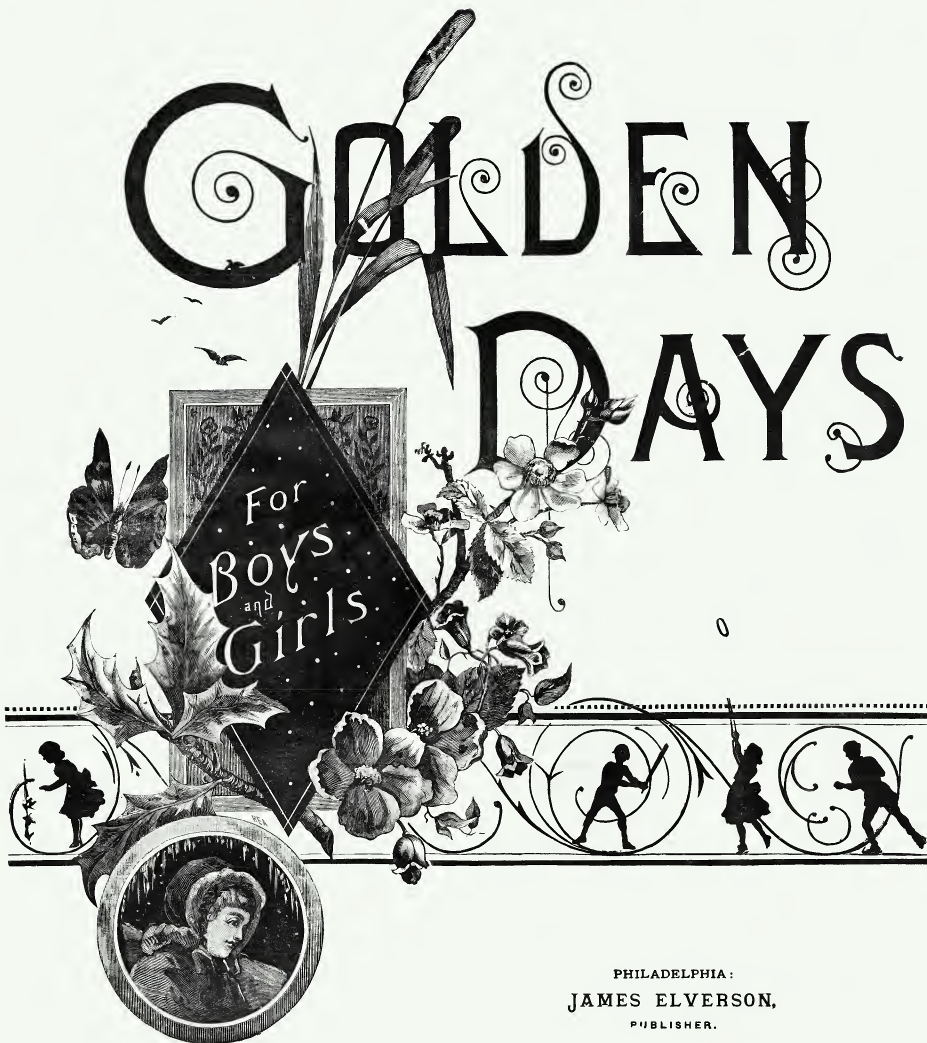
Vol. IX---No. 10. February 4, 1888.



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All our lands are located in and around **LEROY, MARION CO., FLORIDA,** ten miles from Ocala, the county seat, a thriving town of 3,500 inhabitants. It is all high, dry, rolling pine land, free from wet spots, and one of the healthiest locations in Florida. The **SILVER SPRINGS, OCALA & GULF RAILROAD,** runs through it.

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TAXES PAID. The Company will pay all taxes upon this property until 1890.

FACTS. Marion County is one of the richest counties in Florida; contains excellent soil and raises **more than half the orange and lemon crop of the State. LEROY** is the centre of one of the healthiest and most fertile sections. No swamps, no malaria, and so far south as to be below what is termed the "frost line." The celebrated Withlacooche River, close by, is filled with choice varieties of fish, while deer and other game fill the forests for miles around. **Blue Spring,** within fifteen minutes of **Leroy,** is one of the wonders of the State.

LOCAL CLUBS. To those wishing to form clubs in their town we will send five warranty deed option bonds for $1.00; ten for $2.00; fifteen for $3.00; twenty-five for $5.00; forty for $8.00; fifty for $10.00. No more than fifty will be sent to any one club.

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GOLDEN DAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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VOL. IX. JAMES ELVERSON, Publisher. N. W. corner NINTH and SPRUCE Sts. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 4, 1888. TERMS: $3.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. No. 10.

THE LITTLE ALSATIAN ARTIST.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

In quaint, historic Strasburg, the half German, half French city of Alsace, there lived a little French boy, whose brightness and cleverness, even before he had reached his tenth year, caused his friends to predict that he would grow up to be a great man.

He always appeared bubbling over with gaiety and animation. He was a leader in school-boy sports—and mischief, if the whole truth must be told. He could do juggling tricks, and perform acrobatic feats. Music he delighted in; and he sang comic songs so especially well that everybody who knew him at that period said:

"Gustave will be an actor or a musician."

But Gustave had another and still stronger inclination or taste, and that was for drawing pictures. Although his good parents did not encourage him in this, he was continually scribbling sketches on his slate, in his copy-books, on the margins of his school history, on the walls of his room—everywhere.

He had never been taught to draw, nor had he systematically studied by himself; but nobody could remember a time, since he was able to hold a pencil in his hand, when he had not been more expert at expressing his ideas pictorially than in writing.

No young artist could have a happier environment than that furnished by the city of Strasburg, with its world-famous cathedral, its legendary monuments, its curious and ancient buildings, streets and squares. Not far away were the storied Black Forest and the Vosges Mountains, with their sombre and gigantic fir-trees, their ruined castles, convents and shrines.

Young Gustave knew by heart scores of the tales and legends of Alsace; and what is more, he believed them all.

The first ten years of his life were passed under the very shadow of the great minster; and his father being a civil engineer in the employ of the government, the boy accompanied him on many a tour of road inspection among the mountains and interior villages of the province.

One day, just as the father and son were about setting out on one of these rural journeys, the young artist received from a kind relative a most memorable present. It was a box of oil-colors—the first he had ever possessed.

Only an artist born can appreciate the wild thrill and intoxication of delight which filled the soul of Gustave at the sight of the tubes of color, the clean palette and the long, slender brushes. As he was just starting on the excursion with his father, however, he could only take his prize along with him, untried.

At nightfall they arrived in the little country commune of Josserond, where they put up at an inn. It was supper-time, and then bed-time, but poor Gustave could neither eat nor sleep. He was dying to paint.

Placing his precious box under his pillow, he tossed about restlessly all night, with the colors of the rainbow dancing about before his excited imagination.

At the earliest glimmer of dawn he sprang up, seized his paints, and stole down stairs into the court-yard. The brightness of the pigments, as he squeezed them from the tubes, one by one, upon his palette, caused him to utter exclamations of delight.

Vandyke brown, Venetian red, ultramarine blue, crimson lake, cadmium yellow—oh, what richness! what reveries of color they inspired! Above all, there was a pure, exquisite Veronese green, as vivid as the tint of the tender meadow-grass by the brook-side in the early springtime!

But the eager young painter had forgotten one essential: he had neither canvas nor cardboard, not even a panel of wood nor a bit of glass, upon which to paint. The rough stone walls of the inn would not do, either. Here was an insupportable dilemma.

None of the inmates of the house were yet stirring, but the chickens were pecking and scratching about the court-yard in search of the early worm. A gaunt, half-grown bird, with dirty-white plumage, looked up inquiringly at the artist. A sudden inspiration seized him:

Why not improve upon Nature, and give this chick a coat of the Veronese green, surpassing the parrot's, and rivaling that of Robin Hood himself?

Done! The unhappy bird was captured, and, much against her will, received a verdant coat from top to toe!

It took the whole tube of Veronese green to do it, but the effect was startling enough to satisfy even the ardent young painter, who, beginning now to feel the loss of his sleep, released her, and went back up stairs to bed.

"IN THE MIDST OF THE CROWD WAS THE VERONESE-GREEN CHICKEN."

Two or three hours later, his peaceful slumbers were disturbed by cries, lamentations and sounds as of an excited crowd of people outside.

He rushed to the window and looked out. The peasants and village people of Josserond were gathered around the house, evidently in a state of extreme agitation.

Despair and consternation were on every face, and some of the old women were wailing bitterly.

In the midst of the crowd was the Veronese-green chicken!

She was making a considerable outcry herself, and whichever way she turned she was frightened back by pointing fingers and by renewed exclamations of terror.

Puzzled and alarmed at the extraordinary commotion which his work had caused, Gustave hastened down stairs, and made inquiries of the people of the house.

They told him of a legend of the country, in which a green chicken figured with direful prominence. Her appearance foreshadowed all sorts of misfortune—failure of crops, fire and flood, and epidemic.

Well might the superstitious people be horror-stricken at the apparition.

Meanwhile, one of the poor, foolish women in the court-yard was seized with a hysterical attack at sight of the ill-omened bird, and threatened to go into convulsions.

Conscience-stricken, Gustave now made a clean breast of his part in the matter, confessing how he had decked out the poor little chick in hues which nature had never intended she should wear.

At first the boy's story was not credited by the simple peasants. They insisted that only an evil spirit could have sent the bird to them as a warning. The empty paint-tube and the besmeared palette, however, finally convinced them.

Then the old woman who had been most terrified shook her withered fingers at the mischievous young artist, and exclaimed, loudly:

"Wretched youth! You have made the world weep with your painting. Some day, in its turn, it will make you shed bitter tears."

Strange to say, something like what was here predicted did actually happen to the artist in after years.

He went to Paris, drew caricatures and newspaper illustrations, and was famous at twenty years of age.

He became one of the most powerful and prolific draughtsmen that ever lived. His hundreds and thousands of illustrations of the Bible, the great classic poets and story-tellers, and innumerable books that are read the world over, gave him the acknowledged rank of prince of his profession.

He was rich, celebrated and beloved; but his ambition had grown with his success, and he burned with the desire to enroll his name among the master painters of France and Europe. He worked with prodigious energy, and covered canvas after canvas with his paintings.

His pictures were always accepted at the annual exhibitions of the Paris Salon, but the critics scarcely noticed them.

The French public called him a spoiled child of genius, and while lauding him to the skies as the illustrator of Dante, Rabelais and Cervantes, refused to acknowledge him at all as a painter.

England accepted him with royal honors, and established a gallery of his works in London: but this only confirmed his countrymen in their denial of his rank among their illustrious artists.

In January of the year 1883, he died in Paris, a disappointed and almost heart-broken man.

Who, then, was this wonderful Alsatian artist? His name is a household word in Europe and America, and there is scarcely a home of refinement and taste where may not be found copies of pictures from his pencil, bearing the familiar signature of Gustave Doré.

RICH GOLD MINES.

It is said that Bolivia is richer in minerals than any other land on the globe. The output equals fifteen millions yearly, although every ounce of ore is carried over the Andes on the back of a man or a llama, and the quartz is crushed by rolling heavy logs upon it. But if recent advices from Arizona Territory are true a mine has been discovered in this country which is richer by far than anything ever discovered in the world. It is ten miles from Prescott, on the Hassazampa River. The ore averages one thousand dollars per ton, and thousands of tons are in sight. Two men, recently, with a common mortar, pounded out eight hundred dollars in less than one hour. The gold clings to the rock in the purest scales. A man with a knife can scale off a handful in a few minutes. There is every indication of the ledge containing fabulous wealth. This river has produced millions in years past in placer mining, and on one occasion a pocket was found which yielded one hundred thousand dollars in a few weeks.

[*This Story began in No. 4.*]

THE GOLDEN GOOSE;

OR,

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE MISER.

BY JAMES H. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "JACK STANWOOD; OR FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HE IS CRAZY!

If Barry had been superstitious, the shock would probably have killed him, or at least destroyed his reason.

Eli Gooze on board a wrecked brig off the Florida coast! It was incredible, and beyond all reason, and Barry withdrew a few paces and rubbed his eyes.

It was no use, however. It was not a dream, and the prostrate form lying in the gangway was certainly that of the old miser. There was no mistaking the ludicrous top-knot of hair, the solitary eye, and the wrinkled and cadaverous visage.

If further proof were wanting, it was found in the costume, which was the same as when last seen by Barry, although the white waistcoat was now nearly black, the brass buttons had been wrenched off the blue coat, and his greasy trowsers were rent and torn in many places.

It was certainly the miser, but—was he alive or dead?

At first sight, Barry said to himself that he was dead; but when he overcame his repugnance enough to place his hand on the miser's breast, he felt a slight pulsation. It was faint as the fluttering of a bird, and not a movement of the lips or eyelids could be detected; but he was surely alive.

"Hello!" cried Barry, advancing to the foot of the hatchway, "On deck there!"

There was no response, and, after waiting a moment, he clambered on deck, and spied Fergus and Tom in anxious consultation under the foremast.

"Come down here," he said, indignantly, "and bear a hand, can't you?"

"Never will I," exclaimed Crosby, stoutly. "Ghosts don't require no tackle to get 'em on deck. I thought there was bad luck in that bundle, but blessed if I thought it was as bad as *that!*"

"We was about to leave the ship for a short time," said Fergus, with a shake in his voice which he tried hard to conceal, "and take a trip to the island. There's nothing on the old brig worth saving."

"Boobies!" exclaimed Barry, with more force than politeness. "It is a man, not a ghost, and he will die unless he is attended to at once."

"A man, is it?" said Fergus, doubtfully. "Are you sure of that?"

To this Barry replied that he hoped he knew a man when he saw one, an argument that rather staggered Fergus, although Crosby shook his head and remarked that ghosts were very deceptive, and passed themselves off for men at every opportunity.

He was about to enter into details, and tell of a certain cook who was killed off Bombay, when Barry indignantly interrupted him.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," he said, sharply. "What do you suppose Eli Gooze wants to haunt you for? If it was his ghost, it would be wandering around the United States Treasury instead of this wretched brig."

"By the piper!" exclaimed Fergus, "you don't mean to say that it's the Golden Goose?"

"It is, indeed," replied Barry, emphatically.

"Sure, it's dreaming you are!" said Fergus, leaning against the mast in a bewildered fashion. "Now what would he be doing here?"

"At present," said Barry, solemnly, "he is dying."

"What!"

"Dying. I don't know how long he has been in the cabin, but he is certainly pretty far gone, and if he dies while we are chinning here, you'll be to blame."

With a mighty effort, Fergus threw off his superstitious fears, and said, valiantly:

"Come on!"

And the example was contagious.

"It ain't for me to be afeard of ghosts," said Crosby. "Go ahead, governor, and I'm right behind you."

Barry suppressed a smile, and led the way to where the miser was lying.

He had not stirred, and Fergus looked at him in dismay.

"I'm very much afraid," he said, doubtfully, "that he's—eh, Crosby?"

"A goner," said Crosby, speaking very composedly, now that he was certain that it was only a dead man.

"I don't believe it," said Barry, decidedly. "At any rate, it will do no harm to get him on deck. I'll take his feet. Now then."

The sailor lifted Gooze's head and shoulders with ease, and with an occasional lift from Fergus, the body was very soon laid on deck.

Barry then seized the flask, and forcing a few drops through the miser's clenched teeth, he had the satisfaction of hearing a faint moan.

"He's living, sure enough!" exclaimed the sailor, now all excitement. "Give him another dose while I make him some soup in the galley. I remember when I was aboard the Alva, and we picked up a boat-load of shipwrecked sailors off Cape Horn, we had a doctor aboard, and he wouldn't give 'em nothing but soup for two days. 'Soup,' says he, 'or they're dead men.' If my bearings is correct, this man ain't had a morsel to eat for three days."

"Then off with you at once!" cried Barry, in horror. "Three days! Poor old fellow! it's lucky he's used to starvation diet."

Fergus went below with Crosby, to assist in the decoction of the soup, while Barry applied himself, with all the means that his ingenuity could devise, to keeping life in the poor old body.

He chafed his hands and face, and dosed him with brandy, until at last the patient feebly opened his eyes.

He looked at Barry blankly.

"Hello!" said that youth, cheerfully. "How do you feel now?"

Gooze groaned and closed his eyes again.

"Got to do it all over again," muttered Barry, in a dismayed tone. "What a perverse old chap he is!"

Presently he opened his eyes again, and this time he kept them open, and even made an attempt to sit up.

"That's right," said Barry, assisting him. "Never say die! You're worth ten dead men."

The miser looked around, up in the air and down at his feet, and made a complicated signal with his hands, which Barry interpreted to mean that he was hungry.

"I don't wonder," he said, sympathizingly. "There'll be some soup here directly. Hello, down there!"

"Hello!" echoed Crosby, appearing with a smoking bowl of broth, as if summoned by Aladdin's lamp. "Ah! the old gent has revived, has he? Pleasant day, sir. How do you feel after your perilous adwenture?"

Gooze turned his solitary eye on the sailor with a glare that startled him.

"He's wicious," whispered Crosby, to Fergus, who was bringing up the rear with a large spoon and a handful of crackers. "Perhaps you'd better feed him."

But this Fergus stoutly refused to do, and Barry cut the controversy short by acting as nurse.

The miser ate greedily, and in a short time disposed of his rations with a visible good effect.

His eye brightened, and he even made an attempt to stand up, in which he ingloriously failed. So he sat on the deck, and looked from one to the other in an inquiring way.

"Where is he?" he asked, at length, speaking in a low and cracked voice.

"Do you mean me?" asked Barry.

Gooze looked at him with a curious stare, and shook his head slowly.

"*Him*," he said, feebly. "*You* know."

"Do you mean the dandy chap?" asked Crosby.

Gooze looked at him with aversion and fear, to Crosby's great surprise.

"I ain't done nothing to you," he said, with an aggrieved air. Then turning to the others, he tapped his forehead significantly, and added, in an undertone: "Blessed if I don't think he's off his nut."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Fergus, laconically. "He's had hard lines, I'm thinking."

"Crazy!" ejaculated Barry, with a shudder. "I can't believe it! Do you know me, Mr. Gooze?"

The miser looked at him with a frown, but betrayed no recognition.

Barry sighed.

"If he is crazy I shall never know the secret of these papers," he said, bitterly. "What shall we do, Fergus?"

"Take him to Mango Island," replied Fergus. "The sea has gone down, and the boat will hold us four without danger of swamping. He's weak enough to be quiet, and if he is obstreperous, we can manage him."

Gooze made no resistance when he was lifted to his feet and lowered into the boat. On the contrary, he seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise, and before the boat started he leaned his head against a thwart and went to sleep.

"That's lucky," said Fergus, "and it gives us a chance to take some plunder, providing there's anything to take."

There wasn't much except a bundle of clothing and some firearms, and leaving the brig and its contents to the tender mercy of the sea, they pushed off for Mango Island.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW TROUBLE.

The sea had gone down considerably, and the pull back to Mango Island was comparatively easy, in spite of the heavy load.

Ruth was on the beach. She had been watching the wreck anxiously all morning, and was somewhat alarmed when she saw the boat returning with four occupants, and still more alarmed when the miser was half lifted, half carried on shore.

"Is—is he dead?" she asked, all in a tremble.

"Not much," answered Barry, cheerfully. "He is very much alive, and—don't you recognize him, Ruth?"

Ruth gave another glance and then a cry of surprise.

"It's Mr. Gooze!" she exclaimed. "How ever did he come here?"

For the first time the miser's eye lighted up with a gleam of intelligence.

"Ruth," he said, with a frown, "what are you doing here? A bad girl, sir—a very bad girl."

"I am not," exclaimed Ruth, with indignant tears in her eyes.

"No, she is not," said Barry, with a threatening gesture.

Then he dropped his hand as he saw that Gooze's face had relapsed into blankness.

"He is crazy," he whispered to Ruth, "and doesn't know what he is saying. You are not afraid to stay with him, are you?"

"No, indeed," said Ruth. "Crazy, is he? Poor old man! I will take care of him."

She put out her hand, and Gooze took it without a word and followed her into the house.

"He's all right," said Crosby, looking after the strange couple in great surprise. "The little girl is the best nurse he can have. Clean daft, isn't he?"

"As a hatter," said Fergus, uneasily. "I wish some one else had him, or that we were on the mainland."

"I wish I knew how he got on the brig," said Barry.

"He was brought aboard," said Crosby, confidently. "In course: why not? Don't it stand to reason that *he* was the bundle what was brought aboard that dark night?"

"For what purpose?" asked Barry.

"Bless your soul, *I* don't know. For a ransom, maybe. He's rich, isn't he?"

"Immensely."

"Then that's what it is, you may depend."

Barry reflected a moment.

"It might be," he said, slowly. "This young man—what sort of a chap was he?"

"Middle-sized, rather handsome, dark eyes and hair. Glib with his tongue, I reckon."

Barry shook his head.

"I can't guess the mystery," he said, greatly provoked, "and I shan't try. Time will tell."

"That's an easy way to settle it," observed Crosby, taking a very large chew of tobacco, "as the sailor-man said when he threw his mother-in-law out of the window. But the question now is, what's to become of me?"

"What's the matter with staying here?" asked Fergus, sitting down on a stump and filling his pipe. "The pay ain't very large, but the work is less. I'm thinking that we three might be able to get some valuables out of the brig, after all, and we'll share the salvage."

"I dunno about that," said Crosby, dubiously. "The wreckers will be on the brig in forty-eight hours. They can smell a wreck anywhere within a hundred miles, I've heard."

"Let 'em smell it," answered Fergus, contemptuously. "I've seen these Florida and Bahama wreckers, and they're mighty poor stuff. Besides, we're in possession, ain't we?"

"Mebbe we are and mebbe we ain't," said Crosby, doggedly. "If enough of 'em comes, they'll down us, and the brig ain't worth fighting for."

"We won't borry trouble," said Fergus, tranquilly. "We'll go for the valuables first, and leave them the old iron and timbers. What do you say, Barry?"

Barry was agreed, as he was extremely anxious to give the brig a thorough rummaging, in hopes of finding some clue to the mystery. Crosby objected again, but he suddenly gave in, and cried, resentfully:

"Blow me if I didn't forget that I've lost my wages for this cruise! I've got to get satisfaction somewhere."

So it was arranged that he should stay at least a week or two, and at the end of that time Fergus promised to land him at Jacksonville, per the Sea Gull.

Just as this matter was amicably arranged, Ruth appeared at the door and announced that dinner was ready. There was no delay in answering the call, and in less than two minutes they were sitting around the rough table, whereon was spread a bountiful meal of fish, bacon, potatoes, bread and coffee, while for dessert there were pineapples and mangoes.

"I dunno but I'll stay a month," said Crosby, as he attacked the dinner with the

appetite of a starving man. "There ain't no folk'sel fare comes up to this."

"I should say not," said Fergus, scornfully. "We're all captains here. Hello! where's the old man?"

"He fell asleep after I gave him a cup of coffee," replied Ruth, who was waiting on the table with becoming dignity. "He is lying on my cot now. It is the softest, you know."

Fergus made no reply, but when Ruth left the room for a moment, he whispered to Crosby:

"The old man fired her out of doors last winter."

"And she didn't pizen his coffee," observed Crosby, in a low tone of amazement. "Well, I never!"

During the remainder of the meal the sailor regarded the little maid with wonder and incredulity. He began to suspect that she was not human.

That night the sailor slept in his bunk, rigged up underneath the trees, and the next day they visited the wreck, and brought away a lot of sail-cloth, and made an addition of two rooms to the house for the sailor and the miser.

On this trip Barry brought away a set of silver-plated knives and forks and a china punch-bowl.

The weather continuing fair, they made a daily trip to the brig, and brought away a heavy boat-load each time, mostly cabin furniture, clothing, some books, pictures, and even the carpet from the stranger's cabin.

They also despoiled the galley, and furnished Ruth's kitchen lavishly with the plunder; and Crosby fetched away all the sailors' bags from the forecastle.

Then they stripped the brig of her sails, and at the end of two weeks there was really nothing more to take, because the hold was closed with six feet of water.

During this time there had been no change in the condition of the miser. He had quite recovered his strength, and seemed none the worse physically for the danger he had passed through, but mentally he was a wreck.

Day in and day out he never spoke a word, although he seemed to understand what was said to him about everyday affairs.

To every one except Ruth he was surly, however, and he seemed to take special dislike to Fergus—a circumstance which that gentleman regarded with supreme indifference. To Ruth he was like a child, and came and went at her slightest word.

At his worst, however, he was never violent, so that, with the exception of Ruth, they came to regard him with little concern.

When the wrecking was over, Crosby got restive again, and after some talk it was settled that on the following Monday Fergus and Barry were to take him to St. Augustine or Jacksonville, and dismiss him with their blessing and twenty dollars, in consideration of which he was to relinquish his share of the salvage.

But "man proposes," as the proverb says.

On Monday, Fergus rose with the sun, and took a sweep of the horizon with the telescope, according to his invariable custom. The others were just tumbling out, when he came running in the house in a state of great excitement.

"Wreckers!" he exclaimed, when he recovered his breath.

"Is that so?" said Crosby, calmly. "Well, let 'em wreck. Much good may it do them."

"But suppose they come here?"

"Well?"

"There may be trouble."

"We're armed, ain't we?" said Crosby.

"Do you think we ought to fight?" asked Fergus.

"In course."

"Well, then," replied Fergus, coolly, "get ready, because they're coming!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE INVASION OF MANGO ISLAND.

Crosby and Barry were instantly all excitement.

"Give us a squint," cried the former, snatching the telescope, and taking a long look.

There was a light fog on the water, and the brig was rather indistinct, but the telescope showed about a half-dozen men on board, apparently engaged in running around without any visible motive.

Crosby regarded them long and earnestly, and when he laid down the glass, he turned, with a puzzled look, to Fergus.

"Sure they are wreckers?" he asked.

"What else can they be?" asked Fergus, in return. "I wonder they didn't find the brig a week ago."

"How did they get there?"

"Came from the mainland, I'm thinking."

"Aye, but how? Where's their craft?"

"On t'other side of the brig. I caught a glimpse of a sail bobbing up and down."

Crosby reflected a moment, and then asked:

"How do you know they're coming here?"

