

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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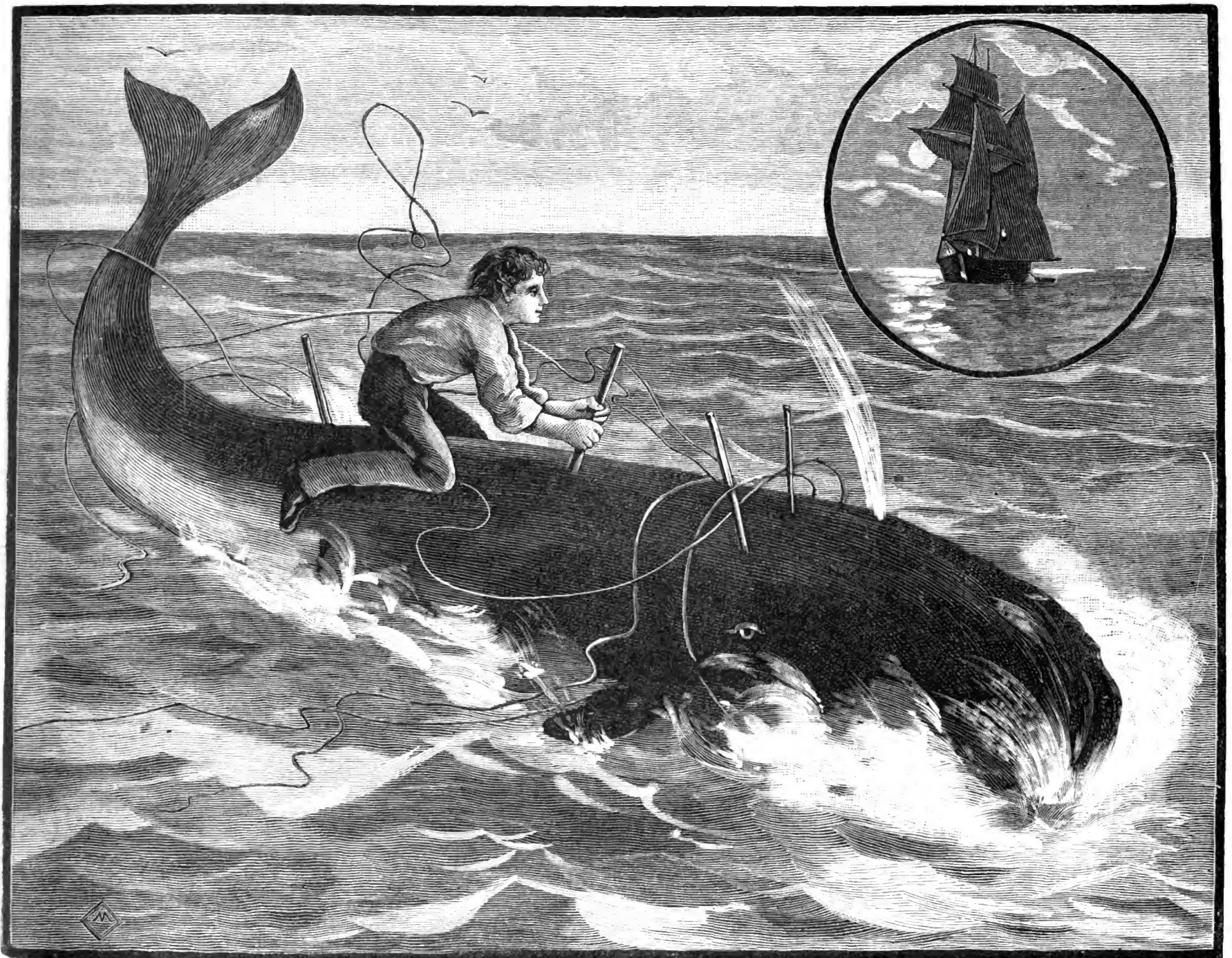
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Whole No. 242.



TOM GALE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO ONE OF THE HARPOONS IN THE WHALE'S BACK, AS THE LEVIATHAN RUSHED AWAY AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED.

TOM GALE'S RIDE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

TOM GALE, a boy who was with us when I was mate of the ship Warren, was a comical character. I think that when he was fairly on shipboard, the people of his neighborhood must have experienced a sense of relief.

It is quite probable, however, that they predicted his speedy return. They could hardly have believed that he would remain with the ship during the entire voyage of three years. No; I am quite sure that they must have expected him by the very first homeward bound vessel that he could get on board of.

Had Tom Gale ever continued at any task until it was finished? Hadn't he gone to work, time and again, for some farmer, expecting to remain a month, and got home the next night? Was it likely that he would go through all the drudgery of a whaling voyage, returning in the same ship in which he went out?

There were a few of us on board the Warren who had known Tom from babyhood, and we could not regard him as an acquisition of much value. True, he was bright enough and active enough, but his energies, both mental and physical, had

always been employed in the way of mischief; and his nature appeared to partake more of the monkey type than the human.

We did not believe that Tom would ever amount to much anywhere, though we thought it wise in his folks to give him a long sea bath.

They could try it on him, at all events. It would be better than keeping him at home, where he would spend his time in teasing old Fan, the shrill-voiced witch, who lived down by the shipyard, or putting skunks under the schoolhouse, or stripping some poor old horse like a zebra, with black and white paint, as it stood hitched to a post in the evening, or putting on white gloves and a beaver, exactly like those worn by dudish lawyer Spriggs, and then strutting along close behind that individual,

with an exact imitation of his manner, much to the amusement of the spectators.

Some of us called to mind the occasion when Tom made peace with old Fan by presenting her with a lot of nice large chips from the shipyard, and then, climbing upon the roof of her low hut, put a board over the chimney, so that she was almost suffocated with the smoke.

Such tricks he would now have to lay aside; for should he attempt them among a crew of sailors, he would soon be made sick of the fun.

The ship lay down the bay for a week before going to sea—Tom being sometimes on board of her, and sometimes on shore. He was as fond of going aloft as any other monkey.

"Some of these greenhorns," he said to



CAMPING OUT.

BY CUTHBERT CARR.

HERE are several degrees of "roughing it" as a vacation pastime. You may form a big party, travel two or three hundred miles from home by rail or steamboat, and take along such a generous outfit in the way of big tents, tables, chairs, and cooking stove, that the roughness is all planned off the experience—and a good slice of the fun along with it.

Then, again, you may take your outing in a wagon or a good-sized sail boat, in which case you carry your bed about with you, so to speak, and, in a sense, don't camp out at all, but in.

In both of these instances it is more than probable that a servant or two will be taken along to do the cooking and cleaning up, which, of course, is a great help and convenience, but, at the same time, sadly interferes with a complete realization of the true joys of a life that was ostensibly entered upon solely for the sake of the contrast it affords to the conventional luxuries of the home.

But the camping party for the boys, that is, the one from which they are apt to extract the most pleasure, is the one limited as to numbers, say three or four congenial spirits, and with no lumbering impedimenta in the way of equipment, no bed but a blanket on the ground, and with only the star-studded sky for a tent. This is, we say, the way in which they would like best to camp.

Of course the first thing to be decided upon is where to go, although it is to be confessed that this rule is by no means invariably followed. Indeed, we have known instances where hours were spent in discussing what should be taken and how it was to be carried, before any member of the company had any well defined knowledge of where the camp was to be pitched.

wise, as good a plan as any is to have all transported to the spot in a wagon, which should be at once sent back again, lest its presence may infuse too much of a civilization flavor into the project.

Of course trees are essential features in camp life, so it is perhaps needless to mention that a wood is preferable to the open field or the bare rock. But do not get into the depths of a forest; keep to the outskirts, where the trees are not too thick, thus affording a chance for the sun to brighten things up.

It is not necessary to remind you that the ground should be high, sloping off on either side, so as to readily shed water in case of rain.

A choice location having been decided upon, the next thing is to seek out the owner of the property and obtain his consent to your occupancy of it. This may seem an unnecessary measure to some, but we can assure our young friends that not merely the courtesy of gentlemen, but common honesty requires it. Of course in a wild wilderness like the Adirondacks, or in the case of large tracts of land belonging to the government, the precaution may be omitted.

The second thing to be considered in getting up a camping party is what to take along. Do not commit the error of carrying too much, as though you were bound on a trip merely for the purpose of getting somewhere and trying to do away with the tedium of the journey by soft pillows, dainty food, and light novels.

As to the question of sleeping arrangements, we think we cannot do better than quote from a letter to the editor of *Forest and Stream*. It is written by a Denver gentleman, and as he has been in the habit of camping out for thirty-five years, and in various parts of the country between Florida and Washington Territory, his experience ought certainly to be worth something.

The party may consist of the cheeriest possible mortals, the weather prove of the most enchanting and showerless description, and the fish fairly crowd about the hooks eager to bite, but if an unfortunate site has been selected, one whose proximity to a swamp inflicts rheumatism, malaria, mosquitoes, and wholesale ill-humor on the company, or whose too free exposure to lake or river breezes lays the foundation for colds destined to render one or more of the party miserable for days, in such an event all the other successes and delights count for naught.

Naturally all boys want to be near the water, so this should be one of the guide marks to be consulted. If the home of the would-be campers is on the banks of a river so much the simpler; after selecting the locality, all that remains to be done is to embark themselves and outfit in boats, and row or sail down or up to it. Other-

"In it all," he says, "I have never driven crotched stakes in the ground and built a bedstead thereon. Nor will I sleep in a wagon if there is ground under it upon which to spread my blankets. When out doors always sleep on the earth for comfort. Make your bed there as comfortable as time and circumstances will permit. If the ground is cold, or wet, or covered with snow, you must provide some kind of a foundation. It may be of hay, straw, weeds, brush, corn stalks or fence rails, but in any event stick to the ground. Don't roast on a perch like a chicken, and get every breath of air that blows and chills you from every side.

"Balsam fir boughs make the best bed of all beds; the tips broken off short and laid shingle fashion, bottom side up from head to foot. All the firs, hemlock, juniper, cedar and pine, may be substituted in the order named as to choice. Cherry, willow, alder, or any such shrubs follow next. If the ground is smooth and dry, and it can generally be found so in this Western country, it is plenty good enough. Under any circumstances, when camping try to provide yourself so as to sleep warm, and the nearer you get to the ground the easier that is accomplished. With a comfortable night's sleep you can endure almost anything the next day.

