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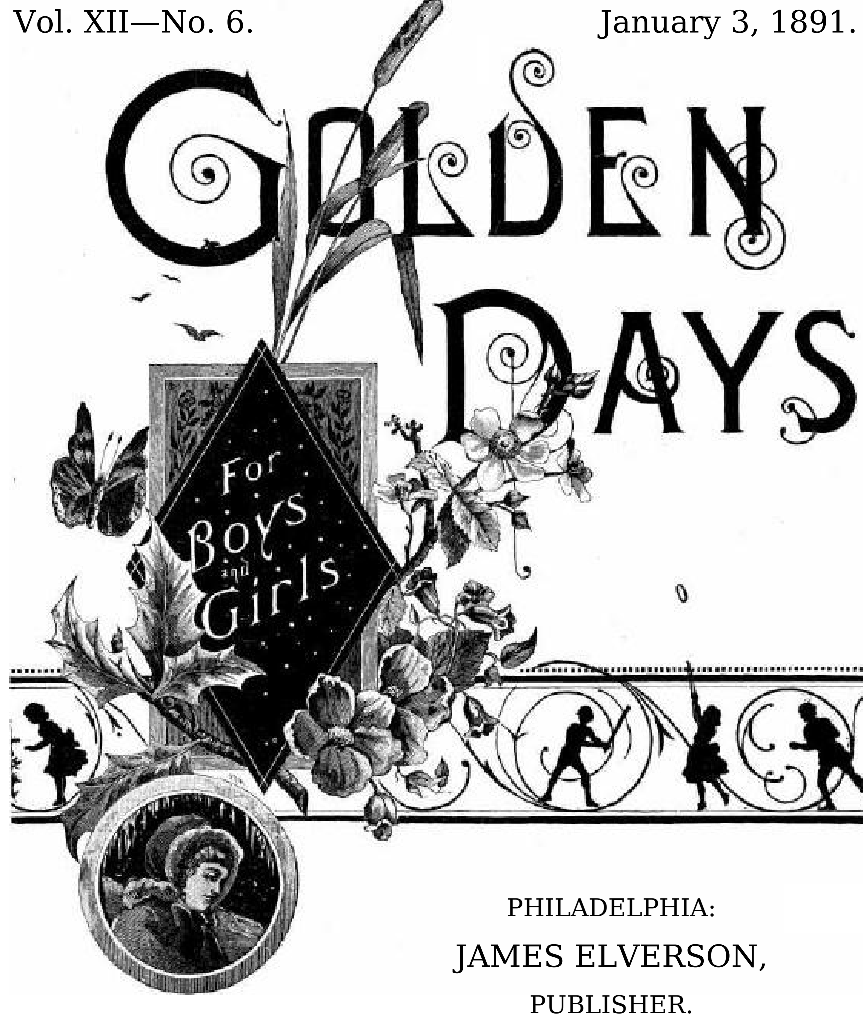

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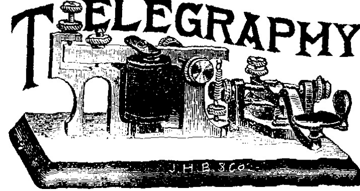

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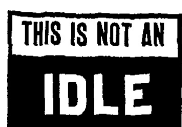

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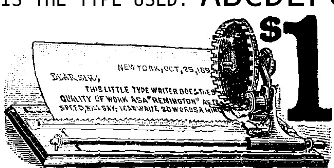

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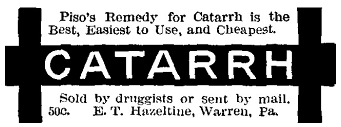

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FREE SAMPLE CARDS. THE FINEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST. COSTLY OUTFIT FREE to all who will act as AGENT. Send 2c stamp for postage. U. S. CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

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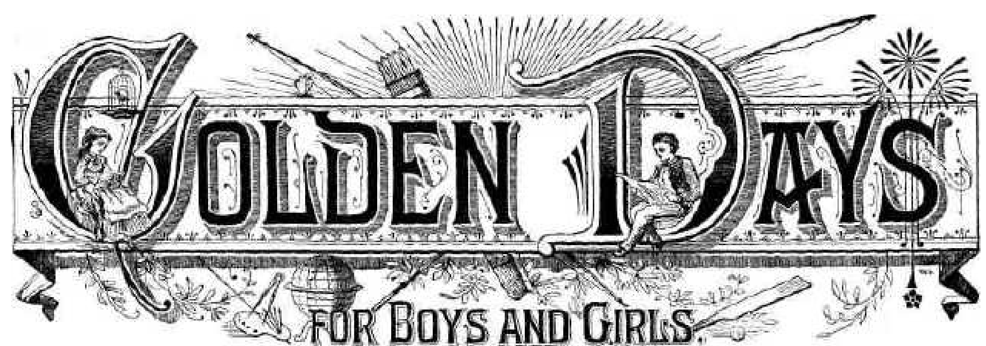

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VOL. XII. JAMES ELVERSON, Publisher. N. W. corner Ninth and Spruce Sts.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1891.

TERMS $3.00 Per Annum, In Advance. No. 6.

Railroad Rock,

THE TRAIN BOY OF THE PEN YAN

Or, Doing His Level Best.

BY VICTOR ST. CLAIR,

AUTHOR OF "BAYARD THE BICYCLIST," "FROM THE FORGE TO THE FORUM," "ROUGHING IT ON RANGE AND RANCH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Discharged from your last situation, young man? For what reason?"

And the busy superintendent of the Pen Yan Road, one of the largest railway systems in the country, turned from his maps and statistics to glance suspiciously at the slight figure, before him.

Clear and prompt came the answer:

"For doing my duty, sir."

"Humph!" replied the official, shrugging his shoulders and eying the youthful speaker more closely. "Men—nor boys, for that matter—never lose situations from attention to business. You will have to find another excuse."

"I have no other, sir."

By this time the notice of the subordinate officials and clerks, of whom there were twenty or more in the company's spacious rooms, was fixed upon him who stood at the iron railing encircling the chief's desk.

He was not over sixteen years of age, of medium size, poorly clad, and evidently used to hard work. But his features, though browned with a deep coat of tan and bountifully sprinkled with freckles, made up an honest, manly-looking countenance, while the blue eyes met the railroad superintendent's sterner gaze with an unflinching light.

Everything had seemed to work that day at cross-purposes with Superintendent Lyons, and he was in no humor to parley with the poor boy, who had thrust himself into his presence with more boldness than discretion.

But the very attitude of the youthful applicant, as he stood there with uncovered head, respectfully waiting for his answer, showed he was not to be put off with the ordinary excuse.

General Lyons was so favorably impressed with his appearance of quiet determination that he was fain to ask:

"You say you have come from Woodsville, a hundred miles, for a situation on the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that you have recently been discharged from our employ? I must say, your audacity is only equaled by your frankness."

"But, sir, it was no fault of mine. I was trying to do my duty."

"Give me the particulars in as few words as possible."

"Thank you, sir. I have worked on Section 66 nearly two years—"

"Let me see," interrupted the superintendent, "that extends from Trestle Summit to Wood's Hollow."

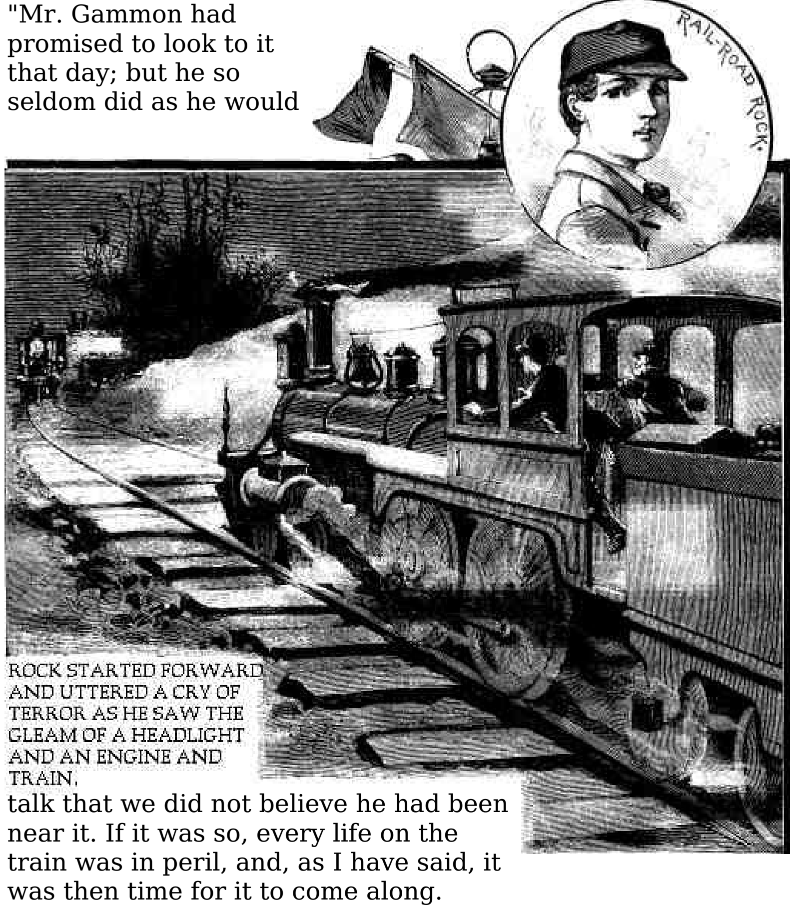
"Yes, sir."

"The most troublesome section on the entire line of the road. But go on with your story."

"It's a bad section, sir, and it usually takes five regular hands to keep it in repair. But for two weeks a couple of the men have been off on account of illness, while our foreman, Mr. Gammon, has not been on duty half of the time. This left one man, with myself, to look after the road. That, with the rains we have been having, has given us more than we could do as it ought to be done. But Mr. Gammon refused to put on any more help, so Mr. Baxter and I have done the best we could.

"Day before yesterday it was after dark when we had finished a repair which had taken us all the afternoon, at Trestle Summit, the extreme upper end of our section.

"The northern mail train was then due, and we were waiting for that to pass, so we could have a clear track to go home, when a man, coming from the direction of Woodsville, told us the bridge, two miles beyond the station, had been washed away. The stranger didn't look like an honest man; and we knew, if he had been, he would told them at the station. But the bridge had been threatened for several days, and, as we had not seen it for thirty-six hours, we knew there was more than an even chance that the tramp was right.



ROCK STARTED FORWARD AND UTTERED A CRY OF TERROR AS HE SAW THE GLEAM OF A HEADLIGHT AND AN ENGINE AND TRAIN.

"Mr. Gammon had promised to look to it that day; but he so seldom did as he would talk that we did not believe he had been near it. If it was so, every life on the train was in peril, and, as I have said, it was then time for it to come along.

"So Mr. Baxter and I decided to signal the train, and tell them of the situation. But it was raining hard then, the wind was blowing furiously, and our matches were damp, so we worked in vain to make a torch. It was too dark for our flag to be seen. We had no way to stop the train. At that moment we heard its whistle in the distance and knew it would soon reach us.

"We were on the backbone of Trestle Summit, where, either way, the track descends at a sharp grade for over three miles. It was nearly six miles to Woodsville; but I knew while the mail was climbing the up grade we could get well on toward the station. So I said to Mr. Baxter:

"'Let's take our hand-car and go on ahead of the train. It's our only chance.'

"We weren't long in getting the car upon the track. But we had barely sprung aboard when the mail head-light burst into sight less than half a mile away!

"'We are too late!' gasped Mr. Baxter; and, whether from fright, excitement or illness, he fell in a swoon.

"The car had started down the grade. Pulling Mr. Baxter on, so he would not fall off, I lent my strength to the car's momentum, and we shot down the track like lightning.

"In my excitement, I had forgotten that it would require my arm to hold in check the speed of the car. In fact, it had been known to get beyond the management of its drivers at one point several times. But I had given it a start, and it wasn't long before it was beyond my control. Then, all I could do was to cling to the platform, expecting every moment to be my last. We went so fast the wheels didn't seem to touch the tracks, only now and then, and we appeared to be flying through the air, going faster and faster.

"Glancing back once, I saw the engine-light as the train thundered over the summit, and at increased speed shot down after us! But we were not likely to be overtaken, going at our flying rate.

"How the hand-car kept the track I do not know; but, before I could realize it, we had reached the valley, crossed Runaway Bridge, and were rushing up the ascent toward the station.

"As we began to lose speed, the train began to gain on us, and I knew the engineer was doing his best to make up for lost time.

"For the last half-mile it looked as though we should be overtaken, but we came in with the cow's

nose at our heels.

"I told them what we had done, and as soon as they got over their surprise a party went ahead to examine the bridge."

"Well, what was the result?" asked the superintendent, who had listened with great interest to the boy's thrilling, yet straightforward, account of his hazardous ride. "You took a fearful risk."

"The bridge was not gone, sir, and the train passed over in safety. The tramp had lied to us."

"And you had your dangerous ride for nothing?"

"Yes, sir, unless you could consider a notice to quit work a reward. Mr. Gammon accused Mr. Baxter of being intoxicated, and said we had got caught on the track to tell that story to get out of a bad scrape. I knew it was useless to talk with him, so I have come to you."

"What sort of a job do you want?" asked General Lyons, showing by his tone that he had not been displeased by the boy's story.

"Anything that is honest, sir, and will give me fair wages, with a chance to rise."

"So you have an eye to the future. Perhaps you hope to have the management of a road yourself some time."

"It shall be no fault of mine, sir, if I do not."

"Nobly said, my boy; and it is possible you hope to be superintendent of the Pen Yan."

"I mean to do my best for it, sir." And then, as if frightened by the boldness of his speech, he added, "I only meant to say I am going to do my duty."

"And if you stick to that purpose as faithfully as I think you will, success will at last crown your efforts. I will speak to Mr. Minturn of you and he will doubtless give you a situation. Good-day."

The superintendent turned back to his business problems, and the others in the room followed the example of their chief, disappointed at the sudden termination of the interview.

The boy, however, seemed loth to leave. He started away, went a few steps and paused.

Then coming back to the railing, he said, with less firmness than formerly:

"If you, please, sir, I had rather you would not leave my case in Mr. Minturn's hands."

"So Mr. Minturn knows you?" asked the railroad king, sharply, vexed at this second interruption.

"He does not like me, and he would never give me a situation. I—"

"Well, that is no fault of mine. But I haven't any more time to lose with you."

Seeing it was useless to say more, the boy made his departure, trying to feel hopeful, but fearing the worst.

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had the youth left the railroad company's headquarters, when a tall, spare man, with faultless dress and cleanly-shaven face, entered the apartment, going straight to the superintendent's desk, smiling and nodding to the clerks as he passed them.

He was Donald Minturn, the assistant superintendent, who had a smile for every one, but as treacherous as the charm of the serpent.

"Hilloa Minturn!" greeted his chief; "you are back sooner than I expected. By-the-way, you must have met a boy as you came in. He was after a situation, and I was careless enough not to ask him his name. Call him back if it is not too late. I think we might do worse than—"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Minturn, "has that fellow had the audacity to come here for another job? He has been discharged from his section this very week."

"Then you know him, Minturn? Come to think of it, he told me so. How stupid I am to-day! What is his name?"

"That he couldn't have told you himself, if you had asked him, general. He is a sort of waif of the switch-yard. Jack Ingleside—you knew Jack—he was engineer on the old Greyhound, afterwards took to drink and went to the bad—well, as I started to say, Jack found this boy in the caboose one morning as he was starting from Wood's Hollow. He wasn't more than three years old, and how he got there is yet a mystery. Jack took a fancy to him and gave him a home while he lived. I think the young scamp still lives with the widow at Runaway Tavern."

"He seems like a more than commonly smart boy."

"Oh, he can appear well enough when he is a mind to. But Mr. Gammon had to turn him off of his section for downright disobedience of orders. Why, only yesterday he and a man named Baxter jumped on to the hand-car in the very teeth of the northern-bound mail, and came very near wrecking the train, to say nothing of ending their own worthless lives."

"Oh, well, if you know the boy, of course you are more competent to judge of him than I. But I must confess he impressed me very favorably. What news from Draco?"

So the august officials of the great Pen Yan gave no employment to the poor boy who had come so far for a situation, whether he deserved a better fate or not.

Meanwhile, the boy, unconscious that his fate had already been decided upon, hastened to the

Fairfax Station, to take the homeward-bound train, which would be due in a few minutes.

The Pen Yan railway system forms upon the map of that part of the country a stupendous letter Y. The Fairfax Fork running north-northwest makes one branch of the arm meeting at the Big Y, as the junction is called—the line of the upper arm, where the two tracks unite in one to reach across a mountainous, often sparsely-settled, country for over three hundred miles. At the time we write it was a single-track road from the Big Y to its terminus.

The boy had to wait but a little while for the accommodation, which was on time, and stepping aboard, he was soon homeward bound. He was absorbed in meditations when he was roused from his rather unpleasant reverie by the voice of the conductor, who had taken a seat near by him to chat a few minutes with a friend.

"It is a strange coincidence, Sam, and it puts me in mind of an adventure I had several years ago, and which came near punching my through ticket."

"An adventure, Henry? Give us the story."

"As soon as we have passed Greenburn. I shall have plenty of leisure then."

Without dreaming how soon he should recall it with startling vividness, our hero, with a boy's interest, listened to the conductor's story:

"Ten years ago I was engineer on the Tehicipa and Los Angeles Road, a branch of the Southern Pacific. Those were troublesome times. What with the guerillas and Indians that infested the country, to say nothing of other dangers, we never knew when we were safe, if we ever were.

"One evening—just about such an evening as this, too—we had barely stopped at a way station when some one rushed up to the train and said Gray Gerardo's band was coming to attack us.

"Gerardo was considered the worst desperado in that lawless country, and knowing we had a lot of the yellow ore on board, I knew the outlaw was after it.

"The conductor cut our stop short, but before I could get under way the outlaws were upon us. From their sounds one would have thought all the fiends from the lower world had been let loose.

"The boys fought like tigers, and it was a wild scene for a few minutes. My fireman—a plucky little fellow he was, too—was snatched from my very side, and with a volley of shot whistling about my head, I was pulled from the cab.

"The wheels had begun to revolve and the train was moving on. Struggling desperately with my captors, I succeeded in breaking from them and sprang back upon the engine. Three or four of the outlaws followed me, and among them was Gerardo himself, whom I knew by sight.

"He was a tall, stalwart fellow, with burning black eyes, and a countenance that would have been handsome, had it not been for a long scar under his right jaw. It looked like a sabre-wound, and quite spoiled the beauty of that side of the face.

"Well, knowing it was life or death with me, I pitched one after another of those fellows off the cab, until only Gerardo was left. It surprises me now that I could have done it; but a man never knows his strength until put to the test. Then, you see, being on my own footing gave me an advantage, while some of them, losing their hold on the moving engine, fell off without any assistance of mine.

"I grappled with Gerardo, just as he was boarding the cab and before he could establish his position, I hurled him, heels over head, down the side of the track. At the same moment, however, I heard a sharp report and felt a stinging sensation in my right arm, where the outlaw's bullet had struck me.

"The firing had nearly ceased at the rear of the train, and feeling that in another minute we should be safe, I sprang to the lever and threw the valve wide open. With snorts and shrieks of defiance to our enemies, the old engine obeyed me, soon gaining a rate of speed which I knew would out-distance the baffled outlaws, whose yells I could still hear above the thunder of the train.

"As my excitement abated my arm began to pain me fearfully, and I found the member disabled for further use. My fireman gone, my situation was critical, and I was wondering how the rest of the boys had fared when I heard some one behind me.

"Half expecting to meet one of the outlaws, I turned, and was glad to see one of the brakemen, who had come to my assistance.

"'We have repulsed them, but they are following us,' he said, in reply to my anxious questions.

"'Well, let them follow,' I answered, 'if they think they can overtake my Bonny Bess. Give her more fuel, Ned. You will have to be my—'

"I did not finish my sentence, for at that moment, as we shot around a curve, great tongues of fire leaped from the track ahead of us. It was a bridge in a blaze of flame, and in the light of the burning structure I saw a dozen of Gerardo's band waiting our coming.

"We were going at lightning-like speed, and we were within twenty rods of the fire when I discovered it, so I had no time to hesitate upon my course of action. Quick as a flash I realized the trap Gerardo had laid—our situation. To stop was to throw ourselves into the hands of his followers, which meant death. The bridge was still standing. It might hold us to cross over. There was at least a chance. To stop was hopeless.

"All this seemed to come to me at one thought. I would keep on. Bonny Bess was doing her prettiest and I gave her a free bit; that is, in our parlance, 'linked her up.' My left hand was on the lever and my gaze was fixed on the burning bridge, which hung, a network of fire, over the glowing river, thirty feet below.

"I heard the shouts of the amazed outlaws above the roar of the train, and then I felt the bridge quiver and tremble beneath me, as we were borne over its swaying spans, amid a cloud of ashes, smoke and cinders, which fairly blinded me.

"The blazing girders overhead sent out their forked tongues of fire, and from the timbers below leaped up the sheets of flame until we were enveloped in the fiery shroud. Blinded, stifled for a moment, I then felt the cool night air fan my face, and the engine no longer shook as if upon uncertain footing.

"We had passed the bridge in safety, and I drew a breath of relief. Then another curve in the track brought us into full view of the burning structure, and feeling we were now safe from pursuit, I checked the engine's speed, so we could watch the fire.

"We hadn't watched long before a cloud of sparks flew into the darkness, and one span of the doomed bridge fell into the water. The other must soon follow.

"I felt a dizziness creeping over me then, and the next I knew I was lying on the ground, with an anxious circle of men and women bending over me. You see my arm had been bleeding all of the time, and the loss of blood, with the strain of the awful ordeal, had been too much for me.

"But my arm had been bandaged, and I was soon able to resume my old post, which I did, running the train to Los Angeles without further adventure.

"Strange enough, Gerardo and his followers were not seen after that night. But I had got tired of that country, and I soon after came up this way. I have never regretted it, either.

"But now comes the strange part of my story, and which recalled my adventure so vividly. There is a man on this train who is the exact image of Gerardo!"

"Whew!" exclaimed the other. "Do you really think it is he?"

"I can't say. The likeness is perfect, even to the scar."

"I have heard of cases where two persons looked so much alike you could not tell them apart."

"Very true, and this may be one of them. There is a slight difference here, too, for this man wears side-whiskers. But his beard is not heavy enough to conceal the scar."

"Do you remember where he is going?"

"To Woodsville; and he inquired for Jack Ingleside. Seemed surprised when I told him Jack was dead. Said he was a relative, and he asked all about the family. Here we are at the Big Y. This is as far as I go."

CHAPTER III.

An impatient crowd was waiting at the Big Y station for the northern mail, which was half an hour overdue.

Finally, when the engine thundered into the depot, puffing and panting like an over-driven steed, there was a rush to board the train, as if the time was limited to the shortest possible space.

"It's going to be a rough night," muttered the old engineer, as he peered out of the cab window into the gathering gloom of storm and darkness. "I never felt so uneasy in my life, and I have a presentiment something is going to happen—as if it wasn't enough to be half an hour behind time and your engine in the sulks. But how are you feeling, Gilly?" addressing his fireman. "Any better?"

"No, Jockey; and I am afraid I won't be able to go through. I don't understand it, for I felt well enough when I started."

"I tell you everything is wrong to-night. If Jim were here—Hilloa! there's Jack Ingleside's boy, as true as I live! We're in luck. Hi, Rock! aren't you lost?"

At the sound of the engineer's voice, our hero, who was following leisurely the crowd to one of the cars, looked in that direction to see the soot-begrimed countenance of his old friend.

"Lost, Jockey? Never where you are," replied the youth.

"Going up? Jump in here, then. It won't be like riding in a parlor-car, but it will suit you just as well, I'm thinking."

Rock showed his willingness by springing quickly into the cab.

Railroad companies have a rule forbidding persons to ride with the engineer without permission from the president or superintendent, though at the time we write this matter was not as rigidly looked after as now.

Rock, however, who had passed nearly all his young life on the foot-board, would have been deemed an exception to any rule. At least, so thought Jockey Playfair, the veteran "knight of the lever" on the Pen Yan mail and accommodation.

But Jockey's usual good-humor had been relegated to the background on that evening, as Rock soon saw.

The signal to start was given, and with a full head of steam on, the old engine, trembling and groaning from her pent-up power, began to creep ahead, as if feeling her way along the switches and through the yard, going faster and faster at every revolution of her wheels, until the station-lights faded in the distance, and she plowed boldly into the night.

The tall form of the engineer, clothed in greasy overalls and jumper, stood at his post like a grim sentinel on duty, his right hand on the reversing lever, his left on the throttle, while his steely gray eyes peered into the gloom, as if expecting to see spring from the regions of darkness the hosts of danger and death.

A drizzling rain was falling, so altogether it was a disagreeable night.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Rock," said Gilly, the fireman, as the engine fairly gained her feet and increased her progress at every beat of her piston heart. "I want you to take my place until we get to Trestle Foot. I am used up."

"Of course I will," replied Rock, taking the fireman's place. "Is she very hungry to-night?"

"Hungry and cross, Rock," said the other. "But I'll risk you to feed her."

No engineer who has stood at the lever for any length of time refuses to believe that his trusty servant is without her faults, however he may care for her. She is subject to her ill-moods as well as himself.

The engine, so good-natured on his last run, so prompt to obey his will, on this trip is stubborn and hard to manage.

He can see no reason for her change of spirit. Her wonderful mechanism is in perfect working order, her groom has arrayed her for a dazzling passage, her fireman has fed her with the best of fuel, the flames dart ardently along her brazen veins, she bounds off like a charger, eager for conquest. Her first spurt over, she falters, sulks.

No coaxing can change her mood. In vain her master bestows greatest care upon her; with each effort she grows more sullen.

Jockey Playfair's engine was in the sulks on the trip of which we write. The Silver Swan had never seemed in better temper than at the start. Delays in making connections, the bad condition of the track at places on account of the recent heavy rains, with other difficulties, had caused them to lose time. The engineer, however, had confidently expected to make up for this before reaching Wood's Hollow, sixty miles above the Big Y junction.

In the midst of his anxiety his fireman was taken suddenly ill. Then his engine began to fail him. This last gave him more uneasiness than all the rest.

"Behind time, with a sulky engine and a sick fireman!" he muttered, to himself. "I see it coming—something dreadful! Never mind, old Jockey! You are on your through trip to-night, but stand to your post like a man."

During the next ten miles nothing was said by the three, and then, as they stopped long enough at a way-station to take on a solitary passenger, Jockey merely remarked:

"One minute gained. If we can't do better than that on our next run I'll never touch the lever again."

As Jockey knew, he was now on the most favorable section of the road. No signals were to be expected for a long distance, and there was no reason why he should not regain a good part of the lost time. If he didn't he resolved it should be no fault of his.

As soon as he was fairly under way again, he "linked her up." That means he drew the reversing-rod back until the catch held it near the centre, so the steam, instead of being allowed to follow the length of the piston-rod, beat alternately the heads of the cylinders, giving the highest momentum acquired.

Rock understood his duty perfectly and was determined the Silver Swan should not hunger for fuel under his care.

"Mind how well the boy fires," said Gilly, forgetting for a moment his pain.

"So he should; for wasn't he Tommy Green's pupil? And Tommy was the best fireman ever on the Pen Yan, not even excepting you, Gilly."

"I know it; but she is pulling for all she is worth now, Jockey. You'll get there on time, after all."

The Silver Swan was behaving beautifully now. Apparently she had gotten over her sulks. Nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of their progress until the lights of Haford's Run came into sight.

At this place they must stop to refill the engine's boiler, and while Rock looked after this matter, Jockey carefully examined each part of the wonderful machine, talking to it and patting it as he would a child.

When he had run his practiced eye over the bars, joints, connecting-rods, cylinders and steam-chests, then around the pilot to the other side to find everything in fine working order, he came back to the cab-step and consulted his watch.

"Ten minutes gained," he murmured, exultantly. "If you hold out like this, old Swan, we'll make Wood's Hollow on time."

"Good! So you will, Jockey!" exclaimed the conductor, coming forward with his lantern. "You have an excellent run ahead of you; do the best you can. If we can gain ten minutes before getting to Trestle Foot, we'll venture to Woodsville. Are you ready?"