"I figured it out in my mind. I saw them facing this way, and one of the chaps pointing here. You'll see I'm right."

"I reckon ye are," said Crosby, placidly. "Well, there ain't no harm getting ready for them."

With that, he turned on his heel and entered the house, whence he presently emerged, carrying a brace of revolvers, which he carefully examined.

During this speech Barry had been peering through the glass, and now he closed it with a snap, and said:

"They are coming, sure enough. There are six men in a fishing-smack. Will there be a fight, Fergus?"

"I hope not, my boy," replied the sturdy old fellow, "for I'm rusty in that line; but at the same time, we'll stand no fooling, d'ye mind? Them wreckers is sometimes tough customers, and it needs a knock on their heads to bring 'em to their senses."

"They're two to one," said Barry, warningly.

"Small odds," observed Fergus, calmly. "We have guns, and they have none. Great Peter, they're coming a-flying!"

So they were, and in a comparatively short time they were near enough to see the whites of their eyes.

"You two go inside," commanded Fergus, as the smack tacked to make a landing, "and let me palaver with 'em. I have a bos'n's whistle here, and I'll call you with that if I want you. Keep the girl in-doors, whatever you do."

Barry and the sailor disappeared promptly, and Fergus, first assuring himself that his revolver was in condition, sauntered down to the beach just in time to see the strangers disembarking.

Although he was within twenty yards of them, they seemed not to see him, which irritated Fergus not a little.

The leader was a tall, thin, pock-marked man, attired in the faded coat of a naval officer, white trowsers, and a very large felt hat, which he wore with a rakish air, like a man who is used to being obeyed. Next to him came a short and swarthy man, with rings in his ears, and a general expression as if he had just been kicked, and rather expected to be kicked again.

The third man to step ashore was a battered old salt, with a remarkably large head of red hair, a very wide mouth, and a pair of eyes that seemed to be looking six ways at once, and he was closely followed by a young man, dressed neatly in a gray suit and fancy straw hat, but whose bloodshot eyes and generally shaky air showed him to be a victim of dissipation.

The other two men were evidently Florida negroes, and they remained in the boat.

Fergus had time to take a deliberate survey of this party, and, when they came toward him, he planted himself in their path.

"The top of the morning to you, gentlemen," he said, suavely.

The pock-marked man looked at him as if he had been some rare animal.

"Ah, my good man!" he said, at length, "how do you do?"

"I'm none the better for seeing you," replied Fergus, easily.

The pock-marked man frowned ominously.

"We are not here to bandy words," he said, sharply. "We are here on business."

"Shop is closed," responded Fergus, pleasantly, "and stock and fixtures sold at a bargain."

"You are very amusing," said the pock-marked man, with a smile that was anything but genial, "but we have no time for chaff. Out of the way!"

Fergus drew his revolver and cocked it.

"You'll have time enough to answer a few questions," he said, sternly, "or you'll have need for a surgeon."

The pock-marked man turned rather pale at this threat, and the man with rings in his ears prudently sheltered himself behind the sailor, who was contentedly chewing tobacco, and had already made quite a pool in the sand. As for the dissipated young man, he seemed to take very little interest in the proceedings, and yawned once or twice very visibly.

"What do you mean?" demanded the pock-marked man, in a voice which he tried to make stern, but which would tremble a little.

"I mean," said Fergus, sharply, "to ask you what you're doing here, and what you want."

"Is this private property?" asked the young man, speaking for the first time and with a slight sneer.

"It is," replied Fergus, promptly. "I forgot to put up the notice, but this island was presented to me by the President for valuable services in making a treaty with Madagascar, and it's very hard I am on trespassers."

The pock-marked man smiled insinuatingly.

"Ha, very good indeed; but, my dear fellow, this is all nonsense. I am here on important business, and I don't mind telling you that I am captain of that brig yonder. My name is Mascal—Ferdinand Mascal."

"Well?" said Fergus, not at all disturbed by this announcement. "What do you want here? There's your brig."

"I am quite aware of that; but the brig has been stripped, and I suspect that you have wrecked her."

"So I have," admitted Fergus, coolly. "Was you thinking of taking the goods away in that smack?"

"No, I wasn't," replied Captain Mascal, flushing angrily. "But I want to see the wreckage."

"Just give me your address on a card," said Fergus, with elaborate politeness, "and I'll promise to land them at any port you may name and claim my salvage. I think I ought to have two-thirds, don't you?"

At this juncture the man with rings in his ears whispered something to the young man, and he in turn muttered something to Captain Mascal. Then there was a whispered consultation of all hands, during which Fergus preserved an easy attitude, but at the same time kept a sharp lookout.

"Look you, my man," said Captain Mascal, suddenly, "let us talk business."

"Very well," assented Fergus. "Fire away."

"I am captain of that brig—"

"So you said before, sir."

"Hear me out, will you? I have lost the brig—a total loss it will be—and you have saved the cargo."

"Not by any means," said Fergus, quickly. "The cargo is six feet under water, and you may have it if you want it."

"You know what I mean," said Captain Mascal, impatiently. "You have saved what there was to save, and I have no doubt that the court will give you at least half for your trouble. Now, what would you say if I gave it all to you?"

"I should say that it was very handsome in you," replied Fergus, with a grin, "if it wasn't for two things."

"What's that?" asked the captain, quickly.

"First, that I don't know that you are captain of the brig; and, second, if you are captain, I don't see what right you have to give away its contents."

Captain Mascal bit his lip, and muttered something that sounded like a very large oath.

"Your scruples do you credit," he said, sarcastically, "but you are mistaken. I am captain and owner, and I can prove that fact with the greatest of ease. I tell you that you may retain what you have saved on condition—"

"Ah!" said Fergus, meaningly.

"Of course I shall exact a condition. It is a trifle. You found an old man in the second cabin on the port side. Show us where you buried him, so that we may give the body a Christian burial."

Here Captain Mascal tried to look sentimental, and made a failure of it.

"Want to bury him, do you?" asked Fergus, repressing a chuckle. "That's very kind of you, but I'm very much afraid that there's an obstacle in the way."

"You have forgotten where you buried him? Impossible!"

"No, it's not that. The old gentleman might object to being given any kind of burial, Christian or heathen."

At these words the dissipated young man lost his apathy in a moment.

"What!" he cried, violently. "Do you mean to say he is alive?"

"Hello!" ejaculated Fergus, "here's a tearful friend, sure enough! You don't seem overjoyed at the news, young man."

The young man evidently was not overjoyed, for in spite of the warning glances of Captain Mascal, he broke out into a torrent of profanity, both varied and forcible.

When he had eased his mind, he turned on Fergus savagely.

"I am tired of this!" he exclaimed, in a loud and blustering voice. "That old man is my father, and I want him handed over to my care at once."

"And suppose I refuse to hand him over to his dutiful and loving son?"

"I don't suppose anything of the kind," said the young man, angrily. "I have right and might on my side, and I am going to have my father within five minutes, or know the reason why."

Fergus put the bos'n's whistle to his lips, and blew a prolonged whistle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERY FEW WORDS.

There are 75,000 words in Webster's Dictionary, and no living man knows one-half or one-third of them. It is astonishing what a number of superfluous words there are in our language. Shakespeare, who had the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8000, but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3000 or 4000 words. The ordinary person can get along very comfortably with 500 words, and in the rural districts a knowledge of 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through his life. This of course refers to the needs of conversation. If a man wants to read newspapers and well-written books, he must know at least 3000 words.

QUEER DISHES OF VARIOUS PEOPLES.

"What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink."
—Beaumont and Fletcher: Love's Cure.

The palate is the queerest part of our anatomy, and the most unreliable. It is absolutely no safeguard against poisonous ingredients, as it will reject bitter though wholesome condiments, food or medicines, and readily accept sweet but poisonous ingredients. Then the palate may be cultivated to accept what it has heretofore rejected. Nearly everybody has to acquire the taste for olives, and it takes years for many people to learn to like such a delicacy as raw oysters. So that, when we read that other people esteem as delicacies what we abhor, it need occasion no surprise. Indeed, the people of our own country differ in their tastes to a remarkable extent. How many Northern people, for instance, would care about sitting down to a dinner of opossum or raccoon? Is there any Eastern hunter who would eat a roasted rattlesnake, as many a Western hunter will do? In several of the Western States calves' and sheep's liver is given away by the butcher, while the Eastern butcher sells it for twenty cents a pound. Clams are considered a choice delicacy in the New England States, while the Western man calls them tough and unsavory. In the Southern States a great many tropical fruits are eagerly devoured which Northerners regard with repulsion. Alligator pears, guavas, mama zepotas, mangoes and sugar apples are really excellent fruits, but you must learn to like them. Remember that it is only within a few years that the delicious banana has found its way to any great extent into Northern and Western markets.

There are some foreign luxuries, however, which very few Americans could educate their palates to pass without challenge. It is not probable that we could ever come to like whale-oil as a drink or blubber as meat, and the birds'-nest pudding of the Chinese will long remain an exclusively celestial tidbit. As for the Chinese fondness for cats, rats and mice, that may be dismissed as a slander. Whatever the Chinese may eat in their own country when forced by hunger, it is certain that they do not eat such animals from choice. A Chinaman eats chicken before anything else, and the average laundryman is a high liver and an epicure. Even the native of Zanzibar, who calls a puppy stew a royal feast, must not be hastily condemned, because our native Indians have the same taste, and really, when you think over it, a dog is much more cleanly and particular in his eating than a pig or a chicken—two animals that will eat anything they can swallow.

But what shall we say of the Polynesians, who are very fond of sharks' flesh quite raw? The Cubans also eat sharks' flesh, although they cook it. The shark is openly sold in the Havana markets. On the Gold Coast the natives not only eat sharks, but go a step further, and make many a meal off alligators and hippopotami. Coming back to our continent, it is surprising to hear that the New Brunswickers find a special charm in the nose of the moose deer.

Among the natives of Malabar and the islands of the Indian Archipelago there is a species of bat which is considered good eating. Nor are the natives alone in their taste. Naturalists call it the edible bat, and its flesh is said to be white, tender and delicate. At the same time, we Americans beg to be excused from partaking. The Germans ate bears long before we did, and now the flesh is held by epicures to be superior to pork, the fat being white as snow. The tongue, the hams and the paws are the tidbits, although the sides and shoulders are not to be despised. Yet the bear is a repulsive creature, and not having a cloven foot, is unclean, according to the Mosaic laws.

The Parisians eat horse-flesh, and declare that it equals venison in flavor, while Americans cannot be persuaded to touch it. Yet all authorities agree that it is fully equal to beef and much superior to ordinary mutton. In eating fish, tastes are very fanciful. Many people have a repugnance for eels, and the eating of frogs' legs is certainly a cultivated taste. Many Eastern people would as soon eat a shark as a sturgeon, yet the sturgeon is in great gastronomic favor out West. So with many varieties of vegetables, which one people call luxuries and other people detest. Perhaps in the years to come the various peoples of the world will become so thoroughly assimilated that every nation's taste will be the same. The French taught us to eat tomatoes, and some day the Cubans may teach us to like shark-meat. Who knows?

HEALTHFUL EXERCISES.

BY PROF. C. F. FUDGE.

PART I.—LIGHT DUMB-BELLS.

The most simple exercise for the acquisition of health and strength is had with dumb-bells. It lacks the element of danger so attractive to boys, but it possesses the superior merit of being peculiarly a home exercise, and especially adapted for girls and those boys who are physically unfitted for the boisterous sports of the gymnasium. No specially arranged apartment is necessary, nor any special garments except those allowing free movement of the arms.

Of course, as exercising the arms acts directly upon the muscles of the chest and indirectly upon the lungs, there should always be plenty of fresh air in the exercising room. The expansion of the lungs with fresh air cannot fail to be beneficial; for that reason physicians often recommend dumb-bells.

It is best to have some systematic time for their use—not less than fifteen minutes to half an hour a day, and longer, if possible—but they may be picked up at any moment, even though they be discarded before a dozen movements have been made.

Dumb-bells are not intended to exhibit the amount of strength we may possess, as some boys seem to imagine, but for the purpose of increasing that strength.

The weight of the dumb-bells should be regulated by the physical capabilities of the persons who are to use them. Above all, avoid having them too heavy.

For persons of delicate constitution, a half-pound wooden bell is heavy enough, and a two-pound iron bell is sufficiently heavy for almost any boy or girl. For lifting purposes, or to exhibit feats of strength, any weight from five pounds up may be used.

Heavy dumb-bells strain the muscles, and are a detriment instead of a benefit; with light weights the improvement is gradual, but more lasting.

Cast-iron dumb-bells are generally used by boys, and they cost about six cents a pound. Wooden dumb-bells can be bought for fifty cents a pair.

An important point to be observed in dumb-bell exercise is to use both arms with equal weights; otherwise one side of the body will be cultivated at the expense of the other, and much of the benefit lost.

EXERCISES.

Before beginning, take a position perfectly

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

erect, as shown in Fig. 1; shoulders thrown back, toes turned out, heels together, hands straight down by the sides, tightly grasping the dumb-bells.

Exercise 1.—Raise the right hand up to the shoulder (Fig. 2); then the left hand in the same manner; extend one hand up the full length of the arm, then the other; after which lower both together to the sides. Repeat a number of times, quickening the motion at each repetition.

Exercise 2.—Raise the right arm horizontally, as in Fig. 4; lower it, do the same with the left, then both together.

Exercise 3.—Elevate the dumb-bells high above the head, as in Exercise 1 (Fig. 3), but without breaking the movement.

Exercise 4.—Raise the hands together, outward from the sides until they meet overhead (Fig. 4). Repeat several times.

Fig. 3.

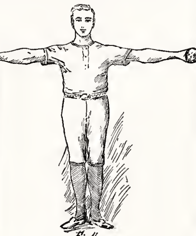


Fig. 4.

Exercise 5.—Bring both hands to position (Fig. 2), and thrust them forward or sideways alternately, then together.

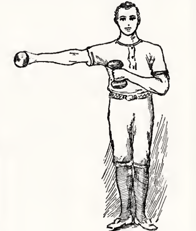


Fig. 5.

Exercise 6.—Bring the arms up to position (Fig. 2), but with the dumb-bells held vertically; separate them to their fullest extent, bring the right hand across the breast (Fig. 5), then the left, both hands moving to the right or left at the same time.

Exercise 7.—Bring the dumb-bells up alternately, then together as in Fig. 6.

Exercise 8.—Raise both arms to position (Fig. 7); separate them horizontally to position (Fig. 4); lower to the sides and repeat.

Exercise 9.—Elevate the hands to Fig. 4; bring them to position (Fig. 2); raise to position (Fig. 3), and return to Fig. 4.

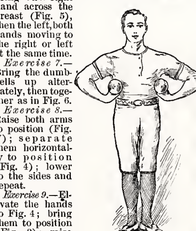


Fig. 6

Exercise 10.—Swing the dumb-bells backward and forward by the sides. Increase the arc at each swing until the circle is as nearly complete as in Fig. 7. Bend the body slightly forward as the dumb-bells swing down, and backward as they are swung up.

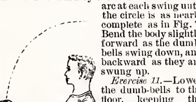


Fig. 7

Exercise 11.—Lower the dumb-bells to the floor, keeping the arms straight by the sides by bending the knees.

Exercise 12.—Lower the dumb-bells to the floor by bending the body forward at the hips (Fig. 8), and then resume an upright position.

Exercise 13.—Bend forward at the hips, as in Fig. 8, and while in that position, lower and raise the dumb-bells to the armpits, alternately at first, then together.

Exercise 14.—Raise the right hand sideways to position Fig. 4, and the foot at the same time; and the same with the left.

Exercise 15.—Or raise the hands and foot forward, as in Fig. 9.

Exercise 16.—Raise both hands, as in Exercise 4, until they meet back of the head.

Exercise 17.—Swing the bells by your side until they meet before and behind.

Fig. 8

Exercise 18.—From position Fig. 3 lower the arms to Fig. 2, and from here carry down to Fig. 8, and return to first position.

Exercise 19.—Holding the dumb-bells as in Fig. 4, swing both arms forward freely until the dumb-bells describe two complete circles.

The exercises described will necessarily be performed slowly at first, but, with increasing strength and skill, they may be gone through with more rapidly. If the result, however, is a greatly accelerated action of the heart, the exercise should be discontinued for the time being.

The exercises may be gone through with in the order given above, or any one of them be repeated indefinitely. It is best to vary them, however, to relieve the monotony.

Next week a few exercises with heavy dumb-bells will be given.

Fig. 9

Practical Hints on Taxidermy.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CUTHELL.

ON PRESERVING THE SKINS AND HEADS OF ANIMALS.

Although the manner of setting up animals is somewhat similar to that of birds, the mode of preserving the skin and furs is very different. Whereas a bird has a most delicate skin, and is eventually put into a glass case out of the dust, an animal's hide, in nine cases out of ten, is either used as a carriage or hearth-rug, or a footstool, or, as in the case of a head, hung unprotected against the wall.

As in all probability tiger and buffalo skins will not come in the way of the reader of these lines, it is rather such small denizens of our woods as foxes' heads, wildcats, minks, beavers, weasels, moles or muskrats they will be anxious to preserve. But the following hints apply equally to a tiger skin or a squirrel's.

Let us begin by imagining we have a fine large mink. Lay the animal on its back, and with a sharp knife make a long, straight, but not too deep cut, from the centre of the lower jaw to the end of the tail. Then cut down the legs on the underneath side till the cut down the centre of the body is reached.

Now separate the skin from the body. If the animal has been badly shot, wash the skin thoroughly in cold soap and water. Place it in water for twenty-four hours. Then take it out and scrape it well from any fat; skin the ears on the inside and plunge it into a hot solution of one part salt and two parts alum, and just enough water to cover the skin.

The solution should not be hotter than the hand can bear, and the skin should be left in it twenty-four hours.

Then stretch the skin, hair downward, on a board, nailing it with tacks round the edge. Be careful to get it the proper shape, and that one side is not more stretched than the other.

Next apply a paste made of one part finely-powdered alum, two parts chalk. When this is dry, beat it off with a stick, and apply some more where the skin seems still to contain grease.

After this remove the skin from the board when quite dry, and the more it is rubbed with the hand the softer it will become.

Another process is to wash the skin well, and to peg it out on the ground or on a board, to rub it well with wood ashes, and to sprinkle it with carbolic acid and water in proportion of one part to thirty. Then with a knife cleanse the skin most thoroughly of every particle of flesh or fat, and rub in more wood ashes till there is no grease left. Then keep the skin perfectly dry till you have an opportunity of sending it to a tanner's.

But no skin or fur, whether tanned or not, should ever be put in the sun. A good shaking and hanging out in the air is the best thing for it.

It is obvious that if a skin is to be used as a rug, the use of arsenic or other poisons is out of the question, though where an animal is to be set up and put in a glass case, like a weasel or a squirrel, this rule does not apply.

In this latter case an incision is made between the fore-legs and down the belly, large enough to allow of the animal's body being extracted.

The skin, when properly cleaned from fat and flesh, is plunged into cold carbolic acid and water, in proportion of one part carbolic to forty of water.

After lying in this for a week, it can be taken out and freely anointed with arsenical soap previous to setting up.

And now for the treatment of the head of a horned animal.

Within six or eight hours of the death of the beast, cut off the head with a long neck. Cut the skin down the back of the neck as far as the two horns. Should the animal have no horns, this is unnecessary; should it have spiral horns, cut only up to one and round the other.

Then remove the skin entirely from the skull, taking care that the skin round the eyes does not get injured, as it is a most delicate place. The skin there is so thin, and lies so close to the bone.

Hang the head up in an outhouse, and scrape and clean at leisure. Saw off a bit of the skull and remove the brains. On no account lose the lower jaw-bones when they become detached.

Horns that will come off the bone—such as antelopes' sheeps' or goats'—soak for a day or two in a tub of water, a week or two after the animal has been killed.

Wash the skin well in soap and water, removing all the bits of meat. Split the lips, and skin up the ears from the inside as far as you can, removing as much meat from them as can be filled in afterward with cotton wool and not detected from the outside when the head is set up.

Then place the skin in a jar of carbolic acid and water, enough to cover it, and let it remain there for six or eight weeks, until opportunity occurs to set up the head. It could even be packed up and sent away like this, as it were, in pickle. If the skin be much stained with extravasated blood, a few hours' soaking in water will draw it out.

Next for the setting-up process.

Take the skull and fasten the upper and lower jaws in their places with wire. Set the skull on a wooden neck the same length as the natural one, and set this neck on to a wooden shield to hang against the wall. Be careful to set the neck at a natural angle to the head. A deer holds his nose very high; a pig very low.

If preferred, the shield can be dispensed with, and the staple by which to hang the head fixed in the wooden neck through the skin. In many instances a solid wooden neck would be too heavy; but a small one filled out with tow, and fastened into the hole in the skull through which the brains were extracted, will answer the purpose just as well.

Fill the cavities in the skull for the eyes with putty, and put some wool under the jaws, some putty to form the nose, and enough to give a thickness to the nose.

Then insert the glass eyes, which, in the case of a large animal, can be made from French wine bottles by breaking out the kick at the bottom. But manufactured eyes are much preferable. I have frequently bought cases of white glass eyes and painted them at the back the right color.

While on the subject of eyes, it may be mentioned that carnivorous animals have the light in the eye down the eye from top to bottom, while granivorous animals have it across.

Next take the skin out of the solution and smear the inside well with a paste of arsenical soap. Put some wool into the ears, and draw the skin over the skull like a glove. Sew up the cut at the back with a shoemaker's awl. With a few tacks nail the skin on to the shield, and put a few stitches into the mouth to keep it properly closed.

A few pinches and touches will set the head, as it dries, into its natural form. When nearly dry, comb and brush the hair.

A common mistake is to put wool or putty where there is no meat, which detracts from the wild look of the animal.

Only use white medicated carbolic acid crystal; it liquefies in little warmth. Carbolic acid is a poison, and will burn the hands and clothes if not carefully handled. The antidote is oil. But when used in the proportion of one to forty parts of water, it will do no harm. The nose and lips of a head can be touched up with a little Brunswick black, and the horns oiled.

In conclusion, let me beg no boy to be discouraged with his first attempt, as often fine furred animals, like a fox, look very woe-begone on first emerging from the solution, but improve vastly as they begin to dry and the hair to stand out naturally.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

What *would* they do without it—
That creaky old rocking-chair,
That stands in the nursery corner?
It's a treasure they couldn't spare.

For, excepting when mamma is rocking
The baby, who thinks it fun—
Why, it isn't a chair; it's a dozen—
A score of things all in one.

It's a cozy family carriage,
With lamps and with trappings brave,
And little Johnny's the driver,
And Willy the footman grave.

It's a steam-car, going to Boston,
Under management somewhat queer,
For Willy's the small conductor,
And Johnny's the engineer.

It's a ferry-boat, crossing the river
On a dreadfully foggy day,
With tootings through paper trumpets,
And collisions upon the way.

It's a steamer sailing the ocean,
A hundred miles from land,
And Johnny's the mate, with a spyglass,
And Willy is in command.

It's a galloping-horse. Would you think it?
It *has* been a big balloon,
A-floating so lightly and gaily,
'Way up to the sun and moon.

And the dreadfully creaky condition
That old rocking-chair is in,
Is because of the wonderful journeys
And the manifold things it's been!

A "STRIKE" ON SHIPBOARD.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

It is seldom that a whaler has a better crew than had the ship Andromache, during a voyage that I once made in her. The greater part of her hands were young men with high and just aspirations in the business they had adopted. Our boat-steerers were fine, capable fellows, and as to our three mates, they were men who went about their duties in a sturdy, sensible manner, without abusing those under them.

But there was one serious drawback to our content. Our captain, besides being a harsh man, was so extremely close-fisted as to begrudge us every mouthful of provision that we consumed. Interested in the vessel as a part owner, he appeared to think that we were really doing him an injury by eating at all; so that whenever a new barrel of beef was "broken out," as the term is, we were sure to hear a violent outburst from him about our wastefulness.

Nevertheless, in the earlier part of the voyage we fared tolerably well in spite of his fault-finding. While he confined himself to mere words, we could put down the "salt junk" in silence, and feel equal to a twenty-mile pull at the oars or a twelve hours' task at "cutting in." However weary we might be, it was a great satisfaction to reflect that a good solid meal of beef and bread awaited us at the end of our work.

But at length there came a change. We were cruising in the South Atlantic, away down by Tristan de Acuuha, when the "old man," as we called him, introduced a "reform" in our manner of living, putting us on an allowance of one pound of beef and bone per day for each man, with but a short supply of bread.

A pound of *clear* beef, with a fair quantity of bread, might have sufficed; but the beef and bone were weighed out together, and it often happened that there was as much bone as meat.

Whales were abundant, but somewhat wild, and we had many a long chase for nothing, although tolerably successful upon the whole. Whenever a whale was killed, if the ship happened to be to the leeward, he must be towed to her by long and tedious rowing; and then came the cutting, the hoisting, and all the incidental work of the occasion.

A man who has been all day pulling at an oar, or at work upon a whale alongside of the ship, cannot be satisfied with a bare ox-bone and a bit of "hard-bread" for his supper: he has need of something more sustaining. Yet this was the fare that the steward dealt out to us day after day—and this, too, while we were well aware that the ship had on board an abundance of provisions. Of course, we complained loudly; but it was to no purpose.

The chief mate, who saw how poorly we were supplied, and who was not in favor of starving us, laid our case before the captain, telling him that we had not half enough to eat, and were constantly grumbling in consequence; but he was simply told to attend to his own business.

The ship-keeper and the boat-steerers had the same fare as the foremast hands, and were equally as discontented. The condition of things had become intolerable, and we determined upon a "revolution." It should be a "peaceable revolution," but effective and complete.

"No more whaling on empty stomachs," we said; "let the full-fed ones catch the whales."

It was settled that the ship-keeper should be our spokesman to the captain, presenting our ultimatum as to what we would and would not do. No positive mutiny should be set on foot, no criminal act committed; but either we must have a full allowance of provisions or the ship must be headed for home—otherwise we would refuse duty.

Having decided upon our course of action, we marched aft in a body to the quarter-deck, the ship-keeper carrying our last "kid" of beef, which contained a bone almost as large as a quadrant and nearly of the same shape.

