GOLDEN ARGOSY
FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A CHILD OF FORTUNE.

By ARTHUR HAMILTON.

CHAPTER IV.

A GLANCE BACKWARDS.

It was growing late. Night had drawn its somber veil over the great city, and the streets, a little while before filled with busy passers-by, now echoed but seldom to the steps of an occasional wayfarer. The shops were closed, the long day assigned to trade being over. To plodding feet and busy brains, to frames weary with exhausting labor, to minds harrassed by anxious cares, night came in friendly guise, bringing the rest and temporary oblivion of sleep.

From a small building in a by-street, or rather lane, which nevertheless was not far removed from the main thoroughfare, there gleamed a solitary candle, emitting a fitful glare, which served, so far as it went, to give a very unfavorable idea of the immediate vicinity. Within, a young man, painfully thin, was seated at a low table, engrossing a legal document. The face was not an agreeable one. The prevailing expression was one of discontent and weak repining. He was one who could complain of circumstances without having the energy to control them; born to be a subordinate of loftier and more daring intellects.

He wrote with rapidity and, at the same time, with scrupulous elegance. He was evidently a professional copyist.

After bending over his writing for a time, during which he was rapidly approaching the completion of his task, he at length threw aside the pen, exclaiming, with an air of relief, "At last it is finished! Thank Heaven! that is," he added, after a slight pause, "if there be such a place, which I am sometimes inclined to doubt. Finished; but what after all is a single day's work? To-night I may sleep in peace, but to-morrow the work must begin once more. It is like a tread-mill, continually going round, but making no real progress. I wish," he resumed, after a slight pause, "there were some way of becoming suddenly rich, without this wear and tear of hand and brain. I don't know that I am so much surprised at the stories of those who, in utter disgust of labor, have sold themselves to the arch fiend. Why should I have been born with such a keen enjoyment of luxuries, and without the means of obtaining them? Why should I be doomed——"

When discontent had thus opened the way for its favorable reception, temptation came.

There was a knock at the door.

Thinking it might be some strolling vagabond who, in his intoxication, was wandering he knew not whither, he did not at first respond, but waited till it should be repeated.

It was repeated, this time with a considerable degree of force.

The young man approached the door, but feeling apprehensive that it might prove to be some unwelcome visitor, he paused before drawing the bolt, and called out, in a voice marked by a tremulous quiver, for he possessed but little physical courage, "Who are you that come here at such an unseasonable hour? Unless I know your name, I shall not let you in."

"Don't be alarmed, Jacob," was the reply. "It is only I, Lewis Rand. Open at once, for I come on business which must be quickly despatched."

The explanation was evidently satisfactory, for the scrivener in eager haste opened the door, and admitted his visitor. It was the younger of the two men upon whom the chance meeting with Helen and her father seemed to have produced an impression so powerful. Jacob, though well acquainted with him, was evidently surprised at his presence at an hour so unseasonable, for he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled surprise and deference. "You here, Mr. Rand, and at this time of night! It must be something important which has called you at an hour when most men are quietly sleeping in their beds."

"Yet you are up, Jacob, and at work, as I conjecture," said the visitor, pointing to the table on which the completed sheets were still lying.

"True," said the copyist, for this recalled to him the grounds of his discontent; "but I must work while others sleep, or accept a worse alternative. Sometimes I am tempted to give up the struggle. You have never known what a hard taskmaster poverty is."

"Perhaps not," returned the other; "but I can testify that the apprehension of poverty is not less formidable. However, I can perhaps lend you a helping hand, since the business on which I come, if successfully carried out, of which with your co-operation I have strong hopes, will prove so important to me that I shall be able to put a better face upon your affairs."

"Ah!" said the young man, with suddenly awakening interest; "what may it be? I will gladly give you all the aid in my power."

"Jacob," said his visitor, fixing his eyes steadily upon the scrivener, "you know there is an old maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' In other words, he who aims to be successful in his undertakings, must not scruple to employ the means best suited to advance his interests, even though they may involve the *possibility* of disaster to himself. Do you comprehend my meaning?"

"Not entirely. At least, I need to be informed of the connection between what has just been said and the service you require at my hands."

"You shall presently know. But first promise me solemnly that what I may say, and any proposition I may make to you to-night, shall forever remain a secret between us two."

The scrivener made the required promise, though his wonder was not a little excited by the extraordinary language and significant tone of his companion.

"I promise," he said. "You may proceed. I am ready."

"You are quite alone, I suppose," said Lewis, inquiringly. "There is no fear of eavesdroppers?"

"Not the least," replied Jacob, muttering to himself in an undertone, "Margaret must be fast asleep, I think. You need be under no apprehension," he said, aloud. "We shall not be disturbed."

At this moment a small clock over the mantle struck two.

"Two o'clock!" exclaimed Lewis. "I had not supposed it so late. However, it is perhaps better, since we are the safer from interruption. You are somewhat acquainted," he continued, "with the position in which I stand to my uncle. For years I have been his constant companion, the slave of his whims and caprices, depriving myself of more agreeable and congenial society, in order to maintain my hold upon his affections, and secure the inheritance of his large property. No son would have done as much as I have. And now, when half my life is gone, and the realization of my hopes is apparently near at hand, an incident has occurred which threatens to disarrange all my plans, and defraud me of all but a tithe of that which I have so long looked upon as my sure inheritance."

"Surely, your uncle has no nearer relative than yourself!" exclaimed Jacob, in surprise.

"That is what the world thinks, but they are deceived. My uncle has a son, and that son has a daughter. You see, therefore, that there is no lack of heirs. But you need an explanation.

"My father died when I was not quite five years of age. He was what is called a gay man, and spent freely what property he possessed in extravagant living, and, lest that might not prove sufficient, he lost large sums at the gaming table. He died in an affair of honor which grew out of a dispute with one of his gambling acquaintances, leaving, as my inheritance, a few debts, and nothing more. But for my uncle I should have been thrown upon the cold charities of the world. Fortunately for me, my uncle had none of his brother's vices, and had preserved his property intact, so that when need came he was able to stretch forth a helping hand to his nephew.

"I can remember the day when I became a member of my uncle's household. I did not mourn much for my father, who seldom took any notice of me. Child as I was, I understood that his death, in consigning me to my uncle's care, had left me better off than before.

"I was nearly five, as I have said. My uncle had a son—but one—who was two years my senior. So my cousin Robert and I grew up together. Although we were treated in every respect alike, having the same tutors, the same wardrobe, and even sharing the same room, I cannot remember a time when I did not hate him. There was nothing in his manner or his treatment of me that should lead to this, I acknowledge. He always treated me as a brother, and I never suffered a word or a gesture, not even a look to indicate that I did not regard him in the same light. You will perhaps wonder at my aversion. It is easily explained. Although our treatment was the same, I soon learned that our prospects were very different. I soon became aware that he, as heir of his father's wealth, already considerable and rapidly increasing, was considered, by many, a far more important personage than myself. Notwithstanding my uncle's indulgence to me, I well knew that his pride, and a certain desire, inherited from his English ancestors, that his estate should be handed down entire from generation to generation, would forbid his leaving me anything beyond a moderate annuity. I could not brook my cousin's superior prospects, and determined to injure him with my uncle, if an opportunity offered.

"The opportunity came. My cousin fell in love with a beautiful girl, who, but for her poverty, would have attracted me also. This, however, proved an insuperable obstacle. I waited until the attachment had ripened into the most ardent affection, and then I made it known to my uncle with all the embellishments which I thought best calculated to arouse his irritation. The object of my cousin's attachment I described as an awkward country girl, without cultivation or refinement.

"It was a heavy blow to my uncle's pride, for he had nourished high hopes for his son, and aspired to an alliance with a family as old and distinguished as his own. In the exasperation of the moment he summoned Robert to him, and peremptorily insisted on his at once giving up his attachment, stigmatizing the object of it in such terms as I had employed in describing her. My cousin's spirit was naturally roused by such manifest injustice, and he refused to accede to his father's wishes. The discussion was a stormy one, and terminated as I had hoped and believed it would. My cousin went forth from the house, disowned and disinherited, and I remained, filling his place as heir."

Jacob surveyed the speaker with a glance of admiration. He paid homage to a rascality which surpassed his own. He admired his craftiness and address, while his want of principle did not repel him.

"What became of your cousin?" inquired the scrivener, after a pause.

"He married and went out West. He possessed a small property inherited from his mother, and this enabled him to live in a humble way. I have heard little of him since, except that he had but one child, a daughter, who must now be not far from fourteen years old. This I learned from a letter of her father's which I intercepted."

"Has your uncle ever shown any signs of relenting?" asked Jacob.

"Two years ago he was very sick and it was thought he might die. During that sickness he referred so often to his son that I began to tremble for my prospective inheritance. I accordingly procured a notice of his death to be inserted in a Chicago paper, which I took care to show my uncle. The authenticity of this he never dreamed of doubting, and I felt that my chances were as good as ever. But within the last week a fact has come to my knowledge which fills me with alarm."

The copyist looked up inquiringly.

"It is this," resumed Lewis. "Not only is my cousin living, but he is in this city. Furthermore my uncle has seen him, and but for my solemn assurance that he was mistaken, and my calling to his recollection that Robert's death was well attested, he would have taken immediate measures for finding him out. If found, he would be at once reinstated in his birthright, and I should be reduced to the position of a humble dependent upon my uncle's bounty."

"But you have escaped the danger, and all is well again."

"By no means. Notwithstanding my representation, my uncle clings obstinately to the belief that either he or some child of his may be living, and only yesterday caused a new will to be drawn up, leaving the bulk of his estate to his son or his son's issue; and, failing these, to me. You will readily see how I stand affected by this. Of course, in the event of my uncle's death, a search will be immediately instituted for my cousin and his daughter, and, being in the city, they will probably be found."

"Your prospects are certainly not of the most encouraging character," said Jacob, after a pause. "But, if I may venture to inquire, what assurance have you that such is the tenor of your uncle's will?"

"This," replied Rand, taking from a side pocket a piece of parchment tied with a blue ribbon, and leisurely unrolling it. Jacob watched his movements with curiosity.

"This," said he, bending a searching glance upon the scrivener, as if to test his fidelity; "this is my uncle's will."

The copyist could not repress a start of astonishment.

"The will!" he exclaimed. "How did you obtain possession of it?"

"I CONSENT," HE SAID. "GIVE ME THE WILL."

Lewis smiled.

"It was for my interest," he said, briefly, "to learn the contents of this document, and I, therefore, made it my business to find it. You see that I have been successful. Read this."

The copyist drew the lamp nearer, and read it slowly and deliberately.

"Yes," said he, at length, looking up, thoughtfully; "the contents are as you have described. May I ask what it is your intention to do about it, and what is the service I am to render you?"

"Can you not guess?" demanded his visitor, fixing his eyes meaningly upon him.

"No," returned the scrivener, a little uneasily; "I cannot."

"You are skilful with the pen, exceedingly skilful," resumed Lewis, meaningly. "Indeed, there has been a time when this accomplishment came near standing you in good stead, though it might also have turned to your harm.

Jacob winced.

"Ah!" pursued the visitor, "I see you have not forgotten a little occurrence in the past, when, but for my intervention, you might have been convicted of—shall I say it?—forgery. You need not thank me. I never do anything without a motive. I don't believe in disinterestedness. The idea struck me even at that time that I might at some time have need of you."

"I am ready," said Jacob, submissively.

"That is well. What I want you to do is this. You must draw me up a will as nearly like this as possible, except that the whole estate shall be devised to me, unconditionally. Well, man, what means that look of alarm?"

"It will be very dangerous to both of us," faltered the copyist.

"It will be a forgery, I admit," said Lewis, calmly; "but what is there in that word, *forgery*, which should so discompose *you?* Did it ever occur to you that one old charge might be renewed against you, when no intervention of mine will avail to save you?"

The copyist perceived the threat implied in those words, and hastened to propitiate his visitor, of whom he seemed to stand in wholesome fear.

"Nay," said he, submissively, "you know best the danger to both of us."

"And I tell you, Jacob, there is none at all. You are so cunning with the pen that you can easily defy detection, and for the rest, I will take the hazard."

"And what will be the recompense?" inquired the scrivener.

"Two hundred dollars as soon as the task is completed," was the prompt reply. "One thousand more when the success of the plan is assured."

Jacob's eyes sparkled. To him the bribe was a fortune.

"I consent," he said; "give me the will. I must study it for a time to become familiar with the handwriting."

He drew the lamp nearer and began to pore earnestly over the manuscript, occasionally scrawling with the pen which he held in his hand an imitation of some of the characters. It was a study for an artist—those two men—each determined upon a wrong deed for the sake of personal advantage. Lewis, with his cool, self-possessed manner, and the copyist, with his ignoble features and nervous eagerness, divided between the desire of gain and the fear of detection.

All this time a woman's eye might have been seen peering through a slightly open door, and regarding with a careful glance all that was passing. The two men were so intent upon their work that she escaped their notice.

"O ho," said she to herself, "there shall be a third in the secret which you fancy confined to yourselves. Who knows but it may turn out to my advantage, some day? I will stay and see the whole."

She drew back, and took her position just behind the door, where nothing that was said could escape her.

Meanwhile Jacob, having satisfied himself that he could imitate the handwriting of the will, commenced the task of copying. Half an hour elapsed during which time both parties preserved strict silence. At the end of that time the copyist, with a satisfied air, handed Lewis the manuscript he had completed. The latter compared the two with a critical eye. Everything, including the names of the witnesses, was wonderfully like. It was extremely difficult, from the external appearance, to distinguish the original from the copy.

"You have done your work faithfully and well," said Lewis, with evident satisfaction, "and deserve great credit. You are wonderfully skilful with the pen."

The copyist rubbed his hands complacently.

"With this I think we need not fear detection. Here are the two hundred dollars which I promised you. The remainder is contingent on my getting the estate. I shall be faithful, in that event, to my part of the compact."

Jacob bowed.

"It must be very late," said Lewis, drawing out his watch. "I am sorry to have kept you up so late; but no doubt you feel paid. I must hasten back."

He buttoned his coat and went out into the street. A smile lighted up his dark features as he speculated upon the probable success of his plans. He felt not even a momentary compunction as he thought of the means he had employed or the object he had in view.

Meanwhile those whom he was conspiring to defraud were sleeping tranquilly.

CHAPTER V.

THE PETTIFOGGER.

THE legal profession numbers among its disciples a large number of honorable and high-minded men; and it also includes some needy adventurers well versed in the arts of pettifogging and chicanery, and willing, for a consideration, to throw over the most discreditable proceedings the mantle of the law, thus perverting, to the injury of the public, that which was intended for its principal safeguard.

Of this latter class was Richard Sharp, Barrister, whose name might have been read on the door of an exceedingly dirty little office not far from Wall Street. Being under the necessity of introducing my reader to some acquaintances and localities not altogether desirable, I must trouble him to enter Mr. Sharp's office.

In the centre of the office stands a table covered with green baize. Scattered over it are diverse bundles tied with red tape, evidently intended to give the unsophisticated visitor the impression that Mr. Sharp's business is in a most flourishing condition. Nevertheless, since the novelist is permitted to see farther into the shams which he describes than is accorded to others less privileged, it may be remarked that these identical bundles have lain upon the table with no other alteration than an occasional change of arrangement, ever since the office was opened.

The enterprising proprietor of the bundles aforesaid is smoking a cigar, while reading the *Morning Herald*, and occasionally glancing out of the window near by. His features would hardly justify the description of "beauty in repose," being deeply pitted with smallpox, which is not usually thought to improve the appearance. His nose is large and spreading at the base. His hair is deeply, darkly, beautifully red, bristling like a cat's fur when accidentally rubbed the wrong way. Add to these a long, scraggy neck, and the reader has a tolerable idea of Mr. Sharp as he sat in his office on the first day of October, 18—.

