

THE Youth's Leader



SAMPLE COPY

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AWAY FROM HOME!

I've seen the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine,
I've seen the blue Moselle,
And more "show places" and "fine views"
than ever I can tell;
I've been to London, Paris, Ghent, to Berlin,
Florence, Rome;
I'd give one thousand dollars down to be once
more at home.

"Sublimely grand," and "picturesque," but
sure as I am born,
I'd rather see the level lands waving with
Indian corn,
The prairies green and wide where feed in-
numerable herds,
The vast, unplanted, shady woods, sweet with
the song of birds.

I'd rather see the little towns all built of paint-
ed pine,
Each cottage in its garden-plot, each porch
open to the sun.

And my own church with
dearer is to me
Than the grandest stone cath-
edral ever I
shall see.

Among these splendid foreign
there's
not a soul I know;
At home 'twas "Captain, how do
you do?" at
every step or so.

Here no one cares for what I think; at home
about crops and state
My ideas were acceptable both to the small
and great.

I scarcely ever get a meal that with my taste
agrees;

It's "bouillon," "cotelettes," "ragouts," or
some queer "fricassees";

I want a beef-steak, thick and rare, some
home-made bread and cheese,
Some buckwheat cakes and maple-juice—or
anything I please.

But as for claret or champagne, saunterne or
hock, I think

A glass of old, sharp cider is just as good to
drink.

My dairy cows and orchard plot I would not
give, I know,

For all the grapes of Burgundy or vineyards
of Bordeaux.

I'm glad I've seen the gray Old World, so rich,
so great, so grand,

But I'd not own in all its space a home or rod
of land.

My heart turns to America, the young, the
fresh, the free,

There is no land in all the world like my own
land to me.

So, wandering feet, turn with my heart, back
back, into the West,

There is the little town and home where heart
and feet shall rest,

There floats the starry flag above the happy
and the free,

And to-morrow I'll go back again, my native
land, to thee.

—A writer from Fiji asserts that when
flocks of Tern and other sea-fowl rest
upon the sea the water becomes smooth,
an effect which he ascribes to oil emitted
by the birds.

(Written for THE LEADER.)

MINERALOGICAL BREVITIES.

BY W. S. BEEKMAN.

Many young collectors, and, in fact, older persons of experience, are often surprised to hear that garnets come in other colors than red. It seems quite common to speak of the garnet shade, yet garnets are of almost every color from a yellow to a green. The Bohemian garnets represent the supposed constant color which was formerly imported from Ceylon. Arizona and Alaska give us fine garnets, but the shades vary.

One of the rarities which every collector should strive to possess is the Onvartite, or green garnet. This is a chromic

of Iceland-spar. A lode stone held under a paper with iron filings on it will cause them to rise and fall like a line of soldiers. Or watch the movements of a dozen steel pens when treated in the same manner, or under water.

CAN TOADS LIVE IN ROCKS AND TREES?

Some time ago—in 1851,—in the town of Blois, France, it is said, on good authority, that while workmen were excavating a well, at a depth of about 65 feet, they took out of the gravel bed a rock, that on being accidentally broken contained a toad, which in five minutes after its release was as active as though it had never known confinement. The rock was of a clayey nature, and the cavity was but twice the size of the toad.

ance in the literary world, Mr Fergus was an auctioneer, but his novel "Called Back" brought him into marked prominence as a writer. This success was followed quickly by "Dark Days," and it is to be regretted that so promising a literary career has been quickly ended by death.

HOW TO COLLECT BIRDS' EGGS.

Collecting birds' eggs for scientific purposes requires far more discriminating than collecting specimens in any other branch of Natural History. Animals, birds, insects, shells, plants, etc., carry their own identification with them, and, knowing the locality, a person well versed in the particular science in question, can

Unless they are properly identified and authenticated they are of no value for scientific purposes whatever. Therefore, Identification and Authentication should be the chief aim of the egg collector, although the other details should not be neglected.

There are many of the commonest species of birds whose eggs are so nearly alike that unless they are very carefully identified, serious mistakes will occur. This is particularly the case with the eggs of woodpeckers, two species frequently having their nests in the same tree, and, unless great care is used in their collection, the eggs of our species will be confounded with those of the other.

With ducks' eggs also, great care must be exercised. Two or three species of duck frequently have their nests within a few yards of each other, so that they will require very positive identification.

Neatness in blowing and marking the eggs renders them more fit for the cabinet and is not to be neglected, but the chief points to be attended to, as being the only ones by which science can be benefited, are *Identification and Authentication*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Capt. Charles G. Nelson, of the British Royal Navy, had a Jackdaw which he taught to unlace boots. The bird's natural tendency to pull at everything made it a rapid learner, and it became proud of its accomplishment. When the Captain came in, the bird hopped on his feet and began unlacing his boots. The only drawback was that it unlaced all the boots it found in the house, and its habit became annoying.



green garnet, very showy for the cabinet, and is found in small quantities in Canada.

LODE STONE.

Lode stone is a very insipid looking mineral, but is the greatest curiosity of the physical structure of a mineral to be found. I think the fact is so well-known that it will attract iron that the wonder is somewhat lost upon us; we look at it as a stated fact, and as one to be expected. I have just obtained a quantity of lode stone, of very good quality, and find I can amuse young people more in showing the wonders of this metal than even the attractions of a good polished rhomb

Several similar stories have been circulated about opening a tree and finding a toad encased in the sound trunk. A professor in France kept a toad ten years in a plaster cast and it came out alive. Why was it improbable in the above mentioned case?

DEATH OF "HUGH CONWAY."

The Famous Author of "Called Back," and "Dark Days," Expires at Monaco.

Frank L. Fergus, better known as "Hugh Conway," has just died at Monaco of typhoid fever. Previous to his appear-

REPOUSSE WORK.

The Art of Hammering Metal Explained.

A writer in Harper's Bazar advises those who have never pounded brass to begin at once. Beginners will be surprised to see what artistic work they can produce in a few hours with very little practice, and without any practical instruction.