"All ready," answered Rock, who had shut off the flow of water and flung back the dangling leather arm to spring from the tender to the footboard.

"Ho!" called out the conductor, "who's firing to-night?" as Rock, jerking open the furnace door, stood in the glow of the fiery light. "Where's Gilly?"

"Here; but he's sick," answered Jockey. "Rock took his place at the Big Y."

"What! Jack's boy? Well, he is good for it. If Gilly is sick he had better come back into a passenger."

But the old fireman wouldn't think of deserting his post so far as that.

The next instant the conductor's lantern waved back and forth, dense volumes of smoke rolled from the smoke-stack, and snorting as if with rage at being driven on again, the engine forged on along its iron pathway.

"Where have you been to-day, Rock?" asked the engineer, as they were once more spinning along at a flying rate.

"Down to Fairfax to see if I could get a job. You know I got turned off the section."

"No—you don't mean it! I'll bet Gammon was at the bottom of it."

"I am sure of it. He has boasted I shouldn't stay there long."

"Zounds! I'd like to shake the rascal out of his jacket. He's been wanting Gilly's place; but he can't get it. What do you want?"

"To brake."

"Get it?"

"Nothing certain. I have little hope, for Donald Minturn will never let me get there if be can help it."

"The old snake! I never did like him. So he isn't over fond of you?"

"No; he is opposed to me on account of an old enmity he bears Mrs. Ingleside."

"Rock, you deserve a place on this road. Why, bless you, you are fit to take my place. Not many trips did old Jack make without taking you with him. I used to fire for him, you know. He had a mat for you at his feet, and when too tired to keep awake longer you slept curled up on the footboard. Ah, it was something such a night as this when poor Jack made his last trip! It wasn't quite so dark it may be, but he was behind time, as we are, and he was trying to make up.

"He was swinging down the long grade beyond Woodsville at a humming rate. There was no station at the Hollow then, and he was counting on a clean sweep to Owls' Nest. Leaving the air-line grade he swooped around the curve, when right in his face and eyes he saw a string of loose cars, which had broken from the special on the highlands.

"He must have been going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the runaways were coming toward him at scarcely less speed. I caught a gleam of his white face as he reversed, and then he was beside me at the brake.

"'Stand by!' he cried. 'We'll die at our post.'

"The shock came the next moment. I felt myself lifted into the air, and the next I knew I was lying at the foot of the embankment, a dozen yards from the place where we had met.

"Jack died at his post, and his sufferings could not have lasted long, for he was crushed beyond recognition. Fortunately no other lives were lost, though the passengers were terribly shaken up, and two of the freight cars were piled up on the engine.

"Jack's fidelity, I am sure, averted a worse catastrophe. He met the fate of a hero, and it was always a mystery to me the company never did more for his family.

"Hey! As I live, the Swan is falling into another ugly mood!"

They were rushing along at a tremendous rate, and an inexperienced eye would have seen nothing amiss.

In fact, the engineer himself could not. The driving-rods were shooting back and forth in perfect play, while the large drivers were revolving with clock-like regularity. Every now and then Jockey would give the lever a slight pressure, which would be instantly felt by the iron steed.

Despite all this the Silver Swan was not doing as well as she ought. She was barely keeping her

course at the usual speed.

Jockey glanced to the boiler. The index finger pointed to the gauge at 122 degrees. Three more degrees was all she could stand. Rock was doing his duty. The track was straight and level. Still the Swan showed no disposition to gain the twenty minutes coveted time.

The old engineer shook his grizzled head and the furrows deepened on his careworn visage.

"The fates are against us to-night," he muttered. "We can never make Wood's Hollow in time to escape the down express. That is always on time."

Just then the little gong over his head sounded, in response to the conductor's pull upon the cord.

Jockey quickly answered this with a blast from the whistle, which the other would understand to mean that the engine was already crowded to her utmost.

The old engineer was losing his temper by this time, and with his hand still on the lever he leaned forward to peer into the gloom, parting before the dull rays of the headlight, as if to let them pass.

A drizzling rain was yet falling, but he did not notice this, for at his first glance a cry of horror left his lips, and he staggered back, exclaiming:

"It is coming! Someone has blundered!"

Rock started forward with surprise, and he uttered a cry of terror as he saw the gleam of a headlight and the shadowy outlines of an engine and train, less than a rod in front of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORIGIN OF DOLLS.

It is a safe assertion to make that every girl has at some time or other played with dolls; in fact, it is almost impossible to imagine a girl without a doll. Of course, the older ones have outgrown their dolls, and only keep the old favorites as souvenirs of childish days and pretty playthings, and it is quite likely that they would be puzzled to explain why they call the little image a "doll," and not, as the French do, a "puppet," or, with the Italians, a "bambino," or baby.

What is the meaning of the word "doll?" To explain, it is necessary to go back to the Middle Ages, when it was the fashion all over the Christian world for mothers to give their little children the name of a patron saint. Some saints were more popular than others, and St. Dorothea was at one period more popular than all.

Dorothea, or Dorothy, as the English have it, means a "gift from God." But Dorothea or Dorothy is much too long a name for a little, toddling baby, and so it was shortened to Dolly and Doll, and from giving the babies a nickname it was an easy step to give the name to the little images of which the babies were so fond.

ANECDOTES THAT AMUSE.

In this age of enlightenment it is not often that one meets with an adult who cannot read and write, and the encounter is generally as amusing as it is amazing. In one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania there lives a farmer who brings butter, eggs and produce to market, and, being illiterate, also brings with him his son to do the "figuring." The other day the son was ill, and the old man had to venture alone. For awhile he got along very well by letting his customers do the figuring; but presently he sold two rolls of butter to a woman who could not figure any better than he. The farmer was much puzzled, but, being resolved that she should not know that his early education had been neglected, he took a scrap of paper from his pocket and began. He put down a lot of marks on the paper, and then said, "Let's see; dot's a dot, figure's a figure, two from one and none remains, with three to carry—$1.50, madam, please." She paid over the $1.50, took the butter home, had it weighed and "figured up" by her daughter, who discovered that the price should have been $2.10 instead of $1.50.

A small Detroit boy was given a drum for a Christmas present, and was beating it vociferously on the sidewalk, when a nervous neighbor appeared, and asked, "How much did your father pay for that drum, my little man?" "Twenty-five cents, sir," was the reply. "Will you take a dollar for it?" "Oh, yes, sir," said the boy, eagerly. "Ma said she hoped I'd sell it for ten cents." The exchange was made, and the drum put where it wouldn't make any more noise, and the nervous man chuckled over his stratagem. But, to his horror, when he got home that night there were four drums beating in front of his house, and as he made his appearance, the leader stepped up and said, cheerfully, "These are my cousins, sir. I took that dollar and bought four new drums. Do you want to give us four dollars for them?" The nervous neighbor rushed into the house in despair, and the drum corps is doubtless beating yet in front of his house.

Photography is an art that looks to be easier than it is, but some beginners add to their difficulties by inexcusable carelessness. A young lady bought a Kodak at a dealer's before she went on her summer vacation, and was so confident of her own ability that she took only the book of directions and went off. She took seventy or eighty shots in picturesque places, and promised copies to all her friends. When she came home, she left the camera to have the film developed and printed. The artist developed on and on, but found none but blanks. In great surprise, he sent

for the amateur photographer, and when she came he asked, "How did you operate this camera?" "Operate it? Why, I pulled the string as the book says, and touched the button." "But what did you do with this little black cap here?" "Why, I didn't do anything with it," she replied. And then the artist roared with laughter. She had never once removed the cap that covered the lens, and had, of course, taken not a single picture, and when she found what she had done, or rather not done, she wept bitter tears.

One of the most amusing accidents imaginable happened recently to an old gentleman in one of our large Eastern cities. He was asked to buy a ticket to a fireman's ball and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. He had two servants, either one of whom would be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants a pleasure. Not knowing where the tickets were sold, he inquired of a policeman, and the officer suggested that he go to the engine house. So the old gentleman went to the engine house that evening, but there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, and stood for a moment or so uncertain how to make his presence known. Presently he saw an electric button on the side of the room, and he put his thumb on it. The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. Through the ceiling, down the stairs and from every other direction firemen came running and falling, the horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in short, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion. Amid all this uproar stood the innocent old gentleman, who did not suspect that he had touched the fire-alarm until the men clamored around him for information as to the locality of the fire. Then he said, mildly, "I should like to buy another ticket for the ball, if you please." The situation was so ludicrous that there was a general shout of laughter, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and the engine house resumed its former state of quiet.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MARY ROWLES.

A Happy New Year, and a new beginning
For hands that have wavered and steps that fall;
New time for toil and new space for winning
The guerdon of happiness free to all.

Now hope for the souls long clouded over
With possible sorrows and actual pain;
New joys for comrade, and friend and lover,
The year is bringing them all again!

New days and hours for the patient building
Of noble character, pure and true;
For faith and love, with their radiant gliding,
To make the temple of life anew.

A Happy New Year, and a truce to sadness,
Its every moment by God is planned;
Whatever may come, whether grief or gladness,
Must come aright from a Father's hand.

He blessed the old in its dawning—thenceforth
His love was true to us all the way,
And now in the hitherto shines the henceforth,
And out of the yesterdays smiles to-day.

We would have power In this year to brighten
Each lot less blessed and fair than ours;
The woe to heal, and the load to lighten,
The waste soul-garden to plant with flowers.

May every day be a royal possession
To high-born purpose and steadfast aim,
And every hour in its swift progression
Make life more worthy than when it came.

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY DORCAS.

PART II.

If you simply desire to get a picture from your negative in the easiest and quickest way, without going through the necessary processes which are involved in toning, you can use cyanotype paper, which requires but one process for the completion of the picture and that process simply a bath in clean water.

Prints made upon this cyanotype paper have a beautiful blue tone, and are so simple and easily made that they are very popular. This cyanotype paper is sold in any desired quantity and size, and it is never worth while for the amateur to prepare his own paper, as it is a tedious and uncertain process.

When you are sure the negative is thoroughly dry, place it in the printing frame with the film side uppermost, and upon it lay a sheet of the cyanotype paper cut the right size, with the prepared side next to the film of the negative.

The frame should then be put where the sun's rays will fall upon the glass, and allowed to remain there till the cyanotype paper has turned to a dull bronze in the shadows.

It will be necessary to look at the print from time to time to see when this point is reached. If the paper is not allowed to print long enough, the result will be that the picture will wash off the paper when it is put in water.

When you think it is done, place it in running water, or in several changes of water, and wash it thoroughly. It should be washed till the water that drips from it is no longer discolored, but is perfectly clear. The picture then should stand out in blue tones on a clear white ground.

If you prefer to use the ready sensitized paper, there is a preliminary process through which the paper must pass before you print it. This process is called "fuming," and consists in exposing the paper to the fumes of ammonia for a short time.

A fuming-box is needful, but one can easily be constructed, without the expense of purchasing this convenience. Take a wooden box about two feet cube, and, with hinges, make a door of the cover. Close all the cracks with strips of cloth so that the box will be both light and air tight, and fasten corresponding strips around the edges of the door so that no light will make its way in there.

Stretch two or three strings across the box near the top, on which to hang the paper that is to be fumed, and put a small flat dish in the bottom of the box.

When you are ready to fume your paper, pin two sheets together, back to back, and hang them on one of the strings. Several sheets can be fumed at once in this manner. Fill the dish with ammonia, and closing the door tightly, let the paper absorb the fumes for fifteen or twenty minutes.

After fuming, the paper should be given a short time to dry before it is used for printing. It should then be put in the printing frame in the same way as the cyanotype paper and exposed to the sun.

If your negative is a thin one, a diffused light is better for printing than the direct rays of the sun. Diffused light is a strong light that is not sunlight.

If the negative is exceedingly thin, the light indoors, away from the window, will be sufficient. Satisfactory results cannot of course be achieved with too thin a negative, but this diffused light will give the best print that you can obtain.

In examining the print from time to time be sure that you do not open both sides of the printing frame at once, for if you should do this, you will find it impossible to replace the print in exactly the same position, and so it will be spoiled by being printed with double lines.

No exact rule can be given for the length of time which should be allowed for the printing of a negative. It should, however, be allowed to become twice as dark as it ought to be after the picture is toned and mounted. The after processes of toning bleach the print very much, as the amateur will discover for himself.

If a negative is very dense or thick, as over-development will sometimes cause it to become, the time for printing will be considerably extended. While in a good light, with a negative of the right density, five minutes or less is sufficient to print a negative, three or four hours will sometimes be required.

When the print has become dark enough, it should be removed from the printing frame and put at once in a dark place where the light cannot reach it. It is what is known as a proof at this stage, and the light will turn it black.

About twenty prints can be toned at once, and, as it is a long process, it is better to wait until several have accumulated than to go through the various operations with only one or two prints.

They should first be trimmed to the required size. Some amateurs leave the trimming until after they have finished the toning process, but this is not advisable for several reasons. In the first place, it is easier to trim them beforehand, because they lie flat and are not curled up, as they generally are after toning. None of the toning solution is wasted in toning the parts that are of no use, and if the accumulated clippings are saved, they are of some value on account of the silver in them.

The trimming cannot be satisfactorily done with a pair of scissors, as it is impossible to cut perfectly straight. A thick piece of glass called a cutting mould is used, and a convenient little instrument called Robinson's trimmer. If you do not wish to go to the expense of these articles, however, you can manage very well by using a sharp pen-knife to cut with and any piece of glass with straight edges to trim by.

You should have a firm, hard substance to cut on (glass is preferable), and on this should be put a piece of paper. Upon this paper the print should be laid face downward, and after you have decided how much of it you are going to cut away, draw your knife firmly along by the edge of the glass, pressing down well, and the strips will be cut off leaving a smooth, straight edge.

After the prints have been trimmed, they should be soaked in water for fifteen minutes. If you have not running water in which to place them, the water should be changed several times. This preliminary washing must be very thorough, or the toning will not be satisfactory.

To prepare your toning bath, make up first a stock solution of fifteen ounces of water and fifteen grains of chloride of gold and sodium. The chloride of gold and sodium can be obtained in small bottles which come for the convenience of the amateur prepared in just the desired quantity.

For a toning bath for twenty prints, take ten ounces of water, three grains of sodic bicarbonate, six grains of sodic chloride (common salt), and three ounces of your stock solution of gold. Add to this bath three ounces of the stock solution of gold that has had three drops of saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda added to it. This bath should be alkaline, and you can test it with red litmus paper. If it turns the paper slightly blue, it is ready for use. Put this bath in a flat tray (porcelain preferably), and then lay the prints in it face down. Move them all the time, to insure evenness of tone and to prevent spots. It is a good plan to keep drawing out the undermost one, and putting it on the top.

The prints are of a reddish-brown color when they are put into the toning bath, and in about fifteen or twenty minutes they begin to turn to a rich purplish black. Experience will teach the amateur at what point the prints should be removed from this bath. They should lie long enough to have every tinge of red entirely removed, and yet not long enough to turn the prints to a dull gray.

When the prints have been sufficiently toned, they should be thoroughly washed and then put into the fixing bath. This bath is made of one gallon of water, one pound of sodic hyposulphite, one tablespoonful sodic bicarbonate, and one tablespoonful common salt.

These ingredients should be thoroughly dissolved, and then a portion put in a tray. This tray must be kept for the fixing bath and not be used for any other purpose. The prints are put in the tray in the same manner as in the toning bath, and moved continually until they are fixed.

This process should take fifteen minutes, or, if the bath is rather cool, the time may be extended to twenty minutes.

After the prints have been removed from the fixing bath they are put in a strong solution of salt and water, to prevent their blistering. After they have been in this solution for about five minutes they are then ready for their final washing. The prints should be left in running water for some hours, and there is very little danger of washing them too long or too thoroughly.

After every trace of the fixing bath has been removed, the prints may be taken from the water and dried between sheets of chemically-pure blotting paper. They will not curl up when dried in this way, as they do when simply exposed to the air.

The prints are now ready to mount. This is by no means the least difficult nor the least important of the many processes necessary to secure a successful picture. Even if care has been exercised in all the other processes, yet if the prints are carelessly mounted they will not look well.

The prints should be wet in clean water and laid in a pile upon each other, with their faces down. It is necessary to have a very adhesive paste to make the prints stick well to the mounts. There are some pastes that are manufactured for this purpose, but it is very easy to make one which will work equally well.

Boiled laundry starch, with the addition of a little white glue, is perhaps the best; it can be easily made, and with the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid will keep well. It is made in the proportion of one and three-quarter ounces of starch, mixed with one ounce of water, till it is a smooth paste, as thin as cream, and eighty grains of glue added with fourteen ounces of water. The whole should be well boiled and six drops of carbolic acid added. This can be put in a bottle and will keep a long time.

After the water is pressed from the wet prints a bristle brush is dipped in the paste and drawn back and forth over the print, till it is thoroughly covered.

The position on the mount should have been previously marked with a pencil or with pin-pricks, and when the print is well covered with paste it should be carefully lifted and put in place. With a piece of paper laid over it and a flat paper-cutter, all the unnecessary paste and any bubbles of air may be pressed out from between the print and the mount. With a soft cloth wipe away the paste that is pressed out around the edges of the print and then put it under a weight to dry.

If it is desired to mount prints in an album, a piece of cardboard, an eighth of an inch smaller than the print, should be placed upon the back of the print and the exposed edge covered with paste. Put on just as little as possible and lift it in place at once, before the paste has time to dry. Pass a soft cloth over it to press it into place and then close the album. In less than an hour it will be dry, and if properly mounted will be firmly adhering to the page.

The one important factor for success in photography is care. Without it, you can accomplish nothing, no matter how complete and costly your outfit may be. With care and patience you may achieve results that will be a pleasure to your friends as well as yourself, and will give permanent existence to pleasant scenes and occasions that otherwise must be only memory pictures.

[THE END.]

FEATHER BOOKS.

Elizabeth Brightwen describes, in "Nature Notes," her method of collecting birds' feathers, by grouping them artistically in the page of a large album.

"The book," she says, "should be a blank album of about fifty pages, eleven inches wide by sixteen, so as to make an upright page, which will take in long tail feathers. Cartridge paper of various pale tints is best, as one can choose the ground that will best set off the colors of the feathers. Every other page may be white, and about three black sheets will be useful for swan, albatross and other white-plumaged birds.

"The only working tools required are sharp scissors and a razor, some very thick, strong gum arabic, a little water and a duster, in case of fingers becoming sticky.

"Each page is to receive the feathers of only one bird; then they are sure to harmonize, however you may combine them.

"A common wood-pigeon is an easy bird to begin with, and readily obtained at any poulterer's. Draw out the tail feathers and place them quite flat in some paper till required. Do the same with the right wing and the left, keeping each separate and putting a mark on the papers that you may know which each contains.

"The back, the breast, the fluffy feathers beneath, all should be neatly folded in paper and marked; and this can be done in the evening or at odd times, but placing the feathers on the pages ought to be daylight work, that the colors may be studied. Now open the tail-feather packet, and with the razor carefully pare away the quill at the back of each feather.

"This requires much practice, but at last it is quickly done, and only the soft web is left, which will be perfectly flat when gummed upon the page. When all the packets are thus prepared (it is only the quill feathers that require the razor) then we may begin.

"I will describe a specimen page, but the arrangement can be varied endlessly, and therein lies one of the charms of the work. One never does two pages alike—there is such scope for taste and ingenuity—and it becomes at last a most fascinating occupation.

"Toward the top of the page, place a thin streak of gum, lay upon it a tail feather (the quill end downward), and put one on either side. The best feathers of one wing may be put down, one after the other, till one has sufficiently covered the page; then the other wing feathers may be placed down the other side; the centre may be filled in with the fluffy feathers, and the bottom can be finished off with some breast feathers neatly placed so as to cover all quill ends.

"When one works with small plumage, a wreath looks very pretty, or a curved spray beginning at the top with the very smallest feathers and gradually increasing in size to the bottom of the page.

"Butterflies or moths made of tiny feathers add much to the effect, and they are made thus. It is best, I find, to fill a wide-mouthed bottle with dry gum, and just cover the gum with the water, allow it to melt, keep stirring and adding a few drops of water till just right—no bought liquid gum equals one's own preparation.

"To make the book complete, there should be a careful water-color study of the bird on the opposite page, its Latin and English name, and a drawing of the egg. It may interest some to know how I obtained the ninety-one birds which fill my books. Some were the dried skins of foreign birds, either given me by kind friends or purchased at bird-stuffers'. The woodpecker and nut-hatch were picked up dead in the garden. The dove and budgerigars were moulted feathers saved up until there were sufficient to make a page.

"Years after the death of our favorite parrot, I found that his wings had been preserved; so they appear as a memento of an old friend who lived as a cheery presence in my childhood's home for thirty years. It is a pleasure to me to be able to say no bird was ever killed to enrich my books."

Lilian's New Year's Calls.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

"Oh, what a lonesome day it will be!" sighed Lilian, looking wistfully out across the snow-bright prairie.

"Not unless you make it so," responded her mother, cheerily.

"Make it so!" rejoined Lilian. "How can I make it anything else? It is always lonesome here, and to-day will be the worst of all. Only think of the fun the girls will be having in dear old Deerfield, while I am off out here in this—"

She stopped short, fearing she might say too much. What she had been about to say was "this horrid, desolate Kansas ranch."

"Perhaps the boys can take you for a drive, dear; and you know we're invited to Uncle Abner's for the evening."

"A drive!" replied Lilian, scornfully. "I hate driving, all alone, along these endless roads. Nothing but snow, snow, until I am nearly blind."

"You have your books, Lilian; and your father likes perfect lessons."

"Yes, I can have books any day. But think of the girls at home—what they are having. They are

getting their tables ready, this very minute. They will darken the parlors and have gas-light, and pretty dresses and lots of callers."

Here Lilian broke down and sobbed. Her mother came to her side and stroked her hair.

"Be brave, daughter," she whispered. "I know it is a great change. But I have often told you we must bear in mind why we left the East, and why we are here. Father would not have been alive but for this change of climate and open-air life. You know he is getting well, and is so happy in that. We ought not to mind anything if he can be well again."

Lilian felt ashamed, and tried to dry her tears. Yet she was unwilling to quite give up her discontent.

"If only something would happen!" she said. Then, desperately, "I wish there would be a cyclone or a blizzard, or a prairie fire! I wish the Indians would make a raid!"

"We don't have cyclones and prairie fires in winter," her mother said, calmly.

Just then Lilian heard a great stamping of feet and gay voices outside on the kitchen threshold.

Her four brothers were coming in from doing their morning chores. As they entered they let in a great rush of cold air. Jack spied Lilian through the half-open sitting room door.

"Hello, Lil!" he called.

She did not answer.

"Lil in the dumps again?" he asked his mother.

"She is a little homesick this morning."

"Why doesn't she get out, as we do, and stir up her spirits?" said Harry. "It's nothing but moping makes her homesick."

"This is a thousand times better than poky old Deerfield," asserted Ben. "There was nothing to do there but slide down hill on a hand-sled, and here we have the ponies, and the cattle, and—"

"But you are a boy, Ben," interposed Mrs. Wyman, "and can do a great variety of things. Lilian isn't strong enough for hard riding, and, besides, she misses her friends."

"Let her make new ones," piped up Jamie. "There's lots of nice people all over these prairies."

"She will find them in time," said Mrs. Wyman. "But you must cheer her all you can meanwhile."

Lilian overheard herself discussed, and began to sob afresh.

Jack went into the sitting-room and playfully pulled her ears, and tried to laugh her out of her gloom.

"Come now, Lil. What is it you want—a gallop, a sleigh-ride?"

Lilian could confess anything to Jack.

She told him all that had been in her thoughts—how the Deerfield girls were getting ready for callers, what pretty dresses they would have, and what gay, good times.

"Do you want callers? Is that what you want, Lilian?"

"Oh, you stupid fellow! I want anything except this awful experience. I told mother I even wished the Indians would drop down on us."

"Why, Lilian, if you saw even one Indian coming down the road, you'd run and hide under the bed."

"No, indeed I wouldn't. I'd make my very best courtesy and wish him a Happy New Year. I would spread the table with the rose-bud china, make coffee for him, and—"

"Y-e-s—but before you'd half done, he would whip out his tomahawk, grasp you by the hair—this way—and, w-h-o-o-p! off would come your scalp. Then he'd tuck your braids into his belt, and away he'd go to the reservation to hang them up on the ridge-pole of his wigwam!"

"All the same, I wish he'd come."

Jack laughed.

"Say, Ben," he called, "Sis wants visitors so badly, she even wishes a Comanche would call."

"I do," persisted Lilian. "I wish a whole tribe would come!"

Harry stormed into the sitting-room, in search of his heavy leather gloves.

"Where are you going, Harry?" asked Lilian, eagerly.

"Out on business," he answered. "Are you ready, Jack?"

"Are you all going off?" cried Lilian, in alarm, lest she should lose even the doubtful pleasure of her brothers' company.

"We're going on the ponies, to look up some stray cattle for Uncle Abner."

"But mamma said you would take me for a drive?"

"Can't this morning—too busy!"

"We're all to go this evening, you know," comforted Jamie.

"This evening! What am I to do alone all day?"

A flood of tears again threatened.

"Oh, entertain your callers!" said Harry, with scant sympathy.

Lilian watched the four boys on their ponies go down the poplar-lined lane to the highway, and then, too desperate for reading or study, or even helping her mother, she flung herself on a sofa and hid her face.

The day was a dazzling one. The rolling prairie on every side looked like a white ocean, with great, sweeping billows of snow as far as eye could see.

The widely separated farm-houses, with their wind-breaks of Lombardy poplars and interspersing clusters of evergreens, looked like ships on this endless, shining, cold sea.

One needed a happy heart and busy hands not to be affected by the vastness and isolation.

Neither of these did Lilian have, and it took her nearly the entire forenoon to get through her bitter struggle with self.

When she finally roused herself she found her mother had put the rooms to rights, and besides her own work, had done all the little tasks Lilian had been used to assume.

This made her remorseful. She got her books and began to study. But somehow the brilliant sunshine kept drawing her to the window to look out.

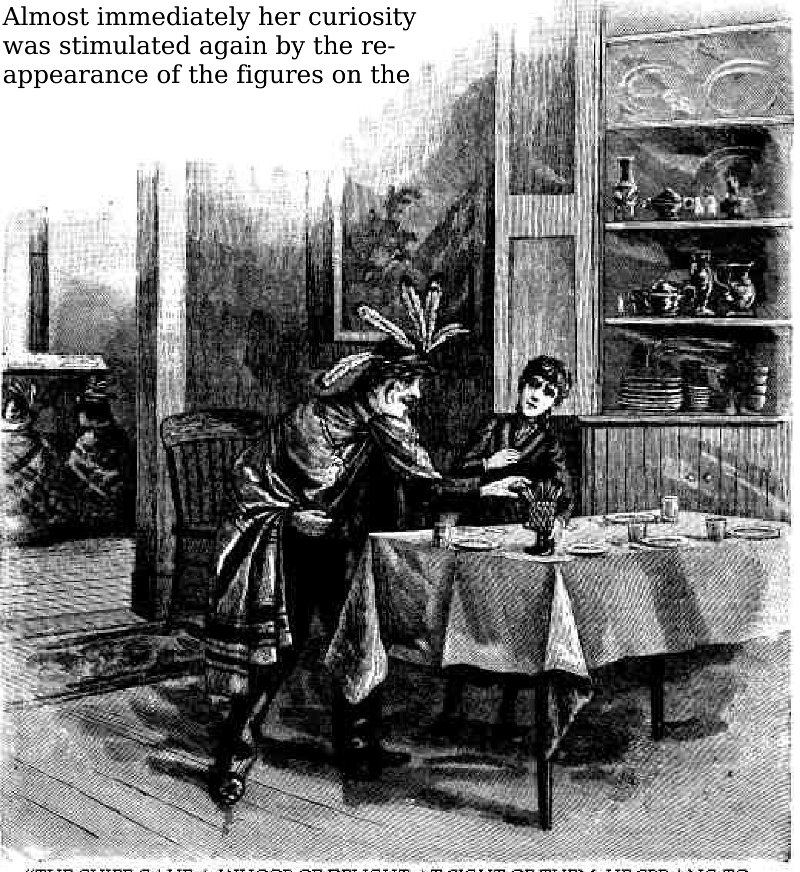
The sky was of an intense blue that was almost purple. The blue-jays were flitting and calling. A few stray crows hovered over a distant corn-stubble—these were all the signs of life she saw.

