

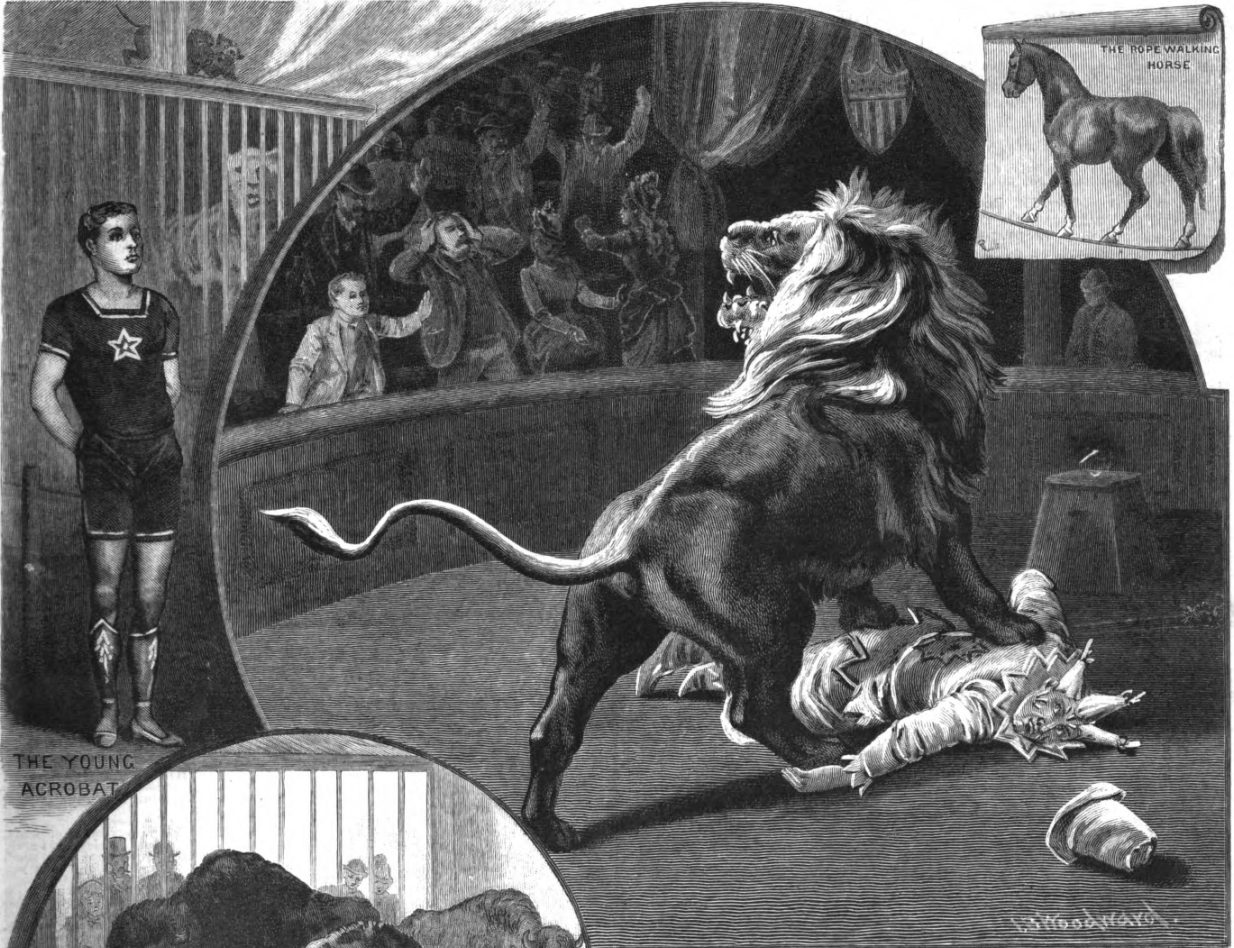
# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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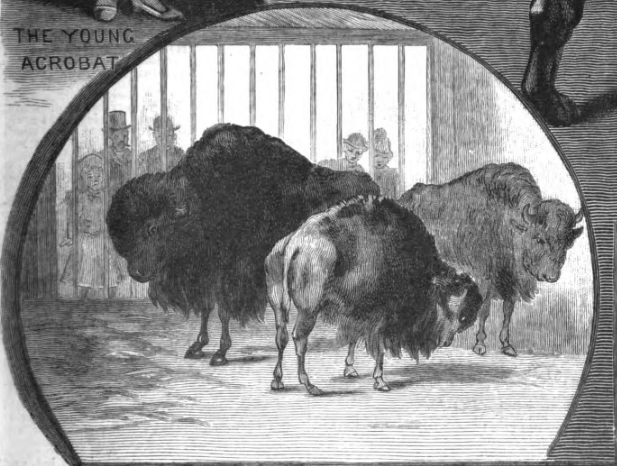
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THE YOUNG ACROBAT



AS THE GREAT BEAST STRUCK DOWN THE CLOWN, AND GLARED SAVAGELY ON THE VAST ASSEMBLAGE, KIT ROSE FROM HIS SEAT. HE HAD THOUGHT OF A WAY TO VANQUISH THE LION.

## The Young Acrobat of the Great North American Circus

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "Bob Burton," "The Young Circus Rider," "Ragged Dick Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.  
KIT WATSON.

THERE was great excitement in Smyrna, especially among the boys. Barlow's Great American Circus in its triumphal progress from State to State was close at hand, and immense yellow posters announcing its arrival were liberally displayed on fences and barns, while smaller bills were put up in the post-offices, the hotel, and the principal stores, and distributed from house to house. It was the largest circus that had ever visited Smyrna. At least a dozen elephants marched with ponderous steps in its preliminary





Popular Military Instructions.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. ARMY.  
Author of "Cadet Days, or Life at West Point."

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A MILITARY COMPANY.

There a single boy, I wonder, among the many thousand readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, who has not, at some time wished he could be a great general and have command of armies, win glorious victories, and be praised and loved by a whole nation? Who of us, young or old, has not dreamed of performing impossible deeds of daring? And who of us, in reading of the wonderful careers of successful soldiers, has not felt an enthusiasm for the military profession, which makes all other ambitions fade away? And to-day the profession is more noble than ever before, and more than ever it is worth while for every boy to learn the rudiments of it.

In this country, at least, there are chances to learn the soldier's profession, and nothing to hinder him from rising to the highest grades of it, if he has the genius and will. Of course every one cannot be a general or an officer, for in that case there would be no privates to command; but the way at least is open to all to try, and those who try hardest are generally the ones to succeed.

Many people believe that the United States will never have any more great wars, but, boys, you must not believe that, and as we would all wish it to be true. Wars come when least expected, and the history of all nations has proved that the richer and more prosperous they are, the more wars do they necessarily have.