Contrary to the first impressions which one would naturally have of working on metal the art is easy, clean, and not tiresome, and has a fascination much in advance of the needle and other fancy work with which ladies usually occupy their leisure moments.

The tools required are few, and are not expensive. The beginner will need four tracers and five matting punches. These come complete in a box containing one screw-driver, one brad-awl, one pick-punch, screws and washers, thumb-tacks, transfer-paper, and a hammer, besides some patterns. They can be bought at almost any art or hardware store, for about three dollars per set.

In addition to the box of tools you will need a soft-wood board, free from holes or knots, such as a cover to a packing-box, or a cake or bread board. If you have the board made by your carpenter, it should be about twenty inches square, and not less than seven eighths of an inch in thickness, so that it can be used several times by having the surface planed.

After you have chosen your pattern select, from your stock of brass, a thin sheet, being particular to have it large enough. Always have your sheet of brass cut from one to two inches larger than your pattern, and allow for making up. Lay the brass on the board, and make holes with the brad-awl close to the brass and on all sides, from three to four inches apart. Put the screws through the washers, and screw them into the holes you have made until the washers fasten the brass down to the board. Now lay your tracing paper over the brass, and the pattern over that, pinning both with the thumb-tacks to the wood outside. Be sure your pattern is straight and in the right place on the brass before you pin it down. Using a hard lead pencil, trace the pattern all over, being sure every line is marked. Remove the pattern and tracing paper, and you will find your design transferred on the brass. You are now ready for your introduction to repousse-work.

Take your tracer and hold it straight up and down, and with the edge on one of the lines; then take your hammer in your other hand and give the tracer a slight blow. Slide the tracer along the line of your design, and strike lightly again. Go on in this way (being particular that the marks you make with the tracer join each other, looking like one continuous line) until the whole design has been traced. Do not strike the tools hard with the hammer, as you will be apt to cut through the brass should you do so. "So far, so good." Now take from your matting tools, say Nos. 5, 6 and 7, and, beginning near the outline of the design which is nearest the edge of the brass, use these tools for the background. Always pound with the edge toward the centre. This will raise the figure of your design better and higher than pounding the other way.

After you have finished the matting go over the outline once more with your tracers. This will tend to make the background more flat, and will bring the figure out in strong relief. You have now finished your part of the work, and can take the brass from the board. Your plaque, vase, candlestick, or whatever it is you have been making, is now ready to be polished and made into shape. You can do this yourself, or have it done by any tinsmith.

Should the reader wish for further particulars on this pleasant art, they can find at the bookstores books on more advanced work.

NOTES FROM EXCHANGES.

"What pains a father more than the cry of his infant child?" asks some one. We don't know unless it is the cry of his infant twins.—Boston Post.

In New York the gas corporations oppose the appointment of a gas commission. In Massachusetts the gas corporations approve of the appointment of a commission.—Boston Journal.

James Anthony Froude, San Francisco's

guest, told the Alta reporter that he has seen so much magnificent scenery that he would "now rather go 1,000 miles to see a remarkable man than one mile to see a magnificent view."—San Francisco Alta.

A man of literary fame, a visitor to our city, and a guest at a recent reception, was astounded, on being introduced to a lady, to hear her say, with a knowing smile; Oh, yes, I have heard of you and your medicine!"—New Orleans Picayune.

A Spaniard named Phillips, butcher, at Poplar Creek Agency, Northeastern Montana, recently lost one of his children by death, and as a sacrifice cut off his left forefinger and killed a fine mare and a 3-year old steer on the grave of his child.

Making Practical Women.

The Kitchen-Garden association, having for its object the instruction of girls in household work and the domestic arts, gave its annual public exhibition recently in the rooms of Prof. Swing's north side Sunday school, 245 Clybourn avenue. About three hundred ladies attended. Twenty-four little girls, looking pretty in white caps and aprons and equipped with lilliputian household utensils, washed clothes and dishes, made beds, and set dinner-tables with the dexterity and dispatch of experienced housekeepers, under the direction of the teacher, Miss Larrabee. There are several schools of the kind in the city, conducted usually in connection with a mission or Sunday school. The association has established a permanent school at 245 Clybourn avenue, where girls from nine to fourteen are twice a week taught not only in the work mentioned but in elementary sewing and cooking, how to make fires, the uses of wood and paper, etc. The work of the association is entirely charitable, no tuition fee being charged.—Chicago News.

A Shocking Affair.

"Shocking! isn't it?" said Smith, turning to his morning paper. "What is it, John?" asked his wife. "A man in Kentucky put a bullet in his head yesterday." "Isn't it awful!" ejaculated Mrs. S. "What did he do that for? On account of domestic troubles?" "No. I suppose that the reason he put a bullet in his head was because he couldn't get anything else in it."—Newman Independent.

Thought He Was Preaching.

A clergyman who is not stationed a thousand miles south of Rochester, N. Y., told a story in his sermon the other morning which, in the opinion of his auditors, required considerable faith to swallow. The opinion was fully shared by the clergyman's little daughter who, at the dinner table, looked very earnestly at her father and asked him if the story was quite true. "Why, certainly, my child," answered the minister in amazement; "but why do you ask me?" "Oh!" she responded very quickly. "I don't know—I thought that maybe you were only preaching."

The Young Wife's First Effort at Cold Roast Beef.

Young Wife (her first attempt at meat, hesitation)—"Have you any nice roast beef?" Butcher—"Yes, mum: I have the Chicago dressed beef." Young Wife—"Is it in good condition?" Butcher—"Yes, mum. It's shipped in refrigerator cars, and when it reaches this city it's a frozen solid." Young Wife—"Very well, you may send a nice piece if it is frozen. It was only yesterday that I heard my husband say he was very fond of cold roast beef."

An Old Game in a New Way.