"Once, a long time ago, after pitching my tent, I was examining the ground for my bed when I found a very small rattlesnake, a young one. That was the only snake adventure I ever had in or about my sleeping place, and I never knew anybody else to have a similar experience.

"About shelter: a square of canvas sufficient for a 'dog tent' is good enough for anybody, though not as handy as a wall tent or a Sibley. I have lived all summer with nothing better, and other summers with nothing at all. He is a poor woodsman who in a forest of any kind cannot very quickly provide himself with shelter from rain or snow. It may be of palmetto leaves, or branches of trees, or of bark from the trunk of a tree. The favoring trunk of a tree may keep off the storm, or in a rocky country a shelter can often be found under a projecting ledge or in a shallow cave.

"A good thing always to carry along is a rubber poncho for each person. It is good to roll around the bedding when en route, to protect it from wet and dirt; or to put over one's shoulders when traveling in rain or wet snow. When night comes, if the ground is wet and the heavens dry, spread it under your bed. If the reverse, reverse it. With two small stakes at opposite sides of a bed for two, to support two corners of a poncho, the other two corners being stretched backward and held to the ground by a couple of stones or chunks of wood, a very good shelter is provided for your heads and shoulders. Then another poncho spread over the blankets to your feet, and you two can sleep blissfully through any ordinary rainy night. Use only woolen blankets for camp bedding. Let Arctic explorers have the fur bags and feather ticks."

After sleeping, eating. Of course none of you will want to carry a cook stove along, no matter how small it is. A very good substitute may be found in the three bar arrangement shown in the picture and described in Chapter V of the "Military Instructions," which appeared in no. 234 of the *Argosy*. In fact that and the following chapter contained so many useful hints concerning the provisions for a camping

party, that we will refer the reader to them at once, reminding him that he must use his own judgment as to the difference in amount that must be reckoned on between stores calculated to "keep" thirty boys and those destined to administer to the material substance of many times less than that number.

This mention of a military organization brings us naturally to the matter of leadership. That some one person should be at the head of ever so small a party is very essential to the success of the outing.

In the ordinary course of things he should be the oldest, and if possible should have had previous experience in camping; at least have been out with a party where he may have been the youngest, but still have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing how things were managed.

This leader having once been tacitly appointed, it goes without saying that all the others should defer to what he decrees, and rely on his judgment on all questions of doubtful expediency. Otherwise a disagreeable clash of opinions is sure to mar the general enjoyment.

Then it would be as well if at least one member of your party had some practical knowledge of cooking. It is all very well to anticipate the fun it will be to experiment, but when you find the coffee unfit to drink and the ham shriveled up to a crisp, and your sharpened appetites clamoring for supper, it will not be quite so apparent where the joke comes in.

This "cook" needs to be especially "up" in the art of frying fish, if your camp is to be anywhere within three miles of a water course. It would certainly be very mortifying, after catching a fine string of trout or pickerel, to be obliged to keep them till camp broke up and you could trust them to Bridget's skill at home.

Of course you will have seen to it in selecting the camping-spot that a spring from which to obtain fresh water is close at hand, for you will need a good deal, not for drinking merely, but for cooking and washing purposes.

One word as regards the last-named. Always see to it that your dishes and cooking utensils are cleaned after every meal. It would be as well to take turns at this task, or if you like, let all the party turn in and do the job up in short order, each taking a particular share of the work. And do not leave refuse around the tent or grounds. Either throw it in the river or burn it up.

Another "don't." Be careful how you treat the possessions of neighboring farmers. It is an all too common idea that apples, cherries, melons and peaches are common property, especially when a party of young people are out for a good time. The best way to show the fallacy of the theory is for each boy to put to himself the question: "Suppose my father owned this orchard, and I should see a company of picnickers slink under the fence and begin to shake the limbs of a choice pippin? Would I not feel very indignant and charge down upon them with a threatening cry of 'sick 'em, Towser?'" There is nothing like this "put yourself in his place" test for settling conscience qualms the right way.

A third and last "don't," don't be reckless, as we fear the young canoeist in the illustration is inclined to be. Especially be careful about handling fire-arms. In fact, in many cases just as good a time can be had without these dangerous adjuncts, for to a large majority of boys the reel and rod is as fascinating as it is harmless.

By observing these simple rules, not expecting too much and not staying too long, we think a camping party of three or more can manage to have a good deal of enjoyment while they are out, besides storing up for themselves a good amount of health for the coming work season and a stock of pleasant memories that will serve to lighten many a lugging hour.

THE GAUGE OF MERIT.

THERE is a whole volume full of suggestive thought in the idea hit upon in the course of a conversation between two members of a firm which we find recorded in the *Times*. They were talking about the inefficiency of their assistants, and one of the gentlemen expressed himself warmly upon the subject. The other quieted him by saying: "Wait a minute. Did it ever occur to you that if those people were as smart as we are they would not be our assistants?"

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

IN SOUTHERN SEAS; OR, JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "That Treasure," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SKIPPER OF THE DONNA.

PEPE'S boasted faith in the *fetich* about his neck seemed to have left him. His teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled in such an evident ecstasy of terror that even Peltiah took the alarm.

"What'n time be we to do any way, Jack?" he asked, helplessly. Jack motioned to the wide-spreading branches of an immense *ceiba*, or silk cotton tree, close at hand.

"There's only one thing to do," he returned, rapidly ascending one of the dozen or more buttressed roots, which form a series of projections or shoulders some four feet from the ground, with spaces large enough for a horse stall between each two.

The others lost no time in following him, and they were not a moment too soon. Scarcely were they safely perched on one of the immense lower limbs than the two gaunt hounds came rushing down the cleared pathway with slavering jaws and bloodshot eyes.

Unfortunately for the fugitives the peculiar formation of the partly sloping roots made their refuge anything but a sure one.

In a moment their retreat was discovered. Don, the most sagacious of the two dogs, glanced upward, and uttering a fierce howl as though of exultation, drew back a little and then dashed madly up the easy incline afforded by one of the roots.

Pepe uttered a shrill yell of terror as the hound's yellow fangs clashed within an inch of one of the bare feet which he drew convulsively upward.

"Crack!" went Captain Blowhard's revolver, and the great beast fell sprawling at the foot of the tree in his death agony.

And now Cesar fiercely charged in his turn, as if from a desire to revenge the death of his mate.

Snatching the boat lance from Pepe's trembling hands, Peltiah darted it downward with all his strength.

The savage monster was transfixed by the keen pointed shaft, which severed some vital organ, and passed completely through his body. He gave one stifled howl and rolled over in his death throes.

Peltiah dropped from his perch, followed by the others—Pepe's eyes dilating to the size of tea cup bottoms as Peltiah drew the lance from the dog's body, and wiped off the blood with a handful of leaves.

"*Carramba!*" he exclaimed; "de gubner mos' die he be so mad—dem dogs he say wot hunderd silber dollah!"

"Serves him right for keepin' sech critters to pull human bein's down an' tear 'em to pieces—the man that would do it orber be served pooty near as bad hisself," excitedly responded Peltiah.

"Well, you'll have a good chance to tell him so," said Jack, coolly, "for here he comes, fairly frothing at the mouth, to judge from his looks."

"An' Cap'n Kelly along ob him," put in Pepe, shrinking back between two of the tree roots. Governor Bellingham, whose white teeth were set very close together, approached from the same direction as the bloodhounds, closely followed by a thick-set, red faced man, who wore, in addition to the regulation shirt and duck pants, a coarse straw hat and heavy leather shoes.

"More trouble," muttered Jack, as Bellingham, with a shout of rage at the sight of the dead dogs, flourished a heavy *machete*, such as is used by the West Indian to clear a path through the thick underbrush, and rushed madly toward the two. His

companion, who carried a rather dilapidated looking flint lock gun, simultaneously growled out an oath, and drew back the hammer with his thumb.

But the revolver still remained in Jack's hand, while Peltiah's manipulation of the boat lance was in itself not at all reassuring.

"You know what you done, you two runaway?" fiercely demanded Hannibal Augustine, coming to a sudden halt.

"Killed the only two bloodhounds in the islan'—dogs wuth fifty dollars apiece to-day in Cuby!" growled Captain Kelly, who was a burly, middle-aged man, minus an eye and plus a badly scarred nose. His bloated

mestizo from the main land. Kelly himself was the only white resident—a thoroughly unscrupulous man of the lowest and most vicious propensities, made still more brutalized by his surroundings.

In connection with the colored governor he had picked up a good deal of money by returning runaway men to the whaling vessels cruising in the vicinity, but this was his first experience with any who had offered resistance.

Generally speaking, deserters after a week or two found even the hardships of whaling life preferable to being hunted through the tropic jungle with shot guns and blood-

hounds to town along of me, and I'll tell you as we go along."

Without relaxing their watchfulness, Jack and Peltiah followed in Captain Kelly's footsteps, leaving Mr. Bellingham to such reflections as the loss of his two bloodhounds were evidently suggesting. Pepe still remained in hiding. From this fact our two friends presumed that he feared Mr. Bellingham's wrath if he was found in company with the slayers of the valuable dogs; so neither of them made any sign as to his presence in the vicinity.

It would seem from Captain Kelly's account that some years before he had left a vessel at Watling's Island, and remained there for a time "beach-combing," as he expressed it.

Then Mr. Bellingham bought a condemned pilot boat of some Nassau wreckers for a mere trifle, and Captain Kelly took charge of her as a sort of packet and freighter between Watling's Island and larger West India ports.

On the following morning, the Donna—this was her name—was to sail for Matanzas, in the island of Cuba, with a cargo of turtle, sponges, sugar cane, *cobra* (the dried kernel of the cocoanut) and a few other of the island products.

"It's nigh a three days' run at this time of the year," said Captain Kelly in conclusion, "and if you two fellers will agree to work your passage and pay ten dollars to boot, it's a bargain."

Of course they agreed. To what would Jack and Peltiah *not* have agreed, rather than remain on Watling's? The romantic beauty of the spot had no charms to keep them there a day longer than was actually necessary. Neither of the two were made of the kind of stuff which would be content to settle down into a life of slothful indolence and degradation, even had the opportunity offered.

