THE GOLDEN ARGOSY
FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A CHILD OF FORTUNE.

By ARTHUR HAMILTON.

CHAPTER VI.

SO FAR, SO GOOD.

LEWIS RAND had displayed his usual sagacity in selecting Mr. Sharp as his agent in the affair which now occupied so large a share of his attention. The worthy attorney was not particularly scrupulous, and the thought that he was lending his aid to defraud, did not have the least effect in disturbing Mr. Sharp's tranquillity. Indeed, he considered it a stroke of remarkably good luck that he should have secured so promising a client, through whom his rather limited income was likely to receive so important an accession. To do him justice he intended to devote his best exertions to the case now in his hands, and insure the success of his client if it could in any manner be compassed.

For several evenings subsequent to the interview described in the last chapter, Mr. Sharp found it convenient to walk for an hour or more towards the close of the afternoon. Singularly enough he never varied his promenade, always selecting the neighborhood of the Park. It was his custom to walk slowly up and down, attentively scanning the different groups that passed under his eye. But among the thousands who passed him, he could for some time discover none that resembled the description furnished by his client.

It chanced that Helen and her father had suspended their walks for a few days, in consequence of a slight indisposition on the part of the latter. This, however, Mr. Sharp could not be expected to know. His hopes of ultimate success diminished, and although he continued his daily walks, he began to be apprehensive that they would result in nothing. But one evening as he was glancing restlessly about him, his eye fell upon a plainly-dressed man, above the middle height, but stooping, walking hand in hand with a young girl. Their ages seemed to correspond with those given by Lewis Rand.

The thought flashed upon Mr. Sharp that these might be the two persons of whom he was in search. Judging that they might let fall something in their conversation which would decide the matter, he followed closely behind them. But unluckily for the lawyer's purpose, Mr. Ford was in one of his not uncommon fits of abstraction, and maintained an unbroken silence.

Mr. Sharp pondered, and set his wits to work to devise some method by which he could gain the information he desired. At length it occurred to him that the little girl's name was Helen, and this might help to identify her.

After a while Helen and her father slackened their pace. Mr. Sharp took up a position behind them. Assuming an air of unconcern, he pronounced, in a low tone, the word "Helen," at the same time slipping dexterously behind an old gentleman of somewhat aldermanic proportions who had just come up.

On hearing her name pronounced, Helen turned quickly around as Mr. Sharp had anticipated. Her eyes rested on the grave features of the respectable old gentleman before alluded to. He was not even looking at her. Evidently it could not be he. She did not observe the somewhat flashily attired gentleman behind, whose red locks contrasted so vividly with the grayish white hat somewhat jauntily perched on the side of his head. Supposing, therefore, that her ears must have deceived her, she turned away. Her sudden movement, however, had not been unobserved by the watchful eyes of the lawyer.

"That must be she," he said to himself. "She would scarcely have turned round so quickly on hearing any other name than her own. That the first link in the chain, Sharp. You've got a little to build upon now. Now we'll see how well you will succeed in following it up."

Mr. Sharp was in the habit of apostrophizing himself in such familiar terms as "old fellow," and would indulge in commendations, or otherwise, of his conduct, as if of a second person.

When Helen and her father left the spot, they were followed at a little distance by the lawyer, whose object of course was to ascertain where they lived. His curiosity was gratified. Helen entered Mother Morton's boarding-house, quite unconscious that she had been followed. A rapid glance satisfied Mr. Sharp of the name and number, which were at once transferred to his note-book.

"So far, so good," thought he, with inward satisfaction. "I must inform my client forthwith, and then we can decide upon further steps."

So elated was Mr. Sharp by the discovery that he had made, that he stepped into a saloon on Broadway, and indulged in potations so very generous, that he narrowly escaped arrest by a policeman on the way home.

Helen, meanwhile, was becoming daily more and more troubled in mind. Her father was so wrapped up in his model that he could think of nothing else. To her, accordingly, had been committed the common purse, and upon her had devolved the duty of providing for their daily wants, as well as discharging the rent which was due once in four weeks. She therefore knew more of their pecuniary condition than her father. She had been repeatedly alarmed at the rapid diminution of the funds placed in her hands, and this, notwithstanding she exercised the strictest economy in all their expenses. For some time, as we have seen, she had eked out their scanty means by working for the slop shops. Now, however, there was a lull in the clothing business, and this resource was temporarily cut off. How heavily upon the young and inexperienced falls the burden of pecuniary trouble! Helen saw with a feeling of dismay that a few weeks would find their means exhausted. What would become of them then, she did not dare to think. If only her father's invention could be completed before that time, she thought, in her simplicity, that all would be well. Of the long years before even a successful invention can be made profitable, she know nothing. She trusted implicitly to her father's confident assurances, and never doubted that sometime they would become rich through his discovery. This consideration, however, did not afford her present relief. Although her father labored assiduously, it did not appear to her unpracticed eye that he was any nearer the end than he had been six months before. Confident as she was of his final success, the question how they should live in the meantime assumed grave importance, and occasioned her not a little perplexity.

If Helen could have shared her doubts with a sympathizing friend, she might have felt less troubled. But there seemed to be no one to whom she could speak freely. She was only too anxious to keep it from her father, who, she felt instinctively, could give her little or no assistance. She thought of speaking to Mrs. Morton, but the fear lest, if she should acknowledge her poverty, the latter might be unwilling to allow them to retain their room any longer, restrained her.

We have before mentioned the humble seamstress, Martha Grey, who occupied the room beneath that of Mr. Ford. Though plain in appearance, and of quiet demeanor, Helen had been attracted by the expression of goodness which lighted up her face. Sometimes, when her father seemed wholly immersed in his labors, she would steal down stairs and spend a quiet hour in Martha's company.

On one of these occasions Martha had a visitor. Although introduced as a cousin, one could scarcely imagine a greater contrast than existed between her and Martha. Her dress was more showy than tasteful, and evidently occupied a large share of her attention. She was employed in a millinery establishment where she earned good wages, —twice as much as Martha,—but saved nothing, expending everything upon personal adornment. She lacked entirely the refinement and quiet dignity of her cousin. In spite of her humble circumstances, Martha would have been recognized by any one possessing discernment as a lady. Her cousin, in spite of her dress, was never in any danger of being mistaken for one, and she evidently considered herself as occupying a much higher position than the seamstress.

"I am astonished, Martha," said she, glancing contemptuously at the plain room, and plainer furniture, "that you should be willing to live in such a hole. I believe if I was cooped up here I should die of loneliness in less than a week.

"I find it very comfortable," said Martha, composedly.

