me as Bouris Drascovitch, but as Yussef, a Moldavian merchant, for I am set down by that name in the teskerai I carry. I am here upon a holy errand, but a dangerous one. Ere long, the soldiers of the White Czar will be here, and then our people will be free. It is mine to prepare the way, and to carry the glad news. But it must be done secretly, and in the dark. I trust thee, Cousin Ivan, for Drascovitch ever yet betrayed a Drascovitch, and never will. But woe! we must speak of these things only to safe men."

"You are right," said the other. "Enter, you are safe here! Yussef, a Moldavian merchant! Come with me."

The two old men entered the house together. To a western eye, the room in which they stood would have looked bare. A table, and a huge stove of white earthenware, were the only movable objects in it, with the exception of the cushions on a low divan which encircled the room. It presented, however, no sign of poverty to the visitor, who said within himself as he looked around—

"My good cousin is something of a miser, and he has come here without gold, would have given me a poor welcome."

He kept these thoughts to himself, and his host, striking with his staff upon the floor, called out, in a loud voice—

"Katrina, come hither."

A girl of about twenty thrust aside the hanging, which did duty for an inner door, and appeared before them.

"This is my daughter Katrina, effendim," said Cousin Ivan. "Katrina, bring water, and afterward bread and meat, and appear before them."

"This is a Moldavian merchant, who will abide with us for a time. See that his chamber be ready."

The girl was dressed elaborately in the Bulgarian fashion of a band of silver tins, with a large and ancient gold piece in the centre, crossed her forehead, and strings of heavy coins depended from the lobes of her ears, almost to her shoulders. Round her waist she wore a thick-bound circlet of scarlet web, which drew in a short and clumsily cut robe of white, worked with colored silks and worsted in fantastic patterns, while her arms and feet were bare. The expression of her features was intelligent and candid. She answered her father's instructions cheerfully, and tripping away, returned in a few moments with a large ewer of brass, in the middle of which was set a jug of the same metal. She placed the ewer upon the table, and taking up the jug, poured a thin stream of cold water over the guest's hands, then gave him a towel, waited until he had used it, and again retired.

"Bring some mastic," cried her father, and the girl turned back and nodded brightly, as she disappeared behind the curtain.

The mastic, a fiery, colorless spirit, having been served in tiny glasses, the host leaned forward to his cousin on the divan, where they sat, and said, in a low tone—

"Tell me more of this."

The Russian agent glanced at him swiftly, without being observed.

"By and by," he said; "by and by. Let me hear first of my own people." And with that, he began to question his cousin as to the history of the family, during his long absence. He listened with great interest, and once or twice at the mention of some long familiar name, his eyes grew dim, as if with tears, and his voice grew softer, as he recalled, one by one, many long-forgotten events of his own distant childhood.

Whilst they sat thus talking, a boy's voice was heard, singing cheerily in the garden, and the door of the room being thrown sud-



"IT WAS HE WHO BETRAYED YOU," SAID THE BOY, IN A CHOKING VOICE.

spawn of Satan," and he spat savagely upon the pavement.

It was more than half a century since Drascovitch had seen his native town, and yet everything seemed pretty much as he left it, excepting that the streets seemed narrower, and the houses less lofty than of old. But he had seen greater cities than Kessanlyk in his travels; and it was no wonder that what had once seemed a town of palaces should appear to him small and unimportant after the great European cities he had visited. He had no need to ask his way, and he went on slowly until he came to the Christian quarter of the town. A baker stood at his shop door and Drascovitch addressed him.

"Is there any of the name of Drascovitch hereabout?"

"Yes," said the Bulgarian. "Over there lives Ivan Drascovitch, an old, old man. That is he at the gateway."

Drascovitch thanked him, and crossed over.

"Cousin Ivan," said he, in a low tone, to the old man at the gateway; "give me a word or two."

"Who calls me cousin Ivan?" said the old Bulgarian, looking up with dim eyes.

"Come within," returned the traveler, "I have good news for you."

out a purse, and opening it, displayed a dozen golden liras. "When those are gone, I can find more. I do not come to beg of your substance, but to help you, if need be."

The old man whom he had claimed as cousin, laughed noiselessly at the sight of the gold, and nodded his head to and fro several times. But he answered:

"I know you not, whether you be cousin Bouris or no. Give me a token."

"That will I," said Drascovitch.

He bared his left arm, and showed a white, triangular scar.

"That," said he, "thy father made, by mischance, on my tenth birthday. Thou wert with me, and thy mother did bind it up. It was the day of St. Luke."

The old man nodded and answered: "I remember well. But this thou mayest have learned from any man."

"I seek nothing," said Drascovitch, "of thee or thine. I am well to do. I have traded into the far east many a year, and have great possessions, but my heart warmed in my old age to my own people, and I have traveled far to see thee ere I die."

"It is well," said cousin Ivan. "Enter my house, and break bread with us." "Enter my house, and break bread with us." "Not yet," said Drascovitch. "Look you, I had held his purse in his hand until now,

denly open, a bright and handsome lad of about twelve years of age burst in noisily, but observing the guest drew shyly back.

"This thy living self, Ivan," cried the visitor, rising from his seat, and approaching the boy. Remembering himself and his assumed character, he paused and turned.

"Ay," said the master of the house. "It is the son of mine old uncle, the Benjamin of my flock. Come hither, and let me greet him from after three uncles, child, wert thou not?"

"I cannot tell," the lad answered. "Come to me, Bouris," said the visitor. "Thou art a brave lad, I warrant. And he drew the boy towards him, and patted him on the shoulder.

"What hast thou been doing this bright day?" the lad answered, "and I have seen a bear."

"Ay!" said young Bouris. "A big, brown bear." "Nay," said the old man; "may be a big, brown dog, that strayed from the town."

CHAPTER V. COUSIN IVAN TURNS TRAITOR.

WHEN HIS COUSIN had retired to rest, the master of the house sat alone with knitted brows, and thought. His thoughts, translated into words, ran thus: "In these times no man is safe. The Bulgarian rising came to a bad end this year. All strangers are suspected; and if this man, who calls himself my cousin, should try to stir up the Bulgarians here, he will mix me up with his side, living in my house. I will have none of it. I know not whether he be my cousin or no, and I care little. I have been on the safe side all my life, and why should I lose all that my hands have earned, maybe lose my house, and be hanged? And if the White Czar comes hither with his soldiery, they will trample down my rose-fields; and they will send their generals here to live upon my substance, and I shall be despoiled of all I have wrought for. I will get me to Hassim Bey, and tell him of this false adventurer, who pretends to be of my blood, and seeketh to stir up strife."

Now this old scoundrel was satisfied in his own mind that his visitor was his cousin, but he would not confess it as such. Even when a man is about to commit a base action, he always likes to put as fair a color on it as he can—and most great rogues have succeeded in blinding themselves to their own villainy.

Ivan Drascovitch succeeded even in working himself into a state of great indignation against his visitor; and, though he had cause enough to hate the Turkish rule, and would willingly have been freed from it, he preferred to show the visitor the risks of insurrection. Before he had arrived at his resolve, the moon was high in the heavens, but since a rule had recently been made, to the effect that any man found in the street without arms should be treated as a felon, he carried with him through the streets just such a paper lantern as you may buy, in an English toy-shop, for a penny—the common form of Turkish lanterns in fine weather.

When he came before the door of Hassim Bey's house, he found a *chouse*—a sort of glorified policeman—in a splendid blue uniform, slashed all over with silver lace, and with a broad leather belt around his middle, crammed with pistols, and pointed pistols, and knives of all shapes and sizes. The *chouse* of a Turkish bey or pasha, is always a very splendid fellow, and, so far as can be discovered, he seems pretty generally to be selected for the office on account of his height and the size of his nose. This particular *chouse* was unusually splendid, and the Bulgarian covered and cringed before him with bent knees and drooping head. The *chouse* was conscious of his own splendor, and the importance of his office. "What do you want here, infidel dog?"

Ivan Drascovitch responded humbly that he wished to see Hassim Bey.

"And thinkest thou," said he, drawing himself to his full height, and twisting his moustaches with both hands, "that at this hour Hassim Bey will see thee, miserable creature?"

Ivan Drascovitch's humility increased. "Chak guzel chelaby!" said he (which being interpreted means "Most beautiful gentleman"), vouchsafed to carry to his exalted master the message of your slave. Truly, chelaby, he will be glad to hear my message. Else upon my own head be the damage."

"Dog," said the *chouse*, "be the damage on thine own head?" and the *chouse* snatched his traitor through the garden door, and led him to the entrance to the *konak*.

"Stay there, beset." Ivan obeyed this polite injunction, blew out his light, folded up his lantern, and waited. By and by the *chouse* returned, and marshaled him into a room furnished with some approach to European fashion. In a huge arm chair sat Hassim Bey, smoking a cigarette, and holding a little porcelain cup, filled with black coffee, in his right hand. Two big, slow bladders were tucked comfortably under him, and he sat there with his feet on the back of his bald head, and waited for the Bulgarian to approach. His visitor came in with a sort of crouching run, his knees almost touching the floor, and his hands almost touching his knees. The Bey signalled to him to stand erect, and, after making half-dozen obeisances, he did so.

"What have you to say to me?" asked Hassim Bey, speaking in the tone of a monarch. "Most serene and admirable," began the crawling traitor; "there came to me this afternoon one calling himself Yuseff, a Moldavian merchant, who had scarce been in my house an hour ere he told me that he was a Bulgarian, and the descendant of a hero in provoking my brethren to rise against the government, and slay all the Turks. But I am a good citizen, Bey effendim, and loyal, and I am am come here to lay waste his house."