It was nearly sundown when they reached the little settlement near the beach. A couple of clumsy ten or twelve ton sloops had come in from the sea, and having hauled alongside the Donna, which Captain Kelly pointed out to them, were transferring their loading of turtles and sponges into the schooner's hold.

The Donna was nearly twenty tons burthen, and must have once been a handsome and weatherly little vessel. But the white paint on her hull was blackened and discolored, and in places had peeled off entirely. She carried no topmasts, and a stumpy bowsprit, which gave her a heavy lumpish appearance, and her dingy weather-stained sails were like a sailor's trousers—"patch upon patch and a patch over all," to use poor Jack's simile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN KELLY'S TREACHERY.

THE Donna lay moored stem and stern to ring bolts driven into the coralline ledges of the left hand side of the deep harbor, within a few rods of the little settlement.

"Tain't likely Bellingham'll feel much like entertainin' you to-night, seein'g you've killed his two hounds," grimly remarked Captain Kelly; "so you two fellers can go right aboard. Bob, who is cook, steward, and fo'mast hand, will get you some supper, and you can sleep on deck if it's too hot below."

Thus assured, Jack and Peltiah turned their steps toward the little vessel, leaving Captain Kelly to his own devices.



SCARCELY WERE THEY PERCHED ON ONE OF THE BRANCHES, WHEN THE TWO BLOOD-HOUNDS CAME RUSHING DOWN THE PATHWAY.

visage was made more repulsive by a bristling red mustache.

"What did you think we'd do—sit still and let them tear us to pieces?" hotly responded Jack.

"The dogs wouldn't have hurt you whilst you was treed," said Captain Kelly, while Mr. Bellingham, in an ecstasy of rage, twined his fingers in his kinky wool, and with frightful contortions of his ugly face, seemed trying to lift himself bodily by both hands.

"Is it the custom in this island to hunt down sailors who leave their vessel here with animals like that?" demanded Jack, without heeding Kelly's remark.

"We do about as we please here, my young cock-of-the-walk," savagely replied Captain Kelly; "and as Captain Blowhard, who is cruisin' in the vicinity, left a standing reward of ten dollars a head for the two of you delivered aboard, we take our own way of getting hold of you."

"You haven't got hold of us yet, and we don't mean you shall while we are able to protect ourselves," said Jack, with a dangerous gleam in his dark eyes, which, with the words, caused Captain Kelly to step back involuntarily.

Peltiah said nothing, but his attitude with the boat lance, held in readiness for use, spoke volumes.

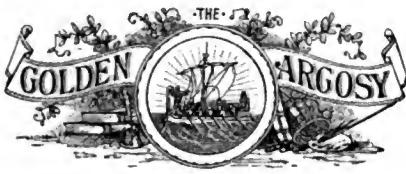
Captain Kelly was nonplused. He had spoken the truth when he said that they did about as they pleased on Watling's Island. The small population were descendants from old Carib stock, intermarried with Spanish creoles and an occasional

"The fact is," said Jack deliberately, "neither my chum here nor myself mean to go aboard the Nancy again while we've got arms and strength to resist—and you see we've got both. On the other hand, we'll give any man ten dollars—all the money we've got in the world—for a chance to be taken to some West India port where we can find a vessel bound to the States."

Captain Kelly exchanged glances with his colored condjutor, who, untwining his fingers from his wool, scowled at Jack, and then, obedient to a gesture from Captain Kelly, stepped with him a little to one side.

The two talked together in an undertone—Captain Kelly urgent, Mr. Bellingham sullenly vindictive, to judge by his expression.

"Well," finally said the former, turning to Jack with what was intended as a conciliatory smile, "it's a dead loss of ten dollars, but we don't want to have no trouble, and I guess we can arrange it. Come back



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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be E. Rosewater, editor of the Omaha "Ree."

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 209. Back numbers can be had.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ARGOSY forwarded to him every week by the newsdealer from whom he is now buying his paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Four months, one dollar; one year, three dollars.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

AN open horse-car is rather a prosaic vehicle from which to expect a display of gallantry, yet the fact of a Boston schoolboy having given up his dry seat to an old lady with a bundle, and himself taking the wet one which otherwise she must have occupied, moves the *Post* of that city to liken the incident to the occasion when Sir Walter Raleigh threw his coat over a puddle in the path of Queen Elizabeth.

And the act was in every way worthy of the comparison, for it showed not only innate courtesy, but an opportune thoughtfulness, lacking which the courteous deed itself loses half of its charm. For it seems that there were several vacant seats in the car on the occasion mentioned, all of them, to be sure, outside ones, in the line for catching all the drippings from roof and sky. Still, how many would have excused themselves from moving, by pretending not to notice such details?

We hope that all our young readers would imitate the Boston boy upon a like occasion.

We will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, postage paid, to any address for three months, for 75 cents; four months, one dollar.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Don't worry about the heat. Some people are continually calling the weather to account for making them uncomfortable, whereas if they tried to think about something else the chances are that their temperature would be considerably reduced by the mere fact that they are not contributing to raise it by their own irritability.

To illustrate: how seldom do we hear complaints of the heat from a company of people playing tennis, although they may be exposed to the full glare of the sun; whereas it is safe to predict that these very same persons will at other times move restlessly from place to place on the piazza and about the grounds, mopping their brows, fanning themselves and declaring that it is the hottest day they ever experienced.

The difference lies in the fact that in the first instance they were interested in the game they were playing and had no time to think of the thermometer; whereas when they had nothing to do but endeavor to make themselves comfortable, they naturally thought of nothing else, with the unfortunate results already noted.

The same rule will apply to work. We venture to say that on a phenomenally hot day the average business man does not suffer any more discomfort, if as much, while going through his ordinary routine at the office, than if he had remained at home and devoted himself wholly and exclusively to keeping cool.

To sum up, we would recommend as the

most effectual method of enduring with comparative ease the midsummer warm waves, the devotion of as little time, thought and talk to the effort as possible.

IDLE CURIOSITY.

We do not know that Americans possess a larger amount of curiosity than any other nationalities. Indeed, we call to mind the fact that once when a friend in Paris stopped in front of a show-window on one of the boulevards to sketch a dress therein displayed, a member of the firm stepped out and politely informed him that the thing could not be allowed on account of the crowd it would attract.

However, we set out to tell of a funny happening on Broadway the other day, as related in an evening paper.

It seems that a tall man was observed to be looking very intently at some object in a store window. Two passers-by paused to ascertain what it might be. They were joined by others, until finally a crowd of a score or more had gathered, not one of whom could discover the center of attraction, although each had been craning his neck in the endeavor to do so ever since they had taken up their positions.

At last a boy made bold to inquire what it was the man saw that was so wonderful.

"Nothing," was the quiet response. "I am blind and am waiting here for my boy."

The yearly subscription price of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is \$3.00. For \$5.00 we will send two copies, to separate addresses if desired.

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

No less an authority than President Dwight of Yale recently told the students of his university that material prosperity or wealth is not essential to happiness. In commenting upon this statement, the *Evening Sun* remarks:

Perhaps that is true, but we suspect that President Dwight is at least as happy as he would have been had he not been a rich man.

The college presidents preach nonsense when they bid their young men to look with indifference upon wealth. Instead of belittling the pursuit of it, they should encourage it.

The young men who are just about to begin life should be told something like this: Work for independence, for wealth. Make as much you as can, but make it honorably. You cannot make money honorably without helping other persons make it.

Then learn how to spend the money you have made. You cannot properly spend it without benefiting others. Be true to yourself, and then you will spend wisely and be happy.

Make money honorably; spend money freely and wisely. That is what the young men who are about to be graduated should be told.

We believe that our contemporary's remarks are wise. Great wealth is not essential to happiness; ill-gotten gain destroys it. The millionaire may not be happy; the swindler and the miser cannot be. Yet an honorable independence is necessary for the proper enjoyment of life, and every young man should work to obtain it.

THE TALE OF A BOY FARMER.

THERE is a boy living in a town in New York State whose achievements put to the blush the heroic deeds of precocious youngsters in dime novel literature. The facts of the case, according to the local newspaper, are as follows:

Two years ago the boy's father, who was a farmer, died, leaving a widow, four children, and an \$1800 mortgage on the farm. The eldest child, a boy of 15, set to work at once to try and carry on the farm. He has plowed the fields, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has had sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses on the place, has managed a retail milk business, and has himself marketed all of the farm products.

Last summer he found time after his work in the fields to paint the house twice over and to build five new fences. In the winter he not only attends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, fells timber in the woods on Saturdays, and writes excellent letters to the local newspapers. The farm is not only out of debt and in splendid condition, but the lad and his mother have enough money on hand to buy twenty more acres of land.

The home of this remarkable youth is in Phelps, Ontario County, and if any of our readers happen to live in the vicinity, we should be pleased to have their verification of the story.

FRANCIS W. DAWSON,

Editor of the Charleston "News and Courier."

THE career of Captain Francis Warrington Dawson, editor of *The News and Courier* of Charleston, South Carolina, is an interesting one. It gives us one more instance of success won by hard work, real merit, and steady devotion to principle.

He was born on the 17th of May, 1840, in London, England, and educated in the British metropolis. From youth up, his tastes were studious and literary, and he took an especial interest in watching the condition and progress of the United States.

Those were stirring times in this country, and as he witnessed the drama of events that led up to civil war, young Dawson's heart was fired with enthusiasm for what he sincerely believed to be the cause of liberty. When the first shot was fired, with a chivalry that we cannot but admire, whatever may be thought of his judgment, he resolved to sail for America and enlist in the Southern army.

When the Confederate steamer Nashville touched at Southampton, he approached Captain Pegram, the commander, and requested permission to join his vessel. The captain declined to help him; but young Dawson carried his point, for during the commander's absence he got engaged as a common sailor by the first lieutenant of the Nashville.

Good conduct and devotion to duty soon earned promotion. On reaching the American coast, and running the blockade at Beaufort, North Carolina, he was commissioned as master's mate, at Captain Pegram's recommendation.

He was stationed for a time at Norfolk and on the James River, but found his duties extremely monotonous. Eager for active service, he resigned his commission in the navy, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Purcell Battery, which formed a part of the Army of Northern Virginia.

This was in June, 1862, while McClellan was moving upon Richmond up the peninsula between the York and James Rivers, fighting almost continually. Before the month was over, Dawson was severely wounded at the battle of Mechanicsville. He remained at his gun till he fainted from loss of blood; and the conspicuous bravery he displayed in this engagement attracted attention, and procured him a lieutenant's commission.