"Yes, I suppose it will do. It will keep out the rain and wind, and is better than nothing, of course. But I want something better than that."

"I am very well contented," said Martha, "and even if I were not, I could afford no better."

"Do you stay here all the time? Don't you ever go to concerts or the theatre?"

"No."

"What a humdrum life you must lead! It's Wednesday afternoon. Suppose we go to the theatre. There's going to be a splendid play."

Martha hesitated.

There was so little to excite or interest in the monotonous life of a hard-working seamstress, that she really longed to throw aside the needle, and accept her cousin's invitation.

"I should like to go," she said at length, "but I am afraid I ought not to spend either the time or the money."

"Then I'll make you a fair offer. If you'll spare the time, I'll spare the money. I'll buy the tickets. Won't you go, too?" she continued, turning to Helen. "I'll pay for you."

Helen looked at Martha who nodded kindly, and said, "Did you ever go to the theatre, Helen?"

"No, Martha."

"Then you had better come. You can come back with me."

"Thank you," said Helen. "I will see if father needs me."

She hastened up stairs, but found that her father, absorbed in his engrossing employment, had not even been aware of her absence.

"Do you think you can spare me for two or three hours, papa?" she asked. "I have been invited to go out."

She had to repeat the question before her father comprehended.

"Go, by all means, by dear child," he answered. "I am afraid you confine yourself too much on my account."

Helen was soon ready. She went out with Martha Grey and her cousin, and a few minutes found them standing before a large building with a spacious entrance.

"This is the theatre," said Martha, addressing herself to Helen.

Helen little thought of the consequences that were to follow this—her first entrance within the walls of a theatre.

DONT MIND ME, HELEN, SAID MARTHA THROUGH HER TEARS.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW TALENT.

SEATED in the theatre, Helen looked about her in bewilderment. She had never been within the walls of a theatre. In the street the sun shone brightly. Here the sun was rigorously excluded, and gas took its place. It seemed to the unsophisticated child like a sudden leap from noon to night. She could hear the rumbling of vehicles in the streets, but it appeared to her, somehow, as if they were far away, and that she had come into a different world. She wondered what there was behind that broad green curtain in front, and why the lights should be arranged so oddly at the foot of it.

"Lor', child, that's the stage," was the lucid explanation of Martha's cousin, to whom she applied for information. "Haven't you ever been to the theatre before?"

"No, never," said Helen.

The cousin looked at her with some curiosity, as if there must be something out of the common way about a person who had never been to the theatre, and expressed her decided conviction that Helen's education had been shockingly neglected.

"Why," said she, "before I was half as high as you, I had been to the theatre ever so many times."

She spoke with so much complacency that Helen imagined she must be a very superior person, and possessed great knowledge of the world.

While these and other thoughts were passing through her mind, the bell rang twice, and then the curtain rose.

Helen nearly uttered an exclamation of surprise, so unprepared was she for the spectacle which was presented to her dazzled gaze. The play was a fairy extravaganza, which depended for its success chiefly upon scenery and stage effect. In the first scene was represented the palace of the Queen of the fairies, crowning the summit of a hill, rising in the centre of a beautiful island. Above floated fleecy clouds, from a break in which streamed the sunshine, lending its glory to the scene.

In the foreground stood a circle of children about Helen's age or younger, who figured as

sylphs. With united voices they sang a song in honor of the Queen of the fairies, who directly afterwards was seen floating through the air above the stage, arrayed in such style as seemed befitting her illustrious rank.

So complete was the illusion to Helen, that she gazed with suspended breath and a feeling, half of awe, as if the scene she looked upon was really one of enchantment.

"Is she really a fairy?" she asked of Martha's cousin.

"No, child, of course not. It's Henrietta Blake. I've seen her in the street many a time. Once I was introduced to her."

"What a beautiful creature she must be!" said Helen, admiringly.

"Beautiful!" repeated the cousin, with some disdain. "For my part, I don't think she's anything to boast of in that line. Just notice what a poor complexion she has. You'd see it if it wasn't for the paint. You wouldn't have thought her very fairy-like if you had seen her in at Taylor's the other evening, eating oysters."

Helen could scarcely believe her ears. It seemed to be almost like sacrilege to associate such a gross idea with the etherial being that floated before her in all the majestic beauty of a fairy queen. It took from the scene before her something of the charm with which her fancy had invested it. Still it was with a feeling of intense enjoyment that she followed the play to its conclusion, watching scene after scene pass before her, and the music was truly enchanting.

At length the play was finished, and the curtain dropped. This, however, did not conclude the performance. After a short pause the curtain rose once more, and a young girl came forward and sang the well-known little Scotch song "Comin' thro' the Rye." It was sung correctly and in good taste, but with no remarkable display of power. Still it was vociferously encored, and, on its repetition, was applauded warmly.

There was an afterpiece, but, as it was already late in the afternoon, Martha and her cousin decided not to remain.

"Well, how did you like it?" asked the cousin, patronizingly.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" exclaimed Helen, enthusiastically. "I am so much obliged to you for taking me."

"They have better plays sometimes," returned the cousin, with an air of superior knowledge of the world. "I didn't think much of the acting today, for my part. I'll take you again some time when they've got something else."

Even after she was fairly in the street, Helen found it difficult to throw off the illusion of the stage. She could still see in imagination the gorgeous spectacle, the splendid fairy palace, the graceful sylphs, and the queen in her regal magnificence. She was so entirely under the dominion of fancy that to her the outer world seemed unreal, and that which she had seen, the real. She walked on, heeding little, till she was suddenly roused from her reverie in a very forcible manner, by coming in collision with some person. It proved to be a very fat old lady, who was walking, or rather waddling, slowly along the sidewalk, with her head thrown back. At the unexpected collision, she screamed, and gasped for breath, eyeing Helen, meanwhile, with no very amiable expression of countenance.

"You're just about beaten the breath out of my body, you young trollop. Where was you brought up, I'd like to know, not to have any better manners?"

"I hope you'll excuse me," said Helen, humbly, somewhat ashamed of her preoccupation. "I didn't mean to run against you."

"Don't tell me," said the irritated old lady. "You did it a purpose. I know you did."

"She might as well say you ran into her on purpose," retorted Martha's cousin.

"I didn't speak to you, ma'am," said the exasperated old lady. "It's my belief that you're all in league together, and I've a great mind to have you given in charge of the police."

"Indeed!" said the cousin, ironically.

"Come away," said Martha, in a low voice. "Don't let us have a scene here."

As quickly as possible they escaped from the irate old lady. She stood panting for breath, and glaring at them over the rims of her glasses, which had been accidentally misplaced. This encounter, indicrous as it was, served to bring Helen back from the ideal world to the real, and without any further adventures she reached home.