"Nellie, let's you and I play inventor!" "How shall we do it, Tommy?" "Why, you be the inventor and go in and get some cookies out of the box, and I'll be the capitalist and come along and eat them all!" "But what will I get out of it?" "Why, you'll get all the fame. I'll tell mamma it was you who took the cookies."

Dwarfing Trees.

The Gartenora gives the following interesting account of the method by which the Chinese produce miniature trees, and which could easily be tried without trouble or expense: The pulp of an orange is removed by an aperture the size of a half dollar, and filled with cocoanut fibre, tow, and powdered charcoal. In the cen-

ter is placed a seed of the tree it is wished to grow. The orange is placed in a glass or other vessel, and the compost kept moist. The seedling germinates, the stem protrudes through the hole in the orange, the roots penetrate the rind. The roots as soon as they reach this stage are cut off close to the rind, and this is continued for two or three years. The tree ceases to grow, and assumes the aspect of an old tree. The roots equally cease to grow, and the rind of the orange is painted and varnished.

The Japanese have a way of dwarfing and growing forest trees in comparatively very small pots. Visitors at the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia will recollect the odd-looking specimens brought from Japan, which were said to be over a hundred years old.

Dangerous For Children.

The elaborate "icing" used on cards where a frosted surface is desired is said by the Midland Medical Miscellany to consist of powdered glass. It is dangerous material to have about the house, especially where there are children. The girls who manufacture the cards and breathe the sharp particles of glass die early, or soon become helpless invalids.

Rough on Petty Criminals.

The following sentences were passed by the Recorder of Liverpool on the same day at the late Sessions: 1. Eugene Quinn, for stealing from his employer £82, eight months imprisonment. 2. Bridget C. Thompson, for stealing a pair of boots, twelve months imprisonment. 3. Samuel Purcell, for stealing a fowl, twelve months.

Pneumonia.

Pneumonia is inflammation of the lungs. When the inflammation is on the lining of the chest it is pleurisy. The two may be combined. Pneumonia is a dangerous disease, and requires prompt action. It is preceded by a chill, from which it sometimes is difficult to restore the natural heat. This chill is followed by a high fever, in which the heart beats rapidly.

Chills may come from other causes than pneumonia, but unless sure of the cause and sure that it is not dangerous, it is safe to suspect a coming pneumonia, and to send at once for a physician. On no account attempt to manage the case without one. The disease is too serious to warrant such an attempt. Until he arrives, do what you can to equalize the circulation and temperature. Keep in bed between woollen blankets or sheets, increase the temperature of the room, apply to the affected parts old soft cotton (not linen) cloths wet in hot water, in which has been mixed one half of a teaspoonful of mustard to a quart of water, and to this apply heat from tins or bottles of hot water or hot bricks.

Rubber water-bags are best; apply heat in the same way to the feet. Do not increase the quantity of mustard. The object is to excite action in the skin, and to avoid an irritation that would hinder or destroy action. As these cool replace them at once with others, not allowing the temperature to reduce at all. On no account must the patient get out of bed.

For medicine give aconite, four globules, every half hour; this is homoeopathic. When the perspiration returns and the patient can sleep, let him sleep; continue the heat for a time, and when it is reduced let it be done with great care. If the patient needs food, let it be of a plain, simple kind. Avoid cold drinks until the natural condition of the skin is restored.—[Scientific American.

Great Smokers.

The greatest tobacco-smoker of his century was probably Jacob Hiemath, of Breslau, Germany, who smoked a half pound of pigtail daily for nearly forty years. He died in 1832 at the age of ninety-four, with a clay pipe in his mouth. Alfred Tennyson, the poet, now seventy-five, is the greatest smoker in England. Von Moltke, the great Prussian soldier, now eighty-five years of age, is a constant smoker. Gen. Grant was one of the most persistent smokers in this country up to the time of his illness. Ex Senator Thurman, who is seventy-three years of age, has been a snuff taker for thirty-five years. Nearly all the distinguished old men we know of are tobacco in some form.

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WORDS OF ADVICE.

SOMETHING YOUNG MEN SHOULD READ.

The Late Edward Pierrepont—Extracts from a Letter Written Him by His Father.

The recent death of young Edward Pierrepont, Secretary of the American Legation of Rome, brings out a private letter ex-Minister Pierrepont wrote six years ago to his son at college. The deceased, says an intimate friend of the family, was a young man of rare gifts and accomplishments and of great promise. He was a brilliant scholar, a close student, a thoroughly upright Christian gentleman, and a manly fellow. He was educated at Oxford University, England, and died of Roman fever at the early age of twenty-five years, shattering brilliant hopes and rainbow promises. On March 5th, 1879, Mr. Pierrepont wrote the letter in question for the future guidance and help of his son. It was full of wisdom and rare discretion, and young men who read it will doubtless be inspired and strengthened by its teachings and guided by its counsels. We make the following liberal extracts from the letter:

MY DEAR SON—I would gladly save you from much annoyance and from many sorrows, by giving you the benefit of my own experience. I also know how prone boys are to think that the times have changed since their fathers were young, and that the true rules for the conduct of life have ceased to be the same. My son, as you grow older, you will find that from the time of Solomon to this hour, human nature has not changed at all, and that the guide to a prosperous and a happy life is precisely the same as it was when that wise man wrote.

First—There is a great first cause which rules the world; a something which we can but dimly comprehend, because it is too vast for our finite minds. It is the infinite. It is God. It is fruitless to try "to find out God." He is "our father in Heaven;" this is all that the simple child can know; it is all that the most learned man can ever know. That this Great Creator is just and merciful, and rules by equal laws, we have every reason to believe; and that it is one of the Creator's laws that our lives may be influenced by earnest prayer for guidance in the right way, there is no doubt.

Every day ask our Heavenly Father to guide you in all things in which He is right, and you will not go wrong.

If sceptics wish to talk with you about it, don't argue; arguments on these subjects never do any good—try to fight as well argue that you loved your brother. Practice what I suggest, and you will know from conscious experience that what I tell you is true, and you will be made much happier and serene day by day, and far more prosperous in this world.