"Is he still in the town?" asked Bey Hassim. "I gave him meat and drink," said Drascovitch, "and he sleeps beneath my roof." "Was he done like a Christian and a dog," said Hassim Bey. He clapped his hands, and the *chouse* appeared. "Is Ali there?" "Yes, effendim," responded the *chouse*. "Bid him come here," said the Bey. "Most excellent and admirable," said Ivan Drascovitch, when the *chouse* had retired. "I have done my duty by the State, but if I should be known to my own people, great damage might befall me. Permit me that I return, and seem to give this Yuseff warning and send him away, so that my own people may not suspect me of disloyalty."

"It shall be done, hound," said Hassim Bey, with supreme contempt. "And may it please your most noble serenity to bid the *chouse* say nothing of my answer."

"Peck eye" (Very well), said the Bey in answer. At this juncture a swarthy little Turk, in the dress of a mounted officer of police, appeared.

"Take six men," said the Bey, "and follow Ivan Drascovitch, and bring back the man he shall show you; but do not take him within this man's own house."

The soldier laid the palm of his right hand against his head, answering—"It shall be done."

"You may go," said the Bey, addressing Ivan Drascovitch, who bent his knees and crunched his fingers, and shambled out backwards.

It was soon ready with the six men under him, and Ivan, having whispered to him a few words, stole away. The others followed one by one to his house.

The house stood a little apart from its neighbors. Bouris, who was dreaming awake, in its own garden. Ivan Drascovitch, all in tremor at his own cowardly treason, stood within the gate and awaited the coming of Ali.

By instinct that the great storm of war was once more brewing, and many of them looked anxiously forward to its first burst as herald of their future freedom. Rightly or wrongly, they all looked to Russia, their only hope of deliverance from the Turkish yoke; and the thought that a Bulgarian should deliver a Russian into the hands of the Turks had never until now entered his mind. The message of your slave, doubled, when he knew it to be his own father's; and the proposal to pretend to give the concealed spy warning whilst betraying him to his enemies, seemed almost too wicked to be believed by him. He waited, therefore, with beating heart for moment, and then, scarcely knowing what he did, but resolved at any peril to do something, he glided noiselessly from his own room, and stationed himself, before his father's step was heard upon the stair, in the apartment adjoining that in which the Russian lay. There he listened with all his ears. He heard his father creep stealthily into the room, and heard him exclaim, in a low but urgent tone; "Cousin Bouris, awake! I have come to you. A fresh chit fell upon the listener's heart. It was one of his own kith and kin, upon whose betrayal his father was bent."

"What is it?" asked the other's voice. "I scarcely know," said Ivan, "but the house is surrounded by the Turks, and we are outside in Turkish uniform. You are either known or suspected; you must fly."

The listener heard a hasty and eager step, as though the old man had started from his couch upon the step tones, which trembled with rage, a voice said—"Ivan Drascovitch, you have betrayed the son of your father's brother."

"I betrayed you?" asked Ivan, as if amazed. "Come to warn you. Make good your word, and the boy shall see you in the window; get through it, silently as you can. Make your way along the garden to the vineyard at the back. Then, run for the hills; it is your only chance."

"Is he still in the town?" asked the voice; "but if you have done this wicked deed, be my blood upon your head." The listener heard next a soft, retreating step, and for a moment knew not whether it were his father's or the spy's. But the deep voice came speaking from the old man's mouth: "I am not unarmed, and they will pay dearly for the evil they catch me!"

"I have warned you," said Ivan in return, "and I can do no more." He looked at the stealthy step, and went on stair to stair. The boy thrust the door open gently; but the noise caught the quick and watchful ear of the hunted man, and like lightning the Russian agent's hand went to his breast, and the short barrel of a revolver flashed in the moonlight.

"Uncle," whispered Bouris, "I have heard it all. I know everything. You must not trust my father." The lad was in the room by this time, and had taken the old man by the hand. "It was he that betrayed you," said this boy, with a choking voice; "but come this way." By some instinct the old man knew that the lad was to be trusted, and he followed him about a moment's hesitation.

"Can you lift me in your arms?" asked Bouris. The old man took him, and lifted him as though he had been a feather. He heard a scraping sound above, and at a word from the boy he released his hand, and lay upon the floor himself through an aperture in the ceiling of paneled wood, and in a moment dropped a rope, one end of which appeared to be fastened to the beams above. At the sight of the poor means of escape, the spy almost clasped his eyes, and lay upon the floor, and though he still possessed great strength, his limbs were stiff. None the less he caught the rope, and to his joy found that it was tied in great knots. He thrust his revolver into his belt, and his hands were fastened to the clasp. In his youth it would have been a task of no moment; but now, though he climbed for life, the effort was almost beyond him. He had almost resigned the attempt when Bouris stretched out his hand, and caught him by the collar. The boy's strength, though exerted to the utmost, was not sufficient to lift the old man's weight, but it took something of the strain from his arms, and with one final effort he dragged himself through the aperture, and lay upon the floor above in the darkness, panting distressfully. Bouris drew up the rope, and pushed back the sliding panel.

"Nobody," he whispered, "know of this place but me, in the whole house. I was brought here one day, and lay upon the floor, until I was here," he muttered, groping at his breast. "Do you my brave lad go down, and when the hunt begins, know nothing."

"Draw up the rope after me," said Bouris, and so saying, he pushed the panel once more aside, and slid lightly down. He waited until the rope was withdrawn, and the panel once more in its place; then, with noiseless step, he sought his own chamber, busily brushed his garments, and with his hands fast they should retain any sign of dirt or disorder, and cast himself upon the divan.

(To be continued.)

A BRILLIANT CONVERSATIONALIST. "You remember that fellow who wrote—what's his name? You know he made some money on one of the western railroads; I forget what they call it."

"Well, what of it?" "Why, not long ago he was in—what's that town in Wisconsin? You know."

"Don't mind the name of the town, what did he do?" "What the deuce is the name of that town? A big politician came from there. You know him. Well, this fellow—"

"Which fellow?" "Which fellow of his name. It's a good joke, and I nearly died when I heard it. He'd come up from the big plantation in Louisiana, kept by—by who's that big banker in St. Louis? The man who built a line of steamboats from Keokuk to—to—I'll think of the name in a minute—the town at the mouth of—of you know that town in Arkansas. Anyway, he'd come up on the—the road that runs on the west bank of the Mississippi from that place opposite Cairo. Consolidated with the Cairo and Fulton road. What's the name of that line?"

"Don't know. Never was in that country. What did your man do that was so funny?" "Why, he was in the business of the plantation on this line to the town in Wisconsin, and struck for the—that—hotel on the centre of Jefferson and that other street, named after a Frenchman. Strange I can't remember it."

"Never heard of it. Don't know anything about it. Go on with your story." "We got our shares, and perpetrated the best pun you ever heard on the landlord's name. The landlord got off a pretty good thing on this man's name, but I can't remember what it was. Anyhow this fellow, who was in the business of the plantation and an insurance company?—he named the company, but I've forgotten what it was. 'Why are you like an insurance company?' 'Give it up?'"

"Yes, give it up." "Well sir, the answer was the funniest thing you ever heard. It broke me all up when I heard it."

"Why, if I could remember the name of the landlord, I'd know in a moment. Who's that fellow that invented the—phaw, that machine for making stairs, they called it? You understand, something about stair rods."

"Never heard of him." "Why, it was a pun, except the last syllable. Funny I don't catch it." "Is that all of your story?"

Yes, yes. You see if I could remember my man's name and an insurance company and the landlord's name, I'd bust you right open for the best thing you ever listened to." BLUE BLOOD. NOTHING can be more absurd than the pretensions of the aristocracy. Even in this country the so-called aristocracy pretend to believe, and some of them actually do believe, that they are made of better and finer materials than are ordinary mortals. The truth is even those who can prove their descent from kings are frequently the remote offspring of people in the lowest walks of life. The London Edo recalls one notable instance of this.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was of those called "beer wenches." The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time, married her. He died while she was yet a young girl, and she inherited his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped, and Hyde was recommended to her as a fitting lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterward earl of Clarendon, kindled the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who afterward became the wife of Earl of Arundel, and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

AN IMPRESSIVE APPEARANCE. THE other day, says the *Albuquerque Democrat*, Judge Heacock purchased a new and stylish suit of clothes, and when he put it on and blacked his boots and spruced himself up, he was about as fine a looking specimen of manhood as was ever exhibited in a state of captivity. The Judge had some business to attend to at a private residence near the outskirts of the city on the highlands, and went out there dressed up in his most magnificent style. When he rang the bell, the lady of the house sent her sweet four-year-old daughter to the door to see what she had caught a glimpse of him as he flew across the railroad track.

ITS ONLY DEFECT. "I'm an artist," exclaimed a young man, with an easel and palette under his arm, to a well-to-do farmer at the front gate. "I was admiring the architecture of your new house."

"Yes," replied the farmer, "it's about the finest buildin' in these parts. It cost enough to be. Kin you paint, stranger?"

"Paint anything, I 'epose, so it'll look natural!" "Yes."

"Do you see that chimney on the northwest corner?" "Yes, it's a false chimney, is it not?"

"Yes," assented the farmer impatiently, "that's what we call a 'show.' I'll tell you what I'll do, stranger. If ye'll paint some smoke comin' out o' that chimney I'll pay ye well for the job."

COMPENSATION.