I suppose we were rather a quaint-looking company, in our sailor caps and trowsers, as we shuffled along with our grim spokesman in the van, tugging the "kid" of beef.

"Captain Winthrop," said the old tar, respectfully, "the crew ask me to speak for 'em, and I have brought aft their allowance to show you what sort of fare they have. You see this big bone, sir, and can judge for yourself how much meat will be left when the weight of this is taken out. I speak for the boat-steerers and myself, as well as for the for'ard hands. What we want is a full allowance of meat and bread, sir, and we can't work without it."

He put the "kid" down on the deck, and held up the huge beef bone, with its thin covering of meat and gristle.

"I don't care what you want!" roared the captain, savagely. "I'm not going to have you running to me with every bone you happen to find in a piece of beef! Go forward—all of you—and don't let me hear any more of your grumbling! I'm captain of this ship, and I shall feed you as I think best!"

"Well, sir," replied the ship-keeper, in a decided tone, "then we ask you to head the ship for home—our whaling is up!"

"Ah!" ejaculated the captain, "your whaling is up, is it? Mutiny, you rascals! mutiny, eh?"

"No, sir, there is no mutiny. We will go to work the moment you agree to feed us as we ought to be fed, but not before, except so far as to take the ship home."

"You're a fine lot of mutineers, I must say!" cried the commander. "And as for you, ship-keeper, I've a good mind to put you in irons! Refuse duty, do you? I'll see whether or not you'll obey orders when the time comes!"

We went forward, even the helmsman leaving his post, so that the officers had to steer. It was our resolution not to touch brace or bowline, tuck or sheet, unless one or the other of our demands should be complied with; and should a huudred whales come alongside, they might remain there undisturbed for aught that we would do to molest them. Yet we really did hope to see a spout, as this, we felt, would at once bring matters to a climax.

On the day previous we had chased a considerable school unsuccessfully, and it might at any moment be re-discovered. Although we had "given up whaling," we had never been more anxious to fall in with whales.

After a time, Captain Winthrop determined to tack ship, in his search for the lost school.

"All hands stand by for stays!" he cried, in a peremptory manner.

But we sat calmly under the bulwarks or on the windlass, paying not the least heed to the command.

Then, with vengeance expressed in every look and motion, he sprang to the work himself, assisted by his officers, and further reinforced by the cook and steward, who were full fed, because they fed themselves.

The third-mate was at the wheel; the captain himself attended the lee-braces, the others tugged away at the weather ones, and so, after a time, they got the ship around. But the volley of abuse and threatenings that we had to bear when this was accomplished, would have startled any one but a sailor.

Off went the ship on the opposite tack, and still we lounged idly about, some of us on deck and the others in the forecastle.

"You, steward," we heard the captain say, "don't you weigh out another mouthful of grub for the men till they return to duty! Cook, take care that they get nothing from the galley!"

The affair was getting complicated. Could it be that after all we must resort to force?

"If it comes to that," said one of the boat-steerers, "we'll stop the steward from taking auy grub into the cabin. We'll just tell the cook to stand aside, and we'll do our own cooking."

"I hope we shall raise that school of whales again before night," remarked one of our young fellows. "We ought to have kept our lookouts aloft, the same as ever."

"No," replied tbe ship-keeper; "we've nothing more to do with lookouts. Let the old man find whales for himself—we're out of that business."

"But then, you know," said another, "the sooner we raise one, the sooner we'll bring the old man to his senses."

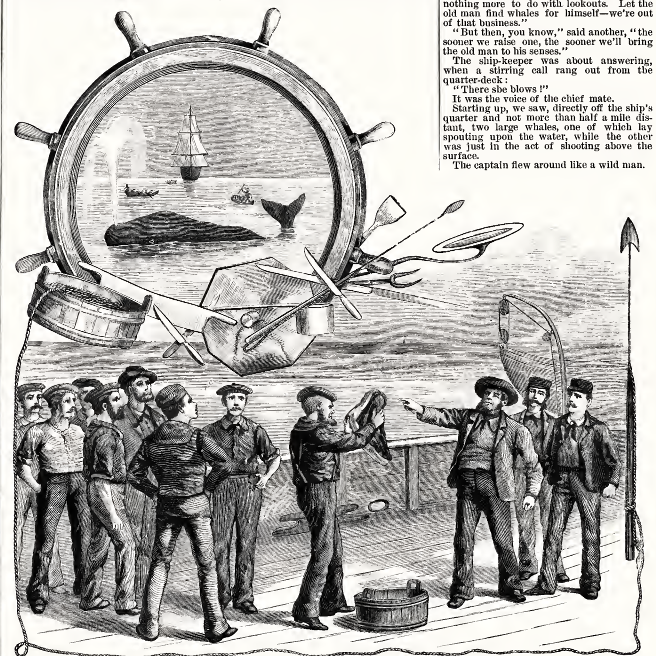
The ship-keeper was about answering, when a stirring call rang out from tbe quarter-deck:

"There sbe blows!"

It was the voice of the chief mate.

Starting up, we saw, directly off the ship's quarter and not more than half a mile distant, two large whales, one of which lay spouting upon the water, while the other was just in the act of shooting above the surface.

The captain flew around like a wild man.



"WE WANT TWO POUNDS OF BEEF TO A MAN AND A POUND OF BREAD," REPLIED THE SHIP-KEEPER.

"Heave aback that main yard!" he shouted, looking straight at us.

We made no motion more than deaf men might have done. When he rushed forward, stamped upon the deck, and shook his fist in our faces.

"You mutinous scoundrels," he cried, "I'll have every one of you imprisoned for ten years as soon as I get ashore! Heave aback that yard, I tell you!"

"Captain Winthrop," said the ship-keeper, "do you think that hungry men—men half starved—are going to catch whales for you? All these men, sir, would be as glad to catch them as you would. They will obey you the moment you give them enough to eat; but they won't pull round a yard or lower a boat as the case stands."

"We're running right away from the whales every minute!" exclaimed the commander, whirling about on his heel. "Mr. Brown, let go that lee main brace! Mr. Wells, grab hold here with me! Here, cook! here, steward! stir your stumps, and rouse away to get this yard round!"

And flying to the quarter, he seized the weather brace.

"It's of no use to heave to, Captain Win-

throp," said the chief mate; "the men won't go in the boats."

"No use, you say, Mr. Wells? I'll make it of use. They *shall* go!"

So they hauled the yard aback, and the ship's course was stopped—the whales all the while spouting in plain view, as if waiting for us to come and get them.

Then the little drama went on—the captain stamping and threatening, and the crew standing dumb and immovable, without the least sign of excitement.

We would not man the boats; we would not do a single thing except to stand there and listen.

"What do you want?" he at length cried. "How much can you get down your good-for-nothing throats?"

Ah, ha! he was coming around. We knew that our point was gained the moment that he jerked out those savage questions.

"We want two pounds of beef to a man—bones and all—and a pound of bread," replied the ship-keeper. "If we find it to be more than we need, we will report to you, sir; but that is what we ask for *now*."

"There's a ship in sight to windward, sir," called the mate just at this moment.

If anything further had been needed to turn the scale in our favor, it was precisely this.

A ship in sight! This meant that our terms must be closed with at once, or the stranger would get the whales, though she could not yet have discovered them.

The captain's common sense got the better of his stubbornness. He would not put out his own eyes to spite his crew.

"Well," he snarled, impatiently, "return to your duty and man the boats at once. Consider this matter settled—you shall have what you have asked for."

Still we did not move.

"We want the thing well understood on both sides," said the ship-keeper, "so that there'll be no trouble in future. You agree that every man in the steerage and forecastle shall have a daily allowance of two pounds of meat and a pound of bread?"

"Yes, yes! What do you mean? Can't you believe me? Turn to and man the boats, men."

"Two pounds of meat and a pound of bread," calmly repeated the ship-keeper, "and the allowance to begin to-day."

"Yes, yes, yes! two pounds of meat and a pound of bread, and the allowance to begin to-day. I agree to all this."

"Then, sir," was the reply, "it is all settled, and we return to duty."

"Down with the boats!" cried the captain.

And in a few minutes we were pulling off from the ship with strong, sweeping strokes.

That evening we had both the large whales alongside, and were refreshed after our labor by a plentiful supper which the cook had prepared in our absence.

During the voyage we had no further trouble about provisions, and the Andromache finally arrived home full of oil, with all hands in excellent spirits.

[*This Story began in No. 4.*]

HAL'S HOLIDAY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN

AUTHOR OF "BEND OR BREAK," "PLUCK; OR, THE SENATE PAGE," "GRIT AND GRIP," "DAME TROT; OR, HEART AND HEAD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE FIND.

Hal, Will and Lee sprang forward at the call.

"T-r-r-raitors! t-r-r-reason!" exclaimed Jose, rolling his eyes and "r's" together, in wild excitement.

"Behold here!" "A bear!" "A wolf!" "Cubs!" "What?" were the breathless queries.

"No, no!" answered Jose, gesticulating like a supple jack—"worse! Guns! powder! knives! See!"

"Pshaw!" replied Will and Lee, in deep disgust, as their eyes fell on the objects that had so excited Jose. "I thought you had found something! Two kegs of powder! half a dozen guns!"

"Half a dozen!" said Hal, who was investigating the other side of the cave. "Look! here are a hundred more at least, all wrapped in straw, and two more powder-kegs and shot! I tell you, fellows, this looks like hunting, sure enough!"

"It looks like more than hunting to me," remarked Lee Burritt, gravely. "One hundred and twenty guns—four kegs of powder! Hal, this means mischief, sure!"

"We are in one r-r-robbers' den," declared Jose, dramatically. "We will all be killed, if we don't fly."

"Robbers' den!" laughed Hal. "Why, a respectable pickpocket wouldn't waste his time here if he was given the run of the whole mountain ridge. I don't suppose there is such a thing as a purse outside of Forrest Hall."

"But there's plenty inside of Forrest Hall," rejoined Lee, significantly.

"Maybe they are going to attack the old roost," said Hal, with sparkling eyes. "Wouldn't that be high, boys—while we are all up here, you know?"

"I tell you what *I* think," answered Lee. "Didn't you say your grandfather meant to turn all his old hands off, and employ new ones?"

Hal nodded.

"Well, perhaps the old hands don't intend to go without a row, and they're getting ready for it."

"That's it," said Hal, eagerly, "that's the very thing. They're going to have the biggest kind of a row, and we're in for it, boys."

"Something ought to be done," continued Lee.

"Let's capture the guns, and blow up the powder," suggested Hal, whose eyes were dancing gleefully at the prospect of a tremendous lark. "Jing! wouldn't it make a crash? They would think it was an earthquake for miles around."

"No, sir; no blowing of that sort for me," objected Will. "Remember that train we fired at school last election day. There wasn't more than half a pound of powder in that, and I came near going to the clouds with it, and haven't seen straight with my right eye since. And as for capturing one hundred and twenty guns, how many do you think you could get out of here and down to Forrest Hall? Try it! Four boys—for Otis doesn't count—four boys into one hundred and twenty guns."

"Thirty guns apiece for us," said Hal, who was always stumped by sober mathematics. "Well, no, we couldn't manage it. But I assure you, fellows, this is no joke. It's serious," said Hal, putting his hands in his pockets and endeavoring to assume the gravity befitting the master of Forrest Hall. "Grandfather left me in his place, and it's my business to attend to this."

"Telegraph to your grandfather to come up," advised Lee, who was always level-headed.

"Oh, he can't!" answered Hal, hastily; "he said he couldn't. When you're in politics, like grandfather, you have to let family matters slide. You can't have the whole country going to wrack and ruin while you're minding affairs at home. Besides, the old gentleman's awful hot-headed, and might do something rash."

"Hold me, sonny; you know my temper," parenthesised Will, with mock gravity.

"Exactly," said Hal. "Grandfather's temper, when he gets it well up, is something tremendous. I want to keep out of his way, I know. And then he's old, and excitement isn't good for him. No, I can't send for grandfather, that's plain."

"Then what can you do?" asked Lee.

"Get home as quick as we can, put Forrest Hall in a state of defense, and tell them to come on," said Hal, boldly. "The old Hall is as good a fort as you'd want, and we could pepper them from the windows."

"And they might pepper us from the doors," laughed Lee. "No, Hal; don't venture on any such hot play. If you'll take my advice, you'll let 'sleeping dogs lie.' Write your grandfather about this find of ours, and until you hear from him, say nothing about it—not even at home or to the other fellows."

"Why not?" asked Hal.

"Well, you'd only alarm your aunt, and Paul is such a blab, and Ben— Well, it's just as well not to talk about it to Ben, either. I've got reasons for it, boys. Join hands all round, and promise, until we hear from General Forrest, to keep dark about this strange find."

There was a solidity about Lee that always turned the balance in his favor. Full of life and go as any of them, his two years seniority told in his riper judgment, his manlier thought. Too easy and good-natured usually to take an elder's stand among his comrades, when Lee did step forward as leader, the younger boys instinctively fell in line behind.

"All right," assented Hal. "I think Lee knows best, boys. Grip and promise!"

A grip and promise was an old-fashioned custom at Hollywood Hall that ratified all boyish engagements. From a grip and promise there was no backing out.

So the five friends joined hands all around and promised to keep dark, and the matter was for the time settled.

Two hours later old Link reappeared, leading about the worst specimen of a mule that ever kicked. He was bony, and mangy, and blind of one eye, and looked as if he would drop naturally to pieces if any one should even attempt to mount him.

But old Link nodded reassuringly when the boys hesitated to place their comrade on his back.

"Bad eye, bad bones, bad legs, but *sure foot*," said the old hunter—"sure foot is all we want now."

And "sure foot" the old grayback proved, as with the lame boy carefully strapped on his back, he picked his way down the mountain by ways that would try any mule's wits.

A dozen times he had to stop and roll his solitary eye around him, before he could decide upon his next step; but the step was always right—there was never a slip or a stumble—and just as the sun was going down in wintry splendor behind the mountains, the party of hunters, with only a gray mule and a crippled comrade to show for their day's exertion, arrived again at Forrest Hall.

Paul was still in bed; Ben was in the stables, petting the Arab, Selim, who was the pride of the old general's horses.

No one ever mounted Black Selim but the general himself. He had a stable of his own, fitted up with the polished wood and padded stall that became a horse of his noble lineage, and the softest straw, the best oats that hostlers could bestow.

For Black Selim knew his rights and maintained them. When things didn't suit him, he kicked, and "barked" his legs; and Black Selim's legs were worth at least five hundred dollars apiece.

"What made you leave us?" asked Hal, stepping up to Ben's side. "Where have you been all day?"

"Loafing round," answered Ben. "I left you because Paul Brace said something ugly, and I don't want to lick him if I can help it, while I'm up here."

"But Paul left, too," said Hal. "Haven't you seen him?"

"No. I've only been here a little while. Been round at the soup-house, and works, and mines. Never was in a mine before today. Queer places, aren't they? What luck did you have? Find any bears?"

"Not one. Otis got a fall, and sprained his ankle so he couldn't walk, and we all had to give up. But—"

Hal nearly bit his tongue off, he had to catch himself so quickly. He was just about to tell Ben of the "strange find."

Only the grip and promise restrained him, for "Ben is just the fellow to trust with a secret," argued Hal to himself, as they walked back together to the house. "Ben—fine old Ben! I'd trust him with my life."

From the window of his own room Lee Burritt watched the pair as they came through the snow-wreathed pines, side-by-side.

"I hate to tell Hal," he muttered. "It seems mean to throw an ugly suspicion on the fellow, though this looks, I must say, like he was playing a queer game, a very queer game, indeed."

And Lee drew from his pocket a torn card that he had picked up in the cave beside the powder-kegs this morning. On it was scrawled, in rude characters, the few words that had startled Lee into sudden prudence:

"All safe yet. When the time comes you'll hear of it. Ben Ashton is watching Forrest Hall, and will let us know."

"He's a rough, there's no denying," thought Lee, who, with all his good-nature, was patrician to the core, "but I can't believe he is the double-faced villain this seems to make him. I'll wait. Hal promised to write to his grandfather to-night, and maybe the old gentleman will come up and investigate matters. Until then I'll wait, and watch, too."

CHAPTER XX.

SNOWED UP.

"Oh, Lou, look!" said Lillian, as, a few days after the hunt, she sprang out of bed and pressed her pretty nose against the window-pane. "The world is out of sight. We are up in the clouds in earnest."

Miss Lou looked and shrieked. Mountain and valley alike had vanished; above, below, around her, was a gray, feathery veil, soft, fleecy, impenetrable. Even the pines were invisible. Forrest Hall seemed, indeed, to have slipped its solid moorings in the night, and drifted off into the clouds.

"What has happened?" gasped Miss Lou, catching her companion's arm. "Lillian, what is it?"

"Snow," laughed Lillian—"a regular old-fashioned snow. Isn't it splendid?"

"Splendid!" ejaculated Miss Lou. "Why, we'll be blocked up: we'll be buried alive. I never, never saw snow like this."

"Of course you haven't," said Lillian, merrily. "You've never spent a Christmas in the mountains before. Oh, isn't it soft and white and beautiful? and won't it be fun to be snowed up?"

From appearances Lillian was likely to have all the fun of that kind she wanted. All day long, the soft, feathery flakes continued to fall in the same blinding clouds.

For awhile it seemed jolly enough. The boys, muffled up in fur caps and great-coats, tumbled gleefully around in the drifts, shoveling paths to the stables and outbuildings, passage-ways to buried gates, pelting each other with snowballs, and disporting themselves generally with the wild delight that a snow-storm awakens in every boyish breast.

But this snow-storm was too much of a good thing, even for a school-boy. As hour after hour it came persistently down, blocking the paths they had cleared and the gates they had opened, the young guests began to grow weary, and gathered around the big library fire, content to let old Winter have the rest of the fun to himself. They had had enough of it.

"There will be a block-up, certain, if it keeps on like this," observed Will Bond. "No team can get through the mountains."

"'Heaviest snow they've had up here for ten years,' Tom, the hostler, says," added Lee Burritt.

"Grandfather can't get up now," said Hal. "Muller was here this evening. He says the twelve-forty train had not arrived at Kenwood then, and it was five o'clock."

"Was he up there?" asked Lee.

"Yes," replied Hal. "He goes for the mail every day now, since he missed the bag. Odd, wasn't it? for that fellow who stole it to give his name as Bob Jones. Mr. Conrad says if he ever lays his eye on him he'll have him in jail if he has to carry him every foot of the way."

"Was there money in the bag?" inquired Lee, thoughtfully.

"We don't know what was in it. There was a letter for Muller from grandfather. Conrad knew that by its frank. He thinks there were orders from him in it the hands wanted to see, so as to be ready for them. He is bothered about it, I know, and now the mails are stopped we can't hear anything."

Paul Brace was seated in the corner of the sofa, reading. He did not lift his eyes, but his head was ringing; the page before him was a blur; he dared not trust himself to speak.

But no one thought of watching him. Lee's glance was on Ben—Ben, who, with one arm thrown over the mantle, was looking into the glowing heart of the great back-log, as if he saw pictures there that made him think.

"He doesn't *look* like a scoundrel and a spy," was Lee's mental comment, "but I can't help suspecting, after that bit of card I found, that he knows about the mail-bag, too. He's always been surly and shy with all the fellows but Hal, and he wants money the worst way for clothes and books. Maybe he knows some of these roughs up here, and they've paid him to come up and play into their hands. He could do it easy enough."

Lee's perplexity had made him quite grave for the last day or two. He scarcely knew how to act or think. For an honest, open nature there is no burden so heavy as a suspicion concealed.

"I'll sound the fellow," Lee suddenly resolved. "I'll find out, if I can, whether he is a friend or foe."

The other boys had scattered to different parts of the room, leaving Ben standing at the chimney-corner alone, and Lee drew near, and flung himself into an arm-chair in his usual careless way.

"I tell you a fire feels pleasant to-night," he began, somewhat far from the point. "I wonder how old Link stands this weather in his eave? What a queer old customer he is! But you didn't see him the other day, did you, Ben?"

"I've seen him—yes," was the brief reply.

"Why, you were not with us."

"No; but I am not afraid to walk alone. I've got legs, and use them."

"Well, I wouldn't care to walk alone very much up here," said Lee. "Too many shady characters around. I saw half a dozen men the other day that I wouldn't like to meet on a lonely road, if I had anything worth taking. And that mail-bag business looks like there was some mischief at work already, doesn't it?"

Ben lifted his deep-set, gray eyes and looked at Lee from head to foot. With the same keen instinct that makes the stag prick its ears long before it hears the bay of the loosened hounds, he *felt* that trouble was near—that Lee suspected him.

They had never been friends. With all his good nature, Lee lacked the warmth and sympathy that drew all hearts to Hal. He had always, in a quiet, gentlemanly way, made Ben feel beneath him.

Ben could despise Paul Brace, but Lee Burritt stung him into the barbarian again.

"What should I know about it?" he asked, roughly. "Do you think I took it?"

"You?" stammered Lee, all his diplomacy knocked to the winds by this bold attack—"you? Why—why—"

"Speak out, if you do," continued Ben, sternly. "Don't mince matters. I'm not afraid to hear what you've got to say."

"Don't be a fool," said Lee, with quiet scorn. "I don't intend to *say* anything."

"But you're thinking it," replied Ben, clenching his big hand on the chair by which he stood—"you're thinking something against me."

"What I *think* can make no possible difference to any one," answered Lee, with icy dignity.

But no dignity could chill the blood that was boiling in Big Ben's veins now.

"It *does* make a difference to me," he rejoined, fiercely. "I'll not be stamped upon without knowing whose boot-heel is doing it. There's something going on here to my injury. I've seen it—I've known it ever since the hunt. You're all—Hal and all of you are hiding something against me. I want to know what it is—I want to know it right now, and here!"

And Ben's voice rang out through the room in tones that reached every ear.

"Why, Ben, Ben!" exclaimed Hal, stepping to his side and laying a friendly hand on his arm.

"Hands off!" said Ben, rudely shaking himself free. "I don't want any soft sawder. Speak out, Lee Burritt. I don't play any underhand game—speak out, I say!"

"But I don't choose to speak out," replied Lee, deliberately.

"Then it's because you're a sneak and a coward, and afraid of this fist of mine," retorted Ben, shaking that brawny member full in Lee's face.

This was too much even for Lee's gentlemanly self-control. He sprang to his feet, every line of his handsome face quivering with indignation.

"I *will* speak, then, you scoundrel! I know you to be a ruffian—I believe you to be a villain and a spy! And this proves it." And Lee snatched the bit of torn card from his pocket, and flung it down on the hearth-rug at Hal's feet. "I picked that up in a cave where guns and powder were hidden for no good purpose," continued Lee, his eyes flashing like soldiers' steel. "Explain it, Ben Ashton, if you can!"

CHAPTER XXI.

CUT LOOSE.

Everybody saw it, for the boys had all gathered around the excited pair. Even Otis Fielding had managed to stagger forward on his lame leg, in his astonishment at this unprecedented scene.

There, full in their sight, was the evidence that even struck Hal speechless with bewildered dismay:

"All safe as yet. When the time comes, you'll hear of it. Ben Ashton is watching at Forrest Hall, and will let us know."

"I—I don't understand," said Hal, finding voice at last. "I don't know what it means."

"Ask him," said Lee, pointing scornfully to Ben, who stood staring at the bit of paper as if it were a serpent that had transfixed him. "Ask him what he is paid for playing the spy in the home to which he came as a friend."

Twice, thrice, Ben essayed to speak, but his voice failed him. At last words came through his clenched teeth.

"You lie!" he gasped, hoarsely.

"Do I?" said Lee, who was mastering himself and the situation again. "Hal, Will, boys, all, did any one of you ever know Lee Burritt to lie?"

"Never, never!" was the unanimous answer.

"Nor Ben either," added Hal, hastily.

"Let Ben speak for himself. I'm on the stand now," continued Lee. "When I say that I found that bit of paper in the cave, where we were waiting the other day, and that I slipped it into my pocket, so as to avoid any row like this, do you believe me?"

"Believe you? Why, of course we do!"

"That's enough then. What that paper means I don't pretend to know, but there it is before you. You can read what it says."

"It says that he is watching Forrest Hall," interposed Paul Brace, who saw a chance of shifting all responsibility on to Ben's shoulders. "That's what he's been dodging around so much for after dark."

"The—the scoundrel!" blurted forth honest Will Bond.

"Just what might be expected, Hal," said Otis Fielding.

But Hal said nothing. He stood there on the hearth-rug, looking from Ben to the paper and from the paper to Ben, while he rubbed his black curls up in a way that made them fairly stand on end.

Ben watching Forrest Hall! Ben a traitor at his hearthstone! Ben in league with hidden enemies—Big Ben Ashton! Hal was really struck dumb.

And Ben's eyes were on his face all the while, reading the doubt, the pain, the bewilderment there.

Hal suspected him with the rest. Hal believed him a spy and scoundrel, too.

He understood it all. He knew that once again he was the scapegoat for his father's sins.

But what could he say? Wicked and lawless as that father was, he was his father still. His son must shield him, spare him, while he could. To betray his presence on these heights would be to deliver him to prison—yes, doubtless, to death, for he had sworn never to be taken alive.

And Ben's face worked convulsively, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow, as at last, with difficulty, he spoke.

"I've got nothing to say. It wouldn't be any use if I had. It wouldn't be any use to tell you that I'd stand in that fire and let it burn every bit of flesh from my bones before I'd be the cur you think me. I'm not the same sort as the rest of you. I'm not a gentleman, but"—and the gray eyes flashed proudly—"I'm a man, or pretty nigh to one, and not the dog you'd make me. You needn't say anything, Hal. I couldn't expect any more of you, I know; but *I'd* stood by you and for you against the whole world, if it cost me my life. I'm going, and, for good or ill, I will never darken your doorstone again, you may be certain of that."

"Going!" cried Hal. "To-night, in this storm?" And, roused into action, he sprang forward and stood against the door. "Ben, you're mad! You can't, you shan't."

But Ben caught Hal in his arms lightly, as if he had been a two-year-old child, swung him aside, and passed out.

The great hall-door was flung open, and before any one could prevent, Big Ben was gone out into the wild winter night.