The best way to avoid war is to be always so strongly and well prepared for it, as to make it dangerous to any nation to attack us. The military profession of modern times is therefore a peace-making one, since the higher it is carried, the less likely are we to be attacked.

But aside from its practical professional value, there is no study so interesting to boys as the study of wars, and the lives of great warriors. There is nothing that infuses such a patriotism, and love of country, nothing that makes better citizens morally and physically, and nothing that begets so well the love for the best qualities of manhood—such as obedience to lawful authority, patience under suffering, self-restraint, and individual responsibility—as the military profession.

All parents ought to encourage their sons to join military companies, if for the sake of physical culture alone. Did any of you ever go up to West Point and watch the new cadets at the beginning of the academic year? If you have, you will have noticed that among them are boys of every rank of life. There is the poor boy, the rich boy, the awkward country boy, and the polished city boy; the boy with a handsome face and easy carriage, and the rough-looking boy.

But after they have been there a year, what a change has come over them! Now you cannot tell them apart, for they are all alike, all polished and easy in manner, and erect and manly in their walk and deportment. They look every inch the young soldiers they are.

Well, it is in the power of every boy in this country to be just the same, and I am going to tell you how. And, boys, if you read carefully all I shall tell you, and carry out thoroughly the instructions I shall give you, they will do you so much good in many ways of which you now have no idea, that neither you nor your parents will ever regret it.

I shall first tell you how to organize a military company, then how to drill it, then about military weapons and their use, and how to take care of them; then how to cook on a march, and go into camp, how to cook your own food and take care of yourselves; then I will tell you about large military organizations and the duties of all officers and men. And last of all I shall explain to you how to study military subjects, so that you will be more interested in

reading history and understanding the causes that have brought about and terminated great wars, that have made and unmade generals. There is nothing hard about such a study—the contrary it is one of the easiest and certainly one of the most interesting of all studies—for the history of the world is but the history of war.

It is in the power of any boy to organize a military company. It does not cost as much as a ball-club, and I know so many boys, all over the United States, who have wished so much for instructions "how to begin," that I shall commence from the very beginning.

So, supposing a lot of boys, of any age from ten and twelve up to seventeen or eighteen years, were to get together and decide to form a military company.

How many do we want in the company? Any number from 20 up to 100. But it would not be well to commence with less than 20, or more than 50. Say we take 25, as that is a very convenient number to commence with.

The very first thing to do is to elect a captain. In doing this, it is best to take a boy who has some military knowledge, and is manly and popular. Always elect a boy whom the other boys respect, and after he is elected, you must all agree to obey him implicitly while you are on military duty.

The next thing is to decide upon a place and time of drill. It is best to drill twice a week, and for an hour to an hour and a half each time, for the first month or two; after that one drill a week will do. In every city there is a militia company, and as they

must have an armory or drill hall, you can always get permission to use their drill hall on the nights they do not use it, and for no cost to yourselves, except expenses for fuel and lights.

After having decided on the time and place of drills, the next thing to do is to agree upon regulations to govern the company.

This is best done by appointing a committee of three or five boys to draw up regulations, which should be submitted to the company at its second meeting. This committee should go to the members of the militia company, and to any military friends they may have, for advice and instructions as to the best method or system of regulations for the particular company.

Of course, regulations will vary according to circumstances in different companies, but there are some standard rules that all military organizations must have, and as it will not be out of place here, I will give a few of them:

- I.—The company (or organization) shall be known as the (here put the name of company, as Light Guard Cadets, or whatever may be decided upon).
- II.—The organization of the company shall be strictly like that of similar organizations in the U. S. Army.
- III.—The officers and non-commissioned officers shall be elected annually on (here put day of election).
- IV.—During drills or military duty, all members of the company shall be governed by the Tactics and Regulations governing the army of the United States.
- V.—The term of service shall be for one year, and members once having subscribed to these regulations shall be held for such time, unless properly excused by competent authority. (Here also state what competent authority is, whether the majority of the company or the captain alone.)

VI.—(Here put in time and place of drill, also fines for non-appearance at drills, also what is good excuse from drill, as sickness, &c.)

VII.—(Here put in the uniform, what it shall consist of, and when to be worn, &c.)

Then may come whatever laws or regulations may be thought proper, and then, at the last, should be a paragraph something like this:

X.—We, the undersigned members of the Light Guard Cadets, do hereby agree and solemnly pledge ourselves, on the honor of soldiers and gentlemen, to abide by the foregoing regulations, until excused by proper authority from further service.

Then should follow the names of each cadet, and every boy should also obtain the written consent of his parents or guardians to sign the paper. The written consent should be put in the hands of some cadet, who should be selected as a treasurer.

After the military organization is effected, it is best to complete a civil organization. A president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer should be elected, and by-laws be drawn up. The duties of the civil organization should be to attend to the collection of money to pay the expenses of the company. These moneys are collected by assessments, by subscriptions, from fines, and in many other ways.

The civil organization attends to all expenses, pays them, and takes receipts, keeps accounts of all matters pertaining to the

record of the company, and attends to the entertainment matters, such as the getting up of prize drills, of picnics, of excursions, and so forth.

After this is all done, we must elect one more officer, the first sergeant.

At this point I imagine I hear some boy saying: "But what are captains and sergeants?" I will tell you.

In all armies there are two classes of soldiers—officers and privates. The officers are the fewest in number, and command or direct the movements of the privates. They are divided into different grades, according to the amount of command they have; and this grade or office is called their "rank."

In a company, the officers are the captain, the first lieutenant, and the second lieutenant. The captain is the highest, and commands the whole company, and is responsible for its well-being and efficiency.

The first lieutenant comes next, and then the second lieutenant. Their duties are to assist the captain to command the company, and to take his place when absent.

Now officers are always commissioned, in armies belonging to any state or government. That is, they are given their position by a commission issued by the highest power of the state or government, and they hold their places for life.

Privates, who form the main body of all military organizations, who do the fighting in war, and hard work, are also divided into classes. They hold their places only for a certain time, their length of service, one, two, or five years, and when given an office or grade, it is by virtue of a warrant issued by the highest officer of the military body. Then they are called non-commissioned officers, because they are officers, but not commissioned. They are of two classes, sergeants and corporals. The highest sergeant is called the first sergeant.

A company, when properly officered, would have one captain, one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant, one first ser-

geant, four duty sergeants, and eight corporals, and from 50 to 200 privates.

As we get further along we shall learn the duties of every officer and non-commissioned officer. But just at present all we want to elect is a captain and a first sergeant. Neither is it necessary to get a uniform at once. We can drill very well for four or five weeks without a uniform; and as we want a good one, and not too high priced, we must take our time about getting it.

(To be continued.)

THE EDUCATION OF AN ELEPHANT.