As soon as he recovered from his wound, Lieutenant Dawson was assigned to Longstreet's corps as assistant ordnance officer. After the battle of South Mountain, in September, 1862, he was captured by Federal cavalry, and for some time had to endure the hard lot of a prisoner of war. Then he was paroled, and exchanged in time to fight at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862.

The following year he remained with Longstreet, taking part in the decisive struggle at Gettysburg, and in the subsequent Tennessee campaign. He was by his general's side when that commander was wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

In the same month he was promoted to the rank of captain, and transferred as ordnance officer to Fitz Lee's division, with which he fought at Spotsylvania Court House. He was slightly wounded at Harrisonburg, and more severely at Five Forks, one of the last battles of the war.

At the close of hostilities Captain Dawson surrendered, and was speedily paroled, when he found himself homeless and penniless—his only capital being a three cent postage stamp. He took the first employment he could get, and labored fourteen hours a day for thirty dollars a month as book-keeper in a store in Petersburg, Virginia.

In the autumn of 1865 he obtained a position

as reporter for the *Richmond Examiner*, and then worked in the same capacity for the *Richmond Dispatch*. It was at this time that he formed the idea of starting a paper in Charleston.

In 1866 Captain Dawson became assistant editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, and a year later he was able, in conjunction with Mr. B. R. Klordan, to carry out his design. They purchased the *Charleston News*, and in 1873 consolidated it with the *Courier* under the title of *The News and Courier*. The journal has been successful and influential throughout its career, and stands without a rival in the field it occupies. It is now owned by a stock company, in which Captain Dawson holds a large interest.

Captain Dawson has rendered many services to his city and State. He is one of the Charleston harbor commissioners, and a director of the water works company; he was among the organizers of the State Press Association, of which he was the first vice-president; and he is largely identified with the commercial interests of Charleston.

Besides these numerous avocations, he personally superintends the management of every department of his paper, and altogether he still reckons his day's work at about fourteen hours.

He has steadily refused to be a candidate for

public office, although his position as editor of the leading newspaper of South Carolina gives him a powerful influence in the politics of the State. He has been a member of the State Democratic committee for nearly twenty years. In 1880 and again in 1884 he was a delegate to the presidential convention, and served on the National Democratic committee as member for South Carolina. He contributed powerfully to the election of President Cleveland.

His influence in his State has always been thrown on the side of progress and of peace, in spite of the censure and opposition of the extreme men of his own party. The part he played in the suppression of dueling was very honorable to him. Challenged by a notorious fire-eater, he had the courage to decline, and to commence a war upon the barbarous custom, at that time too prevalent in the South, which led to the trial of a duelist for murder, and the passage of an act in the legislature which effectually suppressed the so-called code of honor. For this service to the cause of civilization he received the compliment of the papal order of St. Gregory the Great.

Captain Dawson has been married twice; in 1867 to Miss Fourgeaud, of Charleston, and in 1874 to the daughter of Judge Thomas Gibbes Morgan, of Louisiana.

RICHARD H. TITHEBINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SPEAKING without thinking is shooting without aiming.

THE more important an animal is to be the lower is its start. Man, the noblest of all, is born lowest.—Becher.

GAIETY is to good humor as perfume to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them.—Johnson.

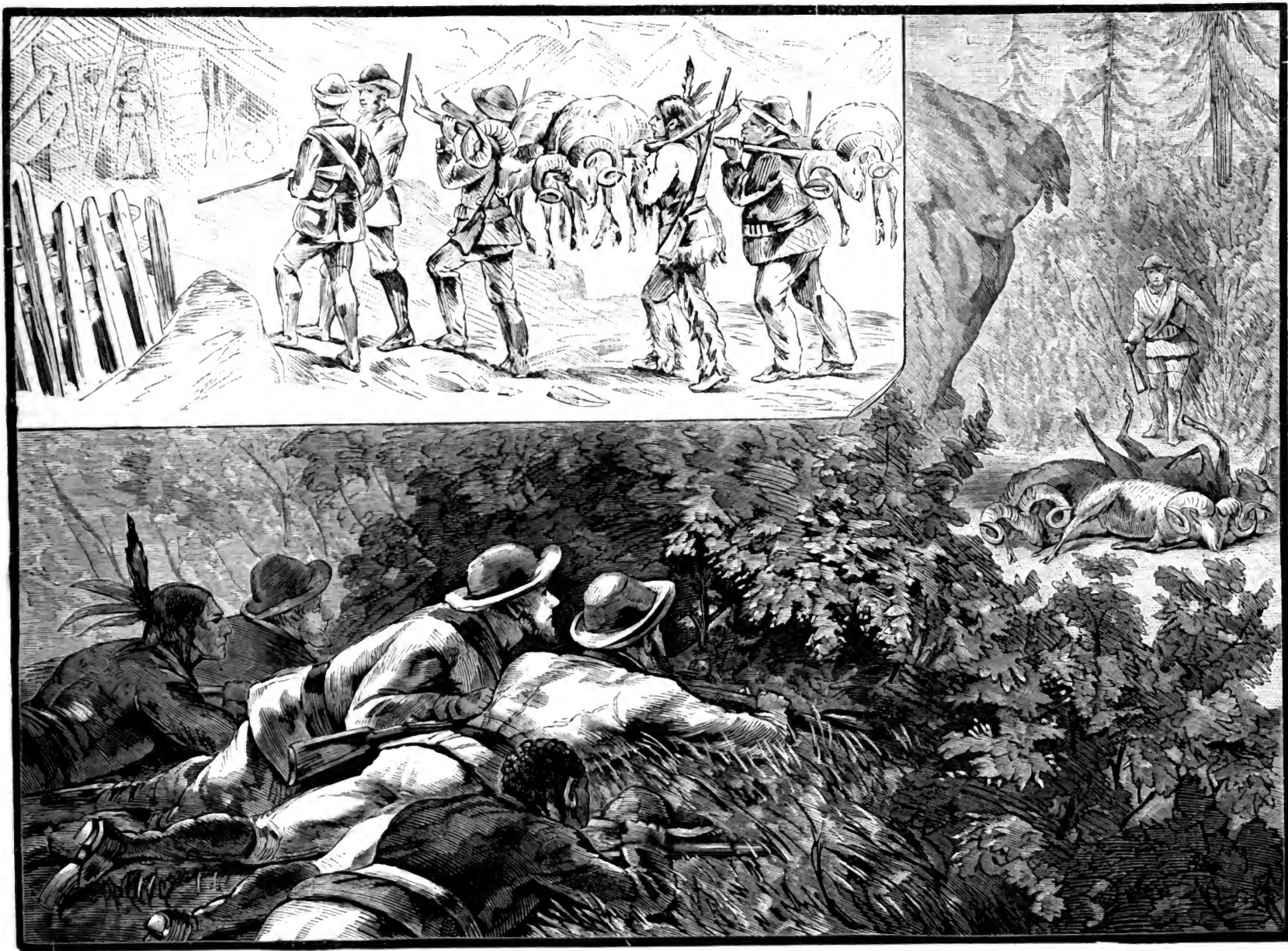
THE impartiality of history is not that of the mirror which merely reflects objects, but of the judge who sees, listens and decides.—Lamartine.

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind; an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together.—Colton.

THE Pythagoreans make good to be certain and finite, and evil infinite and uncertain. There are a thousand ways to miss the white; there is only one to hit it.—Montaigne.

THE desire of fame betrays an ambitious man into indecencies that lessen his reputation; he is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private.—Addison.

A MAN who hath no virtue in himself ever envied virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.—Lord Bacon.



THE HUNTERS, HIDDEN IN THE BUSHES, SAW A FIGURE STEP FORWARD INTO THE CLEARING.

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER V.

ERNEST WILTON'S ARRIVAL.

THE hunters had only a minute or two to wait, but the suspense seemed to last hours to one or two, especially to poor Josh, the cook. In his fright of being scalped by a possible Indian, he would have cheerfully given up all his chances of gold in the mine and everything, to have swapped places with the envious Jasper and been safe in camp.

In a little while the listeners heard the sound of twigs being broken near them, as if some one were making his way through the copse. Soon they could distinguish, in addition, the heavy tramp of footsteps—they sounded as heavy as those of elephants to them, with their ears to the ground—trampling down the thick undergrowth and rotten twigs in the thicket before them; and they could also hear a sort of muttering sound, like that caused by somebody speaking to himself in soliloquy.

Then a nondescript-clad figure came out of the brushwood into the open clearing, walking towards the spot where the mountain sheep lay stretched on the sward, which was partly covered with the snow that remained unmelted under the lee of the cliff; and a voice, without doubt belonging to the figure, exclaimed in unmistakable English accents—

“Well, I never heard of such a thing before in my life! I know I am a tidy shot, but if I were to mention this at home they would say I was telling a confounded lie! To think of killing three of those queer creatures at one shot! By Jove, who’d believe it?”

The listeners burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter.

“It’s only a Britisher!” said Noah Webster; and they all rose from their covert and sallied out into the open, to the intense astonishment of the new-comer, whose surprise was evidently mixed with a proportionate amount of alarm, for he clutched his gun more tightly at the sight of them, and stood apparently on the defensive.

“We are friends,” Mr. Rawlings said, “some of us your countrymen, if, as I judge by your accent, you are an Englishman. We are working a mine in this neighborhood. My name is Rawlings, and I am the proprietor of the mine.”

“My name is Wilton—Ernest Wilton,” the stranger said, taking the hand that Mr. Rawlings held out. “I am glad indeed to meet with a party of my countrymen.”

Mr. Rawlings then asked Ernest Wilton how he came to be wandering among the Black Hills.

“Well,” replied Wilton, “I will tell you my story. Some little time since I started from Oregon with a prospecting party that was organized to hunt up various openings for the employment of capital in mining and other speculative enterprises. With this party I crossed the Rocky Mountains, and went about from place to place, until about three days ago, when, while shooting amongst these hills of yours, either I lost them or they lost me. Here I have been wandering about ever since by myself, and would probably have come to grief if I had not met you.”

“By profession I am a mining engineer, but the mine I had come from England to work turned out badly, and I accepted another engagement, thinking to do a little sporting and exploring on my own account before returning to England—nice sport I’ve found it, too!”