On, when a mother meets on high. The bathing and the dressing. Bath she not then, for pain and tears. The day of woe, the woful night. For all the sea, the sea was made.

THE MOUNTAIN CAVE.

The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.

By GEORGE R. COOPER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AGAIN UNDER THE OPEN SKY.

A LONG, thin streak of twinkling light was what Walter saw. It seemed to extend from the bottom of the cave to the top, losing itself in the roof.

He paddled directly under it, and at the same time could not help feeling that a current was helping him along.

He paddled directly under it, and at the same time could not help feeling that a current was helping him along. He paddled directly under it, and at the same time could not help feeling that a current was helping him along.

Getting out upon the little water shed of perhaps an acre in extent, he found that in its turn emptied itself. He paddled directly under it, and at the same time could not help feeling that a current was helping him along.

Magellan on passing the strait which admitted him into the Pacific, could scarcely have experienced the triumph which Walter now felt.

He gazed in every direction. "The problem is to know which way to go," he thought. "I must just come out of the earth, and everything has a strange look to me."

"They are about here somewhere," he said to himself. "Hello! hello! Hello!" he cried, putting his whole ear into the call.

"There they are!" he exclaimed. "I see them. Hello!" And then, turning and raised his cap. The men saw him and turned in his direction.

"Why," said the deputy, "there is a crowbar in the robbers' cave, and now we will use it." "I died yesterday. I will not get it, and we will soon find what there is under the stone."

"There they are!" he exclaimed. "I see them. Hello!" And then, turning and raised his cap. The men saw him and turned in his direction.

"The implementation looks like business," he said; and now we'll go and try our luck. The canoe would carry three men, and Walter, although too brave a lad to indulge a foolish fancy, certainly did feel a strong sense of self-importance as he proceeded to state it, as if he were the Charon of that dark lake!

"There it is," said the young navigator; "that is the island, and both my lanterns are burning. We have only to go and fetch the treasure."

"I suppose," said Walter, "that after the robbers found the entrance to the cave and were wandering about here, but I guess old Eli Stark is the only one of them that ever discovered the other shore."

"Probably," said the deputy, "as he was hidden here he concluded to explore the place." "You are sure the stone you saw had been placed there by design," remarked Mr. Mercer anxiously, seeming to fear some mistake after all.

CHAPTER XXXIV. UNREMARKED. The moment Mr. Mercer and the deputy looked at the stone they saw that Walter was right. It must have been put in the position by human hands.

must have been put in the position by human hands. Mercer found all over him the excitement of his nerves. He was not in a rugged condition and the strain of expectancy and doubt proved more than he could easily bear.

"As to the sheriff's office," he was also shaky, as almost all men are in the presence of great mysteries which they seem on the point of solving. Perhaps he might have felt something like a suspicion, but he would not have heard of any of these strange phenomena in connection with buried treasure.

"Or the bar is bending," said Mr. Mercer. "I don't know which." "But at this instant a strange reverberation rolled through the cavern, seeming to start successively from a hundred places along the walls and roof.

"It can't be" anything connected with the treasure, can it?" asked the officer. "I've heard of men going to fall in on it!" "It can be," he said, "as I have heard of men going to fall in on it!" "It can be," he said, "as I have heard of men going to fall in on it!"

"I can guess what it is," said Walter, who had some reason to suspect the truth, and taking up Mr. Mercer's hat, he carried the treasure to the report was answered by countless echoes; and when these had died into silence, there came a peal like the one first heard—starting from all sides.

"Of course there was no longer any doubt as to the truth of the matter," said the deputy. "It may take us for more robbers," said the deputy. "Oh, no!" he said, "no back without first finding out what has become of me. He will see our lanterns and keep right on for us."

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"Oh, Mr. Mercer!" he cried, "I do believe it is true! Please do hold the lantern, quick! There's a fellow!"

But at that moment the mammoth tusk turned over with the bend the wrong way, and down came the obstinate stone, wedging itself as tightly as ever.

"That's just what they did contain when they left my hands three months ago," said Mr. Mercer. "I see that the lids have been cut open and reclosed since then, but the result is less certain, and I don't think that all this pains would have been taken to secrete a quantity of lead."

"I had no idea of it when I left you," he said, "but you got the overviewed." "If you can get out through the cover, do so, and remove all doubt."

"I have no objection to your looking through, whether or not he carried his tongue out of his mouth as boys sometimes do when putting their hands to their physical powers and much work; but, as all events, he succeeded at last in making a lug through the tin."

CHAPTER XXXV. THE INJURED ROBBER. The question of transportation was next in order. "These eight boxes of gold would probably weigh five or six hundred pounds."

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whom we must now call Mr. Graham, though it is incorrect to speak of him as if it did Walter.

"I have thought of you," said Mr. Graham, "thought of you night and day, since our dear young lad here told me of what had happened to you."

"I know, Gerald, I know! And you may be sure she has not forgotten you." "There now, I've got hold with the crowbar again, said Mr. Phillips, the deputy, "and will give the thing another trial."

Up, upon an inch at a time, came the reluctant sheriff, and Mr. Mercer put his thick cheeks under it as if fearing that it would drop back into its bed at the will of some invisible guardian of the place.

"That's not filled with coin or bullion," said Mr. Phillips. "It contains a quantity of iron, as it would hold three hundred pounds weight of gold."

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found it from the inside if it had not been for the current that took it along there. The water moved just a little—not much—and I thought it must have an outlet."

"You have made a strange voyage," said the deputy, "especially for a boy. Your nerves must be rather strong. What did you think when you were in the middle of that lake with pitch darkness all around you?"

"I thought of going on to the next lantern," replied Walter, "and see if the gold was there. I had the gold in my mind all the time, for that was what I had come on for."

"And so you tried to pry it up with that old mammoth tusk?" "Yes, Oh, you don't how I worked to get hold of the stone, but it wouldn't lift on it."

"I would have liked to see you!" replied the officer laughing. "We shall have all the geologists in the country here soon," remarked Mr. Graham.

"How do you suppose a mammoth ever got into such a place?" asked the deputy. "Oh, that was easy enough. You may have noticed that the rock outside has a loose broken appearance. I think that a portion of it has at some period slipped down, almost closing an entire passage."

"The success of Mr. Mercer's exploration had been so complete that the lad could hardly realize it, and he felt surprised that his sense of satisfaction should not be more overpowering than it was. Mr. Mercer probably experienced the same feeling; for we are able to contain only a given amount of joy or grief."

"I don't believe he can recover," he said, "and I have a great sorrow that what he will say in case of his coming to a full sense of his condition."

"So you think he will hardly get around to the penitentiary," remarked Mr. Phillips. "Walter," he said, "is a fine, intelligent, and less serious than he had anticipated. In fact, a potent botanical medicine, which Mr. Graham kept on hand, had worked in this case like a charm."

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TO BE CONTINUED.





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CHOOSING.

We often have to choose between two acts, or two courses, one of which is right and one is wrong. We do not stop to think, perhaps, that our choice is more than the affair of a moment—soon made and quickly forgotten. Yet it is: the wrong choice may have a taint in it which will poison our whole life. Choosing is serious business.

OVERWORK.

FOREIGNERS think Americans were all born a half hour too late and have to work all their lives to catch up. Indeed, it is a fault of our countrymen that they are in such a nervous, desperate hurry. More people break down from overwork here than in any other country. It is a pity, and there is no need of it. We should all meditate upon that good old saying: "Drive your work, but don't let your work drive you."

A BIG FAILURE.

A NUMBER of years ago the people of New York were treated to a view of the monster steamer Great Eastern. This is the largest steamer ever built, and she was expected to be a source of great fortune to her owners. But the contrary has happened. She proved to be a bad roller in a sea. It cost too much to run her. Her construction was such that she could not be used as a man-of-war. She was too large to enter any dry dock for repairs.

The owners have tried all sorts of experiments. In the laying of the first ocean cable, the Great Eastern was of much service. Since then she has been put to various uses, all being a loss of money. Now the owners are in despair, and are going to sell her at auction. What the new owners will do with her is difficult to see. It is hinted that she may be turned into a floating hotel. More people predict that she will become firewood.

FANCY AND FACT.

We may well be thankful that life is not all hard fact. The imagination and fancy have a useful part in it, and help make it easier and more agreeable. But some of the flights of fancy would seem curious, indeed, if looked at in a matter-of-fact way. So studied, the poet's description of a beautiful woman, with hair like ebony, eyes of sapphire, lips of coral, teeth of pearl, etc., would be more attractive to a thief than a lover.

An amateur poet of ancient Greece once asked an artist to paint his ideal woman. "You must paint her just as I have described her," he said. The artist did so, and the painting was such a curiosity that engravings are shown of it to this day. "What monster is this!" cried the poet, when he saw the "portrait" was shown him. "Just as you ordered it," the painter coolly responded.

The color of the face was literally white like snow. The eyebrows were two bows of Cupid, and the little god of love was sitting between them. Two coral springs formed the lips, and a lily and rose were painted on each cheek. Two stars were shining where the eyes should have been. The hair was composed of floating chains of gold, and of nets and fishlines, on the hooks of which captured hearts were dangling. All this corresponded to the poet's description, and he could not deny it, but it was a monster, as he said. It is evident that we must not try to bring our fancies too closely down to hard fact.

SCIENCE FOR ALL.