She stood tapping a tune on the window panes. Presently she noticed, on the far crest of one of the snow billows, some moving black figures.

They were mere specks against the intense blue beyond, but they fixed her attention. Almost as soon as she saw them, however, they disappeared in an intervening valley.

"That is on the Hardin road," she said, trying to fix the direction. "It can't be the boys, for Uncle Abner's road is to the south."

Almost immediately her curiosity was stimulated again by the reappearance of the figures on the next rise. She could not distinguish numbers, but she felt certain it was horsemen.



"THE CHIEF GAVE A WHOOP OF DELIGHT AT SIGHT OF THEM. HE SPRANG TO HER SIDE AND OPENLY BEGAN PUTTING THEM IN HIS POCKET."

Again they vanished from the crest into the lower-lying space between the land-billows. And so she watched them until they were near enough for her to see it was indeed horsemen.

"Mother," she called, "come here! There's somebody coming along the Hardin road."

Her mother came.

"Who can it be?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," counted Lilian. "There are seven of them! Perhaps they will turn at the Climbing Hill Corners. They can't be coming here."

"Get the glass," said Mrs. Wyman. "See if we can make them out before they strike the valley."

Lilian ran after the glass. She adjusted it and raised it to her eyes. She had only one glimpse,

however, before the descending riders were again hidden by an intervening ridge.

"They ride so wildly, mother!" she said, in a kind of breathless wonder.

"They must be skirting that hill along the creek," said Mrs. Wyman. "We'll see in a minute if they come up from the Corners."

It seemed a long time before they came again in sight. Lilian had just said, "They've turned on the Climbing Hill road," when they burst into full view on a not-distant summit and halted.

Lilian could distinctly see them pointing, as if discussing the way to take. Then, of one accord, they put spurs to their ponies and came wildly dashing down the slope.

Lilian turned deadly pale.

"Mother," she gasped, "they are Indians!"

Mrs. Wyman grew pale also. During her short life in the West she had seen only one or two isolated Indians, and those always at railway stations—dull, commonplace creatures enough, and with nothing suggestive of the warrior about them.

"Where is your father?" she asked, with something of a tremor in her voice.

"Probably over at the sheep-sheds," faltered Lilian. "He's always there near noon. I wish—I wish the boys were here."

"They'll be coming directly. Look again now, Lilian. They are approaching very fast."

Indeed the Indians were coming on fast. They were now in plain sight on the long incline and were riding at a full gallop, gesticulating and pressing forward with what looked to Lilian like savage fierceness.

"They will go by no doubt," said Mrs. Wyman, her native courage reasserting itself. "They are probably out in search of lost ponies or—"

"Look, mother! See! They are not going by. They have halted, and are pointing to the house. See! They are turning in at the lane. Oh, mother!"

"Never mind, dear. They want to inquire, perhaps—"

But while she was speaking, the Indians had wheeled into the gateway and swept up with a headlong pace to the very door.

They swung themselves from their saddles, tethered their ponies to the hitching rails and came quickly up on the porch.

Mrs. Wyman had thrown off her momentary fear. She stepped to the door and opened it. Lilian trembled in every muscle. The leader of the party was a huge fellow, much taller than his followers. He was more fantastic in his dress, too, and had streaks of paint on his cheeks. The rest had turkey feathers stuck into the bands of their slouch hats, and all had blankets over their shoulders.

The chief uttered a surly "How!" and made a motion of his hand to his mouth that he would like something to eat.

Mrs. Wyman smiled cordially, and said, "Come in."

He obeyed directly, the rest stalking after him in perfect silence. They went at once through the sitting-room to the kitchen stove and held out their hands to warm.

This done, they squatted on the floor, with various low guttural sounds to each other, as if exchanging views. They apparently approved of the comfort, for a stolid silence ensued.

Lilian was absolutely spellbound with terror and could not move. Mrs. Wyman went to the pantry to prepare them food.

The chief was restless. He kept his eyes roving over everything. Finally he began to move about.

He went into the sitting-room. He spied the china closet door and opened it.

"Ugh!" he said, as if in delight at the pretty dishes. He waved his hand at Lilian and pointed to the rosebud china, making an imperative gesture, as if to say, "We want to eat off those."

Lilian, anxious to seem to want to please these terrible visitors, nodded and smiled a ghastly smile. The very fact that she must do something seemed to relieve the spell of cold horror that had settled on her.

She took a fresh cloth from a drawer, and spread it deftly on the table. As she straightened the corners daintily, to see if they were quite even, the Indian grumbled his approval.

She took out the dishes and set seven places. She recalled, with a great thump of her heart, what Jack had said about scalping, but as yet there had been no warlike demonstrations.

She began to be more at ease. But what was that uneasy chief doing? He was prying into everything. Lilian distinctly saw him put her scissors into his pocket. But she dared not protest.

While thus distracted, she heard her mother in the kitchen burst into a merry laugh. She ran hastily out to see what had come over her.

Mrs. Wyman was in the pantry, holding a corner of her apron over her mouth, as if to smother her amusement.

There sat the six Indians on the floor, with hats drawn down surlily over their faces, and with

blankets shrugged about their shoulders. "Mother, what is it?" was Lilian's whispered inquiry.

Mrs. Wyman pointed silently at the ludicrous row of savages, and covered her lips again with her apron.

Lilian could not help laughing, too.

"New Year's callers, after all," she said, to herself.

Mrs. Wyman had made the circle of waiting braves move somewhat away from the stove, so that she could cook ham and warm potatoes. Lilian returned to her table-setting. She placed a spoon-holder on the cloth, full of bright tea-spoons.

The inquisitive chief gave a genuine whoop of delight at sight of them. He sprang to her side and openly began putting them in his pocket.

This was too much. Lilian flew at him and tried to snatch them away from him. He scowled fiercely, and jabbered at her in excited gutturals.

At once she heard a great scuffling of feet in the kitchen. The other Indians, attracted by the sound, were coming to his rescue.

In they filed in formidable line.

"He shan't have them!" cried Lilian, struggling to prevent the last instalment going into his pocket. "He has my thimble and scissors already. Here," to the others, "your chief is stealing. But he can't have my spoons. You—" catching hold of the nearest one— "Jack! Ben! Harry!" (for as soon as she got one good look at the faces of her callers she knew them), "Jack—Ben—Harry! hold him! He's just a common thief!"

A roar of laughter followed.

"Good for you, Lilian!" cried Jack, flinging off his hat and blanket, and leaping on the offender's shoulders to pinion his arms. "He shan't have your spoons, Lilian. But allow me to present to you our cousin, Harold Wyman, just arrived from Wyoming. We found him at Uncle Abner's, come to spend New Year's with us."

Lilian, who had captured part of the spoons, blushed and dropped them on the floor.

"It's real mean of you to scare me so," she stammered. "Mother, did you know it was the boys?"

"Not until Jamie winked at me from the floor, and then it was all so ridiculously clear I could not help laughing aloud. I saw you were well over your first fright, so I thought I'd let the boys carry out their fun."

"My, but I'm hot!" ejaculated Ben. "Sis has good grit, hasn't she Harold?"

"Yes," cried Jack, "and she kept her promise about the rosebud china. Let's have dinner. All we lack now is the coffee, Lilian."

When the new cousin, and Uncle Abner's boys and the four teasing brothers were seated about the table, Lilian asked:

"Where did you get your toggery, Jack?"

"Oh, Uncle Abner's garret is full of all sorts of Indian traps. This morning when you were crying for callers—especially Indians—the thought struck us it would be lots of fun to give you your wish. We found Cousin Harold at Uncle Abner's, and he helped us out. He's been on a ranch for years. We knew you wouldn't recognize him. The rest of us kept in the background."

"If you hadn't been so scared, Lilian, you'd have known the ponies," said Jamie.

When they had nearly finished dinner, Lilian said:

"I'll write it all to the Deerfield girls. I don't believe they've had half as jolly a time as we have. Their calls will be just the poky, polite ones. But mine are genuine wild West."

[*This Story began in No. 52.*]

Trudy and Kit;

OR,

WHAT A SUMMER BROUGHT FORTH.

BY EMMA A. OPPER,

AUTHOR OF "SUSANNE," "BARBARA AND DILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE DEPTHS OF WOE.

Collin stood staring at Trudy. She had not loosened her clinching hold for an instant, and, before he had realized it, the last warning had been shouted, the plank had been withdrawn, and the Sandy Hook was moving off. And he stood on the pier.

Many emotions were rife in his good-looking, boyish face, but anger was chief among them.

"Trudy," he said, sharply, "what are you doing? What have you *done?*"

He looked after the moving boat.

Trudy tried to stop her shower of tears, and Collin could but look at her. It was a rare thing to see Trudy cry, and it was on his account she was crying.

"Well, what's the matter?" he demanded, gruffly enough. "You've got what you wanted, haven't you? What are you going to do now? What are you going to do with me? Tell me that!"

With a reckless laugh, Collin turned into the freight-office and threw himself down on a box in an unnoticed corner. And Trudy followed her prisoner.

"I saw you from up the beach, Collin," she said, "and I couldn't let you run away! How could I? That would have been the *worst!* How could you have wanted to, Collin?"

"The worst! Worse than what?" snapped Collin. His head hung in his hands, and his eyes were sullenly lowered. "The worst has happened. You'd see things plain enough if you stood in my place, Trudy, and you'd feel! Do you want me to tell you just how things stand?" Collin asked, fiercely.

"You know only too well! I've lost my place because I was a fool, and worse than a fool! That Grand View business is all over town. More than one fellow has said 'Grand View' to me and snickered. It's got around worse than the thing was, too! Gus Morey told me he heard we'd started to steal the best horse and buggy in Conover's stables and got snapped up at Buxton. I've lost my place, and do you think I can get another, with a thing of *that* sort hanging over my head? I guess not!

"I'll tell you the truth, Trudy," continued Collin. "I *have* tried two or three places—and it was for your sake I did it—before I made up my mind to clear out. I'd have done anything. I tried to get something to do at the Riggs House; and I went up to the sawmill and the canning factory; and I got the same answer everywhere. They'd all heard the story, and they said they didn't want a boy with a recommendation of *that* kind.

"Dolph Freeman's all right; it's all smooth enough for *him*," said Collin, grinding his heel. "I was bad enough, but I didn't do anything sneaking mean, the way he did. But *he* isn't going to suffer for it; not a bit. His father's got money, and Dolph can go on loafing around town and getting other fellows into trouble. *He'll* never get come up with.

"Well, I know it was my own fault, anyhow. Nobody could have got me into any trouble if I'd done the right way. But it's done, and look at me now. The whole town is down on me. And *mother*," said Collin, grimly—"mother's the worst! This thing has soured her till she hasn't a kind word or thought for me. She said she ought to turn me out of the house; that I was a torment and a disgrace to her, and she ought not to put up with me. I believe she'd be glad to be rid of me."

"Collin!" exclaimed Trudy, who was far from believing that.

"What else can I think? I *do* believe it! And if she thinks that way now, what will she think when she reads the note I left for her? I couldn't face her, and tell her I'd taken that money, but she knows it by this time. And I'd like to know how I'm going to see her after that! She won't believe I meant to put it back; she won't believe anything; she's down on me, and I can't stand it!

"I can't stay here with everybody against me and no way to turn. The best thing I can do, and the only thing, is to take myself off; and I'm going to do it. I don't know what'll happen to me, nor what'll become of me. But I'm going. You've stopped me this time, whatever you did it for. I'm not worth your worrying, Trudy; I'll tell you that. But I'll go yet."

Trudy stood looking at her captive in more hopelessness than she would admit to herself. She knew that this, Collin's first serious trouble, had overwhelmed him till he had despaired.

She could see plainly enough the weakness of his arguments, and she foresaw the misery into which he was ready and anxious, in his despondency, to plunge.

But how to make *him* see it? That was another matter, and one which staggered the faithful, anxious girl. To run away! What folly, and what sure ruin! But, if Collin would not see that hard truth?

Trudy's heart sank. She had gained her point, for once; but beyond that, which was little, would she prevail? Collin was young and headstrong and in the depths of woe, and what would, in spite of her, be the outcome, Trudy feared to think.

"Collin—Collin!" she was beginning, entreatingly, when hurrying steps on the pier-planks made her look up.

Rosalie Scott was coming towards them at a quick trot, looking this way and that, searchingly, till she saw Trudy.

"Well," she cried. "If I ever! What a girl you are! What *were* you after? If I ever saw such a runner! I knew you could row, and now I know you can run. I thought you'd seen a ghost, or something worse. You'd have run the other way, though. Anyhow," said Rosalie, dropping down on a second box to get her breath, "I thought I'd see *what* it was, and I didn't think you'd mind, if I did."

She looked from Trudy to Collin, with undisguised wonder. Collin only stared at her. Trudy smiled, but with quivering lips, and traces of her tears were plain.

"Why-y," Rosalie stammered. "Something's the matter!"

She was the picture of amazement and curiosity, and Collin could not help smiling. He was dazzled, too, by the gay apparition in the yellow-ribboned dress, the big, daisy-trimmed hat and the patent-leather shoes.

Neither he nor Trudy denied that something was the matter. Neither spoke.

"Well," said Rosalie, with the good-nature which was a part of her, though half-pouting, "I'm intruding, I suppose. I didn't think it was anything private, or—solemn."

Her bright eyes turned from one to the other, a funny twinkle in them.

Trudy could not speak, but Collin roused himself.

"I don't know what we're staying here for," he said, shortly. "I'd got started to take the boat, but Trudy stopped me. *That's* what she was running for. The boat's gone, and we'd better go. I don't know what Trudy's going to do with me *now*. Maybe she knows."

He got up, his bundle sagging from a nerveless hand and his face dull, and they turned up the pier.

"You are in trouble," said Rosalie, soberly. "I'm sorry I came. That's the way I always do, you know. I do things before I think. And I'm sorry for *you*."

Collin made a husky sound of acknowledgment. To Trudy, he muttered:

"*I* don't know where I'm going. I won't go home—I daren't."

And Trudy answered:

"Go to the Browns with me, then, Collin?"

But he shook his head.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. SCOTT'S IDEA.

Softly humming, Rosalie walked a little apart and pretended to find great interest in the still water, the scattering row-boats and the few belated bathers along the shore.

For want of other occupation she took off her hat and swung it till the daisy-wreath was in peril. Trudy and Collin walked in silence.

But the active brain of Miss Rosalie Scott was by no means idle. She hummed, but she smiled, too; she swung her hat, but she had a thoughtful frown—not only that, a determined one.

Trudy was destined to see yet another remarkable instance of the impulsiveness without which Rosalie Scott would not have been Rosalie Scott, and which worked for good or ill as the case happened.

When they had covered the pier and had passed up the street as far as the Bellevue Hotel, had reached its broad entrance, she suddenly turned.

"Come in for a minute," she said—"both of you. Oh, don't look so scared—just for a minute! Trudy Carr has promised me a visit for a long time, anyhow, and—well, you'll have to come. *Come!*"

Rosalie was in earnest. She took them each by the hand and pulled them up the wide piazza steps, reiterating her commands. And Collin Spencer, who had had no notion of complying, found himself, before he could get his breath back, standing in one of the fine great parlors of the Bellevue Hotel, gaping in confusion at a long mirror and blue plush chairs.

"There, now, sit down," said Rosalie. She ran to a small knob in the wall and pressed it, and to the brass-buttoned boy who appeared said, "Please ask Mrs. Scott to come here."

She went to the door when he had gone, and stood with her back against it.

"You shan't get away. Sit down, I say. It's only a notion of mine, that's all. I know you won't care. Maybe it can't do any good, but it won't do any harm. I know something is the matter, and I—I'd like to have my mother hear about it. If you knew her! She's so good to everybody, and always does just the right thing, too. I've known her to help so many people and think nothing of it. That's the way she's made. I don't know what's the matter, but I know you got *me* out of an awful fix, Trudy Carr, and that my mother knows it, too, and—"

The door was pushed open.

"Why, Rosalie," said the newcomer, "your father and Uncle Angus are here. I thought you were to meet them at the boat?"

"I didn't, mamma," Rosalie answered. "This is Trudy Carr again, and—"

"Collin Spencer," added Trudy.

And Rosalie's mother, who had a face of sweet refinement, with clear gray eyes, and wore a handsome dark gown with billowy-lace falling from neck and sleeves, and had a pleasant voice and smile—Rosalie's mother shook hands with Trudy Carr and Collin Spencer, and sat down near them. And Rosalie brought a stool and perched herself between them.

"Now," she said, imploringly—"now *do!*"

Collin was getting every moment stiffer and redder. He felt like an intruder, and, despite these

softening influences, made up his mind not to say a word. It was nobody's business but his. It was his own miserable affair. He neither asked help nor wanted it.

How, then, did the story get itself told? Collin supposed that Trudy must have started it, for he did not.

He sat bewildered by all this strange and unwelcome situation, while slowly, drawn out by questions and gentle comments, his trouble was told.

His first weak mistake, the disaster at Buxton, Trudy's attempt at righting matters and her failure, and all the dreary facts of the present condition of things. By degrees, the lady who sat with thoughtfully-lowered eyes and knit brows heard it all.

"Don't think it was *my* idea to tell you, ma'am," Collin ended, the blood mounting in his sturdy face.

"Doesn't mamma know that?" Rosalie cried, impatiently.

She had got her way, and she was highly satisfied.

"And don't think I'm asking you to do anything for me," Collin proudly persisted. "I don't know what you *could* do; I don't expect anything—I didn't want to come in."

"And she knows all that, too," said Rosalie, knocking down his protests like tenpins.

Her mother sat thinking.

"I wish I knew what to say," she said, sincerely, "or what to do. I should be glad to do something, believe me. I am deeply sorry for you, my boy. It seems to me that your case is a peculiarly hard one. I am glad I have heard your story, for I can give you my sympathy, if nothing more. You made a mistake; you were thoughtless and weak; yes, you did wrong. But—I can't help saying it—it seems to me that your punishment is too great. You have escaped nothing; the worst has come. The worst fault was not yours, and yet you are suffering most. At least, don't be ashamed of having told me," said Mrs. Scott, that ready sympathy of which her face spoke strongly roused.

"I wish I could help you," she declared. "Not only does your case deserve it, but Trudy Carr here"—she smiled brightly. "I feel as though I knew Trudy Carr. I have heard nothing but items concerning her since Rosalie first saw her. And that little adventure on the bay is not to be forgotten. Yes, I would help you gladly."

"There's only one way for me," said Collin. "If I could go back there to work, and show Mr. Conover what I *can* be and do, there'd be some chance for me; I could 'live it down.' But *that's* gone up."

"That is the only way, or the best by far," was Mrs. Scott's quiet agreement. "I wish it might be. I had an idea about it—I wonder—I want to do what I can. I might send a note to Mr. Conover." And then she added, with an impulsiveness much like Rosalie's own, "I will go myself. We'll go together. I have an idea, as I said. Come, it will do no harm to try."

Collin was getting used to bewilderments, to being hustled and managed like a baby instead of a tall, seventeen-year-old boy. One thing—he had not been remarkably successful at managing himself.

And when, ten minutes later, he stood with Mrs. Scott, her bright young daughter and Trudy in Mr. Conover's livery-stable, he kept a stiff upper lip and waited for what should come.

Mr. Conover came forward to meet the oddly-assorted four. For Collin Spencer he had only unsmiling surprise, and his glance at Trudy was puzzled. But he knew by sight the lady from the Bellevue Hotel, and he raised his hat with an inquiring face, and drew forward the only chair the stable boasted. Accepting it, Rosalie's mother wasted no time in getting to the point, and wasted no words.

"First, Mr. Conover," she began, "I must apologize for being an interferer, for that is what I am. My business concerns this boy. I have just now heard his story from the beginning."

"About the trick he played me?" said Mr. Conover, half doubting the interest of such a lady in such a case.

"That exactly; all about his foolish escapade and the result of it. About the effort of this little girl, Trudy Carr, to save him, and about the discovery and discharge. And, Mr. Conover, I want to ask nothing less than that you take the boy back into your service on a month's trial. I feel convinced that the consequences of his error are almost more than he deserves, and perhaps more than you realize, Mr. Conover. He was led into it by a bad companion, whom he has certainly dropped. First impressions go for something. I *cannot* but believe the boy himself is steady and trustworthy. And then the anxiety of this girl, who seems to have been such a friend to him—"

Mrs. Scott's voice was a little unsteady.

"And his position now is pitiable. The story has spread through the town in exaggerated forms. He has tried to get work elsewhere and on that account failed. I cannot see what is before the boy unless you can forgive and take him back, for it is here only, it seems both to him and to me, that he can redeem himself. I ask you to take him on a month's trial, and I wish to give bonds for his good behavior. I am Mrs. John Scott."

This, then, was Mrs. Scott's idea of which she had spoken. Surely a convincing one. She opened her purse, took five ten-dollar bills therefrom and handed them to the young livery-stable keeper.

Mr. Conover looked at her in astonishment, slowly rubbing his smooth-shaven head.

"I—Mrs. Scott," he said, with earnestness, "I don't want to take the money. I begin to see how it is; I see you're right. To tell the truth, I was afraid I'd been a little hard on the boy. I knew that young cur of a Freeman was to blame for it, and I was sorry on the girl's account and all; but I was hasty, I suppose. I shouldn't have done anything, though, about taking him back; but now that you've made me see it plainer yet, and if he's in such a bad fix as all that, why, I'll give him another chance," said the young man. "But never mind the money; I'll try him."

"Keep it," Mrs. Scott answered, "and if he does not do his best, it is forfeited. I think he will."

Poor Collin! Perhaps in all the course of his troubles he had known no sharper moment than that. He looked around the group. Several of the stable-hands had gathered, Sim Miles, with a broadly smiling face, being among them.

The tears sprung to Collin's honest blue eyes. Nor was he ashamed of them.

"I *will* do my best," was all he could say.

"All right; come around to-morrow, Spencer," said Mr. Conover, bluffly, seeing that the scene threatened to be rather a moving one, and he went back to his business.

CHAPTER XX.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

His visitors turned away.

Rosalie, whose triumph was supreme, could not wholly control herself. She gave an occasional hop as they went.

Trudy's face shone, and her eyes were starry. As for Collin, he felt that silence was best.

"Go and tell your mother, Collin," Trudy whispered. "You won't be afraid to see her *now*."

"I'm going there," Collin answered—they stood at the corner of his street. "I'll go; and all I can say is, that I shan't ever forget what you've all done for me. You've saved me—that's what. I don't know what would have become of me. And you'll never be sorry for it."

And, choking somewhat, Collin Spencer turned down the street to his mother's home.

It seemed to Trudy that it was the strangest piece of good fortune in the world which had taken place. After all the dark worry her true young heart had known, she could hardly believe it. And yet a stranger thing was to happen then and there.

As they walked on, Trudy's eyes turned down the street and fixed themselves upon a figure coming rapidly towards them, or as rapidly as was possible. The figure, which was small and bent in the shoulders, limped. Rosalie saw it at the same instant.

"See! who is that?" she asked, in wonder.

"It's Ichabod," said Trudy—"why, it's Ichabod! And I left him sick abed. Whatever is the matter?"

Ichabod came hurriedly limping on. It became plain that he had seen them and was hastening to reach them; and Trudy ran forward.

"Why, Ichabod," she cried, in remonstrance, "if you didn't get up! Were you able? No; see how tired you are!"

Certainly Ichabod was. He leaned against the fence a minute, and then, giving it up, sat down on the grass beside it, pulling off his old hat and fanning himself.

Something else dawned upon Trudy. Ichabod was excited. That indeed seemed to be the greater cause of his exhaustion, for he sat blinking up at Trudy in a peculiar manner and tried vainly to speak.

Mrs. Scott and Rosalie had come up, and paused. Too courteous to smile, they looked their perplexity.

"What *is* the matter, Ichabod?" said Trudy, again. She began to feel some alarm. "What made you get up? What *have* you been doing?"

Ichabod, slowly and painfully, rose to his feet.

"I was calc'lating to git up. Didn't I say to ye I was? Didn't I say I was goin' to git up soon as ever I could? And what fer did I say? Why, I was goin' to ask a favor o' Mr. Doolittle—jest a leetle favor."

"Oh!" said Trudy, remembering.

She had forgotten the old man's queer talk about the box in the closet, and the papers in the box, and his odd eagerness concerning them.

"Seein' you—" continued the old man. "Well, I couldn't stan' it another minute arter that. I jest got up. I *was* kind o' weak in my legs to the fust, but I got thar. I got to Mr. Doolittle's office, and thar he was settin'. He knows me, Mr. Doolittle does, and I wan't afraid to ask that leetle favor of him."

Ichabod had got back his breath and his composure now. He covered his bald head with his hat, planted himself against the fence, his little, twinkling eyes fixed on Trudy with an intense gaze, and continued his story:

"Thar he set. And I walked in and I says to him, 'Air ye willin' to do sump'n fer me, Mr. Doolittle?'

And says he, 'Yes I be, Ichabod.' And says I, 'It ain't goin' to take but jest a minute, Mr. Doolittle.' And says he, 'Go ahead, Ichabod.'

"Says I, 'I was lookin' in the closet of the garret bed-room up to Mrs. Spencer's house, whar I've been stayin', and I found a leetle box, shoved 'way back, as though it wan't no use, anyhow. And, kind o' hankerin' to know what 'twas, I broke it open. And thar was papers in it,' says I— 'and letters.

"'I can't read none myself,' says I— 'only jest a leetle; but I looked over them letters, and I worked and I figured, and I studied out a leetle here and a leetle thar, till I begun to suspicion sump'n. Sump'n awful quare—*awful quare!* And this here one,' says I, 'I've fetched down to ye, fer ye to jest look at. And if there ain't nothin' in it,' says I, 'why, all right, and thank ye fer yer trouble. And if thar *is* sump'n—' says I.

"And I handed him over that thar ole letter, and then I set still, and I had my ole eyes glued right onto his face, and I ketched my breath and I waited.

"'Well, I'll see, Ichabod,' says he. 'Ole letters are quare things, Ichabod,' says he; 'but I'll look at it.'

"And he looked. He looked it up and down two er three times, and then he read it clean through two er three times more. And then he took up his spectacles off'n the table, and he read it ag'in, and he looked jest as astonished as if he'd seen a ghost.

"Says he, 'I can't make it out. Reuben Wallace has been dead a year, and this is the fust breath o' evidence that he left any money, although everybody in this town has been clean up a stump about his *not* leavin' any. But this letter—dated two months afore he died,' says he, 'is from a coal merchant in New York, findin' *that* in the printin' up top o' the letter. And it makes reference to the sum o' forty thousand dollars invested by Reuben Wallace in his business. There's more in it,' says he; 'but that's the principal thing.'

"And he got up and stood thar, shakin' his head and lookin' as if a feather'd knock him down. And, says he, 'if this means anything at all, Ichabod, it means an awful lot! It means that Reuben Wallace was worth forty thousand dollars at the time of his death, and that that forty thousand dollars was invested with this New York coal merchant. Thar's one thing fer us to do, Ichabod,' says he, 'and that's to write to this man in New York and see what's the meanin' of all this 'ere! That's a simple thing, and I'll do it,' says he. 'I'll do it, this minute.' And down he sot and begun to write; and when he'd got done with that air old letter, I put it back into my pocket ag'in.

"And," pursued Ichabod, whose voice had grown shrill as ever, in excitement, "I come away and I set to lookin' ye up, to tell ye every word Mr. Doolittle said—every word. And I've been pretty nigh all over the town, and was jest thinkin' o' startin' up thar to the Browns, when I see ye."

Ichabod mopped his face and head with his handkerchief.

Trudy stood still, in a dazed condition, which allowed her neither to move nor speak; but Mrs. Scott, who had listened with close attention, though finding it hard to understand a tale which, for her, had begun in the middle, asked, with practical interest:

"And what is the name of the coal merchant in whose hands this money is placed?"

"Angus Pritchard," replied Ichabod, nodding his head several times.

He drew the letter from his pocket.

"Here 'tis, down to the bottom. Angus Pritchard, that's what 'tis."