Mr. Rawlings gave the stranger an earnest invitation to spend a day or two with them down at the creek.

The visitor readily accepted; and the game being lifted and slung on poles, the party started for the camp, Mr. Rawlings strolling on with his new acquaintance, and

the others following, talking earnestly together.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Rawlings laughingly apologized for its state of dilapidation, but assured the visitor that it was far more comfortable than it looked.

Seth came to the doorway, and the other miners gathered round, to inspect both the welcome supply of fresh food and the stranger.

“This is Seth Allport, my lieutenant and manager,” Mr. Rawlings said. “Seth, this is Mr. Wilton, an English mining engineer.”

“Jerusalem!” exclaimed Seth. “Now, who would have thought that?”

“You seem surprised at my being an engineer,” said Ernest Wilton, laughing at Seth’s exclamation; for even the hungry miners, who had been previously clustered in groups around Josh and Jasper, surveying the cooking arrangements of the two dark-eyes with longing eyes, appeared to forget the claims of their appetites for the moment on the announcement of what evidently was a welcome piece of news.

They incontinently abandoned the grateful sight of the frizzling mutton, that was sending forth the most savory odors, and joined the leaders of the party who were interviewing the young Englishman.

“I shouldn’t have thought one of my profession by any means a strange visitor,” Wilton continued.

“It isn’t the surprise, mister,” replied Seth cordially. “No, that ain’t it, quite, I reckon. It’s the coincidence, as it were, at this particular time. That’s what’s the matter!”

“I’m sure I ought to feel greatly honored at such an imposing reception,” said Ernest, still rather perplexed at the ovation, which seemed unaccountable to him. “It is not such a very uncommon thing for an engineer to be traveling through these regions, is it now? especially when you consider that it has been mainly through the exertions of men of my craft, and the railways that they have planned, following in their wake, that the country has been opened up at all. I should have thought engineers

almost as common nowadays out West as blackberries in old England.”

“You are right there,” said Mr. Rawlings, hastening to explain the circumstances that had caused his arrival to be looked upon as such a piece of good fortune, quite apart from the friendly feelings with which they regarded him as a forlorn stranger whom they were glad to welcome to their camp. “But, you see, your coming, as Seth Allport has just remarked, has been almost coincident with a loss, or rather want, which we just begin to feel in our mining operations here.

“Your arrival has happened just in the nick of time, when we are nearly at a standstill through the want of a competent engineer, like yourself, experienced in mines and mining work. Hands we have in plenty—willing and able hands, too,” added Mr. Rawlings, with an approving glance round at the assembled miners; “but we want a head to suggest how our efforts can be best directed, and our gear utilized, towards carrying out the object we all have in view. I and Seth have done our best; but, what with the overflow of water in the mine, and the necessity we think there is now for running out side cuttings from the main shaft, so as to strike the lode properly, we were fairly at our wits’ end.”

“I see,” said Ernest Wilton musingly, “I see.”

“An’ if yer like to join us in that air capacity,” interposed Seth, thinking that the other was merely keeping back his decision until he heard what terms might be offered him, and that a practical suggestion about money matters would settle the matter, “why, mister; we shan’t grumble about the dollars, you bet! As yer knows, the kernel kinder invited yer jest now, when we had no sort o’ reckonin’ as to who and what yer were. Ther’ll be no worry about yer share ov the plunder now—no, sir.”

“Oh, pray don’t mention that!” exclaimed Ernest Wilton, pained at the interpretation put upon his reticence in accepting the offer of the position made him. “Nothing was further from my thoughts.

JULY.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born,
Then they will be exempt and free
From care's doubts and anxiety.

SAILOR TOM'S YARN.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE worst v'y'ge I ever made? You're asking me a hard one, my lad. For there's different degrees of hard voy-aging, so to speak.

F'r instance, a sailor ships in one of these wild packets where the cap'n is a bully and his officers a couple of shades worse. From dock to dock it's a word and a blow, with the blow two minutes before the word. If you get ashore with a skin full of whole bones, you haven't had so hard a v'y'ge as some others that goes to the hospital with smashed jaws or broken limbs.

Or mebbe, fool-like, you get inveigled aboard a deep-water whaler, though I will say no reg'lar A B in his sober senses gets caught that way often. Two and perhaps three years you're cruising after sperm, and finally get into port with part of a cargo of oil, your share not being enough to pay your outfit bill. That's a hard v'y'ge!

And so it goes, which if the dog-watch wasn't nigh half spent, I might keep illustrating of. But I mind one particler v'y'ge that was hard enough for me. It was this way:

Being American born and bred, I've mostly sailed under my own flag as a matter of principle, d'ye see? American sailors being scarce at best, and our ships' fo'c'sles full of dirty foreigners for nigh twenty years past, growing worse all the time.

I did make a cruise in a Chinese junk in '65, but that was entire by accident, as some night I'll tell you about. But in '72 I got stranded in London with wages to the States two pound ten, and three pound five offered foreign. So it came about I shipped in the brig Clara Desmond bound for the West coast of Africa.

I knew tolerable well what part of the cargo was like to be, but I was a little took aback when come to get fairly aboard I see there was a youngish and an older gent which the steward said was missionaries, goin' out to a mission on the Gaboon River.

"The same old story; rum, gunpowder and missionaries. I'd rather it were you than me was goin', for you're sure to come to grief somehow," says an old shipmate who came down to see me off.

But the missionaries wasn't to blame for the cargo, was they? In point of fact, as I found out after, they didn't know what the cargo was, passage having been engaged for 'em by other parties. But there's a certain class of folks always sneering at religion that likes to represent such things in the worst kind of light.

It was in the middle of March, the toughest time in the year on the English coast, in my way of thinking.

We had a fairish wind through the Straits of Dover, and then it chopped round dead ahead v'ith half a gale blowing and that thick you couldn't see the brig's length half the time.

There was eight of us before the mast, she being a lump of a brig, for English owners are more particular not to have their vessels sail shorthanded, as well they may, considering the starvation wages. Four were Roosians or Roosian Finns, two Irish, and one—the one which begun trouble—hailed from Australia under the name of Boxer, which wasn't his right name any more than mine is Harry Hale. There's some of us fellows in the forecas'le that ain't willing to carry a respectable fam'ly name along with us.

Boxer had been paid off from a deep-waterman and blown in something like fifty pounds inside of three weeks. So when he come aboard he was that shaky Cap'n Gore wouldn't send him aloft; besides, he was on the ragged edge of delirium tremens! Why, talk about selling one's soul for drink, after he'd been aboard six hours, Boxer would have sold his and all his relations to boot for a glass of liquor. Temperance lectures with illustrations! A vessel's fo'c'sle is where you'll hear and see 'em, and they ain't stereopticon views, either!

From the time Boxer found out there was rum in the hold, I think he grew crazier. He begged like a dog for Cap'n Gore to give him the least drop, but the old man was solid against it, and dosed Boxer with valerian and such. Boxer kept his bunk, and it was all hands on deck the biggest part of the time, so we never mistrusted what he was up to.

First I took much notice of either of the passengers was when we was three days out beating down channel under reefs, somewheres midway betwixt Cape La Hague on the French coast and Prawle Point off Devon. The oldest of the two, a Mr. King, was sick of course, but this younger one, a Mr. Venn, didn't seem to have an idea of such a thing.

He was a slim palish sort of chap, but come to look close at him, I noticed he had considerable muscle and sinew under his white skin. And when all to once he sprung and grabbed holt of the tops' halyards above the rest of our hands, and surged down on it with a regular sailor "sing out," "my fine fellow," I says to myself, "your fingers has been in a tarpot, or I lose my guess."

Being one hand short, Cap'n Gore, though

'twixt the fo'c'sle (which was below deck,) and the fo'ard hold. Then, somebody noticed one of the boards was loose, whilst there was a tremendous smell of rum in the fo'c'sle itself.

We mistrusted what it meant in a minute. We shoved the board away—and the whole thing comes to me now like a photograph.

What with the rolling and pounding, some of the upper tier of the cargo had shifted. Three or four of the powder kegs was stove atop of the puncheons and casks of rum, and there sat Boxer in the middle of 'em. One of the half empty kegs was jammed down into a heap of loose powder to stiddy it, and in the end bunnhole was a lighted tallow dip with paper round the butt to keep it in place!

Boxer had somehow got a big gimlet from the carpenter's room and tapped a rum puncheon. And there he sat a-straddle of it like a seafaring Bacchus, drinking the raw liquor out of a tin pannikin as though it was water, whilst every time the brig rolled a little heavier than usual, you could see the powder keg with the candle in it work back and forth in the powder heap!

I've been scar't in my day, but never noth-

squeezed himself through the narrow place in the bulkhead and gripped Boxer's two wrists in his hands, which I never would have believed was so strong.

"Charlie," the parson says solemn-like, "you aren't yourself, come—"

But "Charlie," as he called him, wasn't himself, by no manner of means, and he grappled the parson with a yell that was awful. But the parson hung on with a death grip, and we fellows broke through the bulkhead to help him.

It wasn't long before that candle was in safe hands I can tell you, and then Boxer, lashed hand and foot, was carried into the fo'c'sle and tied in his bunk.

But all this while the mate was in charge of the deck, and the wind hauling further and further to the south'ard and east'ard, was driving the brig to loo'ard. And just as Cap'n Gore run on deck the reefed foresail bust and blowed into rags in a twinkling.

The brig's sails were old any way, and the fore-staysail went flying after the foresail! And before we could get new one-bent, the Clara Desmond was drifting to loo'ard to'ard Burr Island, where the breakers ran half masthead high as far as we could see.

There's a low water shoal of shifting sands within two cables lengths of the island, and ther' the brig took bottom—for she would neither wear nor stay without headsail, and in a wind and sea that was fearful, to put it mild.

The mainmast went by the beam, and Captain Gore with the mate, a Cornishman named Penryth, was swept away by the same sea, along of two of the crew.

One of our boats was stove, and the other was no good any way, though the parson, who was the coolest man aboard, tried to get us to put it over, for the second mate, Mr. Fields, was laying to wind'ard with a broken leg, and there was nobody to take charge.

But, speaking for myself and the rest as far as I could see, we were about used up, and sailor like, couldn't see any chance of saving ourselves or being saved. Then of a sudden, through the driving murk and spray, comes an English lifeboat that had been towed from somewheres nigh Plymouth by one of those little sidewheel iron steamers that we Americans make fun of, sometimes.