It was already time to prepare their frugal meal. She found her father as busily occupied as ever. She was glad of this, for it showed that her presence had not been missed.

The next day Martha Grey was at work harder than ever. She felt that she must make up by extra exertion for the unwonted relaxation of the day before.

"What are you thinking of, Martha?" asked Helen, playfully, as she stole in unperceived, and placed her hands over the eyes of the seamstress.

"Come, tell me before I take my hands away."

"I was thinking," said Martha, "that I should like to hear once more the song that was sung at the theatre yesterday."

"You enjoyed it, then?"

"Very much."

"Shall I sing it to you?" asked Helen, quietly.

"You, Helen?" asked Martha, lifting up her eyes in astonishment. "Can you sing? I never heard you."

"I do not sing very often," said Helen sadly. "My mother taught me, and whenever I sing it brings up thoughts of her."

"I should like very much to hear you sing, Helen," said Martha; "but do not do it if it will make you sad."

"Never mind, Martha. I will sing it it will give you pleasure."

Helen commenced the song, and sang it to the end in a voice of remarkable richness and power. She was gifted with a voice of extraordinary flexibility and compass, both of which had evidently been improved by cultivation. Martha, who, though no singer herself, was very fond of listening to music, and could judge when it had merit, listened with unaffected astonishment and delight. She felt that she had never heard a voice of equal sweetness and power.

"You have a beautiful voice," she said, when Helen had finished the song. "You sang it much better than it was sung at the theatre yesterday. Some day you may become a great singer."

"Do you really think so?" asked Helen, her eyes sparkling with delight. "I am very glad."

Martha looked up in some surprise, not understanding why it was that Helen felt so much pleased. But a new thought had come to the child.

"Is there anything else you would like to hear?" she asked.

"I should like to hear 'Home Sweet Home.'"

It was a song which Helen had often sung, and to which she could do full justice. It was not difficult to account for the feeling which led Martha Gray to make choice of this song. She was one of a large family, who had never known sorrow or separation till the death of her parents, following each other in quick succession, turned them all adrift upon the world.

As the song proceeded, Martha called up in fancy the humble farm-house among the New Hampshire hills, with its comfortable kitchen and well-filled around it. She recalled the broad, low kitchen, with its large fireplace and blazing back-log, around which the family was wont to gather in the cheerful winter evenings. She recalled her little sister Ruth, who was about the age of Helen when their home was broken up, but whom she had not seen since, Ruth having been placed in the home of an uncle. She recalled her happy school-days, her school companions, and, above all, her father and mother, who had never been otherwise than kind to her, and then looked about the small and desolate room which she now called home. She could not help contrasting her present lonely position with what it had been when she was at home in the midst of her family, and as the last strain died away from Helen's lips, she burst into tears.

Helen looked up in surprise at this unwonted display of emotion on the part of one, usually so quiet and composed as Martha Gray.

"Don't mind me, Helen," said Martha, through her tears. "It came over me, and I couldn't help it. Some tunes, or shapes, will tell you why that song always makes me shed tears."

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY AND TRINITY CHURCH.

It was Sunday morning. To thousands of frames, wearied by exhausting labors, it brought the benediction of rest. To thousands of throbbing brains it brought grateful relaxation. The great business thoroughfares wore a Sunday look. The shops are closed, and no longer hold out, through showily arranged windows, invitations to enter. The bells in a hundred steeples ring out in many voices the summons to worship.

Helen taped gently at Martha's door.

"Where do you attend church?" she inquired.

"I was just going to call for you, Helen," said the seamstress, "to ask if you and your father wouldn't like to attend Trinity Church with me."

Helen hesitated a little.

"That is the great church at the lower end of Broadway, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"I thought it might be a fashionable church. Father and I have been to one or two of the great churches, where the sexton didn't seem to care about giving us seats, but finally put us away back where we found it difficult to hear the service."

"I have had the same experience more than once," said Martha; "but we shall have no such trouble at Trinity. Though one of the finest churches in the city, it is free to all, and the poor are as welcome as the rich."

"Then I shall be glad to go, and so will papa. Wait a moment, and I will tell him."

They were soon in the street, mingling with the well-dressed crowds, wending their way to their respective houses of worship.

"Sunday was always pleasant to me," said Martha, "even as a child. I remember the plain old meeting-house, where we all sat in square, high-backed pews, listening to the good old minister who has now gone to his rest and his reward. There have been great changes since then," and she sighed lightly.

A short walk brought them to the church portals. They were early, and obtained excellent seats. The organist was already playing. Helen's face lit with pleasure, for she had never before heard so fine an instrument or so skilful a player. Exquisitely fitted by nature for receiving musical impressions, she felt her soul uplifted by the grandeur of the music and her heart penetrated by its sweetness. Now there was a thundering clang, as if the organist were seeking to evoke from the instrument a fitting tribute to the majesty and power of the Creator. It seemed as if hosts of angels were clashing their cymbals, and singing God's high praise. Now a delicate rill of silver-voiced melody trickled forth, clear and sweet, interpreting the unfathomable love wherewith God loves his children, even the lowliest.

Helen listened as one entranced, and when the last strain died away, and the organ was still, she turned toward Martha and whispered, for she could not keep silence, "It lifts me up. It seems almost as if we were in Heaven."

Unconsciously Helen expressed the same feeling which Milton has embodied in fitting lines:

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowered roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

It is a mistake to suppose that the plainest and cheapest churches are good enough for the poor. Europe is far more democratic in matters of religion than America. In the great continental cathedrals I have more than once felt inexpressibly touched to behold at my side some child of poverty and misfortune bending a reverent gaze upon some imaged saint. I have pictured to myself his probable home in some filthy court or dingy alley, with the light of heaven shut out, dark, forbidding and noisome, and rejoiced to think that it was a privilege to pass from such a scene into the splendors that fitly adorn the house of God. It is something to shed a ray of sunlight upon the life of a poor man—to gratify his taste, mortified by the gloomy surroundings of his daily life, to nourish the little flower of sentiment struggling out of the rubbish that has well-nigh choked out his æsthetic nature, and help him to feel that life has a beautiful side, from which he is not utterly shut out.

So Helen and the poor seamstress, confined through the week in poor and unattractive chambers, felt a quiet satisfaction in the grand architectural proportions and solemn beauty of the great church in which they felt themselves welcome guests.

They derived new strength for the plain and humble duties of every day in the thought that one day in seven they could escape into a loftier atmosphere, and feel God's presence nearer.