How long he would have sat thus, if uninterrupted, is uncertain. His meditations were broken upon by a quick, imperative knock at the door. The effect upon Mr. Sharp was electrical. He sprang from his seat, tossed his cigar away, wheeled his chair round to the table, and drawing a blank legal form toward him, knit his brows and began to write as if life and death depended upon his haste. Meanwhile the visitor became impatient and rapped again, this time more imperatively.

"Come in," called Mr. Sharp, in a deep bass voice, not raising his eyes from the paper on which his pen was now scratching furiously. "Take a seat; shall be disengaged in a moment—full of business, you know; can't get a moment's rest."

When at length he found time to look up, he met the gaze of our recent acquaintance, Lewis Rand. The latter, who had penetration enough to see through the lawyer's artifice, smiled a little derisively.

"It must be a satisfaction to you," he said, rather dryly, "to find your services in such request."

"Why, yes, ahem! yes," said the lawyer, passing his fingers through his bristling locks. "It is a satisfaction, as you say, though I confess," he continued, with a dashing effrontery, quite refreshing to contemplate, "that sometimes when my labors are protracted far into the night, I feel that business has its pains as well as pleasures, and cannot help wishing that——"

"That you had a partner to relieve you of a portion of your toils, you doubtless mean to say," interrupted Lewis, with a quizzical smile; for he was quite aware that Mr. Sharp meant no such thing. "In that case I know the very man for you—a young man just entered at the bar—very promising, and bidding fair to distinguish himself in his profession. I should be happy to serve both you and him. When shall I introduce him?"

"Why," said Sharp, in some embarassment, for he knew to his cost that his business was quite too limited to support himself, much less a partner. "Why, you see, although my business is, as I said, very driving, I do not at present think of taking a partner. The fact is, I never enjoy myself more than when I am hard at work. It is an idiosyncrasy of mine, if I may so express myself."

And Mr. Sharp looked up, thinking he had made a very clever evasion.

"When I do conclude to take a partner, which the increase of my business may at some time render absolutely necessary," he added, graciously inclining his head, "I will certainly think of your friend. Your recommendation will be a sufficient guarantee of his ability."

"I feel deeply indebted to you for the confidence you express in my judgment," said Lewis, bowing, "particularly as I am a stranger to you. Such instances are rarely met with in a world like ours."

Mr. Sharp was not quite sure whether his visitor was not secretly bantering him. He thought it best, however, to construe his meaning literally.

"I am not usually hasty in bestowing my confidence, Mr. ——, your name escaped me."

"I think I have not mentioned it."

"O, ho, ahem! perhaps not," continued Mr. Sharp, finding his little artifice to obtain his visitor's name ineffectual, "but as I was about to say, I seldom give my confidence without good reason. I am—I may say—somewhat skilled in physiognomy, and a cursory examination of the features is sufficient, in ordinary cases, to enable me to form an opinion of a person."

Mr. Sharp was fertile in expedients, and had an abundant share of self-possession.

"Perhaps we had better proceed to business," said Lewis, abruptly.

"Oh, by all means, sir, by all means!" returned Mr. Sharp, assuming a brisk tone at the prospect of a client. "As I before remarked I never feel more completely in my element than when immersed in business. It is an——"

"If you will give me your attention for a few minutes," pursued Lewis, unceremoniously interrupting him, "I will endeavor to explain the nature of the service I require."

Mr. Sharp bent forward, and assumed an attitude of the most earnest attention. He nodded slightly, and screwed up his eyes, as if to intimate that he was about to concentrate all his mental energies upon the matter in hand.

"You must know," said Lewis, slowly, "that there are two persons living in this city whose presence, in what way it is needless to specify, conflict very seriously with my interests. It is my wish to bring some motive to bear upon them which shall lead to their departure from the city."

"I understand," nodded Mr. Sharp, with an air of profound wisdom. "Go on, my dear sir."

"One difficulty, however, meets me at the outset," continued Lewis; "I do not know in what part of the city the two persons——"

"Aforesaid," prompted Mr. Sharp, nodding sagaciously.

"Live," concluded Lewis, not heeding the interpolation; "nor have I any definite clue by which to find them."

"Can you describe these persons to me so that I may be able to identify them?"

"That is not easy, since one of them I have never seen but once, and the other but once in fifteen years."

Mr. Sharp looked a little puzzled.

"I can, however, tell you this much. One is a man of about forty, who appears somewhat older. The other, his daughter, is a girl of fourteen or thereabouts. The former is a little absent in his manner, or was formerly so; the little girl, I should judge, is attractive in her personal appearance."

"When did you last meet them?" inquired the lawyer.

"One evening last week."

"And where?"

"They were leaning against the railing on the west side of the Park."

"Can you tell at what hour?"

"About six."

"Then it is quite possible that they may be found in the same place some evening, at or near this hour. Very probably they are in the habit of taking a walk at that time and in that direction. We are all creatures of habit and are apt to stick to the ruts we have made. Have you no other clew by which I may be guided? It is quite likely that there are others to whom the description you have given will apply. When you saw them in what manner were they dressed?"

"I had but a brief glimpse, and do not feel altogether sure. The father is as tall as yourself. I can tell you the girl's name also; it is Helen."

"And her father's?"

"I could tell you his real name, but as I have every reason to believe that he has dropped it and assumed another, it will, perhaps, be unnecessary. His christian name is Robert."

"The first step, then," said Mr. Sharp, reflectively, "is, of course, to find these persons. This will be a matter of some difficulty, and may require considerable time. I do not doubt, however, that I shall ultimately be able to accomplish it. May I inquire whether they are in good circumstances pecuniarily?"

"Probably not. I presume their means are quite limited."

"So much the better."

"For what reason?" inquired Lewis, in some curiosity.

"Simply this. You tell me you are desirous of removing them from the city; if they are poor it will be much easier to offer an inducement likely to weigh with them, than if they were in prosperous circumstances."

"There is something in that, I admit, but if Robert is as proud as he used to be in days gone by, such an attempt would avail but little. However, there is no occasion to consider what further steps are to be taken, till we have actually found them. That must be our first care."

"In that I shall endeavor to serve you. How and where shall I communicate with you?"

"I shall call upon you frequently. There may, however, be occasions when it will be needful to communicate with me without delay. In such an event, a note directed to L. Thornton, Box 1228, will reach me."

Mr. Sharp noted this address on a slip of paper, and bowed his client out.

There will, of course, be no difficulty in divining why Lewis considered it detrimental to his interests that Helen and her father should remain in the city. He was in constant alarm lest some accident should bring together the father and son, who had for so long a time been separated from each other. He was playing for a large stake, and was not fastidious as to the means employed, provided they insured his success. His visit to the copyist, and the bold forgery perpetrated with his assistance, afforded sufficient evidence of this. He was disposed, however, to use very prudent precaution. Why he was induced to call in the cooperation of a needy, and well nigh briefless lawyer like Mr. Sharp, may be gathered from the soliloquy in which he indulged on leaving the office of the worthy attorney.

"There's a great deal of humbug about that fellow," he said to himself, "but he is quick-witted and unscrupulous—two qualities which adapt him to my service. Again, he is poor, and not overburdened with business, so that he will be the more likely to attach himself to my interests. Things seem to be in a fair train. It is fortunate that my cousin does not know of his father's removal to this city; he doubtless imagines him a hundred miles away. It is indispensable that I should not show myself in this business, but leave everything to Sharp. When the property is mine, I can bid my cousin defiance."

The wily nephew hastened to the bedside of his uncle, where, with feigned solicitude, he inquired after his health. It is well for our happiness that we cannot always read the hearts of those about us. How hollow and empty would then seem some of the courtesies of life!

(*To be continued.*)

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

THE MADDING CROWD.

An old lady, with a jerky voice and a great display of snuff-box and spectacles, got left by a train the other night, and had to go to a hotel for lodgings and breakfast. A few minutes before the train-time, the clerk went up to her room to notify her, and found her sitting in a chair as stiff as a major.

As soon as he entered she broke out with:

"How much a day is this hotel?"

"Two dollars, madam."

"How much do you want where you don't have supper?"

"Twelve shillings."

"How much when you don't eat any breakfast for fear of being pizened?" she continued.

"Just the same—twelve shillings."

"Well, I don't pay it!"

"But madam—"

"No, not if I die for it! Here I've sot in this blessed cheer all night long, hearing whistles and bells, and folks running, and men whooping, and expecting that every minit would be my last on airth!"

"Has that gas been going all night?"

"Every minit, sir. I've allus made a practice o' mindin' my business, and I didn't propose to set fire to myself by fooling with that thing. How much is it when you sot and tremble like a leaf from eight o'clock at night till next morning, wishing to goodness that you hadn't been fool nuff to start for Illanoy alone?"

"Just the same, madam."

"Not by a jug-full, young man. Here's fifty cents, and you can take the rest out in lawsuit! I haven't mussed the bed nor touched breakfast, and fifty cents is plenty for having a roof over my head. Git out o' the way, fur I'm going!"

He had to move aside or be run over, for she picked up her satchel and put on steam until nothing could stop her. She made her way down stairs and started for the depot, and when a boy asked her if she would have her baggage toted, she wheeled on him and replied:

"You meander! I have been swindled out of fifty cents already, and if there's any more foolin' around, somebody will get hurt!"

A PRIG'S PUNISHMENT.

A pompous fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing the fowl, which she pronounced fool, as was not uncommon in Scotland. "I presume, madame, you mean the fowl," said the prig, in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so. Take away the fowl, and let the fool remain."

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THE SCENT OF A FLOWER.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

THE scent of a flower is a wonderful thing!
It plays round the heart like the zephyrs of Spring;
So subtle, so soft, so resistless its power,
No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower.

Some odors so blend with past happier years
They move us like melodies breathing through tears;
For they bring back the faces and forms that are cold,
And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of gold.

A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know,
(Dear pledge of a love in the sweet long ago),
When tastes were more simple, and purer our pleasures,
And gifts of fresh blossoms were holiest treasures.

One eve, when the dew on the leaves glittered bright,
He proffered the prize with a tender "Good night";
And my heart grew faint with ecstatic emotion,
For I felt in that flower lay a life-long devotion.

He is gone—yet the scent of that flower
Still holds me with all the old passionate power;
And oft my sick heart would lie down in despair
But that mercy divine melts my sorrow in prayer.

"Consider the lilies." Lord, grant us to be
By the field and the garden brought nearer to Thee;
To read in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and power,
And an infinite love in the scent of a flower.

IN A NEW WORLD;

OR,

Among the Gold Fields of Australia.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

A WELCOME IN THE WILDS.

BEFORE Lucy could reach the door, it was opened, and a stalwart man of middle age paused on the threshold, in evident surprise.

"Whom have you here, Lucy?" he asked in a tone of displeasure.

"Two boys, papa, who came here in distress having lost their way."

"Did I not caution you against admitting strangers?" continued her father with a slight frown.

"Yes, but these are boys, not men."

Harry Vane thought it was time to start.

"I hope, sir," he said, "you won't blame your daughter for her kindness to us. We stood greatly in need of friendly help, having been robbed of everything by the bushrangers from whom we managed by good luck to escape some hours since."

The shepherd regarded Harry keenly, and proceeded to cross examine him.

"You say you were captured by the bushrangers?" he said.

"Yes sir."

"When was this?"

"This morning, just after breakfast."

"Where did it happen?"

Harry told him.

"Where were you going?"

"To the mines at Bendigo."

"How large was your party?"

"There were only three of us—a countryman of ours and ourselves."

"Where is he?"

"The bushrangers robbed him and let him go."

"Why did they not release you and your friend?"

"Because as a young member of the band told us, the captain meant to spare us to join the band."

"You are young to be traveling to the mines. What countryman are you?"

"We are Americans."

"Humph! your story sounds well enough, but how do I know that you are not spies of the bushrangers?"

Harry Vane's eyes flashed indignantly.

"I hope you won't think so badly of us," he said.

The shepherd seemed somewhat impressed by his indignant denial, which certainly seemed genuine enough, but wanted information on one point.

"How did you manage to escape? That doesn't seem very probable, at any rate."

"We both took advantage of the excitement occasioned by the murder of Captain Stockton—" he began.

"What!" exclaimed the shepherd in profound astonishment. "Captain Stockton murdered! When? By whom?"

Of course Harry told the story, but that need not be repeated.

The shepherd listened in evident excitement.

"If this is true," he said, "nothing better could have happened for this part of Australia. This man—Stockton—is noted everywhere as the most desperate and cruel of the bushrangers. I can't begin to tell you how many atrocious crimes he has committed. He killed my brother in cold blood three years since," here the shepherd's face darkened, "because he defended the property of another, and tried to save it from being stolen. If he is dead I am deeply, profoundly grateful!"

"You need have no doubt on that point, sir," said Harry. "Jack and myself saw him shot down. There can be no doubt of his death."

"I believe you speak the truth. You don't look as if you were deceiving me. So you took the opportunity to give the bushrangers legball, eh?"

"We didn't stay to bid them good-bye," said Harry smiling. "We ran till we were out of breath, but saw no one on our track. Probably it was some time before we were thought of, and our escape noticed. We have been walking ever since, and were ready to drop with hunger and fatigue when we espied the light of your cottage, and ventured to ask for help."

"You are welcome to all we can do for you," said the shepherd, his tone changing. "I was suspicious at first, for the bushrangers are up to all sorts of tricks, but the news you have brought insures you a welcome. At last my poor brother is avenged, and the bloodthirsty villian who killed him has gone to his account. You don't know who is elected in his place?"

"No sir, we came away at once."

"Of course, of course, I should have thought of that."

"I hope it isn't Fletcher," said Jack.

"Ha! what do you know of Dick Fletcher?"

"More than we want to. He it was who passed himself off on us as a returned miner, and betrayed us into the hands of his comrades."

"I know of him too. He would be as bad as the captain if he dared, but he is a coward. His turn will come after a while. But, Lucy," here he addressed his daughter, "you are not treating your guests very well. Where are your potatoes, and other vegetables?"

"They were so hungry they preferred not to wait for them, papa."

"You may put them in the pot now. I want them, and I think our young friends will be able to eat them later."

"You are very kind, sir, but I am afraid Jack and I will not be able to compensate you. The bushrangers took all we had, and left us penniless."

"I don't want your money, boy. You are welcome to all you get in this house. We don't have visitors very often. When they do come, they have no bills to pay.

"Unless they are bushrangers, father!" said Lucy with a smile.

"If they are bushrangers, they will meet with a still warmer reception," said the shepherd grimly. "And now, daughter, hurry up supper, for I have a very fair appetite myself."

Lucy moved about quietly but actively in obedience to her father's directions. An hour later, or perhaps less, the table was spread once more, and all get up to it. The boys, though the edge of their appetite was taken away, managed to eat the vegetables with a relish not having had a chance to eat any for a considerable time, except at their hotel in Melbourne.

After supper they sat down beside the fire and talked. Living so much alone, the shepherd and his daughter were anxious to hear all that the boys could tell them of the great world from which they lived aloof. Later in the evening, the shepherd, whose name by the way was Andrew Campbell, said, "Now, let us have a little music. Lucy, bring me the bagpipe."

His daughter went into an adjoining room, and brought out a Highland bagpipe, which Campbell received, and straitway began to play upon it some characteristic Scotch tunes. It was loud and harsh, but the boys enjoyed it for want of better.