At the recent meeting of the British Association, Sir Lyon Playfair made a long speech in favor of scientific education. This, he thought, was the basis of all progress. But he seemed to be speaking for the benefit of a rich aristocracy. A superfluity of wealth was, according to his idea, a necessity for scientific growth. In ancient Greece many of the philosophers were working men, to be sure. This was a traveling oil merchant. Solon, and

Plato, and Zeno were engaged in trade; Socrates was a stone mason; Theophrastus, a gold miner. Aristotle kept a druggist's shop at one time. But all of these were men of wealth except Socrates, who was supported by the gifts of others.

Now all this is very well; if people of wealth and leisure can be led to study science in place of beer drinking and horse racing, so much the better. They can give time and money to new discoveries. But if science is good for anything it should be useful to the poor also. And such it is. If a habit of interest in nature is cultivated in youth, the study of science will become a pleasure. The poorest can observe, and reason, and nothing helps a man bear hard work better than an intelligent study of what is going on about him in nature. To know the world of men we must read history and other books. But the poorest of us may know a good deal of the world of nature by keeping our eyes open, and using our wits.

THE EDICT OF NANTES.

The 18th of October was the 200th anniversary of an important political event—the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This Edict was issued in 1598 by Henry IV. of France, and under it the French Protestants enjoyed a large degree of religious liberty for that bigoted age. Louis XIV. abolished it as a measure of "penance" for his sins. For some years previous the Huguenots had been quietly slipping out of France into Switzerland and Holland. But after the revocation they departed by wholesale, some 400,000 of them going into voluntary exile.

These people were among the most industrious and intelligent of the nation, and in going they took their arts with them, to the immense loss and damage of their mother country. They helped found Sheffield in England, which has since become the centre of the world. They taught England the art of silk spinning, of manufacturing glass and the finer kinds of jewelry. They carried their industries to Germany, and a large and wealthy colony of their descendants now dwells in Berlin. France to-day suffers greatly from the competition in the arts and manufactures by her banished sons. Many of the Huguenots came to America, and fought with our forefathers under the banners of the Revolution. Jay, Marlon, Bayard, Lawrens, are Huguenot names famous in our country's history.

Not only was France severely punished by the loss of her best artisans, but she also paid a penalty of blood and fame. There can be little doubt that had that strong conservative middle class remained at home, many of the horrors of the French revolution would have been prevented. In those bitter days the church and the aristocracy reaped an awful harvest as the fruit of Louis XIV's crime. The Huguenots looked from foreign lands upon those startling events, and saw in the downfall of a proud monarchy, and the plundering of a haughty church, the just punishment of their former persecutors. The anniversary of the famous revocation was duly celebrated by the descendants of the Huguenots the world over.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

SEVERAL groups of small specks on the map, a little east of north from New Guinea, mark the location of the Caroline Islands. Recently the German Empire, or rather Prince Bismark acting for it, undertook to take possession of some of these Islands. Thereupon Spain, which claimed sovereignty over them, arose in a rage and cried "hands off!" The pope in Madrid gathered in mob, assailed the office of the German minister, and toward the official cast of arms. Many Spanish lords of high rank returned to Germany the official decorations which had been given them in that country. The two powers came very near a war. From all this, it might be supposed that the Caroline Islands were a valuable possession. This is hardly true. The largest of them, Ponape, has only about thirty-five square miles, but it possesses some excellent harbors. The population of the whole group does not exceed twenty thousand. There are about five hundred of the isles, great and small, extending over thirty degrees of longitude, and twenty of latitude. Most of them are flat coral islands. Only five are mountainous. They derive their name from Charles II. of Spain, in whose honor one of them was called by its discoverer in 1696. Their first discovery was by a Portuguese navigator in 1525, but the Spanish are the only people who made any serious attempts at settlement. These were without success, and the claim of Spain to the islands is not based on any practical occupation. It is merely a point of honor.

What Germany wants of the islands is not clear at first glance. They would be of little use as colonies. Their climate is tropical and moist, and hardly suitable for German settlers. But they are near New Guinea, and they are also in the track which ships bound for China will take when the Panama canal is completed. This may explain the interest of Prince Bismark.

The rich people of Yap, one of the largest islands, have a queer habit. Their currency consists of three tons of argonite. Some of them weigh three tons or more. As these Yap dollars cannot be carried in the purse, the wealthy stand them up against the outside of their houses. If our silver dollars weighed three tons, now!

CARDINAL MC CLOSKEY.

At ten minutes before nine on the morning of Saturday, October 9, the first American Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church passed away, at the great age of seventy-five years.

The event furnishes a fitting opportunity to speak of the pure and fruitful life of an honored and deserving man, whose career is a striking illustration of the love and the success that wait on a blameless life and a course guided by worthy aims. The event furnishes, moreover, a cue to speak of one of the notable and happy signs of the times. It is not long ago, (1855) that a king of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, an action that fell to the ground the religious liberty enjoyed for nearly a century, and drove fifty thousand families into exile. At the date of this writing, the descendants of those families are celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the fateful action; commenting on this occasion, a daily paper of New York says:

"It is an interesting coincidence that on this historic date the American public should be just turning reverently away from the tomb of the first Roman Cardinal it has known, and that only a few days ago representatives of one of the most partisan of Protestant denominations should have paid public tribute to that prelate's worth and his prayer for his well-being. It strikingly shows how fast indeed humanity sweeps onward; how much the Roman Church of McCloskey has outgrown that of Richelieu and Mazarin; how far the France of Greyv surpasses that of Dieudonne."

In other words, this is the era of freedom of thought, religious tolerance and, better yet, fraternity. There is no longer a separate heaven for Protestants and Catholics. Protestantism and Catholicism no longer gather in their skirts as they pass each other in the streets, but each approaches the other and extends a hand for friendly greeting. John McCloskey, the foremost of American Catholics, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on March 10, 1810. The old-fashioned house where he was born still stands, in one of the busiest parts of that city now, at the time of his birth, on the very outskirts of the town.

There were but two Catholic churches in New York at that day, and to one, St. Peter's, in Barclay street, the infant was brought, being reared along the East River, to be christened. His father died when the boy was ten years of age, leaving a few dollars and a devoted to educating his son. The future Cardinal was sent to the St. Mary's academy at Emmittsburg, where he was graduated and made priest in 1834. He had felt each year for the profession of the law, but most chose to follow the promptings of duty, and so gave himself to the service of the church.

At the academy, his enthusiasm and devotion had led him to a man of great future usefulness, and when he went to Rome to pursue his studies further, he was the object of his superiors' hope and trust. From Rome the young priest went to English and Irish colleges to still further enlarge his education, and spent a year in France, returning to New York in 1838.

He was immediately made assistant pastor of St. Joseph's church, and in six months was created pastor. His learning and his superlative qualities of heart and head pointed him prominently before Archbishop Hughes, who appointed Father McCloskey, in 1841, president of St. John's College, in Troy, just as he had been in 1843.

By great administrative ability and hard work the priest completed the organization of the college, and raised it to a high standard. The field of the Catholic church was rapidly widening, and good Archbishop Hughes felt the need of an aid in the supervision of the increasing charge. He wrote to Rome, nominating McCloskey. The young priest had created a most favorable impression during his stay there, and the wisdom of the choice being apparent, he was appointed Archbishop's Cardinal in 1843. A year later, he was consecrated Bishop of the first Diocese (Albany), besides New York. His administration was marked by the number of institutions he founded, and the charities he created or aided. He gave his income to build the cathedral at Albany; he founded the Theological Seminary at Troy; and churches and schools in great numbers sprang up under his direction. The Archbishop died in 1864, loved and universally respected for his virtues and his talents, and upon his death the Cardinal of New York succeeded to the dignity. Hughes had been a mighty champion of the Church against the Know-nothingism of those days—and another name for intolerance. He had, in striking back the better option when it had issued, and had made Catholicism free and respected. If the new Archbishop would not be called upon to display such laudable qualities as the former one must possess, such as noble thought, more gentle. He must exhibit kindness, conciliation, liberality of mind, and virtues that would manifestly begeth in New York. The new one set to work to carry out this idea. He headed the subscription list with \$10,000. His new dignity was marked by just those characteristics that dis-

tinguished former ones, only in the increased degree that was in consonance with his greater opportunities and power.

In 1869 Archbishop McCloskey was summoned to Rome to attend the Ecumenical Council. The good impression left by his former visit was increased by the benevolence and learning he exhibited, and it was no surprise when Pius IX. named in 1875, as first Cardinal of America, John McCloskey. He assumed the biretta, or cardinal's hat, on the 27th of April, 1875, in the old St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mott street, New York. Crowds blocked the streets and the church ceremony the country. The new St. Patrick's Cathedral in 6th Avenue rose under his care, slowly but steadily, each stone put as it was put in place. It was built in due time, all except the spires, and stands now in all its magnificence of spotless marble, one of the sights of New York. In its crypt lie the remains of the father of the edifice, Archbishop Hughes, and on Thursday, Oct. 15, its foster father was placed beside the other with grand and solemn ceremony.

Very long is the list of distinguished Protestants that gathered to witness the last rites in honor of this great, good man; many are the Protestant clergymen who remembered him in their prayers or pointed their sermons with the lesson of his life; but more noteworthy yet, was the noble and many of the conference of the New York Southern Baptist Association, composed of some five hundred clergymen, in session during the Cardinal's illness. "The Moderators," says the account, "referred to the illness of the Cardinal as a noble Christian man, saying that though they differed widely in forms of faith and creed from the Catholic Church, they could not help recognizing in that eminent clergyman a noble in the faith and in the Christian life." He suggested that they unite in prayer for his recovery, and that the Rev. Dr. Elder to lead in that service. Dr. Elder's prayer was an eloquent invocation of God's blessing on the Catholic prelate, in which the entire assembly of clergymen participated. To know the full measure of the late Cardinal's virtues, we must go to those who knew him best, one of whom says:

"At the grand and beautiful ceremonies of the Church the sweet and gentle dignity of his manner had a heavenly charm about it, which long afterwards influenced us for good, as a model and sign memorable. To the school, the academy, and the college he never failed to come with bright smile, and pleasant and encouraging speech to cheer us on along the devious and rugged path to knowledge.