Occasionally, as the services proceeded, Helen stole a glance at her father, who sat beside her. His face wore a look of calm enjoyment and intelligent appreciation.

As he sat with his clasped hands resting on his knees, and his eyes fixed upon the preacher, the vanished years returned, and beside him there sat once more the fair young bride, whose pure and saintly image lived a hallowed remembrance in the heart of father and daughter alike.

When the service closed, he did not change his position, till Helen, touching him gently, said, "It is time to go, papa."

"We will come again next Sunday, Helen," he said.

"Yes, papa."

They walked back slowly and thoughtfully to their humble homes, speaking little, but each more happy and peaceful for the hour passed in the great church whose lofty spire seemed ever pointing upward to that God in whose service it was reared.

(To be continued.)

AN ECCENTRIC GENIUS.

Wills, the celebrated painter, though roughly handled by some critics, has nevertheless received commissions from our Congress and from members of England's royal family. He even made a picture of Queen Victoria herself, and in connection with this there is an amusing story.

Mr. Wills, it seems, is very absent minded and forgetful of his engagements, and has rather an easy conscience about keeping them. On a peculiarly fine morning in summer an artist friend came into his studio in London and said:

"I have made up a boating party for to-day to go up the Thames. Can't you join us?"

After brief hesitation Wills said he would, and began getting together some sketching materials. Suddenly he stopped. "I've just remembered," he announced, "that this is one of the days that the Queen gives me a sitting at Windsor."

"That's too bad!" his friend exclaimed. "Of course you'll have to give up going with them."

"No, I shan't," said Wills. "Just wait till I can send off a telegram to Windsor, and I'll be with you." And he actually telegraphed to Her Majesty that he should be unable to appear at Windsor that day.

THE ONLY MISSING LINK.

Minister—"Of what are you accused?"

Convict—"Stealing a watch. I made a good fight about it. I had two lawyers and proved an alibi with sixteen witnesses. Then both my lawyers made strong speeches to the jury. No use. I was sent up for five years."

"I don't see why you were not acquitted."

"Well, I confess there was one weak point in my defense. They found the watch in my pocket."

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FREE If you will send us **a club of five** yearly subscriptions, with **$17.50,** we will send each a watch, chain and charm with a year's subscription, and for your trouble will give you a watch, chain and charm and a year's subscription. This is an easy way to get a watch and a year's reading free.

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FOR THANKSGIVING

"THANKSGIVING DAY is coming!"
The children cry in glee.
The kitchen's full of goodies,
As tempting as can be.

The pantry shelves are loaded
With dainty cake and pies,
And Ben and Bessie view them
With wide and longing eyes.

"O deary me!" says mamma,
"What had I better do?
Some one's been in the pantry,
And in the kitchen too;

"And nibbled round the edges
Of everything that's nice.
I'll set a trap to-morrow—
Of course it must be mice.

"I certainly must teach them
To let my things alone,
And never, never meddle
With what is not their own."

Up came two little figures,
Each with a drooping head:
"I guess you needn't set the trap,
We were the mice!" they said.

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 XIX.

THE BOYS ARRIVE AT BENDIGO.

"You are entitled to half the reward offered for the apprehension of this man," said the leader of police to Obed Stackpole. "I congratulate you. Fifty pounds is a sum not to be despised."

"Especially when a man has been robbed, of all he possesses, by bushrangers," said Obed. "If you'll excuse me, captain, why does your government allow them rascals to roam round the country, plundering and killing honest men?"

The captain of police shrugged his shoulders.

"We can't help it, my good man. We do all we can," he answered.

"In my country we would soon put a stop to it."

"You mean America?"

"Yes, the land of the Stars and the Stripes," said Obed, proudly.

"It is more difficult here," observed the police captain. "The nature of the country makes pursuit difficult. Besides we have had so many convicts sent out here in past years, that there is a large proportion of lawless men in the colony. Some of these men have made themselves very formidable. There is Captain Stockton, for instance."

"*Was*, you mean, captain."

"I don't understand you."

"Captain Stockton is dead."

"Do you mean this? How do you know?" inquired the captain of police, eagerly.

"He was killed yesterday by one of his men."

"What evidence have you of this?" demanded the captain, incredulously.

"Them two boys saw him shot," said Obed, indicating Harry and Jack.

"Tell me all about it, young man," said the captain to Harry. "It will be good news at Bendigo. Returning miners are always in fear of this famous bushranger, Stockton. He doesn't care so much to attack parties bound to the mines, for they are not supposed to have much with them, but those returning to Melbourne generally carry more or less gold, and are worth capturing."

Harry gave a succint account of his adventures, while in the power of the bushrangers, and the scene of which he had been a witness. The captain of police listened attentively.

"This is good news," he remarked. "There will be a new captain appointed, of course, but there is not another man connected with the gang who can take Stockton's place, or do as much mischief as he has done."

"How far are we from Bendigo, captain?" asked Obed.

"Two days' journey, or perhaps more."

"A long distance, considering we have no money."

"You will have half the reward. Your share will be fifty pounds."

"That won't do us any good now, unless you'll be kind enough to advance us a part of that sum."

"I would it I were able, but I am not provided with any money beyond what I need. You and the boys may come with us, however, if you wish."

"I should like nothing better, captain. Once at Bendigo, and we'll manage to shift for ourselves."

"Very well, so let it be."

I pass over the events of the next two days. Obed and the boys, after all their troubles, found themselves provided with an official escort, and on the morning of the third day arrived at the famous gold-fields of Bendigo.

Ballarat and Mount Alexander preceded Bendigo in point of time, but Bendigo has been far more productive. As the little party descended a hill made white by the sandy dirt thrown out of the mines, they saw below them Bendigo Creek, yellow as the Tiber, running sluggishly through the valley, which on either side had been dug up by prospectors for gold. All about on the slopes of the hills, and in the valley were rude huts, hastily put together, the homes of the miners. Some of them were built of solid trunks of trees laid horizontally, after the American backwoods order of architecture. The interstices were generally daubed with clay to make them water-tight, and the roofs were covered with sheets of bark, kept down by logs laid upon them. There were tents, also, made of slabs, and covered with canvas. Still others were covered with bullock hides.

To Harry and Jack the sight was a novel one, and they regarded the extemporized village with interest.

Obed's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands with delight.

"This seems like home," he said. "It's just like Shantytown in Californy, where I worked three months last year. I say, boys, how do you like it?"

"I shouldn't like to live here very long," said Harry.

"I like shipboard better," said Jack.

"I agree with you, boys," said Obed; "but it'll suit me well enough if I can find enough gold here. When I've made my pile, Australia won't hold me long. I shall make tracks for America. We have no bushrangers there."