"Don't you sing, Miss Lucy?" asked Harry, when her father laid down the instrument.

"No," answered the girl smiling. "I wish I did. Father is very fond of singing."

"Ay am I; Lucy's mother sang, but the gift has not descended to her."

"Harry is a professional singer," said Jack. "He sings in public."

"Please sing something, then," pleaded Lucy.

"If you really wish it," answered Harry.

"I shall be glad to hear you, young sir," said the shepherd.

Harry hesitated no longer, but sang at once, choosing such Scotch melodies as he knew in preference. The shepherd's eyes glistened, and he was evidently much moved.

"I called back my early days, when as a lad I trod the health in Scotland," he said. "You are a fine singer. I don't mind when I have enjoyed an evening as much."

"I am very glad, sir, if I have been able in this way to repay your kindness," said Harry.

"Don't speak of it, lad," said the shepherd, lapsing into his Scotch mode of speech. "We shan't miss the bit sup we have given you."

At nine o'clock all retired for the night, for the shepherd must be up early in the morning to look after his flocks. Harry and Jack slept in a small room back. They were very tired, and fell asleep as soon as their heads struck the pillow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCE.

THOUGH the boys were very much fatigued they were up in time for an early breakfast the next morning. It consisted of mutton chops, potatoes, bread, and coffee, and they were prepared, notwithstanding their hearty supper of the night before to do full justice to it.

The shepherd had got over his first impression, and nothing could be more friendly than his manner towards them. He gave a still stronger proof of his confidence and friendship.

"So you think of going to the mines my lads," he said

"Yes sir."

"I don't know about the wisdom of your plans. It isn't all that find the gold they look for. Are you expecting to come back with fortunes?"

"They would not be unwelcome, sir," said Harry, "but we shall at any rate like the advantage of it, and we are young enough to try experiments."

"That's true, but about the gold I'm thinkin' you'll be disappointed. At any rate I'll make you an offer—the two of you. Stay here and help me tend sheep. I'll give you your living and clothes, and when you are twenty-one, I will make you a present of a hundred sheep each to start in business for yourselves."

The proposal took Harry and Jack by surprise. They could not but observe that Lucy's face brightened with hope, as she awaited their answer. It was clear that she hoped it would be favorable. It must be acknowledged that this made a considerable impression upon them. Lucy was a pretty girl, and they felt flattered by her desire that they should remain. But their resolution was only shaken, not changed. They had but to look about them at the unbroken solitude to feel that life under such circumstances would be unendurable. Both of them had led lives of activity and excitement, and neither felt prepared to settle down, but they felt grateful.

"Jack and I thank you for your kindness, Mr. Campbell," said Harry, "and consider your offer a good one. But it would be lonely for us here, and, though we may change our minds, we would like to try the gold fields first."

"It's only natural, lads," said the shepherd. "You are young and you crave excitement. When you are as old as I am you won't mind the quiet. Go then to Bendigo, but if you have bad luck, come back here, and you shall be welcome to stay as long as you like, and to accept my offer if you feel like it then."

"I am sorry you won't stay," said Lucy, with a shade of sadness.

"I wish we could be contented to do so," said Harry. "You may be sure we won't forget your kindness, Miss Campbell."

"Do you mean me?" asked Lucy, smiling. "I never was called Miss Campbell before."

"I will say Lucy, if you will allow me."

"I would rather you did."

"Then good by, Lucy. We shall always remember you."

"And you will come back some day?"

"If we can."

"Then good by, and don't forget your promise."

There was a suspicious moisture in the girl's eyes, for she knew that when the young visitors were gone she would feel lonelier than ever.

"That's a nice girl, Jack," said Harry, after a pause.

"That's so, Harry. I never saw a girl so nice before," responded Jack, emphatically.

"Do you know, Jack," said Harry, turning to him with a smile, "it is just as well we are going away."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"If we stayed here till we were both young men, we might both fall in love with Lucy, and quarrel over her."

"I might fall in love with her, but I would never quarrel with you, Harry," said Jack, affectionately.

"No, Jack, I don't think you would. Nothing shall ever divide us."

"You are very kind to a poor sailor boy," said Jack. "You know a great deal more than I, and I am not fit to be your friend."

"Take care, Jack, I may quarrel with you if you say anything against yourself. Fit or unfit, you are my chosen friend, and I should not be willing to exchange you for any one else I ever met."

"Not even for Montgomery Clinton?" said Jack, archly.

"Not even for him, with all his stock of trousers."

Deference was made to a young man from Brooklyn, a fellow passenger on the ship Nantucket, who had acquired the reputation of a dude, and had afforded much amusement to all on board. He will be remembered by the readers of the preceding volume, "Facing the World."

The boys did not set out on their journey empty handed. Lucy, by direction of her father, had packed a basket with provisions, enough to last them two or three days. The shepherd wished also to lend them some money, but this Harry declined.

"We might not be able to pay it back," he said.

"I shan't miss it, lads, if you don't," urged the shepherd.

"We might be robbed of it as we were of our other money, sir. We thank you all the same."

But they gladly accepted the basket of provisions, without which, indeed, they might have fared badly—in that uninhabited wilderness.

"How far is it to Bendigo?" Harry had asked the shepherd.

"Twenty-five miles, or thereabouts," was the answer.

"It it were a straight road and good traveling we might be there by night."

"But it is neither. You will be fortunate if you reach there in three or four days."

"Give us the direction, and we will try it, sir."

The two young travelers, refreshed by their night's sleep, and two substantial meals, made good progress, and by noon found themselves, despite the difficulties of the way, seven miles distant from the station where they had received such hospitable treatment. By this time they were hungry, and were glad to sit down at the base of a gigantic gum tree, and attack the provisions they had brought with them. They were in good spirits and chatted cheerfully. Many thousands of miles away from home, without a penny in their pockets, and with only a basket of provisions between them and starvation, they did not allow themselves to be depressed by their uncertain prospects, but looked forward hopefully.

"Jack," said Harry, "it seems so lonely here, I could easily believe that we two are alone in the world."

"It does seem so," said Jack.

"I feel a little like Robinson Crusoe on his island."

"Am I to be Friday?" asked Jack, with a smile.

Jack had read very few books, but who is there who has not read Robinson Crusoe?

"I don't think you are of the right color, Jack, but I would a good deal rather have you than Friday."

They were not as far away from human companionship as they supposed, as they soon learned to their dismay. Suddenly they heard a crunching as of steps upon the brush, and, turning, they saw, with alarm, a tall, muscular man, with matted locks unprotected by a hat, a long, untrimmed beard, and a suit hanging in tatters over his gaunt, bony figure. His eyes were fixed, with a famished look, upon the open basket of provisions.

The boys started to their feet in affright.

"Give me food!" said the stranger, in a hoarse voice.

Harry took some bread and meat from the basket, and handed them to the stranger, who devoured them in silence. His appetite seemed enormous, and the boys saw in dismay that if he kept on there would be very little left. It was necessary, in self defence, to limit the man's rapacity.

"More, more!" he cried, when he had eaten all that had been given him.

"We have given you all we can spare," said Harry, firmly.

"Give me the basket, or I will kill you both!" exclaimed the tramp, his eyes suffused with blood, and gleaming with fierce anger.

As he spoke, he raised a knotted stick which had served him as a cane, and swung it menacingly above his head.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RUFFIAN FOILED.

HARRY and Jack were brave boys, and not easily daunted, but the attitude of the stranger was so menacing, and his frame so indicative of strength, that they felt both alarmed. Had their need of the provisions been less urgent they would have surrendered them without a struggle, but they felt that it was a question possibly of continued life or starvation, and this inspired them to resistance.

Holding the basket in his hand, Harry retreated behind a tree, and began to parley.

"You are asking too much," he said. "We have given you a meal. We need the rest for ourselves."

"No palavering, boy!" said the tramp, roughly. "I need it more than you do. Give it to me, or I will kill you."

"If I only had some weapon," thought Harry.

While he was hesitating, the tramp with a quick movement sprang to where he stood, clutched him by the collar, and flinging him on his back put his knee on his breast, saying between his closed teeth, "Now I will kill you, young jackanapes! I'll teach you to interfere with me."

Poor Harry thought his last moment had come. He was powerless against his enemy, whose wild rage shown in his distorted features seemed capable of anything. His sole helper was Jack, who flung himself on the giant, and sought with his boyish strength to pull him away, but in vain.

"I'll choke the life out of you, you young beast!" exclaimed the tramp, preparing to clutch Harry by the throat. The moment was a critical one for the poor boy, whose career came near ending then and there.

But assistance came when least expected.

A man who had approached unseen by either of the three, jumped from the underbrush and with one powerful blow sent the tramp sprawling on the ground beside his intended victim.

"You're rather out of your reckoning, you mean skunk!" he exclaimed. "If there's any killin' to be done round here, I'm goin' to do it."

"Obed Stackpole!" ejaculated the boys in heartfelt delight, and they were rushing forward to greet him, but he waved them back.

"Yes," he said, "it's Obed himself. I'll talk to you in a minute, after I've got through with this consarned villain."

By this time, the tramp, though startled and dazed, was on his feet, and preparing to make a desperate assault on the Yankee. But, though quite as strong, and possibly stronger than Obed Stackpole, he had now to encounter a foe by no means to be despised. Moreover he had laid down his knotted stick, and Obed had secured it. It was a formidable weapon, and Mr. Stackpole was quite ready to make use of it.

"Give me my stick!" shouted the tramp, hoarsely.

"I mean to," responded the Yankee, coolly. "Where will you have it?"

He stepped back, warily, as the other advanced, holding the stick in a strong grasp, while he kept his eyes steadily fixed on his opponent. He was cool, but his enemy was enraged, and rage made him incautious.

He made a desperate clutch at the stick, but with a powerful sweep Obed struck him on the side of the head, and he fell like an ox stunned and insensible.

"That settles you, my friend, I guess," said Obed. "You brought it on yourself, and you've got no one else to blame. Watch him, Harry, to see that he doesn't come to himself, while I tie his hands."

Obed whipped a strong cord from his pockets, and secured the wrists of the prostrate enemy, tying them securely together.

"Will you tie his feet, too?" asked Jack.

"No, it is not necessary. He can't do any harm now. I came in the nick of time, boys, didn't I?"

"Indeed, you did!" said Harry, earnestly. "He was beginning to choke me."

"What was it all about?"

"We had given him a meal, but he wanted to make off with the basket besides. As this would have left us utterly without food, I objected."

"The mean skunk! I'm glad I came up in time to settle him."

"Won't you have something to eat, yourself, Mr. Stackpole?" asked Harry, bethinking himself that his deliverer might need refreshment.

"I don't mind if I do," answered Obed. "The fact is, I'm feeling kinder hollow. I feel a gnawin' at my vitals that isn't pleasant. This is prime fodder; where did you raise it?"

While Obed was eating—with hearty relish it may be added—Harry related briefly what had befallen Jack and himself since they had parted company.

"You're in luck, boys," was Obed's comment. "You fared better than I, for you've had your square meals, while I've had only one besides this."

"Where was that?" asked Harry.

"At the same place where you passed the night. I got there about an hour after you left, as well as I can make out. The gal was very kind, and gave me a tip-top breakfast. I ate till I was ashamed, and then left off hungry. That's why I've got such an appetite now. Yesterday I didn't have but one meal, and I've had to make up for that."

"Did Lucy tell you we had passed the night at her father's house?"

"Lucy! Seems to me you got mighty familiar," said Obed, in a jocular tone. "She didn't tell me what her name was. I suppose she looked upon me as a dried up old bach."

"She's a nice girl," said Harry, emphatically.

"So she is. I'm with you there. But about your question—I asked her if she had seen anything of two chaps about your size, and she told me enough to show me I was on your track. She told me which way you went, and I followed. She was a little shy at first, not knowin' but I might be an enemy of yours, but when she'd made up her mind to the *contrary* she up and told me everything. Well, I struck your trail, and here I am."

"I for one am delighted to see you, Obed," said Harry cordially.

"And I for two," added Jack, smiling.

Mr. Stackpole seemed gratified by the pleasure evinced by the boys.

"Well," he said, "we're together once more, and now we must hold a council of war, and decide what's to be done."

"With him?" asked Jack, pointing to the tramp.

"With him first of all; I take it you don't want me to invite him to join our party?"

"His room is better than his company," said Harry.

"I agree with you. According to my idea, we may as well leave him where he lies."

"But won't he starve?

"He can get his hand free after a while," said Obed, "but not till after we are at a safe distance. You needn't be afraid about him. Anyhow the world wouldn't lose much if he did take passage for another.

"That's so, Obed, but I wouldn't like to feel that we were responsible for his death."

At this moment the prostrate man opened his eyes, and as his glance lighted on Obed, they gleamed with the old look of rage. He tried to get up, and of course discovered that his hands were tied.

"Loosen my hands, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed.

"If you mean me by that pet name, my esteemed friend," said Obed, "I respectfully decline. I'd rather look at you with your hands tied."

"Do you want me to kill you?" demanded the tramp furiously.

"Not at present! when I do I'll let you know. Come, boys, we may as well be going. This gentleman would rather be left alone."

"Unloose me first, and I won't harm you," said the other, trying to struggle to his feet.

"I don't mean you shall. Good-bye, my friend. I can't say I wish to meet you again. I will take the liberty to carry off your stick, as you won't need it with your hands tied."

Obed and the boys started off, followed by the most fearful execrations from their late acquaintance. They had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when they met two mounted police, who halted their horses and inquired, "Have you seen anything of a man, tall and spare, dark hair and eyes. We have traced him to this neighborhood, and think he must be near."

"What has he done?" asked Obed curiously.

"Murdered a man at the mines, in a drunken brawl."

"We've just parted company with him," said Obed. "I found him experimentin' on my young friend here, but come up in time to block his game."

"Put us on his track, and we will share the reward of a hundred pounds with you."

"I'll do it. Boys, stay here and I'll go back with these gentlemen. I'll join you in an hour.

Obed was as good as his word. Within an hour he was back again, with the two policemen, followed by the man whom we have called the tramp.

His hands were more securely fastened now, by a pair of handcuffs.

(To be continued.)

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PROPER PRACTICE.

A YOUNG girl is practicing on the piano over the way. It is pleasant to listen to her. But, what is this? She has come to a difficult passage. Her fingers stumble. She becomes impatient. After two or three repetitions, she passes on to some easier measures. Her relief betrays itself by a quickening of the time. Ah, my dear miss, that is not the way to become a musician. You must not favor your deficiencies, but work hard till you overcome them.

POOR EXCUSES.

THERE are some excuses which are really no excuses at all, but only aggravations of the fault. Such are the very common ones, "I forgot," and "I didn't think." This lack of thought only makes the offence the greater. Then there are the "thin" excuses, which are only stupid lies. Such was that of the man who took his own life, but did not wish the stain of it to rest on his family. He left a note saying: "My death is the result of accident. The pistol went off as I was cleaning it."

A GUDGEON MATCH.

IN the old countries the people cultivate mild sorts of pleasures. Among these, is fishing. Any time you may see, along the river banks in Paris, a social row of men and boys intent upon the excitement of the hook and line. They rarely catch anything, but they never seem to lose patience. When they do land a victim he is generally very small fry, a gudgeon, a whitebait, or a tiny perch.

They had a fishing match near Paris recently, in which a great crowd participated. The prizes were fishing poles. The contest began at eleven, at a given signal, and finished at two. The ardor of the anglers was laughable, and pathetic also. The winner captured about two pounds of the small trash mentioned above.

A COFFEE MONUMENT.