And such a night! The snow still fell in a blinding storm. Heaven and earth seemed alike to have vanished; there was no star, no light, no guiding ray visible above or below. The wind moaned through the mountain gorges like a creature in pain, bursting forth now and then in fierce gusts that sent the snow whirling before it in huge drifts, or thundering down the precipices in heavy slides.

All familiar objects had changed in look and shape. It seemed no longer a world into which Ben flung himself, but a chaos of cloud and darkness and storm.

But he cared neither for darkness nor storm to-night. The fierce passions slumbering in his own breast had been aroused in all their strength. He had been doubted, scorned, spurned as a base traitor from the very hearth which he had come, in the purest friendship, to defend. Even Hal, the boy he loved as Ben, in all his bare, dreary life, had loved only one other being—his dead mother—even Hal distrusted, nay, believed him the spy Lee Burritt called him.

And Ben pulled his coarse necktie loose at the thought. He felt as if he were choking—choking with grief and rage and shame.

"They've seen the last of me," he muttered, as he strode on knee-deep through the white wastes. "I'll never go near any of them again. I'll never go back to school with them. I'll just cut loose and go to the dogs, I reckon, where I belong. What's the good of book learning to me? What's the good of anything? Might as well try to climb up to the clouds with both legs fastened to chain and ball. That's what I am fastened to, and there's no getting rid of it. Father would drag me down if I was at the gate of paradise itself. I've been a fool, the blindest sort of a fool, to think I had any chance at all. Hal"—Ben forced back the big lump that would rise in his throat at that name—"Hal turned my head somehow with those taking ways of his. And that girl, Lillian Forrest—they'll tell her about it, what a scoundrel I am, and she'll believe them, and—and— Pshaw! what difference does it make? I've cut loose; I'm nothing to them, or a little worse than nothing, and they need be nothing to me."

And hardening his heart against all the tender, friendly memories that would rise before him, Ben plowed his way on through the storm, that was no colder, no fiercer than the bitter despair that filled his own breast.

Thicker and faster fell the snow, higher and higher grew the drifts. Every rock was a rounded hillock, every pine a sheeted ghost.

Already the one friendly gleam that fell upon his path from the windows of Forrest Hall had vanished, and Ben toiled on alone, blindly, despairingly—he knew not, he cared not where.

There was no place to which he could go, no friend to whom he could turn, no voice to lead, no light to guide him. For others the sun might rise, the heavens clear, but for him life must be always like this winter night—cold, dark, pitiless. The curse of Cain was on his brow—he was an outcast on the face of the earth.

And Ben grew harder and colder at the thought, and plunged on more recklessly, until he found himself waist deep in the drifts.

"I wonder where I am, and where I'm going?" he said, pausing at last, as he found the way was telling even on his giant strength. "Looks as if I might be lost! Lost!" he repeated, with a strange, short laugh. "Well, I'm not so precious that it will make much difference. No one will take any particular trouble to find me. There is no use in going on; I might as well lie down somewhere and rest, and if I freeze to death it's no matter. I'd just as lief end that way as any other. Can't keep on all night like this."

Ben glanced around him. Through the driving storm he could see some low pine trees, bending under their snowy burden, just beyond.

He made his way toward them, and found they formed a sort of thicket, that banked up the snow on every side, leaving a comparatively clear space within.

Tearing aside the snow-encumbered branches, Ben forced an entrance into this shelter, and, reckless of all consequences, pulled his old cap over his eyes and flung himself down to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG WIZARD.

BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

PART XV.—THE COFFEE TRICK—OLD STYLES AND NEW.

A favorite trick of Herrmann and other conjurers has been the production of smoking-hot coffee from dry coffee-beans, roasted or otherwise. It was always a popular trick, but has been improved almost out of recognition during the past ten years or so, and it may be interesting to describe the successive stages of its development.

Here, by-the-way, I may pause to give a word of counsel to such aspirants (and I hope there may be some among my readers) as have a real love for conjuring, and who regard it, not as the mere pastime of an idle hour, but as an art to be seriously studied and worthily illustrated.

To such I would say, Never be content with a trick. However good it may be, try to make it still better. The genuine conjurer is never satisfied. In the performance of a high-class wizard there is probably not a single trick performed in the precise shape in which it was first devised by the originator. An improvement has been made here, an alteration there, and a little addition somewhere else. The ingenuity of a dozen performers in succession has been expended upon it, till the rough outline of ten years ago has developed into the finished marvel of to-day; and to-morrow some new suggestion (the merest trifle, it may be) may make it more marvelous still.

The genuine conjurer will leave, as Robert Houdin did, the impress of his own talent upon every trick he performs.

Some of my readers, for instance, may have witnessed the performances of Hartz. Nominally, the leading items of his performance are old tricks, but the manner of their performance is unique, and differs both in method and effect from anything previously attempted.

Take, for instance, his inexhaustible hat. The articles found in the hat are not only different in kind from those usually produced, but five or six times as numerous in quantity; and this, notwithstanding that the feat is performed on an all but naked stage, affording apparently not even the smallest cover for concealment of any object. Silk pocket-handkerchiefs, champagne bottles, large-sized tumblers of colored glass, lighted lanterns of the same material, playing cards innumerable, and last, but not least, a grinning skull, rising spontaneously from the hat, are among the articles produced.

This modern miracle—for such it seems to any one not practically acquainted with the principles on which it is worked—has grown step by step from the old-fashioned trick of the cannon-ball and the baby-linen, which, with sundry of its earlier developments, has been described in these pages.

The familiar gold-fish trick and many others are expanded by Hartz in like manner, and yet he is never satisfied. I have known him work for days and weeks together, sometimes sitting up half the night, to work out some new improvement which may have suggested itself, or have been suggested to him in the course of conversation.

If his dramatic powers were equal to his talent as a conjurer, he would be the most popular, as he is certainly the most finished, of prestidigitateurs, and the student of sleight-of-hand can take no better model.

Reverting to the coffee trick; the original apparatus consisted of a tall cylindrical vase, standing fifteen inches or more in height, and made of tin, japanned in some ornamental design.

It consisted of three parts, A, B and C, represented in section in the illustration. A is the vase proper, and has a shallow tray (*a*) working up and down in it, but normally pressed upward, and kept at the top of the vase by the action of a spiral spring (*b*). On the under side of the tray in the centre is fixed, at right angles to it, a straight piece of stiff wire, terminating in a small hook (*c*). If the tray be pressed down as far as it will go, this hook travels down the stem of the vase, and hooks itself under the foot at the point *d*, thereby holding *a* securely down until *c* is again released.

This is the condition in which the vase is brought forward for use. B is a cylindrical cover fitting over the vase, but allowing space between for an intermediate portion (C), which is double-walled, consisting, in fact, of a sort of well, with the edges turned over and continued downward all round, so as to fit at once over and inside A.

This is filled with hot coffee, and brought forward inside B, to which it is attached by means of what is called a "bayonet catch," which for my present purpose I need not further explain than by saying that a turn of B to the right locks the catch, while a turn to the left unlocks it, and so releases C.

The coffee vase is used in conjunction with an oblong wooden box, of such a size as to allow of the vase being laid full length within it, with three or four inches to spare. This box is brought forward to the audience filled with coffee berries, the performer stirring them well about, so as to show that there is nothing else concealed in the box.

This done, he places it on a table or chair, and calls attention to the vase A, which he turns upside down, rattling his wand within it to prove that it is empty. He then says:

"I shall now fill the vase with coffee-berries from this box."

He accordingly plunges the vase, holding it by the foot, in the box, and fills it with berries, letting them immediately after pour out again, so as to give confirmatory evidence of the size and emptiness of the vase. Again he dips the vase in the box, but this time with the hand that is under the foot releases the hook.

The spring immediately forces *a* into the position shown in the figure.

With the other hand he presses the berries into the vase, and brings it up apparently full to the brim, but in reality having only a thin layer of berries three-quarters of an inch deep, at the top.

He then announces that he purposes to transform these dry berries into smoking hot coffee, and thereupon places the cover (B) on the vase.

The well forces *a* and the berries on it down to the bottom of the vase, and the hook *c* again attaches itself, and holds all down.

He then gives the necessary turn of B to the left, thereby releasing C, which, when he again removes, B is left inside A, whence the hot coffee is poured into cups for the benefit of the audience.

In a later form of the trick B was made in two portions, the upper part to a depth of about an inch below the shoulder being made to disconnect from the remainder. C also had an addition in the shape of another little tray, similar to *a*, fitting easily within the top of it, but not otherwise attached to it. This was filled with coffee-berries and placed in position within C before the latter was covered by B.

The trick was worked as already described up to the point where A, apparently filled with coffee-berries, is covered by B.

The performer remarks that A and B being so nearly alike in size, it is obvious that there is no room for any secret compartment in the latter; but, to place the matter beyond all possible doubt, he will take B to pieces.

So saying, he takes B off again (of course leaving the well in position), and detaches the top from the tubular portion. (The little tray of berries over the top of the well prevents the audience suspecting that anything has been introduced up to this point.)

He begins to put B together again, but, as if bethinking himself, says:

"No, I won't use this portion" (the tubular part) "at all. This little piece will be quite sufficient for my purpose."

So saying, he puts on the top only, and after a little appropriate hocus-pocus takes it off again, carrying off the little tray of berries within it, and exposing the hot coffee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEHIND THE TIMES.

The principal of a public school in Pennsylvania recently wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne asking for his autograph. He said that they proposed to hold a literary fair to get money for a school library. They evidently need a library. The ignorance of this principal reminds one of the society lady in London.

"Who is this Dean Swift they were talking about?" she asked a friend. "I would like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam!" replied the other, "the dean did something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! what was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

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SOME FAMOUS LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

So sweet is the idea of friendship that its name is one of the earliest upon our lips, and the latest to linger there. The capability to form deep and enduring friendship is one of the noblest and most beautiful in human nature, and the qualities that constitute a *good friend* reflect lustre upon the race.

A genial soil for friendship lies in reciprocity of intellectual taste. Hence it so frequently takes root during the progress of education. The fruits of knowledge are easily engrafted upon so generous a stock. The interwoven tendrils and buddings of genius communicate a strength and fragrance peculiar to themselves.

This perfect unity of feeling, which makes of two individuals one being, was well displayed in the memorable friendship of Beaumont and Fletcher, "whose labors were so combined that no critic can detect the mingled production of either, and whose lives were so closely united that no biographer can compose the memoirs of one without running into those of the other."

In Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher we have the interesting spectacle of two young men of high genius, good birth and connections, living together for ten years, and writing in union a series of dramas, passionate, romantic and comic, and then separating with mutual agreement.

Beaumont having taken a wife home at the end of that time, Fletcher went to other lodgings. But the friendship continued to the death of the former, who died in 1616, at the early age of thirty, and was entombed in Westminster Abbey.

Fletcher was ten years older than Beaumont, and lived ten years after his friend's decease. They wrote together fifty-two plays, several of which are still acted upon the stage.

There is no other instance of a literary partnership so peculiar and indissoluble as this. That of Walter Besant and James Rice, of this generation, approaches most nearly in interest to it. Both were young, aspiring authors when they became acquainted in 1868.

Mr. Besant thus relates how the partnership came about:

"Rice had purchased 'Once a Week,' and hoped, by his own talent and by infusing new life into this languishing magazine, to make it a good speculation. I wrote for the publication, and Rice asked me one day to write a novel for its pages. I consented to try upon condition that he would help me. This he promised to do. Our first joint novel was 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' and thereafter we entered upon a literary partnership, which terminated only with his death. We wrote six novels in union, 'The Golden Butterfly' being probably the most successful of our works. It is hardly possible to conceive a more satisfactory literary partnership than that which existed between poor Rice and myself. Our work fitted together well, and each supplied the other. I cannot now imagine that anything short of death would have dissolved it."

Love of literature is an affinity of no common fervor, and if undisturbed by competition, ripens into a peculiar and almost ethereal tenderness.

The friendship of the famous Italian authors, Petrarch and Boccacio, had this basis. When the former passed through Florence, in 1350, he was full of curiosity to see the man whose premature powers had excited the astonishment of Italy, and who at seven years of age, before he was capable of defining poetry, had composed it. But he fonnd him engaged in trifling and desultory efforts unworthy of his genius.

Petrarch, then at the height of his reputation, having received the laurel crown and that enthusiastic idolatry with which his countrymen fostered literary ambition, conceived a friendship alike honorable to himself and beneficial to its object. By decided admonitions, he roused Boccacio to more severe labors and exalted pursuits, and rejoiced to see him become a learned scholar and a successful ambassador.

Later on, when poverty and obloquy came to Boccacio, it was the friendship of Petrarch that enabled him to sustain his evil fortune.

In his labors for the public good, the former had expended his fortune and made powerful enemies. At one period every friend forsook him save Petrarch, who alone remained immovable.

"Come to me," wrote the latter; "my purse and my home, like my heart, are yours."

But the sensitive Boccacio shrank from dependence, even upon the most generous of friends.

Retiring to his little cottage in Certaldo, he wished to bury himself in hermit contemplation. Thither disease followed him, so that to read, to write, to think, became a burden. But the remembrance of the friendship of Petrarch was a balm, when the essence of life seemed exhaling.

The slow lapse of years brought him health. By the urgency of the Florentines, he was again induced to assume the duties of a professorship. There he lectured for a year with his accustomed eloquence. Then tidings of the death of Petrarch fell like a blight upon him.

It was a shock he had not vigor to sustain. Henceforth the world to him was a desert, and in little more than a year he followed to the grave the only friend whose affection had never swerved.

The most celebrated friendship among literary men of the eighteenth century was that of Addison and Steele. They were the brilliant essayists of Queen Anne's reign, and the projectors and chief conductors of the "Spectator" and the "Tatler."

To this friendship we can trace the development of English essay writing, which has become one of the most characteristic features of Eng'ish literature.

The famous literary pair were born in the same year—1672—Steele the senior by less than two months. Addison's literary gift was superior, but Richard Steele possessed solid attainments that were not owned by his brilliant coadjutor.

Late in life an estrangement took place between the two which was never repaired; but we do not know that bitter feelings were cherished by either.

Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson were intimate friends, and though the great lexicographer did most of the talking, he had a hearty admiration for the literary talents of the former. They were the leading members of the famous "Literary Club."

Goldsmith, a shy, quiet man, was thrown completely in the shade at these social meetings by the ponderous, versatile Johnson. He was the truest literary genius of his age and generation, however, and to-day is much more read than his friend and associate.

One of the most famous friendships among literary men of modern times was that which existed between Percy Bysshe Shelley and Leigh Hunt. The friendship began about the year 1815, and continued until the death of the former in 1822. Hunt was more of an essayist than a poet, and was a complement to the imaginative and erratic poet. He was an editor, too, and he did something to uphold the reputation of his friend as a poet; which, however, scarcely obtained any public acceptance or solidity during the latter's brief lifetime.

The friendship was firm and true on either side, and the catastrophe in the Gulf of Spezzia, on that sultry July afternoon, plunged the gentle Leigh Hunt in a storm of grief from which he never recovered.

Two writers of the "Lake School" were more than ordinarily attached to each other. These were Robert Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. They were not a bit alike. Southey was eminently practical and a terrible worker; Coleridge was imaginative, dreamy and indolent. The man of toil, however, outlived the visionary by a score of years.

Work seldom kills. It sometimes prolongs life. Perhaps if Coleridge had labored harder he might have lived longer, and the world would in that case have much to rejoice at; for Coleridge had all of Southey's erudition, more than his genius, and all of his virtues, save the single one of conscientious, energetic industry.

In a letter to Coleridge (who was in London at the time), Southey describes one day's work, and one day was a fair example of them all in his busy life:

"Three pages of history (of Portugal) after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make any selections on biographies, or what else suits my humor, until after dinner-time. From dinner till tea, I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta. After tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite and copy until I am tired, and then turn to something else till supper. And this is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish."

Coleridge used to say of his friend that he could never think of him only as mending or using his pen (a goose-quill, of course).

Coleridge died in 1834; Southey survived until 1843. The last thirty years of his life he was poet laureate of England.

BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES.

BY PROF. F. F. FOSTER.

The following incident in the life of Hon. Samuel Phillips, one of the founders of the Academy at Andover, Mass., bearing his name, narrated to us by a gentleman formerly connected with that institution, we think deserves publication.

Entering Harvard College when only sixteen, by indomitable energy and perseverance he gained a high rank in his class. But he had a strong propensity for fun, and found time to gratify it, to that end frequently violating the laws of the college.

His earlier transgressions were leniently dealt with—elicited from the officers only a private admonition. As he persisted in his misdemeanors, he was publicly censured, which so enraged him that he went home, vowing never to return.

His father—a calm, clear-headed man, who thought much and talked little—surprised at his return, merely asked its cause, and refrained from comment upon his son's version of the affair. The next day,

"Mother, have you homespun enough to make our boy a suit of clothes?" he inquired of his wife.

"I think so," replied "mother," in a tone indicating her astonishment.

"Then you may come with me," said Mr. Phillips, addressing his son.

The two left the house, and had walked quite a distance, when Samuel asked:

"Where are you going, father?"

"To apprentice you to a blacksmith. You do not seem to care for an education, as I had hoped you would, so you must have a trade."

The young man had not anticipated such a contingency, and it was decidedly repugnant to him.

"Let me go back to college, and I promise you that no farther reason for disapproving my course shall be yours," he remarked, tremulously.

"Very well; you may try it once more."

Samuel returned to Harvard, frankly confessed and apologized for his offenses, and was restored to his class. From that time he was in every way a model student, and graduated with distinction.

He creditably filled many positions of honor and trust, and when he died, in 1802, was lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts.

CHESS, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

BY J. H. S.

V.

The reader of GOLDEN DAYS has now learned about all of the games of chess that can be taught in these columns. It would be perfectly easy to continue this series for six months—in fact, indefinitely. Of the making of problems there is no end, and there are thousands of good ones.

If what has been already published has been carefully read, the young student should by this time be able to "go alone," and needs only the instruction that comes from practice.

Having progressed this far, the student will have discovered that there are many things yet to learn, if he wishes to become an expert player. There are at least a dozen "gambits" (as the openings of games are called) which should be practiced until they are implanted in the memory.

The opening of a game is all-important, as an error then made is hard to retrieve.

Here are three of the most important openings, which, at the same time, are very easy to understand.

The Knight's Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K Pawn to 4 E.	K Pawn to 5 E.
K Kt to 3 F.	

The King's Bishop's Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K Pawn to 4 E.	K Pawn to 5 E.
K B to 4 C.	K B to 5 C.
P to 3 C.	Q to 7 E.
K Kt to 3 F.	

The Scotch Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
P to 4 E	P to 5 E.
K Kt to 3 F.	Q Kt to 6 C.
P to 4 D.	

This series cannot be better concluded than by giving three problems, all good, and each successive one more difficult than its predecessor.

In the first White is to play and checkmate in three moves.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Q to 7 H (check).	Kt takes Q.
Kt to 6 H (check).	K to 8 G.
B to 5 D (mate.	

In the second White is to play and checkmate in four moves.

WHITE.	BLACK.
R to 3 E.	B to 3 C.
R to 3 H.	B to 2 B.
R to 3 A (check).	B takes R.
Kt to 3 C (mate).	

The third and last problem is still more difficult, and is very ingenious. White plays and mates in five moves.

Castles.	P to 5 H.
K to 2 H.	P to 4 H.
B to 1 G.	P to 3 H.
R to 2 F.	K to 4 D.
R to 4 F (double check and mate).	

Next week we will begin a short series on the game of cbeckers.

A "CHESS" SUGGESTION.

The articles on chess and checkers printed in GOLDEN DAYS have attracted considerable attention, and elicited praise from many readers. Among the many letters received one contains a suggestion that may be useful. If the chessmen sent with the chess-board are cnt out and pasted on checker men, they will be quite as serviceable as any real chessmen, and answer the twofold purpose of chess and checkers. It certainly will be less trouble than cutting out round blocks, and will make the men more serviceable than if mounted on pasteboard or cloth.

"THE INDIANS WERE COMING DOWN, WITH THEIR HORSES ON THE FULL RUN, WITH FEARFUL YELLS, AS THEY WHIRLED LASSOES OVER THEIR HEADS AND BRANDISHED LANCES AND LONG KNIVES."

[*This Story began in No. 8.*]

Tiger Island and Elsewhere;

OR,

WILL HENDRICKS' HARD EXPERIENCE,

BY EDWARD SHIPPEN, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "CAST AWAY UPON FORMOSA," "JACK PETERS' ADVENTURES IN AFRICA," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Will stood wondering who the people were, and, as they seemed too busy to see him, he watched them for a few moments. At last he heard a man call out:

"Come! bear a hand with the casks, and let us get aboard! The skipper will be wondering what keeps us!"

Will's heart fairly leaped. Here were men speaking English, and at once he came forward and showed himself.

"Hillo!" said one of the sailors; "dang me, if here ain't an Indian! I didn't know there were any about here."

"There's none here commonly," said another, his voice echoing against the rocks, "but there's plenty up the country, and bad ones, too, by all accounts. They must be up to some mischief. That fellow wouldn't be here alone."

The one who spoke last was the one who had given the order about the casks, and seemed to be in authority. He now put his hands together and hailed:

"What you want, John?"

Most sailors call natives "John," when they don't know their names, and often even when they do.

Then, turning, he said:

"You get down to the boat, boys; and be quick about it, too, or you may have an arrow in your ribs before you know it!"

Then he drew a revolver from his belt, and called again:

"What you want here, John?"

It was so long since Will had tried to speak his own tongue, and he was so excited, that he only waved his arms, and called out, huskily:

"I want to speak to you!"

The man seemed surprised, drew back a little toward the boat, hesitated, and then said:

"I see you understand well enough. Lay down your bow and arrows and hold up your hands, and then come down here on the beach if you want to speak to me. Only one can come, remember!" he added, raising his revolver.

Will did as he was bid, and came down the rocks, the man all the time covering him with his revolver.

"Oh, sir," he said, "have pity on me! I'm a white boy, although you may not think so, and my name's William Hendricks. I've been a long time a prisoner among the Indians, and have escaped!"

"Is there no one with you?" said the man, suspiciously.

"No. I've been wandering alone ever so long! and I'm half starved! and I never expected to see white faces again!"

And here poor Will broke down.

Then, after a moment, he tore open his hide coat and showed his white skin. All at once the man's face put on an expression of pity.

"Come on," he said—"come down to the boat. You Jim, get the can of cold coffee, and see if any's left, and some pork and hard-tack that's in the locker. Here's a poor fellow who has had a hard time of it. Now eat away, lad. We'll hear your yarn by-and-by. Now, boys, let's get the casks aboard."

Skids were got out, and the casks parbuckled in, after the boat was partly afloat.

"Now, then! all ready to shove off? Did you have anything to leave up there on the rocks, lad?"

"Only my bow and arrows. I should like to have them."

"Well, go and get 'em. I believe you're honest. But I don't want to send any of my men. There might be somebody lying up there," he added, with a return of suspicion, as he saw how very much like an Indian Will looked.

Greatly invigorated by his hearty meal, Will bounded out of the boat, up the rocks, secured the bow and arrows which had served him so well, and was back in a few moments.

"Now, then! shove off!"

And soon the boat was on her way to the ship, while the mate and Will sat in the stern-sheets.

The long, steady stroke quickly brought them under the stern of a very rusty-looking bark, on which was painted:

"Jeannette—Fairhaven."

A tall man, with a long beard, was standing on the deck, spy-glass in hand, and had evidently been watching the mate's proceedings with anything but approval, for he sang out:

"Why in the world did you bring off that Indian, Mr. Sims? We have no time to put him ashore again."

"Wait a minute, captain, till we get aboard. He's no Indian, and it's a long yarn."

Then the boat dashed alongside, under the eyes of the whole ship's company, who had been attracted by the strange-looking figure the mate was bringing off.

Will thought they were about as strange-looking, for there were Yankees, Portuguese Islanders, Kanakas and negroes, going to form a crew of about thirty-five.

The men were at once set to work to get the casks out, and to hook on and hoist the boat, while Captain Danvers took Will aft, and listened to his strange story.

The hard face of the captain relaxed into an expression of pity, as the boy went on, making his tale as short as possible.

"Well, lad, it is a wonderful escape you've had. I'm sorry that I can't put you in the way of getting back to your friends at once, but I'm not going to any civilized port for a long time, but am bound to the South Sea on a whaling voyage. I was fooled into coming up into the Gulf of California by a report of seals and otters, but have got nothing, and now must lose no time in going after sperm whales, my proper business. But we may meet some ship which would take you home. Here, Charley!" he shouted. "Come here, Charley! Here is a lad who has had a hard time. This is my son, William."

Charley was a boy of about Will's age, a bright, handsome fellow, but smaller and lighter than Will.

"Now, Charley, do you take him and give him some clothes from the slop-chest, and let Sampson, the cook, cut his hair, and give him some soap and hot water in the deck-tub forward."

At this Will hung his head, for he felt how begrimed and disheveled he was.

But Sampson soon cut his hair, and Charley brought him a comb and the clothes, and he was soon trim and clean, and fitted out with a flannel shirt and trowsers and cap.

Then, as the men were busy getting ready for sailing, he had time to observe and recognize the whale-boats, great tackles, try-works and general oily smell which he had read of as peculiar to whaling vessels, while Charley Danvers sat by him, in turn explaining these novelties and questioning Will as to his adventures.

In the meantime, as it was dead calm, sailing had to be deferred, and Will and Charley at last went down to comfortable bunks in the Jeannette's steerage.

Here he went to sleep, worn out by the previous trials, while he was thinking of his mother, and wishing he could write to her.

CHAPTER IX.

Before daylight next morning Will was wakened by a clanking noise and the shouts of orders, and in the dim light of the berth where he lay, had hard work to remember where he was.

Hastily jumping up, he ran to the ladder and put his head up the hatch, to find the Jeannette in all the bustle of getting under way, with a light but fair wind from the north. No sooner did the captain spy him than he called out;

"Here, youngster; clap on that main-topgallant brace, while I slack the weather one!"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Will, willing, but ignorant.

"Oh, I forgot! Now, you see that rope? Pull on it! Steady; don't jerk as if you were hauling a monkey off the rail by the tail. So! Belay, now! Not that way; you'll jam it. That's the way to belay a rope. You'll have to learn, so might as well begin. And that's the main-topgallant brace. See where it leads, and don't you forget it."