He was simple and unostentatious in his habits, shrinking from everything that bordered on vanity or pride.

He was a distinguished and impressive speaker, and in this respect he had no superior in the diocese. He was rich in moral resources, and remarkable for originality and versatility.

"Gentle as a lamb, he could be said of him that he 'bruised reed he would not break,' or do ought else that was calculated to give pain to or oppress even the lowliest being in nature. As was fitting, his expiring moments were as peaceful and calm and gentle as his life.

Here, O boys and girls, is a pattern by which to shape your lives. The ARGOSY has a mission. It lends its hand to lead you, the coming generation, to make a noble man, a man of noble mind and womanliness, to embrace the ideas of strength of character, uprightness and probity, the boldness of courage to do well and to do right, the gentleness of charity and mutual love.

"Will my your heart believe the truths I tell? "This virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

JESMON NEWMAN SMITH.

GOLDEN TIME.

SITZ such as lounge through afternoons and evenings, And on thy dial arise, and make the golden time Felon of minutes, never taught to feel The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal, Pick my left pocket of the silver dime, But spare the right—it holds my golden time!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Do one thing honorably and thoroughly, and set about it at once. There more than one dispises himself the more he shall obtain from God.

All of the griefs that harrow the distressed, Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

Be truthful, never try to appear what you are not, Honor your father and your mother, and do not dishonor your love? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.

Be not abstract thy course, yet stand not still, But win about all thou hast topped the hill.

Impatience and severity is but an ill way of treating men who have reason of their own to guide them.

STUDY gives strength to the mind, conversation practice; the first is apt to give stiffness, the other suppleness.

Every man has a paradise around him till he sins and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.

A scold is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable than he is.

EVERY man living shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, or an hour which shall more especially try what mettle his heart is made of.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is heating faster at the sight of some generous, self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win: we almost believe in our own power at that time.

As gratitude is a necessary and a glorious, so also is an oblivious, a cheap and an easy virtue; no oblivion, that whenever there is life there is room for it; so cheap, that the covetous man will be created by its expense; and so easy, that the almsgiver may be so likewise without labor.



MAIDENHOOD.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MARRIAGE, with the meek brown eyes, In whose orbs a soft gleam lies Like the dust in evening skies! Thou whose locks outshine the sun, Golden tresses waving in me, As the braided streamlets run, Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and maidenhood meet! O thou child of many prayers! Life hath quickens—Life hath snares! Care and age come on thy face, Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May gales onward into June. Bear a lily in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand. Bear, through sorrow, wrong and ruth, In thy bosom the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.

IN A NEW WORLD;

Among the Gold Fields of Australia.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Facing the World," "On and Over," "Ragged Dick," "Jack and Flack," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

TAKEN CAPTIVE.

HARRY and Jack exchanged a glance of dismay. To be stripped of all they had was a serious misfortune, but in addition, to be made prisoners by the bushrangers was something of which they had not dreamed. Obed too was taken aback. He had become attached to his young companions, and he was very sorry to part with them. He could not forbear a remonstrance.

"Look here, squire!" he said familiarly to the captain, "what do you want to keep the boys for? They won't do you any good, and it'll cost considerable to keep 'em. They're pretty hearty."

Harry and Jack could not help laughing at this practical argument. The captain of the bushrangers frowned.

"I am the best judge of that," he said. "You are lucky to be left off yourself. Don't quarrel with matters that don't concern you."

"Take me if you want to," said Obed independently. "I shall be lonesome without the boys."

"You had better go while there is a chance," said the captain menacingly. "If you give me any more trouble, I will have my men tie you to a tree, and leave you here."

Harry was afraid the threat would be carried out, and begged Obed to make no further intercession.

"I have no doubt we shall meet again," he said. "These gentlemen will no doubt release us soon."

He was by no means confident of this, but he thought it politic to take things cheerfully.

"The boy has sense," said the captain approvingly.

"Well, good by, boys!" said Obed, waving his hand to his two young friends. "I shall feel awfully lonely, that's a fact, but as you say, we may meet again."

"Good by, Obed!" said each boy, trying not to look as sorrowful as he felt.

Obed Stackpole turned, and walked slowly away. His prospects were by no means bright, for he was left without money or provisions in the Australian wilderness, but at that moment he thought only of losing the companionship of the two boys, and was troubled by the thought that they might come to harm among the bushrangers.

"If I only knew where they were going to take 'em," he said to himself, "I'd follow and see if I couldn't help 'em to escape."

To follow at once, however, he felt would be in the highest degree imprudent, and he continued to move away slowly, but without any definite idea of where he intended to go.

When Obed had disappeared, Fletcher came up to the boys, and said with a smile: "So you miss your Yankee, do you?"

"Yes, I do," answered Harry. "You like him?"

"Yes." "Then I don't admire your taste. He's rough and uncouth, and is more fitted for a farm laborer than a bushranger."

"That may be," said Harry, "but he is honest and reliable."

He might perhaps unconsciously have emphasized the word honest. At any rate, Fletcher so understood him, and took offence at the implication.

grewled. "If so, all is well, but you had best be careful."

"Follow me, men!" said the leader. He turned his horse's head and rode into the wood. The eucalyptus trees are very tall, some attaining a height of hundreds of feet. They begin to branch high up, and there being little if any underbrush in the neighborhood, there was nothing to prevent the passage of mounted horsemen. The ground was dry also, and the absence of bogs and marshy ground was felt to be a great relief.

The boys were on foot, and so were two or three of the bushrangers' party. As already intimated, they were of inferior rank and employed as attendants. In general the party was silent, but the boys overheard a little conversation between the captain and Dick Fletcher who rode beside him.

"You haven't distinguished yourself this time, Fletcher," said the chief in a dissatisfied tone. "You led me to think that this party had money enough to repay us for our trouble."

"It isn't my fault," said Fletcher in an apologetic tone. "The Yankee completely deceived me. He was always boasting of his money."

"He doesn't seem like that kind of a man," said the captain, thoughtfully. "What could have been his object?"

"He must have meant to fool me. I am ashamed to say he did."

"Couldn't you have found out whether his boasts were correct?"

"That's just what I tried to do," answered

mines, and then giving secret information to the bushrangers with whom he was connected, enabling them to attack and plunder his unsuspecting companions.

"That's a pretty mean sort of business," he said to Jack, when he had an opportunity to speak to him without being overheard. "I'd rather be a robber right out, than lure people into danger."

"So would I," responded Jack. "That Fletcher's worse than a pirate."

Still they went on, so slowly that the boys, though compelled to walk, had little difficulty in keeping up. They were necessarily anxious, but their predominant feeling was of curiosity as to their destination, and as to the bushrangers' mode of life.

At length they came out of the woods into more open ground.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME OF THE BUSHRANGERS.

On a slight rise stood a collection of huts, covered with sheets of the bark of the gum trees, held on by ties of bullock hide. For the most part they contained but one room each. One, however, was large and, the boys afterwards learned, was occupied by the captain of the bushrangers. Another served as a stable for the horses of the party.

This Harry judged to be the home of the outlaws, for no sooner had they come in sight of it than they leaped from their horses and led them up to the stable, relieving them of their saddles. Then the bushrangers sat

"By the mounted police?"

"Yes." "We are strong enough to overcome them," said the bushranger, carelessly.

"What is the name of your captain?" asked Harry. "Stockton. No doubt you heard of him in Melbourne."

Harry shak his head. The outlaw seemed surprised. "I thought everybody in Australia had heard of Ben Stockton," he said. "He has a great name," he added with evident pride. "He is as strong as a lion, fears nothing, and his name is associated with some of the most daring robberies that have ever taken place in this country."

"And still he is free," said Harry, suggestively.

"The authorities are afraid of him. They have offered a reward for his capture, but it doesn't trouble him. He only laughs at it."

They were far enough away from the rest of the party to carry on their conversation unheeded. Harry, nevertheless, Harry no his informant would have ventured to speak with so much freedom. At this eulogium, however, Harry scanned, with some curiosity, the face and figure of the famous bushranger, who was sitting about three rods distant. He was a man of large frame, powerfully built with hair and beard black as night, and keen, penetrating eyes that seemed to look through those upon whom they were fixed. He had about him an air of command and conscious authority, so that the merest stranger could not mistake his office. About his mouth there was something which indicated sternness and cruelty. He was a man to inspire fear, and Harry, after a steady examination, felt no surprise at the man's reputation.

"How long has he been captain?" asked Harry.

"Ever since I joined the band," answered the young man. "I don't know how much longer."

"How long have you been a member of the band?"

"Five years."

"You must have been a mere boy when you joined."

"I was seventeen. I am twenty-two now."

"I should like to ask you a question, but you may not like to answer it."

"Go on! I don't care to answer, I will tell you so."

"What induced you to join the bushrangers?"

"I will tell you," said the young man, showing neither offence nor reluctance. "I was employed in Melbourne in a business establishment. One of my fellow clerks stole some money, and, to screen himself, managed to implicate me, by concealing a part of the stolen money in my coat pocket. I knew no way to prove my innocence, and my employer was not a man to show pity, so I escaped from Melbourne, and took refuge in the bush."