The brig was breaking up aft fast, but the lifeboat managed to get under the bows and somehow get a line to the cathead, and I'll say this—I never saw such work done before or since, for the ebbing tide made a sea that was perfectly awful.

It was the parson who was first to see the signals from the lifeboat's coxswain, and out he went on the stump of the bowsprit with a coil of the jib halyards.

"Now then, boys," he sung out, and while we made our way out and one by one slipped down into the boat, he got aft, dragged old King, who was half dead with fright, fo'ard, and lowered him down.

"Come on, parson!" we roared together, as we saw him dive down the fore peak.

"Let that drunken Boxer drown!" "But Mr. Venn wasn't that kind of a man. Next thing we saw he had Boxer, who was dazed and stupid like, hauling him out on the bowsprit. Then he put the jib halyards in Boxer's hands and down Boxer came in a heap in the bottom of the boat.

But no one paid attention to him! One of those awful green cresting seas, higher than the forecast head, came sweeping down to wind'ard of the brig.

"Hold on all!" was the cry, and only for the lifeboat being one of those self-righting and self-relieving ones, I wouldn't be here telling this yarn.

We hung to the life-lines along the gunwale as she capsized, but the painter parted and she was swept toward shore. Before the breakers was reached they righted the boat, and we were dragged up on the beach more dead than alive.

The parson! We never saw him again! Mr. King only said in a feeble sort of way, after he knew the truth, something about "laying down one's life for a friend." But did Mr. King mean himself, or did he mean Boxer, whom perhaps Mr. Venn had known as some one else.

I only know this—Mr. Venn preached the biggest missionary sermon on record, the night of March 13, 1872. Aye, aye—strike eight bells there, fo'ard!



ONE BY ONE THE CREW OF THE WRECKED VESSEL SLIPPED DOWN INTO THE LIFEBOAT.

he opened his eyes tolerable wide, made no manner of objection to the passenger taking holt for a pull whenever he liked. And seeing this, Mr. Venn came on deck an hour or two after, without his tail coat and white choker, wearing a regular sailor shirt and Scotch cap.

"I've been to sea some, cap'n," he says, in a quiet sort of way, "and it'll do me good to stir round with the men a little—I'd like to."

Cap'n Gore stared, and smiled in his dry way, but said nothing. And Mr. Venn did stir round.

We had two reefing jobs before noon—first a single, then a double, and both times I'm blessed if the young feller wasn't to the weather yard arm hanging on to the lift with his earrins' ready rove to haul out, before we men was fairly on the yard!

Yet he didn't forget his profession neither. It was Kelly, the worst swearing man aboard, stood next him, and when Kelly begun his reg'lar cursing, Mr. Venn says:

"Mr. Kelly, your own priest would tell you you were endangering your soul—and the sail doesn't pick up a bit easier either."

"Right you are, parson," says Kelly, and Mr. Venn was the "sailor parson" after that with all hands. He knew just what to say and when to say it—and we fellows took to him mightily, 'specially as all but sleeping fo'ard he filled Boxer's place in the watch day and night.

But it was awful weather, and we were two days and nights beating to windward before the Eddystone light showed up. This was early Sunday forenoon, and when the watch was sent below, Boxer wasn't in his bunk.

Now there was only a board bulkhead

ing like that. I only wonder my hair didn't turn white in a minute, as the story writers say.

I don't think as quick as some, and while I was standing staring, Peter, one of the Finns in my watch, had run aft to Cap'n Gore, and the next thing I saw was the old man standing right behind me with one of those Prooshan army "needleguns" cocked and ready for action.

"Hullo, cap," Boxer sung out, waving the pannikin round his head, crazy as a coot, "come on, and have just one drink before it's too late. Because," he said, going on quick and fast, "I'm a man of education, and this sending rum and missionaries to Africa isn't quite the thing, so I'm going to send the whole kit of us skyhigh directly the candle gets burned a trifle lower!"

Passengers included, there were fourteen of us all told, at the mercy of one sailor, crazy drunk! and as he lurched fo'ard, having the idea of snuffing the candle with his fingers so we could see, Captain Gore jerked the gun to his shoulder.

"God forgive me!" I heard him say sort of under his breath, as he steadied himself and glanced along the barrel.

"Wait one moment!"

It was the parson—and as he spoke in a half whisper, he pulled the captain's fingers away from the rifle's trigger guard.

"Step back," he whispered, and pushing himself in front of Captain Gore, who was struck aback for the minute, he sung out: "Dacy—Charlie Dacy!"

Drunk and crazy—both in fact—Boxer started back like he'd been shot, instead of being within a hair's breadth of it.

Before Boxer could speak, the parson

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

Author of "Lion Jack," "Jack in the Jungle," "Struggles and Triumphs of P. T. Barnum," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A ZEBRA HUNT.

DICK BROADHEAD told Jingo to order his bearers to hurry forward. He was anxious to discover the cause of the disturbance among the vanguard of the Katendi army.

"The valley along which the river flowed northward was at this point narrower, bounded on either side by rolling hills of no great height, which were covered with short grass and low bushes. On the slope of one of these hills, on the opposite side of the stream, the natives had observed a herd of zebras grazing.

"Now the zebra, the striped horse of Africa, is an animal which the traveler cannot see every day. He keeps almost entirely to mountainous districts, and is only found in wild and untraveled parts of the country. And even when they are met with, zebras are not easy to kill or capture. They are as fleet-footed as the pronghorn of the Rocky Mountains, and generally as timid. They graze in herds on the hillsides, and station the oldest and most experienced zebra as a sentinel, to warn the others of any approaching danger.

"In this case the zebras seemed to be unusually bold. They stood fearlessly upon the grassy slope of the hill, in plain sight of the Katendis. Perhaps their curiosity at the strange spectacle of the passing army had overcome their timidity, or possibly they relied on the fact that a river separated them from the natives.

"The zebra is greatly prized by many of the native tribes of Africa, where he is found, not only for the sake of his flesh, but also, when captured alive and tamed, as a beast of burden.

"That the Katendis were not going to pass by the chance thus offered to them, was soon made clear. The joyful shouts with which the warriors who first noticed the zebras announced their discovery, were soon silenced, and preparations were made for a systematic hunt. A body of natives was dispatched along the stream, with orders to swim across it at a point half a mile further down, and by circling round to get behind the herd and drive it toward the lower ground. Another party of hunters was sent in the opposite direction, to intercept the animals' flight.

"The sporting instinct was very strong in Dick Broadhead, and a hunt for such unusual game as this aroused his interest at once. It would have been a very long shot at the zebras from where he now was, but by crossing the stream he might have got within easy range, if he approached them carefully among the bushes, for the wind was blowing from them to him, and they could not have detected him if he kept out of sight.

"He did not wish, however, to expend a single one of his scanty stock of cartridges, even though a successful shot would probably raise him still higher in the estimation of the Katendis. He was determined

to reserve them for cases of actual danger to the lives of the travelers—and such dangers were sure to arise.

"But he was anxious to join in the chase, and he wanted to find some better weapon than the long heavy spears of the natives. An idea was suggested to him by the sight of an assegai which was carried by a warrior who was marching near him.

"It was closely wound round, for nearly its whole length, with a narrow strip of what looked like thick, untanned hide, whether for ornament or to strengthen the shaft he could not tell. By means of Jingo's services as an interpreter, Dick obtained a loan of this weapon from its owner, and scrutinized it more closely. He found that the rawhide thong would answer his

purpose well, and provide him with the weapon he wanted.

"Hastily untwining it from the shaft of the spear, Dick found that it was smooth and flexible, and by tying a running knot in the end he provided himself with a very fair lasso. Dick knew something of the use of the lasso—a deadly weapon in skillful hands—and had formed the ambitious project of capturing a live zebra, if by good luck the herd came in his direction.

"The first thing to be done was to cross the river. This was accomplished without even wetting the soles of his feet. The natives who were carrying Dick's litter would not let him get out when he began to do so in order to swim or wade across. They bore litter and all to the other bank, fording the stream at a place where the water was very shallow, not rising above their knees.

"Dick shouted to Griswold and Carter to follow his example, and they easily made their bearers understand what was wanted.

use one with effect, so he borrowed an assegai.

"There was a long wait before the natives could get round behind the herd to drive it down toward the stream. Dick began to fear that the zebras would escape, as they had moved gradually round the slope of the hill where they had been grazing, and only one or two of them now remained in sight.

"Nearly an hour had been passed in the broiling afternoon sun, and Dick had almost fallen asleep, when the stillness of the tropical valley was suddenly broken.

"One of the zebras, who was probably the sentinel of the herd, raised his head and sniffed the air uneasily for a moment; then with a shrill whinny, he gave the signal of danger, and the stampede began!

"It was hastened by a series of yells that arose from different points along the crest of the hills. The Katendis had done their work skillfully. When the sentinel zebra scented their approach, they had already got behind the herd, and cut off its retreat.

"The frightened animals seemed not to know whither they should flee, and turned first to one side and then to another, or halted for a moment in indecision; then, following the leader, they dashed off at the top of their speed, striking obliquely down the slope and toward the river.

"The direction of their flight, however, would not bring them near the spot where the travelers were lying in ambush, ready to spring out upon them as they passed. The zebras were making for a spot between the hills and river, where there was a gap in the line of huntsmen that surrounded them on other sides.

"The natives who were with Dick Broadhead and his friends sprang forward with furious shouts, and tried to head off the escaping animals. They were too far away, and the zebras had almost passed beyond the hunters, and gained the open country beyond, when a dark figure sprang up directly in their path.

"It was Jingo. The white men had not noticed his absence, but while they were dozing as they lay in ambush for the zebras, he had slipped away, and posted himself where he foresaw that he might be able to do good service.

"The leader of the herd was close upon him when he leaped from a small hollow in the ground, waving his long arms, and yelling with all his lungs. Dick and his companions thought they had never heard such a hideous noise as the Kaffir made.

"His tactics were effective. With a snort of terror, the leading zebra turned sharp away and galloped off, apparently at random, and directly towards the spot where the white men were crouching among the bushes.

"The leader was not a half dozen yards from Dick when he sprang forward and stood directly in the path of the galloping herd. The animals were running so fast that it seemed as if they could not possibly stop or turn, and Dick must be knocked over and trodden under their feet.