SOME weeks ago the ARGOSY printed a brief article on the training of elephants, and here with we give some further information on the subject, gathered from an interview of a Tribune reporter with Mr. Adam Forepaugh, junior, son of the well-known showman.

From Mr. Forepaugh's statements it will be apparent that the trainer must be a man of infinite patience, persistency, and the most unrelenting methods of work.

"Elephants do not learn anything by mere routine," he says. "They never seem to know that they are doing anything with an end or purpose—they would as well be doing the last movements and work back. I take a green elephant in the fall and put him in with those trained the year before. At first he does nothing but walk about as usual, to keep steady and to march with the rest. When he is fairly broken in, I try him in some of the simpler things—come at command, to lie down, to rise on his hind legs, to stand on a tub. From that on it is all an unbroken routine. Every movement has to be repeated daily till the elephant gets it so well fixed in his memory. The same things must always be done in the same order, and as nearly as possible in the same way. If he will not do, I will throw out every elephant here if I changed the tricks in the least, or even the order of them in the slightest."

"A keeper must never allow an elephant any freedom of action. To keep them going through the same motions, almost mechanically, with no chance to vary them, is the best means of making them perfectly harmless and docile. They go on through any amount of confusion, and they know that if they stop the keeper will be on their backs. The tricks become so mechanical, finally, that almost anybody who knows them himself can put the elephant through them."

It is the same way even with the minutest detail which the clown elephants master. They get them by memory only, and the slightest deviation on the part of the assistant would spoil everything. As the elephants get on with the simpler work, I try them in new tricks. The greatest of that the eight big elephants dance cost me six solid months of training. The work was simply this, to make each walk over his intricate course to the right time. The elephants, I think, have no idea of what they are doing. The movements are simply beaten into their heads. They do not hear the music in the waltz. They were trained without music, of course, and wouldn't miss it."

The boxing act is the most elaborate I have yet attempted. John L. Sullivan is not a remarkably intelligent elephant, and I had a long, hard pull with him, but he has made accustomed first to wearing a glove on his trunk and swinging it to and fro. Then I had to get him to understand what the blows meant, and what was to fall down, strike so many times, then speak to him, and his cue is to tumble over on his side. He had to be pulled and pushed about, and to get down on his knees, especially where he follows me around and knocks me out of the ring.

The trained elephants are one. Most of them, too, are males. All the clown elephants are males. Still there is little, if any, difference in the size and the long run between the males and the females.

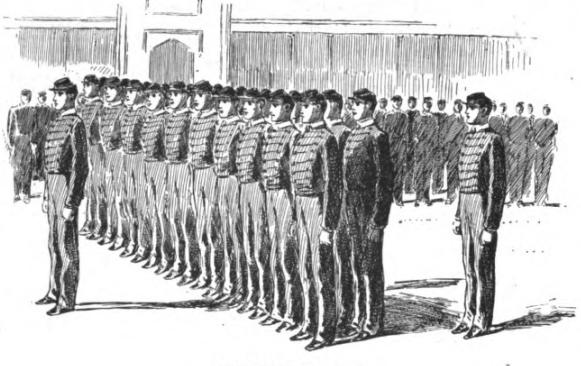
"Elephants die rapidly here, and I have to break new ones in every winter. It is a popular mistake about their skin being so thick as not to feel a prong much. They smart even under the rawhide. They catch cold easily, and go off chiefly from consumption."

THE COST OF A WORK HORSE.

ANY one passing along Lexington or Third Avenue in this city, and glancing down the intervening space at Twenty-fourth Street, will be aware of the fact that some lines of horses being driven smartly back and forth within the limits of the block, closely watched by groups of men and boys, who were the dealers. This is the Bull's Head region, so called from an inn of that name, in and about which more horse sales are effected than anywhere else in the metropolis. One of the prominent dealers of the locality, in an interview with the reporter of an evening paper, states the following facts in regard to car and truck horses:

"The car companies pay all the way from \$140 to \$165 per horse, and sell them in a few years for only \$20 each. They wear out very quickly, and are bought by farmers, who turn them loose in the fields to recuperate. After getting well rested and some feed on their bones, these horses often bring as high as \$200. There are fully 15,000 car horses actively engaged in this city every day."

"Good work horses are valued at \$400 to \$600 a team, and are safe stock for dealers to handle. In the fruit season and the winter months they make a very large profit. Truckmen who have contracts with big firms have their horses sick upon their hands very often in these busy seasons, and they pay good round prices, as they must have horseflesh."



CADETS AT WEST POINT.

[This story commenced in No. 226.]

# The Lost Trail

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,  
Author of "The Camp in the Mountains," "Log Cabin Series," "Young Pioneer Series," "Great River Series," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"HIS SIGNAL WAS HEARD A MOMENT LATER."  
STANDING on the elevated rock and looking off to the northward, the keen eyes of Deerfoot the Shawanoe rested on a certain spot in the horizon where neither you nor I would have seen anything.

He observed a thin, spiral column of smoke climbing upward and dissolving so fast in the air above that the wonder was how he was able to make it out.

Then, as the same wonderful eyes ranged along the dim, hazy line that marked the top of the forest, to a point a couple of miles away, they saw a still fainter column of vapor, which slowly rose above the trees and, like the other, was gradually absorbed in the clear atmosphere.

It was these two sights which disturbed Deerfoot, and threatened to overturn his plans before he had them in execution. What he feared was that the Winnebagoes, having broken into two parties, had also mentioned their captives between them. You will see that if such a thing occurred it would compel Deerfoot in turn to divide his small company. Two squads of pioneers would have to form two much more numerous bodies of Indians. In other words, the task that our friends had begun was doubled, with a greater proportional increase of difficulty and danger.

The Shawanoe did not hesitate to make known his perplexity, which he did with the freedom of an old friend, slapped him on the shoulder and asked him to let them know what the matter was.

"What's the odds?" said the trapper, when the explanation was made: "If one of the sets of varmints has taken that Grubben, and the other the rest of the prisoners, why we'll let Hank look out for himself, and our job will become that much easier."

"There is no danger of anything like that," remarked Hardin; "for the Winnebagoes would not dare tempt us so far."

"Where's the harm?" asked Terry, who now that Fred Linden was so oppressed, felt that he must speak for both: "Deerfoot can take charge of one party and jolly up whichever he chooses, while several of us will do the same with the other set of spalpeens."

"Deerfoot would take one party, but who would lead the other?" asked Terry, "but I'm too modest to call out his name before your eyes all."

Even Deerfoot smiled at the quaint fellow, who showed so little respect for time or place in uttering his whimsicalities.

"If we find it necessary to divide, there must be some one in charge of the other company," was the suggestive remark of the missionary.

"And it shall be my father," said Deerfoot, whose dark eyes glowed with affection as he looked upon the beaming face before him; "but it may be that the Winnebagoes have not divided; it may be another party we shall soon know."