There I fell in with Captain Stockton, who offered me a place in his band. I accepted, and here I am."

"But for the act of your fellow clerk you would have been an honest business man to-day, then?"

"What a pity!" said Harry, regretfully, for he was much attracted by the open face and pleasant manners of the young man.

"So I thought at first, but I became used to it. After a while I grew to like the free life of the bush."

"I don't call it free. You can't go back to Melbourne for fear of arrest."

"Oh, yes, I have been there several times," said the young man, carelessly.

"How did you manage it?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"I disguised myself. Sometimes the captain sends me on special business."

"Like Fletcher?" asked Harry, quickly.

"No; I shouldn't like that work. It suits him, however."

"I never should have taken you for a bushranger. You look too honest."

The other laughed. "I think I was meant to be an honest man," he said. "That is, I am better suited to it. But Fate ordained otherwise."

"Fate?"

"Yes; I believe that everything that happens to us is fated, and could not have been otherwise."

"You think, then, that you were fated to be a bushranger?"

"I am sure of it."

"That, then, accounts for it not troubling you."



"I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN YOU FOR A BUSHRANGER."

Fletcher. "I crept to his side early one morning, and began to explore his pockets, but he waked up in an instant and cut up rough. He seized me by the throat, and I thought he would choke me. That made me think all the more that he carried a good deal of money about with him."

"The boys, too—did you think they were worth plundering?"

"O no, I never was deceived about them," replied Fletcher promptly. "I concluded that, even if they had money, the Yankee was their guardian, and took care of it. They are all Americans, you know."

He spoke glibly, and the captain appeared to credit his statements. The boys listened with interest, and with a new appreciation of Fletcher's character. They could easily have disapproved one of his statements, for they knew very well that Obed never boasted of his money, nor gave any one a right to suppose that he carried much with him. On this point, he was very reticent, and neither of them knew much of his circumstances. However, it would have done no good to contradict Fletcher, for his word with the captain would have outweighed theirs, and he would have found a way to punish them for their interference.

"In future," said the captain, "I advise you to make sure that the game is worth bagging. As it is, you have led us on a fool's errand."

"That may be," Fletcher admitted, "but it wasn't last time. The Scotch merchant bled freely, you must allow."

"Yes, you did better then."

As Harry listened he began to understand that Fletcher acted as a decoy, to ingratiate himself with parties leaving Melbourne for the

down on the ground, and lounged at their ease. The attendants forthwith made preparations for a meal, appropriating the stores which had just been taken from Obed and the boys. The captives were not sorry that there was a prospect of a meal, for by this time they were hungry. They followed the example of their companions, and threw themselves down on the ground. Next to them was a young bushranger, apparently about twenty-two years of age, who had a pleasant face, indicative of good humor.

"How do you like our home?" he asked, turning to Harry with a smile.

"It is a pleasant place," answered Harry. "How would you like to live here?"

"I don't think I should like it," Harry replied, honestly.

"And why not? Is it not better than to be pent up in a city? Here we breathe the pure air of the woods, we listen to the songs of the birds, we are not chained to the desk or confined from morning till night in a close of space."

"That is true, but are there not some things you do not like about it?" asked Harry, significantly.

"Such as what?"

"Is it not better to earn your living, even if you are chained to a desk, than to get it as you do?"

Harry felt that he was rather bold in asking this question, but he was reassured by the pleasant face of the young outlaw.

"Well," admitted the latter, "there are some objections to our life."

"It would not do for all to get their living as you do."

"That is true. Some must work, in order that others may relieve them of a portion of their property."

"Are you not afraid of being interfered with?"

"I disapproved myself. Sometimes the captain sends me on special business."

"No; I shouldn't like that work. It suits him, however."

"I never should have taken you for a bushranger. You look too honest."

The other laughed. "I think I was meant to be an honest man," he said. "That is, I am better suited to it. But Fate ordained otherwise."

"Fate?"

"Yes; I believe that everything that happens to us is fated, and could not have been otherwise."

"You think, then, that you were fated to be a bushranger?"

"I am sure of it."

"That, then, accounts for it not troubling you."

"You are right. We can't kick against fate, you know."

"I shouldn't like to believe as you do," said Harry, earnestly.





THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Og, for an hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring;  
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,  
Than reign a gray-haired king.

Of with the wrinkled spots of age,  
Away with learning's crown;  
Tear out my life in wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down.

One moment let my life blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame;  
Give me one giddy, resting dream  
Of life, all love and game.

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And faintly smiling, said:  
"If but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But in these nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished for day?"

Ah, trust, best of womankind,  
Without thee what were life?  
One bile I cannot leave behind;  
I'll take—my girls—and die.

The angel took a sapphire pen,  
And wrote with morning dew:  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband true."

"And in these nothing left unsaid,  
Before the change appears:  
Remember all those girls have fled  
With the revolving years."

Yes; for memory would recall  
My fond, paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take—my girls—and boys.

The smiling angel dropped his pen—  
"Why this will never do."  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father, too.

And so I laughed. My laugh awoke  
The household with its noise.  
And wrote my dream when morning broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

Footprints in the Forest.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Author of "Camp-Fire and Wigwag," "The Last Trail," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nellie," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was a most surprising discovery for Jack Carleton and Otto Relstau when they learned that the solitary Sauk warrior who welcomed them to his camp, had in his possession the coat belonging to the German lad, for which they had sought so long in vain.

"Mine gracious!" exclaimed Otto, "when they seated themselves again by the fire; 'if we got him, won't it be shust too good!'"

"Then I suppose your father and mother will be satisfied."

"Yaw—but holds on!" he added, looking down at his clothing; "I have torn my trousers shust a little, and dot will gif dem de excuse to lam me."

"No; they will be too glad to get the coat back to mind such a small thing as that; but isn't it one of the strangest things in the world that this Sauk should find and bring him all the way through the woods and across streams and prairies to this point, and then that we should come upon him."

"It peats everydings," replied Otto, "but he can't told us how he didn't do it."

"No; we shall have to wait till Deerfoot comes; he can talk the Sauk tongue and it won't take him long to find out the whole story."

The boys felt so little misgiving about entrusting themselves to the care of the stranger, that when they began to feel drowsy they stretched out on the blanket, with their backs against each other, and went to sleep.

An hour later, just as the Sauk was on the point of also turning in for the night, Deerfoot made his appearance. His coming was a surprise to the warrior, and at first caused him some alarm, but so soon as he learned to know who he was, his feelings underwent a change, for, truth to tell, the Shawanoe was the very one whom the Sauk had come so many miles to meet.

The story told by the Sauk was strange and impressive. He was the brother of Hay-uta, and, on the return of the latter to his home, he told of his encounter with Deerfoot, and dwelt on the extraordinary words of his conqueror. He too, had heard something similar from the missionaries, whom he had seen at different posts in the West, but like most of his people he was indifferent or scornful to their arguments.

But the "sermon" preached by Deerfoot, through his kindred, got hold of the Sauk, and would not let go. He affected to despise the words, but he could not drive them from him. Some time afterward, Hay-uta told his brother he must hunt up the friendly Shawanoe, and learn more of the Great Spirit whom he told him about. He asked him to bear him company, but the Sauk de-

clined, just as all of us are prone to rebel against the better promptings of our nature.

The time soon came, however, when he started to hunt, not only for Hay-uta, but for Deerfoot also. Of necessity his search for a time was a blind one, but while pushing through the woods he found the horse of Otto Relstau, contentedly cropping the grass on a slight stretch of prairie. Some curious fortune had given him his liberty, and led him into that section.

The brother was so prompt in following Hay-uta, that he kept to his trail long after the latter had found Deerfoot and Jack Carleton, but a peculiar shame-faceness held him back from joining them. Once or twice he started out to overtake them, but each time he shrank back, and finally lingered so long that he lost the trail altogether.

But that restless longing for the great light, of which he had only the dim glimmerings, kept his face turned westward, while he hoped and yet dreaded to meet the young Shawanoe, who, unsuspected by himself, was the cause of his strange discontent.

The meeting took place in the manner already told: it was Deerfoot who found the Sauk instead of the Sauk who found him. In a tender, sympathetic voice the Shawanoe told the other the particulars of his brother's death, making clear to him that when he crossed the dark river it was to enter the hunting grounds of the true Great Spirit, who beckoned him to go thither. The Sauk showed no grief over the loss of his kindred, though he mourned him with an emotion that was a singular mixture of sadness and pleasure. He seemed more interested in the story which Deerfoot told him about the One who died that all men might live, and whose approving smile could be won by whoever would do His will.

The two warriors lay a long time by the camp-fire, which was replenished several times, while the Shawanoe read from his Bible and discoursed of the momentous truths contained therein, while the listener questioned and answered, and appropriated the revelations thus made to him. Deerfoot the Shawanoe sowed good seed on that evening a long time ago; but the full fruitage thereof shall never be known until the last great day, for which all other days were made.

When the Sauk learned that the horse which he had found astray in the wilderness, belonged to one of the sleeping boys, he said it should be returned to him on the morrow. Deerfoot encouraged him by replying that such action would always please the Great Spirit, who knew the thoughts, words and deeds of every person that lived.

While the boys were sleeping heavily, and, when the gray light of morning was creeping over the forest, Deerfoot scouted through the country immediately surrounding them. As he anticipated, he found no sign of enemies; the Pawnees had been handled so roughly that they made no further attempt to molest the little party that seemed to them to be under the special care of the Evil One.