Second—That truth, unflinching integrity, justice and honor are never to be departed from under any circumstances.

Without strict integrity, justice and honor, no one can have continued success in anything, or lasting respect from anybody. Everyone is found out sooner or later, and much sooner than he supposes. Indeed your true character is sure to be known, and sure to be justly appreciated.

I pray you, my son, never trouble yourself about popularity. Do right, the best you can, deserve respect, and you will be certain to have it.

Success comes not of spasmodic effort, but of continued every day work.

Read the fable of "the hare and the tortoise" and profit by its teachings, and remember that success with honor, is one of the highest pleasures of life. An idle life is a worthless and unhappy one.

Never go to balls and parties in term time, and avoid late wines and suppers at all times—they always injure the health, and without health life has scarce a pleasure.

From his birth, Sampson drank neither wine nor strong drink, and those who are trained for the ring imitate his example. During our late war, it was conclusively proved that those who drank water only escaped disease and endured fatigue far beyond the others.

If you drink wine at all, be very moderate; there is much in habit; a single glass is just as satisfactory as a dozen, if you so train yourself.

I cannot too strongly urge upon you the importance of early retiring to rest.

Third—That economy is a virtue and that extravagance is a vice, never forget.

You never see a man of forty who regretted his economy; you will see plenty who mourn their early extravagance. Lavish expenditure never wins respect. It may win temporary flatterers, who despise the fool they flatter. Pay every debt you owe, but

Neither a borrower nor lender be, For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

Let not your vanity ever tempt you to spend money.

I would deprive you of no innocent pleasures; that is not pleasure which injures the health, jades the mind and makes you feel meanly and weak and unequal to the labor which is to fit you for manly life.

Duties well done every day and difficulties surmounted as they arise grow easier continually, and finally become lasting enjoyments.

Never play cards for money. It is no pleasure to win a fellow student's money, and it is pain to lose your own. The habit is always bad and oftentimes fatal; never acquire it.

Dress like a gentleman; never be peculiar or flashy, but dress as become you, not as becomes some one else. Never talk about your expenses or your money, and never be ashamed to live with economy; on the contrary, be proud of it. Your business now is to acquire knowledge, and you need not be anxious to display yours, especially to older men; but always try to learn of them.

Never say to another what it would be unpleasant to have him say to you.

Remember that good manners are of great importance. Manners should be frank and easy, with dignity.

Avoid fawning, toadying ways as you would the foul fiend. Never fawn to a prince or swagger to a peasant. Be courteous and manly everywhere and to everybody.

Let your manners be quiet; nothing is more underbred than a hurried address, with a face wrinkled all over with grinning delight.

You cannot have good manners in the drawing room, if your habitual manner is bad; the habit will betray you; let the habit be always good.

Be a gentleman; feel like a gentleman; and you will look like one.

Sometimes you will be neglected, and your vanity may feel wounded; never let this annoy you; be absolutely sure that in due time all will come right and that you will have all the consideration which you merit. No one can do you any permanent injury but yourself. The world is so constituted that it is not in man's power to withhold respect from lofty character, readability and good conduct.

You may be invited to a ball or a dinner because you dance and tell a good story; but no one since the time of Queen Elizabeth has been made a cabinet minister or a lord chancellor for such reasons.

The years of youth are short, and the pleasures of youth perish in manly life. Reputation, power, and the consideration which comes of ability, attainments and good character are what the man from thirty to seventy covets. Nothing but the well spent years of early life can secure these.

I would keep you from no enjoyments suited to your age which are not injurious

to your real happiness and your future success.

You have health and a good constitution, and you have no inherited tendencies to any vice. It is easy for you to do right, and it will be unpardonable if you go astray.

Remember that when you are twenty-five you will desire what others value at that age, and so at every future stage of life. I mean what the higher order of men value.

Live each year in the way which will best fit you for the next year, and thus you will lead a happy life; a life which will secure to you the happy life to come.

Feel always a manly pride that you are an American, and that your future is here.

I have a letter from the Dean to-day, in which he says: "Your son's improvement has really astonished me." Continue to astonish the Dean and to delight me.

This shows that you have the ability, and that there will be no excuse and no pardon if you are not faithful in the future.

From time to time I shall hear from the Dean, and also from your tutor, and they will tell me all and only the truth. They will reveal your shortcomings, if you have them, as well as your merits. You accept too many invitations from your fellow students. This will weaken your energies and prevent your success, beside, you will become a bore, which avoid, as you would the "plague." Short visits do not bore.

When we last met you did not carry yourself erect. You seemed to think that you were awkwardly tall, and you tried to look shorter, this is a mistake, you are nineteen years old and scarce more than six feet high; that is not too tall—but if you grow to any height, carry yourself erect.

When you have done the duties of the day, and done them well, take your pleasures, which will be all the more keen; and when you have well finished the labors of the term, you will enjoy the vacation a thousand times the more by reason of your successful toil.

I do not need, in this letter, to repeat the warnings against those petty vices, temptations and follies of which I have so often spoken.

God bless and keep and guide my boy. Your ever devoted FATHER.

Modern Authors.