"Then that's but the one thing to do," said Bowly, "and that's to find out; and the only way to find out is to pitch in."

"My brother speaks wisdom," observed Deerfoot, as if he had drawn the inspiration of his ardor; "let them follow me."

He moved down the slope at a rapid walk, avoiding the rocks and obstructions with a skill which the others could not but admire. The tall Moravian kept close to his heels, as he had done so many times in threading his way through the forest, while the others strung along in Indian file.

might become necessary to prevent their escape. Despite the deliberate pace of the Winnebagoes, they had gained so much start that the pursuers were forced to a long tramp before they could overtake them. Since the Indians had buried their dead and held the ceremonies among the rocky hills just north of the settlement, Deerfoot hardly expected them to make a halt before night. Nevertheless they had done so, resuming their march while the afternoon was still young.

The sun was half way down the sky, when our friends reached a small stream, no more than a dozen feet wide. The water was so transparent that the bottom was clearly seen all the way across, though the depth was considerable.

The Indians, who are not very fond of water, had overcome the difficulty by leaping across, the jump not being a difficult one for any of them. The whites did the same, start-

know that an Indian always leaves a faint trail, when passing through the forest, but since all of the Winnebagoes took the leap across the stream, each landed on the other side with a force that caused his moosehide to sink so deep into the soft earth that the imprint was plain to every one. Over a hundred deep indentations were distinctly marked.

"I wonder what it is this time," said Hardin, changing his gaze from the imprints to the point in advance where the Shawanoe had disappeared; "he seems always to be finding something."

"If the Winnebagoes have separated, as he suspects, it must have taken place not far from this spot," said Mr. Griffiths; "and I suppose he is looking for evidence on that question."

"And he'll find it too," was the declaration of Bowly, who never grew tired of praising the Shawanoe; for Deerfoot's services some four years before had won the hearts of the hunters and trappers.

"Jonas," he added, turning toward the father of one of the captive girls, "I don't know how it is, but since Deerfoot has taken charge of this business, I sort of feel as though we're goin' to win."

"I would like to feel as you do," replied the parent, with another sigh, "but I can't see how it is possible."

"Nor I can't either, but that don't make any difference to Deerfoot, turning toward the father of one of the captive girls, "I don't know how it is, but since Deerfoot has taken charge of this business, I sort of feel as though we're goin' to win."

"That is all we need enough," said Hardin, "and it is no more than we expected after what you told us, but the main question hasn't been answered: what about the prisoners?"

"How can you expect Deerfoot to answer that question until he has followed up each party and found out for himself?" asked Bourne, with a reproving look at the questioner.

But that was the very question that Deerfoot could answer most readily, as he indicated at a glance the division of the war party of Winnebagoes, after which he set out to find what disposition was made of the captives.

To do this compelled him to advance a considerable distance along each trail in turn, while he scrutinized the ground for the signs that would answer the question just asked him. Sooner than would have been thought, he found the knowledge he was seeking.

"With them," said he, pointing along the path made by the company that pursued eastward, "went the father of my brother, and his mother, and his sister; with them," he added, pointing more to the westward, "went the daughter of my brother (looking at Bourne)," and the other man."

The hearers stared at Deerfoot in astonishment, most of them disbelieving, or at least doubting, what he had said.

"That's all very well," said Hardin, with a doubting smile; "but I will be much obliged to you, Deerfoot, if you will explain how it was able to tell that the footprints you saw were not made by Edith Linden instead of Molly Bourne."

The Shawanoe held up a small shred of homespun such material as composed the dress of many of our great-grandmothers. It was of darker color than usual, without a word, the warrior pointed it to Jonas Bourne.

"That's all very well," said Hardin, with a doubting smile; "but I will be much obliged to you, Deerfoot, if you will explain how it was able to tell that the footprints you saw were not made by Edith Linden instead of Molly Bourne."

"I was puzzled to understand by what means he learned the truth," said the missionary, "but when Deerfoot says anything, it must not be doubted. I understood that whoever his foot pointed straight for a great chief, he insinuates anything of the kind that we men have got to die, and I don't think it'll be me."

"I was puzzled to understand by what means he learned the truth," said the missionary, "but when Deerfoot says anything, it must not be doubted. I understood that whoever his foot pointed straight for a great chief, he insinuates anything of the kind that we men have got to die, and I don't think it'll be me."



THE MISSIONARY AND THE INDIAN WERE LOCKED TOGETHER IN A DEADLY STRUGGLE.

ing from a slight distance back, running a few steps and then bounding over. Deerfoot did not take an extra step, but standing close to the water, went over as lightly as a greyhound.

Terry Clark indulged in such an extensive start, that he was pretty well tired out by the time he reached the edge of the stream. Nevertheless he went across, though he would have fallen backward into the water had not the hand of Deerfoot been stretched out in time to save him.

"How was it they got over without wetting their feet?" asked the missionary, alluding to the female captives.

"I know that both mother and Edith could easily jump that," said Fred Linden, "and since there are no signs of any one stepping into the water, and there is no bridge by which they could have walked over, why they have leaped as did the others."

"It would have been a small matter for Molly," said Jonas Bourne with a sigh, in which just a little tinge of pride at the athletic skill of his daughter could be detected.

you know. He can see things that we would miss with a dozen pair of spectacles on."

"We know how skillful he is in all the ways of the woods," added the dejected Fred Linden, "but no matter how wise he may be, there are many, many problems which he cannot solve, and I am afraid this is one."

"There can't be any doubt of it, so far as we're concerned, but," sturdily persisted the hunter, "that don't apply to Deerfoot. Now, when me and that red-headed Irish lad that was in the hands of the Winnebagoes about four years ago, who would have dared to say that we would ever get out again?"

"There can't be any doubt of it, so far as we're concerned, but," sturdily persisted the hunter, "that don't apply to Deerfoot. Now, when me and that red-headed Irish lad that was in the hands of the Winnebagoes about four years ago, who would have dared to say that we would ever get out again?"

"That has been the way it was done then," said the missionary, compressing his lips and nodding his head after the manner of one that has just heard a convincing argument.

A laugh followed the reply of Terry, and there was a general looking for Deerfoot to come back. He was not in sight, but his signal was heard a moment later.

### CHAPTER XV.

"COME, BOYS, I'M READY!"

THE cautious signal which reached the ears of the listening pioneers was recognized as a call for them to go forward. Deerfoot had found out where they were seeking, or had learned that it could not be found.

The missionary walked rapidly, the others close behind him. They crossed the lead clearing, and a short distance beyond caught sight of the Shawanoe, standing erect and looking expectantly toward them. Pointing down to the ground, he said:

"The Winnebagoes parted company there; one half went that way and one half that way." With his hand, he indicated two widely diverging paths, one leading toward the campfire on the right, and the other toward that on the left. A glance at the ground showed that the statement of the Shawanoe was one whose truth was self-evident.