"But the foremost zebra partially stopped himself, and turned off obliquely. In another moment he would have been out of reach, but before he could recover his speed, Dick had swung the coil of rawhide twice around his head, and sent it hurtling through the air.

"The throw was a skillful one, and a lucky one as well. As the zebra, in executing his sudden turn, tossed up his hind legs, the slip noose settled down upon one of his hoofs.

"For a moment the animal continued its career, and then, as the suddenly tightened rawhide pulled its foot from under it, fell rolling over and over on the ground. Dick had braced himself firmly to meet the shock, but he, too, lost his balance, and was dragged down, still holding the end of the lariat.

"He was on his feet in a moment, before the zebra could recover itself. Fearing that the rawhide might snap if he held his captive by it, Dick ran to the fallen animal, and grasped it by its head, to which he clung, in spite of all its kicking and strug-

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE KATENDIS AND THEIR FOES.

DICK BROADHEAD'S fingers tightened around the coil of the lasso as he saw the swift-footed zebras charging down upon him. He was crouching behind a low thorn bush, and in front of this there was a considerable stretch of open ground, along which the wild horses were rushing.

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AS THE ZEBRA TURNED TO FLEE, DICK SENT THE LASSO HURLING THROUGH THE AIR.

gling, until several of the Katendis came up and secured the zebra.

"Meanwhile Griswold had succeeded in capturing a second zebra, getting his lasso over its head, and nearly strangling the poor creature before it could be released. A third had been killed by the spears of the Katendis, but Carter's efforts had proved ineffectual.

"I couldn't do anything with that heavy spear," he said. "The zebras got out of range while I was getting ready to throw it. I wouldn't take either of your rifles," he added, as Dick expressed his willingness to surrender the weapon he had so long carried; "but I wish we could manage to get hold of two or three more guns."

"Dick told him of the one that the Katendis treasured up as a fetish, which might perhaps prove of service to the travelers, if they could get possession of it.

"While the zebra hunt had been in progress the native army had marched forward, only leaving about a hundred warriors to take part in the chase. They were a part of Angol's followers, and the chieftain himself was among them.

"The two captured zebras were presented by Dick and Griswold to Angol, who accepted them with evident delight. The day was now far advanced, and at the Katendi chief's suggestion it was decided to camp for the night on the scene of the hunt; on the morrow, he added, by starting early, they could reach his village, the principal one of those belonging to the tribe, before nightfall.

"A quantity of brushwood was gathered and heaped together, and as the sun went down a roaring camp fire was started. At this the flesh of the slain zebra was roasted. Some of it was presented to the white men, who found it coarse and unpalatable, though the natives ate it eagerly, and, of course, in the good old style which prevailed before forks were invented.

"But roast zebra was not the only food procurable. Some of the hunters had chanced upon a gemsbok and killed it with their spears, and its flesh proved to be far superior to the zebra's, to the travelers' taste. At any rate they managed to make a rude but hearty meal, and then, stretched upon the ground, they fell into the deep and dreamless slumber of utter exhaustion.

"As the first rays of the sun crept over the hills to the eastward, they were aroused by Jingo, and found that the natives were preparing to resume their journey. And all that day, with brief intervals, the march was steadily continued.

"The country through which the travelers were now passing was as beautiful as fairy land. The river, constantly increasing in size as brooks flowed from the mountains to join it, wound through a level valley of about a mile in width, and evidently of great fertility. On either side rose wooded slopes, crowned with bare granite peaks that towered upward in places to a height of several thousand feet.

"It was not until the middle of the afternoon that the travelers saw any sign of human habitation, and they thought it strange that such a desirable piece of country should be without tenants, while in other parts of Africa teeming tribes were struggling for the possession of sandy tracts of desert. And the few villages which they did at length see were built, not in the level and fertile valley, but high on the mountain slopes, in rocky and uncultivated spots.

"Jingo was instructed to ask Angol why the Katendis did not descend from these inaccessible dwellings and occupy the plain below. In reply to his questions, the travelers learned that the existence of the tribe was not a peaceful or a prosperous one.

"The Inganis were not their only enemies. The Katendis were hemmed in between them on the south, and the powerful and warlike tribe of the Kabangos on the north. Bengula, the fierce despot who ruled over the Kabangos, hated the Katendis, and made constant raids upon their territory. He had a special grudge against Angol, the Katendi chief went on, whose father had slain the predecessor of Bengula, and the Kabango monarch had sworn to be revenged sooner or later.

"It was for security against their unrelenting foes that the Katendis had perched their dwellings among the mountain fastnesses, driving their cattle down into the valley by day only.

"Angol was evidently disquieted as he talked on this subject. A guard was always left to defend his village, he said, in case of sudden attack, but on this occasion every man of fighting age had been summoned to join the expedition against the Inganis, and none except the boys and old men left behind to protect the village.

"The old chief seemed to have a presentiment that some disaster had occurred during his absence; and the feeling was soon and startlingly verified.

CHAPTER XXXI. A SAVAGE CONFLICT.

"THE white men and the native warriors who accompanied them did not make a halt at any of the Katendi settlements, but pushed onward as rapidly as possible toward Angol's village.

"To reach this, it was necessary to pass through a long and deep defile, where the valley narrowed, and lofty granite cliffs rose on either side of the river. The ravine was wide enough, however, to offer no obstacle to the travelers' progress, and the Katendis had constructed a tolerably good road along it.

"About half the length of this narrow defile had been traversed, when a native appeared coming along the road in the opposite direction, and running at the top of his speed. As soon as he saw the returning hunters, he began to shout and wave his arms excitedly, still running onward.

"Neither Jingo nor any of the natives could understand the meaning of his cries and signals, till he reached them, breathless and panting. Then followed a hurried colloquy between Angol and the new arrival. The tidings he brought were evidently disastrous, for they evoked shouts of dismay and rage from the warriors who crowded around him.

"Jingo interpreted as much as he could make out of the confused and broken words of the messenger.

"It appeared that when the army of the Katendis returned from the abandoned expedition against the Inganis, those warriors who dwell in the villages by which the travelers had already passed, had left their courades and returned home; while the main body, who belonged to Angol's village and the country around it, had marched onward through the ravine.

"They had passed beyond this, and were nearing the village in question, when they were suddenly set upon by a large band of warriors in whom they recognized their enemies the Kabangos. Surprised and outnumbered, the Katendis were soon worsted in the sharp fighting that ensued; many of them were killed, and the rest had fled back to the ravine.

"At the lower end of the defile they had rallied, and were now, assisted by the natural advantages of their position, holding it against the Kabangos. The messenger had been despatched in hot haste to summon the assistance of the Katendis who lived further up the valley; and when he had given a brief account of the situation to Angol and his companions he hurried onward to accomplish his mission.

"This was terrible news indeed to the Katendis. Their enemies had penetrated into the heart of their country, and although Angol could not be certain as to the fate of his village there could be but little doubt that it had been captured and razed to the ground.

"He urged his followers onward with frantic eagerness, and the whole party pushed on at their best speed, the white men having abandoned their litters to march on foot. They had gone a very short distance further when the sounds of battle began to reach their ears.

"A fierce struggle was in progress at the mouth of the ravine, where it suddenly opened out into the broad and level plain beyond. As they drew near to the scene of hostilities, the natives rushed forward with loud shouts to join in the defense against the invaders, and even the white travelers could not help sharing their eagerness in a measure.

"The situation was an exciting one. The Katendis had recovered from the surprise of the first attack, and were making a stout resistance. They had thrown a rough barricade of tree trunks across the mouth of the ravine, and behind this they stood in close order, steadily maintaining their position against the Kabangos, who were striving desperately to break through the obstacle. Others of the defenders had climbed the rocks on either side, and were rolling down stones and boulders upon the assailants, every time they charged against the barricade.

"The Kabangos possessed a few old-fashioned flintlock muskets, but the guns were so poor and their marksmanship so defective that they had cast the fire-arms aside, and were relying upon their short

spears, which were deadly weapons in hand to hand fighting. In spite of heavy losses they were pressing on so recklessly, and in such superior numbers, that the Katendis began to waver.

"Just as the travelers came upon the scene, two or three of the Kabangos succeeded in climbing the barricade, and from it they sprang down among the Katendis. Their ranks wavered, and it seemed as if they must be conquered, for their enemies began to swarm over the defenses at the same point.

"The situation was a critical one for the white men too. They could not hope to escape or be spared in case the fierce Kabangos succeeded in overcoming their present allies. Both policy and inclination led them to aid the defenders to the utmost of their powers.

"Dick Broadhead rushed to the spot where the attackers had surmounted the barricade. He fired his rifle once, and then rushed into the thick of the fight, where fire-arms were of little use, with a short assegai which he took from a fallen warrior.

"Griswold, Carter, and Norman Vincent were with him, and the relief they brought proved timely. The rifle shot, and the sudden appearance of the four whites, took the Kabangos by surprise, and created almost a panic among them, while it cheered and encouraged the Katendis.

"The bold assailants who had surmounted the barricade were now attacked on every side, and most of them were mown down, while the others escaped only by scrambling over the tree trunks again. Among these Dick Broadhead especially noticed a young warrior apparently of about sixteen years, whose richly decorated dress and arms showed that he must be the son of some great chief among the Kabangos. He had been prominent among the assailants of the barricade, but at the sudden onslaught of the white men his courage failed him and he retreated hastily.

"The young Kabango must have observed Dick, too, as the result proved.

"The imminent danger to the defenders was now over, for the moment at least, and the vigor of the attack diminished. In obedience to orders from their leaders, the Kabangos withdrew to a little distance from the barricade. They had not abandoned the struggle, for they kept in close order, with their faces to the Katendis, who were too much exhausted to attempt pursuit.

"Were the attackers gathering themselves together for a final charge, or what new move did they intend? The matter was not long in doubt.

"A Kabango stepped forward from the ranks, holding up his unarmed hands as a sign of truce. When midway between the two armies, he shouted some words aloud in the Katendi dialect, which caused astonishment among the defenders. Jingo translated them thus:

"Khama, son of Bengula, the king of the Kabangos, will fight in single combat the young white chieftain who is among the Katendis. If he slays him, then shall the Katendis be the servants of the Kabangos; but if Khama is slain, then shall the Kabangos serve the Katendis."