WE raise public statues in honor of commanders, of statesmen, of philanthropists, and of men of genius. Among these inventors have their place, but until lately nobody thought of remembering the man who invented the cafe, or coffee house. Now, there stands in the city of Vienna a bronze statue to one Kolschitzky, who opened the first coffee-house, towards the end of the 17th century.

This monument, which rises on a prominent corner, exhibits the hero uniformed as a Turk with a cup in one hand and a coffee pot in the other. At his feet lies a sack of coffee, amid other trophies of Turkish origin. It appears that the brave landlord was a fighter as well. The Turkish uniform is to show that twice, during the seige of Vienna, he traversed the Turkish lines to carry information.

EXCHANGE OF PESTS.

PROVERBS may be misapplied as well as anything else. It is said "a fair exchange is no robbery," but there are some exchanges on record which are robbery on both sides. For example, in a report recently submitted to the English agricultural department, it is set forth that in return for the hop aphis America gave Europe the phylloxera. It may be added, also, that she traded the potato bug for the wheat weevil.

Luckily for England, the Colorado bug cannot endure the climate, but the devastations of the phylloxera in France have been terrible. From there it has spread to other countries, having been detected, according to recent accounts, as far East as Greece. The hop aphis was unknown in the United States twenty-five years ago, but has now become a serious trouble.

SNUFF-BOX CALENDAR.

PINGARD, the usher of the Institute of France at Paris, is the happy owner of three hundred and sixty-five snuff boxes, one for each day in the year. This is his only vanity, and he has some reason to be proud, for many of the boxes are of great value. They are all ornamented with paintings by artists who have been members of the institute.

Each day the old man appears with a fresh box, and his treasures serve him as a calendar. One day is "Horace Vernet day," another "Ingres," and so on. Pingard is a man of precautions, and to avoid the inconvenience of leap year, he has procured a new box and had it painted by Eugene Delaroche. His collection will be worth a little fortune to his heirs.

NATURE'S GIFTS AND PERILS.

HAPPY are those who learn to enjoy nature in youth. Not merely in angling for the dulcet frog, or in pursuit of the predatory woodchuck! That is broad frolic. But to be on good terms with flowers and trees, to study the habits of birds, animals and insects, to be happy in the simple sounds and scents of the woods—that is another thing.

It is well to drop the book now and then, and let the senses drink in what nature has written. When this art is learned, it is a source of endless enjoyment. And if it be taken up as a study, it opens the doorway to science, which, when learned from nature herself, is more inspiring than translation of the dead languages, or the bounding of States. One with his head full of nature's love is happy even if he be not rich. In the hunting season, however, it is a good plan not to pursue forest studies in too great quiet.

In autumn one may be pardoned for caroling as he walks, or stretches out in woodland glades. It might even be permitted to orchestrate upon the kazoo when the huntsman is abroad. For lack of some such precaution a Connecticut man nearly lost his head a short time ago. He was painting a wood sketch when he heard a rustling behind him. He turned about just in time to escape a charge of shot from an enterprising sportsman who mistook the top of his head for a partridge.

TOO MUCH HURRY.

A NEW YORK editor is quoted as saying that "Success comes only to those who can do three days' work in one day, and keep it up through life." This has a sound as if the man had overworked himself, and made a failure after all. It might be of interest, also, to know what he meant by success. But taking it for granted that, like the average American, he meant riches to a greater or less degree, is the success worth the price?

Hurry and worry are characteristic of Americans. We have to go abroad to learn how people do a large business and yet take it easy. Quite likely this scrambling arises from the fact that in this country all may aspire to wealth, with a hope of gaining it. We love to talk about our "self-made men." It stands to reason that if one starts with nothing he must do some lively work to attain a fortune.

But this rush and fret seems to reach all classes by contagion. All the clerks and the mechanics, and even the schoolboys, who aspire to be thought "smart," are in a turmoil of unrest. Now vigor and promptness of action are very well. But there is another side. "Haste makes waste," says the old proverb. And in the rush for wealth we waste nerve and health, and capacity for enjoyment. How many men retire from business only to learn they are worn out, and can take little comfort in their leisure. Would it not be better to grasp for less, and thus preserve the ability to enjoy what we have?

ROUND-SHOULDERED.

DROOPING shoulders do not add to human beauty. Quite the contrary, they are a defect. Not only so, but they tend to ill health, by reason of contracting the lungs and leading to defective breathing. Many school children acquire a crook of their shoulders which they carry to their graves; and too often they are early ones. The habit of drooping the shoulders ought, therefore, to be vigorously combatted in youth.

The erect and elastic figures of peasant girls in eastern countries has been often noticed. It is also observed that these girls are accustomed to carry heavy pails of water upon their heads. In fact, carrying weights upon the head is the surest means of combatting the stooping tendency. Shoulder-blades are of little good, for they discourage muscles from doing their proper work. The correct thing is to develop and strengthen these muscles. This is best done by carrying weights on the head—say a bag filled with ten to fifty pounds of sand, according to the age and strength of the person. One method of using this bag is as follows:

While engaged in your morning study place the sandbag upon your head, which is to be held erect with the chin drawn close to the neck. Then march up and down the room, either carrying the book or returning to it from time to time. After a little practice there will be no difficulty in combining this exercise with study. And after a year of it, halt an hour morning and evening, you will find your stoop—if you have acquired one—among the things of the past. It will be all the better if to this practice there be added exercises in breathing and arm or Indian-club swinging.

JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

Governor-Elect of Ohio.

THE recent campaign in Ohio has brought Judge Foraker, now Governor-elect, very prominently before the whole country, and the story of his life developed during that period, is of a kind to furnish a most interesting chapter of biographical literature.

Away back in the forties the father of the present Foraker removed from the State of Delaware into Ohio, and pushing into the magnificent woods near the Rocky Fork and what is now New Petersburg, built one of the large log cabins of those times.

In this humble cabin a son was born in July, 1846, and was named Joseph Benson Foraker. Two years later the family removed a few miles further up the Rocky Fork to Reece's saw and grist mill, the most westerly one on that river. Here Ben (as the boy was familiarly called) outgrew frocks and shorts, and attained manhood in less time than most boys require.

But in his very early years he showed many signs of what are now marked features of the strong character that distinguishes the man.

He was a most energetic little fellow in everything, and he would always do his best to be first. He took the palm in boyish sports, but that never prevented him from keeping at the head of his class.

It is very often the case that when one enters a struggle for the lead, that very praiseworthy ambition is degraded into a struggle to push the others back, but this was not the case with Ben Foraker. They say he was not a bit envious, but went at his lessons without regard to anything but doing the best he could. This generally turned out to be the best of all. That is a surprise that comes to most every truly conscientious boy.

Young Ben must have led a very happy and healthful life out among the woods and the logs and sawdust. In a place so far away from the large centres of business and activity, news was eagerly looked for and greatly relished. Young Foraker devoured news as eagerly as the rest even at a very early age, but unlike the rest, he thought over what he heard, which was a remarkable trait.

In the matter of politics this was especially the case. There was a miller on the Fork, Sam Newell by name, who made a great favorite of Ben. The miller was a great reader of newspapers and was extremely well informed on all the topics of the day. He used to talk a great deal to little Ben about what he read, and he found in his young friend a very encouraging listener and a very eager questioner. Before long, Ben had become unusually well versed in the politics of the day.

One day near election time when Ben was with the miller, the latter entered into a political discussion with a supporter of the opposite party. The controversy warmed to a red heat, and the other man predicted that his party would utterly crush the miller's and take the reins into its own hands.

"No, sir!" returned the miller, excitedly, "you can't do it! We're going to beat you all to pieces, and this boy here" (raising Ben up before the other's face)—"this boy here is going to be our governor some day!" Sam Newell is said to be alive yet, and deserves our respect as a prophet.

Ben was fifteen years of age when the war broke out. His brother immediately went into the army, and Ben wanted to go too. But his parents would not hear of it—he was too young, and then, they had already given one son.

But the lad would give them no peace; he was very much in earnest about it, and so, after a while, his parents gave their consent, rather than have their boy run away and enlist without a "good by."

A company was being raised in the county, and Ben, now sixteen years old, enlisted joyfully among the first. These were told, as they signed, that whoever brought in the most recruits, would be made the highest non-commissioned officer (first or orderly sergeant), the following grades to be filled by those who did the next best in recruiting.

Young Foraker went to work energetically as usual, and, as a result, turned in more recruits than any other volunteer. Thus he was entitled to be first sergeant; but he knew nothing of military duties and so gave the place to the second best, already experienced, himself taking the place of second sergeant.

The regiment went right into the midst of hard fighting, and the lines thinned out considerably. Sergeant Foraker did his full share of the fighting and rose quickly in rank until he had become first lieutenant at the age of seventeen.

The young lieutenant was sent home on recruiting duty, and when, on his return to field duty, he arrived at Chattanooga, he found his regiment gone out to Mission Ridge.

Hurrying after them, he came up just as they were going into the great battle of that place. He rushed to the head of the company (the first) and was the first man of the regiment to leap over the enemy's works.

Keeping on as he had commenced, executing well the duties that fell to him, he became marked as a brave and zealous officer, and we find him appointed to the staff of Major-general Slocum, under whom he served throughout Sherman's march to the sea and his campaign in the Carolinas.

In the course of time that great march had progressed until Savannah was taken. The North was wringing its hands at Sherman's intrepidity and anxiously seeking news of him, hardly hoping to see his army ever appear again. At Savannah, only eighteen miles of river intervened between Sherman and the Union fleet from which news of his success could be sent North. But the river was full of torpedoes, and the banks full of rebels.

To make the passage and open communications, Lieutenant Foraker was selected. In a rowboat, pulled by two negroes, he started in the middle of the night, accompanied by an orderly.

The boat ran aground frequently, and more than once nearly capsized, but the lieutenant accomplished the passage, and delivered the happy news. A short time later, Sherman was marching northward. He had repulsed Johnson, the gallant Confederate general and thought he was free of that one. Slocum, leading the left wing of Sherman's army, was near Goldsboro, when suddenly Johnson came down on him with terrible force. Slocum held his own after the first shock, but he must have reinforcements from Sherman—eight miles away.

He called Foraker to carry the message. "Be careful, but don't spare horseflesh." Gallantly the young officer skimmed all around the left flank of the enemy, and reached Sherman. Back again he flew, leading a division on the battlefield at three o'clock in the morning. For that, he was specially mentioned by Slocum for the Brevet Captaincy of U. S. Volunteers. He was mustered out in 1865.

At home again, he went in for an education. After three years of study, he entered Cornell University and came out with the first class that was graduated. While at college, he had privately studied law and shortly after graduation, he was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati.

Beginning without a single acquaintance in that city, we find him nominated for a judgeship in five years. Fraud defeated him, but he was elected to other offices in time, and was finally made judge of the Superior Court.

In 1883, he was nominated for governor but was defeated, although both sides praised the spirit in which he conducted the campaign and admired his tremendous energy which still survives. He made the most brilliant and complete campaign in the history of the state, making one hundred and five speeches.

This year he was unanimously nominated to oppose his former antagonist, Governor Hoadly. Recent issues of the press gave all the details of that campaign, but some of the papers probably lost sight of the fact, that Governor-elect Foraker has the respect and confidence of all men in his state; even those who voted against him do not hesitate to acknowledge him to be a man whose record is spotless, and who, in many offices and public trusts, has shown himself a good and faithful servant.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

A SHORT SERMON.

LOVE all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy,
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key; be checked for silence
But never tax'd for speech.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time.

I TAKE it to be a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

BURNS o'er the plow sang sweet his woodnotes wild,
And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child.

GOD will protect and reward all faithful servants in a manner and measure inexpressibly abundant.

HE that judges, without informing himself to the utmost he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.

SELDOM was ever any knowledge given to keep, but to impart; the grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment.

SO endless and exorbitant are the desires of men that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less.

IT is possible to teach the laws of etiquette because these are conventional; but the laws of politeness cannot be taught—they spring from the heart.

GOD has divided the genius of men according to the different affairs of the world, and varied their inclinations according to the variety of actions to be performed.

THOSE, though in highest places, who slight and disoblige their friends, shall infallibly come to know the value of them by having none when they shall most need them.

PEEVISHNESS may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know—
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high, imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah! who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were love-lit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

WITH FIRE AND SWORD.

A TALE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

By ONE WHO WENT THROUGH IT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BASHI BAZOUKS.

It is almost time that we should learn something of Mr. Jack Delamaine and his friend Harold Piercy. I do not purpose to trace the wanderings of these young gentlemen. They were bound by no orders or necessities, and traveled wherever they thought it likely that they would find entertainment, their idea being always like that of the Athenians—to find out some new thing. Jack used to call himself "a free nigger," by which phrase he probably meant to convey the fact that he had nobody to control his motions.

News of the Bulgarian atrocities reached them on the borders of the Black Sea, and they learned that a war between Russia and Turkey was likely to break out at any hour.

"We must make a rush down and see the fun," said Jack; and without further ado they started.

They crossed the Black Sea by a steamer which landed them at Varna, where the authorities tried hard to dissuade them from venturing into the interior of the country. They refused to see the danger of their course, and started. The pasha in charge of the district gave them an escort, and they rode away gally with three zaptiehs behind them. They came at last to Gabrova, under the shadow of the Balkan hills—a village which became famous a year later as the place where the Russians kept their reserves during the defence of the Shipka Pass. After a night's rest they journeyed jollily along the Shipka, little thinking in how short a time the hills they traversed would echo and re-echo to the noise of artillery and the shout of armed hosts.

The Shipka Pass is not, strictly speaking, a "pass" at all. It is a narrow and difficult road which crosses the very top of the mountains, and goes zigzagging up and down in a remarkable way, as though it had been made on the lines made by some first traveler, who tried to cross the hills with his eyes shut. The two young men went merrily up hill, and led their horses merrily down breakneck places, and laughed and sang and shouted in the full flush of youthful spirits. The three Turks came on silently in the rear, wondering what on earth the two young fellows could see in this arduous mountain scramble to put them in such splendid humor, and quite agreed in their own minds that the two chelabys were mad.

While Jack and Harold were standing still for a moment to look at the splendid panorama of mountain scenery which lay spread like some wonderful map before them, they were suddenly aware of a very strange personage who turned a corner in the ascent, and, leading his horse, came slowly toward them.

Let me describe him from the ground upwards. First of all, then, the man wore a pair of big and very heavy boots, which reached the top of the calf. Then were visible a pair of coffee-colored legs bared to the thighs and very much bowed. Then came a pair of very brief and very baggy trousers, certainly not a foot deep from the waistband. Round the waist, above the baggy trousers, a round line of white shirt puffed out, and above that, running up nearly to his armpits, was wound fold upon fold of scarlet web. He wore next an absurdly short jacket, which measured perhaps nine inches from the collar to the tail, and was sprinkled with silver lace very much tarnished. In front of him was a sort of stiff bag of leather, and this was crammed with at least a score of knives and pistols, all mounted with quaint ornaments in silver. Finally, his head-dress, which was a foot and a half in height, was cone-shaped at the top and ornamented with a number of little tassels which danced round his head and face as he came along.

Jack had never seen a Zeibeck until now, and looked with a good deal of interest upon him. He, for his part, came quietly on, without regarding the Americans, but stopped to talk to the three zaptiehs.

He did not ask whether the two travelers understood Turkish, and probably did not care a copper whether they did or not.

"Giaour varmah?" said he, to the zaptiehs.

"Var giaour," said a zaptieh in reply.

The question meant, "Are these infidels?" and the answer signified, "They are infidels."

Being answered, the Zeibeck turned in the direction of the two travelers, and spat toward them on the ground. Having thus relieved his feelings, he mounted and entered into cheerful conversation. Harold understood, and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Jack. Harold explained.