"Angus Pritchard!" Mrs. Scott repeated, in a voice of utter amazement; and Rosalie stood now as stock still as Trudy. "Angus Pritchard is my husband's uncle—yes, and a coal merchant in New York. And he is at the Bellevue Hotel at this moment!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORK AND PLAY.

BY KARL WINSHIP.

"Have you watered Prince this evening, Roswell?" asked Mr. Hofford, as his sixteen-year-old son came into the room at supper time and dropped into his seat at the table.

"Yes, sir," answered Roswell, sulkily.

"And brought in the wood and coal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may go to the village to-night."

"I don't want to go to the village."

For the first time Mr. Hofford appeared to notice his son's air of discontent, and he asked, kindly:

"What's the matter, Roswell? Are you sick?"

"No; I'm just tired out, that's all," replied the boy, giving the table-leg a little kick.

"Tired, are you?"

"Yes, I am. I am worked to death."

Mr. Hofford laughed pleasantly.

"You don't look as if you were in danger of dying. And I don't think you do more work than other boys of your age."

"I don't know about that," rejoined Roswell, in a discontented voice; "but I know I'm working from morning to night. I have to attend to everything in the way of chores, until I'm so tired that I can't read or study. And I never have any time for play."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Hofford, gravely, "because all boys ought to have time for play. I thought I saw you playing football yesterday?"

"Oh, I play *some*," admitted Roswell, "but nothing like I want to. I wish I had nothing to do but play, like Rollo there."

"You'd soon get tired of living a dog's life," said Mrs. Hofford, with an amused look.

"No, I wouldn't," said Roswell, confidently. "I never had enough play."

"Very well," said Mr. Hofford, with a queer smile. "To-morrow is Tuesday; suppose you start in and play."

"And not do any work?"

"Certainly not; no work for yourself, or anybody else."

Roswell looked at his father, as if disbelieving his ears.

"I mean it," continued Mr. Hofford. "I will tend to the horse and cow, Jennie will do the house chores and run the errands, and your mother will do the rest. You will have nothing to do but play, and I hope you will enjoy yourself."

"I'm sure I shall!" declared Roswell, joyfully.

When he opened his eyes the next morning it was bright daylight, and he sprang out of bed very hurriedly, forgetting the changed condition of affairs. Then, as recollection dawned upon him, he dressed slowly and went down stairs to breakfast.

There was no one there but his mother, who said "Good-morning!" pleasantly.

"My!" he exclaimed, glancing at the clock; "if it isn't ten minutes to nine! I'll be late for school."

"You are not to go to school," said his mother, quietly. "Going to school is not play."

"But I'll miss my promotion, if I don't go," pleaded Roswell, aghast at the thought.

"Can't help it. You must not do anything but play."

Roswell laughed.

"Very well," he said, lightly.

Then he finished his breakfast in silence and strolled out.

He walked around the yard for five or ten minutes, whistling shrilly; took a look in the barn at Prince and then set off to the village. It was almost deserted, the boys being at school—all but a few loaferish fellows, with whom Roswell did not care to associate.

About ten o'clock he returned home, got a book and read until dinner-time.

Somehow he did not have much of an appetite, and after dinner he took his fishing tackle and went off to the creek.

When he returned at dusk, he had a string of perch.

"Where's my fish-knife, Jennie?" he asked, as he laid the fish on the bench in the wash-house.

"Jennie will clean the fish, Roswell," called out his mother. "Catching fish is play; cleaning them is work."

"Pshaw!" said Roswell, impatiently.

He was rather proud of his ability to prepare fish for the pan.

At supper Mr. Hofford asked him how he was enjoying himself, and Roswell answered that he was doing very well. After supper, when the table was cleared, he got out a lot of traps and set to work on an electrical machine he was trying to make, but his father promptly checked him.

"That won't do, Roswell. Work is strictly forbidden."

"But this is for myself."

"No matter. It is not play. You had better go to the village and play."

Roswell got up angrily, put away the machine and went out. In an hour he came back, saying he had had a quarrel with Perry Gantley, and had a headache. So he went to bed.

The next morning he rigged up a swing in the woods back of the house, and amused himself for an hour, and then went fishing, but, as he had no luck, he hardly spoke a word at dinner-time.

During the afternoon he read for a few minutes, and then took a walk through the woods, returning so tired that he was glad to go to bed right after supper.

Thursday was simply dreadful. It rained all day, and Roswell read until his eyes ached. Then he tried to sleep, romped with Rollo awhile, and at last went to the barn.

Mrs. Hofford followed him presently, and found him currying Prince.

"Come, Roswell, this won't do," she said, quickly. "No work."

Roswell threw down the currycomb with an impatient exclamation, and returned to the house.

He did not make his appearance at all at supper, and Jennie reported that he was lying in bed, asleep. She supposed Mr. Hofford smiled, but made no remark.

Friday morning Roswell came down very early and Mr. Hofford met him coming in with an armful of wood.

"Here! What does this mean?" he asked, sternly.

"I'm going back to work," replied Roswell, flushing up, but laughing at the same time.

"It is not possible you are tired of play?"

"No, not tired; but—"

"But you think it is more fun when sandwiched between work?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad you have made the discovery for yourself," said Mr. Hofford, with a smile. "Fun or play is never thoroughly enjoyable unless we have earned the right to it by hard work. A perfectly idle boy or man is never happy, and no person knows the absolute pleasure in work until they are deprived of it, It is a good lesson to learn, my son, and I am glad you have learned it so early."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The aged and the young, man, woman, child,
Unite in social glee; even stranger dogs,
Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chase,
Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
With sober cheerfulness, the grandam eyes
Her offspring 'round her, all in health and peace;
And thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer,
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.

—James Grahame.

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ROYALTY IN EXILE.

BY THOMAS PARKE GORDON.

In olden times thrones were very unstable affairs, and kingdoms were overthrown in a twinkling. Readers of ancient history will recall many such instances of the downfall of earthly grandeur.

Alexander the Great overthrew Darius in the plenitude of his power; the Emperor Aurelian destroyed Palmyra and led Zenobia, the queen, in triumph to Rome, where she ended her days in peaceful retirement.

Rome, when mistress of the world, overthrew hundreds of monarchies, and killed or sent into exile innumerable kings. In the days of her decline, the people deposed their own rulers at such a rate that the imperial purple was finally put up at auction by the soldiery.

In later days, monarchies became more secure; but kingdoms were nevertheless overturned, and several royal rulers sent into exile, when not more severely punished. But, with passing years, revolutions became more rare, until Napoleon began his wars of conquest, and deposed kings as if they were playthings.

Since Napoleon's downfall, revolutions have become still more rare; yet monarchies are so many, and republican ideas are growing so rapidly, that scores of deposed rulers are in exile, pining for the days that will never return.

Perhaps the most notable is the Count of Paris, who recently paid a visit to this country. The count, it is true, has never reigned, so he cannot be said to have been deposed; but he claims descent from the Bourbon kings of France, and seeks to revive the ancient rule.

He is a resident of England, and is in easy circumstances. He has a rival for the throne in Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, who lives in luxurious exile in Switzerland.

Prince Napoleon's father was a brother of the great Napoleon, and he hopes that some day the people of France will recognize him as their ruler.

England gives refuge to another exile in Eugenie, the widow of Napoleon III, who resides at Chiselhurst, and who makes no pretensions to royal grandeur. Since the death of her son by Zulu assegais she has lived the life of a recluse.

Paris shelters the exiled Isabella, Queen of Spain, who takes her downfall philosophically. She is rich, and passes her time between Paris, Nice and Boulogne in social enjoyment.

In the same city lives Don Carlos, a pretender to the throne of Spain. He traces his descent from Carlos, the second son of Charles IV, born 1788.

The original Carlos began the insurrection business in 1825, and, after being repeatedly defeated and banished, died at Trieste in 1855. His son Don Carlos continued to make periodical attempts to regain the crown, but died in 1861, leaving no direct heir.

The present Don Carlos, the nephew of the above, has headed four insurrections and has many followers, but no one believes that he will ever be more than an aspirant.

Dom Pedro, the deposed Emperor of the Brazils, lives in Portugal, and is the most unhappy of ex-rulers. The death of his wife followed close upon his exile, and he longs to return to Brazil, if only to die. He has refused the gratuity offered him by the infant republic, and not being wealthy, the future looks rather dark for him.

When Italy was united, a number of petty sovereigns were deprived of their crowns and now wander around without any particular aim in life. Unlike an ex-President of the United States, an ex-king cannot go to work, and, if he has not saved any money, must depend on charity for a living, unless he can marry a rich wife.

Austria has taken care of several rulers of the Tuscan provinces, and the Italians are generous enough to see that none of them starve.

Paris is a notable refuge for royal exiles, and some of them are engaged in anything but kingly pastimes. A prince of Georgia drives a cab, and one of the best police agents is a scion of the royal house of Poland.

Among the curiosities of Paris is Orelie, King of Araucania. Originally a poor lawyer, with a taste for adventure, he made his way to Chili, and thence to a remote section of the republic, where the Araucanian Indians live. He won their good will to such an extent that they elected him king, and for several years he ruled over them. Then the Chilians started a war and Orelie I decamped. In Paris he still calls himself King of Araucania, and makes a precarious living by selling titles of nobility to gullible or vain people.

Another exile, more meritorious, is Francesco, King of Armenia and Prince of Jerusalem. It has been many years since Francesco's ancestors were driven by the Turks from the throne of Armenia, but there can be no doubt whatever of the royal antiquity of the family. Descended from a bold crusader, they held the kingly rank for centuries, until the rise of Mohammedan power in the East made them exiles. Russia, for many years, gave the titular prince a pension, but this was dropped about forty years ago, and since then the kings of Armenia have had a very hard time of it. The present king is a waiter in a small restaurant near Versailles. He is a quiet fellow, and does not parade either his pedigree or his misfortunes.

There can be no doubt that the number of royal exiles will increase with the passing years. The trend is all one way. Monarchies are giving way to republics all over the world, and once the people have the power in their own hands they will not relinquish it. Revolutions, however, nowadays are peaceful, and kings may thank their stars that they are no longer in danger of losing their heads along with their crowns.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Nature has made no marked division between the new year and the old, and there is practically no difference in weather between the last week in December and the first week in January. Perhaps it would be more logical to have the year begin with the vernal equinox, but practically it makes no difference at all. The year begins on the first day of January in all Christian nations except Russia and her dependencies, and it is not likely that any change will be made in future.

Yet, although there is no natural division, custom has made one that we cannot help but notice. In the business and financial world the end of the old year marks a distinct epoch, and the first of January is the beginning of new accounts and new books. There is a general brushing up, so to speak, and a number of new rules enacted, even if they are never enforced.

There seems to be no reason why there should not be a moral brushing up, as well as a business one. On the first of January, why should not every one take an account of stock? Why not foot up all the good and bad done in the old year, and find out on which side the balance lies? If bad, it is a subject for correction; if good, it is a matter for congratulation.

It is not necessary for one to make the footings public, any more than a business man takes the outside world into his confidence, but a perusal may do a wonderful amount of good. Indeed, it is the only way by which one can learn to avoid a repetition of the errors of the old year.

The first of the new year is called "happy" doubtless on account of the good resolutions which inevitably spring from a contemplation of the past. It is the one day in the year when every right-minded person at least tries to do good, and it is an axiom that to be good is to be happy.

Another reason springs from the time-honored custom of calling and renewing old acquaintances, and thus reviving many happy memories.

Let no boy or girl be laughed out of making good resolutions on New Year's Day. To make a resolution and keep it for a single day is better than to make none at all, and it renders each successive resolution easier to make and keep. But good resolutions may be kept, and then, indeed, the new year will be a happy one.

Resolve, then, on New Year's Day to be something better and nobler than you have been in the old year, to correct some fault or develop some virtue; resolve to make some one's life brighter, or to do good in some way, however humble, and you will find your reward in a happiness equal if not superior to that which you have bestowed.

ICEBERGS.

BY J. V. HAY.

It may sound strangely to the average reader to say that icebergs are more numerous in warm weather, but such is the fact. Of course they are formed in winter, but it takes the summer sun to set them adrift and send them floating on the ocean, a grand sight to look at but a fearful menace to vessels.

Icebergs are born every day in every month, but most of them remain in or near their native waters for a long time before they escape and wander to the great lanes of travel between here and Europe.

The bergs seen last summer are from two to ten years old—that is, they have had an existence individually for years, though the ice from which they are formed is much older, some of it possibly having been frozen first a thousand years ago.

Icebergs are born of glaciers, and four out of five of the floating bergs on the Atlantic come from Greenland. A glacier is a river of solid water confined in the depressions running down the mountain sides.

Soft and powdery snow falls upon the summits, and though some is evaporated, the yearly fall is greater than the yearly loss, and so the excess is pushed down the slope into the valleys which possibly at the time are covered with green and have afforded pasture lands for cattle.

The snow gathers in the high valleys and every day undergoes some degree of the change which finally transforms it into ice. Slowly, very slowly, in some cases only a foot every year, this frozen river flows downward. Nothing can stop it, nothing can even check it.

The process is the same in Switzerland and Greenland, only in Switzerland the glacier melts when it reaches the lower valley and feeds rivers; in Greenland the glacier slides into the ocean, breaks off and becomes an iceberg and floats away.

One of the incidents of an ordinary Alaskan cruise along the coast is to see the glaciers break off

and fall into the water. They are far more beautiful than the finest of the glaciers of Switzerland, and in size they are so great that the largest Alpine glacier would make only a fair-sized nose, if it could be taken bodily and placed upon the face of one of the Alaskan giants.

At Glacier Bay icebergs are being born all the while. Muir Glacier, the largest that dips into the bay, presents a front of 5000 feet. It is 700 feet thick, five-sevenths of it being under water. It extends back for miles and miles.

Each day the central part moves 70 feet into the sea, the discharge every twenty-four hours being 140,000,000 cubic feet of clear ice. As this great quantity cracks into pieces from the glacier, the bergs of the North Pacific begin their life. The separation from the larger mass and the plunge into the sea cause terrific noises.

The interior of Greenland is a solid mass of ice. In fact, some people think that at about the central part of Greenland there is a high mountain, around whose sides there has grown through the centuries an enormous glacier, sending down in every direction branch glaciers that extend to the coast. It is known that the only part of the land which is not covered completely by ice is a narrow belt around the shore.

Crossing this belt at hundreds of places are the glaciers. Some are only a few hundred feet wide and 50 feet thick, while others are several miles wide and measure 1500 feet from surface to bottom.

All of these ice streams are making their way to the sea, and as their ends are forced out into the water by the pressure behind, they are broken off and set adrift as bergs.

Ensign Hugh Rodman, of the United States navy, in his report on the "ice and ice movements in the North Atlantic Ocean," explains many interesting things about ice and bergs.

Once the glacier extends into deep water, pieces are broken off by their buoyancy, aided possibly by the currents and the brittleness of the ice.

The size of the pieces set adrift varies greatly, but a berg from 60 to 100 feet to the top of its walls, whose spires or pinnacles may reach from 200 to 250 feet in height and from 300 to 500 yards in length, is considered an average size berg in the Arctic. These measurements apply to the part above the water, which is about one-eighth or one-ninth of the whole mass.

Many authors give the depth under water as being from eight to nine times the height above. This is incorrect, and measurements above and below water should be referred to mass and not to height.

It is even possible to have a berg as high out of water as it is deep below the surface, for if we imagine a large, solid lump, of any regular shape, which has a very small, sharp, high pinnacle in the centre, the height above water can easily be equal to the depth below. An authentic case on record is that of a berg grounded in the Strait of Belle Isle, in sixteen fathoms of water, that had a thin spire about one hundred feet in height.

Each glacier in Greenland, so far as any estimate has been made, is the parent each year of from ten to one hundred icebergs. When these bergs have plunged into the Arctic Sea, they are picked up by the Arctic current and begin their journey to the North Atlantic. But there are thousands of them afloat; they crowd and rub against each other and frequently they break into smaller masses.

Many go aground in the Arctic basin; others get to the shores of Labrador, where from one end to the other they continually ground and float. Some disappear there, while others get safely past and reach the Grand Banks.

According to Ensign Rodman, the ice of bergs, although very hard, is at the same time extremely brittle. A blow of an axe will at times split them, and the report of a gun, by concussion, will accomplish the same end.

They are more apt to break up in warm weather than in cold, and whalers and sealers note this before landing on them when an anchor is to be planted or fresh water to be obtained.

On the coast of Labrador, in July and August, when it is packed with bergs, the noise of rupture is often deafening, and those experienced in ice give them a wide berth.

When they are frozen the temperature is very low, so that when their surface is exposed to a thawing temperature the tension of the exterior and interior is very different, making them not unlike a Prince Rupert's drop.

Then, too, during the day, the water made by melting finds its way into the crevices, freezes, and hence expands, and, acting like a wedge, forces the berg into fragments.

Much of the ice encountered at sea is discolored, and often full of dirt and gravel, while not infrequently stones are found imbedded in it.

Along the shores of Labrador, where there is a large rise and fall in the tide, ice is brought into contact with the bottom, and mud and sea-weed are frozen in with it, while at times landslides precipitate large quantities of dirt and stones on its surface.

As the ice leaves the coast and comes to the southward, it brings these burdens with it, which are deposited on the ocean bottom when the ice melts. As this melting occurs to a great extent over the Grand Banks, it would seem that the deposit from the field ice would be greater than that from bergs.

It is hard to understand why bergs should have foreign substances frozen into them, as they are

formed from snow deposited on the frozen surfaces in the interior of Greenland, and hence their thickness is added to from their upper surface.

It is possible that in their journey south in the Arctic current they accumulate more or less foreign matter by having it ground into their bottoms; but this does not seem probable, as it is hard to force gravel into ice and give it a permanent hold, while mud accumulated in this way would soon be washed out.

Then, too, the largest bergs find their way around the edges of the Banks, and do not cross, on account of their draught, for only an average-size berg crosses the Banks.

"1891."

BY REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

Dear "1890" is no more!
The year has gone like years before.
With feelings foreign, sure, to none,
I write an "1891."

What lofty vows, what high resolves,
The wakened soul to-day revolves!
Will they endure, as now begun,
Through all of "1891?"

Oh, may more kindly words be said
Than in the twelve-month that has fled;
Far better, braver deeds be done
Than then in "1891."

What hath this year of loss or gain?
Who knoweth? What of boon or bane?
Life's thread may bright or dark be spun,
Ah, shrouded "1891!"

But faith is strong though sight is dim;
We gladly leave the days with Him,
And, trusting, wait the sands to run
Of hopeful "1891."

GOLDEN DAYS.

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

Schooner Sailing and Beach Combing;

OR,

LEE HOLLAND'S ADVENTURES.

BY EDWARD SHIPPEN, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "CAST AWAY IN THE ICE," "THE YACHT GRAPESHOT," "TIGER ISLAND AND ELSEWHERE," "JACK PETERS' ADVENTURES IN AFRICA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

Lee now began to feel hungry and tired, so he let the boat drift while he sat down and ate the lunch which the old woman had provided with such very different intentions; and after that was finished, he fell sound asleep in the stern-sheets, only to be awakened by the chill of the dawn. Sitting up, he saw that the Sound was covered by a dense mist, and all around him were flocks of wild ducks, settled upon the water, but which flew off as soon as he moved.

While he sat looking at the sky, growing brighter in the east, and trying to make up his mind in what direction Plymouth lay, he heard the dip of a paddle, and then he saw coming up through the mist a dug-out canoe, in which sat a venerable-looking old negro.

"I'VE RUN AWAY FROM A SCHOONER ABOVE HERE, AND I WANT TO GET TO PLYMOUTH."

"Hillo!" said Lee.

The old fellow started as if he had been shot and peered about until he saw the boat.

"Hillo, sah! hillo!" he answered, and then paddled nearer. "Now I can't say as I rightly knows you, sah; an' I knows most everybody round here. Duck-shootin' maybe? Is you one o' de Talbots?"

"No; I'm not duck-shooting, and I'm not one of the Talbots."

"What you doin' out here in de cold mornin', den, boy? Dat boat come from some wessel, I see. An' dear knows it would be quare if you *was* a Talbot, an' I didn't know you. I belonged to old man Talbot onst."

"No, no, old man! I tell you I'm no Talbot. I've run away from a schooner above here, and I want to get to Plymouth."

"Laws a massy! Why, I runned away myself, afore de wah. Was fo' year in de Dismal Swamp, an' had a good time dere, too, honey. We had plenty o' possum an' chickens an' corn-meal toted by colored folks we knowed, an' put whar we could find it. An' we had sweet potatoes, an' simlins, an' water-millions, an' berries, an' grapes, an' wild plums, an' wild hogs, an' fish. Don't know as ever I'd 'a come out ef it hadn't 'a be'n de wah freed de slaves, an' I wanted to see de ole place."

By this time the old negro was alongside, and took out a cob-pipe, filled it, struck a light, and settled himself for a good talk, first telling Lee that he was going fishing, at which he made his living.

Before he could begin talking again, Lee asked him in what direction he ought to go to reach Plymouth.

"Why, honey, I'se a-goin' right dat way. My place for fishin' lays right in dat direction. You come along o' me."

And with that the old fellow made fast his canoe to the schooner's boat, and got in with Lee, taking one of the oars, so that they gave way together.

After pulling for some time, the old man sounded.

"Now here I is," he then said, "in my place for fishin'. Now you see de sun is scoffin' de fog, don't you? Well, you jus' keep de sun right in your eyes, an' pull away, an' in less dan two hours you'll be in Plymouth, for de tide is fa'r for you. I wish you well, honey! I done run away onst myself, but I believe I tole you about dat. Take some o' dis corn pone, and a piece o' dis cold bacon; you must want sumfin' in your stumic. So-long!"

"Can't you give me a drink of water?" said Lee. "I want that more than anything to eat."

"Yes, 'deed I kin!"

And then the old fellow rummaged in his canoe and brought out a black jug, stoppered with a corn-cob, pulled the latter out, wiped the mouth of the jug with his sleeve, and presented it to Lee, who took a good drink, thanked his black friend, and then settled down at the oars for a long pull.

Belts of fog and mist continued to lie upon the water, and after a time, and having taken several breathing spells, he was shut in by one of them, when he began to hear, carried over the water from a distance, the creaking of blocks and tinkling of iron, and the cries of drivers shouting at mules or horses, and other noises of a seaport.

Then the fog suddenly lifted, and he saw, quite a distance above him, the wharves and some houses and vessels, mostly big, three-masted schooners, loading lumber and tar and turpentine, just as he had been told by old Jake.

Then, for the first time, it occurred to Lee that if he appeared there alone, in possession of a ship's boat, he might be looked upon with suspicion and might have hard work to explain how he came there, and even might be held until he could clear the matter up.

So, rather than be suspected and detained, he determined to make his appearance by land, instead of by water, and ran the boat on shore, some way below the town.

Jumping out, he was about to give her a shove out into the stream, when he reflected that the tide was still flood and an empty boat would be sure to be seen and secured and his sudden appearance connected with her in some way; so he hauled her under a clump of bushes, made her well fast and walked up a marshy cattle-path toward the town.

In about twenty minutes he came out close to a wharf, where the work of the day was in full blast. A large schooner lay there, with "Traveler, of Boston," on her broad stern. She was taking, as a deck-load, some large, squared timbers, and just then had a big one hung by chains from a patent crane, which stood upon the dock.

A number of negroes were at work lowering it down, when suddenly something cracked and the most of them let go the winch.

The great timber must have come down on the deck with damaging effect if Lee, who had often seen such cranes used before, had not jumped to the safety-break, at the risk of being killed by the whirling winch-handles, and brought the beam to a stand before it could do any damage.

"Well done, my lad!" shouted a stout, bronzed man, from the vessel. "You just stay there and work those other three timbers down on deck, and I'll pay you for it. I'm short handed. But, stop; maybe you belong to some of these other vessels? No? Well, I'll be as good as my word. My mate's sick with this confounded North Carolina fever, and the second-mate's got some kind of 'fantods,' too, and is laid up, and I want to get away to-day."

"Send me out a drink of water and a piece of hard tack, sir, and I'll stop here till the timbers are on board."

"Steward," called the captain, "there's a boy out there on the dock; I want you to take him something to eat and drink. He's the one at the break. Now, bear a hand and sling another one."

While they were slinging it Lee managed to eat something, and in an hour the whole were safely on deck and securely chocked. Then the captain saw Lee still on the dock and beckoned him on board.

"Now, here's a half-dollar for you, my lad. Do you belong about these parts? Don't look as if you did. But, no matter; I s'pose you've run away from some vessel. Now, I'm bound to Havana with this load of lumber, and I'll ship you, if you like."

"I would rather ship in some vessel going north, sir."

"Well, maybe you can and maybe you can't. I'm going to haul out, right away. Go, or not go? What do you say?"

"Are you going home from Havana, captain?"

"I can't say. I will, if I get a charter. But, being short handed, I'd like to have a good, active, stout lad, like you, and will give you ordinary seamen's wages. Haven't been much to sea, have you?"

"No, sir; but I'm not a bad schooner sailor, and can reef and steer."

"Well, I don't want any shilly-shally! Say yes or no. I have my clearance, and here comes the tug to take me down the Sound."

"Well, yes, then."

And so it came about that Lee found himself, within half an hour, bound down for Hatteras Inlet and thence for Havana, when he had only started from home to go halibut fishing!

CHAPTER VII.

In a day or two after the vessel got to sea the mates got better and went to duty, and the skipper seemed to take a pleasure in abusing and worrying them, although it was evident from their appearance that they had suffered severely from the swamp fever, and had not been shamming, as the captain intimated.

In fact, the latter turned out to be a regular sea-tyrant, and Lee soon found that life under him would be intolerable.

The crew were a mixed lot, mostly Norwegians and Dagos, whom the captain had shipped at low wages. Some of them hardly understood a word of English; and before the week was out the captain almost killed a poor Portuguese by striking him with a belaying-pin because he misunderstood an order while at the wheel.

That night the second-mate talked to Lee during his watch, and asked him how he came to ship.

Lee told him his story.

"Well, my lad, my advice to you is to run away as soon as we reach Havana. The captain is also part owner, and he will never pay you any wages, if by any chance he can avoid it, while he is

likely to do you harm if you cross him."

"Why do you stop on board?" asked Lee.

"Because he owes me several months' wages, and I cannot afford to lose it. But you mind what I tell you, and get away the first chance."

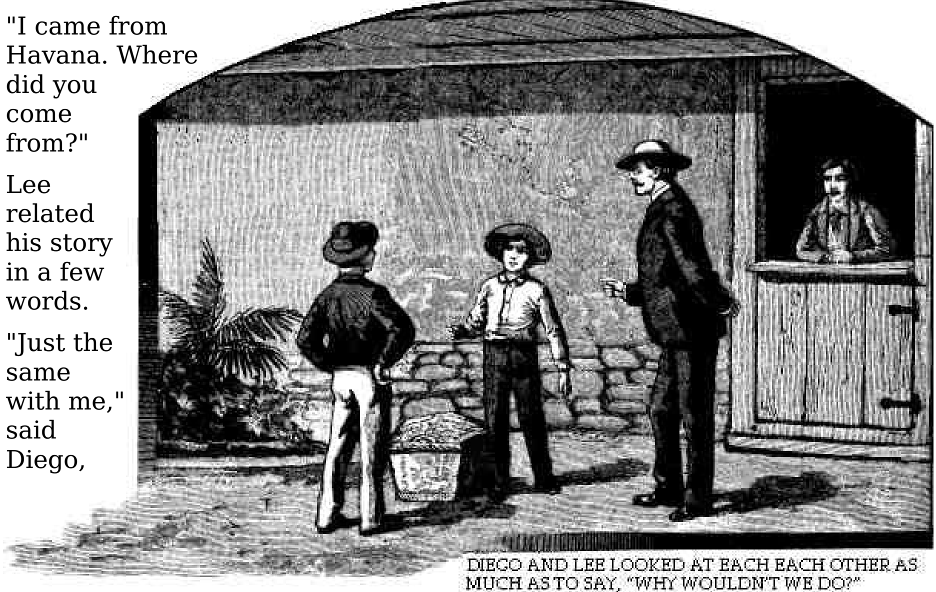
Among the crew of the Traveler, Lee had found a Cuban lad of about his own age, named Diego, whom Captain Bristol had inveigled into shipping as a cabin-boy, on a previous voyage to Havana.