"That is all we need enough," said Hardin, "and it is no more than we expected after what you told us, but the main question hasn't been answered: what about the prisoners?"

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THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM  
IN THE SPRING.

On lawn and lea they blossom fair,  
Fair in the crowded street;  
And the weary toiler pauses there  
Amid the hurrying feet;  
And as he gazes at the flowers,  
From happy boyhood's vanished hours  
Rises a vision sweet.

He sees the violets in the brake,  
He passes o'er the lilled lake,  
He springs upon the shore;  
There lie the fields where once he played,  
There, 'neath the mighty oak tree's shade,  
He sees the home from which he strayed,  
Dear as in days of yore!

RICHARD H. TITBERINGTON.





## A DALLING SEASON.

BY ROBERT OGDEN FOWLER.

O springe gon, dallying in the south,  
Enamored of its wane or bloom,  
Red-lipped marshflower and river rush,  
O hasten, hasten with the thrush,  
With touch of summer in thine eyes,  
And buds and blossoms in thy mouth!  
O hasten, hasten, go or boy!  
Nor list nor linger thou so long  
By pied windflower and daffodil,  
But hurry on by vale or hill,  
Break forth in blossoming and song  
And thrill the heart of us with joy.  
Come with full store of April days,  
Bright May dew shining in thine eyes,  
And June buds biding in thy mouth:  
Forsake, forsake the summer south,  
And sweeten our rude northern skies,  
And wreath and warm our windy ways.

(This story commenced in No. 218.)



By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

Author of "Afloat in a Great City," "Under Fire," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE NEW PUBLISHING FIRM.

"MORNING or an evening paper!" exclaimed Herbert.  
"Why, yes, ain't that what it is goin' to be?" answered Tom, as he noticed young Randolph's surprise.  
"Well, hardly," answered Herbert. "We certainly could not do much in the daily paper line on our capital."  
"You do make the worst breaks, Tom Flannery, of any feller I ever did see," said Bob, with a air of disgust.  
"Well, it don't make no difference if I do, Bob Hunter," retorted Tom, spunkily. "I never done nothin' on anything but mornin' and evenin' papers, and so I thought Herbert meant them."  
"Oh, no, Tom," replied young Randolph. "We could not hope to do anything with a daily paper."  
"What kind of a paper is it goin' to be then, Herbert?"  
"Well, I should think we had better make it a monthly at first. What do you say, Bob?"  
"I guess that is as often as what we could get it out with our money."  
"So I think myself."  
"But say, Herbert, what is it goin' to say in it?" asked Tom, growing curious again.  
"Well, it ought to contain a good deal about the newboys."  
"Of course it had," put in Bob, "ef it's called the *Newsboys' Herald*."  
"And why couldn't it say somethin' about the bootblack boys, too?" asked Tom.  
"There is no reason why it should not," replied Herbert. "I had not thought of that before, but it's a good suggestion, Tom."  
The latter felt proud to be so complimented.  
"Why, of course, 't would kinder make it popular with 'em," answered Tom.  
"My idea is that it should treat of the street boys, and tell something about them and their comical ways."  
"But do you think we could sell it?" asked Bob, very sensibly coming down to the business side of the problem.  
"Well, that is the real point for us to discuss," replied Herbert.  
"How much would it sell for?" questioned Tom.  
"Well, what do you say to that, Bob?" asked Herbert, referring the question to him.  
"Would two cents be too much?" asked Bob, by way of an answer. "What do you say, Tom?"  
"Would it be as big as what the *Sun* is?" questioned young Flannery.  
"Oh, no, not a quarter as large," replied Herbert.  
"Then I should think two cents would be too much," said Tom, with an air of importance.  
"But you see, Tom, this hain't no daily paper," replied Bob. "Ef it was, why then we would have to meet the competition."  
"But ain't we got to meet the competition any way?"  
"No," replied Herbert. "Weeklies and monthlies always bring a higher price. Now, for instance, any one of the large Sunday papers probably contains as much reading as some of the monthly magazines; but the one costs three cents and the other twenty-five or thirty."

"I never thought of that before," said Bob.  
"Neither did I, Bob," added Tom with enthusiasm.  
"Well you see, that being the case, we should naturally expect to get a fair price for the paper."  
"That's so, Herbert, so 'tis," replied Tom.  
"But who will buy the paper?" asked Bob, thoughtfully.  
"Wouldn't the street boys buy it?" said Herbert.  
"What do you think, Tom?" questioned Bob.  
"They hain't got much money—not them that I know," replied Tom.  
"Then you do not think they would buy it, I judge."  
"No, I didn't say that, Herbert," replied Tom.  
"But you seemed doubtful about their buying the paper," his head for an idea. Meanwhile Bob remarked that he too felt some doubt about it.  
Herbert looked disappointed.  
Tom saw this, and said:  
"Hain't there nobody else what would buy it, besides street boys?"  
"That's what I've been thinking about, Tom," said Bob. "I wonder of the men that buys the papers wouldn't all take a copy, just to help us out?"  
"Yes, fer publishers makes their money on them advertisements."  
"That is very true, Bob, but could we get any for our paper?"  
"I guess we might ef we tried."  
"Then of course we should try."  
"I couldn't get no advertisements, I know I couldn't," said Tom, thoughtfully. "I wouldn't know how to commence."  
"Well, you would know how to sell papers, wouldn't you?" asked Bob.  
"Of course I would, Bob Hunter; hain't I been selling 'em for more'n five years, I'd like to know?"  
"So you have, Tom, so you have, I remember when you first commenced," said Bob.  
"Selling the paper is, after all, the most important part of the business," said Herbert.

"Well, ef that's all I have to do, I can be a publisher," replied Tom, confidently.  
"But who is goin' to be the editor?"  
"Why, Herbert is, of course," said Bob.  
"Then if I am to be the editor, you and Tom will have to do the business part," replied Herbert.  
"Who is going to be the reporter?" asked Tom.  
"Both you and Bob must report everything you can find out, and I will write up."  
Bob looked at Tom, and Tom looked at Bob, as much as to say "is this what publishing means?"  
"Of course you must do this," continued Herbert. "I know nothing about the street boys, and unless we intend making a good paper, why, we had better abandon the idea without going any further."  
"Oh right, Herbert," said Bob. "I guess you can trust me and Tom for gettin' all the points that is needed. What do you say, Tom?"  
"Yes; that's what I think too, Bob."  
Thus the conversation ran on till the plan was fully developed. It was agreed that the firm name should be Bob Hunter & Company, Herbert and Tom being the "Company."  
Both Bob and Tom wanted Herbert's name to appear, but he objected to it on the ground that he was employed in the banking business, and therefore did not wish to seem to be connected with any outside enterprise.  
He, however, accepted the position of editor, and Bob Hunter was designated as the business manager, while Tom Flannery's especial work was to advance the sale of the paper.  
"As the business manager, Bob, the first thing for you to do," said Herbert, "is to get some estimates on the cost of printing and paper."  
"That's jest what I was thinkin' about," returned Bob, thoughtfully. "And then there's the advertisements, too."