"Insolent ruffian," said Jack, also laughing. "Deserves to have his head punched."

"Hello!" said Harold, suddenly; "what is that?"

"What is that?" Jack asked.

"Be quiet for a minute," said Harold; "I am trying to hear what that fellow's saying. Don't look at him."

Jack looked elaborately the other way; and Harold pretended to be busy with his stirrup-leather. His companion glancing round at him, saw that he was deadly pale.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said; "you don't look well."

Harold spoke in a tone of enforced lightness and carelessness, but his words were in direct contradiction to it.

"That fellow has just told the most awful story I ever heard. Don't look at him. I must try to make it all out."

The Zeibeck came from Tripoli or its neighborhood, and Harold had traveled in that district. He was possessed with a very remarkable gift for languages, and in the course of a few months had picked up a good deal of the native dialect. He could not understand all the Zeibeck said, but he could comprehend enough to learn that a deed of almost unspeakable horror had been committed. He listened with all his heart and ears, and by and by turned with an air of complete carelessness, and looked lazily around.

Once more his words contradicted the look and accent with which he spoke.

"Jack," he said, in a light and conversational tone. "Don't start or show the slightest surprise, but look away over to that blue ridge in the distance on the left."

"Well?"

"Do you see a very slight column of smoke rising over it as if there were a house or a camping party there?"

"I see it. What about it?"

"This genial ruffian here is saying that he has just come away from there. Don't look at him. A party of Christians, who have escaped from a neighboring village, took refuge there in a cave. Two or three of his companions came by and discovered them. The meaning of the smoke is, that the scoundrels are at this minute burning them alive in the cave. They have filled the mouth of the place with dry brushwood and set it on fire."

"Come along!" said Jack. "Let's get at them! We may be able to do something."

"Come, Hassan," said Harold, in Turkish. "We must go on."

The corporal of the zaptiehs nodded and said, "Oorallah," to the Zeibeck, and Jack led the little party on at his best speed. When they had gone some distance, Harold called up the Yuzbashi, and addressed him.

"Have I dealt well with you?"

"You have dealt well, effendim," answered the Yuzbashi.

"Will you serve me?" asked the young man.

"On my head be it," replied the Turk.

Harold slipped two golden liras into his hand.

"I heard the Zeibeck," he said, briefly. "There may yet be time to save some lives."

The Turk returned no answer, but slipped the two gold coins into his pouch, and fell back into his own place. The party hastened on. The mountain way was difficult and long, but even the longest ways and the most anxious times have an ending, and at last the two young Americans, with their escort, went at a sharp trot round a sweeping curve of smooth turf which lay below a sheer cliff of rock. The sight they saw was not at all what they had expected to come upon. One man, a Bashi Bazouk, lay at full length upon the grass smoking a pipe, with a red clay bowl and a reed stem. Three horses were tethered near him, and at a little distance two men were busily cutting furze. A large fire was heaped against the face of the rock, and from the green furze newly cast upon it a broad column of blue smoke rose through the air. There was nothing but the fire to show that the men were not making an ordinary halt in a mountain journey.

Harold drew rein, and the rest of the little cavalcade stopped beside him.

"Hassan," he asked, "is this the place?"

"This is the place, effendim," answered Hassan.

"And are these the men?"

"The Zeibeck," answered Hassan, "said there were but three of them."

"Secure them instantly," said Harold.

"Peck aye effendim," answered the Yuzbasha, and with a signal to his men he rode forward.

The Bashi Bazouk, who lay upon the grass smoking, received him with a wave of the hand. The Yuzbashi dismounted, and his two men followed his example. Then the three tied their horses' bridles together, took down their carbines from the saddles, and at a signal, closed around the unsuspecting Bashi Bazouk.

"Throw down your arms," said Hassan.

The man, without removing his pipe from his lips, looked round at the three Turkish policemen and the two young men, and obeyed without changing a muscle of his face, or seeming to be in the slightest degree disconcerted. Jack Delamaine dismounted, and began to kick the fire to pieces, singeing his riding breeches into great holes as he did so. Harold joined him, and when the fire was dispersed, they saw a small gap within the rock, the edges of which were red hot.

"If there is a long passage to the cave," said Harold, "the people within may yet be safe. I should think very little smoke would find its way inside." In the mean time the Bashi Bazouk had been spoken to, and his two companions were coming up the hill, each almost obscured by a huge bundle of furze.

"What are you doing here?" asked Hassan quietly, as the foremost man approached and threw his kindling on the ground.

"We are building a fire to signal to our friends," was the answer.

Three carbines were pointed at him in a moment, and the order came:

"Throw down your arms."

At the same moment Jack and Harold stood each with a revolver held point blank at the third villain's head. Both the savages obeyed the order to disarm, and one of the zaptiehs bound each of them in turn, buckling their elbows securely behind their backs with his stirrup-leathers. They saw their helplessness, and submitted without a struggle. Now and again they turned a look of inquiry on the young men, but they offered no remonstrance, and displayed no sign of fear.

"Now," said Harold, having the three ranged before him, "when did you build this fire?"

No answer.

"Pigs, and children of pigs!" cried Hassan, "answer!"

One of them smiled cheerfully, and responded—it was the fellow bound, and he was still smoking the reed pipe with the bowl of red clay—

"*It has burned long enough.*"

ONE OF THEM WENT DOWN.

At this awful reply, Harold's heart turned sick within him, but he said resolutely:

"That remains to be seen."

"We can't get in at that hole at present," said Jack, regarding the entrance to the cave from which the protecting brushwood was now all burned away.

"It is red hot."

"I wonder," cried Harold, eagerly, "if there is a stream anywhere near here. Listen. Doesn't that sound like falling water?"

"It does indeed," Jack answered. "Wait a minute, I'll cut round and see."

He rushed away in the direction of the sound, and had only just reached the corner of the great edge, when he cried exultantly:

"Its all right: there's a waterfall here."

Harold ran to the horses. A gourd full of water was fastened to every saddle. Each gourd was large enough to hold at least three pints, and most of them were already full.

"I'll tell you what," said Jack, returning. "I'll watch these beggars, and see that they don't slope. They have their legs free, you see. You pour water out of the gourds on to the rock, and make the three zaptiehs keep on carrying the gourds."

So said, so done. The zaptiehs caught some slight reflection of the enthusiasm of the commanders, and ran rapidly to and fro, between the stream and the cave, bearing each time two gourds of water each. The water rolled off in great clouds of steam, as Harold poured it; and the Bashi Bazouks looked on as though they were not at all interested in the proceedings, but were acting as spectators at a performance which struck them as being remarkably dull.

"I'll tell you beggars what it is," said Jack, who was sitting on a big stone in front of them with a revolver ready cocked in his hand. "You're having a nice easy time of it at present; but you've done your share of the work, and you'll get your pay by-and by. If there's such a thing as justice in Turkey, I'll have you three gentle people hanged in a row before a week's out. If I could only speak your lingo, I'd set your fate before you, and I rather think I'd make you feel uncomfortable over it."

It was not alone the entrance to the cave which had grown hot from the fire. A great pole of half-charred wood lay near at hand, and it was evident that the Bashi Bazouks had used this to thrust the burning furze far into the cave.

"You diabolical ruffians," said Jack, when this discovery was communicated to him. "Hanging is a great deal too good for you. If such a thing as the inquisition were on hand nowadays, you might stand a chance of getting your deserts. Harold, in the name of all that's merciful, do make haste. I can't stand the thought of what may be found inside that dreadful place."

It was a harder task to cool the inside of the cave than it had been to cool the outside, and more than once the young officer drew back, with his face scalded by the rising steam. But it would have taken more than that to hold him back, and he still worked on manfully until Jack, seeing how hard the work had become, volunteered to lend a hand, and Harold in turn mounted guard over the prisoners. At last the task was done. The heat of the passage which was at first like an oven—was subdued foot by foot, and here and there little pools of water lay along the floor. Then, and not till then, Jack rested.

"So far as I have gone," he said to Harold, "there is no sign of anything but a long passage. I have not heard a sound inside; and whether there's anybody there at all, and whether they're dead or alive, I don't know, and can't guess. What is to be done now?"

"I will go in," said Harold. "I picked up a little Bulgarische from old Drascovitch, and I can talk to them, if anybody is still alive."

"If they have arms—remember!" cried Delamaine. "They may take you for one of the enemy, and fire upon you."

"I must take my chance of that," answered Harold quietly. He fell upon his knees at the mouth of the cave, and as he entered he sent his voice before him.

"You have nothing to fear. We are friends. You are saved."

CHAPTER X.

WAR IS DECLARED.

A GLAD cry came back in answer to Harold's call. But it sounded very faintly in his ears, and for a moment he had a vision of people lying about the floor of the cave in a half dying state. He went on and called again. But this time, he had turned a corner of the passage, and the answer came back full and strong—

"Who are you?"

"An American," answered Harold. "A friend."

There was nothing but blank darkness before his eyes, but at this moment the splutter of a match was heard, and he saw a little phosphorescent light, which gradually grew clearer and in a few seconds lit up a picturesque face, half obscured by a great grey beard. Harold knew the face at once.

"Drascovitch!" he cried. "You here?"

The old man, with no sign of emotion or surprise, applied the match to a rough candle, and holding the light above his head, looked at the rescuer of the party, and smiled quietly.

"This is a good exchange," he said. "You came once to our camp to find safety, and now you bring safety to me and my people. How did you come to rescue us?"

A few words told the story; and Harold questioned Drascovitch in his turn. He learned that many of the people in the cave were wounded, and that all were hungry and thirsty.

"Come away," he said, "and put yourselves under my protection. I know Hassim Bey of Kesanlyk. We are not far from the town, and he will give you shelter. He is a good and human man, in spite of what you told me when we first met."

"I will not trust myself with Hassim Bey," said Drascovitch.

Harold was of course, ignorant of the latest reasons which made Kesanlyk an undesirable place of residence for the Russian agent, and he tried in vain to alter his determination. But when all the people had, with some trouble, been persuaded to quit the cave, the young American addressed them, and assured them that the Turkish authorities would be the very last to persecute them. He showed them that the three Bashi Bazouks, who had made so terrible an attempt upon their lives, were in custody, and persuaded them strongly to return to the valley, and cast themselves upon the kindness of their own people and the Turkish governor, Hassim Bey. He promised them, finally his own protection, and all but Drascovitch and Bouris were at last persuaded to descend.

"Now what do you intend to do?" Harold demanded of the old man.

"I do not know," he answered, doggedly; "but I will not put my neck into the rope by going back to Kesanlyk."

"Have you attempted the life of Hassim Bey?" asked Harold, remembering Drascovitch's ancient hate.

"I have attempted no man's life," the old man responded. "My own cousin sought to give me up to the authorities as a spy, and I shall be hanged if I return."

"But surely," the American urged, "you will not expose this poor boy to the perils of a wandering life at such a time. See how narrow an escape you have just had."

The old man looked with much tenderness upon Bouris.

"He is a brave lad," he answered, after a pause, "and a good lad. But he is too young for such a life as I must lead."

"Join my party," said Harold. "Traveling with Americans, none will dare to molest you; and when we reach Constantinople you may do what you will, and go where you will. If you try to return to Russia by traveling northward, I have seen enough of the country to be sure that you will be murdered by the way. Why expose yourselves to such certainties of misery as lie before this child, with almost the certainty of death for both of you at the end?"

"I dare not pass through Kesanlyk," the old man replied.

Harold deliberated for a time, and retired to consult with his companion. When he returned he proposed that Drascovitch and Bouris should proceed under the escort of a zaptieh to Philippoppolis, and should bear a letter to a Bulgarian merchant there, who had been educated in America, and was well known both to Harold Piercy and Jack Delamaine. To this plan the old man consented, and it was arranged that the two Americans should take up the pair at Philippoppolis, and that they should all proceed southward together.

"Under the protection of these Americans," the old man said to himself, "I can sow the good seed in safety as I go along."

The rescued Bulgarians were already winding slowly down the mountain, headed by Hassan and one of his men, and followed by Jack and Harold, when Drascovitch, Bouris, and the three zaptieh

started by another route. A letter, scrawled hastily on a page of a note-book by Harold, recommended Drascovitch and the boy to the hospitable care of the Bulgarian merchant, and the zaptieh had strict orders to see that the travelers under his charge were not molested, and to leave them at the American Consulate. He discharged his task without difficulty or adventure. Bands of Bashi Bazouks wandered about the country, seeking whom they might devour, but they respected the mounted policeman's uniform. It was so also with the stray Circassians the little party met now and again; and when, after a two days' journey, they entered the town of Philipoppolis, they were kindly received, both by the vice consul, who did his duty well in those troublesome and dangerous times, and by the Bulgarian gentleman to whom Harold's letter introduced them.

When Jack and Harold rode into Kesanlyk with their party of half-starved fugitives, the people turned out to look at them; and Turks, Jews, and Bulgarians, when they learned the story of their visitors, joined in the effort to supply their wants. Turkey is a very remarkable country, and its ways are not easy for a stranger to understand. Let me endeavor, by this one example, to make clear a good many of the events which happened, both before the war and whilst it was going on. The Bashi Bazouks and Circassians (who lived by plunder and murder at these times) were let loose upon Batak, whether purposely or by accident will probably never be known. The people of Batak knew, that although the Bashi Bazouks and Circassians did not belong to the regular army, they were still recognized as parts of the forces of the government, and naturally believed that the wholesale murders they committed were ordered by the sultan. They therefore supposed that wherever they ran for assistance, they would be pursued by the Turks, and looked upon the whole Turkish people as their deadly enemies. Yet whenever they appealed to the protection, either of the police or the regular army, they were listened to and protected, and I know of many cases where the common Turkish people behaved with the most touching kindness to Christians who were made homeless by the abominable cruelties of the Bashi Bazouks, the Circassians, and the Ziebecks.

I do not say that there were no cases of the sort, but I never knew a regular Turkish soldier to commit a theft or any deed of unmanly violence during the whole course of the war; but the three sets of irregulars were just like so many fiends let loose, and were guilty of such horrors as it would be impossible to describe.

The citizen Turks, who are amongst the most friendly and hospitable people in the world, received the starved and wounded people with the greatest kindness, and indeed behaved to them better than their fellow Christians did. Harold saw his acquaintance, Hassim Bey, who dismissed his whole escort, and gave him a new and a larger one, and the two Americans went down to Philipoppolis in a companionship of six zaptiehs. There they found Drascovitch and Bouris. The old man had never stirred from the house, being inclined to be cautious after his recent narrow escape, but Bouris was full of the wonders of the town. He was not yet tired of going down to the railway station to see the trains come in, and twice a day he waited to see the strange great monster of an engine coming up from Adrianople, or down from Tatan Bazardjik, and every time watched the train out of sight. He had heard of the wonders of the railway, but had never before seen them until now; and every time he saw the engine, with its tail of carriages behind it, he lifted his hands in pure amazement, and said, "Ay, ay, ay, chok!" The last word means "great," and the phrase is the one in which Turkish-speaking people express the extreme of wonder.

The land rang with the terrible doings of the Bashi Bazouks and the Circassians, and every day miserable tribes of men and women, wounded in the most horrible manner, trooped wretchedly into the town and flooded the hospitals.

"How long will the children of the czar wait before they come to the rescue?" asked old Drascovitch, bitterly, one day.

"So for as I can read the signs of the times," responded Harold, "they will not wait much longer. They are making ready for war as fast as they can."

"Is it not time?" Drascovitch asked. Harold did not answer.