"But you have Indians," retorted the police captain, who did not quite relish the strictures upon the colony of which he was an official. "I would rather be captured by a bushranger than scalped by an Indian."

"I agree with you, captain, but the Indians won't scalp you, unless you go where they are. I never saw one till I was past twenty-one."

"Indeed!" said the captain in evident surprise. "I thought they were all over the country. Why, one of your countrymen told me they would sometimes surprise families within ten miles of your great city of New York, and scalp them all. He said he was brought up—raised, he called it—twenty miles away, and was obliged to barricade the doors and windows every night, and keep a supply of loaded muskets by the side of his bed, to resist the Indians in case they made a night attack."

Obed laughed till the tears came to his eyes, and the two boys also looked amused.

"Did you believe all this, captain?" he asked.

"Why not?" asked the captain, looking offended. "My informant was a countryman of yours."

"He was stuffing you, captain."

"*Stuffing* me! I don't understand," said the captain, puzzled.

"He saw that you knew very little of America, and he practiced a little on your credulity—isn't that the word?"

"How do I know but you are doing the same now? Probably you want to give me a favorable idea of your country?"

"I only want you to judge it correctly, Captain. Why, there ain't no more danger of being scalped in New York than in London."

"I presume not, in New York, but I am speaking of the neighborhood of New York."

"So am I. I'll tell you what, captain, if you can find me a case of a man that's been scalped within five hundred miles of New York within the last fifty years, I'll give you my share of the reward. Of course if it's in Canada, it don't count."

"I can't accept any such wager. I have no means of proving it even if it is so."

"That's true, squire, but I'll give you an idea. Harry, how many Indians have you ever seen in your life?"

"About half a dozen," answered Harry, after a pause for reflection.

"And you, Jack?"

"I never saw one that I can remember."

"And yet you were both born in the States. You see, captain, Indians are not so abundant in our country as you supposed. Jack has never seen an Indian, but he has seen a bushranger, eh, Jack?"

"I have seen more than I wanted to," answered Jack, smiling.

By this time they had descended the hill, and were on the borders of the mining settlement. They had now attracted the attention of the miners, and when the prisoner was recognized there went up an angry shout, and a band of swarthy, bearded men advanced menacingly to meet them.

"Give him to us!" they cried. "Give up the murderer! We will make short work of him!"

CHAPTER XX.

BUYING A CLAIM.

THE face of the prisoner, as he met the angry glances of the miners, betrayed extreme fear. In spite of his terrible crime, Harry could not help pitying him when he saw the gray pallor that overspread his countenance.

The captain of police was a brave and determined man, and though his little force was outnumbered five to one he showed no signs of yielding.

"What is it you want, men?" he demanded sternly.

"We want that man—the murderer," was the unanimous cry.

"What would you do with him?"

"String him up to the nearest tree," replied a brawny miner.

"There is no occasion for you to punish him—he is in the hands of the law," replied the captain.

"He may escape. We want to make sure of him."

"I will answer for it that he does not escape. You know me, and you can accept my assurance. Is that satisfactory?"

There was a sullen murmur among the miners. It was evident that they were not wholly satisfied.

The captain of police watched them keenly, and saw that there was danger of an attack.

He drew a pistol, and holding it firmly in his hand, said: "The first man that interferes with me in the discharge of my duty, dies. I give you fair warning."

A determined man generally carries his point even against odds. Had the captain showed the slightest sign of wavering, the mob would have been upon him. But they saw that he was in earnest, and meant what he said.

"How long is he to live?" asked the brawny miner, already referred to, after a slight pause.

"I shall take him before the magistrate at once, and you know he is not likely to defer punishment."

The police magistrate who dispensed justice, and frequently injustice, at Bendigo, was noted for his severity, and this assurance seemed to satisfy the miners. They followed the cavalcade, however, to make sure that the captain kept his word. It may be stated here that at this early period in the history of the colony, the judicial forms which prevail in other countries were for the most part dispensed with, and punishment was swift and certain, especially where life or property had been attacked.

Harry and Jack followed the crowd to a wooden structure more pretentious than most of the buildings round about. The magistrate—whom I will call Judge Wood—was at hand. He was a short, stout man, of severe aspect, and had a harsh voice.

"Whom have we here?" he asked quickly.

The captain of police answered the question, relating also where and under what circumstances the capture was made.

"What have you to say for yourself, my man?" he asked, turning to the prisoner.

"I am innocent," was the reply, in trembling accents.

"Of course. You all are. I never had a man brought before me who was not innocent," said the magistrate, with a sneer. "Have you any accomplices?"

"Your honor, I am innocent, as I have already told you."

"Answer my question!" said the magistrate sternly.

"No, your honor."

"Ha! You alone are guilty then. Captain, are there any witnesses? though it is hardly necessary. The man's face shows his guilt."

It will easily be seen how much hope the prisoner had of getting off with such a judge presiding at the trial. Luckily for the cause of justice the man was undoubtedly guilty, and so the judicial proceedings, hurried and one-sided as they were, did not entail any injustice. In half an hour the trial was completed, a conviction was obtained, and the unhappy wretch was sentenced to execution on the following morning. Meanwhile he was to be confined in a structure set apart as a prison.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked the captain, as he passed the ringleader of the miners.

"I don't see the use of waiting till morning," grumbled the miner. "The job might as well have been finished up at once."

"You can rest satisfied. The man hasn't long to live."

This proved to be the case. During the night Harry and Jack, who were accommodated with beds in a hut near the prison, heard a noise, and a sound of men's voices, but they were too fatigued and worn out to be thoroughly roused. In the morning, when they left the hut, they needed no explanation. From the lofty branch of a gum tree a hundred yards to the west dangled the body of the unfortunate criminal, a terrible spectacle, contrasting painfully with the bright and cheerful morning. They learned afterwards that the prison had been guarded by a volunteer company of miners. They detected, or feigned to detect, the prisoner in an attempt to escape—probably the latter—and forcing an entrance, laid violent hands upon him, and saved the law officers the trouble of executing him.

The captain of police didn't learn what had happened till morning. As it chanced Obed Stackpole was with him when he received the information.

He took it very cooly.

"What are you goin' to do about it, captain?" asked Obed.

"Nothing."

"Do you allow such doin's here?"

"It doesn't matter much. The man was to have been executed this morning at any rate. He only lost a few hours. It has saved us some trouble."

"Suppose he was an innocent man?"

"But he wasn't, you know. And now, Mr. Stackpole, if you will come with me, I will see about your getting your share of the reward."