"Yes, you must look after them surely." The size of the paper was finally fixed upon, and Bob, and I may say Tom also, felt a load of responsibility resting upon them—a responsibility as pleasing as it was novel.

## CHAPTER XL.

## MOVING UP THE VILLAINS.

ON the following morning Herbert Randolph went with Bob Hunter to see Mr. Goldwin's lawyer.  
He stated the case against Captain Snyder of the Sharkskin, and asked if Bob could not recover damages for false imprisonment.  
"It is quite possible," replied the lawyer, thoughtfully; "exemplary damages, the same as the court awarded you."  
"So it seemed to me," replied Herbert, with an expression of pleasure well marked upon his face. "How much damages will you claim?"  
"The case was less aggravated than yours, therefore I do not think it would be wise to sue for as much," said the lawyer. "It seems to me therefore, that five hundred dollars would be a large claim—quite large enough."  
"Whew!" whistled Bob softly to himself. "Five hundred dollars! I'd like another go at that old cap'n, ef it pays like that."  
The lawyer laughed at Bob's comical mistake.  
"But you probably will not get the full five hundred dollars," said he.  
"And perhaps not anything," suggested Herbert.  
"Very true," returned the lawyer, "but I hope it will not be so bad as that."  
"So do I," said Bob; "for you see I could use the money kinder handy in my business."  
"What is your business?" asked the lawyer, curiously.  
"Well, it's sellin' papers just now."  
"Why do you say 'just now'?"  
"I guess we might ef we tried."  
"Then of course we should try."  
"I couldn't get no advertisements, I know I couldn't," said Tom, thoughtfully. "I wouldn't know how to commence."  
"Well, you would know how to sell papers, wouldn't you?" asked Bob.  
"Of course I would, Bob Hunter; hain't I been selling 'em for more'n five years, I'd like to know?"  
"So you have, Tom, so you have, I remember when you first commenced," said Bob.  
"Selling the paper is, after all, the most important part of the business," said Herbert.

"Well, ef that's all I have to do, I can be a publisher," replied Tom, confidently.  
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"Then if I am to be the editor, you and Tom will have to do the business part," replied Herbert.  
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"Both you and Bob must report everything you can find out, and I will write up."  
Bob looked at Tom, and Tom looked at Bob, as much as to say "is this what publishing means?"  
"Of course you must do this," continued Herbert. "I know nothing about the street boys, and unless we intend making a good paper, why, we had better abandon the idea without going any further."  
"Oh right, Herbert," said Bob. "I guess you can trust me and Tom for gettin' all the points that is needed. What do you say, Tom?"  
"Yes; that's what I think too, Bob."  
Thus the conversation ran on till the plan was fully developed. It was agreed that the firm name should be Bob Hunter & Company, Herbert and Tom being the "Company."  
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"As the business manager, Bob, the first thing for you to do," said Herbert, "is to get some estimates on the cost of printing and paper."  
"That's jest what I was thinkin' about," returned Bob, thoughtfully. "And then there's the advertisements, too."

"What kind of publishing business are you going into?" asked the lawyer.  
Bob explained all he knew about the plan, growing eloquent upon the possibilities of journalism.  
The lawyer listened with a good deal of interest to his remarks, and then said:  
"But, my boy, don't you know that publishing is a hard business from which to make money?"  
"Well, but we are goin' to do it cheap, you see," replied Bob, with more enthusiasm than he had before shown over the project. This was brought out by the opposition of the lawyer.  
"Very true, but you must sell quite a number of papers, or you will absolutely lose money."  
"I know we will. We talked that all over, didn't we, Herbert?"  
"What are you interested, too, in the venture?" said the lawyer, addressing Herbert.  
"Yes, somewhat," answered the latter modestly.  
"I should think he is," said Bob, "fer he is the one what got up the scheme."  
"Well, I must confess that I am a good deal interested in your project, boys. You may put me down as a subscriber to the *Newsboys' Herald*."  
The two boys thanked him heartily, and in a few moments left the office together, feeling much encouraged at having already secured one subscription for their proposed journal.

Bob started at once in pursuit of information about printing, while Herbert went directly to the bank.  
On arriving there he found Mr. Goldwin at his desk, looking over papers.  
"Are there any new developments, Mr. Goldwin?" he asked, in a way that showed his interest in his employer's welfare.  
"Well, yes, Herbert," replied the banker, seriously; "it looks as if my loss would be heavier than I thought."  
"Oh! I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Goldwin," said young Randolph.  
"Yes, my boy, it is rather a severe blow, but unless it is worse than I now know, it will not ruin me."  
"And was the whole loss caused by Theo-

dore Tanglegrave's failure? Or did Scrubb defend you directly?"  
"So far as I know, no loss was made except through Tanglegrave."  
"And that was done by giving him unlimited credit?"  
"Yes, and by guaranteeing his paper to a large extent."  
"Scrubb did that, of course?" said Herbert significantly.  
"Yes; the contemptible villain!" answered the banker, bringing his fist down heavily upon the desk.  
"Even this mild demonstration on Mr. Goldwin's part surprised Herbert Randolph, for he had never before seen anything of the kind in the quiet mannered and large-hearted banker.  
"What do you suppose was his object in doing so?" asked Herbert, after a slight pause.  
"His object?" exclaimed Mr. Goldwin, with a frown.  
"Yes," answered our hero, fearing he had made a mistake in asking the question.  
"His object was to rob me, and he has done it."  
"Cannot anything be recovered, Mr. Goldwin?"  
"The chances are against it, but I shall make a fight to see what can be done," replied the banker, with a look of determination that showed the strength of his character when once aroused.  
"I hope sincerely that you will succeed in getting back part or all of it," said Herbert; and then, thinking for a moment, he asked if Scrubb had no property that could be attached.  
"No, nothing," replied Mr. Goldwin. "It has all been disposed of within a day or two."  
"But his interest in the business here?"  
"That, too, was mortgaged to Jeremiah Pettibone!" exclaimed Herbert, as much as to say "I thought so."  
"And then until Scrubb's guilt is established I could do nothing, if he had ever so much property," continued Mr. Goldwin.  
"But can't his guilt be proven easily enough?"  
"I think so, and yet I am not certain."  
"He is still in the Tombs, I suppose?"  
"Yes, and his friend Tanglegrave is there with him."  
"What, Theodore Tanglegrave? Has he been arrested too?"  
"Yes, he was locked up about half an hour ago."  
"And Pettibone?"  
"He has not been arrested yet."  
Herbert looked disappointed.  
"We have not evidence enough against him to warrant us in asking for his arrest," continued Mr. Goldwin.