In the course of a week or two, letters came for both Harold and his friend, and they found themselves called to Paris on some matters of business. Drascovitch and Bouris traveled with them to Constantinople, and there parted with them for a time. In the capital city, they could both live in safety, and the old man was not long in discovering work to do for the Russian Government. Bouris found a never-failing amusement in the sights of the city; and Drascovitch went about every day, laying plans for a general rising of the Christians when the Russians should draw near to Constantinople. In this way the time stole on, until war was actually declared. A week later, Bouris, standing on the quay watching the ships, saw a great steamer come up, and watched the passengers alighting. Suddenly, he gave a cry of recognition, and, running forward among the *hamals*, greeted his two old friends, who, at the news of war, had returned to Turkey.

"Are you going to the war, effendim?" he asked, holding by Harold's hand.

"Yes," said Harold kindly. "We are going to see the war."

"Ah!" cried the boy, "how I should like to go!"

Harold shook his head and smiled. The two friends walked towards the Grande Rue de Pera, Bouris still holding Harold's hand. By and by, Jack Delamaine, who had nodded pleasantly to Bouris, said to his friend:

"I say, Harold, I shall want a fellow to translate for me and all that sort of thing. Wouldn't this youngster's uncle do? He seemed a wiry sort of old party, and he had lots of pluck. D'ye think he'd come?"

Harold spoke to Bouris. The boy's eyes sparkled at the thought, for he believed that his uncle would never leave him behind.

"I will run to him at once and ask," he answered, and went away up the steep hill of the Rue Galata at full speed.

CHAPTER XI.

A JOURNEY TOWARDS THE FRONT.

THE Spaniards have a proverb which says, "Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla," (Who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder.) But to my mind Constantinople is a far more wonderful place than Seville. Seen from the outside, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. When I saw the Golden Horn for the first time, the sun was just setting, and the waters of that beautiful bay lay like molten gold before me, and the slender minarets and the rounded domes of the mosques seemed ready to melt and float away into the lovely light which lay upon them. The whole city might have been built out of a painter's dream, it looked so beautiful and so fairy-like, and so little like a solid, earthly habitation for men and women.

But no sooner has the traveler entered its streets than the feeling of charm is gone. Dogs lie so thickly about the streets that the roads almost seem paved with them. Unpleasant scents meet the nostrils. The dirty houses overhang the streets and obscure the sunshine. Noisy, bawling porters, carrying packages sometimes as big as an ordinary cart, hustle you as they go by. Everything is noise, dirt, worry; and evil smells pervade the air.

But when the great city, with all its crowded streets, was alive with the news of approaching war—when the bazaar was full of eager talkers, who forsook the customary lazy sleep upon their stalls, and harangued each other with eastern eloquence and noise—when the great ships came slowly to the quay and gave forth countless swarms of the fierce banditti of Tropoli and Smyrna—when clattering Suwarree regiments swept headlong over the stony pavement of the Grande Rue de Pera, and the cannon rolled swiftly after them—when the dervish preached his Jehad at the street corners, and the recruiting officer beat his drum and summoned the faithful to defend their sultan and their faith—when at the railway station at Stamboul the patient regulars lay about the platform "thickly as herrings in a barrel," awaiting the trains to carry them to the front—and when every train bore its great crowd of men away, yet seemed to leave the crowd behind no thinner—then the city of Constantinople was a sight indeed, and no man who saw it then could ever forget it to his dying day.

If you wanted adventures, then was your time; but sometimes the adventures ended so unpleasantly that it was scarcely worth while to go out of one's way to look for them.

Jack Delamaine came in for two or three.

Jack obstinately refused to attempt to learn the Turkish language. He said that, so far as he could make out, there was only one word in it and that was "yavosh." "Yavosh" means "go gently," or "take it easy;" and it certainly is the one word a stranger to Turkey learns first. But Jack's refusal to study Turkish cost him a great deal, not only in the way of money, but in the way of trouble; and his ignorance of the tongue, on more than one occasion, got him into a very ugly scrape. He had engaged old Drascovitch as *dragoman*, but he would not always be accompanied by him, and one day he rode out in the direction of the Sweet Waters of Europe alone.

Not far from the high road was a great camp of Zeibecks, where about seven thousand of those ferocious rascals were gathered together. Jack thought these fellows splendid fun, and indeed had no fear of anything. Several horrible things had been done by the Zeibecks, and the city was almost in a panic over them; but nothing could persuade Jack that there was any harm in them. On this particular afternoon, two of these gentry who were mounted rode up to him, one on either side. He looked pleasantly from one to the other and smiled.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" said Mr. Delamaine.

The Zeibecks grinned cheerfully, and one said to the other:

"It is certainly gold."

He had been inspecting Jack's watch-chain.

"Very well," said the other, and quietly reaching out his hand, he took hold of the chain and gave it a gentle pull. Jack laid his hand on the Zeibeck's coffee colored wrist and thrust it gently away.

"You may look, my friend," said Mr. Delamaine, cheerfully, "but you mustn't touch. You never went to school, I suppose, and were never instructed in the art of fashionable deportment. It's a pity, for you are nice-looking people."

The two Ziebecks laughed, and nodded at each other. Of course they had not the remotest notion in the world as to what Jack was saying, but his cool and good-humored manner tickled them. Before the American had fairly finished his little speech, he found that Ziebeck number two was actually tugging at the chain in the most barefaced and open manner. Jack took hold of *his* wrist, and put his hand away as he had done with his companion. The two scoundrels looked across Jack at each other, and broke into a comic chuckle.

"You beggars haven't read our American fables," he said. "That goes without saying. There's a story amongst 'em of a youngster who wouldn't come out of a tree when a farmer threw turf at him, and the farmer made up his mind to try what virtue there was in stones. If you don't behave quietly at a hint, I shall have to teach you by a little violence. Oh, would you?"

The man on his right made a snatch at the watch-chain; and as it was by this time pretty evident that they meant nothing less than robbery, Jack made no scruple of hitting out at him with his fist. The blow took effect on the savage's nose, and almost knocked him out of the saddle. Almost as he struck the blow, Delamaine put spurs to his horse, a splendid bay, who bounded out from between the horses of the two Ziebecks and laid himself out for a gallop.

"No, you don't," said Jack, restraining his horse. "No, no, old man, we won't bolt from a pair of greasy, copper-colored scamps like these."

He drew rein and turned, and as he did so a bullet whizzed past his head, and another, fired with a worse aim, went swishing away across the field to his left. At that moment there was a distance of perhaps fifty feet between him and his now openly declared enemies. For firearms, each carried a rusty old carbine and quite a little armory of silver-headed pistols in his leather belt. Jack had the greatest possible contempt for the old pistols. He used to say that the great grandfathers' great grandfathers of these fellows had used those identical arms to storm Genoa, and he believed that it would be a good deal more dangerous to fire one of them than it would be to stand and be fired at. He had a stout riding-whip of twisted whalebone in his hand; it was loaded pretty heavily; and without a minute's thought he dashed in his spurs, and clutching the whip viciously at its slighter end, rode at the two Ziebecks. They were quite unprepared for such an onslaught, and one of them went down beneath a swinging blow. Jack had gone three hundred yards before he could persuade his fiery and high-tempered horse to stop, so excited was the animal by the deep goad of the rider's spur. Ziebeck number two had had time to load again, and had availed himself of it, and fired a second time as Delmaine turned. The shot went wide, and the magnificent bay charged down the road like a living avalanche straight at the murderous Ziebeck. The savage tried his best to get out of the way, but only succeeded in getting right across it. There was nothing else to be done, and Jack lifted his horse as if for a leap. There was a crash; the Ziebeck and his horse were down in the road together. Jack himself was swaying in the saddle like a man half-drunk—he was nearly stunned—and the splendid bay was tearing along the road like a mad thing. Before he reached the broad road which fronts the barracks by the Taxmeh gardens Jack had recovered his senses, and had stayed the excited horse and soothed him; but he made up his mind not to travel in the environs of Constantinople without carrying arms with him.

(*To be continued.*)

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"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" inquired the crowd.

"When is an apple pie?"

He stopped and everybody looked at him; but he said nothing.

"Well," asked a man across the room, "go on. What did you stop there for?"

"Go on? Where? What for?" he asked.

"Why, go on with your old conundrum. When is an apple pie what!"

"That's what I said," he replied.

"Well, we know, but what is the conundrum?"

"When is an apple-pie?"

"There ain't any sense to that," put in another fellow. "What's the rest of it?"

"There ain't any rest," persisted Anderson. "When is an apple pie?"

"When is an apple-pie what?" yelled the crowd.

Anderson maintaining the conundrum to be complete, a dispute arose and ended in a terrific scrimmage.

When the police came in and rescued him, it took a half hour to explain that an apple was pie when it was dosed up with sugar and crust and things like any other pastry.

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HUMBLE EXAMPLES.

A HORSE, when he has run his race,
A dog, when tracked the game,
A bee, when it has honey made,
Do not their deeds proclaim.

Be silent, then, and, like the vine,
Bring forth what is in thee;
It is thy duty to be good,
And man's to honor thee.

A ROW ABOARD SHIP.

BY J. T. W. BACOT.

SOMETHING was to blame, and the general opinion of those who knew the circumstances of the case, is that the weather was chiefly in fault for what took place during the voyage of the "Sea Eagle," bound from Calcutta to Gravesend. Everything went on as smoothly as a well-oiled wheel, till the ship had rounded the Cape; but just when Captain Bolt, the master, had every reason to expect a fair wind, with plenty of it, and to go bowling along to St. Helena, it fell a dead calm!

Major Currie lost his temper even before the skipper got peppery. The major did not blame anybody exactly, but he said that trade winds were always blowing, and if the ship had been sailed to the spot where the trade winds were, then the ship would have got the trade winds!

The sailors on board lost their tempers, too. They were on short allowance of water, although there was plenty on board, but then it so happened that nobody could drink it. When the ship was lying in the Hoogley, such numbers of cockroaches walked into the empty casks, which had not been bunged up, that when the water was served out during the voyage, it could only be called an infusion of cockroaches. Luckily there was some sweet water in the iron tanks, or else there would have been a pretty business on board the "Sea Eagle," in spite of the mutiny act and the articles of war. Even as it was the sailors scowled at the third mate who had charge of the hold, and he naturally enough lost his temper, for he had been engaged just when the ship sailed, and had nothing whatever to do with the water casks.

The doctor's temper went next; for he had been foiled in a series of scientific experiments, expected to purify the water. People looked on the doctor with much respect at first, as he mixed lime with the filthy liquid, and then tried charcoal, and then touched it all up with alum, but when all he produced was what might be called an essence or tincture of cockroaches, people began to sneer at the doctor.

The major was accompanied by his protege and relative, James Fortescue, who was a dashing young lieutenant, on leave. To make the general ill-temper complete, Fortescue and the second mate, Charles Blunt, came to loggerheads! That was Fortescue's fault however.

It happened that the ship was slowly turning round and round, without the slightest regard to the man at the wheel, and a party of youngsters were leaning over the taffrail, speculating on the chance of seeing a shark, when somebody tipped Fortescue's cap from behind and overboard it went. Of course everybody laughed excepting Fortescue, and he tried to fish up his cap with a shark hook. Nobody laughed louder than Blunt, who, as Fortescue thought, was the very fellow who had knocked his cap off, although Blunt had nothing to do with it.

"You pack of lubbers!" cried the second mate, "stand by, and let a sailor show you how to do it!" Then he took a mop handle, tied a rope to the middle, seated himself with the rope running between his legs, held on with both hands, and shouted, "Lower away;" so they did, and Blunt reached the water and picked up the cap.

The spirit of mischief entered into Fortescue, as he looked earnestly down, and shouted, "Shark! shark!"

"Hoist away! hoist away!" cried the mate, very naturally not a little alarmed, lest the savage monster should get hold of his legs.

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, but much more expressive to a lot of youngsters with larking propensities; when the mate had been raised about four feet, they let the rope run out again, quite by accident of course, and flop under water he went to the chorus of "shark! shark!"

Fortescue felt that he had done wrong, when the mate was hauled up at last, but he was silly enough not to apologize, and Blunt was too proud to say anything, and the consequence was that Fortescue and Blunt were friends no longer. Still, if it had not been for the prolonged calm, they might have got right in time. As it was, they took opposite sides in the disputes of the skipper and the major. They came to a regular quarrel at last.

The conversation, you see, turned one night after the grog was put on the table, on the comparative merits of ancient and modern ships.

"Far better ships in those days!" said Major Currie, "far better! They did not wait for trade winds! I should think not, indeed, it was out oars with them! two hundred men on each side, three, four, five tiers of oars, something like ships!"

"That's the way they guff you soldier officers," replied Captain Bolt; "why, the cook's mate would know it could not be done! Don't you see the upper row of oars would have been as long as our main-mast, and the handles forty feet above deck?"

"I rather think I am right," retorted the major loftily; "what do you say, Fortescue?"

"Quite right, sir; anybody could pull the oars of a 'Trireme'!"

"From my experience in the mercantile navy," began Captain Bolt, when the major interrupted him—

"I beg your pardon," he said, with extreme politeness, "but I think the word 'navy' is usually applied only to the government service!"

"Gammon!" exclaimed Captain Bolt. "Look here, Blunt," he went on, as the second mate entered, "what do you think of soldiers pulling an oar one hundred and fifty feet long, in a heavy sea, with the handle cocked up as high as the main-mast?"

"I think the soldiers could pull the long bow much better," replied Blunt.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the skipper. "All the 'Triremes' manned with horse marines, tugging along with the long-bow!"

There is no knowing how the dispute might have terminated, but luckily the first mate, Mr. Simpson, hurried into the cabin and called out—

"Breeze springing up, sir!" And away went the captain and the ship's officers.

Before morning the "Sea Eagle" was running ten knots an hour, direct for St. Helena.

Harmony, however, was not restored. There was a young southerner of the name of Chapman, on board, and he was just a little bit of a donkey, and like other donkeys was constantly making mischief. He told Fortescue that he ought to have asked an apology from Blunt,

"I should have said to him," continued the eloquent Chapman, "Sir, your remarks upon the horse marines and pulling the long-bow were offensive to all military men, and you must apologize in writing, or give me the satisfaction of a gentleman."

Chapman at once constituted himself Fortescue's friend, and delivered the message; but he returned rather crestfallen to his principal.

"The beggar won't fight," he said. "He states that he has a mother to support and that he won't fight about such tomfoolery. Look here, Fortescue, we must ostracize him!" And so the poor mate was cut dead by all the major's friends, but the major himself knew nothing about the matter.

It was a joyful day to all on board when the look-out at the mast-head shouted "Land!" It was St. Helena at last.

It frowned upon them; and then, as they drew nearer, it smiled for a moment as the high peaks in the interior revealed their wealth of foliage, and then again it frowned as they drew nearer, and the high, dark cliffs shut out the view.

But the Valley of St. James opened at last, and down went the anchor!

After dinner that day, there was a reconciliation between Major Currie and Captain Bolt.

"The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, captain?" said the major.

"Your very good health, major!" replied the captain.

They both went ashore in the same boat, and Fortescue went with them.

"You come off for orders, Blunt, in the morning," said the skipper; "we shall sleep ashore at the hotel."

When Blunt arrived the next day, he was told that the captain had given orders that he was not to be called until nine. It was only seven then, and the worthy mate determined to stretch his legs by mounting Ladder Hill. Then he wandered along the cliffs, gazing down nearly 2000 feet on the town below. Just then a dwarf gum wood, bearing a blossom like a daisy, caught his eye some fifty feet below, and he clambered down and secured the flower. He was about to run when he heard a faint cry of "Help! help!" He listened, and again he heard the sound, and he took notice of what seemed a goat track, leading in the direction from which the cry came. He cautiously made his way along the dangerous path, and had not gone one hundred yards before he recognized the voice. It was Fortescue!