He had been five or six months on board the vessel, and began to speak English pretty fluently, but in a broken way, and with many sailor expressions.

One evening, at sea, he came up to Lee and said:

"My name is Diego. What is your name?"

Lee told him.



DIEGO AND LEE LOOKED AT EACH EACH OTHER AS MUCH AS TO SAY, "WHY WOULDN'T WE DO?"

"I came from Havana. Where did you come from?"

Lee related his story in a few words.

"Just the same with me," said Diego, when he had finished. "I've got no father, no mother; but I'll not stop here. The captain treats me like a slave. When we get to Havana, we go ashore, eh?"

Lee had for some time thought he had better get out of the Traveler, if he could only see his way to do so. But he said:

"Where would we go, and what would we do, Diego? I have to get a living, and would only have to look for another vessel to take me home, and that might not be so easy to get."

Diego smiled knowingly.

"You see, I've got an aunt, and she lives at Regla," he said. "She's a good old woman, but very poor. We can sleep in her house, though, till we find something to do."

Lee did not promise, although Diego returned to the subject several times. But on the morning that the vessel entered Havana the captain gave him a violent blow with his fist, because he was not quick enough in bringing him his spyglass from the cabin, and this determined Lee finally, and he went forward and told Diego he was ready to go at the first chance.

"All right," replied the Cuban; "I'll keep my eyes open and mouth shut."

It was a lovely morning as Lee stood forward and entered the first foreign port in which he had ever been, glancing up at the frowning Morro Castle at the entrance, close to which all vessels must pass, and seeing the great guns pointing at them from the embrasures in the old walls, the quaint turrets or sentry-boxes, painted in red and yellow, with the sentinels pacing up and down, with polished muskets and bayonets, and dressed in uniforms of white linen.

Then opened the view of the great harbor within, filled with shipping, and the town beyond, with houses having no chimneys and painted in white and red, and green and pink, with nodding palms and other tropical foliage growing—all strange enough to a lad who had been all his life north of Cape Cod.

When they had been boarded by the health officer and the custom house officials, the Traveler came to anchor, and for a time all were busy in furling sails and cleaning up the decks, while the captain took a boat and went off to see his consignees.

All day they lay quiet, as the captain did not return and there were no orders to begin to discharge, but toward evening a bumboat came off, with fresh bread, fruits and other things to sell to the crew.

In the bumboat was a boy of about Diego's age, whom he recognized as an old acquaintance and playmate, and who seemed very much surprised at seeing him on board the American vessel.

Diego went down and had a whispered talk with him, which resulted in his beckoning to Lee to come down. The second-mate was in charge of the deck, and if he saw them go he took no notice.

Lee had no clothes to take, as he had only two shirts—one flannel and one woven undershirt, which he had up to this time worn in turn, while he washed the other—and both were becoming well worn out.

In view of a chance of running away, he had put them both on, in spite of the heat of the day.

Diego's friend pushed them into a little cubby-hole under the half-deck of the bumboat, saying in Spanish, which Diego translated to Lee:

"Lie there, lads, and we'll put you on shore at Regla all right."

The place was hot and stuffy and there was hardly room to turn round, but they were so anxious to get away that they lay perfectly still for at least an hour.

Then the bumboat shoved off to return to the shore, and in fifteen minutes Lee stood upon foreign soil for the first time. Forlorn and strange enough he felt, too, and if it had not been for Diego, would have felt almost inclined to go back to the Traveler and her tyrant of a captain.

Every sight and sound which met him when he landed was different from any he had ever experienced before. Long drays, drawn by mules covered with tasseled harness and bells, and driven by half-naked negroes, groups of dark-complexioned men, with sashes round their waists and gay handkerchiefs on their heads, on top of which they wore felt or straw hats.

They talked with great energy and many gestures as they smoked their cigars. Diego said they were stevedores and other laborers who had just finished their day's work.

The streets were paved with small cobble stones, or else not paved at all, and the sidewalk was very narrow and elevated, more like a beach than a walk, and everybody seemed to take to the middle of the street.

Nobody took any notice of the two lads, for sailors were no rarity in those parts, and they worked their way along the narrow, crowded, noisy streets, sometimes jumping to one side to avoid a mule dray or some heavy burden, carried by a number of negroes upon their heads, the bearers singing in chorus to warn people out of the way.

Occasionally they met a lady dressed in white, with bare head and fan in hand, who had driven down in her volante to fetch a father or a husband from his place of business.

This vehicle struck Lee as being very odd. It was a sort of large, open gig, mounted on very high wheels and drawn by a horse at the end of very long shafts, which kept him several feet from the volante.

The horse was always ridden by a black postillion in gorgeous livery, glazed hat and cockade, and enormous boots, who cracked a whip with a noise like pistol-shots, to show that an important person was coming.

A number of times Lee stopped to look at the novel sights about him, but at last Diego said:

"Come on now, Lee. We're still some ways from my Aunt Dolores, and she always goes to bed with the chickens."

Trudging on, over the rough, slippery stones, they at last turned up a side street of poor habitations, most of them in sad want of soap and water, as well as paint and whitewash, and about half-way up the block came to an open door, at which sat a chocolate-colored, withered old woman, who was smoking a very long, thin cigar.

Diego stepped up to her and said, in Spanish:

"Dear aunt, do you not know me?"

The old woman stared at him a moment with her dim eyes, as she took the cigar from her mouth, and then she jumped up and exclaimed, in the same language:

"It is Diego! my Diego!"

And with that she flung her arms about him, hugged and kissed him, and talked at such a rate that all the neighbors came to see what had happened. At last Diego got clear of her, and turned to Lee, saying:

"She says they heard that I had gone off to the ends of the earth with a confounded Gringo Yankee, and I was gone so long she thought I must be dead."

Then he turned to the old woman and continued:

"Here is a Yankee friend of mine, who is a good fellow. We have had hard times, and I want you to let us sleep here to-night, and to-morrow we will look for something to do. We have had enough to eat for to-day, and so we only want shelter."

Old Dolores, Diego's aunt, was a washerwoman. She employed one or two girls during the day, but they had now gone home, and she was alone in the house; so she took the lads in and spread some sheets on ironing-tables in a back room, which opened upon a little court, with high stone walls, and there they lay down, and in spite of the numerous curious smells, and of the hardness of their beds, were soon asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

Next morning the old woman had them up early, for she wanted to use their beds, and gave them some breakfast, consisting of very good coffee, without milk, fried plantains, very nice white bread from the baker's next door, and to each a little relish of salt bacon, which did instead of

butter.

It was evident that this repast was considered a great treat by both Diego and his aunt. When they had finished, the latter said:

"Now, Diego, if you and your friend will take a basket of washed clothes over into the city, to the hotel for which I work, you will do me a favor."

"Why not?" answered Diego, who then explained to Lee what was wanted.

The old woman soon had the large, square basket packed and covered with a clean checked cloth, and then said:

"Here, Diego, take these coppers for the ferry-boat, and here are the lists and the bills. You will get the money and bring it back to me."

The boys set off at once, crossing the bay to the city in the balmy clear, tropical morning, so charming before the sun gains its full power, and having a long trudge before they came to their destination.

In this neighborhood Lee saw a very different state of things from that at Regla. They passed a great square, planted with palms and flowering plants, such as he had only seen in pictures heretofore. Then there were long ranges of public buildings and grand houses, with sentry-boxes in front of them, and sentinels pacing to and fro.

They also met frequently battalions and companies of troops, going to relieve guard or returning from early parade, stepping out briskly over the clean-swept pavements to lively airs played by the bands. Everything, at that hour, was life and bustle, for most of the business of the day is done in the early morning, that people may have time to take the "siesta" during the hot hours.

All these strange sights seemed to divert Lee's thoughts from the heavy basket which they were carrying, and he was still staring about when Diego stopped before a large, low, two-storied building, with a great arched entrance into a court-yard, around the four sides of which the building extended. Above the arch hung a sign, with "Hotel de los Estados Unidos," painted upon it.

"Well, I know what *that* sign means," said Lee; "and it's the first one I've seen which I *did* understand."

"Yes, here we are at last," replied Diego.

And they turned in and came out in the large court-yard, which presented quite an animated appearance.

A fountain was playing in the middle, surrounded by orange trees, bananas and flowering plants, in great green tubs. All around, the doors of sleeping rooms opened upon the court, while above, another set of doors opened upon a balcony, which was reached by steps below.

On the pavement of stone were many little tables, at which gentlemen and ladies were taking breakfast, and waiters in white jackets were bustling about and supplying their wants.

On the left, as the boys entered, was an office, with a half door and a shelf upon it, from which a clerk hailed them:

"*Hi, muchachos, qui quiere?*" (What do you want, you boys?)

"The clothes, senor,"[**standard] answered Diego, in reply, pointing to the basket, which they had deposited on the flagstones.

"Ah, that's all right! Are they from Dolores? There's a gentleman here who has inquired half a dozen times already about his clean things. He wants to leave to-day."

"What's his name? I have the lists here."

"What *is* his name? I never *can* remember these English and American names. But here he comes himself."

As he spoke, a tall, fine-looking man, of about forty, with light hair and complexion and wearing gold spectacles, came hurrying in from the street.

"Now, then, senor," said he, addressing the clerk, "are those my things? All right. Take them to my room, No. 17, on the balcony. The steamer sails for Ruatan this afternoon, before sunset, and I must send my baggage on board at once. Where is the servant you promised to engage for me?"

"Senor, the young man I hoped to get will not go on such an expedition as yours, and has backed out, at the last moment, after promising me he would be ready."

Lee and Diego both pricked up their ears at the word "expedition," and Diego took off his cap and said:

"Where might the gentleman be going?"

"I'm going to make some explorations, and to try to find some ruined cities in Central America. Not an easy task, for their situation is not precisely known, and many have been baffled in trying to find them. I want a young man who is a good traveler and handy, and who speaks both Spanish and English, so that he can act as an interpreter."

"But just where are you going, sir?"

"Why, to Ruatan, first—where I shall get my outfit, and engage some canoe hands and a cook; and then to Truxillo, for more precise information. I may go up the River Maugualil, or some

other stream. It will depend upon what I hear."

Diego and Lee looked at each other as much as to say, "Why wouldn't we do? We must do something, and that at once; and here is a chance for travel and adventure, too."

Lee even forgot his design of returning North, and said to the gentleman:

"I am an American, sir, willing and strong, and ready for anything which will give me an honest living and a chance to see something new; and my friend here speaks Spanish, for it is his native tongue—and also English well enough. If you'll take us both, there is nothing to prevent us from going, for we have left our vessel."

The gentleman looked closely at their faces, and then answered:

"I don't see why I shouldn't try you—especially as I can't get any one else," he added to himself. "My name is Higley, and I am a professor in Coryale College. I have been sent out for the purpose I have told you, and expect to be gone from here for seven or eight months, or perhaps a year. Now, who are you?"

Lee told him their story, and the professor said, when he had finished:

"Very well, then. If you have no one from whom to get permission, I will trust you without reference. I expected to pay a faithful and competent man, who was willing to go with me, and encounter any danger or privations which we may meet, fifty dollars a month; and of course he would live the same as myself. Now, I'm willing to divide that sum between you two lads, if you do well and earn it."

This offer sounded very large to Diego and Lee, who neither of them had a copper of their own, especially when the excitement of discovery and adventure was to be thrown in, and they closed with Professor Higley's offer immediately, only stipulating that they were to go back to take old Aunt Dolores her money and bid her good-by.

"Well, go; but be sure to be back here by three o'clock at the latest, or I shall conclude you've changed your minds."

"Ah, it is settled at last," said the Spanish clerk. "Now that the gentleman has been suited, he will leave me in peace to smoke my cigar. These Americans and English have no idea of quiet, but must always be on the go," he mumbled to himself, as he turned into his darkened retreat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLANTS IN A ROOM.

There is a widespread belief that the presence of growing plants and cut flowers in a room is in some way prejudicial to those who sleep therein. This belief is probably due to the fact, learned at school, that plants give off at night carbonic acid, which is known to be deleterious to health.

A recent writer has published the results of some experiments made in a closed green-house, showing how fanciful are these fears. In this green-house there were 6000 growing plants, and the average of three experiments made early on three different mornings after the place had been closed for more than twelve hours exhibited only 4.03 parts of carbonic acid per 10,000.

We can judge by this experiment that from one or two plants the quantity of gas given off must be far too small for recognition, and certainly many hundred times less than that formed by a burning taper or given off by one pair of lungs.

A CORNER IN ALLIGATORS.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

"'Gator hides worth three dollars, and big ones four. That's our game, Jed, and we'll make enough in 'gator hunting to get that pony."

"You bet, for there's plenty of 'em down in Loon Lake—big ones, too."

"We'll have a regular corner in 'em. Come, let's get off."

The two young Southern hunters felt as if they had already captured a small fortune, and Stam—short for Stamford—made a rush for the house.

"Where's my gun? It's never in its place. Mother," raising his voice, "I can't find my gun anywhere. It's so provoking! Have you taken it?"

"And my game-bag is gone," echoed Jed, in an irritable voice. "We're in such a hurry, too."

"It's money out of pocket standing here looking for these plaguey things."

"Well, boys," replied Mrs. Fellows, appearing on the scene, "you have no one to blame but yourself. Nobody has touched your things, and they are just where you left them."

"Where is that?"

"You ought not to be told. You should be made to look for them."

"Oh, please tell us, mother, for we're in such a hurry."

"'Gator skins are selling high now," added Stam, opening his eyes, "and we know where we can get some big ones."

"That's no reason why you shouldn't be made to find your things. You must be cured of your careless habits in some way. This is a good time to begin."

"Oh, don't lecture us now, mother. Do it when we come back."

"Please tell us where we can find the gun and game-bag," pleaded Jed, putting an arm around his mother's waist.

Mrs. Fellows could not resist this appeal, and she directed the boys to the wood-shed, where they found the desired gun and game-bag standing near a pile of wood. The boys had left them there two days before after returning from a hunt, and the gun was somewhat the worse for rust and exposure.

Down by Loon Lake the great saurians were basking themselves in the hot sun, and the appearance of the boys among them made a slight disturbance along the edges of the water.

"These are only small ones," whispered Jed, with contempt. "We want some big four-dollar hides. Snag Creek's the place for them. The big fellows always hang out there."

The young hunters paddled their small skiff rapidly around the edge of the clear-water lake, and then shoved her gently up a narrow, muddy creek.

Enormous cypress trees lined either bank, and scores of buzzards were perched on the dead branches, watching the solitary skiff glide through the water. The buzzards seemed to know that they were protected by law, and they did not deign to jump from their roosts.

At the end of the creek was a smaller lake, or rather a small muddy pond, in the centre of which was an island which nearly touched the mainland at one end. Between this island and the land the big alligators basked in numbers, and Jed truthfully exclaimed, as he caught sight of the saurians:

"We've got a regular corner in 'em, sure! We'll land and pelt 'em like fun!"

The boys had only one gun between them, but they were both so excited that they enjoyed the anticipated sport as much as if each held one of the deadly weapons in his hand.

As the skiff touched the island, they leaped out of it together. Stam hurried up to a huge alligator and took deliberate aim before pulling the trigger; but, to his chagrin, the alligator still blinked at him after the hammer struck the cap.

The gun was so rusty from its two days' exposure that it refused to go off. Several caps were exploded with the same unsatisfactory result.

The boys began to worry and fume while the alligator eyed them menacingly.

Stam took the ramrod out and began to draw the load, but, before he could succeed, the alligator became aggressive. He winked at his comrades, snapped his jaws, and then waddled toward the young hunters.

"Look out!" Jed screamed, "he's coming for you! Get in the boat and draw the load there."

Both boys turned and ran for the skiff, but there was no skiff to be had. In the excitement they had jumped out of the boat and left it without securing it in any way, and the skiff had quietly drifted off.

The two boys were in a great predicament, and their fun gave place to fear.

"We're in for it now, Stam," gasped Jed.

"We'll have to swim ashore."

"We can't do that unless we get on the other side of the island. There are too many snags on this side. We'd get caught in them."

The boys walked around their narrow prison, and tried to frighten the alligators away; but they were unsuccessful in this attempt. Two or three curious alligators crawled up on the land to ascertain the cause of the alarm.

The boys set up a shouting, and threw sticks at the saurians; but the more noise they made, the more alligators assembled around the island. The backs and heads of several big ones could be seen swimming toward them from the adjacent shores.

Evidently the creatures knew intuitively that a feast was ahead of them, and each one was getting ready for his share.

"Oh, if this gun would go off!" groaned Stam.

"And if we had thought to tie that skiff," sighed Jed.

"It's all our fault; we were so careless."

"I'll never be so thoughtless again if I ever get out of this."

"But we can't. We'll be eaten up in less than half an hour. Oh, dear!"

The battle now actually began. The boys were forced to the extreme end of the island, and they had to fight or take to the water. Behind them was an enormous alligator—larger than any other two. The big fellow was floating about motionless, with more than half of his body out of water, and he seemed to think that he was sufficient guard for that side of the island.

The two hunters clubbed the approaching enemies and retreated gradually into the water. At first they almost cried in their terror, but, as they warmed up to their work, they felt that everything depended on their bravery. Stam used the butt end of his gun, while Jed swung a heavy club effectively.

But there was no fighting such determined enemies successfully. The boys had to jump around lively to escape the snapping jaws and thrashing tails.

At last they found themselves in water knee deep, with the alligators close upon them.

"It's no use," gasped Jed, throwing away his club. "Swim for your life. Make direct for the shore."

"I don't believe I have strength enough left," replied Stam, who was nearly exhausted in swinging the heavy gun.

"Well, keep together, and we'll die helping each other."

With this noble resolve the brothers ran out into the water as far as they could and then swam for dear life; but between them and the shore was the huge alligator guarding that side.

Before they were aware of their danger the boys were nearly upon the great saurian.

"We're lost!" whispered Jed.

"Ugh!"

The last exclamation was made by Stam, as the long tail of the alligator rubbed against his side. Both boys expected to see it swish through the water the next moment and dash the life out of them, but it did not move. Stam took a hold of it and twisted it viciously.

The alligator did not resent this familiarity, but was as motionless as ever.

"He's asleep!" Jed whispered. "We can get by him yet."

"No, he's dead," shouted Stam, "and he'll have to carry us ashore."

It took the brothers only an instant to realize their good fortune. The alligator was only the dead carcass of a big bull 'gator, which the sun had swollen and distended. It was so light that it could almost carry a man on its back without sinking. The boys threw an arm over either side of the carcass, and then with the other they began to paddle for dear life.

The pursuing alligators were close upon them, but, with their strange support, they easily held their own in the race.

They reached the bank in time, and, leaving the dead 'gator in the shallow water, they staggered up in the woods to a place of safety.

When they recovered their breath and strength they began a search for their boat, which they found at length drifting close into the shore.

Then they returned to the scene of their battle and recovered their gun. When they started home they towed with them the carcass of the alligator which had saved their lives.

Their corner in alligators was over with, and ever afterward they took good care to see that they were not cornered before they counted their gains in cornering the market in 'gator skins.

As Jed expressed it:

"We've got to get over our careless ways, if we're going to do anything with these 'gators. They don't make any allowances for forgetfulness, as mother does, *and perhaps she shouldn't, either*."

—"Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being past
Return no more."
—Longfellow.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON—FOR JAN. 11.

I KINGS 12: 25-33.

SUBJECT—IDOLATRY IN ISRAEL.

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

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image" (Exod. 20:4).

INTRODUCTION.

Jeroboam reigned twenty-two years, beginning in the year 975 B. C. The extent of his territory was larger than that of the kingdom of Judah, over which Rehoboam ruled after the division. Jeroboam's portion, called the Kingdom of Israel, and comprising the northern portion of the land, was about the size of the State of New Hampshire.

Rehoboam first made an attempt to recover the allegiance of the revolted tribes, and sent his representative to take tribute from them, but he was promptly killed. Rehoboam then made preparations for war; but he was admonished to pursue this course no longer by the prophet Shemiah (1 Kings 12: 21-24).

Rehoboam then turned his attention entirely to his own kingdom, and for three years left off his former wild and sinful ways, and seemed to give promise of becoming a good monarch (2 Chron. 11: 17). He busied himself in fortifying his kingdom by a circuit of fifteen walled cities, thus protecting it on the south and west.

Three years of this devotion to a wise care of his kingdom was about all this young man could stand, and he went back to his dissolute ways, and the bad blood of his heathen mother manifested itself.

Continuing thus for two years, he was then attacked by Shishak, the King of Egypt, who was a friend of Jeroboam. Judah was invaded, and the thousand shields of gold which Solomon had made for the display of his wealth and power, and other treasures of the temple, were carried off. These shields Rehoboam replaced with shields of brass.

There was a war, on a larger or smaller scale, all the time between the two kingdoms, until in the reign of Abijah, the son of Rehoboam, Jeroboam was severely punished by an overwhelming defeat.

JEROBOAM'S FORTIFICATIONS.

"Then Jeroboam built Shechem in Mount Ephraim, and dwelt therein; and went out from thence, and built Penuel."

Jeroboam did not build Shechem. There had been a town there from the earliest times, but the meaning is that he rebuilt it, enlarged it, beautified it, and made it the capital city.

It was especially adapted for this, as it was right in the centre of the territory of the ten tribes and the leader of the revolt. It was the most ancient sanctuary in the land, and the ancestors of the Israelites had worshiped there long before they became a nation.

In 1 Kings 14: 17, we are informed that after a time Jeroboam left Shechem, and set up his capital in Tirzah, where he built a palace and other buildings on so grand a scale that the place became even a rival of Jerusalem (Sol. Song 6: 4).

After having established himself in Shechem, he began to give attention to the outlying territory, and, in order to protect it, he built a fortification at Penuel. The name of this place means "the face of God." It received this name from the meeting here of Jacob with the angel, and his wrestling with the angel (Gen. 32: 24-32). It is located on a little stream called Jabbok, and is twenty miles east of the Jordan. It was an important point, as it was situated on the road over which all the caravans passed first to Damascus and then on east to the countries of Babylon and Nineveh.

A fortress here would defend the kingdom of Israel from the attacks of Assyria on the east and north, and from Judah on the south.

THE KING'S APPREHENSION.

"And Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David.

"If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam, King of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam, king of Judah."

Now that Jeroboam is king, his troubles begin. Having settled the matter of protection against invasion by the building of the strongholds as just noticed, a more serious danger arose before him. It would seem that the people had no thought when they separated from the government of Rehoboam that they would also give up their religion. It was expected that Jerusalem should be still the religious capital, and the temple the place for all the people of both nations to worship.

But Jeroboam reasoned with himself that if the people of his kingdom went up to Jerusalem three times a year, as the law directed (Deut. 16: 16), to worship there, they would by this become alienated from him as their ruler, would learn to reverence the king who was of David's line as more rightfully their sovereign, and the result would be not only that they might change, such was the fickle temper of people in the east, but they might expel him and perhaps take his life.

It was a very natural course of reasoning, but he should have trusted in God. In I Kings 11: 38, the promise had been expressly made to him that on condition of his obedience, he should be protected and his throne should be firmly established. But he forgets this and goes on in the foolish fashion of all doubt and unbelief.

FALSE GODS SET UP.

"Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem; behold thy gods, oh, Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt,

"And he set the one in Bethel, and the other put he in Dan."

He reasoned that if there were to be two kingdoms, there must also be two religions: at least, the citizens of one kingdom should not get their religion from the worship and service held in another kingdom. On the face of it this looked like the very essence of wisdom. It was worldly wisdom, but it was religious folly because it was putting policy above principle.

After he had thought this matter over for some time, Jeroboam took some of his friends and counselers into the secret of his reflections, and they agreed with him. Thereupon he proceeded

to establish home rule in religion as in everything else, and his whole course is an exhibition of great shrewdness. It is a pity that so bright an intellect had not been united with a better heart.

He set up objects of worship and established shrines for them at two places in his kingdom, Bethel and Dan.

Bethel was located in the tribe of Benjamin's territory, but had been taken as part of the land embraced in the revolt of the ten tribes. The name meant the house of God, and was so called by Jacob at the time of his vision (Gen. 28: 11-19.)

As long ago as Abraham's time, an altar had been built here (Gen. 12: 8.) Samuel had also judged Israel here (1 Sam. 7: 16.) It was, therefore, shrewdly selected, for the people of those days were readily and deeply impressed with the sacred associations of places, especially old places.

The other place, Dan, was in the extreme northern part of the land, so that the expression from Dan to Beersheba means from one end of the land to the other, north to south.

There was no city here at this time, but at a spot about four miles from where the city of Dan was afterwards located, there is a remarkable cave in one of the ridges at the base of Mount Hermon. This cave had been a sanctuary or place of worship from the earliest times (Gen. 14: 14.)

Having thus selected the localities, Jeroboam set up there the objects for their worship. It was not his intention so much, perhaps, to teach the people the worship of images—he would hardly have ventured to do that in its bald form—but it was his intention that these calves or oxen should be the symbols representing the presence of God just as the ark and the cherubim did in the temple.

They were made of wood and covered with plates of gold. The ox was an old object of worship. Aaron had set it up in the wilderness, and Jeroboam used almost the very words of Aaron so long before (Ex. 32: 4).

The Israelites were made familiar with this image in the decorations of the temple of Solomon, including colossal cherubim. Also the great molten sea of brass was supported upon oxen of the same material.

THE DAMAGING RESULTS.

"And this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan.

"And he made a house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi."

It was hardly to be expected that any other result than that of sin would come from this course. It was, to begin with, a violation of the second commandment, and if Jeroboam did not intend to teach Israel the worship of false gods, this was the result of it, and repeatedly he is spoken of in the Scriptures as the one that did cause Israel to sin.

So completely were the people carried away with this bad current, that they preferred to get as far away from Jerusalem as possible, and went even to Dan to engage in their idolatrous practices.

At both these places where he had set up the calves, he built houses for them. Originally and commonly houses of worship were built upon high places, so that this expression "high places" came to be a description of the house itself.

It is not a fortunate translation to state that Jeroboam made priests of the lowest class of the people. It would have been poor policy, and would have brought his movement into disrepute.

The literal rendering of the Hebrew is "from the ends of the people," and means, as in the Revised Version, "from all the people."

Jeroboam would have been glad to have the priestly tribe, Levi, furnish him his priests, but they were loyal to God and the true worship and would not assist the king in his schism, so he had to get priests where he could from all the people and from any tribe.

In 2 Chron. 11: 13 it is said that the Levites in a body went over to Rehoboam. This greatly strengthened the king of Judah and tended to keep the religion of that part of the people pure.

NEW FEASTS APPOINTED.

"And Jeroboam ordained a feast in the eighth month, on the fifteenth day of the month, like unto the feast that is In Judah, and he offered upon the altar. So did he in Bethel, sacrificing unto the calves that he had made: and he placed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made.

"So he offered upon the altar which he had made in Bethel the fifteenth day of the eighth month, even in the month which he had devised of his own heart; and ordained a feast unto the children of Israel: and he offered upon the altar, and burnt incense."

Jeroboam was the more anxious to get his religious enterprises established because the time for the feast of the tabernacles was coming on and many of his people would be going up to Jerusalem.

He therefore, as a part of his scheme, very shrewdly appointed a counter feast, putting it on the same day of the month, the fifteenth, because that was the time of the full moon, but he changed the month.

The right time was the seventh month, corresponding with our October and November, and it was the most joyous of all the festivals celebrating the gathering of the harvest.

He could plead a good reason for putting his feast a month later, because the harvest was slower

ripening in the northern part of the kingdom than in the southern, and the change of time would be an accommodation. The law fixing the seventh month is given (Lev. 23: 34,39,41).

At this feast Jeroboam himself approached the altar and served as a priest. He did this doubtless for two reasons—1, To give the royal sanction to the new religion; and 2, To show that he considered himself the religious as well as the civil head of the nation.

LESSONS.

1. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Jeroboam forgot this rule and put the improvement and fortifying of his kingdom first—his secular affairs—and as a result made a fatal mistake.

2. How long and far a sin reaches! Solomon's idolatry bears fruit in the breaking up of the nation and the lapse of half of it into heathenism. What a disappointment to God, who had done and borne so much for this people!