"Thank you, captain. I won't deny that it'll be particularly convenient, seein' I'm reduced to my last cent."

The police captain exerted himself in a very friendly manner, and owing to the absence of red tape which in an older settlement might have occasioned delay, that same day our Yankee friend was made happy by receiving the sum of fifty pounds.

He called the boys to him, and dividing the money, as well as he could, into three equal parts, he offered one each to Harry and Jack.

"Now we start alike," he said. "There's nearly seventeen pounds apiece. It seems a good deal, but it won't last long here. We must find something to do before long."

"That's just what I want," said Harry, "I came out here to work, and make money, not to loaf about."

"That's the way with me," said Jack, but his tone was not so hopeful or cheerful as Harry's.

"Confess now, Jack," said Harry, "you would rather be on board ship than here at the diggings."

"I would," said Jack, "wouldn't you?"

"Not yet. There is no money to be made on board ship."

"When you've made your pile, my lad," said Obed, "you can go back to Melbourne, and easily get a berth on board some merchant ship bound to Liverpool or New York. There is a great demand for sailors at that port."

This made Jack more cheerful. He was willing to stay awhile, he said, and help Harry and Mr. Stackpole, but in the end he must return to his old life.

Mr. Stackpole and the boys took a long walk, and reconnoitred the diggings on both sides of Bendigo creek. Towards the middle of the afternoon they came upon a thin melancholy looking young man who was sitting in a despondent attitude with his arms folded.

"Are you sick my friend?" asked Obed.

"I am very ill," was the answer. "I don't think I shall ever be any better."

Further questioning elicited the information that he had taken a severe cold from exposure two months before, in consequence of which his lungs were seriously affected.

"Why do you stay here, then?" asked Obed.

"I shall go back to Melbourne, as soon as I have sold my claim."

"What do you want for it?"

"It is worth fifty pounds. I will take twenty-five."

Obed after careful inquiry judged that it was a bargain. He proposed to the two boys to join him in the purchase of the claim. They felt that they could safely follow his judgment, and struck a bargain. So before twenty-four hours had passed, the three friends were joint proprietors of a claim, and had about eight pounds apiece to meet expenses till it began to yield a return.

(*To be continued.*)

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

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of 3500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice or the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down, the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is cooler at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 5564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic, because at great depths the pressure of the water on the sinker snaps even a cable when an attempt is made to draw it up.

A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty and shot weighing thirty pounds carried down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar which extends below the ball touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup, to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.

HIGH AND LOWLY.

BEN: PERLEY POORE, rich in reminiscences, writes of our great Abraham thus: "Mr. Lincoln was found one morning by a visitor counting several piles of greenbacks on his table. 'This, sir,' said he, noticing the gentleman's surprise, 'is something out of my usual line. But a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or the acts of Congress. This is one of them. This money belongs to a poor negro who is a porter in the Treasury Department, and is at present very sick with the smallpox. (He did not catch it from me, however, at least, I think not.) He is now in the hospital, and could not draw his pay because he could not sign his name. I have been in considerable trouble to overcome the difficulty and get his money for him, and have at length succeeded in cutting red tape, as the newspapers say. I am dividing his money and putting by a portion in an envelope, labelled with his name, along with my own funds, according to his wish.' And so he did—folded it carefully and locked it up in a safe."

A DEAD FAILURE.

"That boy of your's is not adapted for the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged.

"What's the trouble with him?"

"He hasn't a realizing sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B. buried her fourth husband. I sent the boy up to learn at what hour she wished the ceremony to take place, and he asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely."

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ANOTHER VOLUME CLOSED.

THIS number completes the third volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY and concludes the third year of its successful publication. We have reason to believe that it has increased steadily in popularity ever since the first numbers appeared. Our testimonials to this effect are most numerous, and in them the most hearty good will is shown towards the paper, which to our friends has become, as they say, a part of the family—so much so that they cannot think of doing without it now.

On the second page of this issue will be found an abbreviated announcement for the coming year, and an offer that outdoes any ever made in the publishing business. The watch is the old, reliable WATERBURY, with many new and important improvements. It is made for the ARGOSY with a SPECIAL ENGRAVED BACK. The design is a BEAUTIFUL ONE as can be seen by the cut. The ship—the ARGOSY ship—which you have seen so many times on the heading of this paper, appears upon the back of the watch. The execution is so perfect that the waves upon which the ship is gallantly riding, are plainly seen. This ARGOSY special watch is a better time keeper than any other watch that can be bought for less than eight dollars.

We hope all our readers will show this offer to their friends and induce them to take advantage of it.

If you send us a club of five new subscribers you will get free a full year's subscription to the ARGOSY, the Argosy Special Watch, the handsome nickel-silver chain and the charm.

GUM CHEWERS.

GUM chewing cannot be called an agreeable habit precisely. But, according to a certain doctor's opinion, it has one merit. It tends to promote good digestion and increase of weight. Most tobacco chewers are thin because they eject such quantities of saliva. For the contrary reason gum chewers should grow fleshy.

THE OLD COW'S TUNE.

MANY of our common proverbs are sayings having a legendary origin, more or less well authenticated. One of the latter is "the tune the old cow died of." Now in fact the animal perished of hunger, but the phrase comes from an old song:

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle, and played her a tune:
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider."

So it happened when the Scotch and North Ireland people hear a grotesquely sad tune or song, they say, "that is the tune the old cow died of."

THE CIGARETTE AGAIN.

THE cigarette seems to be "catching it" from all quarters. It is now asserted as a fact that a large number of the boys medically examined for the United States navy are rejected on the ground of "weakness of the heart." This does not mean the infirmity which prevails sometimes in the vicinity of charming girls. It is attributed to the habit of smoking cigarettes.

It is possible that even some youngsters whose hearts are not fixed on the navy would, nevertheless, prefer to have those organs in good running order. Even in selling tape it is not agreeable to experience a "given out" sensation in the blood-pumping apparatus, or a sudden twinge which takes the strength away. Some hearts are tough, we know, and will bear a great deal of abuse. But it is a risk, after all.

LAY UP KNOWLEDGE.

HUNGERING and thirsting for knowledge, and restless for some opportunity to advance the ideas and discoveries that haunted his mind like waking dreams, young Columbus stood at the door of an old Spanish convent, and asked the prior for a drink of water. The hot sun was above them, and they stopped to talk in the shade. The vast learning and acquirements of Columbus won the admiration of the prior. He resolved to introduce the wayside philosopher to men of rank and learning. In that unrecognized moment of destiny there was given to Castile and Aragon a new world. Good fortune was it that brought about that meeting in the shadow of the old convent? Perhaps; but if at that moment the mind of Columbus had been less richly stored than it was with the fruits of patient study, the flag of Spain might never have been unrolled on the islands that jewel the Carribean.