A jutting point of rock shut him out from view, and it seemed difficult to pass; but a projecting branch on the far side made it possible for a daring person to swing himself round, in the hope of recovering the lost path. But Blunt saw that if he passed that way, there could be no getting back, and the cry for help told him that there could be no getting forward either.

For a moment Blunt hesitated, and then he swung himself desperately around the projecting cliff.

It was as he thought. Fortescue was caught in a trap. The path was blocked again by a mass of cliff; and Fortescue was in trouble besides, for he had sprained his foot and could not stand. He gazed eagerly at Blunt, but did not like to speak.

Blunt had nothing to be ashamed of, and spoke first.

"Sorry to find you here, Fortescue," he said; "no ill-feeling between us, is there?"

Fortescue wrung his hand warmly. "I was a fool and an idiot," he began.

"Never mind," replied Blunt, "we all are so at times."

"Will you go and get help?" said Fortescue; "I fancy they will have to drag me up the face of the cliff?"

"I can't go," replied Blunt, "it is impossible to get back."

"And yet you came to me," exclaimed Fortescue, forgetting his own danger, as he realized the risk that Blunt had run.

"Yes, I came," said Blunt, "but I don't know that I deserve much credit for that. You see I could not bear to be thought a coward."

Fortescue sat silent for a while, and then he said, "Is there any chance of our being seen or making ourselves heard? if not, we shall be starved to death."

"I don't know," said Blunt; "while there is life, there is hope;" but poor Blunt had very little hope as he said it.

Captain Bolt was very angry when he rose up at nine, and found that his mate was not in attendance.

"I shall go off to the ship," he said; "will you come major? Where is Fortescue, I wonder?"

"Gone aboard," replied the major; "I told him to go aboard early, and not to wait for me."

As the pair strutted down to the landing-place, it suddenly struck the major that he would like a bath.

"Is there a good bathing-place?" he inquired of a native boatman.

"Capital!" was the reply; "just two hundred yards or so round that point, it is well shut in, and there's a ledge of rock outside which keeps off the sharks."

"Pon my word, I will have a dip," exclaimed the major.

"So will I," said the skipper, "for I don't feel over fresh this morning!" and away went the two elderly gentlemen, as good friends as could be desired.

When they reached the bathing-place, the major was the first undressed, and he was just about to take a dive when a missile flew by his head and sank in the water! The major drew himself up, and looked as dignified as he could.

"Sir!" he said to Captain Bolt, who was just taking off his last sock, "how dare you throw bits of rock at me! If it wasn't for my uniform, sir, I would——"

"Bother your uniform," replied the captain, laughing; "mine is as good as yours just now, I should say! But I never threw anything at you!"

"Could it have been an ærolite?" asked the bewildered major.

Even as he spoke, down came another thunderbolt, and then a third, which fell between the bathers. At the same time a faint shout struck on their ears, sounding as if it came down from the sky. The astonished pair stooped to examine the phenomena of nature.

"Why it's a shoe!" cried Currie, as he picked up one of the thunderbolts.

"And here's a boot!" shouted the bewildered Bolt.

A sudden thought seized the skipper, and he ran to his bundle of clothes and pulled a telescope from his coat pocket.

"By heavens!" he shouted; "there are two figures up there. Why, it's my mate and Mr. Fortescue!"

"How dares Mr. Fortescue to pitch his boots at me?" asked the major.

"Because he wants to give you a hint," replied the skipper. "The lads are in a fix, and it's a bad one if Blunt can't manage it."

"Come along, major," cried the half-dressed skipper; "we may save them yet!"

Wonderful was the excitement in the town when the people heard the story. But the natives of St. Helena have cool heads and bold hearts, and in a couple of hours both the young men were hauled up to safety. Fortescue had to go to bed, for his foot was inflamed, but he told the story to the doctor. There never was such an agreeable set of fellows on board ship as they were afterwards during the voyage from St. Helena to Gravesend; and even punctilious Chapman allowed that there was no question of disrespect to a superior on Fortescue's part, as it was Blunt who had thrown both the boots and the shoes at the major's head.

NEWSPAPER NOMENCLATURE.

IT is estimated that there are 35,000 newspapers and other periodicals published in the world according to the New York *Sun*. The United States can boast of possessing nearly two-fifths of the entire number, or, to be exact, as shown by the American Newspaper Directory for the current year, a total of 13,494.

The names by which these thousands of papers are known are by no means as numerous as one might suppose; still there is a sufficient variety to repay the curious searcher for information.

Sometimes the name is of purely local origin. In some cases it is supposed to be appropriate to the town or country where published, and in others one would be obliged to go to the editor himself for an explanation of its meaning. The Anniston (Ala.) *Hot Blast*, is not so called because of the climate, but because the town is in the centre of the coal and iron fields of Alabama, where there is a large number of blast furnaces. The Springdale (Ark.) *Yellow Jacket* is published in a fruit raising district. The Daggett (Col.) *Calico Print* is in the Calico mining district, but has no reference to dress goods. The Sacramento *Rescue* is a temperance paper. The Tin Cup *Miner*, Jacksonville *Tropical Paradise*, Tallahassee *Land of Flowers*, Wildwood *Orange Leaf*, and Kissimmee City *Bitter Sweet* are all appropriately so called.

The *Headlight* is not infrequently met with. Arkansas has the *New Departure* at Carlisle, a *Brother of Freedom* at Clarksville, and a *Tack Hammer* at Viola. The *Rocky Mountain Howitzer* booms each week from Greeley, Col.; the *Mill Run* from Montezuma, and the *Solid Muldoon* from Ouray.

Indianapolis has the *Ironclad Age*, an anti-religious paper, and the *Scissors*. Terre Haute has *What Next?* an advertising sheet. Iowa has at Angus the *Black Diamond*, at Burlington the *Hawkeye*, at Fayette the *Postc[illegible]ard*, and at Greenfield a *Blizzard*. In Kansas, Atchison has every week a *Sunday Morning Sermon*, Independent-Democratic; Carbondale has the *Astonisher and Paralyzer*, Clay Centre a *Firebrand*, Dodge City the *Cowboy*, Garden City the *Prairie Dog* and a *Bundle of Sticks*, and Valley Falls a *Lucifer*, a free-thought paper. The *Condenser* operates at Lecsville, La., and *Tip-Top* hails from Baltimore, Md.

Massachusetts still has a *Yankee Blade* in Boston, as well as a *Wide Awake*. The *Minute Man* is active in Lexington and the *Vox Populi* speaks from Lowell.

Michigan grows the *Acorn* at Burr Oak, the *Iron Post* is stationary at Escabana, and the *Hydrant* is in working order at Romeo. The *Comic Gale* blows from Iuka, Miss. *Uncle Sam* lives at Eldorado Springs, an *Unterrified Democrat* at Linn, and an *Oracle* at Osborn. *Aqua Pura* is found at Hastings, Neb., the *Silver State* in Winnemucca, and Jersey City supports a *Sunday Tattler*.

In Ohio a *Forum* is established at Bucyrus, an *Octograph* at Martel, and a *Mosquito* rises from Pomeroy. From Oregon comes the *Sage Brush* of Baker City, the *Oregon Mist* of St. Helen's, and the *Golden Future* of Portland.

Pennsylvania has a daily *Blizzard* in Oil City, *Cupid's Sitting Room* in Bangor, *Multum in Parvo* in Clearfield, and the *Derrick* in Oil City. South Carolina is favored with a *Psalm Singer* in Due West, and the *Cotton Plant* in Marion. Texas supports the *Quill* in Abilene, the *Cross Timbers* in Bowie, the *Roundup* in Cisco, the *Cow Boy* in Dallas, *Dot* in Del Rio, *Jimplicute* in Jefferson, *Black Waxy* in McKinney, and *Quid Nunc* in Round Rock. Arizona has a *Silver Bell* in Globe, and the *Daily Tombstone* in the city of that name in place of the *Epitaph*, deceased. *Sacred Army Trumpet* is the organ of the "Saved Army of Canada," issued at Peterboro, Ontario. The longest name is owned by *Die Deutsch-Amerikanische Gewerbe und Industrie Zeitung: Fortschritt Der Ziet*, a commercial paper of Milwaukee.

SHARK STORIES.

"ONE peculiarity of the shark," said a retired sea captain recently, "is that he never will swallow a negro. White men and most anything else he readily devours, but a colored man never. There's an old tradition among seamen about man-eating sharks. When one has been killed the sailors look in his belly for gold watches and other valuables. You see the shark swallows anything which comes in his way, and we used to find all sorts of things in his maw. Once on board a steamer the crew had been killing beef, and threw overboard a hide and horns. Not long after they caught a shark, and sure enough they found that he had tried to swallow the refuse. He got the hide part way down, but couldn't get away with the horns. There was a scientific man on board, and he thought he had discovered a new species of shark with horns.

"I remember once when I was mate on a ship from Calcutta. We were becalmed, and I saw a shark snoozing around the ship, so I slung over a line and hook with three or four pounds of pork on it. The beast didn't appear to be hungry and wouldn't bite, so I gave it up and went below. While I was down in my room the captain sent word from the poop deck that the shark was close by the hook which I had left overboard. I picked up my rifle and went on deck. The fish was over twelve feet long, and was making for the hook when I fired right into his mouth. He gave a flop over on his side and never moved a muscle. We lowered a boat, threw a painter around him, and hauled him in. The boys cut him open, and instead of the gold watches they found a lot of young sharks—the big one was a she shark, you see—and I ordered the youngsters to be counted and thrown into a barrel. Well, sir, that barrel was chuck full of man eaters about ten inches long, and the were just seventy-one in all. That's a fact, and I can show you in my log book the exact latitude and longitude where we killed the old one. The boys fried 'em an eat 'em, and found 'em pretty good, too. I saved out one, put him in alcohol and gave him to the Gentlemen Anglers Society."

THE ORIGIN OF ICEBERGS.

THE birth of a huge iceberg, a phenomenon that has been seen only once or twice by a European, and to a certain extent has remained a matter of theory, was observed by the Danish explorers on the east coast of Greenland last summer. Icebergs are formed by breaking off from the end of glaciers, extending from the perpetual ice of the unexplored interior to the coast and into the sea. The water buoys up the sea end of the glacier until it breaks by its own weight, with a noise that sounds like loud thunder miles away. The commotion of the water, as the iceberg turns over and over in its effort to attain its balance, is felt to a great distance along the coast. The natives regard it as the work of evil spirits, and believe that to look upon the glacier in its throes is death. The Danish officers when observing the breaking off of the end of the great glacier Puissortok through their telescopes, were roughly ordered by their Esquimau escort, usually submissive enough, to follow their example and turn their backs on the interesting scene. They had happily completed their observations and avoided an embarrassing conflict with their crew by a seeming compliance with the order.

HARD TO SUIT.

"MOTHER," said a young wife, "would you mind cooking the dinner to-day? It would please John, I know. He complains so much of the new girl that I shall discharge her the moment I can get another."

"Certainly," replied the old lady cordially.

At dinner John said to his wife:

"Mary, that new girl seems to be getting worse and worse."

TASTES WILL DIFFER.

"WOULD you like to have us sing something something sweet and low?" said the minister to the dying Scotchman.

"I wad like to hear some music," the dying man feebly replied, "but I dinna care for singin'. Ye micht send for Donald and get him to play me a tune on the bagpipes."

EARLY TEACHINGS.

I'D say we suffer and we strive,
 Not less nor more as men than boys.
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if in time of sacred youth,
 He learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

A GOBLIN DANCE.

BY BARRINGTON BEAVER.

"Good-BYE, old fellow," I said, as I shook my brother Ned's hand in front of our station at Warrabonga, not far from the coast. "I have no doubt Tom will meet me at Warra Warra, and I shall then have no further trouble in finding my way on to Bolingo."

Further farewells having been exchanged, I mounted my steed, leading two pack-horses, and started for the station our brother had for some months been engaged in establishing up the country.

I had only lately arrived in Australia, but having been for some time in the western part of Canada, I considered myself a thorough backwoodsman, and laughed as I was told of the dangers I might have to encounter. The first two or three days, as I seldom had to go far without passing the hut of a settler, or meeting shepherds or stockmen or travelers, my spirits didn't flag; but as I pushed on, the extreme stillness, never broken except by the screams of birds or the yelping of bush-dogs, the monotony of the scene—nothing but trees, trees, all so like one another—caused an indescribable feeling of loneliness. I had been traveling since daybreak, hoping to reach Warra Warra before dark; but evening had come on, and no signs of the station could I discover. As my horses were tired and I felt somewhat done up myself, I knew that I must camp without delay. Fortunately I discovered a waterhole, and having selected a spot under a tree, I unloaded, watered, and hobbled my horses, and turned them out to feed. I next lighted a fire, put my billy on to boil for tea, and proceeded to make a damper of flour and water, which, then scraping a hole in the ashes, I put in to bake. While this was doing, I cooked a slice of kangaroo flesh, obtained at the last hut I had called at.

Having made a substantial supper, I lay down with my saddle as my pillow, wrapped myself in my blanket, and piled up several things close to my back, to form a screen from the night wind. After sleeping for an hour or so, I was awakened by hearing my horse utter a neigh close to me. I was wondering what had disturbed the sagacious animal, when I heard a low rustling among the bushes.

Lying still, I again heard the rustling. Could it be produced by natives or dingoes? The latter was most likely, as I knew that the ferocious beasts infested that part of the country, to the great annoyance of the shepherds.

I remembered all the stories I had heard of their attacking unwary travelers while asleep on the ground, and also called to mind the murders committed by the blacks in all parts of the country. In case natives should be near, I dared not move for fear of betraying my whereabouts. My pistols were in my holsters. I felt for my knife. I had forgotten to sheathe it after cutting the kangaroo steak, and had left it near the billy by the fire.

The noise came nearer and nearer. I could hear the noise of the other horses trampling through the grass, as if they also had been disturbed. Either blacks or dingoes were to be dreaded. The suspense was horrible. I could hear my heart go pit-pat, pit-pat, and I fancied the noise would betray me. Then came a sniffing sound, like an animal on the scent. It drew closer and closer. I could see two glowing balls glaring at me by the light of the expiring embers of the fire. For a moment I expected that the animal would leap upon me.

All of a sudden I found myself, as I sat up, knocked over by a great hairy body. I tried to cry out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. It was indeed dreadful. I expected the next instant to feel its teeth gnawing at my throat. Presently, as I lay, I felt a rough tongue licking my face, and some animal, instead of tearing me limb from limb, was fawning upon me as if I had been an old friend whom it had met after a long absence. I rose to my feet. Having collected a good heap of sticks before I lay down, I quickly had a blazing fire.

Cautiously leading the animal up to it, what was my surprise to find a magnificent Newfoundland dog, which I remembered having seen with a party of fresh arrivals some weeks before. They had, I supposed, gone into the interior in a different direction to that which I had taken. I at once guessed that the poor animal had strayed away from their camp, and had wandered about the bush for three weeks, at least, living on whatever he could pick up.

When he thus encountered me, he was almost starved to death. After I had given him a good meal, he lay down to sleep. I tried to rest, but the alarm I had experienced had completely knocked all sleep out of me. So I lit my pipe and sat down by the fire expecting that I should keep awake. I got up two or three times to look after the horses, when the dog was sure to awake and follow me about with his watchful eyes, as if he was afraid of being again deserted. Again I sat down, but omitted to put fresh fuel on the fire, thinking that it would burn a little longer without it.