3. Jeroboam needed to have no fear about the perpetuity of his kingdom. He had an express promise from God. (1 Kings 11: 38.) But his faith in God's word failed, and hence he sinned. Thus sin is always the fruit of unbelief.

4. Jeroboam also put policy before principle; for the sake of temporary success he turned aside from the strictly right course. This is always wrong, and because wrong is unsafe. Fasten the lesson deep in your heart; never for the sake of any apparent advantage depart in the least from the truth as conscience and God's Word shall make it known to you.

5. It is said in the lesson that Jeroboam devised of his own heart these religious departures which he forced upon the people. Here was another feature of his sin—that he presumed to depart from the explicit directions that God had laid down as to the times, places and manner of His worship, and gave the people instead inventions of his own. To say the least, he had no business to do this, and he exposed himself to the curse that comes upon those who take from or add to God's Word.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"On mission ground there was once a prayer meeting held in an idol temple. A lamp was placed in the hands or lap of each idol around the room, so that the idols themselves held the light by which the true God was worshiped. So the sins of Jeroboam may light us to heaven." —*Peloubet.*

"Judge a religion by its god. Judge a people by the kind of god that will satisfy them. If a calf will do, what must be their intelligence? If nature will do, what must be their emotion? It science will do, what must be their moral sense? The Christian religion pays the highest tribute to human intelligence. It calls men to a God, infinite in every perfection." —*Joseph Parker.*

"It has been remarked that the two tribes in whose inheritance the calves stood are not found among the number of the sealed in Revelations. The names of Ephraim and Dan are missing from that list." —*Waller.*

"Oh, God, our strength! to Thee our song,
With grateful hearts we raise;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
All worship, love and praise.

"And Thou, Oh, ever gracious Lord!
Wilt keep Thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to Thy word,
We seek to do Thy will.

"Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of Thee."
—*Harriet Auber.*

SIDNEY'S GOOD INTENTIONS.

(*A New Year's Story.*)

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL.

idney, did you leave that note at Mrs. Flynn's yesterday?" asked Mrs. Dent, as her eldest son came hurriedly into the sitting-room to get the pocket-knife which he had left on the table. "She hasn't come, and I don't know what I am going to do about the washing. Nora's arm is still so lame that she must not attempt to use it."

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry!" and Sidney looked mortified and contrite. "I fully intended to leave the note, but—"

"You forgot all about it," finished his sister Fannie, who was sewing at one of the front windows. "Of course! Mother ought to have known she couldn't trust you. Your intentions are always good, but that is as far as you go."

"It is a great deal easier to *intend* to do a thing than to do it—everybody knows that," said Clara, a girl of twelve, who had put down her book as her brother came in. "I suppose as long as we live we'll have to hear Sidney say, 'I fully intended.' I don't expect anything else."

And she laughed.

"I can't help being forgetful," said Sidney.

"Perhaps not," said his mother; "but you could go a long way toward carrying out your good intentions if you would only do promptly whatever is given you to do."

"I will go to Mrs. Flynn's now," said Sidney. "She can get here by ten o'clock, anyway."

"Very well," said his mother. "The sooner you see her, the better it will be for the washing. This winter sun will not last long."

Sidney went out, and, hurrying on his overcoat and cap, was soon on the way to the cottage of Mrs. Flynn.

He felt a little depressed, for the remarks of his sisters had hurt his feelings a good deal.

He wondered, as he walked briskly along, if Fannie and Clara never forgot anything.

Next to Mrs. Flynn's was a small, brown cottage a good deal in want of repairs. It had needed a coat of paint for many a year, and some of the blinds were broken. But at the window was a very pretty little girl, with golden curls, and Sidney paused a minute to nod and smile at her. He knew her quite well, for she was sister to one of the junior clerks in his father's warehouse.

The child smiled in return, and looked into the rear of the room, saying something Sidney could not hear. But a moment later the head of a pale, sad-faced woman appeared above that of the little girl.

She bowed to Sidney and then moved quickly away.

"How ill Mrs. Stewart looks!" thought kind-hearted Sidney. "I imagine Christmas did not bring many good things to *this* house. I remember now that I fully intended to send little Mabel a doll; but—"

And then he stopped and blushed hotly. *Another* good intention never carried out.

Fortunately, he found Mrs. Flynn in, and she promised to go to his mother at once. So he walked away, feeling that he had done his best to repair the neglect of the previous day.

His next stopping-place was his father's office, which was a room built on to the warehouse, and communicating with it by a single door.

There was another door which opened on to a side alley, and was kept always locked. It was the door used exclusively by his father for entrance and exit. But Sidney was a privileged person, and had been allowed a pass-key. So he entered the office now without having to go through the busy warehouse.

He was disappointed to find the room empty. His father had promised to give him some money to buy powder, shot and caps for the new gun he had received on Christmas Day, and, like all boys, he felt that time was very precious when he was going to buy anything of that sort.

"Now I suppose I've got to wait," he soliloquized, as he threw himself into the swivel-chair in front of his father's desk. "It'll be noon before I get a chance to try the gun, I dare say."

He played with a paper-cutter at first; but soon his attention was attracted by a letter on the desk, the superscription of which was in a familiar hand.

He picked it up at once, for his Aunt Susan Dent's letters were always public property at home. His father never failed to bring them home and read them aloud at the supper-table. So Sidney drew this letter from the envelope without hesitation.

He had always received a five-dollar bill every Christmas from his aunt, but this year the day had come and gone without the customary present, and he gave an exclamation of joy when, on unfolding the letter, a five-dollar bill fell out.

"For me, of course. Better late than never," muttered Sidney, as he hastily glanced over the letter.

Yes, his aunt intended the money for him.

She wrote that she had been too ill to write just before Christmas, but that Sidney would probably rather have the gift come late than not at all.

"Well, I should say so!" ejaculated Sidney. "And now I needn't wait for father. I can use this money to buy my ammunition, and tell him about it at dinner time."

He restored the letter to its envelope, and then let himself out at the alley door. In five minutes he was in the nearest hardware store, bargaining for his shot.

His mind was full of the sport he expected to have that afternoon in the woods with his gun, and when he reached home he sprang up the steps two at a time.

He was about to ring, with no gentle hand, when the door was thrown open by his sister Fannie.

"We've been watching for you, Sidney," she said, in some excitement. "Uncle Charles is here, and wants you to go home with him for two or three days. He says he can promise you a splendid time. You'll have to hurry, though, for the train leaves at twelve o'clock, and it is half-past eleven now. We were *so* afraid you wouldn't get back in time."

"Hurry, Sidney," said his mother, appearing at the parlor door. "Change your clothes as quickly as possible. I have packed your valise for you."

"No time to waste, my boy," said his uncle, from the dining-room, where he was snatching a hasty lunch, attended by Clara. "The train won't wait for us."

Sidney was soon ready, and, with a hasty good-by to his mother and sisters, hurried off with his uncle.

"And be sure you come back Friday night, Sidney," called out his sister Fannie, as she followed him to the front gate. "Don't 'fully intend' to do it, and then come walking in here on Sunday. You know you've got to make calls on New Year's Day."

"All right," answered Sidney. "I'll be here. You needn't worry."

It was not until he was in the train and half way to his destination that he thought of the five-dollar bill. He was provoked with himself that he had not spoken of it to his mother.

"But I'll write as soon as I get to Meadville," he thought; "and they'll get the letter to-morrow."

But there was a great deal to occupy him when he reached his uncle's home.

His cousins were fond of fun and were always ready for anything, and he was so hurried from one place to another and had so many calls on his time, that it was little wonder that the writing of that letter was postponed. He fully intended to write it, but it wasn't written.

Only the recollection of Fannie's parting words made him resist an invitation to a sleighing party and start for home on Friday. He knew how the girls would talk if he were not there to make those calls on New Year's Day.

He occupied himself while on the train with thinking on whom he would call and what he would talk about. His visit to Meadville would give him one subject, at least, for conversation.

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when he reached home, but he found his father and mother and two sisters still up. They were finishing some preparations for the celebration of the next day.

"So you have actually come!" cried Fannie, as Sidney entered the room and went to the fire to warm his half-frozen hands and feet. "One good intention kept, at least. I'll score that to your credit, Sidney."

"It seems as if I had been gone a good deal longer than four days," said Sidney. "I've been in a perfect whirl of excitement ever since I left here."

"We've had some excitement, too," said Clara. "Father's discharged Harry Stuart."

"Yes, just think, Sidney, he stole five dollars," said Fannie.

"We merely *suspected* him of stealing it, my daughter," said Mr. Dent. "I did not accuse him of it; but I fear there is no room to doubt that he is guilty. He was the only one in the office while I was out."

"It is very hard to believe Harry Stuart a thief," said Mrs. Dent. "He had as open and frank a face as I ever saw, and every one says he is devoted to his mother; but then of course he was greatly tempted, needing the money as he did."

"Do you mean the five-dollar bill Aunt Susan sent to me, father?" asked Sidney.

He had grown very pale and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Yes; how did you hear of it? The letter came the very day you left."

"Oh, father, I read the letter, and—and it was I who took the money! I fully intended to tell you, but—"

And there Sidney broke down utterly and could not go on.

"*You* took it!" repeated his father. "Oh, what trouble and sorrow you have brought upon an innocent person, Sidney, by not letting me know that sooner!"

"I intended to write from Meadville," faltered Sidney.

"But, as usual, you did not carry out your good intentions. Sidney, for the first time in my life I am ashamed of you—heartily ashamed."

By degrees they drew the whole story from Sidney; and, though they blamed him, they could not but feel sorry for him, so acute was his remorse.

"I hope this affair will be a lesson to you as long as you live," said Mr. Dent, as he dismissed the remorseful boy to his room.

Had it not been so late, Sidney would have gone that night to see Harry Stuart, but as it was, he was up the next morning by six o'clock, and in the cold, gray light of the first day of the New Year hurried to the little brown cottage.

He found Mrs. Stuart sitting by the bedside of her son, who, never strong, had been utterly prostrated by the trouble which had come upon him, and for two days he had been delirious with fever.

He did not recognize Sidney, and the latter could hardly repress his tears as he took the young man's hot hand in his own and looked down at his flushed face and unnaturally bright eyes, and heard him mutter incoherently his denial of the theft of which he had been suspected.

That was the only call Sidney made that day. All else was forgotten as he sat by Harry Stuart's bedside hour after hour, trying to atone for the pain and grief his carelessness had caused.

Harry got well at last and was restored to his former place with an increase in salary, and he and Sidney were firm friends for the rest of their lives; but Sidney never forgot the lesson he had learned and the good resolutions he had made that New Year's Day in the little brown cottage.

No one ever again heard him say, "I fully intended." To intend was to *do* with him at last.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Ye bells! peal forth
From south to north,
No longer let your iron tongues be dumb:
Up to the rafters swing,
Make all the country ring
An omen of a Happy Year to come,

[*This Story began in No. 2.*]

ANDY FLETCHER.

THE STORY OF A BOY WITH A PURPOSE.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL,

AUTHOR OF "CAST ADRIFT; OR, NED CARROLL'S PROMISE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

"Who are you? What are you talking about?" demanded one of the detectives of Andy, after the latter had stepped forward with his exclamation that it was not the little boy.

A curiously malevolent expression crossed the face of the man with the child as he bent his eyes on Andy; but he did not speak to him then, but rather to the crowd that had quickly gathered,

"What does all this mean? Why am I stopped in this way? Is there a policeman here? Call a policeman, somebody, please. Upon my word—a pretty pass this, that a man may be molested in a public place in such a fashion!"

Mr. Roberts was well dressed and his manner was composed and even dignified, so that the sympathy of the spectators was with him at once, until one of the detectives threw back his coat and showed his badge, when there was a murmur of wonder, and one of them asked:

"What's he done?"

Just at this point the policeman came hurrying up.

The detective in charge saw him and showed him his badge, and then said to him:

"Collar the kid," pointing to Andy, "and fetch him along to the office up here. Are you a passenger on the steamer?" he asked of his prisoner.

"No; but I warn you that you will find yourself in trouble if you do not release me at once. I can easily see that there is a conspiracy among you to give me trouble. That boy there, whose father is a convict, as I happen to know, is at the bottom of it, I suppose. As for this child here, he is the son of a friend, and I have brought him here to see the departure of the steamer. If, after this explanation, you still persist in detaining me, it shall be at your peril."

"If I've made a mistake, I'm sorry," said the detective; "but I'm doing no more than my duty in holding you. I never saw that boy before. I don't know what he knows of the matter."

"You're looking for Regy Thorne, aren't you?" said Andy, who had confined himself to listening and thinking until now.

"What if we are?" replied the non-committal detective.

"So am I, that's all," answered Andy, giving his enemy a bold glance of defiance in return for the black looks cast upon him.

They had reached the wharf office by this time, and were readily admitted by the wharfinger and given a place at the back end.

"Oho!" said the detective, "so you are after him, too, are you? How do you come to know anything about it?"

"I live in Lakeville, and I left there last night on purpose to come here and look for Regy. I was after the reward."

"Do you know this gentleman?"

And he pointed to the man Andy had such good cause to know.

"He knows me," struck in Mr. Roberts, with a sneer, "and bears me no good will for having exposed him in the village where he lives. I protest against being held on his evidence. If I am to undergo this humiliation, send for a carriage immediately and have me taken to headquarters, so that I may send for this child's parents and for some of my friends. The charge against me I do not understand yet, excepting that it has something absurd to do with this little boy."

If Andy had been allowed to speak at once in answer to the question of the detective, he would have betrayed a great deal of the knowledge he had of the man, and would have given out a sudden light that had come to him as he stood there looking at him and listening. But with consideration came wisdom, or, at the least, caution, and he replied, briefly:

"I saw him in Lakeville yesterday. He did what he could to injure me, but I did not know that he had anything to do with this matter."

"You know the boy we are looking for?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are sure this is not the one?"

Andy looked carefully at the child, who had stood in a sort of wonder at the attention he was receiving.

"I am sure," said Andy, finally, "that this is not Regy Thorne; but he is dressed exactly as Regy was yesterday, or the day before. I did not see him yesterday."

"Dressed the same!" said the detective, exchanging meaning glances with his fellow-officer. "How do you explain that?" he inquired of Andy's enemy.

"I don't explain it," was the cool answer. "I suppose, however, that a great many children dress alike in these days when clothing is bought ready-made."

The detective looked at him shrewdly and turned to his companion.

"Get a carriage, Dan—that is, if this gentleman is prepared to pay for it."

"Certainly," was the reply. "And may I ask what the charge against me is?"

"I should suppose you might have guessed it by this time," answered the detective, with so much less respect in his manner that it was quite evident that he did not believe his prisoner as innocent as he would have it appear. "The charge against you isn't made yet, but I arrested you on suspicion of being implicated in the kidnapping of a little boy named Reginald Thorpe Thorne, and I shall take you to headquarters on that suspicion."

Andy was sure he saw a slight change in the man's features at the tone in which the words were uttered, and it was plain to him that the coincidence of the little boy in his company being dressed exactly as Regy had been dressed, had made an impression on the detective.

The latter turned to him.

"You will have to go with us too. What is your name?"

"Andrew Fletcher."

"You will find his father's name on the register at Sing Sing," said the man who had, as Andy believed, done so much to put it there.

Andy flashed an indignant glance at him, but paid no other attention to him.

"Must I go with you?" he asked of the detective.

"Yes."

"Will you leave somebody here to watch the steamer, just the same?" questioned Andy, anxiously.

"Don't worry about that, my lad. The steamer shall be watched."

"Will I be kept long?"

"I can't tell. Depends on what the inspector says."

It seemed to Andy that all his chances of earning the reward were gone; but there was just a glimmering of hope left, and he was determined not to part with a certain secret he had until he was certain that Regy was found.

The secret was a small thing, and yet it might be the key to success. It was this: Andy had made no effort to connect the two speakers he had overheard while he was working in the onions with any one he knew, until as he stood there in the wharf office confronted with the man who had tried so hard to injure him, and who seemed in some singular way connected with the kidnapping of Regy Thorne.

Then it came to him like a flash, that his was the voice he had heard saying to the other man the words about being at the Arizona at five in the morning.

It was certain to him then that Henry Roberts was connected with the kidnapping, and while it was impossible for him to comprehend the meaning of the episode in which he was an enforced actor, he had settled it in his mind, that if Regy was to be found, it would be through this man.

He should have told all this—his knowledge and his suspicions—to the police when he was taken to the inspector's office and examined; but he did not realize the importance of doing so, and his eagerness to gain the money for his father's sake was so great that he merely answered the questions put to him.

As for the man, whom he had come to look upon as his enemy, and who, indeed, seemed to have transferred to the son the hatred and ill-will he had once borne the father, it was found impossible to fix any sort of complicity on him.

The child was easily proven to be the son of respectable parents, who had been promised long ago by Mr. Roberts that he should go some morning to see an ocean steamer off. The clothes had been purchased some time before at a clothing store.

So Mr. Roberts was dismissed; but no apology was made to him, and he demanded none. Of course, no one thought of apologizing to Andy for a detention of four hours at police headquarters, for Mr. Roberts had not failed to inform the inspector that Andy's father was in Sing Sing, and it is natural for police to judge a child by his parents.

So Andy was dismissed, with a warning not to mix himself up in matters that did not concern him. And Andy went out of the gloomy building, feeling that there was not much justice to be had from the law.

There was his father, innocent and in prison; and here was he, dismissed, as if he was not much better than a criminal himself. And to be told not to mix himself up in the matter! As for that, he would not give up his search for Regy because they told him to.

CHAPTER X.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

Andy walked out into the street, feeling very ill-used and indignant, and was for hurrying away as quickly as possible, forgetting for the moment that he had determined on a certain course to pursue.

"I thought fer sure yer was in fer a trip to the island," said a voice behind him.

Andy turned and there was Pete following after him.

"Oh, is that you, Pete? I had forgotten all about you. Where did you come from?"

"Yer didn't think I'd give yer the go-by now, did yer?" asked Pete, in an injured tone. "I was waitin' fer yer all the time. I don't go back on a pardner like that. Why, if they'd shipped yer up to the island, I'd a' been there to say good-by to yer, an' don't yer ferget it. Yer give me a breakfast this morning, didn't yer? Yer licked them fellers, didn't yer? Well, Pete, if he's got only one name, don't go back on yer. See? An' that settles it."

It was not an elegant speech, and Pete was an uncommonly disreputable-looking lad, with his grimy face and hands and his tattered garments, but there was a ring of gratitude and earnestness in his tone that went straight to Andy's heart, and he held out his hand with:

"You're the right sort, Pete."

"Anyhow, I don't go back on a pardner," said Pete, shaking the proffered hand awkwardly.

Andy was in need of sympathy at just that moment, and he was really very glad of the friendship of the little waif, who was so old in experience if so young in years.

He would not have selected Pete for a friend and confidant; but there he was, at hand, with his sympathy ready, and Andy was moved to take him into his confidence.

"I say, Pete," he began, and stopped.

"Say it," said Pete.

But at that moment Andy had caught sight of his man with the child, and he exclaimed: "Do you see that man, Pete?"

"The feller that was on the wharf? I see him."

"I want to follow him."

"Nobody's hinderin' yer."

"But he knows me, and if he sees me following him, he will know what I am after. Don't you see?"

"I'm fly. Yer want me ter do the trick. Good! Yer know me? I'm Lynx-eyed Bill, the terror of the force. Git onter my lynx eye."

"YER KNOW ME? I'M LYNX-EYED BILL, THE TERROR OF THE FORCE. GIT ONTER MY LYNX EYE."

Whether he had a lynx eye or not, he certainly was a very shrewd little scamp, for he left Andy's side and hurried nearer to the man and child; and so, followed by Andy at a considerable distance, he kept after them.

The mother of the child and some sympathizing friends were with them, and there was no difficulty in keeping them in sight as long as they remained together.

Mr. Roberts went with them, however, only to the cars, where he left them, evidently with many apologies for the trouble he had been the cause of putting them all to, for Pete, and even Andy, from his distance, could see him bowing many times over.

As soon as the car took them away, he looked all around with seeming carelessness, though it was plain to the boys that he was scrutinizing everybody anxiously.

Andy jumped out of sight at once, and when he peered around his corner again the advantage of having Pete help him was evident.

Mr. Roberts had disappeared, but Pete was visible just as he was hurrying around a corner, and so Andy was enabled to follow again.

If he had been asked just what he expected to gain by following the man he could not have told. It was merely that it had entered his head that if Mr. Roberts was concerned, as he believed, in the kidnapping of Regy, and if Regy had not yet been taken out of the country, then Mr. Roberts would be likely to do something or go somewhere that would betray Regy's hiding place to him.

Mr. Roberts walked over to Broadway and down it a few blocks to a liquor saloon, which he entered. Pete was turning it over in his sharp brains how he could contrive to follow him in there without attracting his attention, when he suddenly came out again and walked briskly up Broadway.

Pete reasoned that he had not been in there long enough to get a drink, and he was just reproaching himself for not having followed him into the saloon, when Mr. Roberts drew a letter out of the side pocket of his sack coat, and with a preliminary glance around, read it, and then thrust it back into his pocket and showed relief in every movement.

He was no longer in a hurry, but sauntered along in leisurely fashion, and was no further concerned, apparently, as to whether or not he was followed.

Pete turned this over in his mind and came to a conclusion. The letter was the thing that had had the sudden soothing effect on the man; then the letter was probably about the child Andy was hunting for. If so, it was only necessary to get the letter and give it to Andy and the matter would be ended.

Andy would have despaired of getting the letter, if he had been near enough to observe all that had taken place, and so would most other persons; but Pete had had a training which, fortunately, most persons have not had, and it was a comparatively small matter to him to obtain the letter.

He turned his sleeve up, so that his hand and wrist were clear and free, and then quickened his pace and drew nearer to where Mr. Roberts was sauntering along. He kept close behind him for a block or more, walking as if he had not a thing on his mind.

Presently there was one of those sudden gatherings of people on the sidewalk, such as are of common occurrence in every large city.

Then Pete pressed close to the side of Mr. Roberts, taking care to be on the side where the

pocket containing the letter was. Mr. Roberts did not know it—you would not have seen it had you been there—but the grimy hand of Pete went in and out of that side pocket like a flash of lightning, and it held the letter when it came out.

What would Andy say to that way of obtaining the letter? That was the very question Pete put to himself after the missive was safe in his pocket.

He had had an example of Andy's notions of honesty, and it spoke volumes for Andy's influence on him that he did not propose to let his "pardner" know how he had obtained the letter.

"I'll bet a quarter," said Pete to himself, as he fell back to where he knew Andy would be, "that he'd be jest fool ernough ter give the chump the letter back ag'in."

When he was where he could beckon Andy he did so, and the latter hastened up to him.

"Here's a letter," explained Pete. "He dropped it. Mebbe it has somethin' in ter tell yer what yer want ter know."

"Dropped it?" said Andy, taking the letter doubtfully, but not suspecting the way in which it had been obtained.

"Ya-as, an' I picked it up," replied Pete, unblushingly. "Go on an' read it, why don't yer?"

It seemed to Andy that it would be no more than fair to read it under the circumstances, and he opened it and did so. It was without signature, and read as follows:

"Gone with Uncle Mike! Watch the Mirror."

Andy's disappointment at the contents of the letter was plainly shown on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete, curiously.

"I can't understand it," answered Andy.

"Can't yer read writin'?" was Pete's surprised inquiry.

"Of course I can," replied Andy; "but I can't make anything out of this."

"What does it say?" asked Pete.

They were walking along as they talked, and Pete constantly kept his eye on Mr. Roberts.

Andy read the letter to him.

"Lay low!" exclaimed Pete, suddenly, pulling Andy around a corner. "He's missed the letter. He'll be back ter hunt fer it."

"I'll stay here," said Andy. "You keep your eye on him."

Pete went out to Broadway again, and Andy saw him disappear hastily around the corner.

He knew by that that his man could not be approaching, so he peered around the corner and saw Pete on the edge of the sidewalk looking every way. Mr. Roberts was nowhere in sight.

Pete hunted and Andy hunted, but neither could obtain a glimpse of him, and Andy was in the depths of despair.

"It's no use," said Andy, at last; "he's gone, and my chance has gone with him."

Pete looked sympathetic and downcast.

"I s'pose it's my fault," he said, dismally.

"No, it's my fault," said Andy. "I should have kept my eye on him all the time."

"Yer've got the letter," reminded Pete, by way of consolation.

"What's the use of the letter when I can't understand it?" replied Andy.

"What don't yer understand?" asked Pete.

"Any of it 'What does 'Gone with Uncle Mike' mean? What does 'Watch the Mirror' mean?"

"Huh!" said Pete. "I can tell yer that much."

"You can."

"Yer bet I can. Come on, an' I'll show yer."

Andy looked suspicious and doubtful. How could Pete be so knowing as that? If he could not understand the letter, how could Pete?

Pete, however, led him without a word, but with a wonderfully knowing air, along several blocks, and finally stopped at a news stand and looked it over.

"That the last Mirror, boss?" he asked, of the man in charge.

"Yep."

"Give it ter me?"

And Pete handed over his quarter, received his change and a paper and then led Andy up a side street and gave the paper to him.

Andy saw that its name was the Mirror, and that it was devoted to theatrical news. That was enough to give him confidence in Pete's intelligence, but he was in the dark yet.

"I see so much," he said; "but I don't understand about Uncle Mike."

"Andy," said Pete, with a compassionate air, "yer a dandy with yer dukes, an' yer square as a brick; but yer ain't cut yer eye-teeth yet. Gimme the paper an' let me show yer."

Andy gave him the paper and the knowing Pete took it and turned to the back pages.

"There!" said he, pointing to a column beaded "Dates Ahead." "Look at that an' see if Uncle Mike ain't mentioned."

Andy, with a glimmering of Pete's idea, looked along the column until he came to "U," and there he saw, at the head of the list, "Uncle Mike Co.; Philadelphia, July 8—week."

He read it aloud to Pete, and Pete nodded his head, as if to say, "Of course, I knew you'd find it."

"Does it mean that Uncle Mike is a theatrical company?" asked Andy, eagerly.

"That's what it means, sonny, an' it means that Uncle Mike is goin' ter play Philadelf fer the week wot begins on the eighth. So all yer've got ter do is ter add that up an' there yer air. What! ain't we on ter his nibs? Oh, no, I guess not!"

And Pete dashed his old hat down over his eyes and strutted around.

"You think my man is going on there to join the company?" asked Andy.

"Naw. The man with the kid is in Philadelf. That's the way I lay it out."

"That's it," cried Andy. "I see! He wanted to get away on the steamer, and Mr. Roberts was afraid there would be detectives on the watch; so he dressed the little boy up just like Regy to make the trial first. Then, when he found that the steamer would be watched, the man with Regy went to Philadelphia."

"That sounds like it," said Pete, approvingly.

"Yes," continued Andy; "but I don't understand what Uncle Mike has to do with it."

"No more do I," answered Pete. "But I tell yer what yer can do. Yer can go on an' find out."

"Go to Philadelphia?" exclaimed Andy.

"Why not?"

"It'll take too much money."

"Huh! won't take a cent."

"Why not?"

"How fur is it?"

"I don't know. About a hundred miles, I think."

"Well, yer can walk, can't yer? Terday's the fifth, ain't it? That gives yer till the eighth, an' a week more. It won't take us that long;"

"Us?"

"Yes. I'll go along ter take care o' yer."

Andy considered a moment.

"See here, Pete," he said, presently, "how do you come to know so much about what the letter meant?"

"Been there," answered Pete.

"Been where?"

"In the show business. Greatest knock-about juvee-nile all-around dance artist in the world! That's me. Too much knock-about fer me, an' I skipped. Tra-la-la!"

And Pete made a comical show of skipping away.

It seemed to account for Pete's extreme shrewdness, and Andy had no difficulty in believing him. He weighed the reasons for and against going to Philadelphia after Regy on the strength of the letter.

It was only a chance that Regy would be found there; but it was a chance, and he could not bear to throw it away. And why should he? There was only the thought of his mother to deter him, and he was certain that she would be easy about him if he wrote to her.

"Let's go, Pete. I'll write to mother and then we'll start."

"Have yer got a mother?" asked Pete, with a sort of eagerness.