A metropolitan writer commenting on the entertainment for the benefit of the International Copyright League, says: "The authors who have been reading at Madison Square Theatre are a curious exhibition in themselves. They are about as interesting to look at as their writings, read by themselves, are interesting to listen to. George William Curtis and Whitelaw Reid, though diametrically opposed in politics, and in the heat of last year's campaign often vigorously belabored each other in print, are warm personal friends, and are associated together in various clubs and also as State Regents. Henry Ward Beecher "hung his hat on the floor" of the stage just as he does in Plymouth pulpit. Age seems as powerless to wither him as conspiring slander was to injure his reputation a few years ago. Frank R. Stockton has a finer fancy than figure, and Mark Twain is not handsome to look upon; but you do not think of that as you listen to the fine, airy wit of the one and the broad humor of the other. Twain is much funnier when heard than when read only, his odd manner of delivery giving zest to his humorous writings. H. C. Bunner, editor of Puck and the writer of some very dainty verses, is petite in person and just a little dandish in appearance, but by no means so in manner, for he is hearty, blunt and enthusiastic. Two brothers more unlike than Edward and George Carey Eggleston, it would be difficult to find, and they have little in common in their literary styles and tastes. George, who is not seriously religious, runs to heavy subjects and to moral discussion; while his brother, who is a minister, likes most to write novels and light fiction. I suggested to him the idea and the title of his novel, "The Circuit Rider," and he once told me that he was occasionally annoyed and at the same time amused at finding from his publisher that copies were often ordered by persons who wanted "Eggleston's Circuit Rider." It was rather pleasant to behold these brethren of the mighty pen uniting in a joint entertainment for a common object without displaying the least particle of that jealousy which invariably accompanies every similar exhibition by authors. The contrast is creditable to the good authors and a good example for us amateurs.

Sunday Newspapers.

The first New York daily journal to issue a Sunday edition was the Graphic, and he best afforded a veteran journalist a chance to indulge in some reminiscences. I can very well remember, he says, when a Sunday edition of a New York daily newspaper was as great a novelty as the daily illustrated Graphic was when first started. There have been Sunday papers since away back in 1825, but they were issued only on that day of the week. I think the Herald about 1863 was the first to regularly issue on Sunday. The Tribune attempted about the same time, or at least some time during the rebellion, to issue a Sunday edition, its editor believing that the great interest in the war news would make the Sunday paper welcome. But the moral sense of the community was shocked, and Mr. Greeley abandoned the field. Only one other, and that a special Sunday issue, was published during Mr. Greeley's lifetime, and that was ordered by Mr. Whitelaw Reid without consulting either Greeley or Samuel Sinclair, the publisher. It was dated Sunday, September 4, 1870, and gave details of the fall of Sedan and the capture of Napoleon III. and McMahon's army, an event which the Tribune two days before had predicted as the inevitable end of the movement then making. I remember that Mr. Greeley wrote Mr. Reid, who was then managing editor, that this special issue was the best newspaper he had ever seen. "But," he added, "you ought to have got in that little editorial of mine on salt." But it was not until some years later, when he had become editor-in-chief, that Mr. Reid ventured to issue the Tribune regularly on Sunday. The conscientious opposition to Sunday papers has entirely disappeared.

How the Queen Traveled.

"How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked Miss R— of her Sunday-school class of little girls.

No one ventured an answer.

"If you had studied your lesson you could not have helped knowing," said their teacher. "Now look over the verses again."

"Could she have gone by the cars?" asked Miss R—, beginning to lose patience, as the children consulted their books but appeared to arrive at no conclu-

sion. "Yes'm," said a little girl at the end of the class. "She went by steam-cars." "Did she, indeed?" said Miss R—. "Well, Louisa, we would like to know how you found that out." "In the second verse," responded the child. "It says, she came with a very great train."

ANOTHER DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

A Tale of a Truant in Three Chapters.



PREPARATION.



IN WAITING WITH A SLIPPER.



CONCLUSION.

The Widow Garfield.

Garfield once said to me about this woman: "I have never had in my life, although there would have been plenty of excuse if she had made such a mistake, to apologize for anything that my wife has had to say concerning me. My constituency has its own sensibilities, and a very little thing Mrs. Garfield might say that was ill-timed or hasty would go very far against me. But she has been so discreet that I have not a single instance of that kind on record. She is never stampeded," said Garfield. "She is the coolest when things excite me the most. Now," said he, "she is doing at present what I did for her; I taught her Latin at school, and she is now teaching our children Latin and preparing them to go to Exeter." President Cleveland, I see, has been entertaining at Easter the orphan children of Garfield. This is one of the best testimonials I have seen to Cleveland's upright domestic intentions.—Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE Youth's Leader.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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ALL articles accepted for publication in THE YOUTH'S LEADER are paid for within a month after publication.

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Copy for advertisements must be in by the 20th of each month preceding publication month.

Entered at the Post Office at Canajoharie, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.

TE-KO-HA-RA-WA FALLS.

We owe our readers an apology this month for the non-appearance of the sketch of Te-ko-ha-ra-wa Falls, which we promised them would appear in this issue.

A combination of circumstances renders it impossible for us to fulfill our agreement in that respect and we trust that all will deal leniently with us and overlook that which is an impossibility for us to accomplish.

We had made arrangements with a well-known and popular author for the sketch before our May number was issued and expected no disappointment on that score. We paid no more attention to the matter until desiring to place the manuscript in the compositor's hands, when we were startled at being told that it was not prepared and consequently could not be published.

Our engraver did not disappoint us, however, and we take pleasure in presenting to each and every reader of this issue of THE LEADER a splendid engraving of that magnificent piece of scenery known as

TEKOHARAWA FALLS.

A WORD TO "AMERICAN" READERS.

Nearly all subscribers of *The American* (formerly published by C. F. Gettemy at Galesburgh, Ill.) whose subscription list we have been filling, will receive this number of THE LEADER with an "X" opposite the paragraph headed renewals, denoting that their subscription has expired.

We cordially invite each and every one of them to renew their subscriptions and believe that nowhere else can they obtain so much good reading matter for so little money as by subscribing for THE LEADER. Renew!

A WONDERFUL FIND.

The Earth Opens and Swallows a Large Tree—A Farmer's Narrow Escape—A New Entrance to Howe's Cave, Which We Described in Our Last Issue.

A few days ago a farmer living near Howe's cave was ploughing in a field about half a mile from the cave's mouth. He stopped for a few moments to rest himself and horses under the spreading branches of a tree.

THE TREE DISAPPEARS.

Moving on a little distance he turned and looking back was dumbfounded to see that the large tree was gone. He ran back and almost fell into a great chasm which had swallowed the tree and a plat of land.

AN OUTLET TO THE CAVE.