As Will was following the rope with his eye, he heard a voice, far above, piping out, "Sheet home!" and to his surprise saw his friend Charley, apparently as high as any one could get, and loosing a sail which Captain Danvers said was the main-royal, which small canvas he and Will sheeted home and hoisted before Charley could come down on deck, the rest of the crew being all busy forward in catting and fishing the anchor.

"South by west!" said the captain to the man at the wheel.

"South an' by west it is, sir!"

And away the vessel went, gliding along over the smooth water of the gulf, while Will and Charley got each a pan of "scouse" and a pot of coffee, and sat down under the bulwarks to breakfast and have a good talk.

"Where are we going now, Charley?" was Will's first very natural question.

"Why, my father is going on a long cruise south of the equator. He has been out eighteen months, and has not had much luck, so far, as we have only four hundred barrels of oil. But now he is going to try a new ground, seldom or never visited; and as he needs provision for a long cruise, he is going to stop at a place on the gulf where there are plenty of wild cattle, and try to get some to salt down. He has lots of salt and our empty beef-barrels."

"Does no one own the cattle?"

"No; they are quite wild, and the Mexicans don't hunt them for fear of Indians."

"Are the Indians there all the time?"

"No; they are roving bands, here to-day and gone to-morrow, but very cruel and wily, I hear."

"Can't be worse than the Apaches; but if we have good arms, I should like to be on the hunting party."

"So should I," said Charley, "and I'll see if father will let us go."

Here they were called to help in some work, and their talk had to stop; but later in the day Charley took Will into the cabin, and showed him, on the chart, the place on the coast of Sonora to which they were going, called, in Spanish, Bahia del Toro, or Bull Bay, in plain English.

That night they anchored just off the entrance, and early next morning Mr. Sims went aloft with a glass, and made a careful survey of the country for many miles around.

After a time he came down and reported that there was no smoke of fires, or any other sign of human life visible—which pleased Captain Danvers very much, for, anxious as he was to get more beef, he had no wish to risk his men's lives in any encounter with the savage and warlike Indians who sometimes ranged about that part of the coast, and who had often cut off small parties who had landed for water or to hunt.

"Get up the anchor at once, Mr. Sims, lower a boat, and send out a warp to that rocky point—and let them take a lead and line in the boat, and sound out that narrow inlet that leads in behind the point."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

And off the boat went, to return after making fast the warp and sounding, to say that there appeared to be plenty of water in the inlet, which ran in such a manner as to form a little peninsula of about a hundred acres; and that there was a flat rock, with deep water alongside, where the vessel could lie as if at a wharf.

"Come, haul away, lads!"

And the men tailed on to the warping-line, and soon had the vessel regularly moored alongside the flat, rocky shelf, and some planks run out for a gangway.

Sailors are easily amused, and especially by anything new, and they thought it great fun to be able to run ashore so easily, without the trouble of lowering a boat, as if the Jeannette was tied up to the wharf at Fair-haven.

Then the captain had the ship's muskets gotten out of the arm-chest and overhauled, after which he started, with Will, Charley, and half a dozen well-armed sailors, to explore the immediate neighborhood, and lay out the plan of operations for the next day.

Threading a rocky, narrow pass, they emerged from the little peninsula on to the main land, and saw a rather arid-looking plain, with dried grass and some bushes, rolling away to the east as far as the eye could reach, while to the south was a chain of rocks stretching inland, which might almost claim the dignity of hills.

The plain was intersected by a little river, then very low, but which evidently at certain times conveyed a good deal of water, for it had worn a deep channel in the hard, stony soil.

As they approached this arroyo, or water-channel, the captain saw, about a mile away, a herd of wild cattle grazing.

The boys were much excited over the prospect of the hunt, and were for going after them at once, but the captain shook his head and said:

"No. I have a plan about this business. The cattle appear to be in the best pasture anywhere about, and they will not have gone far away by to-morrow morning, if not disturbed, and I have to make certain preparations this afternoon, so that we can devote to-morrow to driving down and shooting as many as we want."

While the captain was talking, they had been making their way back to the Jeannette.

There were still two hours of daylight left, and Captain Danvers turned the men to, and hoisted up some short planks, with which they decked over the fore and maintops, so that they would be bullet-proof if fired at from below.

By the time this was done every one was ready for supper, and then all turned in except the "anchor watch," two men, who, with loaded muskets, kept watch upon the rocky platform, instead of upon deck, at about twenty yards from the vessel's side.

In the morning an early start was made upon the wild cattle hunt. Captain Danvers had determined to take with him as many men as possible, so as to have enough to surround and drive the herd; and only Mr. Sims was to be left in charge, with the cook, three of the oldest men, and a sailor who had some ribs broken by a fall, and who was not yet well enough to do much. This made six, which was thought to be enough.

Mr. Sims received strict orders as to what he was to do in case anything alarming occurred, especially to make a "weft" of the colors and hoist them at the main-mast head, and also to make a smoke, as the rocks might prevent the signal from being seen in certain positions. The man with the sore ribs was to be posted well out on the peninsula, armed with a musket, and was enjoined to keep his eyes and ears open.

When the party got out on the plains, Captain Danvers stopped for a moment, ascertained that the herd was still not far off, having only moved about a mile from where they were the day before, and then said:

"Now, I want to get well to the northward, and behind the herd; then we must spread out in a long line and drive the animals, by showing ourselves suddenly, down toward the peninsula, if possible, so that they can be shot and cut up at such a distance from the vessel as will save time and labor in carrying the meat and hides. Now, then, come on!"

And he led the party to the little river, the banks of which were very abrupt. Scrambling down to the sandy margin of the water, they quickly followed it, in single file, and entirely shielded from observation, until they had gone about two miles.

Then the captain motioned them to stop and keep silence, while he climbed cautiously up the steep bank and peeped over the edge. He found that they were nearly abreast of the herd of cattle. He beckoned the others to come on.

One or two fierce-looking old bulls were evidently on the lookout, as they turned slowly round from time to time, and snuffed the air, flicking their sides with their tails and shaking their ears to drive off the flies.

Just then, at a bend of the water course, Will's sharp and trained eyes descried two riders, far away, their forms rising against the sky on a swell of ground a long way inland.

Touching the captain on the arm, he pointed them out; and the captain, after gazing a moment, saw them pass out of sight.

"Indians, no doubt," said he; "but I hardly think they can know we are here."

"If they are at all like the Apaches, they know we are here, even if they have not seen the Jeannette's masts."

"They could hardly see *them* for the rocks. However, we must have our beef, and we can drive down and shoot enough before they can get here."

Will shook his head doubtfully, for he knew a great deal more about Indian ways than the captain; but the latter just then made another sign, and the party emerged from the arroyo and quietly crawled forward among the grass tufts and bushes, and then suddenly rose, showing themselves in a thin line between the herd and the back country.

The wild creatures took the alarm in a moment, and, with tails in the air, they dashed off for the rocky pass which led to the peninsula, creating a great dust.

"Hurrah, lads! keep them going!" shouted the captain. "If we once get them past the narrow part, we can hold them there, and shoot them at our leisure. Beefsteak for breakfast, boys!"

All hands, now greatly excited, ran as fast as they could, following until they saw the cattle near the pass, and then, completely blown by the unusual exercise, had to halt for a moment to recover breath. As they did so, they heard through the clear air several shots, which came from the direction of the vessel.

"What can that mean, captain?" said Will.

"I don't know," said the captain, looking rather anxious, "unless Mr. Sims may be firing at geese or ducks. But come, let us push on and drive the cattle in."

When within a few hundred yards of the pass, what was their great surprise when they saw the wild herd suddenly pause in their career, run round for a moment in a confused mass, and then come back on the full run directly for the line of hunters, who were closing in upon them.

"Look out, lads! Here they come! Head them off!"

But, in spite of shots, waving of hats, and frantic shouts, they dashed through and gained the open plain, two of the number falling to the guns of the party as they passed.

They had raised another cloud of dust, and as this began to clear away, the seamen, to their surprise and alarm, saw that the beasts were followed by at least a hundred mounted Indians, coming out of the pass, and apparently in as great haste as the stampeded herd had been.

"What in the world is this? Where could they have come from?" ejaculated Captain Danvers. "But it's no time to ask questions now! Close up here, men! Are you all loaded? Steady! here they come!"

CHAPTER X.

The Indians were indeed coming down, with their horses on the full run, fairly shaking the ground, with fearful yells, as they whirled lassoes over their heads and brandished lances and long knives.

In another moment they would have been upon the party, but the firm bearing and leveled musket-barrels of the sailors caused them to change their minds at the last moment, when the leader made a gesture and shouted some order, and the whole troop swerved to the southward, and in a few moments were out of sight behind the ledge of rocks.

Captain Danvers was fearfully anxious, for he felt almost certain that something had gone wrong at the vessel, especially as he now saw the signal smoke rising.

There was no thought of the cattle which had been shot, and he sang out:

"Keep together, men, and step out lively! We must get back on board. Keep a sharp eye to your left, too, for those fellows may be back again."

Setting up a dog-trot, they were rapidly approaching the entrance to the peninsula, when, on rising a little swell of ground, they saw the vessel's masts above the rocks, and the colors hoisted in a "weft"—the signal agreed upon that something had happened, and to recall the hunting party.

"Come on, lads! We must see what is the matter."

But just then Will cast his eyes over his shoulder, and saw the Indians coming down toward them once more at full speed, sweeping along with frightful yells and gesticulations, while their horses' feet made a noise like distant thunder.

Fortunately, the party was now close to the pass, and the captain sang out:

"Keep cool, men! keep cool! Jump up behind the rocks, and remember that not a shot must be wasted. Your lives depend upon it."

They succeeded in gaining the rocky breastwork before the Indians were very close, but the latter, seeing them running, were sure that they were in a panic, and came on all the more confidently.

It would have made a splendid and deeply interesting picture to have seen them, if it could have been viewed from a spot of entire safety—to see the way they thundered down, with long hair streaming, robes off their shoulders and flowing in the wind, as they yelled in concert, and whirled their deadly lassoes or brandished their lances and long, sword-like knives.

"Now, men," said the captain, "those of you on my right fire when you can see the whites of their eyes. Then, while you are loading, the men on my left must fire. Do you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir! Let 'em come. We'll serve 'em out," answered the undaunted sailors.

"Ready! Fire!" shouted the captain.

And a volley from his right dropped two of the savages from their saddles, and, with a yell of rage and dismay, they wheeled and made off.

"Well done, boys! Load again quickly. Here they come again!"

This time the infuriated Indians charged up even closer than before, and a heavy sling-stone, thrown with tremendous force, struck one of the sailors, injuring him badly, while another splintered the stock of one of the guns.

But this time they received such a volley that another fell and several were wounded, and they sheered off, not to return again.

Hardly had they disappeared behind the ridge when Will Hendricks was going down to examine those on the ground, to see if he could tell what tribe they belonged to, but the captain called him back.

"We have no time for that. Let us get back and provide for our safety and that of the vessel. Pick up Jack Richards, some of you, and bring him along."

As rapidly as was possible for the wounded man to be carried, but unmolested by their late assailants, they at last approached the Jeannette near enough to see that her decks were deserted. Captain Danvers hailed at once:

"Jeannette, ahoy! Where are you all?"

"Aye, aye, captain! Here we are, and glad to see you," was the answer of Mr. Sims from the maintop.

And then those who had been left were seen descending the rigging.

"One, two, three, four, five! Ah, there comes the sixth one down. Thank gracious, they're all there!"

And in a moment the hunting party was alongside.

As they passed on board they saw, to their astonishment, another one of the Indians lying just by the cabin door, and, after a great shaking of hands, Mr. Sims began to tell his story, and to explain how the Indian came to be there.

"When you had been gone about an hour," he began, "and we were busy at work patching the old jib there, to pass away the time, Thompson, the lookout, hailed us to say that an Indian on horseback was coming down toward the vessel.

"I looked over the rail, and there he was, to-be-sure, but as he was all alone, and I did not see what he could do against six of us, especially as he appeared to have no arms. I sang out to Thompson to let him come on.

"He rode down alongside very quietly, and then dismounted, throwing the end of his long-plaited bridle on the ground, where his horse stood as still as if made fast.

"The stranger had a large bird hanging from his saddle, which he held up, at the same time saying, in broken Spanish, that he wished to trade it for tobacco.

"I knew it was a bustard, for I had seen them before, and that there was enough good meat on it for a dozen men. So I went below and got a plug of tobacco, and threw it to him, and he hove the big bird in on deck. There it is yet.

"Then I motioned him to be off, but the chap took a good look round at the ship and at us, and then mounted and rode slowly off.

"After he was gone, my mind misgave me that I had done a foolish thing in allowing him to approach near enough to see how few of us there were left on board; but the mischief was done, and all I could do now was to be vigilant, in case he had companions near by."

"Yes, you ought to have thought of that before, Mr. Sims," said the captain. "But go on."

"Well, I mounted the main rigging to have a look round, and had hardly got up a dozen ratlins when I saw the fellow join a lot of others, just behind that low ridge of rocks there.

"They appeared to receive the report of the one who had been down to us, and after a consultation and plenty of wild gestures, I saw them all turn and come at a canter toward the vessel.

"I tell you I was more scared than I ever was by a fighting sperm whale, and shouted 'Indians!' and for the hands to lock the hatches and take to the rigging.

"And you may be sure I hadn't to repeat the order. I never saw men move quicker. Even the chap with the broken ribs went aloft like a cat, although he had his musket slung over his shoulder.

"The first thing *I* did was to hoist the 'weft,' all ready in the main-top.

"The Indians moved so quickly that Thompson barely had time to light the smoke fire before they were alongside. When they boarded us, however, we were all in the tops.

"I could see no fire-arms among them, only lances and knives and lassoes, and they dismounted and left their horses standing with the bridles training, at once boarding the vessel, with frightful yells, flourishing their arms, and seeming much surprised not to see any one on deck.

"The one who had come down before, and who seemed to be the leader, tried to open the cabin doors, and finding them fast, snatched up an iron marlin-spike from the sail-maker's bench, and began to pound at the padlock.

"As it would never do to let them get below, I took a steady aim and dropped him.

"Then they seemed to have enough of it, and were ready to be off. I didn't want to molest the poor, ignorant savages, if they were going away, and I called out to the men to hold their fire. But just then about a dozen of them came charging back, evidently intending to get the one who was lying on deck; but I could not allow them on board again, so we opened fire once more. Then, with a yell of rage, they retreated, mounted, and rode off."

"Yes, to meet us outside," said Captain Danvers, "and then we had a severe fight. It's a lucky thing I made those preparations aloft, or we should have been in a pretty

mess, and the Jeannette plundered, and probably burnt, by this time. But, come; this is no place for us. We shall have every Indian they can muster down upon us in no time, and we certainly can get no beef. Here, Mr. Sims; do you patch up Jack Richards as well as you can. Pick up the Indian, boys, and put him on shore. They'll find him soon enough after we're gone. He's not dead, I see. Now, let us get to work and get the vessel out of this. And quick 's the word, my lads. Man the boat, and run the warp to that point of rocks below. Bear a hand, men! See! they are making their signal smokes already. There'll be more here soon. Cast off the fasts; man the warp now, and run in lively, lads!"

There was little or no breeze in the inlet, and when they reached the point where the warp was made fast, they made another "shot," as it is called, and thus worked gradually down toward the bay, the vessel moving about as fast as a man could walk.

There was a very steep, rocky headland, higher than the vessel's masts, just at the entrance of the inlet, close to which she had to go, and once past which they would be safe.

In less than half an hour they were nearly abreast of this headland, and Will Hendricks told the captain he saw, or fancied he saw, more than one shaggy black head peering over the edge of the precipice.

The captain just then felt a light air from the northward upon his cheek, and without answering Will, he sang out:

"Avast warping! Drop the boats alongside and come out! Hoist the jib and flow the sheets!"

As the order was obeyed, the captain observed with pleasure that the jib was rapidly drawing the vessel past the critical point, where there seemed to be an eddy of the tide in her favor, and his eyes were alternately cast upon the compass, the big jib, and the great rock, towering so far above his head.

Presently, in one of his glances aloft, he saw several savages looking cautiously over, and in an instant afterward there came down a perfect shower of huge stones and rocks, which smashed the skylights, stove a great hole in one of the boats, and made jagged rents in the decks, but being thrown at random, many went overboard, and all missed the ones at whom they were thrown.

Five minutes later the rock was well astern, and they could see the Indians howling and fairly dancing with rage on the top of it at the escape of their prey.

As the Jeannette stood down the gulf, with all studding-sails set to catch a fair but light breeze, Captain Danvers said:

"Well, boys, you'll have to do without your fresh beef, and make out with the 'salt horse' which we brought out from home. But I'll touch at the Galapagos and get you some turtles."

"Where are the Galapagos?" asked Will. "I never heard of them."

The captain laughed, and said:

"They are islands—about a dozen of them—all by themselves in the great ocean, and on the Equator, about seven hundred and fifty miles west of the coast of Equador."

"And are turtles very plentiful there?"

"Yes—or at least tortoises—and huge ones. You'll see them one of these days; and now we have other things to do than talk, for I see one of these gulf squalls coming up astern, and we must reduce sail. You go aloft with Charley, and help furl the mizzen-topsail."

Will had never been aloft, but he was determined to do all that any one else could do. So he followed Charley up the mizzen-rigging, with two other light hands.

As they went up, the captain gave the orders to let go the halliards, square the yard and haul taut the lifts. Charley went out on the starboard yard-arm, followed close by Will, and, by watching the movements of the others, he managed to help to roll up the sail and pass the furling lines.

By the time the sail was furled it became as black as night, and the squall struck the vessel on her quarter just as Will was in the futtock-shrouds. Unused to such a position and not able to see well, he missed his grasp and fell.

He went to leeward as the ship heeled, and the force of the wind took him clear of the quarter-boat and into the water. Charley saw him go, and, without an instant's hesitation, leaped after him, while the captain, who had had an eye aloft, threw them a life-buoy, and at once commenced to reduce sail, so as to round-to and endeavor to pick them up. Fortunately the squall, though fierce, was short, and left the Jeannette about a mile from where the boys had gone overboard, with Mr. Sims lowering his boat and the captain his.

Though this was done quickly, as only whalers could do it, there was no unseamanlike hurry, and the last thing each did was to get a bearing of the probable place of the lost lads from the ship's compass, and compare it with those in the boats.

"Now, boys, strike out, and don't spare yourselves," said Mr. Sims, who got off a moment before the captain.

And the tough and seasoned oarsmen bent to it with a will.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERNATIONAL LESSON—FOR FEBRUARY 12.

MATTHEW 18 : 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT—MATTHEW 19 : 14.

Central Subject—JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.

BY REV. G. E. STROBRIDGE, D. D.

INTRODUCTION.

The date of this lesson is a few weeks after the last. The place is again Capernaum.

After Christ came down from the mountain, He healed an afflicted boy; a second time predicted His approaching sufferings. Then He proceeds to Capernaum, and being asked for His contribution to the temple tax, He sends Peter to find the coin in a fish's mouth.

These events bring us up to our lesson.

THE UNSEEMLY DISPUTE.

"At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

From Mark we learn that while the disciples were on their way to Capernaum, they had a discussion among themselves as to who of them should be the greatest. The selecting of the three to go with Him into the mount, and the strange words to Peter about the keys and the rock seem to have excited in their minds that desire and strife for preeminence which has always troubled and sometimes nearly ruined the church.

Even after the rebuke which Christ administered in this lesson, the mother of James and John asked special honors for her sons when Christ should set up His kingdom.

When they were seated alone with Jesus in the house, He asked them what they had been talking about (Mark 9 : 33). They hesitated at first, but confessed finally by asking Him the question which they had been discussing among themselves.

CHRIST'S SIGNIFICANT REPLY.

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

"And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

"This little child, according to Nicephorus and Symeon Metaphrastes, was the far-famed Ignatius, who subsequently became Bishop of Antioch, and was martyred at Rome in A. D. 107. But the tradition has no real pillar of history on which to rest."—*Morison*. Others say Irenæus; Plumptre conjectures that it was Peter's own child.

The word "converted" means turned in an opposite direction; to face about. These disciples must change entirely their course. Self-seeking is contrary to the spirit of this kingdom. If they continue to indulge this disposition, so far from being the greatest in His kingdom, they will not even enter it. Not place, dignity, honor, leadership or lordship are the marks of one who is a member of this kingdom, but humility, love, self-denial, service. He who is least in his own estimate, is the greatest.

The little child in their midst is an object lesson to illustrate and impress this truth. Naturally a child is more free from these foolish and restless ambitions.

"For such a little child is free from pride, and the mad desire of glory and envy and contentiousness and all such passions, and having many virtues—simplicity, humility, unworldliness—prides itself on none of them; having a twofold severity of goodness—to have these things and not be puffed up about them."—*Chrysostom*.

The term "little child" may also apply to those who have the childlike disposition Christ has just been describing. Such persons have Christ formed within them; they are like Him; they have His marks or characteristics; they are His representatives in the world, so that whatever kindness is shown to them, is shown also to Him. This is always the case if these acts of kindness are performed in Christ's name—that is, for His sake and because of love for Him.

A GREAT SIN AND A SEVERE PENALTY.

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

"Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

Young children and young Christians are confiding in their natures. They love every one, and therefore they trust every one. If any one now should take a wicked advantage of this disposition, and teach these little ones sinful ways, entice them into evil practices, suggest doubts to them, tempt them to intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, disobedience of parents, or looseness of any kind, such a person would be guilty of the worst of sins—viz, soul-murder. He would be deserving of the severest punishment.

There were two kinds of millstone in use in Palestine. One size was turned by the hand, the other, the larger, was turned by an ass. The latter is the one referred to here.

"We are taken, in imagination, into the presence of a certain dreadful scene. We see a millstone attached to a man's neck. The fastening, passing through the central perforation of the stone, is made secure. It is a sad sight. Yet, turning from another scene, we say, 'This *is* better.' It is better than that the same man should act the part of a seducer, and entrap a childlike follower of Jesus."—*Morison*.

In this wicked world temptations are to be expected; they are a sort of necessity. Every Christian may be sure that he will find stones of stumbling (this is the meaning of "offenses") along his path. But the man or the woman who puts them there shall be severely dealt with. The Christian, in being tempted, may be weak, but the one who tempts him is wicked. The first is fallible, the second is fiendish.

The two "woes" in this place are of different shades of meaning. The first is the sorrow that comes to those who stumble over these offenses; the second is the punishment that shall be visited upon those who cause the offense. Christ predicts the first; He pronounces the second. The first will come without any intervention on His part; the second He will send Himself.

SOUL SURGERY.

"Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than, having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire.

"And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than, having two eyes, to be cast into hell fire."

"The meaning is, if an object dear as the right eye and useful as the right hand stands between you and your progress to heaven and your complete surrender to Christ, that object, however dear, you are to part with."—*Cumming*.

We find here also another sense. Christ would teach us by this strong figure that, since we have so many outside difficulties in the way to heaven, we should, above all, be particularly careful to guard against all opposition that rises up within us. If we find that we have within us any passion or temper or disposition that persistently leads us astray, we should set ourselves to fight especially against that.

Halt means lame from the loss of a foot, maimed from the loss of a hand. The hand represents actions, the eye is a figure for desires. To cut off the right hand means to refuse the wrong action, to pluck out the right eye means to resist the evil desire. The passage teaches that it is better to resist the temptation to the wrong action and check the impulse to the evil desire, and thus gain heaven, than to practice the wrong action and indulge the evil desire, and be cast into everlasting fire.

Fire represents indescribable pain; everlasting means forever. The fruit of sin is endless sorrow. Hell-fire, rendered literally, would be the Gehenna of fire. Gehenna was a valley to the south of Jerusalem, which had become polluted by the worship of the false god, Molock. It was afterward used as the dumping-place for the refuse of the city. It became a fit emblem of the place reserved for the finally abandoned.

Christ takes no pleasure in these terrible denunciations. But His great, loving heart is pained that any should fall into the doom of the wicked, and therefore He utters His warning words with all the force and tenderness He can command.

CHRIST'S DESIRE FOR THE SALVATION OF ALL MEN.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

"For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

"How think ye? If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

"And if so be that he findeth it, verily I say unto you, He rejoiceth more over that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

The sympathy and regard of Jesus for the little ones, both children and the child-like believers, causes Him to refer to them again and with the last words of the lesson. He is very jealous for their salvation; He would have none of them perish. He therefore cautions all against discouraging them by despising them, looking down upon them, or neglecting them. The more timid, ignorant and helpless any of the followers of Christ may be, the more carefully should they be watched over, helped and guided by all who love the Saviour.

God is particularly interested in these young disciples, and has given the care of them to the angels highest in rank in the heavenly court.

"The words distinctly recognize the belief in guardian angels, intrusted each with a definite and special work. That guardianship is asserted in general terms in Psa. 34 : 7; 91 : 11; Heb. 1 : 14, and elsewhere. What is added to the general fact here is that those who have the guardianship of the little ones assigned to them are among the most noble of the heavenly host, and are as the angels of the Presence, who, like Gabriel, stand before the face of God and rejoice in the beatific vision (Luke 1 : 19)."—*Plumptre*.

Like a good shepherd the Saviour is found wherever the lost are. The saved ones in heaven He leaves like sheep securely folded, and visits this little planet and searches in all hiding-places to find the lost. One lost soul is of unspeakable value to Him. His joy in recovering it, like a lamb rescued from the wolves, is greater than the satisfaction of beholding the others comfortable and safe. Greater, not because this soul was of any more value than the others, but greater because of the addition of one more to rejoice over, and greater also in the sense of being different; a new fountain of gladness breaks out on its account.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Love for the Little Ones.—"Doctor Lange refers to the celebrated John Charlier Gerson, who was chancellor of the University of Paris and the theological leader of the reformatory councils of Pisa (1409) and Constance (1415). After taking a prominent part in all the great questions of his age, he retired to a convent at Lyons, and found his chief delight in the instruction of little children. As he felt the approach of death, he called once more the children that they might pray with him: Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon thy poor servant! He appears greater in his humility than when he swayed by his eloquence the council of bishops. He died A. D. 1429, sixty-six years old."—*Philip Schaff*.