I must have suddenly dropped off to sleep, for on opening my eyes I saw that the fire was nearly out. At the same moment I heard a strange noise coming from the wood at a little distance off. I listened, but could not make out what the sounds were, whether produced by wild animals or human beings. Kangaroos, I believed, were silent, and I thought that I should have recognized the barking or yelping of dingoes. Perhaps they might be emitted by emus or some other strange bird.

The horses seemed alarmed, and came round to the opposite side of the fire, where they stood with their noses in the direction whence the noises issued.

At last I could no longer bear the suspense, and getting my pistols and knife, I cautiously advanced, with my new friend, Neptune, as I called him, following close at my heels. He seemed unwilling to go, but evidently was more unwilling to let me go alone.

On and on I went along the boarder of the wood. The noises grew louder and louder. I grasped a pistol in one hand, and my knife in the other, and advanced still more cautiously. The moon had risen a pale crescent in the skies, and its light, as it shone through the trees, enabled me to find my way. Again I asked myself can these sounds be produced by human beings?

Presently I got to some bushes, which, though thick below, spread out sufficiently above to enable me to look through them. I confess, I was startled. "Am I dreaming, or are these phantoms of another world I see before me?" I asked myself.

A fire was burning in an open glade at the side nearest to me, and beyond it I beheld a dozen or more skeletons dancing in the most wild and fantastic manner—now one arm raised, now another, then they were placed akimbo; now one leg went up; now they sprang into the air; indeed, no scaramouches, with strings pulled ever so vehemently, could have performed so many strange movements. Then suddenly they vanished from sight, though evidently the fire was burning as brightly as ever.

Had I had a hand at liberty, I should have rubbed my eyes to try and make sure that I really saw before me those strange objects.

"I suppose it must have been fancy," I said to myself; "but there is a fire burning; there's no doubt about it."

The noises had ceased. I began to think that I must have been under some strange hallucination, when suddenly the troop of skeletons again came into sight, and began performing their antics as before.

I felt riveted to the spot—though I would gladly have escaped. Neptune stood by me all the time, but, I suppose, being lower down, he could not perceive what was going forward, or had they been beings of another world he would have turned tail and fled. At least, whatever they were, I was feeling very much inclined to do the same, when one of them—the tallest of the band—advancing close to the fire, I saw beyond the white bones of the skeleton a burly black fellow, and then I guessed, what an older settler would have known at once, that they were a party of natives dancing a corobbory.

As the savage seemed to be peering in my direction, I crouched down, for I thought if I should be discovered, the blacks might make me a target for their lances, or perhaps roast and eat me, or at all events steal my horses. Waiting for some time, I crept away as noiselessly as I could, and managed, not without difficulty, to regain my camp. I took good care not to relight my fire. It seemed a wonder that it had not attracted the natives' notice. I could only suppose that the thick wood being between them and it, they had not perceived the light.

The moment the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the sky, I loaded and saddled my horses, and making a circuit to avoid the camp, pushed on, thankful that my night of horrors had come to an end.

I was expecting again to have to camp out in solitude, when I caught sight of a horseman galloping across the country in the distance. I coeoo'd at the top of my voice, and waved my handkerchief to attract his notice, till he came galloping up to me; when, to my joy, I recognized my brother Tom. He had been looking for me at Warra Warra, and finding that I had not arrived, had come on to meet me. We reached the place the same night, and at length got safe to Bolingo, accompanied by Neptune, who was my faithful companion for many a year afterwards, for I had no opportunity of returning him to his former master. He rendered me many a service for the protection I had afforded him, tending to prove that a good deed never goes unrewarded.

EXCHANGES.

August Scherf, Arlington Heights, Ill. A Waterbury watch, for Vol. II. of *Golden Days*.

Julius Hyatt, Ducktown, Tenn. White's Complete Arithmetic, Appleton's 5th Reader and Swintons U. S. History, all perfectly new, for Vols. I. and II. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY in prime condition.

Chas. W. Burns, No. 234 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. A small hand-inking press (chase 2 1-2 x 3 1-2), two fonts short type, 200 blank cards, one set of compasses (new), 1 elegant bound book, 100 picture cards and 1 scrap album with over 100 pictures in it, for a self-inking press (chase not less than 4x6 inches), with outfit.

Rowlie F. Gardiner, 3rd, Wickford, R. I., Box 95. A Vol. of the *Youth's Companion* and 7 magazines, for Vol. I. and the first seven numbers of Vol. II. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Also, 12 numbers of *Fireside at Home*, for Wood's Class Book of Botany, or Gray's Botanical Text Book and New Manual of Botany. Also, "The Banker's Daughter," for "East Lynne" or "Lena [illegible]" [illegible] but [illegible] across it. There w[illegible]

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS AND PUZZLEDOM

CORRESPONDENCE.

M. S. L., Oxford, Miss. We shall be glad to accommodate you as you would like.

C. G., Jr., Providence, R. I. 1. No, we have none. 2. See our prospectus on another page. We shall add to it considerably.

F. A. H., De Witt, Neb. You can prevent the yolks of hard boiled eggs from turning that dark color, by dropping them into cold water as soon as they are done.

M. J. D., Lonoke, Ark. Well, we have heard that there is a way to secure luck for a fisherman. Get, if you can, some *oil of rhodium*, put it on your bait, and you may possibly find it to be a "lucky" application.

J. B. T., Oak Hill, O. Mount Washington is very low down in the list of high mountains. Its altitude is 6,234 feet, while there are some thirty peaks that tower above it, the highest being, 28,178 feet—a peak of the Himalayas.

MRS. S. B., Nicholia, Idaho. 1. Always have your note paper slightly narrower than your envelopes. Fold the paper as few times as possible and in as large folds as the envelope will permit. 2. July 6, 1853, fell upon a Wednesday. 3. May 10, 1885, the same day of the week.

G. F. R., Fostoria, O. We know of no rule to tell mushrooms from poisonous fungus; that knowledge comes of experience; but it is safe to say that all fungus having an offensive smell or unpleasant taste in the mouth should be left alone as unwholesome.

M. N., Pomona, Kans. Quarto, octavo, etc., are terms used to designate the sizes of the books to which the words apply. Books are usually printed on paper measuring 19x24 inches. If this paper is folded into two leaves, it will be folio size; into four, quarto or 4to; into eight, octavo or 8vo; into twelve, duodecimo or 12mo; into sixteen, sixteenmo or 16mo.

F. DE V., Water Valley, Miss. It certainly is unphysiological to sleep with the mouth open, or even to keep the mouth open at any time when not necessary. Indian mothers are careful that their babes' mouths are kept shut, and the closed lips become natural to them. One is thus much less liable to contract colds and consumption and other afflictions, so cultivate the habit of keeping your lips closed.

F. M., Brick Church, N. J. The Patigonians are not exactly giants, but they are a tall race of men. The average height of all, men and women, is five feet eight inches. They are thought to have averaged six feet two centuries ago; the difference is said to be caused by their having adopted equestrian hadits; constantly on horseback has in two hundred years stunted the race to the extent of two inches.

H. L. B., Sierra Valley, Cal. "Why do we shake hands instead of pull noses or any other form of salutation?" Because: In times of chivalry, knights were not all so honorable as we are apt to think them, and when two of these wished to call a truce for a few moments and come to a parley, they advanced, and *each grasped the weapon-hand* of the other to guard against treachery. The custom became habit and remains even unto this day.

G. W. McA., Freeport, Ill. If a man is bald with no vestige of fuzz on the bald area, he can cover it completely in a short time by—wearing a wig. No other method will do it; so if such be your condition, don't go wasting your money. But, if there is still a fuzziness discernible over the bare place, the roots of the hair are not dead and may be made more vigorously productive by the following application, which is *safe*: Half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides, one ounce of cologne water, one ounce of rose water; rub in with a tooth brush, gently and patiently, until the part is thoroughly moistened and smarts a little. Repeat night and morning. Now, this is only a stimulant; nothing in this line has any virtue beyond that.

PUZZLEDOM NO. 156.

CONDUCTED BY ROCHELLE.

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

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 151.

No. 1.	No. 3.
B	P
BIN	SES
CARES	VIRES
BALDRIC	SIMILAR
BIRDLIMED	PERIMETER
NERITITE	SELENIDE
SIMILOR	SATINET
CETONA	REDEYE
DERAY	RETEX

No. 2. Websters Unabridged Dictionary.

No. 5.	No. 7.
PRESTO	LOCUST
RUTTER	OPENER
ETERNE	CELERI
STRATA	UNEVEN
TENTED	SERENE
OREADS	TRINED

No. 4. Set-out. No. 6. Fox-glove.

No. 9.	No. 11.
F	M
ARM	CUT
CREEP	PAGET
CHANTAL	PURGERS
ARAUCARIA	CARMELITE
FRENCHBERRY	MUGGENSTURM
METABOLIC	TEELSEEDS
PARELLA	TRITELY
LIRIA	STUDY
ARC	ERS
Y	M

No. 8. Yellow-throat. No. 10. Self-made.

SOLVERS LIST.

Complete lists to No. 151 were received from Will I. Am, A. Solver, Dona Telore, Ha-Ha, Norry Norray, Elbert and Jo. Mullins. Incomplete, from Minnie, Maud Lynn, Tom A. Hawk, F. Aitchell, Rex Ford, Tantrums, North Star, Aspiro, Pearl, Ami Wright, Viola, Charlie Davis, St. Elmo, Infelice, Florence, Red Cap, S. H. G., I Did It, Don Carlos, Leroy, Bedford, Enid, Green Mountain Boy, Plexus, Eittah, Byrnehc, Baltimore Boy, Hanover, Dick Ens, Roy Redwing and E. F. Edgett. Total, 38.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First Complete List—WILL I. AM.
Best Incomplete List—MINNIE, 10.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACCEPTED.

BYRNEHC, 1 Anagram in competition; ASPIRO, 1 Truncated Inverted Pyramid, 1 Curtailment, 2 Beheadments; DICK ENS, 2 Charades; RED CAP, 2 Pentagons; HA-HA, 1 Charade; UNCLE SAM, 1 Triple Letter Enigma; COHANNET, 1 Numerical; PEARL, 1 D. L. Enigma, 1 Pentagon, 2 Diamonds; NORTH STAR, 1 D. L. Enigma, 2 Charades; GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, 1 D. L. Enigma.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. CHARADE.

(To "Bolis.")

Prime is lost if Love betray
 With his passions tempest tost,
If Love knows a fickle day
 Prime is lost.

For we yield so to his sway,
 If our path a shadow crost
For all *last* the sky were gray.

Total swiftly speeds away,
 But a span it is at most,
So if Love should once betray
 Prime is lost.

NEWBURGH, N. Y. BEECH NUT.

No. 2. SQUARE.

1. A wall separating two cavities; 2. A genus of mollusks; 3. A sacred poetical work; 4. Beams; 5. Scarcely (*Obs.*); 6. A coin.

NEW YORK CITY. BY LAW.

No. 3. GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARE.

1. A town of British India; 2. A kingdom of Abyssinia; 3. An ancient city of Greece; 4. P. O., Sciota Co., Ohio; 5. A department of France; 6. A market town of Switzerland.

DAYTON, O. MADGE.

No. 4. EULOGISTIC ANAGRAM.

(*To the Answer.*)

Many a gem exceeding shiny
Rests beneath the ocean briny,
Many a brightly blooming piony
 Blows where none may see;
Many a mystic contribution
Deemed too easy of solution,
Many a neophyte's effusion
 Seeks the W. B.

But THE GENERAL, however,
Is so very "deuced clever,"
That his every endeavor
 Prospers, "Don't cher know;"
Others' "cons" may meet rejection,
After critical inspection,
But our friend in that direction
 DON'T FIND HIS MAKE GO.

RUTHERFORD, N. J. BOLIS.

No. 5. POLYGON.

1. Comprehended (*Obs.*); 2. To shelter; 3. Besmeared with gore; 4. Crystalline substances existing in the root of the plant elecampane; 5. A post-village of Hawkins Co., Tenn.; 6. A post-hamlet of Polk, Co., Iowa; 7. Words formed from other words; 8. Palliatives; 9. To resign; 10. Small, bitter wild plums; 11. Half ems.

HYDE PARK, MASS. DONA TELORE.

No. 6. CHARADE.

(To "Boston Boy.")

The lilies consider they toil not nor spin,
On mountain, in valley, afloat on the lin,
Enrobed in the raiment of angels they stand,
Immaculate, spotless, symmetrical band!

In purple and jewels, King David's son
In regal magnificence sits on his throne,
Tho' costly the trappings by deft fingers made,
Like one of these lilies he is not arrayed.

No glitter of diamonds, nor emerald's sheen,
Can equal in beauty the white and the green,
When fresh, in the morning, o'er-sprinkled with dew,
Enriched by the sunrise they rise on our view.

Then why do ye falter, ye children of God?
That Father of mercies, who brings from the sod,
Such fairy-like raiment, can he not prepare,
For loved ones, their garments, *lasts* equally fair?

He ever keeps *first* o'er His children below,
Their *total* prepareth, wherever they go,
By day He will never relinquish His claim,
By night He appeareth a column of flame!

LIMA, O. TRADDLES.

No. 7. SQUARE.

(To "E. F. Edgett.")

1. An Italian naturalist, 1541-1593 (*Bij.*); 2. Overthrown (*Obs.*); 3. Enumeration of particulars; 4. Hairy (*Rare*); 5. Terrifies (*Obs.*); 6. Plants of the genus *diplacus*, one kind of which bears a large bur; 7. Indolence (*Obs.*).

CABIN CREEK, ARK. HERMIT.

No. 8. SQUARE.

1. A seaport of France; 2. A violent or rapid stream; 3. Eagerness; 4. A meteor; 5. A town of Sicily; 6. Festivals anciently commemorative of the founding of a city, or dedication of a church; 7. A native of a certain province of Austria.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. THESEUS.

No. 9. RIDDLE.

Once on a time a theologue
 Set sail upon a mission,
To educate the cannibals,
 And better their condition.

With him he took his fair young wife,
 (As good as she was pretty,
Bright, rosy, plump, and full of grace,
 Alack! the more's the pity!)

On his return from church one day,
 She could nowhere be found;
The cannibals had eaten her
 And strewed her bones around!

* * * * * *

Still labored he, that gentle man,
 Among that heathen people;
Especially those cannibals
 He gathered neath the steeple.

At length he drew the chief aside,
 Hoping to get expression
Of something kin to penitence,
 Or e'en of slight depression.

"How feel'st thou now, my savage friend,
 About thy great transgression?
Open thy heart, for to the soul
 'Tis good to make confession."

His answer, though a simple word,
 Its meaning: a prize-fighter,
Yet made the good man don the sword,
 And doff the gown and mitre.

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CHAT.

The next semi-annual Convention of the Eastern Puzzlers' League will meet at Sheare's Opera House, S. E. Cor. of 8th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, 1885, at 10 o'clock A. M. We hope all members of the League who possibly can attend will do so, and that many posers who do not belong to the league will attend this convention, and connect themselves with it. "Our Mystic Krewe" ought to be one of the most prosperous institutions in the land, and we trust every poser will take hold and do his part to make it such. DONA TELORE, your Polygon is, we think, the first one of its size that has ever been published. You express regret that we do not credit each solver with the number of solutions sent. Some of our solvers have expressed satisfaction with the change. GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, one of your D. L. Enigmas is not correct. Your Square is good, but smaller than we ever publish. Send us a good six. All Flat writers should enter our Christmas Tournament. ROCHELLE.