It is believed that this will lead to the discovery of an outlet from the rear of Howe's cave, and should this theory prove correct the field will be more valuable to the farmer than before the shade tree disappeared from view.

Bright, cheerful, prosperous and as fresh as the roses bearing the name of its date, THE YOUTH'S LEADER smilingly greets its host of subscribers to-day and tenders them its sincerest regards for their welfare.

It is exactly a month ago to-day since THE LEADER first saw the light of day, but what a month of triumph it has witnessed! Our friends have stood by us nobly in our new venture and we earnestly thank each and every one of them who have interested themselves in our welfare.

Meanwhile, let the good work go on with renewed vigor. Don't stand around with your hands in your pockets, like a chicken with the cholera, but send for a bundle of specimen copies and terms to agents and go to work at once.

"THE EXCHANGERS' AID."

We have secured the right, title and good-will of *The Exchangers' Aid* and have merged it into THE YOUTH'S LEADER. All subscribers of *The Aid* will receive THE LEADER until the expiration of their subscriptions, when we hope to receive an immediate renewal from each and every name now on our books.

"THE YOUTH'S LEADER"

Is always on file at the following Agencies, where Advertisers can leave their favors and be sure of obtaining our lowest rates:

W. G. WHILDEN, JR., Pelzer, S. C.
R. L. WATKINS' ADV. BUREAU, Prospect, Ohio.

LITTLE "LEADER'S."

—Warmer!

—Rejected MSS. will not be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose. Contributors will please bear this in mind.

A RARE LIBRARY.

Adolph Sutro's Unique Collection in San Francisco.

The San Francisco Alta says that for several years past Adolph Sutro has been quietly buying up rare books and manuscripts at public and private sales through his agents and personally, with the expressed intention of some day erecting a suitable building and place his valuable library at the disposal of the public. There are now on the shelves about 60,000 volumes, which is only the beginning of a proposed library of many hundreds of thousands of volumes. There are hundreds of volumes, known as incunabula—that is, works printed previous to the year 1500, when the art of printing was in its infancy—bibles that date back to 1483, with their elaborate illuminated initials. There is also the whole Talmud complete in 12 volumes.

There is in the collection a photograph of the first letter written from California. The letter is dated at Monterey, Dec. 25, 1602, and was sent to Spain by Sebastian Vescanio. Mr. Sutro secured this photograph at Seville by special permission of the King of Spain. The works cover the range of all the arts and sciences. The library will be pretty rich in botanical works, many of which date back in the fifteenth century. Atlases, histories, travels, and dictionaries are in great number. The antique illustrated works on medicine and surgery will be of great interest to physicians and medical students. There is also a very fine edition of the complete works of William Hogarth. One little volume exhibited yesterday is a presentation copy of a work on English military discipline, presented by Charles II. to Lord Cornwallis in 1682. There are in the collection over 10,000 tracts and pamphlets of the time of Charles I. There is a very large collection of Hebrew and Arabic manuscripts, which have not yet been thoroughly examined. Mr. Sutro says that the British Museum Directors will send out men to overhaul these manuscripts and definitely ascertain their character and value. A curious exhibition is a copy of the famous Vinegar Bible, published in England in 1717. The edition is so named because of a typographical error that occurs in the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, where the word vinegar is substituted for vineyard. Many of the works are illustrated with elegant and costly plates, notably illustrations of statuary, of national costumes, and of the Ogle collection of gems. A large number of files of the London Morning Chronicle, dating back to 1760, are among the large collection of newspapers and periodicals. There is a two-volume work on California, originally written in 1758 by a Jesuit named Miguel Venegas. An interesting exhibit is a letter written by Martha Washington to Mrs. Lord Fairfax and dated May 17, 1798.

Mr. Sutro has a large scrap-book containing autographs of Lafayette, Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, St. Vincent, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Dickens, Tom Taylor, Buckstone, Charles Mathews, and many other celebrities. A prayer-book and psalter, once the property of Charles I., is in Mr. Sutro's collection. Among the Egyptian curios are several mummies, one of a lady who died 3,800 years ago. There is one mummy head that is in so perfect a condition that the little ringlets of hair are plainly visible on the skull. There are several perfect hands and feet. One hand still retains the long, well-shaped nails and on the wrist a beaded bracelet. A miniature Egyptian canoe with human figures attracts one's attention, as it was taken from a grave, and is claimed to be 4,000 years old, dating back to the time of Abraham, about 1903 B. C. There is also a small collection of insects found in the Soudan.

Saw a Fine Opening.

"Just got back from Washington, have you?"
"Yes, made good time, too."
"How did you make out?"
"First-rate!"
"Did you see the President?"
"Oh, yes!"
"Did he do anything for you?"
"Yes, indeed, he pointed out an opening for me."
"Did you take it?"
"I just did."
"What was the opening?"
"The door!"
"Oh!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

War Papers.

A reporter who was curious to know what effect the introduction of war literature had had upon the circulation of the Century Magazine made inquiries of President Smith. The series of sketches by Union and Confederate generals has about doubled the circulation of the monthly in something over five months. "Mr. Gilder," said Mr. Smith, "the editor of the magazine, asked me one day if I would publish an article on John Brown by a Southerner. 'Yes,' I said, 'if it is a good article and does not abuse the old hero in his grave.' Mr. Gilder brought it, and we then sent it to Mr. B. Sanborn, who wrote on the same subject from the Northern standpoint. We published both, and watched with some anxiety the newspaper comments, for we have to depend on the newspapers to feel the great pulse of the public. The response showed clearly that the people, both North and South, were in a mood to listen calmly and with deep interest to discussions of the tender and sad topics of twenty odd years ago. We followed with Beauregard's account of the Battle of Bull Run. That was more dangerous and also more successful, and from that time we have had no hesitation in continuing the series indefinitely. It has popularized the Century in all sections, and aroused interest not only among those who fought on either side and who witnessed the struggle, but in those born during and since the war."