"But you look upon him as having had something to do with the fraud, I imagine."  
"Certainly I do."  
"So do I—in fact I think he was the worst one of the lot."  
"Well, we must wait our time."  
"When shall you open the bank for business again?" asked Herbert.  
"Just as soon as I can get my affairs legally straightened out—probably within a day or two."  
"I hope so, for I want to see the business moving again."  
"Yes, so do I. Yesterday was the first day I have been out of business for years."  
"Of course you will not continue under the name of Goldwin & Scrubb?"  
"No, and there is where the chief delay hinges now. I shall probably start under my own name again."  
"And let the old business be wound up legally?"  
"Yes; that is my present plan."  
"Do you know, Mr. Goldwin, when Scrubb will be tried?" asked Herbert.  
"Do you mean on the civil or criminal offense?"  
"I mean the civil case, that is, for his connection with this swindling scheme."  
"The hearing will be had in a day or two, just as soon as we can get all the facts and secure the evidence we desire."  
"Had Tanglegrave been in business a long time when he failed?"  
"No; I learn now that he had not, although Scrubb represented to me that he was a thoroughly reliable man."  
"And you relied upon what Scrubb said, of course, not expecting any trickery from your partner."  
"Certainly I did not."  
"What is your theory about the case now, Mr. Goldwin?" asked Herbert.  
"I think that this man Tanglegrave was simply a dummy—that he really represented Scrubb and Pettibone."  
(To be continued.)

SINGERS OF THE WOOD.

BY ZEAN INGLEW.

We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation
That when God drew it down to us that stray'd,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON or THE PRINCE OF A ... OF NEW YORK BEST SELLER

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

NED'S PRESENCE MAKES A SENSATION.

"Do you live here, Mr. Simmons?" asked Ned, in much surprise.
The merchant was somewhat reassured by this reply. It looked as if Ned was not aware that his mother's wealthy aunt lived in this plain dwelling.
"Where?" he answered, after a moment's thought, "I don't live here, but I am acquainted with those who do."
"I have a small bundle for Miss Jane Barclay. Does she live here?"
"Yes," said Mr. Simmons, much relieved. "But how do you happen to have a bundle for her?"

A boy, employed in a dry goods store on Fulton Street, got me to bring it. He said his mother was sick, and my taking it would bring him an hour at home."
"That's all right," said Elias Simmons, briskly. "Give it to me, and I'll take it in to her."

I think I'd rather give it to Miss Barclay myself," said Ned, cautiously.
"Oho, well!" returned Simmons, good humoredly. "I'll ring the bell, and she'll come to the door."

Miss Barclay did in fact answer the bell. She regarded Ned in some surprise, looking from him to Mr. Simmons.

"What does this boy want?" she asked.
"Are you Miss Jane Barclay?" asked Ned.
"Yes."
"Then here is a bundle for you."

"Oh! I see. It is something I bought this forenoon."
"Then it's all right," and Ned turned to go away.
"Stay!" said Mr. Simmons, taking a quarter from his pocket, "let this pay you for your trouble."

"Thank you, sir," said Ned, pocketing the coin.
It gave him a more favorable opinion of Elias Simmons than he had hitherto entertained.

There is a good deal more liberal than his son," thought our hero.
Ned disappeared round the corner. Jane Barclay looked after him thoughtfully.

"That boy looks like your cousin Hester," she said.
"Pooch, pooch!" said Elias Simmons, nervously. "I don't see the least resemblance."

"The eyes had the same expression, and the mouth, I am sure Miss Eunice would agree with me."
"Pray don't tell her!" said Mr. Simmons, anxiously. "It would only worry her. You are getting fanciful, Jane Barclay."

"I've got the use of my eyes still, Mr. Simmons," retorted Jane, not altogether pleased. "I tell you there was a wonderful resemblance between that boy and Hester. I wish I had asked his name, not altogether pleased."

"I am glad you didn't!" thought Elias.
"I heard that Hester had a son."
"He died!" said Elias Simmons, with bold falsehood.
"Who would be about the age of this boy, if living," continued Jane.

"But he's dead," said Jane. "However, if it will gratify you, I will send this boy here to satisfy you, if I happen to fall in with him again."
"Who say you would?"
"Does aunt Eunice often refer to Hester?" asked Elias Simmons, anxiously.

would have upset my kettle of fish. There is very little likelihood of the boy being seen again in this neighborhood. It was a mere chance, his coming to-day. I wonder, by the way, how he happened to come to Brooklyn at all."
As the reader may wonder also, I will state that Ned was sent to Brooklyn by a gentleman whom he knew slightly, on an errand, and so chanced to fall in with the shop boy for whom he had undertaken the second commission. He had no idea that Fortune had nearly brought him to a meeting with one who had loved his mother in her youth, and was even now disposed to receive her back into favor.

When Miss Barclay, summoned by the tap on the window, entered the presence of her patroness, she found her in an unusual state of agitation.
"Who was that boy?" she demanded abruptly.
"A boy with a bundle for me. Here it is."

"Was that all?" returned Miss Simmons, in evident disappointment.
"Is he gone?"
"Yes."
"Is he perhaps you will think me fanciful—I fancied he might come from Hester. Did you not see a resemblance?"

"I did. And you saw it too?"
"At once. He looked like Hester in her earlier days, before the sad trouble separated us—and the old lady's face softened at the recollection."

"I thought so too, and mentioned it to your nephew."

"He ridiculed the notion—said he saw no likeness at all."

"He had his reasons no doubt," said the old lady, dryly.
"However, when I persisted, he said if he could meet the boy again, he would send him over here, so that you could ask him any questions you desired."

"That surprises me. Did he seem to be in earnest?"
"At least I say; perhaps I might misjudge him, for, as you know, I never fancied Elias Simmons."

Meanwhile Ned continued his journey to Fulton Ferry. He was very well satisfied with his trip to Brooklyn. He had received thirty cents besides expenses for the original errand, fifteen cents from the shop-boy, and very unexpectedly twenty-five cents from Elias Simmons. It was a variety to him, this trip across the river. Now he was intending to return to his ordinary place of business, near the Astor House, to see if he could not make a few more nickels before he gave up work for the day.

He paid his passage, and boarded the boat, entering the gentlemen's cabin.

He was drawn to a young man stylishly dressed, and from his manner of good social position, who seemed to be under the influence of liquor. This his flushed face and unsteady movements indicated, as he sank into a seat.

"It's a pity such a young man should drink," thought Ned, compassionately.
Across the young man's vest lay a heavy gold chain, of handsome pattern, and attached to it, as Ned saw when he drew it out, was an expensive gold watch, worth, as Ned judged, a hundred and fifty dollars, or even more.