Cutting Off the Right Hand.—"The story of Archbishop Cranmer, having recanted to save his life, afterward stood for the truth, and was burned as a martyr. While at the stake he held out his hand in the flames, saying: 'This hand has offended—this unworthy hand!'"

The Lost Lamb.—"One evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organized. The lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off, full of zeal, to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed, fast asleep. The attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes; and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he had found it. Even so doth the Good Shepherd go in search of His lost sheep until He finds them."—*Peloubet*.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the good shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed.
"Oh, shepherd, rest, nor farther go;
The tempest hath begun!"
"I cannot stay; I must away
To seek my little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His saints—
For all the ninety-nine;
But most He loves, and most He seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs, "I must away
To seek my little one!"—*W. H. D. A.*

—A strange custom is still practiced in Seville, that of boys dancing before the Sacrament. It is said to be a tradition handed down from the days of Solomon, and to be a remnant of David's dance before the ark. Spain is considered to be the Tarshish of Scripture. This appears confirmed by a gravestone being found in Seguntum in 1408 A. D., with this inscription in Hebrew, "This is the tomb of Adoniram, Legate of King Solomon, which came to collect."

—The English language is spreading rapidly in Japan, no less than eighty-five thousand books having been imported from England during the past year. It is a cheering sign to know that nearly all these books are of a religious or instructive character, and the effect cannot fail to be beneficial on the national character.

AS WE CHOOSE.

BY REV. PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

"The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion. And so let all young persons take their choice."
—*Thackeray.*

Our lives are just what we make them,
Either gladsome or full of woe;
We take with us shade or sunshine,
As we choose, wherever we go.

We have foes or friends, a plenty,
As we either repel or win—
As our hearts are shut to affection,
Or open to let love in.

Our troubles are half our making,
Our wrongs oft fancied, quite;
We frown at the world, then wonder
The world seems so far from bright.

If one search for flowers, he finds them;
If for weeds, how full the field!
And life will its bane or blessing,
As we look for either, yield.

Ah! happy is he whose wisdom
Doth to this truth attain;
He has learned the simple secret
That sages have failed to gain.

A QUEER GIRL.

BY S. H. JAMES.

"Shall I invite her?"

Stella Reeves paused, with pen poised in the air.

"Can I help you, Stella?" asked Mrs. Reeves, from the depths of her easy-chair by the fire.

"I was thinking, mother," responded Stella, "whether I should invite Myra Garland to spend a week here. You know that Patty Harper, Nellie Campbell and Jennie Stagg are coming."

"Why not invite Myra?" asked Mrs. Reeves, eying her daughter curiously.

"Well, I don't know," said Stella, slowly. "She is ever so nice a girl, but she's queer."

"How queer?"

"Very quiet, and not at all like other girls. Sometimes I like her, and sometimes I do not; and that is the way with all the girls. She is not good company, I am afraid, and yet I want to invite her for that very reason. She never goes home except during the summer, and it is *so* dreary in the academy during Christmas and Easter holidays. But I dare say she will not come, anyhow."

"Invite her, Stella," said Mrs. Reeves, quietly.

And Stella did.

It was night when Myra came, the train being late, and Mrs. Reeves did not see her until they all sat at the breakfast table next morning.

All the girls were there, and at first Mrs. Reeves mentally decided that Myra was only a homely girl with brown hair and hazel eyes, and much like other girls, but before the meal was ended she found herself watching the girl with increasing curiosity. She *was* queer, in her reserved, almost morose, manner, in her habitual silence and her grave, sweet smile.

"She *is* queer," said Mrs. Reeves to herself, "but I like her."

Before the day was out she liked Myra more than ever. When the other girls went out for a walk, Myra stayed indoors, fed the canary, dusted the bric-a-brac, and shook up the sofa and chair pillows, and did several other little tasks which Stella generally forgot.

"I like to work," said Myra, with her grave smile, "and it is fortunate that I do."

Mrs. Reeves could not refrain from asking why, with her eyes.

"Because," continued Myra, "I must. I have no father or mother, and auntie has only a small income. When I leave the academy, next June, I must make my own living. I can draw, paint, play the piano and violin, and speak three languages besides my own, and I ought to be able to support myself."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeves.

And then she looked once more in amazement at the seventeen-year-old girl, so self-reliant and accomplished, and yet so quiet and queer.

Within three days Myra was firmly established in the Reeves household. She was *so* handy and *so* helpful and *so* good-natured, everybody said, that Stella and the girls actually held a caucus to discover why they had called her "queer," and failed to find a cause.

On the evening of the third day Arthur Reeves came home on leave from Annapolis. Arthur was a cadet midshipman and only eighteen, but such a big, burly fellow, especially in his cape-top coat, that you would have taken him for twenty-five, at least—at a distance.

"You shall be our cavalier, Arthur," cried Stella, "and I promise you shall have your hands full."

"All right," said Arthur, carelessly. "Bring on your girls; you can't frighten a sailor."

Then began a round of gaiety such as fairly took away the girls' breath. They made trips to the old mill and the abandoned powder magazine, they went hunting and skating, and Arthur was the guiding spirit in all their pranks.

Myra revived her reputation for queerness in these expeditions.

"By the great hoop-block!" cried Arthur, with undisguised admiration, to his mother, as he was eating a late breakfast, "I call her a jolly girl, and no mistake!"

"Don't roar so, Arthur," said Mrs. Reeves, with a smile. "Jolly, did you say?"

"That's what I said. Why, mother, she can out-walk me and climb a hill like a sailor. She can handle a rifle like a marine, although she is too soft-hearted to aim at anything but a dead target, and she can skate better and faster than any girl I ever heard of."

"The girls say she is queer," said Mrs. Reeves.

"Queer!" he burst out. "Well, yes, perhaps she is, but I wish there were more queer girls like her. Is she rich, mother?"

"I believe not, Arthur."

"That's lucky!"

"Lucky?"

"For her. She will have to work, and she is sure to make her mark, and it will be a big one. Mother, I think—"

"Arthur!" called Stella, outside, "if you ever get through eating, we girls would like to have you drive us to the post office."

On Tuesday Arthur's leave would expire, and so it was arranged that on Monday there should be a picnic. It was Arthur's idea.

"Why not?" he cried. "It's mere nonsense to suppose that you can't have a picnic only in summer. What's the matter with taking the big sleigh, loading it up with picnic grub, including rubber blankets, in case we want to sit on the ground, and having a first-class time generally?"

It was unanimously voted that there was "nothing the matter with it," and on Monday morning the picnic sleigh jingled off.

Myra was there, even more quiet than usual, and her only response to the general chatter was a grave smile.

"What an old grandmother she is!" whispered Nellie Campbell to Jennie Stagg; and Jennie nodded a vigorous assent.

"I believe she has some dreadful ailment," whispered Patty Harper, in her turn, "and I wouldn't be surprised to see her drop at any moment."

"Pooh!" said Stella, contemptuously; "it is only Myra's way."

Meanwhile the object of these remarks sat quietly on the box-seat with Arthur, and said never a word.

"I say," said Arthur, at length, "why don't you talk?"

"Because I have nothing to say," replied Myra, tranquilly. "Besides, I am thinking—"

"Of the picnic?"

Myra smiled.

"Something more important than picnics. Have you ever been in Cairo?"

Arthur looked at her in amazement.

"What a queer girl!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

Myra actually laughed.

"I know I am," she said, quickly; "but that is not answering my question. Were you ever in Cairo?"

"Twice."

"THEY WENT HUNTING AND SKATING, AND ARTHUR WAS THE GUIDING SPIRIT IN ALL THEIR PRANKS."

"Do you know where the British consul-general has his office?"

"Quite well. But what in the world—"

"Patience! Is there a large brick warehouse directly opposite, owned by an English firm, where ivory, ostrich feathers and spices are stored?"

"By Jove, there is!" exclaimed Arthur, in increasing amazement. "I remember it quite well, it is such an old building. But I say—"

"One more question," interrupted Myra, for the first time betraying some excitement. "Do you remember the Englishman's name?"

"Let me see," reflected Arthur. "I have heard it often enough. It is Golden—Garden—no, Gar—yes! Garland! Why, that's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Myra, with another smile. "The Cairo Garland was my uncle. He is dead, and I am going to Egypt next month to straighten out his affairs. I hear they are dreadfully tangled."

Arthur nearly let the lines fall.

"*You* are going to Egypt!" he repeated, mechanically. "Do you know anything about Egypt?"

"Not so much as I expect to," answered Myra.

And before Arthur could tell her what he thought of a seventeen-year-old girl going half round the world to settle anybody's affairs, Stella cried out:

"Arthur, how long is it going to take to find a picnic ground?"

"We won't go a foot further," said Arthur, reining up. "We are eight miles from home now, and it looks like snow."

"Let it snow!" cried the girls, recklessly.

Then they swept a clear space, spread out the eatables, and began to eat right away, as picnic folks always do, while Arthur blanketed the horses.

But this picnic was just like every other picnic. Not being in summer, it couldn't rain; so it snowed, and after braving it out until they looked like snow images, it was decided to scurry home.

Then the usual accident occurred, but somewhat more serious than usual. One of the horses kicked Arthur on the knee as he was hitching him, and he sank down in a heap, with a cry of pain.

At this there was a great uproar, and the horse, highly alarmed, showed signs of lashing out again, in which case Arthur would have been brained, when Myra stepped forward quietly but quickly, and led the horse out of reach.

"Are you able to stand?" she asked, gently.

"Just about," replied Arthur, trying to choke off a groan. "I think some small bones must be fractured. Can any of you girls hitch up the horses?"

There was a blank silence, and then Myra said:

"I think I can, if you will look on and keep me from going wrong."

Arthur was thereupon helped into the sleigh, and just about the time the horses were hitched up, he complicated matters by declaring that he felt so faint he could not drive.

"What shall we do?" wailed Stella.

And there were signs of a regular panic, when Myra said:

"I will drive, if Stella will show me the way."

And drive she did, with a recklessness that made the girls scream more than once, but with a certainty that landed the sleigh in front of the Reeves mansion inside of an hour.

Arthur was helped into the house, and then Myra added to the prevailing astonishment by volunteering to go for the doctor.

"It is only a mile," she said, "and I have my hand in now."

And off the horses dashed before any one could remonstrate.

In less than sixty minutes she was back with the doctor, who relieved everybody by pronouncing the injury only a contusion.

You may be sure that Mrs. Reeves and the girls made much of Myra for the next day or two, and were as much grieved as amazed when she announced her intention of leaving them for a long and perhaps dangerous journey.

"I thought," said Mrs. Reeves, inquiringly, "that you had no friends besides your aunt?"

"So did I," said Myra, quietly. "It was the morning of the picnic that I received the letter announcing my uncle's death."

"And you made up your mind within an hour what to do?" cried Arthur, who was propped up among some cushions.

Myra smiled assent.

"A very queer girl," said Mrs. Reeves, to herself, for the hundredth time.

She said it again when Stella received a letter from Myra, dated Cairo, March 10, 1885, telling how she had administered her uncle's estate, and winding up with these words:

"You need not expect to see me for some time, as I have joined the Red Cross Society, and I leave for Khartoum to-morrow."

"With all her money!" exclaimed Stella. "Well, I never! I was certain that she would go to Paris the very first thing!"

Not another word from Myra until a month after the cable brought the news that the war in Egypt was over, and then came another long and loving letter.

Arthur was home again, taller and stouter than ever, and very anxious to hear about the queer girl.

"I'll wager she's tired of the Red Cross," he said, with a laugh. "She is too young for such miserable scenes."

"She *has* left the Red Cross Society," said Stella, with a look at her mother.

"I knew it," cried Arthur.

"And," continued Stella, slowly, "she has started for Chinese Tartary—"

"*What?*"

"To devote her life to missionary work. Her aunt is amply provided for, and the remainder of her fortune and all her life Myra has given to the heathen."

There was almost a painful pause for a full minute, broken by Arthur:

"You're right, mother—she *is* a queer girl! The queerest I ever knew."

"More than queer," was Mrs. Reeves' quiet comment. "She is the stuff that martyrs are made of."

JENNY'S STRANGE GUEST.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

"You're sure you won't be lonesome, Jenny?"

Farmer John Harmon stood in the glow of the broad fire-place, wrapped in great-coat and muffler, his fur cap pulled down about his ears, and his whip in his hand, while the pawing hoofs of his impatient horses crunched the snow outside. He stooped as he spoke, lifting his little daughter's chin till the clear, brown eyes looked full into his own, with the frank smile which always warmed his heart.

"No, indeed, father! How could I be lonesome, with such a little chatterbox as Tony? Hark! I do believe he is waking now—the darling!"

"I'm very sorry that Manda Lawson couldn't have come to stay with you, but, of course, if Jack's sick, it stands to reason that she can't leave him. But Steve and I'll be back before dark, never fear. Hello! you were right, Jenny. Here comes the little general!"

A chubby boy of three years old appeared in his night-gown from the adjoining room, his cheeks rosy and his yellow curls tangled from his morning nap.

The father caught him in his strong arms, and held him, shrieking with laughter, far above his head.

"Father's little man! Waked up to say good-by! And he'll take good care of sister, won't he?"

The young girl held out her arms, and the child leaped into them, hiding his face upon her shoulder.

"Well, good-by, Jenny!" He paused a moment, a wistful look creeping over his strong, sun-browned face. "You're more like your mother every day, my daughter."

"Father, father!" called a cheery voice outside.

"Coming, Steve!"

The door opened, letting in a great wave of frosty air, and as it closed behind him the sturdy farmer clambered to a seat beside his son, and with crack of whip and jingle of bells the loaded sleigh slipped cheerily away.

Jenny stood at the window, still holding the child. She was just fourteen, although her slight, childish figure made her seem younger by two or three years. The death of her mother, when Tony was but a helpless baby, had thrown premature burdens upon her slender shoulders—burdens which she had borne with a patient, unselfish courage far beyond her years.

She was quite used to being left alone in the frontier cabin with her little charge, while her father and brother were at their work, and it was with no especial sense of loneliness that she watched the moving sleigh until it was lost from sight at a sharp turn of the forest-bordered roadway. The nearest neighbor lived a mile away, so she would scarcely expect visitors on that frosty winter's day.

She turned from the window at last, and seating herself before the cheerful hearth, proceeded to dress the child, making merry game of the task, as she told over and over on his pink toes the story of "the five little pigs." Then, giving him his breakfast of bread and milk, and placing on the floor for his amusement a box of well-worn playthings, she went briskly about her household tasks.

The market-town to which her father and brother had gone was a good fifteen miles away, and once there they must wait for the grinding of their load of grain.

"We shall have a long day by ourselves, Tony dear," said Jenny, more to herself than the child; "but there'll be plenty of work to do, for sister must bake the bread and cakes for Sunday, and father and Steve will be wanting a good hot supper to-night."

"Tony help sister?" lisped the boy.

"Yes, Tony shall help sister, and sister will fry him a doughnut-man."

Clapping his chubby hands, the child drew his little cricket to the table, where, by climbing upon it, he could overlook his sister's operations at her moulding-board, and so, with frolic and cheer, the short winter's day wore on.

Gradually the sky, which had been clear in the early morning, grew overcast with clouds, and Jenny saw from the window the air filled with gray mist.

"It's surely going to snow," she said, to herself, a little anxiously. "But father promised to be home early, and, anyhow, Meg and Dobbin are strong enough to pull them through."

A few feathery flakes came floating down as she spoke, which proved but the forerunner of a mighty host, as the storm slowly settled over the landscape.

Hour after hour passed. There were no longer any tracks to be discerned along the narrow roadway, which was the only avenue of approach through the dense forest.

Inside the cabin it grew so dark that Jenny placed a lighted lamp upon the table, and, having finished her work, sat down to listen for the first distant sound of sleigh-bells, while Tony curled himself up sleeping upon her lap.

Suddenly she heard the muffled beat of horses' hoofs upon the snow, a shadow darkened the window, and a moment later a heavy knock resounded upon the door. Jenny opened it, holding Tony in her arms.

The visitor, who had dismounted and stood holding his horse by the bridle-rein, was a large, powerful man, in hunter's dress, carrying a brace of pistols, and a long, sheathed knife sticking in his leathern belt.

A little, city-bred maiden might have fainted with fright at sight of so formidable an apparition, but Jenny was too well accustomed to the rough exterior of the backwoodsman to be easily startled.

The stranger looked at her keenly as the glow of the open fire lit up her little figure, with Tony's golden head upon her shoulder.

Then he said:

"Can I stay all night? I've been caught in the storm."

The young girl hesitated, but only for a moment.

"We're all alone, sir—I and the baby.

"MAN," HE SAID, WITH TREMULOUS BABY ACCENT, HALF BREAKING INTO A SOB, "WHY DON'T 'OO LOVE LITTLE BOYS?"

My father and brother went to town this morning, but I expect them home every minute, and I'm sure they wouldn't like me to let any one go on in the storm. So you're welcome, sir; and you can put your horse in one of the empty stalls in the stable yonder."

The man made no reply, but having led his horse away in the direction indicated, soon returned, and, taking his place in front of the fire, began to dry his wet garments.

His face, which might once have shown fine lines, wore a hard and bitter expression, as the flickering shadows played over his bent head and averted eyes.

A vague sense of discomfort crept over the spirits of his little hostess.

"I wonder if he is in trouble, poor man?" she thought. "He looks so miserable!"

Then she said aloud:

"If you haven't had any supper, sir, I can give you some of the pork and beans I'm keeping hot for father and Steve."

"I don't want any," he answered, still without looking up.

Little Tony, who by this time was broad awake, had slipped from his sister's arms, and stood with great, blue, wondering eyes fixed upon the stranger.

It was something wholly new to Tony's short experience to find himself quite unnoticed by a visitor, and he was evidently pondering deeply the problem of this unsolved personality.

He walked slowly up and down the room, at each turn approaching a little nearer the grim, silent figure before the hearth.

At last he paused, and laid a little, rosy hand on the man's knee. Still there was no response.

The child's breast heaved, his breath came quickly, and a grieved expression curled his pretty lips.

"Man," he said, with tremulous baby accent, half breaking into a sob, "why don't 'oo love little boys?"

The man started, and a spasm of uncontrollable feeling passed over his bearded face. He turned upon the child, whose golden hair shone in the firelight like a halo, and with a swift, irresistible motion, swept him into his arms.

Some marvelous change seemed to have transfigured his face, and the hard lines softened like ice before the sun. He held the child close, murmuring in his ear inarticulate expressions of endearment.

Tony, on his part, accepted most graciously this tardy homage to his charms. He tugged at the stranger's watch-chain, laughing so merrily that Jenny could not repress a soft echo from her own corner.

The man looked up, transfixing her with the same keen gaze as at his entrance, only that now some new element was added—a questioning almost painful in its intensity. One would have said that the man felt his fate hanging upon the answer which the young girl should give to his question:

"Are *you* afraid of me?"

"Afraid?" repeated Jenny, with gentle surprise. "Why should I be afraid? Surely you wouldn't do any harm to Tony or me?"

"No more would I, so help me heaven!"

The man rose, stretching himself to his full height, like one relieved from some crushing weight.

"And now, my girl, if you will, you may give me some of the pork and beans you spoke about. They're mighty warming on a night like this."

Jenny sprang to do his bidding with pleased alacrity, setting a bountiful portion upon the table, and drawing a chair beside it.

"I can't see why father don't come," she said, anxiously.

A curious expression flitted across the man's face.

"Don't you fret, child," he answered. "The snow's drifted awfully, and it would be nothing strange if they had to stop somewhere on the road and wait till morning. But never you mind; I'll attend to everything. You've got cattle and things to look after, I suppose? I'll feed 'em for you, and then I'll bring in another log or two for the fire."

"How good you are, sir! I know father will thank you a thousand times."

"Thank me yourself, child. I'm not doing it for your father. It's long since I've had occasion to be thanked, and the words have a sweet sound."

He opened the door, and went out through the blinding snow.

Returning a half-hour later, he carefully replenished the fire, raking the coals together till the red blaze mounted high in the great chimney.

Then he caught up Tony once more, making him laugh with a merry story, before Jenny carried him off to bed.

"There's no use expecting your folks tonight," said the stranger, when Jenny reappeared, having left her little charge quietly sleeping. "The storm grows harder every minute. But they'll be here bright and early in the morning, never fear. You go and lie down with the boy, and I'll just camp here in front of the fire."

"But you won't be comfortable, sir."

"Comfortable! I'll get the sweetest rest I've had for many a long night."

Jenny did as she was bidden. Still dressed, she threw herself upon the bed beside her little brother.

It was long before she slept, for as the snow beat against the window-panes, she could not repress a sharp anxiety for the safety of those she loved.

"What should I have done if this man had not come?" she asked herself again and again. "He seems so strange; but he is very, very kind."

She lost consciousness at last, and when she awoke, the sun was already shining in at the eastern window.

She sprang up hastily, scarcely able to collect her scattered memories of the night of storm.

Hark! Could it be? It was!—the sound of slowly-tinkling bells approaching through the still air.

"They are coming!" she cried, joyfully, and ran into the adjoining room.

It was empty, and the fire smouldered low upon the hearth. Her visitor had gone, unannounced and suddenly as he had come.

"And he had no breakfast," mourned poor Jenny. "How shameful of me to sleep like this!"

She flung open the door just as her father's sleigh appeared in sight, the stout horses struggling bravely through the unbroken drifts.

A cheerful halloo rang out, answered by her own joyful voice.

The sleigh reached the door, and in a moment Jenny was in her father's arms.

"My poor little girl! Thank God, you are safe! I was wild with fear for you—all alone in the stormy night."

"But I wasn't alone, father. A man came here, and he was so kind! He fed the cattle, and made my fire; but—only think!—I slept so late that he went away without any breakfast."

The father and son looked at each other.

"What is that?" cried Jenny, glancing at the table. "I do believe he left a letter! Yes—and directed to you, father!"

Mechanically the father unfolded the bit of paper, and this is what he read:

"I knew of the money you took from the express office last week at Millville. I have been watching my opportunity, and when you rode away to-day, I followed you, and cut down the big trees which you found across your road as you came back.

"I did this to gain time, for I knew you could never cut your way around before morning.

"I came here to rob you. Your children trusted me. The boy is like one that I remember. If they had been afraid of me, I should have found your money and gone away. You will think it foolish, but it came to me that if there was something left in me that an innocent child could trust, perhaps it was enough for the beginning—just the beginning—of a better man.

"JACK CARNIGAN."

The father's face grew ashy pale, and the paper fell from his hand. Stephen picked it up, glancing hurriedly over its contents, and the two gazed at each other without power to speak.

The signature was that of a desperado long the despair of the officers of justice, whose name had been for years a terror among the homes of solitary settlers all the country round.

This Story began in No. 6.]

A Nugget and The Burglar.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF

A PLUCKY AMERICAN BOY IN AUSTRALIA.

BY HENRY WILLARD AUSTIN.

CHAPTER XIV.

"What donkey ears, raised to the millionth power," thought Erny, "I'd have to have in order to hear so far!"

And he almost burst out laughing at his ridiculous fancy that a familiar voice all the way from antipodal Sandys had stolen along the earth's eight-thousand-mile diameter* into his ears.

But now his drowsy eyes noticed a faint, blue spire of smoke rising from the large, flat stone beside him, and with the smoke came an unmistakable odor of strong tobacco. A light broke in on Erny's mind. The smoke must come from some hole or cavern, and in that cave must be—what?

Cautiously pushing the flat stone a little, he found that it covered, but not closely, a large crab-hole. Peering down, he beheld, through a pendulous haze of blue smoke, some men playing cards by the light of dim lanterns.

These men were apparently far below, in a circular chamber of considerable size, and Erny wondered how in the world they could get out, for no door, from his view-point, was visible.

* Eight thousand in round numbers. Equatorial diameter, 7925; polar, 7899.

He lay down again with his ear to the crevice, for he knew instinctively it must be a gang of bush-rangers, and it behooved him to learn, in order, if possible, to defeat their plans.

Then, too, he was aching to hear again that speaker who had alluded to the papers and the old dry well. He didn't have to wait long.

"Pard," said a gruff voice, unmistakably English and brutal, "did that one-eyed bloke you woz talkin' of just now get lagged?"

"Bet your life he did!"

The villains laughed, and Erny shuddered.

"Did they make him a lifer?" inquired the gruff voice.

"Oh, no, cap'n!" replied the familiar nasal voice, in a whine of mock pity—"oh, no; being a poor, one-eyed chap, they only gave him five years!"

The rangers evidently considered this a delicate piece of humor, for they laughed again. Then the man addresed as "cap'n" said:

"Well, matey, wot woz your share o' the swag?"

"Only ten thousand dollars."

"Wot did yer do with the papers?"

"The bonds and securities wuz no good to us, and wuz dangerous to hev round, so"—the speaker paused, and Erny, straining his ears for the next sentence, felt as if the loud beating of his heart must surely betray him to the men below—"we buried 'em in some holler apple-trees."

Then another thief began bragging of the clever robberies he had committed, emphasizing the recountal of his crimes with such terrible profanity that Erny could hardly resist fancying that this crab-hole cavern must be the front door of perdition itself.

Presently the captain interrupted the speaker, exclaiming:

"Isn't it time for Muley to be back?"

"Right you are. And here he is."

This was a new voice, as of one entering the den, and it continued, in tones of fierce, animal glee:

"Mates, there's the biggest load of gold coming down to-morrow that the coach has ever carried."

"How much?"

"Nigh onter five hundred pounds."

"That ain't worth goin' for."

"I mean five hundred in weight, cap'n," said Muley.

"Now you're talkin'," growled the captain. "Mates, we must borrer Massina's horses to-night and meet the coach in that holler where the pike makes a sharp turn this side o' Fernshaw. You all know the spot I mean, barrin' our 'Merican pardner."

"Aye," said one of the rangers, "I ought to know the road there. Didn't I help the queen make it? And, blast her eyes, she hain't paid me yet for my work."

This grim witticism was relished by the rest, most of whom, having been caterpillar convicts before blossoming into butterfly bush-rangers, had been employed in breaking-stone on the queen's highway.

"Hadn't we better be movin' on, cap'n, so as to lead off Massina's horses while there's yet light?" said Muley. "If we wait till dark, we might make a noise in the paddock and bring them boys down on us."