What Mr. Smith calls feeling the great pulse of the public by reading the newspapers is committed to several young men and women, who daily plod through a mass of 3,500 journals. Every comment on the articles in the Century is extracted. Mr. Brainerd, one of these readers, keeps a huge volume, which is an index of these journals, with hieroglyphics to indicate the character of the articles printed. There is a scheme afoot in New York to get up a subscription book written by war correspondents and illustrated by war artists. Such a work, written with a view to giving accounts of the great battles, with a spice of personal adventure thrown in, would be very popular.

GILES HAS THE EARACHE.

He Tries Alcohol, Laudanum and Sweet Oil With Shocking Results.

A Texas paper reports an unusual and distressing case of earache. One Giles, who must have been too green for a cow-boy, suffered all the tortures of a man with boils. He had the patience of Job and bore up with Christian fortitude. But there is a point in pain beyond which human nature ceases to be amiable no matter whether the afflicted be saint or sinner.

When Giles was in a ripe mood, or rather when his earache had about driven him frantic and he didn't care a continental whether school kept or not, a treacherous friend whom he met took

compassion on him and said he had heard that alcohol was good for the earache.

He forgot to tell poor Giles whether it was to be taken internally or applied externally, and Giles, being well-nigh crazy, seized the remedy and used it both ways. It, of course, did not have the desired effect, so he rushed into a drug store and cried for something to relieve him of the pain. He said nothing about having poured alcohol in his ear. The druggist unwittingly prepared a mixture of laudanum and sweet oil, some of which was dropped into Giles' troublesome auricle. The last preparation coming in contact with the alcohol they ignited. Moral—When troubled with earache, and alcohol is recommended use it only in the old-fashion way, that is take it as they do in the Blue Grass region, which is straight.

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Played Square Occasionally.

"Good morning, Mr. Alderman, can you give me anything to do?"
"What is your business?"
"I'm a gambler, sir."
"Square or crooked?"
"Well, both—sometimes one, sometimes t'other."
"You occasionally play a square game, do you?"
"Yes, sir?"
"Then I've nothing for you. We want some election judges, but you won't do."
—*Chicago News*



THE MINER'S STORY.

Journeying westward on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe the other day, two old Westerners sat together, smoking and chatting. Presently the conductor came along, bit the end off a cigar, lighted it, and joined them. One of the men was a miner, and the other a cattle raiser. They were both full of anecdote. The miner first got his feet upon the back of the seat ahead of him and remarked slowly: "Seven years ago this winter was a mighty dull season in our camp. The weather was colder'n usual, there wasn't any water, we were short of grub, and the Indians were very troublesome. We had about fifteen or sixteen in the camp I believe, and we had to go pretty easy on our edibles, so as to make them last. I had been keeping several men there, thinking every day that we'd strike something rich, and when they got more and more dissatisfied I promised them bigger and bigger shares. I could see that the men were getting about ready to jump me, and that they had begun to look upon me as something of a lunatic. They would hold long conferences together, speaking in low tones, and when I came around they would pretend to be talking about the weather or something of that kind. I had used them all pretty well, and they hated to leave me, but they were getting uneasy.

"One day toward sundown, when I was about ready to give up myself, a young Mexican couple, who were bound for Sonora, straggled into our diggings, a good deal the worse for wear. They had been up in Colorado, and had started for home with a team driver, but the Indians had got on their trail, killed the driver, and stolen the horses and wagon. The travelers managed to get away while the driver was holding the savages at bay, and, lying in hiding until nightfall, they had worked their way on foot into our camp. The young woman was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She was about sick abed when she arrived, but the next day she was around as chipper as anybody, and the boys were making themselves very agreeable. Says I to myself: 'This is a special dispensation of Providence; if I can keep the girl here for awhile there will be no trouble about the boys staying too.' I never heard a word of anything coming from them that day or the next."

"I was a little afraid the miner would get jealous and knife somebody; but then I thought if he does the rest of the boys will finish him, and then we'll have the girl any way. The Mexican seemed anxious to get away, but I made one excuse and another for not helping him right away, and one day he was missing. He had eloped during the night leaving the girl with us. Well, she was pretty well cast down for awhile, but I explained to her that probably her husband had gone on to get horses and an escort, and that he had taken this course because he knew she would have objected to going alone. This faint hope seemed to give her some comfort, and the rest of the boys fell in with me, and it became the settled conviction about the camp that he would be back presently. She livened up some, and the boys made themselves very agreeable. When two weeks had gone by and nothing as yet had been heard of her husband she insisted on being taken home, and offered us any amount of money, which she said her father would pay, if we would escort her over the border. I began to fear that her husband was never coming back, and, to tell the truth, I had a still stronger suspicion of something else; so I agreed to start with her the next morning at sunrise, and told the boys to be in readiness. That afternoon we heard unearthly screams up one of the gulches away, and several of the boys, running up with blanched faces to see what the matter was, found the little woman beside a new made and very shallow grave, into which she had dug far enough to discover the body of her husband. As the boys stood there aghast, she sprang up quickly, and, drawing a revolver, shot two of them dead before any of us could find voice. I threw up my hands and begged of her to desist, and when some of the boys grabbed their guns, I pulled mine and made them put them up. Then I got her back to the cabin, disarmed her, set one trusty fellow to watch her, and called the others up into the gulch. We uncovered the dead man

and found two bullet holes in the back. "Who put them there?" said I sternly to the men. "The two men whom she shot," they answered. "Impossible!" says I. "How could she know?" "She didn't know. She just hit them by chance," said one of the party. "We know when they did it, but we didn't want to say anything about it. They thought to rob him and run off with her, but she seemed to be afraid of them more than of the others." "Well, I got kind of tired of that place after that, and when I got things ready to take her home I packed up my own things also, and as we set out I says to the boys: 'Good-bye, old men. You can work the claim or not, just as you please. It ain't likely that I'll ever be here again.' And I never did go back. They slunk away after a while, too, and I've heard that nobody has ever worked there since. I took the girl home to her father, and left her there. She's there now. Yes, I see her occasionally. In fact, I don't mind telling you she's my wife, and has been for two or three years."