Jack Carleton and Otto Relstau were permitted to sleep until a liberal breakfast was ready; then, when aroused, they were in high spirits at the prospect before them. The young Kentuckian, however, was saddened by the tidings of the death of Hay-uta, the brother of the Sauk who had befriended him.

Otto was informed that the lost coat was his property again, and all that he had to do was to prevent him from wandering beyond his reach, since no such good fortune was likely to repeat itself.

Three days later, the Sauk bade them good-bye, his course to his village rendering a divergence necessary. When in sight of the humble cabins of Martinsville, Deerfoot parted from Jack and Otto, expressing the hope that he would soon meet them again; when urged to visit his friends in the settlement he shook his head, making a reply which was not fully understood.

"Deerfoot must hasten; he is wanted by others; he has no time to lose."

Then firing the gun given him by Hay-uta over his head, he added with a smile: "Deerfoot uses the bow and arrows no more; the rifle is his weapon."

Waving them farewell again, he soon vanished from sight in the forest, and they saw him no more.

I need not tell you of the welcome Jack Carleton received from his mother and friends. He promised his anxious parent

that he would never leave her again, and his pledge was not broken.

Perhaps the long absence of Otto softened his father and mother's hearts, or it may have been the return of the lost coat moved them to greater kindness: be that as it may, henceforward all went smoothly in the Relstau household, and the hardships and sufferings of Otto, so far as his parents were concerned, were banished forever.

THE END.

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

THE FREAK OF AN ACTOR.

PREVILLE occupied about the same position in public estimation in France that David Garrick did in England; but in no respect was he to be compared with the brilliant and versatile Englishman. When Garrick was in Paris, Preville on one occasion invited him to his villa. Garrick, just then, happened to be in a gay and funny humor, and suggested to his friend that they should take one of the regular Versailles coaches, the villa in question lying in that direction.

The train speedily found an empty coach and got in, upon which Preville ordered the coachman to drive on. The latter answered that he would do so as soon as he should have got his complement of four passengers. He could not afford to drive that distance for half-price only.

A freak seized Garrick. Simply changing the position of his hat, and putting on the face of Ben Israel, he slipped out of the coach on the far side, and came round again as though he had just come up.

"Ho! Versailles!"

"Yes, sir. Get in."

Garrick got in, and immediately got out again as before. This time he assumed the face of a Jew, exposing his whole face, his only disguise being the facial distortion.

Even Preville was himself this time deceived. As Garrick was about to enter, having this time addressed the coachman in the idiom of Bohemia, Preville put out his hand to keep him back, at the same time exclaiming:

"No, no, my friends are away for a moment, but are—"

He had got thus far when Garrick's face changed to a caricature of an expression burst from Preville's lips as his friend passed through; but as the latter was again in the act of leaving the coach Preville whispered to him:

"No, no, are you full. We have four."

"Let in one more," returned Garrick, as he again passed out.

Directly afterward, while the driver was gathering up the reins for a start, a little man, dressed Dutchman came puffing up, wishing to go to Versailles.

"Don't take you—all full," was the coachman's answer.

"Never mind, let him come," cried Preville. "We'll make room for him—there! Now, away you go, and put up at my hotel."

At Preville's residence the coach was stopped, and the two actors got out, wondering what the poor driver would say when he reached the end of his journey, and found that his other three fares had vanished.

A few nights afterward, as Garrick came upon the stage in one of his favorite characters, a voice was heard in the pit—a voice as of one upon whom a great light had suddenly burst:

"Ah, my third passenger! Oh!o—aha!"

It was that of the Versailles coachman.

WORKING AND SLEEPING.

SOME men are blessed with a working constitution. They may not be of staidly frame, nor even enjoy robust health, but they can work day after day continuously, and endure without flagging fatigue of body and strain of mind. Such men are usually good sleepers, and in this way nature recreates them. Lord Brougham was one of this class, being equally good as a worker and a sleeper. His power of sustained mental labor was something wonderful. In the early days of the *Edinburgh Review*, when he was one of the most frequent contributors, it was a common test for him to read a book one day and to write an elaborate article on it the next. Many a time he worked twelve hours on a stretch at his desk, and often he included the night as one of his favorite characters, a voice was heard in the pit—a voice as of one upon whom a great light had suddenly burst:

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CHILD ANSWERS.

A GENTLEMAN met a boy and asked him what o'clock it was. Being told that it was just twelve, he expressed some surprise, and said he thought it was more.

"It's never any more in these parts, sir," said the boy, simply. "It begins again at one."

In order to explain in a plain and simple manner the necessity of regulating our conduct by some fixed standard, a schoolmaster asked a pupil what he could do with his watch if it went sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow.

"Sell it," was the immediate response.

A child who had just entered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, because she said: "Though I obey thy first commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer than the land, because I am still put to bed at seven o'clock."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THEY were telling some pretty tough stories, and presently his turn came.

"Yes," he began clearing his throat, "people loose their lives sometimes in the foolishest sort o'way. I recollect an Irishman, poor fellow, who some years ago sat down on what he s'posed was a keg o' hot lead and he smok'd his cuds. After finishin' the fist pipe he got up an' knocked the live ashes right in the keg."

"Many killed besides him?" asked a breathless listener.

"Many what?"

"Killed—blown up."

"Oh, there wasn't any explosion; nuthin' explosive 'bout black sand."

MUFFED.

"I HEAR that Jones, the champion catcher of the Chicago nine is dead."

"You don't say so! How did it happen?"

"He hurt himself trying to catch a safe which fell from a sixth story window on Broadway."

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

AMONG the list of soldiers from Springfield, Mass., who fell in defense of their country during the late war, as read in the dedication of the Westfield Monument, was: "Killed at Spottsylvania, May 10th, 1864, Francis Ash, 9th Regiment." This reference to a man who has for many years been a resident of that town, and to-day is hale and hearty, with a wife and family about him, recalls his somewhat romantic tale of hardships and peril. In April, 1861, then just entering manhood, he was living with his widowed mother in Springfield, and when the first call for troops was made on the fall of Fort Sumter, too impatient to wait for the organization of regiments in his section of the State, he hurried to Boston, and there enlisted in the 9th Massachusetts.

He escaped the enemy's bullets until the two days' fight at Spottsylvania, in May, 1864. The 9th charged the rebel fortifications, captured the first line of breastworks, and dashed on for the second. Between the two lines Ash fell, struck by four bullets. With wounds in head, neck, thigh and leg, his comrades, as they were driven back, left him for dead. The Confederate surgeons, however, found sufficient life in him to warrant his being sent to the hospital, and afterward to Richmond. It was five months, however, before he was well enough to be exchanged, and by this time his regiment had been mustered out of service four months. His mother and friends all mourned him for dead, and when he walked into the adjutant-general's office in Boston, and announcing himself as "Frank Ash, of the 9th Massachusetts," desired to be mustered out because he had served his time, he was regarded as crazy, and told that the regiment had for many weeks been out of service, and that he had recruited himself to be war-buried on the field of Spottsylvania.

It was only by getting some of the officers of the regiment to appear and testify to his identity that a change of his mother's friends was secured, and he was formally discharged. But the regimental record remained unchanged; hence Frank Ash at frequent intervals is obliged to read his own name among the names of the fallen in the battle which he fought in Westfield since the war, and receives a small pension from the Government.

MAKING ICE IN THE TROPICS.

In the tropical climate, far distant from high mountains, as neither natural snow nor ice can be obtained, recourse is had to the cold generated by evaporation and the comparative coolness of the air a little before daybreak to manufacture ice in large quantities, and thus to supply a most grateful luxury at a moderate price. Ice is thus simply manufactured in a large way at Benares, Allahabad and Calcutta, in the East Indies, where natural ice has never been seen.

On a large, open plain an excavation is made about thirty feet square and two feet deep, on the bottom of which sugar cane or maize stems are evenly strewn to the height of about eight inches. On this bed are set rows of small, shallow, unglazed earthen pans, so porous that when filled with water the water seeps through, and covered with a thick deep ooze through them. Toward the dusk of the evening, the pans, previously smeared with butter, are filled with soft water, generally boiled, and let remain their during the night.

In the morning, before sunrise, the ice makers attend and collect from each pan a crust of ice, more or less thick, which adheres to its inner side, and it is put into baskets and carried without loss of time to the common receptacle, which is a deep pit in a high, dry situation, lined first with straw, and then with a layer of clean sand. As the sun rises and congeals into a solid mass. The crop of ice varies extremely, sometimes amounting to more than half the contents of the pan, at other times scarcely a few pebbles. Clear serene weather is the most favorable for its production, whatever may be the sensible heat of the atmosphere. The high generated by the rapid evaporation round every part of the pan is the cause of this congelation. In this way ices are secured for the table, when the heat in the shade is very commonly above 100 degrees.

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SOME men are blessed with a working constitution. They may not be of staidly frame, nor even enjoy robust health, but they can work day after day continuously, and endure without flagging fatigue of body and strain of mind. Such men are usually good sleepers, and in this way nature recreates them. Lord Brougham was one of this class, being equally good as a worker and a sleeper. His power of sustained mental labor was something wonderful. In the early days of the *Edinburgh Review*, when he was one of the most frequent contributors, it was a common test for him to read a book one day and to write an elaborate article on it the next. Many a time he worked twelve hours on a stretch at his desk, and often he included the night as one of his favorite characters, a voice was heard in the pit—a voice as of one upon whom a great light had suddenly burst:

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ST. PETER AND THE BASKETS.

ST. PETER, from the door of Heaven, one day Sped two young angels on their happy way. For the first time they were to be seen. Both bearing baskets.