"Are you afeared o' them boys?" sneered another robber. "I think we might as well clean out the Massina tribe to start with."

"No, you fool!" growled the captain. "Wot's the use o' sheddin' blood for nothin'? We'll just borrer Massina's horses, and return 'um like gentlemen—when we've done with 'um. And Muley's right—we'd better start now."

Erny would have liked to listen more, and catch some clue, or glimpse, if possible, of the robber with the nasal voice, who was clearly a recent member of the gang. But he reflected that he, or his hobbled horse, might be discovered if he lost any time.

It was evident that the entrance to the cavern must be on the side of the knoll opposite where he had left his horse, else Muley, on his coming, would probably have seen the animal, and would surely have mentioned it to the gang.

Mercury, god of thieves, with the winged heels, could scarce have gone faster down that knoll than Erny did, for he had two great points to spur him—the duty of warning the government coach and the certainty that if the rangers discovered him his life would be forfeit.

Hobbled horses do not stray far, and in a few minutes Erny had found his, and was riding rapidly away.

"Danger gives wits to dullards," it is said, and as Erny was hardly dull, he instantly reasoned that the direction from which the robber called Muley had entered the cavern must be the point of compass on which lay the turnpike road, or, at least, Massina's station.

Therefore he rounded the hill, keeping, however, out of sight and possible gunshot range, and presently he saw seven men emerge from a hole in the hillside, which was concealed by an overhanging mass of the thorny serpent-vine.

He could not distinguish their faces, but not daring to go nearer, he galloped off to that point whither he saw them heading.

After half an hour's hard riding, he gained a hill overlooking Massina's camp, and he rode down toward it with a triumphant "cooey."

But no voice returned his call. The Massinas were gone to Melbourne, and their "swagman" was doubtless off hunting.

"I'll drive their horses off, at any rate," said Erny to himself, approaching the paddock, "so the 'lags' can't find them. No, I won't. I'll saddle the best-looking one, as my horse is tired, and let those fellows get to the turnpike, so the troopers can capture them."

Effecting this exchange rapidly, Erny, who knew the way from Massina's as well as from Drouoland, now hastened his fresh horse through the shadow-gathering forest.

It was twilight when he gained the government road, and by leisurely riding he could reach before midnight the little village of Fernshaw, where the coach would stop for fresh horses about daybreak. Still he could not ride leisurely.

"I must be there in time, so as to get a lot of men together to surround and capture the rangers. Then I shall find out the man whose voice I know."

These thoughts kept galloping through Erny's mind, setting themselves fantastically to a sort of tune made by his horse's hoofs on the fine, firm road—a splendid witness of national character, for the Englishman, like Cæsar, builds his roads to last forever.

Now and then Erny glanced up at the stars, that seemed like friendly and encouraging eyes; and the "multitudinous smile" which the Greek lover of nature saw in the summer sea, Erny beheld in these summer heavens, and dimly began to discern, in that vast and vivid mirror of perfect beauty and perpetual power, the reflection of God, the dignity of existence, and the responsibility of man. Years after, in thinking it over, Erny was conscious that he rode out of boyhood, that night, into the borderland of manhood.

It was twelve o'clock when he arrived at Fernshaw. The little wayside inn was still open, and sounds of revelry reeled out on the still night air. Erny entered, and beheld Auburn, flushed with wine, in the centre of a rough-looking group.

"Hello, Adams! where'd you come from? Have a drop of something? Oh, I forgot! you don't drink."

"Don't drink!" said the tavern-keeper. "What's he afraid of? Snakes? I'd like to have your friend know, Mr. Auburn, that all my goods are first-class, and there isn't the ghost of a snake in twenty barrels of such liquor as you and these other gents have been drinking to-night."

"Auburn," said Erny, paying no heed to the inn-keeper's insolence, "I wish to see you privately a moment."

"All right," said Auburn. "Excuse me, gentlemen; I'll be back presently. Meantime, drink hearty, and call for what you please. I've found the biggest nugget of the year; it's coming down to-morrow by the coach. And money's made for spending."

The drinking crowd hurrahed, and the half-intoxicated favorite of fortune, taking Erny's arm, came forth from the noisy, glaring tavern into the shadowy softness of the cool calm night.

CHAPTER XV.

When Erny told his news, Auburn sobered down instantly.

"You did well not to 'give tongue' among that crowd," he said. "Some of 'em might be in league with the rangers. The landlord himself is rather a shady bird, I'm told. So, Adams, the best thing you can do is to ride ahead, meet the coach, and let the troopers cook up a scheme for netting the whole gang. It would be best to have their plans all laid before they get here, and let nobody know a bit of it except ourselves. You can take my horse from the stable and ride on."

So Erny made a second exchange of horses and spurred on through the night. Toward morning he met the coach, which had three men inside and was escorted by six mounted troopers, who, when treasure was sent to Melbourne, generally rode no further than Fernshaw, because the rest of the route was deemed safe enough.

After a brief council, in which Erny felt highly flattered by the deference shown him, it was decided that on leaving Fernshaw only one man should remain inside the coach, and the others, with Auburn and Erny, making a slight detour, should post themselves on the bend of the road in the hollow beyond Fernshaw, right opposite the side from which the rangers would probably sally forth.

Not a word was said at the Fernshaw tavern, and, an hour before the coach started again, Auburn, Erny and the others rode along in advance through the thick bush skirting the right side of the turnpike.

Just as the sun rose, scattering rosy gold, and the bell-bird hailed with song that universal treasure, the coach came slowly round the bend into the misty glen, and seven men, with crape masks, rode suddenly out.

"Halt!"

The driver stopped the horses.

"Come out o' that coach, one by one, and lay down your arms. We are two to one."

"All right!" answered the man inside, and instantly fired his pistol at the speaker's horse.

At the same instant, the troopers, dashing out from the opposite brush, leveled their pistols at the rangers and cried out:

"Surrender!"

"We've got you all covered," shouted the man inside; "so you better come in here, one by one. If you try to escape, we shall fire."

There was a keen-edged moment of surprise and uncertain silence. Then the baffled rangers, firing a random volley, urged their horses toward the forest.

But only two escaped. Of the five others, one was killed outright, two slightly wounded, and one thrown from his horse.

Not a trooper was hurt; but Erny, who, with Auburn, by the officers' orders, had kept well in the rear, heard a bullet buzz like a bee unpleasantly near; then, above the din, rose a sharp, quick cry, and Auburn, the gay and reckless, tumbled out of his saddle.

The troopers, after handcuffing and hobbling the rangers, gathered round their stricken comrade, whose head Erny was gently supporting, and one trooper examined the wound.

"I know it," gasped Auburn, with the ghost of his old smile flitting over his face, when the trooper looked grave and said nothing—"I know it, old fellow. I'm done for, as young Massina foretold. Tough luck, isn't it?—to find the king of nuggets, and then get bowled over by a stray ball! But perhaps it's all for the best; my nugget might have proved only an extra fast horse to the—well, where Conolly said I was going full tilt when he left me. Ugh! this pain!"

The agony was frightful, for the ball, having traversed the spine, was imbedded in the hip.

Presently the sufferer said:

"Adams, you saved my life once, and I want you to have my nugget when I'm nuggeted away in the ground."

"No, no," said Erny, "don't say that. We'll have a doctor for you soon, and you'll live."

"No, I won't. Mates, I want you to hand over my nugget to my friend here," feebly pointing to Erny, "when you get to Melbourne."

"No, no," protested Erny, "you mustn't talk so. I won't take it."

"All right," said Auburn; "then I give it, in the presence of these witnesses, to you, in charge for your mother. You can't get the best of me if—I—am—in—hard luck."

It was decided to take the wounded back to Fernshaw temporarily, but, on arriving there, the end was near for Auburn. The delirium which frequently accompanies wounds of his kind set in; he called for brandy, which they gave him, and snapping an imaginary stock-whip and shouting to refractory herds of visionary cattle, he died as he had lived, not sanely, not soberly.

Erny sat with Auburn to the end, and then cried over him, as did also some of the troopers, for Auburn had been widely a favorite, the pure gold of what he might have been shining out through the dross of circumstance.

Then, weary with hard riding and excitement, Erny fell asleep on a bed in the same room with his dead friend. When he awoke, it was nearly evening, and, greatly to his surprise, near by sat the man Nightingale, who looked as if he had been crying.

"How came *you* here?" said Erny.

"When you didn't come home, I got worried about you" (how oddly the man's voice trembled!), "so I rode over to Massina's this morning, and news came that there had been fighting up this way. So I came along to look after you."

"But you ought to be looking after the cattle," said Erny. "Those other fellows can't half attend to them."

"I guess they'll have to attend to themselves, then," rejoined Nightingale, airily, "for you'll be wanted in Melbourne to give testimony, and I'm going with you."

Erny stared. Had the man been drinking that he should speak thus?

"Nightingale," he said "if you don't return at once to the station, I shall have to discharge you, or—or report your conduct to Mr. Brown."

"All right," said Nightingale. "I don't care. I understand the poor fellow who got killed—"

Erny started, and looked over at the other bed.

"No, he's not there; they've taken him away. But, as I was saying, I understand that poor fellow left his nugget to you, so I'm going to watch round and see that no harm comes to you, as it did to him, for having it."

"He gave it to me for my mother," said Erny. "I used to tell him about her. Poor fellow! he never had a mother to remember."

Nightingale, the great, strong man, began to quiver like a leaf; tears rolled down his face; and Erny repented his previous hasty suspicion, when Nightingale said, earnestly:

"Did you know that your friend came to his death by drink? If he hadn't been drinking and bragging of his nugget, the rangers wouldn't have known when the treasury wagon was going to start. One of 'em was here as a spy."

"Yes, I know," cried Erny, excitedly. "Where are they now? I forgot to look at their faces, I was so taken up with Auburn. Where are they? I must look at 'em right away."

"What for?" said Nightingale, amazed.

"Because— No matter what for. I'll tell you some time," and Erny started for the door. "Where are they keeping 'em?"

"I guess," replied Nightingale, "they've been taken to Melbourne by this time."

Erny found that this guess was right. The prisoners had been removed during his sleep.

He turned to Nightingale, who attended him like his shadow.

"Why—why," he faltered, "did they take Auburn away so quickly?"

"In all hot countries," answered Nightingale, "they bury people as soon as possible."

"Let us get away from this place at once," cried Erny, with a shudder. "Go and hire a man to take a note to Mr. Brown, and I'll saddle the horses."

A man was readily found to ride up to Mr. Brown with a hasty note from Erny, who then, with Nightingale, made haste to the city, where they arrived about ten o'clock.

They put up at an inn, and the next morning Erny went to the jail to inspect the prisoners.

They were all unknown to him.

"Wasn't there an American with you in the cave?" began Erny, addressing the least ugly of the four.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout no cave."

"Wasn't there an American in your gang?"

"P'raps there were, and p'raps there wuzn't."

Erny's questioning of the others was equally unsuccessful.

Finally he asked one of the mounted troopers, who happened to be lingering at the jail, to describe the ranger who had been killed, but the description did not tally with any one Erny had known in Sandys.

"I must give it up, Nightingale, I think the man I wanted to see was one of the two who escaped." Then he added, impatiently: "I'm in pretty hard luck."

"Hard luck?" said the trooper, with a laugh. "I wish I had a little of your kind."

"What do you mean?"

"The luck of having such a big nugget given me as you have. Not that I grudge it to you; you earned it well."

"I'd forgotten all about that," said Erny. "What's been done with it?"

"It's all safe in the Colonial Bank, deposited in your name, Mr. Adams," said the trooper to Erny, with that strange respectfulness which mere wealth always wins from the average English nature, and too often from the American nature also.

"But how will they know me?" said Erny.

"Oh, the bank officer that was with us will identify you, whenever you wish to sell the nugget to the bank; but as it was given your mother, you'll have to get an order from her before you can sell it, you know."

After shaking hands with the trooper, Erny returned to his room at the inn, greatly vexed with himself for not having ventured nearer when he first saw the rangers. But probably the troopers, on the strength of this information, would search the Crabhole Cavern, and possibly they might capture the man whose face Erny would have given a nugget to behold. Comforting himself thus, he sat down to write a letter home.

The sun, almost on a level, came pouring into the room, and presently Erny remarked:

"What a hot afternoon this is! Nightingale, I wish you'd go down stairs and bring up a jug of lemonade."

Nightingale silently departed, and soon returned with the lemonade and a newspaper, and the first positive smile Erny had ever seen on his face.

"Don't you want to see how you look in print?"

Erny took the outstretched Argus, which even then was almost as great a paper as now, and beheld, in colossal, alliterative capitals, at the head of a column:

AN AMERICAN'S ACHIEVEMENT!
Adams, a Young Stockman, Causes the Capture of Five Convicts, and is Rewarded with a Royal Nugget.

Blushing at this undreamed-of publicity, Erny mechanically retreated to a chair nearer the window, and, sitting down hastily, knocked off of the chair a coat which, the day being so hot, Nightingale had hung there.

As Erny politely picked up the coat, a bulky letter dropped from an inner pocket.

Erny started to hand it to Nightingale, whose bright smile into a shadow of some covert fear had faded suddenly.

The boy quickly drew back his hand, for his eyes had caught the address on the letter, which was plain as print, in his mother's handwriting, "Ernest Adams."

The envelope was broken, and Erny impulsively pulled forth the letter. Yes, it was his; the first his mother had written him, the letter he had never received. What a shivering silence was in the room, till, with angry, blazing eyes, clenched fist and fiery voice, Erny advanced, and said:

"How came you by this letter, Nightingale? How came you with my letter, I say?" repeated Erny, fiercely.

"They gave it to me at the post-office."

"Why, then, didn't you bring it to me at once?"

"I didn't know where you were," stammered Nightingale, growing ghastly.

"But how dared you open my letter, and then keep it? Nightingale, I didn't think you were a thief."

"I'm not," said Nightingale, gently. "I thought the letter was for me when I received it."

"For you?" said Erny, scornfully. "You must have been drunk then—drunk, as you were when first I saw you."

"I was," replied Nightingale, humbly, "and that letter sobered me forever, God help me!"

"Well, I'm glad it did you good," said Erny, relenting somewhat; "but it was bad as stealing, it *was* stealing, to keep this letter from me, and I don't see, even if you were drunk, how you could have got it from the office or thought it was meant for you."

"Erny!"—Erny started at the name and tone; it was long since he had been called anything but Ernest or Adams—"Erny, don't you understand? My name is not Nightingale; that's only a nickname. My name is—"

"What?" cried Erny, with widening eyes.

The answer came, in tones that broke to whispers:

"The same as yours. I am your father, Erny."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUZZLEDOM.

No. CCCCXIV.

Original contributions solicited from *all*. Puzzles containing obsolete words will be received. Write contributions on one side of the paper, and apart from all communications. Address "Puzzle Editor," GOLDEN DAYS, Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

No. 1. Police Protection.

No. 2.

M
S A P
B A R E D
B E T I D E D
S A T A N I C A L
M A R I N O R A M A S
P E D I R E M E S
D E C A M P S
D A M E S
L A S
S

No. 3. Very Cold Wave.

No. 4.

P A S S I M
A S T O N E
S T A R T S
S O R G O S
I N T O N E
M E S S E S

No. 5. Spot-less.

No. 6.

G
C A B
P O S E R
C O R O N E R
G A S O M E T E R
B E N E F I C E
R E T I N A S
R E C A N T
R E S T S

No. 7. Demosthenes.

No. 8.

N E A T E S T
E X T A N C E
A T E L L A N
T A L C I T E
E N L I V E N
S C A T E S T
T E N E N T S

No. 9. Highway Robbery.

No. 10.

T R I O C T I L **E**
U T R I C U L A **R**
R O S E L L I N **I**
M A C A R O N I **C**

No. 11. The death of our dear Bolis.

No. 12.

P
C O D
M A N O R
C A S T L E D
P O N T L E V I S
D O L E R I T E
R E V I V O R
D I T O N E
S E R E S

NEW PUZZLES.

NO. 1. CHARADE.

Far out on the briny, turbulent deep
The *complete* mariner steers his way,
While his wife at home prays that God may keep
Her lov'd one from being the ocean's prey.

He has *last first* of the ocean strong,
Than the birds that lightly skim it o'er,
But only hopes it may not be long
Ere he returns to his home once more.

PHIL O. SOPHER.

NO. 2. SQUARE.

1. A worthless fellow. 2. Brisk. 3. Raised platforms. 4. Rolls of tobacco for smoking. 5. Disinclined. 6. To diminish.

Baltimore, Md. PRIMROSE.

NO. 3. DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

In "daily spats,"
In "stylish hats,"
In "heart and soul" that's free;
In "wanton waste,"
In "dreadful taste,"
In "terrible haste,"
In "steamers" large that plow the sea.

Lightning flashing, *primal* crashing,
Shakes the very air;
Water splashing, men are dashing—
Through the streets they tear.

Rainy days make one always
Gloomy and forlorn.
All Nature's robbed, her flowers mobbed,
And of their beauty shorn.

Rainy weather, altogether
Makes a body weary.
The watery flood, combined with mud,
Is far from being cheery.

Philadelphia, Pa. MARANON.

NO. 4. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Those in office. 3. Certain kinds of pilasters. 4. Characteristic modulations of the voice. 5. To hang with curtains. 6. A person anciently designated by a church to reconcile parties, and to unite them in the choice of officers. 7. A judge. 8. Stations (*Scot.*) 9. Situations. 10. A negative connective or particle. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

NO. 5. CHARADE.

I *three'd* to sing *two* little *whole*,
When asked by pretty Jane,
Although my voice, with poor control,
Gave forth each gentle strain.

'Twas at a party, late last night,
Within a parlor grand,
Where ladies 'neath a flaring light
In magic ring did stand.

Within the spacious hall above
A *one* was going on,
Where tongues of whispering swains made love
To lassies fair and bon.

Dubois, Ill. ASPIRO.

NO. 6. INVERTED PENTAGON.

1. A leaf or division of the calyx (*Bot.*) 2. A cover for the ears against cold. 3. Artful. 4. Devotes to destruction. 5. A barking (*Obs.*) 6. A gold coin of Spain worth about $3.60. 7. Overlays or covers the inner roof of. 8. A cowl (*Obs.* or *Prov. Eng.*) 9. A letter.

Erie, Pa. S. N. ORTERS.

NO. 7. CHARADE.

My *first* is the name of a little bird,
Whose chirp is pleasant to be heard.
It flies about in the forests green;
Its beautiful plumage adds to the scene.

My *second's* a gift from God's own hand,
To ev'ry person in the land.
Some haven't the power to use it, you see,
And full of compassion for them you should be.

My *third* is an action done by the *second;*
By its use dimensions may be reckoned.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Without its use men would deplore.

Total, like one of the world's wonders seven,
Can not a mile o'er space in 2.11.

Philadelphia, Pa. L. R. BUCK.

NO. 8. STAR.

1. A letter. 2. A word uttered to frighten children. 3. Infernal. 4. Pertaining to the aorta. 5. Causes to ascend a tree. 6. A light boat, long in proportion to its breadth. 7. A species of wild ox with a long mane. 8. A prefix. 9. A letter.

Burrillville, R. I. LITTLE RHODY.

NO. 9. CHARADE.

Swiftly and gaily is time passing o'er us;
First youth cares but little for riches or fame.
Toiling and striving are not yet before us,
And honor and glory are yet but a name.

Sun-rays of pleasure are shining so brightly,
O! sorrow we *last* but a glimpse through the beams;
And if pain should touch us, 'tis ever so lightly,
To *whole* it is easy in youth's changing dreams.

Seize on the moments of sunshine and laughter,
For romance and gladness are with us to-day.
Labor and sorrow perhaps may come after,
So weep when you must, but be glad when you may.

Brooklyn, N. Y. B. L. Z. BUB.

NO. 10. INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across: 1. Relating to a sacrament. 2. Room or place in a house. 3. An aromatic plant whose leaves are covered with down. 4. To sneeze (*Obs.*) 5. The female of any species of deer. 6. A letter.

Down: 1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. A salt-water fish. 4. To destroy. 5. A genus of plants with compound flowers. 6. A luminous body in the air. 7. To efface. 8. Not any. 9. A bauble. 10. First person of the verb *to be*. 11. A letter.

Akron, Ohio. WILL.

☞ Answers will appear in our next issue; solvers in six weeks.

SOLVERS.

Puzzles in "PUZZLEDOM" No. CCCCVIII were correctly solved by Old Ironsides, E. C. Lectic, Lous H. Paney, Will o' the Wisp, B. L. Z. Bub, Ureka, R. McBride, Sour Grapes, Washington, Hanover, Ilex, Tag, Comus, The Squire, Poor Tramp, R. C. Nick, John H. Horst, Dorothy Doolittle, Cal F., May Le Hosmer, Dic Tator, Capt. Jack, Uncas, Yot See, Belle T., Monte Cristo, Arty Fishel, Gemini, Sam'l B. Millar, Humbug, Orbit, O. K., Joel H. Hint, Jennie B. Cole, Loo Wee, Fritz Blitz, Tidal Wave, Dick Ens, Charter Oak, Harry B. Thompson, Charlie Davis, Geoval, Wm. H. Duecker, Anonyme, Peer A. Mid, Fairplay, P. O. Stage, L. Dee, Lillie Rose, Nedmac, Norry Norray, A. L. Vin, Cricket, Beatrice, Laeno, E. Z. 2 C., V. G. Ohuja, Anise Lang, Pennsyldelphia, Jan U. Ary, W. B. B., Whisk, J. I. B., P. W. Leiter, Maranon, Comet, Dew Drops, C. A. M. Den, C. B. Bostwick, Argus, Cloves, Tunle H. S., B. Y., Edward Brooks, Long Islander, H. I. Story, Primrose, Jupiter, Jeannette, Eruditus, Eheu E. Wood, Bolger, Monty Banks, Bursle, Rob Long, Hal O., Wimpie, G. R., P. J. L., Felix, Amy, The Senator, Roncevai, Seedy See, Don Juan, Sam Yell, C. Rank, Golightly, S. N. Orters, Patience, Dromio, Little Rhody, St. Elmo, Daisy Driftwood, A. Dandy, Fred C. Semmek, Mosquito, Egerton, Ripples, G. W. Ingalls, Craftsman, Osler, Jo Ram, Eureka and Miss T. Ree, Ereval, Incognito, H. L. V., Munus, Ray Vine, Mike Adlen, Alcyo, H. H., Toodlewinks, Banner, C. R. Irving, Jr., Aspiro and C. P. A., Jr.

COMPLETE LISTS.—First six solvers.

PRIZES.

COMPLETE.—Will o' the Wisp. INCOMPLETE—P. O. Stage.

SPECIALS.—Gemini, Anise Lang, E. C. Lectic, St. Elmo, C. A. M. Den and Jennie B. Cole.

Stern Parent—"Young man, why didn't you answer me? Didn't you hear me calling you for the past ten minutes?"
Young Hopeful—"Yes, pa. But then, you know, you always told me that little boys should be seen and not heard."

CUTE.

Lady—"If I give you a penny, what will you say?"
Boy—"I'll say anything that you wan't me to."
Lady—"Well, say 'Thank you.'"
Boy—"Not till I get the penny. I don't trust nobody now-a-days."

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THROWN" (THRONE).

FEBRUARY FUN.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.—*Cervantes*: "*La Gitanilla*."

—"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys."

"They ain't, eh?" the boy replied, with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."

—"They have discovered foot-prints three feet long in the sands of Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." It is impossible to conceive how a race that made foot-prints three feet long could get lost.

—"Pa," said young Tumblestone, "if I eat dates enough will I turn into a calendar?"

"You will turn into bed this instant," said the elder Tumblestone, "or I will assist you!" He turned in.

—"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?"

"No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."

—Delinquent: "I think, boy, that in presenting this bill so often, you are causing me undue annoyance."

Boy: "Dat ain't undue, sir. De boss says it's overdue."

—Teacher: "Now, children, I am going to tell you about the prophet Daniel, who, though cast into a den of lions—"

New scholar (fresh from New York): "Have you only just got onto that here?"

—The baker thinks it's all right to sponge his living.

—A bad sign: An illegible signature.

—Children have many playthings, but six-year-olds do not often play with words as does little Georgia, who said:

"Mamma, I know how it was with Cain and Abel. Cain killed Abel with a *cane*, and Abel wasn't *able* to help himself."

—First tramp: "Run, run, Jake!"

Second tramp: "Eh? Has that farmer got a gun?"

"No; he's got a wood pile!"

—"We've got a hen that laid two eggs in one day," boasted a six-year-old girl to a companion.

"That's nothing! My papa has laid a corner-stone."

—When a girl is little, she has a doll baby. When she grows up, she has a dolman.

—Somehow men really seem to enjoy it when their tailors give them fits.

—"The single scull race!" exclaimed an excited old lady as she laid down the paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls!"

—Certainly the most likely place for a fisherman to get a bite would be at the mouth of the river.

—A teacher recently asked a pupil what the mark lbs. stood for.

"Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

—Customer (in restaurant, eating rapidly): "Waiter, what can you bring me for dessert, quick? I'm in great haste."

Waiter: "Hasty puddin', sah."

OUR LETTER BOX.

DECLINED.—Press On—Lines on the Death of a Young Friend—Grandmother's Story—The Camp on Fort Hill—Fifteen Minutes in the Saddlebacks—How Joe Helped the Family—Madge Milligan's Folly—Little Grace's Fancy—My Dolly—The Poor Sailor Boy—How Lettie Got Her Paints—Messenger 22—Tobogganing.

WILLIE B., G. S. H. AND OTHERS.—The fact that business addresses are never given a place in this department prevents a compliance with your modest requests. Perhaps a perusal of the advertising columns of a newspaper or magazine will result in the discovery of the desired knowledge.

A WEEKLY PURCHASER.—Carriage and wagon builders employ men who thoroughly understand their trade to polish and paint the bodies, covers and running gear of the various vehicles manufactured by them, and purchase their oils, varnishes, etc., from dealers making a specialty of such preparations.

M. A. D.—1. India-ink marks on the arm or hand can be partially, if not completely, removed by the application of milk pricked into the skin in the same manner as the color was originally placed there. Other methods are recommended, but as they require the handling of poisonous chemicals, and are sure to result in disfiguring scars, we refrain from publishing them here.