"Yes," said Andy, "and a father, too. I'll tell you about them and what I'm after soon as I get a chance. Come on while I buy a sheet of paper."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[*This Story began in No. 49.*]

Mind Before Muscle;

OR,

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

BY J. W. DAVIDSON,

AUTHOR OF "SPUD," "HARDY & CO.," "ROB ARCHER'S TRIALS," "LIMPY JOE," "HARRY IRVING'S PLUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME PLAIN TALK.

The evening after Tony's return with the money was a very joyful one for Job Loring. He was continually praising his second son, much to the disgust of the first, and really seemed to have recovered all of his habitual cheerfulness.

He never once mentioned Tony's prospects; his own were assured, that was enough for him.

As the evening wore away he gravitated toward Aaron. There was really much in common between the man, whose one idea of power was mere physical strength, and his rawboned son, so closely allied to him by disposition.

Job Loring was not a cruel man, nor yet did he mean to be an unjust one. In his rude way his family was dear to him. Of course, the larger the object, the more love could be bestowed upon it.

To Tony, with his fine, sensitive nature, inherited from his mother's side of the family, these grosser qualities were far from being attractive, and his companionship with Morrison had opened his eyes to a new creation.

So it was with a feeling of relief that he saw his father turn to his elder brother, and the cloud lifted from the sullen face of the latter.

Long before nine o'clock the next morning Tony was on his way to Ashville. He found Morrison in the store, and the latter exclaimed, as soon as his eyes fell upon the pale face of the little fellow:

"Why, Tony, what ails you? You look as though you hadn't a friend in the world."

Tony made an effort to look happy, but did not wholly succeed. He glanced into the office, near which they were standing, and saw a stout man talking with Mr. Smart.

"That's my father," said Morrison, as he noticed the direction of Tony's glance. "He arrived this morning. I'll introduce you when he comes out. He was quite interested in you. Here he is now."

As he said this, Morrison turned to the gentleman who had just emerged from the office.

"Father, this is the boy I was telling you of—Tony Loring. Tony, let me make you acquainted with my father, Mr. Morrison."

Tony nearly sank to the floor as he felt his hand grasped by that of the stout man, while a pair of dark eyes scanned him keenly.

"I had some curiosity to meet you," said Mr. Morrison, after his scrutiny, "as my son has a habit of picking up some rather peculiar friends. In this instance, I think he has shown much wisdom, considering his usual lack of judgment."

Both father and son laughed at this, and then the senior Morrison looked at his watch.

"It is about nine o'clock," he remarked. "Have you seen anything this morning of the stranger from Scaly Brook? I think you said he was to be on hand at that time."

"He is standing by the door now," replied Tony, a certain feeling of strength creeping over him, which he could not account for.

"In that case, I will go with you to Mr. Furbush's," said Mr. Morrison.

The Morrisons, father and son, and Tony left the store at once, and, accompanied by the red-bearded stranger, proceeded to Mr. Furbush's.

They found that gentleman at home. They were scarcely seated when the senior Morrison said, somewhat abruptly:

"I called, in company with my son, to have a plain talk with you. Of course, as game-warden, you only did your duty in taking the captured deer. The Loring boy was not to blame; my son was the responsible party."

"You mean the guilty party," rejoined Mr. Furbush. "Any one who commits a crime is considered guilty."

Mr. Morrison smiled.

"There may be various degrees of guilt," he said, quietly; "but I do not see it in that light. To me, in order to place the guilt of an act upon a person, that person must do a wrong willfully or maliciously. In this case, my son did not know he was violating the law."

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse," answered Mr. Furbush. "I've been deputy sheriff and game-warden for a good many years, and about every law-breaker has an excuse."

Again Mr. Morrison smiled.

"All very true, no doubt," he replied; "and, in regard to the deer, there was no real harm done."

"Well, no," admitted Mr. Furbush. "The fine was paid, and I set the deer at liberty as soon as I received information from the county warden. But seems to me this talk has all been

unnecessary."

"Very likely," assented Mr. Morrison; "but now we come to the real object of our visit. You have a son Isaac. This gentleman," pointing to the red-bearded man, "would like to see him."

"I'll call him," said Mr. Furbush.

Isaac was summoned, and came into the room with a frightened look on his round face.

"I was just going away," he said, glancing uneasily around the room.

"Going in to Duck Lake, I suppose?" queried the stranger.

Isaac grew very red in the face, but made no answer.

"Do you remember," continued the man, "that this boyhere"— pointing toward Tony— "lost a lot of gum last fall, and you said I stole it?"

The red in Isaac's face gave place to a deathly pallor, but no reply passed his lips.

"I don't see what use all these questions are," interrupted Mr. Furbush, testily. "My son is not a prisoner on trial."

"Well, if he isn't," replied the man, significantly, "it won't hurt him to answer a few questions. Now, young man, speak up. Didn't you circulate the story that I stole that gum?"

Isaac began to cry.

"And you did this notwithstanding the fact that I pulled you out of Duck Lake, thereby saving your life," said the stranger, severely. "Now I want to jog your memory a little and get you in the habit of telling the truth. Shall I go on?" he added, turning to Mr. Furbush.

"Oh, I suppose so," replied that individual, wearily. "Make it as short as possible."

"I stopped a few nights with you and this little chap you call Tony last fall," continued the stranger. "One night this Tony had a fine lot of gum, and he put it away careful like. I forgot my pipe one morning, and went back to the camp for it. The door was open, and I seen you taking Tony's gum out of where he put it, and I dodged behind the camp and watched you and see you take it and put it in a holler tree—a far-side of the path to the spring."

He turned to young Morrison and continued:

"Yesterday morning, when I got up at the camp, I looked in the tree and found there was a lot of gum. So I shot at it, just to draw your attention to it. How much gum was concealed there?"

"About fifty pounds," replied Morrison.

"If you knew my son was doing as you claim he did, why did you not tell this other boy?" demanded Mr. Furbush.

"Because," answered the stranger, "I didn't go back to the camp again after I see this boy a-hiding it away in the tree, and the next time I see 'em was when I pulled 'em out of the lake."

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Furbush. "If it is, I'd like to ascertain the object of all these accusations and questions. What proof have we that my son did this or that you didn't do it? The boy has his property back, and why not let the matter drop? It looks to me like a trifling matter, anyway."

The face of Isaac brightened a little at this, but when his eye met that of the stranger, he trembled again.

"I'll tell you what the object of this is," he said. "This boy of yours made me out a thief; now I want to show it's him and not me. As for proof, I'll leave it to him, and forty-five dollars worth of gum ain't no trifling matter."

Then he turned sharply to Isaac.

"Didn't you take that gum yourself?" he asked. "Remember, this is going to court unless I'm cleared of it."

Isaac whimpered.

"If I own up to it will that save me?" he asked.

"Yes," assured Tony; "tell the truth."

"I took it," confessed Isaac. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry he's found out," muttered the stranger. Then he said in a louder tone, "I hope this'll be a warning. There's nothing so good for everyday wear as the truth. It'll wash and won't fade."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A REVELATION.

The little conference at Mr. Furbush's was over, and Mr. Morrison, rising, said slowly:

"I was very sorry to feel it my duty to take part in this matter. Let us forget it, and all be friends. Good-day, Mr. Furbush."

He shook hands with that gentleman, and also with Isaac, both of whom responded with very poor grace.

Then they walked out into the open air. Mr. Morrison, turning to Tony as they reached the sidewalk, remarked:

"My boy, I was glad to see that you exhibited no desire for revenge."

As they walked back toward Mr. Smart's store, the senior Morrison talked earnestly with the stranger, while young Morrison said to Tony:

"Well, good-by, my friend. Father is determined to go back to Boston to-night, and wants me to go with him. I won't forget you."

Morrison gave him a warm pressure of the hand, and then Tony found himself alone. How unutterably lonesome the world seemed to the boy at that moment! and as he walked slowly home he reviewed the events of the last few months.

His winter's work had exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and yet he felt the burden of defeat upon him. When he reached home, his father questioned him closely in regard to what had transpired, all of which he explained minutely.

"The young rascal!" said Job Loring, clenching his hands and frowning. "He got off too easy. He'd orter had a lesson."

"I am satisfied," said Tony. "I think it will be a lesson to him."

Tony was treated with much more consideration than formerly, but somehow it brought him little comfort, and a week dragged slowly by.

Aaron had improved greatly, now that poverty had loosened its grip upon them, and was helping his father fix up around the house, when a stranger came walking up to the door one afternoon.

"Hullo, Job! How are you?" he cried, reaching out his hand.

Tony, who was reading, looked up to see his father shaking hands with the red-whiskered man whom he had such good reason to remember.

The stranger nodded to Tony.

"So you're Job Loring's son, are you?" he said. "I tell you what it is, Job, that chap isn't very big," pointing to Tony, "but he's a boy to be proud of."

After this, he talked in low, earnest tones to Mr. Loring and Aaron, and soon the three started together in the direction of Ashville.

Father and son did not return till nearly dark, and then they came with quick, hopeful tread.

"Amanda," said Mr. Loring, eagerly, "what do you think? I've got every cent o' my pay."

Mrs. Loring stopped her work in surprise.

"I'm glad for Tony's sake," she replied. "Now he can have his money. He's been moping around the house like a shadow."

Mr. Loring looked thoughtful.

"I have been harsh with him sometimes, I s'pose, and I've said lot's o' things ag'in the rich folks that I hadn't orter. There's one decent one, anyway."

"Who's that?" his wife wanted to know.

"Mr. Morrison."

Tony came into the room at this moment, and caught the sound of the name.

"What of him?" he asked.

Then Job Loring told his story:

"That chap who was here to-day worked with me'n Aaron, over on Scaly Brook last winter, and the land we trespassed on belonged to this Mr. Morrison. I didn't know it at the time. Morrison was away, but a lawyer in Ashville advised Smart to take the hull lot o' logs, 'cause they was forfeited. But there was one landin', or brow of logs, that could be proved as come off of our permit, every stick of it, though *I* didn't know it. This brow was in the way of the others, and some o' the boys attached it for their wages. Then they sent this red-whiskered man through to see what Morrison was going to do about it. He came home himself and agreed to pay every man, and to-day we got it."

Then he turned to Tony.

"How much did you make last winter?" he asked.

"A hundred and thirty-three dollars," replied Tony, omitting the odd cents.

"Four dollars more than Aaron and me," said Mr. Loring.

He got up and paced across the room and back.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he continued, speaking with some effort, "I'm going to pay that all back to you, Tony—every cent of it."

He had expected to see Tony spring to his feet with a great outburst of joy. Instead, he only shook his head and said, slowly:

"I don't want it; you can keep it."

"Well! well! well!"

It was all Job Loring could say.

"You can give me part of it, if you like," said Tony, at length. "I suppose I shall need some clothes."

"And you ain't going to peddling, nor nothing?" queried Mr. Loring.

Again Tony shook his head.

And so the matter was dropped.

Another week went by and Tony was one day walking through Ashville. He had purchased, at the earnest solicitation of his mother, a suit of well-fitting clothes; but he was low-spirited, and in spite of the money he had made, the past winter seemed a sort of failure to him.

Suddenly some one grasped him by the shoulder and a familiar voice shouted in his ear:

"Hello, Tony, how are you? I hardly knew you, with your new toggery on."

Could it be possible? Yes, he was shaking hands with Morrison.

They were near Mr. Smart's hardware store.

"Come inside," said Morrison. "I've got a bit of news to tell you."

They entered. Mr. Smart was nowhere in sight.

"Right into the office," continued the young man, gaily. "Now, no backwardness to-day. Sit right down, while I spin my yarn, as the sailors say. It was as big a surprise to me as it will be to you."

Tony sank into one of the chairs, while Morrison elevated his feet upon the desk before him.

"Now, are you ready?" he said, with a laugh. "Well, here goes. I worked in this store two years, under this man Smart—and a precious rascal he was, too—and never knew that my father owned this store and everything in it. Mr. Smart had been a clerk for father in Boston, and the object of the deception was to see if I really had any liking for business. And what do you suppose the result is?"

"I don't know," said Tony, feebly.

"I'll tell you," continued Morrison. "I was twenty-one years old yesterday, and I am sole proprietor here."

Tony looked at his companion in a peculiar way; saw how his eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed with eagerness, and he knew that his heart was light and happy with ambition and hope. But the gulf between them was wider than ever.

"I congratulate you," he said, huskily. "I wish you everything—"

He stopped and rose to his feet, but Morrison pulled him down into the chair again.

"Don't go yet," he pleaded. "I'm not through. Now I want a favor of you. I want you in the store with me. Stop!" he said, imperatively, as Tony attempted to speak. "I know what your objection will be, but it's no use. There are evening schools here in the village, and you can attend them as much as you wish. You are bright and quick; I'll risk you. Mind before muscle, any time."

What could the poor fellow do? Nothing, except to grasp the hand of Morrison and shed tears of gladness, while his lips vainly strove to utter the thankfulness which over-flowed his heart. His wildest dreams were more than realized, and, better than all material advancement, he would not be parted from his friend.

And Morrison never had occasion to regret his offer, for Tony took to the business like a duck to water. A year later, Mr. Morrison, senior, said to Job Loring, who was making some alterations in the rich man's stable:

"A wonderfully smart boy of yours, Mr. Loring. It doesn't seem possible that twelve months can work such a change."

Job ran his great fingers through his shaggy hair, and made answer in a puzzled sort of way:

"It do seem strange, Mr. Morrison—it do, for a fact. I al'ays pitied the little chap, and kep' tellin' him he'd never be any good. But there, it shows that size don't al'ays count, and I wish Aaron could 'a had more brains, even if he didn't have quite so much muscle."

The story of Isaac Furbush's petty pilfering in some way got noised about the village, and it seemed as though the disgrace would ruin his prospects in Ashville, till Tony induced Morrison to give him a job as porter in the store.

Isaac, to whom the bitter lesson had been extremely beneficial, accepted the situation thankfully, and a goodly portion of his superfluous flesh disappeared in his zeal to prove himself worthy of his employer's confidence.

And in the hunting seasons, Morrison and Tony manage to steal away and chase the flying caribou and deer, and more than one lordly moose has been forced to succumb to their prowess and skill.

[THE END.]

A SUBMERGED CITY.

It has happened many times in the history of the world that cities have fallen into decay, and

finally disappeared so entirely that their existence has not been suspected by the ordinary traveler.

Nineveh, Babylon and Carthage are the most notable instances of the destruction due to war, pestilence and famine. Sometimes Nature lends a hand, as in the following strange case:

The city authorities of Rovigno, on the peninsula of Istria, in the Adriatic Sea, have discovered a little south of the peninsula the ruins of a large town at the bottom of the sea.

It has been observed for some years that fishermen's nets were sometimes entangled in what appeared to be masses of masonry, of which fragments were brought up from the sea-bed. A year or two ago a diver declared that he had seen walls and streets below the water.

The city authorities recently decided to investigate. They sent down a diver who, at the depth of eighty-five feet, found himself surrounded on the bottom of the sea by ruined walls. He says he knows they were the work of man. He is a builder by trade, and he recognized the layers of mortar.

Continuing his explorations, he traced the line of walls, and was able to distinguish how the streets were laid out. He did not see any doors or window openings, for they were hidden by masses of seaweed and incrustations.

He traced the masonry for a distance of one hundred feet, where he had to stop, as his diving cord did not permit him to go further. He had proved beyond a doubt that he had found the ruins of an inhabited town, which, through some catastrophe, had been sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Some people think that they identify this lost town with the island mentioned by Pliny the Elder, under the name of Cissa, near Istria. This island cannot be found now, and it is thought the submerged town may have been a settlement on the island that so mysteriously disappeared.

ST. NICHOLAS.

A very pretty legend from Germany tells how St. Nicholas came to be considered the patron saint of children. One day, so the story goes, he was passing by a miserable house, when he heard the sound of weeping within.

Stepping softly to the open window, he heard a father lamenting the wretched fate to which his three lovely young daughters were doomed by poverty. St. Nicholas' gentle heart was touched. He returned at night and threw in at the window three bags of gold sufficient for the dowry of the girls. His kindness to them, and to many others equally wretched, made him regarded as the especial benefactor of children.

In Russia he is reverenced as the chief saint of the Greek Church, but in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Austria it is as the children's saint that he is chiefly honored. The good Dutch burghers who founded New Amsterdam placed the little settlement under his care. It has grown to be the great city of New York, but his name is no less honored in the splendid metropolis than in the humble Dutch town.

PUZZLEDOM.

No. DLXVI.

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. Quiet—quite.

No. 2.

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        R
      M A W
    M I C O S
  M I T H R A S
R A C H I L L A S
  W O R L D L Y
    S A L L Y
      S A Y
        S
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No. 3. P-reserved.

No. 4.

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          A
        S T Y
      S H O E S
    S E A M A I D
  B A L L I S T A S
C O L L E C T E D L Y
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No. 5. Y-our.

No. 6.

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R E P U T E S
H A R E L I P
S I M I L E S
C O V E N T S
S Y R I N G A
P I M E N T O
P A R E R G A
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No. 7. A very Merry Christmas to all those in our 'Thedom.

No. 8.

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        M
      R A S
    P E T E R
  R E F U T E R
M A T U T I N A L
 S E T I R E M E
  R E N E G E S
   R A M E N T
    L E S T S
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No. 9. The eminent posers.

No. 10.

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C A N D L E W A S T E R
  P A R A D I S E A N
    B A N I S T E R
      B E T T E R
        S E I R
          D T
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NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. Charade.

The glad New Year again is here,
With joy and merriment bedight,
Let vanish now all worldly fear.
Last peace let every heart be light.

This is the time for turning leaves,
And living better lives withal,
And he who o'er the past year grieves.
His wayward thoughts must overhaul.

The youth his diary will grasp,
And write *complete* about his love;
He calculates when next he'll clasp
Her to his heart and call her dove.

The cashier closes up his books.
And feels at ease that he is free:
From taint or tarnish of the crooks.
To Canada he need not flee.

The plumber also gathers in
The surplus from the bygone year;
His features wear an unctuous grin,
He feels he is without a peer.

And so the happy New Year gives
Great pleasure to both great and small;
Where'er the human family lives
First see we good that comes to all.

Philadelphia, Pa. Arty Fishel.

No. 2. Inverted Pyramid.

Across: 1. The first day of the year. 2. A poison. 3. Dutch gold. 4. Lit again. 5. Females. 6. A letter.

Down: 1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A pronoun. 4. To growl like a dog (*Obs.*) 5. Plants. 6. Enameled (*Obs.*) 7. A root. 8. The tail of the hare. 9. A she deer. 10. An article. 11. A letter.

Bangor, Pa. T. Hinker.

No. 3. Numerical.

The Christmas season of great joy
Comes not to all without alloy.
For soon will follow, in its line,

The day our bills we 3, 2, 9.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are they
Who view this time without dismay—
Who have no fear to 12, 10, 11, 4—
Dread I. O. U's, given long before.

Such trying times must us befall,
Still, a *complete* we wish to all.
And hope you may pull safely through,
8, 1, 7, 6 your bills fall due.

Philadelphia. Pa. F. Lasher.

No. 4. Star.

1. A letter. 2. Behold. 3. Skimmed (*Obs.*) 4. To array. 5. The Pope's triple crown. 6. Errors in printing. 7. Purest. 8. While. 9. A letter.

Chicago, Ill. U. Neke.

No. 5. Transmutation.

The clock strikes nine, within the school
The children take their seats:
Within the corner stands the fool,
Him oft the *primal* beats.

The master sits his desk behind,
The lessons now commence:
"Of these verbs you will tell the kind,
Also the mood and tense."

The sentences he then dictates,
The pupils start the task,
But soon he spies two boys—two mates—
Who each other answers ask.

He calls the *lasts* to come to him:
A flogging they expect.
And, naturally, their eyes grow dim.
And heads are not erect.

The master looks them in the eye.
"I see you guilty are."
And straightway he does make them cry.
And badly do they fare.

At last the punishment dost cease,
The arm descends no more,
But of advice a right long piece
He gives to them before

They are allowed to take their seats,
With faces red with shame.
Such is the punishment of cheats,
And they deserve the same.

Philadelphia, Pa. O. Range.

No. 6. Hexagon.

1. An East Indian fruit obtained from a species of cypress. 2. Armor for the arm. 3. The ends of an elliptical arch. 4. Narratives. 5. A variety of zeolite of a flesh-red color. 6. Restored the original design of. 7. Moved. 8. English essayist (1671-1729). 9. An adder or serpent (*Prov. Eng.*)

Litchfield, Ill. Stocles.

No. 7. Charade.

We are standing in the doorway,
My dearest *prime* and I;
The golden sun is sinking fast,
And we must say good-by.
Good-by! How can we speak the word
So full of bitter pain?
My laddie is going o'er the sea.
We may ne'er meet again.

God grant the *fine* may carry him
Safe on his quest away,
And surely bring him home next year,

Till then I'll wait and pray.
Again by the door I'm standing,
With my love so near to me.
For my *prime* was true, the *fine* was strong,
And our *all* will ne'er severed be.

Cambridge, Mass. Dil I. Gence.

No. 8. Half Square.

1. Representations (*Obs.*) 2. Charcoal. 3. Long measures of one hundred feet. 4. Excrescences growing on a horse's leg. 5. To swell. 6. A bird of ill-omen (*Obs.*) 7. A throng (*Obs.*) 8. Measures of capacity for liquids (*Roman Antiq.*) 9. A title for a person in authority in the East. 10. A Latin preposition. 11. A letter.

Jersey City, N. J. Itami.

No. 9. Triple-Letter Enigma.

In "promise wise;"
In "different size;"
In "endless ties."
A country, governed by an *all*,
Is nicely situated,
For it has some advantages
Which can't be overrated.

Double-Letter Enigma.

In "knowing looks;"
In "reading books;"
In "solemn rooks;"
In "quiet nooks;"
In "line and hooks."
My *all*, you'll find, is quite a good book,
By a Scottish author. Now, then, look.

Rochester, N. Y. Oregon.

No. 10. Inverted Pyramid.

Across: 1. Restorations of lost parts of the body (*Surg. Sup.*) 2. The quality of being warlike. 3. A fishing boat, built sharp at both ends (*Obs.*) 4. Diseases of timber. 5. The kidneys. 6. Gods (*Latin*). 7. A letter.

Down: 1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation. 3. To strike with a sharp blow. 4. Angers (*Poet.*) 5. The aromatic principle of flowers. 6. Peeped (*Obs.*) 7. Small carts used in mines (*Supp.*) 8. Italian singer (1824 ——). 9. Blows the nose (*Low*). 10. Suppers. 11. An affix signifying one who. 12. A prefix. 13. A letter.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Gemini.

No. 11. Transposition.

Little Dick
Was very sick
From eating *primal* hard;
He went above,
Where all is love.
And now *last* his reward.

Rochester, N. Y. R. O. Chester.

No. 12. C. C. Hexagon.

Across: 1. An abbreviation. 2. A dish of stewed meat. 3. A small rodent mammal. 4. A kind of cold cream. 5. Polishes. 6. A softening of statement (*Rhet.*) 7. Nitrate of potassa. 8. A French article. 9. A letter.

Down: 1. Probable. 2. A scale of anything. 3. A fagot of brushwood. 4. Shining. 5. Water passages (*Prov. Eng.*) 6. Durations. 7. One who defrauds. 8. Boundaries. 9. Movements.

Logan, Pa. H. C. W.

☞ Answers will appear in our next issue; solvers in six weeks.

SOLVERS.

Puzzles in "Puzzledom" No. DLX were correctly solved by Goldey and Pen Ledcil, Hello, Irish Foreman, Carl, Nucky and Eskaletta, Carrie Wilmer, Little Rhody, Weesie, R. O. Chester, Lowell, Madeline, Charles Goodwin, Thad R. French, Addle Shun, Ham, Stanna, Viscum, Rosalind, Fred L. Comstock, Romulus, Jim Nast, Windsor Boy, Gemini, Night, Ed U. Kate, Katie O'Neill, John Watson, Dorlo, Auburnian, Olive, Legs, Spider, Theresa, Arty Fished, Joe-de-Joe, Flora Nightingale, M. E. T., Herbie C., Miranda, Alcaeus, Orlando, Mary Roland, Carrie Ketchum, Cypress, Andrew F., Tan, Sir Joseph, Venio Vincere, Flare, Pantagrapher, Lucrezius Borgers, May Le Hosmer and Magnolia, Jack O'Lantern and T. Hinker, Sam Smart, Esq., Osceola and Martin Dale.

Complete List.—Goldey and Pen Ledcil.

PALAVER.

Once more we wish to draw the attention of all Puzzlers who favor us with their contributions to a very necessary caution in the selection of the words which they use in the work. Some unscrupulous puzzlers see no objection to using any word, since they are able to make successful combinations. We are of a different mind, in this department. Puzzledom in Golden Days has a very varied constituency, which includes old and young, boys and girls, men and women. We intend to keep it a bright, progressive department—above all, clean and without reproach in any particular. Therefore, puzzlers who are given to the use of words of double meaning, or words whose reputation is shady in the slightest respect, so to speak, will please bear this in mind and not in such a way spoil an otherwise excellent piece of work which they may desire to see in our columns.

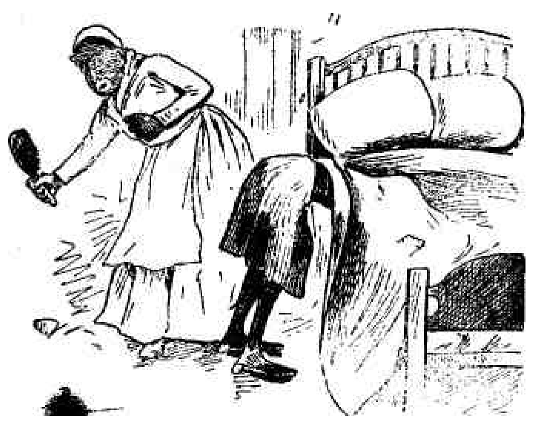
Thad R. French.—Your puzzle comes under the above criticism. You are new, however, and we hope you will receive the timely word of advice. If so, you are very welcome to our ranks. Would like to hear again from you.

NEW YEAR'S NICK-NACKS.

—A correspondent wants to know if "fits are hereditary." Any small boy, compelled to wear out his father's old clothes, could tell him they are not.

—There are many shoots in a park of artillery.

—"What are you doing?" demanded a furniture dealer of his clerk, who upset an extension table. "I'm only turning over a leaf, sir."



TWO KINDS OF HIDING.

—City Dame (in the country): "Boy, can't you get me some cat-tails?"
Country Boy: "Yes'm. Long ones?"
City Dame: "Oh, long or short, whichever are the prettier!"
Boy: "Well, mum, I guess I'd better just bring you the cats, an' you can cut the tails off to suit yourself."

—A Mean Swindle. —Mistress: "Did you ask for milk bread?"
Domestic: "Yes, mum."
"What a miserable little loaf they gave you!"
"Yes, mum. It's my opinion, mum, that that baker is using condensed milk."

—"What's the matter with you to-day, Tommy? You seem to be uneasy."
"I am," said the bad little boy. "Yesterday was pa's and ma's wooden wedding, and all the neighbors sent 'em shingles."

—A square meal generally costs a round price.

—The pupil of the eye is incessantly lashed.

—Mrs. Pennifeather: "Goodness gracious! I wonder what in the world has become of all my tarts?"
Mr. P.: "Where did you put them?"
Mrs. P.: "Right on the window-sill here."
Mr. P.: "That accounts for it. You have carelessly exposed them to the son."

—It is his exalted position that makes the weather cock vane.

—Father (severely): "My son, this is a disgraceful condition of affairs. This report says you are the last boy in a class of twenty-two."
Henry: "It might have been worse, father."
Father: "I can't see how."
Henry: "There might have been more boys in the class."

—Sunday School Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"
No reply.
Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy, on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"
Little Boy (badly frightened): "It wasn't me. I—I jist moved yere last week f'm Missoury."

—The concave mirror is not exactly a humorist, but it makes some very amusing reflections.

—"Boy, I read in your eyes that you have told a lie."
"Papa, that is impossible. You cannot read without spectacles."

—Sauso: "Why did you yell 'Stop thief!' at the man who was running toward the railroad station?"
Rodd: "I saw that he was going to take a car."