AIMING AT BETTER.

THORWALDSEN, the famous Danish sculptor, it is said, was once found in his later life seated in his studio in great dejection. Being asked the cause of his trouble, he said he had just completed a work that satisfied him. "My powers must be on the decline," he explained, "when I find myself contented with anything that I accomplish."

It is a very common experience of honest effort to feel dissatisfied with its work. This arises from the fact that its ideal is high, the aim is constantly to do better. It is for the lazy and the easy-going to be always content with their achievements. When a youngster begins to entertain the idea that his work is "about right," he will do well to feel of his bump of self-conceit. It needs reducing.

A GENTLEMAN-ACTOR.

GENIAL, hearty John McCullough is gone at last, and his death cannot but be regarded as a happy release for one who was a man without a mind.

A sketch of his remarkable career (and a very correct portrait) appeared in No. 147. It shows how he rose, step by step, from his condition as a lone emigrant Irish boy; but who could adequately impress the modesty that clothed him, the admired of all, or the sweet humility that adorned a strong character and perfected his true manliness?

How he must have studied and striven to compass the journey to success can well be imagined. The following example of it is worth hearing:

At noon one day, in his early dramatic career, he was told to be prepared by night to read, as a substitute, one of the longest parts to be found in the dramatic catalogue. At eight o'clock he walked upon the stage without a book, and, disdaining the prompter's aid, *acted* the part without a break, and made a great hit, so finely did he perform.

He leaves his friends a legacy of memories of his nobleness and gentleness, and they might well select for his epitaph what he once placed above a friend's grave:

His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man."

THE GAMBLING CRAZE.

PLAYING marbles "for keeps" seems to be a trifling affair. Indeed, transactions of this sort are not important in their magnitude. It is only the principle of the thing that is of consequence. When a little older, the youngster plays billiards for the price of the game, or for beer maybe: or he tries a brush at poker, for matches or beans at first, and then for a penny ante. The stakes grow as the appetite for gaming increases. Pools on the ball games, railroad euchre on the smoking car, bets on all sorts of "events," and faro or baccarat to wind up with. This is the history of it.

Nothing is more dangerous to the character of the average man than this habit of gambling. There are some who resist it, of course, as there are people who use liquor all their lives without getting drunk. But these are the exceptions. Study the ordinary professional gambler if you wish to know what the full blown habit is. Cold-blooded, heartless, mercenary, he would pick a pocket without compunction, only that he can pocket his gains with less danger by the use of cue or cards. The desire to make a gain without labor, by hazard or sporting skill, necessarily paves the way to dishonesty. A prominent Boston merchant writes: "Among the dangerous places to be avoided by all are the billiard hall and the smoking car. No careful merchant would employ a young man who frequents them."

Yet it is astonishing to what extent gambling in one form or other prevails among our young people. It is stated that during the base ball season of 1884 at least a million dollars changed hands in the pool rooms of Boston. And this vast sum was risked not by rich men, but by clerks, schoolboys and mechanics. There are some forms of gambling, such as in stocks, wheat, cotton and the like, which business circles have tolerated as respectable. Yet it is all the same in principle; and our growing colony of American defaulters in Canada is a living example of the tendency of this form of "business."

The only safe rule is to avoid the beginnings of gaming. If they are in marbles, stop there. If cards are the temptation, banish them rather than bet.

DAVID B. HILL,

Governor of New York State.

DAVID BENNETT HILL stepped from the Lieutenant Governor's office and took his seat at the Governor's desk when that was given up by Governor Cleveland.

Governor Hill's administration received the most forcible of endorsements in his election a short time since. The Governor comes from good, hardworking stock. His parents, though nothing more than well-to-do, were eminently respectable and respected, and were worthy representatives of the class that compose the bone and sinew of a nation. His father was a Connecticut carpenter, but he and his family removed from their native State early in the century, and settled down in "York State." The father's name was Caleb; he was a hard worker, and earned, it is said, from three to five dollars a day at his trade, and from this the circumstances of the family can be accurately guaged.

When he had settled down in New York State, he began constructing a canal boat; this was duly and successfully completed, and Caleb Hill took his stand upon the quarter deck, and became "Captain" Hill for the rest of his life.

David was the captain's fifth child, and when he was born the father had given up the life on "the raging canawl," and had returned to his original occupation—carpentering. The mother of the family was, like her husband, a most devoted parent, and she is remembered as being remarkable for her intelligence and force of character. To her example and training the Governor gives the credit of all his successes.

Master David was rather an unfortunate boy. He was weak and sickly, and, in consequence, by no means high-spirited. When I tell you that he never played a game of baseball in his life, you will certainly wonder how he ever came to be the Governor of the greatest State in the Union.

Indeed, his early life presents a sad picture. He remembers his mother saying: "If we can keep Davy with us through the summer, it will be more than I can hope for." Summer passed, the leaves fell, and poor Davy was still in the flesh. "Well," remarked the mother, with a hopeless sigh, "if Davy lives till spring it will be almost a miracle."

"Nearly every old crone that would meet him," says a writer, "would cluck him under the chin and say, 'Poor boy, he cannot live long, but I suppose he will be better off among the angels.' Young David protested against this treatment vigorously. 'I don't want to be an old angel,' he would exclaim."

Now if anything in the world were calculated to drive a boy recklessly to baseball and "prisoners' base" and "bull in the ring," such lugubrious treatment would seem to be that thing: but his weak frame would not permit such rashness nor, indeed, was his mind attuned to jollity and sport.

The cloud under which he walked cast a gloom over a temperament that was serious and thoughtful and he naturally sought the quiet comfort and deep enjoyment of books. In the house, among histories or such wholesome tales as David Copperfield, he spent his time. His reserve made him unpopular with his schoolmates, but his application made him prominent in scholarship.

He soon developed a remarkable and much envied ability in composition, and to such a degree did he excel in this, that he was always selected to deliver some composition on red-letter days in the school calendar, or to speak a piece, in which branch he was also superior.

These accomplishments led to considerable results in that his perfection in those branches prepared him to enter into his future political career with ease and credit. But a more immediate incident grew out of them.

On the occasion of a political meeting near Watkins Glen, when young Hill was seventeen and newly graduated from the High School, the eminent man that had been advertised to make the great speech of the day, was prevented from attending; the concourse of people, numbering about a thousand, were greatly disappointed at this defection, and the committee of the day cast about for some one who might in some measure make up for the loss.