ANNOYANCE.—Any boy possessing a grammar-school education need not doubt his ability to get on in the world, provided he makes good use of the knowledge gained in that channel. By attending a business college he will learn the various technicalities of a mercantile life, which, added to his previous scholastic training, should enable him to hold his own in any business calling he may select.

A. N. J. READER.—Publishers of newspapers, magazines, etc., send their publications through the mails as second-class matter, paying one cent per pound at the post-office situated in the place where they are issued. This privilege is accorded to publishers and news companies only, and not to private individuals, who are required to pay one cent for mailing each four ounces of printed material of that description.

A READER.—We can furnish you with a bound copy of Vols. V, VI, VII and VIII, but cannot bind the numbers in your possession. A cover suitable for that purpose can be obtained at this office by forwarding 60 cents, and then, if possessed of the ingenuity of the ordinary young man, you can make a most presentable book by following the directions given for binding magazines, pamphlets, etc., in No. 32, Vol. VI.

UMPOSLOGAAS.—1. The commandant of cadets at Annapolis, Md., will furnish you with a pamphlet describing the requirements exacted of boys desiring to enter that institution. This information can also be gained by reading "Life at Annapolis," published in No. 10, Vol. VI, GOLDEN DAYS. There is no manual on the subject to be found in the book stores. 2. We may publish a story of the kind; if so, our readers will be given due notice of its appearance.

T. B. P.—Planchette is, as the name implies, a French invention, but its popularity at one time in this country has induced the belief of its really being of American origin. Many explanations of its surprising manifestations by answering questions of a puzzling character have been published, the majority of which ascribe it to spiritualism. We are unable to furnish any new theories regarding the subject, or vouch for the reliability of its operations.

TID BITS.—1. The word "limited," attached to a firm's name, signifies that each partner is liable only for a sum equal to the amount of capital subscribed by him. The law requires that it shall be affixed to all the bill-heads, letter-heads and signs used by such a firm. 2. Small skins are rendered pliable and soft by rubbing between the hands, or by drawing backward and forward, flesh side out, over a smooth pole. 3. Robert Burdette. 4. A worthless Spanish coin.

C. W.—The filaments of carbon used in the several forms of incandescent electric lights consist of a thread or fibre of vegetable or animal origin which has been subjected to some carbonizing process while protected from the action of the air. The resulting product is a slender filament or thread of carbon which opposes considerable resistance to the passage of the electric current, in consequence of which, when the current passes through it, it becomes heated throughout its entire length, the filament being continuous, and not interrupted, as in the case of the carbon rods of the arc system of electric lighting.

G. W. H.—Fat meats, butter, oily vegetable substances, milk and eatables containing sugar and starch are the most fattening articles of food. The predisposing causes of obesity are a peculiar habit of body, hereditarily transmitted, inactivity and sedentary habits. Still it does not always follow that persons indulging in such foods and habits will gain flesh to any appreciable degree, unless nature so ordains it. Potatoes, parsnips, beets, turnips, figs, grapes, apples, corn-starch, arrow-root, tapioca and corn are among the many substances that tend to increase the fat in mankind and the lower animals.

YOUNG CARPENTER.—Screws that have become rusted in wood, and obstinately refuse all ordinary efforts to remove them, can be readily withdrawn with a screw-driver by first holding a hot iron against the head of the screw for a few minutes, or until it has had time to become heated throughout its whole length. By this means the motion of the screw in expanding breaks up the adhesions between the rusted portions of the screw and the wood, and its withdrawal is easily accomplished. To avoid to a great degree the liability of the occurrence of rust, the screws should always be first oiled, which also permits them to be more easily inserted.

FAT BOY.—1. A judicious indulgence in gymnastic exercises will have a tendency to reduce your superfluous weight, and at the same time increase your strength. Walking, running, jumping and leaping, the use of Indian clubs and dumb-bells, pulley-weights and other appliances of a similar nature, will all combine to bring about the desired result. Remember, however, that none of these should be employed so constantly and violently that the muscles will become strained in any manner. 2. Nail-biting can be cured by exercising all your will power to avoid the disfiguring practice. This may be slightly aided by applying a solution of bitter aloes to the ends of the fingers.

C. C. G.—1. Benjamin Franklin wrote under two pen-names—"Poor Richard" and "Richard Saunders." 2. Henry Clay said, "I would rather be right than president." 3. Nana Sahib was a Hindu, one of the leaders of the Sepoy Rebellion in 1857. He was said to be the son of a Brahmin, and at the age of seven was adopted by a rich prince, who had him educated as a Hindu nobleman. At the breaking out of the revolt he offered his services to the English, but treacherously placed himself at the head of the mutineers. After committing many atrocities, he was at last defeated by Sir Henry Havelock. The date of his death is unknown—in fact, some authorities claim that he still lives.

MARY W. H.—In 1656, the ship Swallow, of Boston, commanded by Captain Kempthorn, sailed into Boston harbor, with Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, two Quakers, on board, brought from the Barbadoes. At a council held July 11th, 1656, it was ordered that the two women should be searched; that all their books should be destroyed by the common hangman; that they should be confined in prison without communication with any one except by permission of the authorities, to prevent the spreading of their religious opinions (which were considered heretical by the Puritans), until they should be put on board some vessel to be transported out of the country. Kempthorn was compelled to do this, and also pay all charges for their imprisonment. This was the first legislation directed exclusively against the Quakers. Three years later two members of that sect were hanged in Boston, according to a law imposing the death penalty upon Quakers who should return to the province after being banished.

OLD READER.—No person under the age of twenty-one can be enlisted in the United States Army without the written consent of his parents or guardians. Minors under eighteen years of age will only be enlisted for musicians or to learn music. One of the fifteen recruiting stations maintained by the government is situated in Chicago. The term of enlistment is for five years; the pay ranges from \$13 to \$34 per month for privates and non-commissioned officers. The third year of service it is increased one dollar per month, the fourth year two dollars, and the fifth year three dollars, making the monthly pay sixteen dollars in the fifth year of enlistment. This increase affects all grades with the exception of the chief musicians, wagoners and artificers. In addition to his pay, the private soldier receives medical attendance, rations, clothing and a dwelling free of cost. The total clothing allowance for five years for privates in the artillery, infantry and cavalry ranges between \$159.79 and \$201.83, the last-named amount being given to cavalrymen.

A. P. OLICE.—1. Stoves of a pattern never seen at the present day were used by the ancient Romans, but no record has been left to inform us who was the inventor of these useful adjuncts to household comfort. These contrivances were nothing more than square boxes made of brick, tiles, soapstone or slate, and sometimes of such great size that they nearly filled one side of the room. 2. "Hard porcelain," or china, is said to have been invented at Sin-Ping in China, about 185 B. C., and rose to great importance at King-te-Chin, 557 A. D., where in 1712 three thousand furnaces were used, and where the manufacture is still carried on. The art of pottery in China is reputed to be as old as 2599 B. C. In Japan hard porcelain dates from 27 B. C.; translucent porcelain was made about 672 A. D. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the porcelain of China began to be extensively imported into Europe, and various unsuccessful attempts were made to discover the secret of its manufacture, both as to the material and the process. The Persians are said to have produced translucent pottery about the fifteenth century of the Christian era. 3. Exchange offers must contain a list of articles of equivalent value to those desired.

TREASURER OF TRIO CLUB.—1. A camping outfit, suitable for all ordinary purposes, should consist of a wall-tent, some camp-cots, a table, camp-chairs, and a sufficiency of tin cooking utensils, such as frying-pans, two or three kettles, a coffee-pot, tea-pot and a stew-pan. Tin plates and cups are preferable to crockery. Condensed milk, canned vegetables, fruits and meats are convenient to carry, and also keep for an indefinite time. A locality may be selected, however, where all these articles can be purchased fresh from farmers and dealers in country produce. A medium-sized oil stove is a most important adjunct, and pins, needles, cotton, courtplaster, an axe, a hatchet, twine, rope and wooden pegs for the tent must not be forgotten. A sufficient number of woolen blankets should be provided, as they are absolutely requisite for protection from the night air while sleeping. Canvas shoes with rubber soles are very appropriate foot-coverings, and medium-weight woolen underclothing is the most suitable for camp life. 2. The articles on canoe-building, published in GOLDEN DAYS, are complete in every detail and very varied in character; therefore it is not considered necessary to publish any additional directions. At the same time, we thank you for your kind offer.

INQUIRER.—To satisfy the curiosity of yourself and many other questioners, we publish the following table of average height and weight at stated ages. It would be well to read it carefully, and recommend it to any one seeking such information, thus saving us the loss of time and space caused by useless repetition:

Age.	*Feet.*	*Lbs.*
One,	1.64	17.06
Two,	2.60	25.01
Four,	3.04	31.38
Six,	3.44	38.80
Nine,	4.00	49.95
Eleven,	4.36	59.77
Thirteen,	4.72	75.81
Fifteen,	5.07	96.40
Seventeen,	5.36	116.56
Eighteen,	5.44	125.59
Twenty,	5.49	132.46
Thirty,	5.52	140.38
Forty,	5.52	140.42
Fifty,	5.49	139.96
Sixty,	5.38	136.07
Seventy,	5.32	131.27
Eighty,	5.29	127.54
Ninety,	5.29	127.54

W. M. R. Nothing more than their face value is offered for U. S. silver dollars issued in 1800.—E. C. H. A serial by the author named will be published in this volume. We will not at present publish any of the serials in book form.—CHAS. B. D. AND WHISTLER. Nos. 28, Vol. III, and 32 and 33, Vol. V, contained articles of much interest to rabbit keepers.—CHAS. J. T. As a rule, all of our continued stories are founded on fact—WALLACE L. "Wm. O. H." was told in No. 8, issued two weeks ago, how exchanges are made by means of the department devoted to them in this paper.—JAMES W. Purchase a manual of soap-making, and make your own selection from the many processes described therein.—GERMANTOWN. No premium on the silver dollars issued from 1800 to 1804. Those of the latter year command from \$500 to \$1000 apiece.—273. A locomotive engineer is not required to be a machinist; he learns sufficient of that trade while acting as a fireman. Make application for the latter position to the president of the road selected.—HARRY. William T. Adams is the real name of the author generally known as "Oliver Optic;" "Harry Castlemon" is C. A. Fosdick in private life, and "Mark Twain" is the pen-name of Samuel L. Clemens.—PANSY. October 26, 1840, April 20, 1874, and November 1, 1880, all fell on Monday; February 1, 1849, on Thursday.—C. W. S. Make inquiries in your neighborhood or consult the advertising columns of the prominent weekly papers and magazines, in which may be found the addresses sought after.—JUMBO. We cannot furnish Vol. I, either bound or unbound.—J. C. G. Your suggestion is not looked upon with sufficient favor to warrant its adoption.—ST. LOUIS. The names of the persons whose heads are placed on various domestic and foreign stamps are given in all first-class stamp-albums.—TOPSY. John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, is president *pro tem.* of the United States Senate.—MUSKEETER. Contributions to "Puzzledom" are voluntary in all cases.—BIG BUG. The Christmas number of GOLDEN DAYS was sold at the same price as the other issues, no advance being made on account of its size and superior attractions.—F. M. A. We are compelled to decline your offer, as we are bountifully supplied with material.—BROOKLYN.—The cents coined in 1835 have no special value over and above that expressed on their face.—S. T. AGE. A young man with an "undeveloped musical and dramatic taste" had better turn his attention to some useful trade, instead of longing to become an actor.—G. ALLAGHER. We can find no reference to the existence of the rifle named. Perhaps the Chief of Ordnance, War Department, Washington, D. C., can enlighten you.—PAUL. The novel named is doubtless founded on ancient traditions.—B. ATTERY. The carbon used in making the electric-bell battery described in No. 14, Vol. VIII, may be purchased from a dealer in electrical goods.—FRANK W. Advise your friend to select some other occupation than that of theatrical call-boy—one in which he may rise more rapidly and receive greater remuneration.—CONSTANT READER. The simple battery mentioned in No. 13, Vol. IV, is not intended for giving shocks.—N. E. M. The speed acquired by an ice-boat greatly depends upon the strength of the breeze.—B. W. B. Washington, Franklin and Jefferson have probably had more towns named in their honor than any other Americans.

☞ Several communications have been received which will be answered next week.

A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

Lime is the serious defect found in most of the cream of tartar baking powders. As a matter of fact, chemical analysis has found it in all such powders except the "Royal." Its presence is caused by the use of adulterated cream of tartar in the effort to reduce their cost of production.

Lime adds to the weight, while it detracts from the strength of the baking powder. It also renders the food less wholesome, giving rise to dyspepsia and kindred ailments. Baking powders containing lime produce less leavening gas, and therefore in use are more expensive than a first-class, pure article.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar that is first specially refined and made chemically pure. No tartrate of lime or other impurity can find its way into the "Royal," and to this fact its great superiority in strength, wholesomeness and keeping quality is due.

All this adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing the Royal Baking Powder, but as all its ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is free from every extraneous substance—"absolutely pure." Nor does it contain any ingredients except those necessary to make a pure, wholesome and perfect baking powder.

Dobbins' Electric Soap.

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP —IN THE WORLD.—

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid $50,000 *twenty years ago* has never been modified or changed in the slightest. **This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.**

IT contains **nothing that can injure the finest fabric.** It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

IT washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE.

THERE is a **great saving** of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used **according to directions.**

ONE **trial** will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial.

LIKE all **best things,** it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon **Dobbins'** Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC

and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to **follow directions** on each outside wrapper. You **cannot afford** to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful

Dobbins' ♦ Electric ♦ Soap.

NAME on 25 Fringe, Gilt Edge and Floral Cards, 1 Pocket Pencil and Pen, **1** Auto. Album, Book of 130 Cards & Novelties, 10c. King Card Co., No. Haven, Ct.

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And **STEREOPTICONS,** all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS,** etc. ☞ *A profitable business for a man with small capital.* Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 152 page Catalogue *free.* **McALLISTER,** Optician, **49 Nassau St., N. Y.**

Valentines FREE! 200 Lacework Valentines, Imported Valentine Mottoes in lovely colors, Valentine Cards, &c. Send **10c.** for postage and packing. ATLANTIC CO., E. River, Conn.

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A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

FREE 32 COLUMN ILLUSTRATED PAPER. BOOK of LOVELY SAMPLE CARDS, Alphabet of Success, 535 Conundrums, etc., big lot of humorous stories and full outfit, all for only 2 cents, and our splendid paper for young people with 25 fine engravings sent free. HILL PUB. CO., Cadiz, Ohio

CATARRH positively cured by the great German Remedy. Sample package and book for 4 cents in stamps. **E. H. Medical Co.,** East Hampton, Conn.

THE BEAUTIFUL, FRAGRANT CINNAMON VINE GROWN & FOR SALE BY FRANK FINCH: CLYDE, N.Y.

And a very pretty climbing plant it is. Perfectly hardy, the stem dying down every autumn, but growing again so rapidly in the spring as to completely cover any trellis or arbor very early in the season. It is as easily cultivated as the Madeira Vine, and is produced from tubers which will make from ten to twelve feet of vine, and with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, bright-green peculiar foliage, and clusters of delicate white flower, sending forth a delicious cinnamon odor, render it by far one of the most desirable climbers in cultivation. A tuber planted near a door or window, and the vine trained over and about it, makes an ornament worthy the admiration of all. The tubers will stand our most severe winters without any protection, and when well grown will measure two feet in length. J. P. RUNG, Tyrone, Pa., says: "The vine has grown about eighteen feet, and was very full of bloom, with a delicious odor, scenting the air for a long distance. The foliage is very much admired, and is withal a desideratum in the way of vines." When first introduced here from Japan, the tubers sold for $10 each. I will send **two tubers,** nicely packed in moss, by mail postpaid, for **50c., 5** for **$1** or **12** for **$2.** (No order received for less than **50c.**) Remit by postal note, silver or stamps. *Mention this paper.* Address **FRANK FINCH, CLYDE, N.Y.**

☞ **AGENTS WANTED.** For **5c.** extra I will send a large colored lithograph of the Cinnamon Vine, with terms to agents. Any lady or gent can easily make from **$3** to **$5** per day selling this Beautiful Fragrant Vine.

200 Imp'd German Pictures, Puzzles, Songs Transfer Pictures, 16p. Sample Book of Silk Fringe Cards & Solid 18k. Rolled Gold Ring, all for **10c.** Bird Card Co., Meriden, Conn.

MUSIC Send **5** cents postage, and get **free 40 full-size pages** latest Vocal and Instrumental pieces. **G. D. TRIFET,** 408 Wash. Street, Boston, Mass.

Your Name on this Pencil Stamp, 25c. with India Ink, agt's terms & outfit free. Agts. are selling hundreds of these st'ps. Thalman Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. Leading Importers & Wholesale Stamp House.

10 CENTS (Silver) pays for your address in the "Agent's Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and will be **well pleased** with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. T. D. Campbell, Box 206, Boyleston, Ind.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE

PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS

Full Suits and Overcoats

It has been hard work to make people **believe** that we can cut, and make to order, a good pair of pants for $3.00. Pants that will **look** well, **fit** well and **wear** well. By persistent advertising, we have in-

DO YOU WEAR PANTS

duced a great many people to **risk** $3, upon our agreement, endorsed by the American Express Co., (capital $20,000,000) to **refund money for any cause.** Then **doubt** yields to **surprise,** and the question everywhere is asked "How can we do it." In that way we are building up and **holding** a large trade, scattered from Maine to California, that is buying everything from us, Suits, Overcoats and Pants. For 6 cts. we mail you 20 samples to select from, and self-measurement blanks, so accurate that we can safely guarantee a fit; also a good linen tape-measure, if you mention this paper, or if you would save time and leave choice of goods you prefer, send us your **waist, inside leg** and **hip** measures, together with $3 and 35 cents to prepay express or postage and packing, and we will forward the goods, guaranteeing safe delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Write the American Express Co., Boston, about us, and they will reply at once.

"HOW CAN THEY DO IT"

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

PRINT Your Own CARDS **PRESS, $3.** Circular size, $8. Newspaper size, $44. Type-setting easy, PRINTED directions. Send two stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, &c. to factory KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT delivered free (value $50) for the funniest tit-bit cut or slip, with 10 cents (silver). First bit, $2 cash. Competition closes 1 Apr. '88. JOHN McMILLAN, Upland, Ontario, Canada

941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS, scrap pictures, puzzles, games, tricks, money making secrets, album verses, and the largest and finest sample book of new style cards ever issued. All for a 2-cent stamp. Steam Card Works, Station 15, O.

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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,** P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

16 Lovely Silk Fringed, Hidden Name and Embossed Cards, 1 Album of Decalcomanies, 60 Fine Scrap Pictures and **Agt's** Sample Book, all for 10c. Dixon Card Works, Meriden, Ct.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of Ancient York, England, where the first G. Lodge of Masons was held A D. 926. Also large Illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Agents wanted. Pay very liberal. ☞ Beware of spurious books. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

TELEGRAPHY!

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ONE PACK May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Escort Cards, One Pack Flirtation Cards, One Pack Hold-to-the-Light Cards, The Mystic Oracle, with which you can tell any person's age; and large sample book of Hidden Name Cards. All for only a 2-cent stamp. Banner Card Co., Cadiz, O.

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STAMPS 14 Australia, 10c.; 6 Brazil, 10c.; 5 Chili, 5c.; 17 Denmark, 13c.; 3 Egypt, 3c.; 5 French Col., 6c.; 6 Greece, 5c.; 9 India, 7c.; 5 Japan, 6c.; 7 Portugal, 5c.; 5 Roumania, 4c.; 6 Sweden, 5c.; 8 Turkey, 8c. Agents wanted to sell from sheets at 30 per ct. commission. KEYSTONE STAMP CO., Box 200, Philad'a, Pa.

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It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For circular and full particulars address **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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32-Page **Sample Book of Hidden Name** cards 5 cents. HOME CARD CO., Woodbury, N. J.

BOYS AND GIRLS, READ THIS!

We want 10,000 Smart Boys and Girls to make money working for us. Every family OBLIGED to have our goods. You can sell them and make a handsome profit. Start at once and secure a good paying business right at home. Enclose 30 cents for sample outfit and full particulars. Address DIAMOND TACK WORKS, RAYNHAM, MASS. This will not appear next week.

25 LATEST SONGS, 145 Puzzles, Riddles, Jokes 275 Motto Verses, 18 Wall Shadows, Scandal Cure, Laughable Game, etc., **all for Ten Cents,** Brooklyn Art Co., 881 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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E. F. Offutt, 24 Page St., Malden, Mass., Vol. VI, VII or VIII GOLDEN DAYS, for a set of boxing gloves.

C. D. Ross, Box 224, Springfield, Mass., Vol. VIII GOLDEN DAYS and 5 or 6 vols. of "Youth's Companion," for type.

A. C. Todd, 452 W. 57th St., N.Y. city, a large sled, and Vol. V GOLDEN DAYS, for books by Stephens, Castlemon, Scott, Thackeray and others.

E. L. White, 3 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass., a magic lantern, with 12 slides, for a first-class bull's-eye lantern.

C. H. Dixon, Box 2621, N. Y. city, a violin and bow for a banjo or a printing press.

C. Bartling, 244 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., a small printing press, with cabinet and a font of type, a pair of roller skates, 2 books and 2 vols. of GOLDEN DAYS, for a self-inking press and outfit.

L. W. Coffelt, Bridesburg, Philada., Pa., Vol. VII GOLDEN DAYS for books by Alger, Optic and other juvenile authors.

F. H. Eccleston, Southbridge, Mass., Vols. V, VI, VII and VIII GOLDEN DAYS, and 2 vols. of "Youth's Companion," for a silver watch (Mass. offers preferred).

C. B. Fuller, 13 Spring St., Danbury, Conn., a mandolin, or a B-flat slide trombone, for a B-flat or E-flat clarionet, with not less than 13 keys and 2 rings.

W. B. Holden, 35 W. Castle St., Syracuse, N. Y., a pair of ice skates and a fishing reel, for an accordion or a small magic lantern with slides.

J. Maxwell, Jr., 324 W. 17th St., N. Y. city, Vols. VI, VII and VIII GOLDEN DAYS and a 38-bracket nickel-rimmed banjo, for a 5x6 photo camera.

G. N. Craik, 36 Franklin St., Albany, N. Y., Vols. VII and VIII GOLDEN DAYS, a pair of skates, a book and 100 foreign stamps, for a violin and outfit.

B. F. Steller, Green Spring, Ohio, Vol. VI GOLDEN DAYS, a 10-keyed accordion and 2 books, for a watch or Vol. I or IV same paper.

J. H. Ballard, Box 323, Toledo, Iowa, books of adventure, some minerals and stamps, and a pair of skates, for a pair of field glasses.

A. C. Lashley, Forest Grove, N. J., an incubator, Vols. VI, VII and VIII GOLDEN DAYS, for a printing press with type and outfit.

R. E. Bates, 24 Ralph Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., a small photo camera and outfit, for a magic lantern.

W. G. Bridges, 55 Rush St., Somerville, Mass., 2 vols. "Youth's Companion" and 2 books, for a telegraph key and sounder.

E. Ellis, 67 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N.Y., Vol. VIII GOLDEN DAYS, for a set of boxing gloves. (Brooklyn offers preferred.)

F. Mahan, 51½ 2d St., Utica, N. Y., a magic lantern with 12 slides, a box of oil paints, 2 games, and 50 stamps, for a small iron safe with combination lock.

A. S. Nelson, 136 4th St., San Francisco, Cal., a nickel-plated hand bracket saw and outfit, for rare foreign postage stamps. (City offers only.)

C. H. Coons, Rochester, N. Y., a 5x7 hand-inking printing press and several bound books, for a Webster's Dictionary.

O. L. Rider, Mt. Ayr, Iowa, Vol. VIII GOLDEN DAYS, for a bow and arrows or books of adventure.

H. G. Welty, 941 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa., a scroll saw, a steam engine and a pair of ice skates, for a banjo.

G. Seltzer, Market St., Pottsville, Pa., a spy-glass and a magic lantern with 24 slides, for a bound vol. of GOLDEN DAYS prior to the eighth.

A. Greig, 158 Olive St., Indianapolis, Ind., a 2½x3 hand-inking press, with 4 fonts of type, stick, furniture, etc., for 500 or 600 foreign stamps in an album.

D. Reiss, 119 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, a violin and complete outfit, for books or a printing outfit.

G. A. Clarke, Box 11, Big Rapids, Mich., a telegraph key and sounder, for a scroll saw and lathe or musical instruments. (Michigan offers preferred.)

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H. Kiersted, 366 Washington St., Newark, N. J., a medical battery, for a photo camera.

G. W. Wyckoff, Box 262, Clinton, Conn., a pair of ice skates, an ebony fife, a set of rosewood clappers and a pair of roller skates, for a B-flat cornet.

R. P. Ingersoll, Macedon, N. Y., a pair of ice skates, a telegraph key and sounder, a silver watch and a pair of roller skates, for an 8x12 printing press with type and cases.

W. O'Donnell, Box 145, Natick, R. I., a pair of Indian clubs, a dark-lantern, a small printing press and a book, for a set of boxing gloves or a small type-writer.

A. C. M. Daly, care of the Boston Book Co., New Haven, Conn., Vols. VII and VIII GOLDEN DAYS and 2 books, for any 2 vols. of GOLDEN DAYS prior to the sixth.

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E. A. Brown, Lock Box 52, Norwalk, Ohio, a pair of skates and a steam engine, with throttle valve and whistle, for a 2½x3½ printing press, or a violin and bow.

A. Hall, Hornellsville, N. Y., Vols. VII and VIII GOLDEN DAYS for a watch and chain, with charm.

G. S. McGinley, 1923 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa., a telegraph key and sounder, with two cells of battery and instruction book, and Vol. VII GOLDEN DAYS, for a 3x6 printing press, with outfit.

F. Wright, 122 Powell St., Evansville, Ind., 3½ vols. GOLDEN DAYS and a rubber-stamp making outfit, for a scroll saw with drill and lathe attachments.

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In short, "GOLDEN DAYS" will stop at no expense to deserve, in a higher degree than ever before, the title that a discriminating public have bestowed upon it—that of **"THE PRINCE OF JUVENILES."**

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