"The meaning of this was clear: the youthful leader of the Kabangos, whom Dick had already encountered, challenged him to a single combat, on which the issue of the struggle was to depend!

(To be continued.)

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

IT AMUSES THE KING.

THE people of Bavaria are peculiarly unfortunate with their kings. Everybody has heard of the wild extravagance and unseemly eccentricities of the late Ludwig, who capped the climax of his odd career by committing suicide; but he was a mild lunatic compared with his successor, Otto.

The latter is wholly mad, and is kept in close confinement, where peasant shooting is his favorite amusement. But the *Sun* assures us that no peasants are killed, although his majesty fancies that he has brought down several. The way they manage the royal sport is very simple.

A fine hunting rifle is handed to the king, and he immediately places himself in one of the windows of his castle. The rifle is loaded with a blank cartridge. A man is hired to post himself in a thicket and to emerge from it at a given signal. Immediately on his appearance a royal bead is drawn upon him. The king fires, the man falls, and the servants put him upon a stretcher and carry him off, while his majesty rubs his hands in delight. The peasant receives his pay, and puts in his application for another job.

SUMMER NOON.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE air is full of soothing sounds. The bee,
Within the waxen hilly-hovey cell,
In monotone of mellow measure tells
His yet unsoftened joyance: drowsily
The swallows spill their liquid melody
As down the sky they drop, and faintly swell
The tremulous tinkle of the far sheep bell,
While wind-harps sigh in every crowned tree.
Beneath the beechen shade the reapers lie,
Upon their lips a merry harvest tune:
Knee-deep within a neighboring stream the
kine
Stand blinking idly in the clear sunshine;
And like a dream of olden Arcady
Seems the sweet languor of the summer noon.

[This story commences in No. 239.]

THE HAUNTED ENGINE:

OR,

JACK MARVIN'S RUN.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Great River Series," "Log Cabin Series," "Deerfoot Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

JACK MARVIN'S RUN.

I AM quite sure you have suspected the explanation of the supposed appearance of His Satanic Majesty on Forty-Nine.

You remember that Jack Marvin had ridden to Calumet, for the purpose of buying some presents for Christmas, which was the following day. Among these purchases was one of the most hideous false faces you ever saw.

Almost any one of these monstrosities is enough to scare a timid person out of his wits, and the one bought by Jack, with its horrible features, its inky color and the scarlet rings around the eyes, was so repulsive that his father was on the point of flinging it out of the car window. He consented, however, that the boy might keep it, under his promise that he would not wear it on the street.

Well, after Jack was tucked away in the box on top of which his father sat, he found himself so cramped among the playthings and his father's overcoat and the cotton waste, that he could not sleep.

Nevertheless he found his quarters so warm that he decided to stay where he was, at any rate, as long as he could bear it. There was just enough air coming through the opening near his head to prevent the confinement from being uncomfortable.

Jack was wide awake when his father clambered over the tender to warn the treasure guards of their danger, but he supposed he was merely raking down the coal, so as to have it more convenient to shovel into the furnace.

When the whistle sounded he knew it meant danger, though he was far from suspecting its nature. He was on the point of forcing his way out of the box, when he heard the gruff voices of the two outlaws who had entered the cab.

The words uttered by them, together with some of the exclamations of the others, told Jack, young as he was, the nature of the peril, and he concluded that the best thing to do was to stay where he was.

Of course he heard what his father said, and the fact that his parent made no reference to him, convinced the youngster that he was doing precisely what he wished him to do.

With his ears wide open, he kept the run of incidents. He knew that two men were guarding the engine and that no one else was near him.

All at once came the thought of the false face at his elbow. Why could he not scare away these fellows and give the rest such a fright that he could run Forty-Nine into Rapidan? With a recklessness that perhaps was not strange in one of his years, he resolved to make the effort.

Removing his cap, he slipped the elastic mask over the crown of his head to his ears. Then the false face was in position.

He gently raised the lid of the box. The men were looking back toward the express car. Forty-Nine had ceased for a few minutes to blow off steam, and he expected he would be heard. But as noiselessly as possible he stepped out, softly let down the lid of the box and sat on it. Then turning his dreadful countenance toward the two men, he chuckled. They looked around just as he shoved the reversing rod over to the first forward notch and let off steam.

Jack had no thought that the engine was disconnected from the train, and he was much astonished as any one when it leaped so suddenly away from the cars. He was



UNINTENTIONAL TRUTH.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Little boy, don't you know it is very wrong to use tobacco?"
 LITTLE BOY.—"Who's a usin' terbacker? Dat's a cigarett!"

DIYERS' DUTIES AND DANGERS.

ACCORDING to an interview of a reporter for the *Mail and Express* with No. 1 of the New York divers, it would seem that a good many stories set afloat about the condition of things under water after the wrecking of a big steamer are made out of whole cloth. For instance, drowned persons are never discovered sitting or standing in exactly the position they happened to be in when the ship went down. If the wreck is older than a couple of days they are much more likely to be found along the cabin ceiling.

New York divers, it appears, are sent for from different parts of the world, on account of their superior proficiency.

"The reason for this," explained the A. No. 1 of the profession, already mentioned, "is that their work is done in the dark; for it's pitch dark under the water around New York. I suppose it's on account of the sewage. A diver from other waters can't work in those around New York. But a New York diver can work in the clear waters elsewhere twice as fast as the local divers, because his sense of touch—sense of touch under water—is so finely developed.

"We New York divers can tell various metals apart, if they are under water, by sense of touch; but if they are not under water we can feel no difference between them. Here, for instance, is a piece of copper and a piece of brass. Put them on the table and blindfold me, and I can't tell which is which. Chuck 'em in the basin and pour water over them, and I can tell the moment I touch the pieces which is the copper and which is the brass. You see we New York divers have to pry all kinds of trades in the dark."

"Do you dive much for treasure?"

"There's not much of that going on now. The biggest job of that kind was the Hussar. The work on that wreck had to be done many feet under the bed of the river."

"Right where she went down?"

"Right where she went down over a hundred years ago. A wreck remains just on the same spot where first she reaches bottom. As years roll on she works down, down into the bed of the river, and so, where the Hussar sank so long ago, lies her bulk. The divers got out the sternpost but didn't find any treasure.

"I don't believe that any treasure will be found on the site of the wreck. I have heard that official documents in England show that, after the Hussar struck, the treasure was loaded into her barge, which upset from the shifting of some boxes of the coin opposite a red house on Randall's Island.

"Some people have a crazy notion that Captain Kidd's vessel, with a vast deal of treasure, went down off Peekskill, and not long ago a syndicate employed a diver for two summers. He didn't find a trace of wreck. Some divers, who haven't been long enough in the profession to be constantly employed, and have a good deal of time on their hands, work old wrecks. For instance: The Commodore, off Stonington, the Isaac Newton, off Fort Lee, and the Thomas Morgan, off Yonkers; but there isn't a fair day's wages in such jobs.

"Sometimes, however, we hear of old wrecks that haven't been worked yet, and they are worth looking after. Two years ago one of us who was building the foundation for a pier of the bridge at Saybrook heard that a schooner loaded with coal and copper had gone down there some thirty-five years ago. He 'placed' the wreck and got out the cargo, which was still in prime condition."

"What does a diver's outfit consist of?"

"A boat, a pump, hose, lines and dress. The dress consists of layers of duck and rubber. The shoes weigh twenty pounds each. On his chest and back he carries forty pound weights. The helmet, when it has been placed over the diver's head, is firmly screwed into a copper collar that is attached to his dress. A weighted line is sunk to the spot he is to reach, and down that line he

goes with the life-line around his waist, and the hose, through which the air is pumped, attached to his helmet. Those who handle the life-line and hose must regulate these as he moves about below."

"What are a diver's working day and his wages?"

"Four hours and \$6. If he furnishes his own apparatus his wages are higher—\$35 to \$50 a day. For getting a lawser out of a steamer's screw I'd charge \$50 if I furnished my own apparatus."

"I suppose part of the charge is for the risks you run?"

"Yes, a diver is exposed to a good many dangers. One of them, you'll be surprised to learn, is falling asleep. On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the delicious coolness below water is apt to make a diver sleepy. I once slept an hour and a half at the bottom of a wreck near Kingston, where I was laying pipe. Suppose that had happened in the channel near Governor's Island, where the tide runs so swift that a diver can work only during the one hour of slack water! If I'd slept over that one hour the deadly rush of tide would have snapped the life-line and hose. Then in working wrecks there is the danger of getting jammed in between freight or of getting the hose or line tangled. When the hose snaps the frightful pressure kills the diver. He is sickeningly distorted by it."

A Foe TO THE SWEET TOOTH.

THE *New York Herald* announces the discovery of certain odd properties of a plant well-known in British India, which our American housewives will now doubtless be eager to have imported and put up as a barricade across the "jam" corner of the pantry. For this "peculiar property" is nothing more nor less than the ability to destroy in him who eats it the power of tasting sugar.

The plant's scientific name is *Gymnema sylvestre*, it grows widely in the Deccan Peninsula and is also met with in Assam and on the Coromandel coast.

A late Governor of Madras and other residents of India who have tested its properties certify that chewing two or three leaves absolutely abolishes the tongue's power to taste sweetness. Professor Dyer's experiments with leaves, sent to him at Kew, in England, corroborate their testimony.

This plant is likely to prove a most valuable addition to the modern *materia medica*. Its power to destroy the taste of sweetness suggests its use by physicians to correct morbid craving for sweetmeats, which is a source of widespread disorders of digestion.

General Elles, of Madras, is reported as having found that *Gymnema* also abolishes "the power of enjoying a cigar." While smokers may not relish this, physicians may prize immensely a plant which, administered to patients who use tobacco to excess, would, for a time at least, check inordinate smoking. The power of the plant to render tasteless many drugs which are extremely nauseous, promises to commend it to the medical profession.

A HOMESICK SNAKE.

Doos and horses have been credited with a vast amount of intelligence, but it is certainly surprising to learn that the rattlesnake pays attention to conversation going on around him. Yet it is related that some Americans recently going through the Jardin des Plantes stopped to look at a Virginian rattlesnake in a cage. It lay motionless, apparently asleep, but when two of the party who lingered behind, began to speak in English, it moved, lifted its head, and gave every sign of interest. They went away and returned to the cage later, conversing in French, but the snake made no movement till they began again to talk in English.

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

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