Young Hill was in a prominent place in the crowd, and the eyes of the committee falling upon him, these gentlemen remembered he had made quite a name at school as a speaker, and they invited him to oblige with a speech.

Without hesitation he stepped forward and mounted the platform, to the surprise of the audience, that one so young should attempt to talk politics to a thousand people old enough to be his father, or his grandfather, many of them.

But their surprise became greater and greater as the young man progressed in a speech abounding in good sense, sound views, and exhibiting quite a wonderful knowledge of politics and questions of public interest.

This speech made quite a reputation for him. By this time, happily, he had become much stronger and hardier, and far from predicting his near decease, people were now nudging each other and sagely saying, "That boy's got good stuff in him. Dave Hill will make his mark."

Shortly after being graduated at school, David Hill entered a law office as a clerk. His employer saw the young man's latent ability, and advised him to study law. He did, and so hard did he work at his text-books, that he was admitted to the bar in one year from the time he opened his first law books. He did two years' work in one.

In 1864, when he had been a lawyer in Elmira but two months, he was appointed city attorney, and with his advent to this office he stepped into the field of politics.

Though lacking the flash and sparkle of a brilliant mind, he evinced a sound and quick judgment, founded on solid sense; resolution and courage, and ability for argument, organization and control. He worked his way to the fore in the Democratic ranks of his district by the force of these qualities, and was marked by the leaders as a rising man.

The most powerful leader was a very wealthy man, tenacious of his supremacy, fearful of his tenure, and averse, in consequence, to the introduction of young, vigorous blood. So he did everything he could to stem the tide of Hill's growing popularity and influence. But the young man broke through this determined opposition, and delivered a decisive blow when he secured a place as delegate to the Democratic State Convention in 1868.

Then in 1870 he was elected to the State Legislature, and while there was the efficient and trusted aid of Samuel J. Tilden.

Going back to Elmira when his term had expired, he condescended to accept an aldermanship. He made such an honest alderman that he was nominated for mayor of Elmira, and he succeeded in triumphing over his rival, a very popular Republican, who had the prestige of an excellent administration as an additional backing to his popularity.

His course as mayor was such that he was brought to the notice of the State Convention of 1882; but just here his mother, who had watched with maternal pride and joy the certain advancement of her youngest son—at this point she was taken hence, and denied the joy of seeing with mortal eyes the elevation of her son to higher places.

He was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, in company with Grover Cleveland, another mayor, for Governor. He was elected, and became, therefore, President of the State Senate. When he took his place in the chair, on the occasion of the first meeting of that body, he had but just come from the grave of his father, good old Captain Caleb Hill, who could not survive the loss of his faithful companion.

Governor Hill is a quiet, thoughtful man; a great reader, especially of newspapers; but in matters of judgment he is quick, and in business, rapid.

Like his predecessor he is a bachelor, and it is whispered that he has suffered a heavy disappointment in an affair of the heart. However this may be, confident and at ease in assemblages of men, he is restless and out of his element in the society of ladies, which he steadily avoids and declines.

Every life frames a lesson, and in this one is found an example to the many ambitious young men who despair in the presence of some dashing and brilliant competitor. To these the example of Governor Hill is valuable, as showing how application and determination may elevate and force them onward against wealth and power, to influence and honor.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

LOVE OF NATURE.

O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The fruit of success ripens slowly.

He is the richest who wants the least.

PRIDE that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

LIARS are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world.

WORK with all the speed you can without breaking your head.

PEDANTRY consists in the use of words unsuited to the time, place and company.

What's true beauty but fair virtue's face—
Virtue made visible in outward grace?

WE ought to attempt no more than what is in the compass of our genius, and according to our vein.

Our homes are like instruments of music, of which a single discordant string destroys the sweetness.

Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

THE reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

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 bound, 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 those 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 far 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 his 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 Tripoli 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 Constantine became 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 the stranger in Turkey learns first. But Jack 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 Ziebecks, where about seven thousand of those ferocious rascals were gathered together. Jack thought these fellows splendid tun, and indeed had no fear of anything, for several horrible things had been done by the Ziebecks, 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 Ziebecks 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 Ziebeck'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 stones 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 spirited 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 shot at. He had a stout riding-whip and 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 ducked 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 settled 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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SERVED HIM RIGHT.

THEY were telling conundrums and paralyzing each other in great shape when Anderson held up his hand.

"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 isn'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 aerolite?" 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'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 Leesville, 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 Belt* in Globe, and the *Daily Tombstone* in the city of that name in place of the *Epitaph*, deceased. *Saved 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 an' 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 cooeed'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, Cucktown, 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 Daug'ter," for "East Lynne" or "Lena Rivers," but
Across it. There w...

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS
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 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, 1883, 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. Most 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 habits; 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 trace 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.

B
BIN
CARES
BALDRIC
BIRDLIMED
NERITITE
SIMILOR
CETONA
DERAY

No. 3.

P
SES
VIRES
SIMILAR
PERIMETER
SELENIDE
SATINET
REDEYE
RIDGE
EX

No. 2. Websters Unabridged Dictionary.

No. 5.

PRESTO
RUTTER
ETERNE
STRATA
TENTED
OREADS

No. 7.

LOCUST
OPENER
CELERI
UNEEN
SEREEE
TRINED

No. 4. Set-out.

No. 9.

F
ARM
CREEP
CHANTAL
ARAUCARIA
FRENCHBERRY
METABOLIC
PARELLIA
LIRIA
ARC
Y

No. 6. Fox-glove.

No. 11.

M
CUT
PAGET
PURGERS
CARMELITE
MUGGENSTURM
TEELSEEDS
TRIMETAL
STUDY
ERS
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, Pheme, Eltah, Byrneho, 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.

BYENEHG, 1 Anagram in competition; ASPIRO, 1 Truncated Inverted Pyramid, 1 Curtailment, 2 Behead ments; DICK ENS, 2 Charades; RED CAP, 2 Pentagons; HA-HA, 1 Charade; UNCLE SAM, 1 Triple Letter Enigma; CORANNET, 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 pontifical 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., Scioto 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 pinny
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
DOS'N 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 appareth 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 *Siphacus*, 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 miter.

FREEPORT, ILL. HAPPY THOUGHT.

Answers, solvers and prize-winners in five weeks. For the first *complete* list of solutions, THE ARGOSY six months. For the best *incomplete* list three months. *Prizes for Single Solutions.* For No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, or 8, a silver dime. For No. 9, a volume of poems.

CHAT.

The next semi-annual Convention of the Eastern Puzzlers' League will meet at Sheare's Opera House, S. E. Cor. of 8th and Market 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.