—A chilly salutation— "Shake!"

—Weeks: "I'm afraid Brown is not very steady. I don't think he will stick to his business."
Wentman: "Oh, yes he will. You forget he is working in a glue factory."

—"Do you distrust fat men, captain?"
"Well, no," returned the old sea-dog, "not exactly; but I always give them a wide berth."

—"Here, I bought this compass of you, t'other day, but it's no good. It points north, east, south or west, just as it happens."
"Ah, but you don't understand. You see the needle points this way. Now turn the compass around this way—see?—there you are. That's north."
"Yes, but if I know where north is, what in time do I want a compass for?"

—Sunday-school teacher: "And when the wicked children continued mocking the good prophet, two she bears came out of the mountain and ate up over forty of the wicked children. Now, boys, what lesson does this teach us?"
Jimpsy Primrose: "I know."
Teacher: "Well, Jimpsy?"
Jimpsy Primrose: "It teaches us how many children a she bear can hold."

—Cousin Nell (inculcating generosity): "Supposing your chicken should lay a nice egg, Tommy; would you give it to me?"
Tommy: "No; I'd sell it to a dime museum. That chick's a rooster."

—A corn dodger—The careful dancer.

—"Had I better make a list of the prize cows and pigs?" asked the secretary of an agricultural fair.
"Yes," replied the president. "Cattle hog them."

OUR LETTER BOX.

Tanite.—The flag signals used by the U. S. Signal Service to designate the state of the weather were fully explained in No. 11 of the volume just ended. They do not vary in the different cities, the code holding good for every portion of this country.

Qui Vive.—Bowditch is the standard authority on navigation, and all the theoretical knowledge necessary can be gained by a close and persistent study of his work on that subject. The best way for a boy to learn it practically is to enlist as a naval apprentice on one of the United States training ships.

Skater.—First, place coal oil on the rusted skates and allow it to remain until the rust becomes softened, after which it can be easily removed by rubbing with fine sand paper or emery cloth. After using, they should be wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily rag before being placed in the case, or flannel bag.

M. P. J.—1. Rabbit skins are extensively used in making hats, caps and muffs, and for lining garments of various kinds, such as circulars, overcoats and the like. They are dressed in the usual manner, the fur being dyed to imitate many of the higher grades procured from the ermine, beaver and other animals. 2. An article on electro-plating was given space in No. 23 of the last volume.

G. E. B.—Several manuals relating to the use of fire-arms of various kinds are obtainable from book dealers in various parts of the country. The most expert rifle and revolver shots have gained all their knowledge by actual practice, placing no dependence on printed rules, but paying particular attention to the make of the weapon selected and thoroughly acquainting themselves with its construction.

Schuyler.—1. A vacuum air-brake, of which there are several patterns, is a kind of continuous brake, operated by exhausting the air from some appliance under each car, and so causing the pressure of the atmosphere to apply the brakes. 2. Nos. 4, 5, 13 and 17, Vol. IV are out of print. 3. After indulging in gymnastic exercises, it is said that the hands can be kept in good condition by rubbing them with alcohol.

M. J. A. and H. S. D.—Your kind appreciation of the issue in question gives great pleasure to the publisher. There was no such number this year, in so far as the illuminated cover is concerned; but in the matter of stories, you will find that the contents of No. 5, of this volume, far surpass any other devoted to Christmas literature. It is full to the brim with good things well suited to the joyous season to which it is dedicated.

ELECTRA.—1. If the directions for making electric motors presented in No. 3 are followed to the letter, you will be successful, but, if substitutions and alterations are made, the result will be that the apparatus will prove useless. 2. It is not at all likely that the company will interfere with the miniature telephone. 3. As the elements in a Bunsen battery are immersed in sulphuric and nitric acids, it would not he advisable to place it in a sleeping apartment.

C. OGDEN.—1. There are forty-four States in the Union. 2. The famous River Nile is formed by the union of the Bahr-el-Abiad and the Bahr-el-Azrek. The first of these, or the true Nile, has its source in Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the second rises in Abyssinia. The Kagera and Shimiyu rivers, and the waters that descend from the plateaux from which rise the snowy peaks of Kenia and Kilimanjaro, unite to form that wonderful fresh-water lake, Victoria Nyanza, which covers an area of upwards of 40,000 square miles.

W. F. S.—1. Minorcas, Hamburgs or Leghorns are the best laying fowls, while Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes or Langshans are the best to raise for marketing purposes. 2. It will be found both cheaper and more satisfactory to buy ready-prepared mocking-bird food from a dealer in bird supplies or a druggist. The food for young mocking-birds should he meal and milk, and occasionally finely-minced fresh meat. Grasshoppers, spiders and meal-worms should be given to the old birds, together with a liberal supply of the prepared food.

STUDENT.—Among the ancients, and during the earlier part of the middle ages, there was no distinction of capital and small letters. After the practice had been introduced of beginning books and chapters with large letters, often adorned or illustrated with artistic ability, it was not long before capital letters were employed in much the same way as at the present day. At times, however, their use was so extravagantly indulged in that many of the old books present a ludicrous appearance to the latter-day readers. The exact date at which they came to be universally used is unknown.

TWO OLD CRONIES.—1. A boy aged eighteen is not too old to learn how to play the piano, violin or any other musical instrument. There are thousands of stenographers who did not take up that profession until they were twenty-five or thirty years of age. They were firm believers in the adage, "It is never too late to learn." 2. Munson's appears to be the most popular system of shorthand. 3. A ten or fifteen minutes' walk in the open air before taking breakfast will do no harm; but indulgence in other forms of exercise should be reserved for the middle of the day, if possible, or an hour or so after eating supper.

H. T. C., BIZ AND J. A. M.—Candidates for clerkships in the government departments must pass a civil service examination in arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, reading, writing and spelling, and in some cases a knowledge of book-keeping is required. This depends upon the branch of the service and the special position for which application is made. Those desiring to enter the railway mail service must, among other things, give the boundaries of their own county, State and country; the location of all the States and Territories, locate all the counties along a specified mail route, locate offices on the route and exhibit a thorough understanding of the geography of the United States.

FRANK W.—1. According to Cæsar, the first coins of what is now called Great Britain were of tin, and he has been substantiated by the discovery of pieces made of that material. The first copper coins made by the United States Mint were one cent and one-half cent pieces, of which there were four designs, designated the "chain cent," the "wreath cent," the "flowing-hair cent" and the "liberty cap cent." 2. The letter, or mark on a coin designating the mint at which it was struck, is called the "mint mark." The U. S. coins struck at the parent mint, at Philadelphia, bear no such mark; those displaying a small "S" immediately under the denomination are coined in San Francisco, while "C. C." stands for Carson City, and "O" for New Orleans.

EX-CONFED.—A glue well adapted for any work which requires particular strength is made by dissolving an ounce of the best isinglass, by the application of a moderate heat, in a pint of water. After straining this solution an ounce of the best glue, previously soaked in water for twenty-four hours, and a gill of vinegar should be added. After all of these materials have been brought into a solution, the mixture should be allowed to boil up once, and then the impurities must be strained off. A handy method of making glue for ready use is to employ common whisky instead of water in dissolving any quantity of glue. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight and let it stand for three or four days, when it will be ready for use without the application of heat.

BIRDIE HAIGHT.—1. The American swan breeds in the northern parts of America, and its migrations extend only to North Carolina. Another American species is the Trumpeter Swan, breeding chiefly within the Arctic Circle, but of which large flocks are seen in winter as far south as Texas. It is smaller than the common swan, which is found in its wild state in Asia and the eastern parts of Europe. In a half-domesticated state it has long been a common ornament in lakes and ponds in this country and Europe, more especially the latter. The black swan is a native of Australia. 2. Varicose veins, it is said, may be radically cured by a surgical operation, but the disease may reappear in some other portion of the body, there being no way to prevent it. 3. Papua, or New Guinea, is the largest island in the world. Australia now ranks as one of the grand divisions of the earth.

S. A. M.—Eighteen articles on electricity have been published in this and previous volumes. They were: "A Cheap Electrical Machine," Vol. II, No. 22; "How to Make a Simple Electrical Machine," Vol. VI, No. 3; "Experiments of Various Kinds," Vol. VI, No. 4; "A Storm in a Teacup," Vol. VI, No. 9; "The Leyden Jar and How to Make It," Vol. VI, No. 20; "The Electrician at Home," Vol. VII, No. 16: "A Mysterious Alarm," Vol. VIII, No. 14; "Studies in Static Electricity," Vol. IX. No. 30, "How to Make an Electrical Machine," Vol. IX, No. 20; "How to Make an Electric Battery," Vol. X, No. 8; "The Induction Coil and How to Make It," Vol. X, No. 28; "A Simple Electrical Machine," Vol. XI, No. 6: "Simple Electrical Experiments." Vol. XI, No. 15; "An Electric Bell Outfit," Vol. XI, No. 20; "How to Make a Storage Battery," Vol. XI, No. 25; "Induction Coil Condenser," Vol. XI, No. 47; "Electric Lamps and How to Work Them," Vol. XII, Nos. 1 and 2; and "Electro-Motors and How to Make Them," Vol. XII, No. 3.

BIAS EYES.—1. Letters relating to business matters connected with this paper—such as inquiries relating to advertising rates—are the only ones answered by mail. They must invariably contain a stamp to pay postage on such reply. 2. Any reader complying with the rules governing the exchange department is entitled to its privileges. 3. He is an Englishman by birth. 4. The principal use of the bell on board ships is to denote the time of the day or night, which is done by 1, 2, 3, and so on, up to eight strokes of the bell. The twelve hours between midnight and noon, or noon and midnight, are divided into three portions of eight bells each, the duration of time between bells being half an hour. Consequently, during the course of each twelve hours, the same number of strokes of the bell will necessarily be used to denote three different hours or periods of time, as follows:

1 bell	at	12.30,	4.30,	8.30.
2 bells	"	1.00,	5.00,	9.00.
3 "	"	1.30,	5.30,	9.30.

4	"	"	2.00, 6.00, 10.00.
5	"	"	2.30, 6.30, 10.30.
6	"	"	3.00, 7.00, 11.00.
7	"	"	3.30, 7.30, 11.30.
8	"	"	4.00, 8.00, 12.00.

5. The magnetized needle of a compass has the property of arranging itself in the meridian, one end always pointing to the north and the other to the south; yet not exactly, but with a deflection or declination which varies from time to time in magnitude, and may be toward the west or the east.

A Reader of Golden Days. A very plain and simple method of making snow-shoes was furnished our readers in Vol. Vll, No. 2. —Rod and Gun. In Nos. 15, Vol. I; 23, 24 and 36, Vol. II, will be found articles devoted to the subject of camping out, which contain all requisite information regarding that form of recreation. —Dody. The Spanish sentence is untranslatable, several of the words being beyond the ken of any one who understands that language. —Lawyer. The gentleman representing your district in Congress is the proper person to whom application should be made for copies of the "Congressional Record" and Department Reports. —J. S. T. A portion of No. 52, Vol. VIII, was devoted to a minute description of ice-boat building. —A. S. 1. California half-dollars, in perfect condition, are worth 60 or 70 cents each. 2. It is claimed to be very efficacious. —W. P. Your offer is respectfully declined. We have already provided many articles on electricity in its various forms, and from time to time will publish others by practical writers. —Nena. 1. The titles of the serials in the volumes named are printed in the index furnished with each. 2. Harry Castlemon was the author of "The House-Boat Boys." —Constant Reader. We never supply business addresses. —Jim. Not possessing the key we are unable to solve the cryptogram. —L. F. It is a very interesting game, suited to the tastes of both old and young. The query was sent too late to be answered in the Christmas Issue. —Byron V. Refer the matter to a local engineer. —Howard W. E. A description of the way to make a small storage battery appeared in Vol. XI. No. 25. —Constant Reader. Books devoted to hypnotism have been written by Drs. Hammond, Bernheim, Moll and Raue, besides which it has formed the subject of many magazine articles. —Wheelman. Read the description of electroplating in Vol. XI, No. 23. —J. L. J. No premium. —W. K. 1. We do not pay for contributions to "Puzzledom." 2. All the stories, sketches, etc., published in these columns are written by experienced authors. —O. J. C. U. 1. The papers are mailed from this office on Friday night. 2. Yes; in any sum less than one dollar.

☞ Several communications have been received which will be answered next week.

A HAPPY TRIO.

Depending on your browser settings and font choices, one column may come out longer than the other.

Your Worst Enemy

Is that scrofulous humor in your blood which manifests itself in festers every time the skin is scratched or broken, or in hives, pimples, boils, and other eruptions, causes salt rheum, or breaks out in occasional or continuous running sores. **Get Rid of it at Once**, or some time when your system is weak it will become your master. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which will purify your blood, expel all trace of disease and give you strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

1000 DOLLARS!

I will forfeit the above amount if I fail to prove that I have the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of **Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility** and **Consumption**. I will gladly send a free bottle of this **wonderful** medicine, prepaid, to every reader of this paper, thus giving all sufferers a chance to test its merits, **free of cost**. Over 70,000 testimonial letters on file from living witnesses who have been cured. Write to-day, stating your disease, or ask your Druggist for it and get well. Address **PROF. HART, 88 Warren Street, New York.**

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N.Y**

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads and most complexional disfigurations, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.
Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

Notices of Exchange.

☞ The publisher will positively take no responsibility concerning exchanges effected by means of this department, neither will the reliability of exchangers be guaranteed. To avoid any misunderstanding in the matter, it would be advisable for those contemplating exchanging to write for particulars to the addresses before sending the articles desired.

☞ Exchange notices containing offers of or for *shot-guns, air-guns, pistols, rifles, poisons, dangerous chemicals, animals, odd numbers of papers, valueless coins and curiosities, birds' eggs*, or "offers," will *not*

From the Clifton and Lansdowne Times.

Golden Days.—We would like to be able to place this weekly journal in the hands of every girl and boy in the county who cannot afford to subscribe for or buy it from news agents. But the girls and boys of that kind, we fear, are "too many for us." A sad fact, too, by-the-way, when we reflect that a little thought and a bit of economy on the part of themselves or their parents would do what it is not in our power to accomplish. Nevertheless, they ought to know what Golden Days is, namely, a sixteen-page weekly journal, with finely-illustrated articles on various subjects of interest to young people, embracing natural history, philosophy and other branches of education, together with pleasing, instructive and moral stories by the best authors. It is just what is wanted for the youthful mind seeking for useful information, and ready at the same time to enjoy what is entertaining and healthful. If all girls and boys could peruse and profit by its columns every week, they in time would grow up to be women and men, intelligent, patriotic and influential in their lives; and lest any who may read these words are ignorant—which is hardly possible—of the whereabouts of Golden Days, we gladly give the address, James Elverson, Ninth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.

From the Commercial List and Price Current, Philada.

Golden Days.—That was a happy title chosen by Mr. James Elverson for his weekly journal, published at his great establishment, Ninth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia. In this early part of its tenth volume, it shows, as every number of the past has done, a steady growth in vigor. The acorn sprout has gradually to expand and shoot upward in the air and light before it becomes the majestic oak of the forest; but all the while it is growing, it is putting forth new beauties and fastening its roots deeply and strongly in the earth. Golden Days is that young monarch of the "literary wood," and it well deserves the honor. Year by year it has grown in favor with the young people of the country. By its distinctive American features, by its efforts to impart knowledge in an instructive and pleasing way to youth, and all through pure channels of information, it has to attribute its popularity. There is not in this or any other country a journal published for young people so meritorious as Golden Days. You might call every weekly number a golden treasure, and never be amiss. It is what is needed in every family where there are girls and boys, for in its columns there is instruction, wisdom and harmless entertainment.

From the Republican Progress, Bloomington, Ind.

Elverson's Golden Days is a publication that needs but an examination to recommend it to the public at large. It is handsomely printed on heavy paper, its illustrations are the best that money will procure, while the stories are written by authors of established reputation. Golden Days is one of those magazines that cause the reader to be impatient for the next issue, because each number is a promise of something still better to come. Every boy or girl who is a patron of Golden Days has a fund of information at hand that to not easily procured, as to travels and travelers in foreign lands.

be inserted.

Exchange Notices conforming with the above rules are inserted free of charge.

F. McKinley, Box 171, Albuquerque, New Mex., a $15 violin for stamps.

G. L. Scholl. 1907 Biddle St., Baltimore, Md., Vol. XI Golden Days for a fish-bowl or a bamboo fishing rod.

G. Plander, 309 W. 37th St., N. Y. city, 1300 all different foreign, U. S. and local stamps (valued at $65) for a bicycle or a cornet.

L. R. Wildermuth, 63 E. Town St., Columbus, Ohio, a steam engine, a plating outfit and a font of Old English type for a typewriter.

J. S. Polhemus, East Millstone, N. J., 16 books by Dickens, and others by Verne and Opper, for a pair of opera glasses or a field-glass or a jointed fishing rod and reel.

J. McCann, Brentwood, L. I., N. Y., 5 books, by Irving, Hughes, Verne and Greely for a mandolin or a guitar.

A. E. Miller, Gallon, Ohio, a violin and bow and a flageolet for a B-flat cornet.

G. G. Worstall, Manchester, N. J., a $14 violin or a $12 fishing rod for a banjo.

F. P. Goodwin, Putnam, Conn., a printing press for a game and chess-table.

H. F. Smith, 800 W. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio, a magic lantern with a few slides and 2 pairs of skates for a bound or unbound vol. of Golden Days.

C. C. George, L. B. 38, Darlington, Wis., a 23-string 4-bar autoharp and an ocarina for a telegraph key and sounder or a typewriter.

D. Graham, 434 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., a printing press with outfit, a lot of artists' tubes, 2 books and a coin detector for a banjo or bicycle saddle.

A. C. Durham, Green's Landing, Me., an autophone and music for a Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, worth $4.

E. Schantzler, 328 S. 3d St., Phila., Pa., a silver watch and a pair of opera glasses for type.

L. S. Boyd, Auburn, Ala., volumes of Golden Days for telegraph instruments or telegraphic supplies.

W. Brunswig, 177 E. 82d St., K. Y., a banjo and some electrical goods and tools for a bicycle or a Safety machine.

E. C. Covert, Vassar, Mich., a ½ horse-power steam engine for a typewriter (Merrill or Odell).

C. Cropsey, 326 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill., a magic lantern and 24 slides and a pair of roller skates for a horizontal steam engine (city offers preferred).

F. Rouleau, 2402 N. 27th St., Phila., Pa., a silver watch, a pair of ice skates, 3 vols. of Golden Days, 3 vols. of "The Argosy," "The Rugged Pick Series" and a violin and bow with book for a Safety bicycle.

S. Eisenmann, 115 E. 56th St., N. Y. city, a pair of Indian clubs, 100 foreign stamps, 2 books, some minerals, a bicycle bell, a pair of skates and a base ball game for a self-inking press with type.

R. B. Dawes, 10 Summit St., W. Somerville, Mass., Vol. VII Golden Days, several games and books and a nickel-plated, 75-candle-power lamp for a striking bag or musical instruments.

T. A. Mapes, Plattsmouth, Neb., a vol. of Golden Days, a lantern and a lot of books for philatelic papers.

F. Crosbie, 1527 Summer St., Phila., Pa., 2 vols. of "The Argosy" and a vol. of "The Century" for a Victor Safety bicycle or a writing desk worth $25.

J. H. McCormack, 200 Centre St., Brooklyn, N. Y., a large-sized, foot power lathe with tools and attachments for a Safety bicycle, a typewriter or a small dynamo.

C. Allen, Greencastle, Ind., 800 foreign and U. S. stamps (valued at $25) for a 4x5 Detective camera.

L. A. Potter, Saginaw City, Mich., a foot-power scroll saw with patterns, etc., for type.

D. Curley, 31 Brown St., North Adams, Mass., Vol. XI Golden Days for Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds," Coues' "Check-List of N. A. Birds," or either

vol. of "New England Bird Life."

W. H. Pierce, Larimore, N. D., a main line relay, a Waterbury lens and a fife with mouthpiece for $6 worth of type.

W. Kempton, Box 53, West Woodstock, Conn., a violin and bow, a phonograph, a telegraph instrument, a sewing machine, an autoharp and a self-inking press for a magic lantern or automatic organ and music.

W. Sikeson, 2930 M St., W. Washington, D. C., an International album with 645 rare U. S. and foreign stamps for a watch.

H. Johnston, 2023 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., a foot-power scroll saw for any vols. of Golden Days or vols of "The Argosy" except IX or X.

R. F. Church, 78th St., E. Cambridge, Mass., a 4x6 self-inking press for a scroll saw and outfit.

W. Klaffenbach, 112 E. 8th St., Muscatine, Iowa., a pair of ice skates, some books and a hand scroll-saw for electrical goods.

H. J. Robinson, L. B. 13, Washington, D. C., a 175 ohm pocket relay for a motor or other electrical goods or a camera.

G. H. Hakes, Belvidere, Ills., U. S. and foreign stamps and some printing material for a pair of clamp roller skates.

C. Schimelfenig, 7 S. May St., Chicago, Ills., Vols. IX and X Golden Days and 4 vols. of "The Argosy" (several nos. missing) for a Detective camera or bound books.

S. Tasker, 1033 Vine St., Phila., Pa., a bass rod, reel and outfit and Vol. VIII or IX Golden Days for a jointed paddle.

C. E. Pottenger, Box 126, Burlington, Kans., Vols. VIII and IX of "The Argosy" for U. S. and foreign stamps.

E. L. French, S. Easton, Mass, Vols. IX (3 numbers missing) and XI Golden Days for an 18-bracket banjo.

J. O. Yates, Box 165, Chartiers, Pa., Vol. XI Golden Days and a lot of books for a magic lantern or a $5 steam engine.

B. F. Bird, 47 Dana Ave., Hyde Park, Mass, a volume of Golden Days for a set of boxing gloves.

C. M. Wallace, Frankfort, Ind., a pair of climbing irons, 2 vols. of popular papers and a pair of roller skates for a banjo.

G. Chassey, 524 8th Ave., N. Y. City, a printing press and outfit (no type) and a $4 fife for an electric bell and battery (Law battery preferred).

A. W. Boston, Traverse City, Mich., 2 striking machines, a bell rack and a chimney sweeping outfit for a printing outfit.

G. Chase, 524 8th Ave., N. Y. city, a printing press and outfit, a cabinet with a font of type and a lot of reading matter for carpenter's tools.

R. Chambers, 939 W. Madison St., Chicago., Ill., a music box and self-lighting pocket lamp for a miniature steam yacht.

G. C. Post, Box 5, Garfield, N. J., a 5x8 camera and outfit (cost $22.50) for a 5x7 self-inking printing press.

E. Craig, 1007 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo., a telegraph outfit (sounder, key and battery) for a photo outfit.

G. D. Lawrence, 998 Broad St., Providence, R. I., a brass B-flat cornet with case and outfit and 4 books for a dulcimer or a 4-barred autoharp.

H. Kirchner, 1361 Ave. A., N. Y. city, a printing press and outfit with 4 fonts of type and a cabinet for a lancewood fishing rod with extra tip and reel, line, etc.

J. Rivers, 316 W. Jefferson St., Syracuse, N. Y., a $15 banjo for a steam engine.

R. Hoagland, 6636 Perry Ave., Englewood, Ill., a snare drum for a B-flat cornet or a small camera with outfit.

TEN POUNDS
IN
TWO WEEKS!
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F. Foss, Box 113 Greenland, N. H., Vols. VIII, IX, X and XI Golden Days, 4 vols. of "Youth's Companion" and books (all valued at $20) for a turning lathe, tools, or a printing press with type.

L. Rosett, 219 Rivington St., N. Y. city, 400 foreign and U. S. stamps, an album with over 500 stamps, a magic lantern with 16 slides, a pair of skates and some books for electrical goods, a Safety bicycle or a typewriter.

J. L. Mills, 1527 F St., Washington, D. C., Vol. IX Golden Days for books by Castlemon, Ellis or Alger.

G. F. Jones, 1530 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa., Vol. IX Golden Days for foreign stamps. (City offers only.)

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A. D. Hayworth, Terre Haute, Ind., an 8x10 self-inking press, with complete outfit (worth $135) for an exhibition outfit of marionettes or a gold watch.

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M. B. Stone, Ledyard Block, Sioux Falls, S. D., vols. of "The Argosy" and type for a violin.

C. E. South, Box 357, Burlington, Kans., Vol. IX Golden Days, 4 books and a magic lantern with 60 views for a press or printing material.

R. Koch, 36 E. 52d St., N. Y. city, a World typewriter and Macaulay's "History of England" (3 vols.) for magic lantern slides.

M. W. Jacoby, Seneca Falls, N. Y., Vol. IX Golden Days and 20 books for a banjo.

J. O. Fairbanks, Springfield, Mo., 3 vols. of Golden Days, 7 vols. of "The Argosy" and other papers, 2 magic lantern outfits, a scroll saw, a pair of skates and 300 stamps for a Safety bicycle.

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W. T. House, 380 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn., $7 worth of reading matter for an International stamp album, with or without stamps.

W. H. Carlovitz, Milton, Fla., a collection of stamps (worth $14) for a self-inking press.

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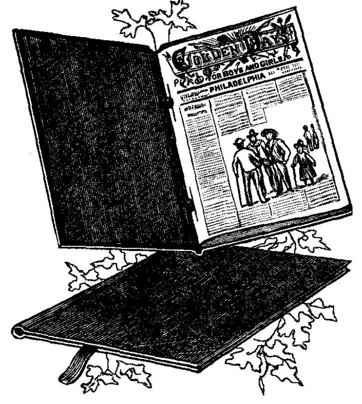

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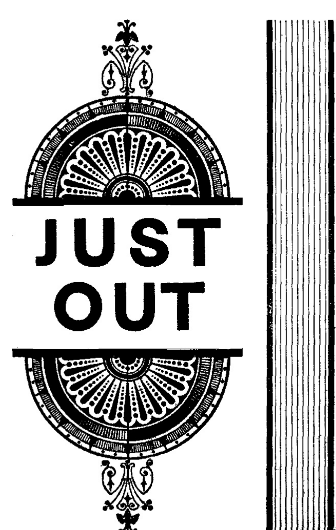

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Title Page

Vol. XII—No. 6. January 3, 1891.

PHILADELPHIA: JAMES ELVERSON, PUBLISHER.

Railroad Rock

ROCK STARTED FORWARD AND UTTERED A CRY OF TERROR AS HE SAW THE GLEAM OF A HEADLIGHT AND AN ENGINE AND TRAIN.

"Mr. Gammon had promised to look to it that day; but he so seldom did as he would talk that we did not believe he had been near it. If it was so, every life on the train was in peril, and, as I have said, it was then time for it to come along.

"So Mr. Baxter and I decided to signal the train, and tell them of the situation. But it was raining hard then, the wind was blowing furiously, and our matches were damp, so we worked in vain to make a torch. It was too dark for our flag to be seen. We had no way to stop the train. At that moment we heard its whistle in the distance and knew it would soon reach us.

"We were on the backbone of Trestle Summit, where, either way, the track descends at a sharp grade for over three miles. It was nearly six miles to Woodsville; but I knew while the mail was climbing the up grade we could get well on toward the station. So I said to Mr. Baxter:

Lilian's New Year's Calls.

THE CHIEF GAVE A WHOOP OF DELIGHT AT SIGHT OF THEM. HE SPRANG TO HER SIDE AND OPENLY BEGAN PUTTING THEM IN HIS POCKET.

Almost immediately her curiosity was stimulated again by the re-appearance of the figures on the next rise. She could not distinguish numbers, but she felt certain it was horsemen.

Lee Holland's Adventures

DIEGO AND LEE LOOKED AT EACH EACH OTHER AS MUCH AS TO SAY, "WHY WOULDN'T WE DO?"

"I came from Havana. Where did you come from?"

Lee related his story in a few words.

"Just the same with me," said Diego, when he had finished. "I've got no father, no mother; but I'll not stop here. The captain treats me like a slave. When we get to Havana, we go ashore, eh?"

Lee had for some time thought he had better get out of the Traveler, if he could only see his way to do so. But he said:

Lee Holland (original format)

Sidney's Good Intentions (complete image)

Andy Fletcher (complete image)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GOLDEN DAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, VOL. XII, JAN. 3, 1891 ***

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