"He needs some one to take care of him," thought our hero.
As if in response to this suggestion another young man, whose attention also had been drawn to the victim of intemperance, rose from his seat, and took a vacant place beside him.

Here was another surprise for Ned, for in this second young man he recognized the skillful coat thief of the Gilsey House, whose attempt he had foiled so successfully the day before.



"What do you want?" he demanded, in an annoyed tone.

"I want you to give the gentleman his watch," said Ned.

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel? exclaimed the thief, furiously.

"I have no watch except my own."

"Have you lost your watch?" asked Ned, turning to the victim of drink, who did not seem fully to understand what was going on.

"By Jove, so I have! Who's got it?"

"This man."

The thief had no alternative. With a forced smile he turned back the time-keeper.

"It was falling out of your pocket and I caught it."

"Thank you, you're very kind," said the victim, unsuspectingly.

There was a malignant scowl on the thief's face, as he turned towards Ned.

"Now, clear out!" he said, hoarsely.
If you don't leave this gentleman I'll hand you over to the next policeman," said Ned, sternly.
I knew you as soon as I set eyes on you."

HARVEY PARKER TOLD HIS MOTHER HOW NED HAD SAVED HIM FROM THE THIEF.



"He means to rob him," thought Ned. "I will watch him."

He might have feared that the thief would recognize him, but he was dressed in one of the suits presented him by Fred Stanhope, while at the Gilsey House he had worn the shabby clothes which up to that time had been the best he possessed.

By this time the boat had reached the New York shore, but neither of the young men dared to disembark. This increased Ned's suspicions. The inebriate did not seem to be aware that it was time to go out, and his new companion wanted an opportunity to carry out his plan.

"I'll stay too!" decided Ned, but to avert suspicion, he passed through the cabin, then returned over the main deck, and entered the same cabin again through the other end.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE BROOKLYN FERRY BOAT.

"HEN the thief sat down beside the inebriate, the latter turned round, supposing that it was an acquaintance.

"How are you, old fellow?" he inquired.
"Oho, I'm all right. How's yourself?"
"I guess I'm full," answered the other, surveying his companion with drunken gravity.

"Do you mean to say I'm drunk?" said the drunken man, with the quick change in mood often seen in such persons.
"Oho, no offense! We all get so sometimes."

Meanwhile the thief was watching his chance to take the watch of his new acquaintance, but the latter man kept with him round towards him, so that he found it almost impossible. Ned was watching him warily, but not in such a way as to attract attention.

The boat again touched shore—this time the Brooklyn side.

"Shall we get off?" asked the thief.
"Yah," answered the other, in a thick voice. "Are you in New York?"

"Yes, I believe so. Here, lean on my arm." The inebriate complied with the suggestion, and in so doing presented a good opportunity to his unprincipled companion. Ned followed slowly, watching the two, open-eyed.

Just as they were leaving the boat, with a dexterous movement, drew the gold watch from his companion's pocket, and then prepared to leave him, however, till they had passed through the ferry gates, and reached the open piazza beyond.

"Excuse me," he said, hurriedly. "There's a man I want to speak to over there for a minute."

"Sherlyant," said the other, complacently.

Ned thought it time to interfere.

"Making a step forward, he caught the thief firmly by the arm."

The latter turned around, startled.

"What do you want?" he demanded, in an annoyed tone.

"I want you to give the gentleman his watch," said Ned.

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel? exclaimed the thief, furiously.

"I have no watch except my own."

"Have you lost your watch?" asked Ned, turning to the victim of drink, who did not seem fully to understand what was going on.

"By Jove, so I have! Who's got it?"

"This man."

The thief had no alternative. With a forced smile he turned back the time-keeper.







"My! I s'pose dis nigger 'll be 'cused of stealin' dat ar dawg, an' de stolen property found on his pusson!"

TAKING A DOG'S PICTURE.

An amusing story comes from the Hub, concerning the actions of a certain great mastiff before and after his picture was taken. Imagine the consternation of the artist when, utterly helpless with the cloth over his head, he saw, through his camera, the great brute make a leap for him!

The dog had never been in the city before, it seems, and there was considerable trouble experienced in inducing him to face the instrument; but after a while his owner managed to get him placed satisfactorily. He remained quiet until the photographer pulled the cloth from the front of his lens and let the big glass eye stare at the dog. This was too much for the mastiff, who at once sprang at the machine, and pulled it down before his owner could interfere to prevent his doing any more damage.

But at last the dog submitted calmly to being taken, and was so pleased with his photograph that a copy is kept in his kennel, firmly fastened by a frame, and covered by a glass, which prevents him from exercising his propensity to lick it with his tongue.

THE FRUITS OF OBSERVATION.

It would have been the means of saving many lives if the young man mentioned below had chanced to examine into the condition of the bridge at Rosindale, Massachusetts, before the break occurred which recently precipitated a train to destruction.

Not many years ago, according to the Springfield Republican, a youth from the Sheffield Scientific School, at New Haven, was sent out to browse about the neighborhood and take measurements. He found a bridge on some Housatonic connection of the Southern Railroad, which, according to his figuring, was not safe.

He submitted his "strain sheets" to the professor, and the latter, meeting the vice-president of the road, Mr. Reed, on the street, mentioned the matter to him.

"Send the boy to my office," said Mr. Reed, and thither the youth repaired with his sum worked out. He convinced Mr. Reed of the unsoundness of the bridge, a new one was built, and the boy is now rapidly advancing in the engineering service of the company.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG OIL. Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reclining or Invalid Chair, LOUVER, BED or COUCH. Price, \$7.00 and up. Send stamp for Catalogue.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. All furnished with the Automatic Coach Brake, and Retailed at our Wholesale Factory Prices. Send Stamp for Catalogue and mention Argosy.

THE LUBURG MAN'G CO., 145 N. 8th St., PHILA., PA. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants

Russell, Pa., March 7, 1887. PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 81 Milk St., Boston. GENTLEMEN.—The two pair pants (\$3) ordered by me were duly received, and in every way satisfactory.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 81 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

NEW BUTTERFLY PANSIES. Marked as shown in etc., so that they resemble the live butterfly. These odd and surprisingly beautiful flowers...

CARDS SUNDAY SCHOOL, REWARD AND... In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

COBB'S COMPLEXION SOAP. Clean chapped hands. Sample for 6c. postage, or free at Druggists. A. H. COBB, Mfr., 33 Battery-march Street, Boston, Mass.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, and all Acute Indigestion cured. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

For 25 cts. we will mail you one "Grip" Collar Button, fine rolled gold plate. It holds the scarf so it cannot rise above the collar. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

HOW TO BUILD HOUSES. A book giving plans and specifications for 25 houses of all sizes. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Print Your Own Cards. PRESS \$3. Larger presses for circulars, etc., \$8 to \$100. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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