They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far Than budding rose and blooming Hawthorne are; They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far Than budding rose and blooming Hawthorne are; They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far Than budding rose and blooming Hawthorne are;

THE MYSTERY OF THE CASTLE.

A RUINED castle is all very well in its way, and of course will interest you two clever fellows awfully, but the worst of it is there never seems the chance of an adventure, when it all good jolly unexpected adventures—about them!

Thus spake Victor Harley, who, with his two friends, Arthur and Charley Mayhew on a walking tour through the beautiful province of Touraine, in France, were now making their way across country to visit the extensive ruins of the Chateau de Precontal, and concerning these ruins Harley had made the above remarks.

The ancient castle soon lay before them; once a splendid pile of building, and grand even in decay, its noble yet forlorn appearance at once aroused Arthur and Charley's historical interest, and they hastened forward until, reaching a small cottage in the vicinity, they stopped to inquire whether they might explore the chateau.

An old man opened the door, and looked at the three lads with a mixture of amusement and curiosity; but Victor, who had lived a good deal in France, immediately plunged into conversation with him.

"Yes—yes, monsieur. I will come and show you all there is to see," said Precontal, in a wonderful great place, but it is empty and desolate now. The counts of Precontal have not lived here for generations, but I can remember when they used to come here to hunt.

heavens! the chair was not vacant! Was it—could it be the skeleton leaning there? The match went off, it had been exploded. The light of his second match only confirmed the horrible revelation made by the first. In very deep excitement he stood mouthing there, a few rays of raiment hung about it, and two little shoes lay beneath the table.

Victor Harley felt the giddy sickness of sudden horror, but to escape will he had to resist the faintness which he feared would speedily overcome him. The movement blew out the glimmer of his match; but he rushed in the direction of the door, stumbled against it, and he fell.

He was soon convinced that there was no lock, bolt, handle or key on the inside of this false door, and as the peasant's story of the lost Countess Lucie flashed into his mind, he felt in a moment that he was not only in the presence of her mortal remains, but imprisoned as she had been, and only too likely to share her miserable fate.

The hours—how many he knew not—wore away; and he was conscious of a weird stillness of the air, his senses, mental and physical, and Victor lay in a kind of dreamy stupor on the cold, damp floor, when a puff of warm, fresh air, contrasting with the sepulchral chill of the place he was in, passed over his face; he opened his eyes, and was aware of a faint ray of light, unseen before, in his prison.

The sun shone brightly on the castle terrace, where the peasant's grandchildren were running races and laughing merrily. They considered the old chateau quite as much their property as do the counts of Precontal and his descendants.

Arthur and Charley in their search for Victor were disappointed, and an annoyed messenger thoroughly alarmed. They had run back to the cottage, and got the old peasant and his son to help them to search the ruins, shouting, and calling loudly on Victor, and anxiously listening for his voice in answer.

Finding all their efforts fruitless, and being tired, they had now examined every room and turned the furniture over, and presently made themselves that their lively companion had given them the slip in good earnest, and was amusing himself at their expense by getting before them to the next town, which was their destination for the night.

The old Frenchman was satisfied they must be right in their supposition, although he did feel inclined to remind them of his story of the lost bride, and thought no more about the matter, until the children brought him the handkerchief.

MISERABLE CORRESPONDENTS PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE. D. H. S., Martinsburg, W. Va. No licence required. O. A. F., Clearwater, Minn. It depends upon the paper.

W. W. B., Northeast, Md. Salmon sometimes jump as high as sixteen feet perpendicularly to get over a wall. When their jump is a foot or two short of the height to be gotten over, a dexterous use of the tail completes the ascent.

W. B. S., Square, Ala. Oil barrels are painted outside in order to keep the oil from coozing out after it has percolated through the wood. But, because the barrels are soaked in water, and then the oil cannot enter the pores of the wood, for they are filled with the water.

M. D. M., Wheaton, Ill. The first of the English slave trade was in 1562, when Captain John Hawkins took a ship, the "Jesus" (named after the Virgin Mary), and carried her cargo of negroes, and crossed to the West Indies, where he sold them.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 148. No. 1. Scot-free. No. 4. Cotton Mather. No. 2. L. P. O. T. S. T. A. R. U. R. O. C. H. S. T. L. P. E. R. L. E. C. H. B. E. R. S. H. A. R. P. I. E. S. L. E. I. D. S. K. A. R. T. T. R. E. S. S. D. E. L. T. A.

SOLVERS TO No. 148. Complete lists were received from King Arthur, Jo Mullin, Geo. H. Rexford, Fred M. and Geo. H. I. Am. Hank, A. Solver, The General, Bobs, Eibert, Tom A. Hawk, and Dona Teater. Incomplete, from Norry N. N., Tautrums, Asprey, and Geo. H. Lucy Date, Memphis, Seal, St. Elmo, Mydeach, Willis Wildway, Beech Nut, May, B. Ho, Peep, Madcap, and Wylford, Trenton, N. J., and Mrs. H. G. L. and Mrs. Charles Davis, Florence, S. H. G., Will, I Did It and Rex. Total, 39.

PRIZE WINNERS. First Complete List—KING ARTHUR. Best Incomplete List—NORRY NABBY. CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED. K. T. Dtd., 1 Charade; St. Elmo, 1 Polygon; 1 St. Elmo's Hexagon; Rex Ford, 1 Diamond.

NEW PUZZLES. No. 1. CHARADE. ("So Mack.") The first is common; but I do not think it in the rare term "to provoke." The last is common, too; you see, it is a good specimen of a proverb. If rightly guessed, these two should name the person, "valuable grain."

No. 3. CHARADE. The prime and whole will show a long and open court. A place wherein I know, he had a good deal. Sporting men to them erect. To find perhaps 'tis new. No. 3. CHARADE. No. 4. PENTAGON. 1. A numeral; 2. A respectful uncovering of the head; 3. Sunk; 4. A variety of hawk; 5. Microscopic plant; 6. The name of a bird; 7. In law; 8. A writ to commission a private person to do some act in place of a judge; 9. A strap-shaped corolla of flowers of Symplocos; 10. A misad, a direction equivalent to very.

No. 5. NUMERICAL. Who I to a ship of war, I was told to take to do. And of needed, we'dly need A navy strong and true. The Christian's Heaven is 4 to 7. SAID FROM HIM THAT AN 8 TO 12. NOR TOLL NOR DELVE IN 1 TO 17. But with second I think you will find A residence quite grand, Where lives in state in London great A monarch of the land.

No. 6. STAR. (My regards to the inventive "Boles.") 1. In GOLDEN ARGOSY; 2. A chemical prefix, denoting two equivalents; 3. A pronoun; 4. Displacing plant; 5. To be in a hurry; 6. A verb; 7. In law; and denoting objections; 7. A trumpet; 8. A female name; 9. Who or scatters; 10. Golden; who twist; 11. Corners; 12. Not; 13. In GOLDEN ARGOSY.

No. 7. CHARADE. ("To Mand Lynde.") Through the museum I lately did wander, And on total a second did see. I was told by my friend that lady had died, In the land of the "Heathen Chinae." I remarked that it looked like a monkey. "So it is," kindly answered the guide, "Van der Hoven has said, if I rightly have read, Coochin China is where they reside."

No. 8. O. K. HEXAGON. 1. Lakes; 2. Sorcery; 3. Things to be hot-ot; 4. One who chaps down; 5. Those who annoy; 6. Princess in Germany, formerly inclined to choose the emperor; 7. A name of a bird; 8. The name of a word by working in new warp; 8. Those who finish; 9. Persons of brilliant and attractive qualities.

No. 9. CHARADE. Tell me truth, my dear Rochelle, And I know you can full well, Was Asprey (I am sure) one of your names, Striving hard to solve aright? Were the other veteran knights Whose old name 'Dom delights All the crew. Were Tradles, Byrneche, Mystic, all, While the strings to small and small Tyros too?

No. 10. CAMBRIDGE HEXAGON. 1. An officer of a military force; 2. A short sword with a convex edge or recurved point, used by the Persians and Turks; 4. Preludes; 5. The religious shades, the quietude, suggestive, and suggester; 7. Sew up with skill and neatly; 8. Barber; 9. Certain plants.

No. 11. CHARADE. He sleeps in peace, his hands crossed on his breast, He who his lotus in ivory bed. His camp is now the bivouac of the dead, While white-robed monks guard his peaceful rest. A nation mourns with sorrow long and deep; But glory hovers o'er his hallowed bier. He rescued her from dire rebellion's thrall, And War's dark night gave way to Victor's day. When Peace once more did reign throughout the land, That Peace for which so oft he fondly prayed, Resentment with his sword aside he laid, And showed himself a Christian, true and grand.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first complete list of solutions, THE ARGOSY six months. For the best incomplete list three months. For first correct answer to No. 1 or 4, a bound volume. For first correct answer to No. 3, DICK EASE of fers' Coinings, three months.

CHARADE. "TRUNCROFT, the fellow with the unpromising name, ought to know, without being told, that neither Acrostics or seven-letter Diamonds, will be accepted in my department. There are others who call and send them and have them published. ASTRO, please send us one of your new pyramids. ST. ELMO has made a new one, and has called it "a pyramid." I have a Cambridge Hexagon, it is not so, but call it St. Elmo's Hexagon. Since Lord Oak's death in San Francisco Post has gone to the shades, the president of the Argosy will enter our Christmas Tournament. The Star by Hope may be the best, and so far as we know as the second one that has been sent in. Remember, we have offered a prize for the best one. ROCHELLE.