About Summer Tourists.

"The season is opening," writes a plain-talking correspondent to the New York Graphic, "for the town and country to mingle, but not to permanently mix. That they never do. Young Money-penny, or Miss Flimsy, may go down to Farmer Slipshod or the Widow Skimmers to spend a few weeks or the summer, and he may flirt with Miss Slipshod, or she with young Skimmers; but they don't marry, nor do they invite the Slipshods or the Skimmers to visit them in town during the winter, although these worthy country people labor under the delusion that they should. Now, why should they? The Slipshods and the Skimmers 'took 'em in' for the filthy lucre, and got as much of it out of them as possible, and the matter ceases. The town and the country do not marry, and when they do it is always with after regret. A country wife has to go through a city training, and when she does is almost invariably spoiled and more extravagant and independent than one to the manor born. Remember this, summer tourists."

ELLEN TERRY'S CLOTHES.

The Remarkable Taste Displayed in Gowns and Boots.

One of the most notable things about Miss Terry is her utter unconsciousness of dress. As long as she has anything on she does not seem to care much what it is; that is, if it is comfortable. All her clothes fit her in the loosest manner, and you feel that if she should shake herself violently she would shake everything off. She likes to feel free and untrammelled, and she must, to move around as she does. She is never still for two minutes at a time, and it would be impossible to move about in this way if she wore tight clothes. I don't believe there is a woman in the world that dresses as she does, and yet she gives no thought to her dress. She wears what is comfortable to her, and she thinks of nothing but comfort. I suppose that people who do not know her imagine that, being one of the leading actresses of the world, she dresses in the most expensive and gorgeous style; that she wears nothing but the gayest Paris hats and the most dainty Paris boots. On the contrary, I do not believe she has a thing that ever saw Paris; certainly her hat and boots never did. She has worn the same hat for the two seasons that she has been in America; and although she has been here in the winter both times, her hat is a little brown straw turban with a brown veil wound around it. Sometimes she pins a bunch of natural flowers—violets as a general thing—in the side of her hat, and forgets to take them out after they are faded. She likes this hat because it is light; she says her head is always hot, and because she can pick it up and put it on, and take it off and throw it down on the floor or on the table or anywhere, and not bother about it. As a rule, she likes to pull it off the first thing when she comes in the room and to run her fingers through her yellow hair, which stands up around her head like a halo. Her shoes have not the common-sense recommendations of her hat. They are pumps that she bought for Olivia, with a great high heel

in the middle of the sole, and the toes sharpened off to the finest point. They are made of stout leather, and ornamented with a big steel buckle. She wears these low shoes summer and winter, but she says they are the most comfortable things that she ever had on her feet; that before she wore them she used to wear "common-sense" shoes, made with great attention to the anatomy of the foot, and she never had a minute's happiness in them. When she played Olivia, she bought these pumps as a part of her costume, and they were so comfortable that she has never worn anything else since. No one could deny that Miss Terry was not the most strikingly dressed person in any room; but I venture to say that she would be the most inexpensively dressed. She has her gowns made of anything that strikes her fancy, whether she sees it in a dry goods shop or an upholsterer's. The stuff is the thing she looks for, without regard to the dictates of fashion.

"Sunset" Cox and His Mother.

I reached here in time to receive the conscious and precious blessing of my mother on her dying bed. "God unlocked her weary star" so peacefully that it seemed like the unrippled calm of a lake reflecting a serene and cloudless heaven. I could not have gone on my mission abroad with such a dear one in life at home. In one sense I may now go without "dragging each remove a lengthening chain of filial fear." This loss of my mother is the greatest affliction I ever knew. My mother was more to me than words can tell. She is one of the bonds which binds me to Maryland. Thus: My grandfather, my mother's father, was Judge Samuel Sullivan. He came to Ohio in 1804, from New Castle, Del. His grandfather came over with Lord Baltimore. I have heard my grandfather say that he remembered his grandmother counting her beads. These Quaker-Methodists of Northern Delaware and early Ohio, when they immigrated to Ohio, were three generations before devout Catholics. But the change of faith never swerved the ancestral integrity. My mother's father, Judge Sullivan—whose name I bear—was selected as the trustworthy Senator for the office of State Treasurer in 1818, when the treasury had been despoiled, and on his bond was every member of the Legislature. This is one of the incidents I love to recall; and as I lay my blessed mother away to-day I feel an honest pride in her honest ancestry which compensates for many poignancies. —Letter to a friend in Baltimore.

In a Ticklish Position.

The following story is told of the late jockey Dan Mace: In the palmy days of the Tweed ring, Harry W. Genet, commonly known as "Prince Hal," matched his team of mares, a black and a bay, against a pair owned by the notorious "Jim" Irving, to trot for one thousand dollars a side on the Fashion track. Mace drove the mares, and Samuel McLaughlin the Irving team. McLaughlin was instructed to win at all hazards, but Mace took the first heat easily and the betting became hot. Mace was then quietly offered a thousand dollars to let the other side win, but refused it. A gang of bad fellows were in attendance, and the plan was, if Mace proved obdurate, to disable him by violence. "Joe" Coburn, although interested in the success of the Irving horses, contrived to drop a hint in the old jockey's ear of what was going on. Presently the gang began to close around Mace; but, quick as thought, he wheeled about and called out: "Keep your distance! If one of you attempts to lay his hand on me, I'll drop him." He was not molested, for everybody knew that he meant what he said; and he won the race with a couple of ugly-looking pistol butts sticking out of his pockets.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

The New Method of School Instruction as to the Effects of Alcohol.

Hereafter the public schools of Missouri and other states are to have a new study. It is an easy matter to show that the intemperate use of alcohol drinks has a very injurious effect upon the human system, and it is thought that much good may be accomplished by demonstrating the fact to the rising generation. Text books on the subject have been ordered and will be sold to the scholars when school opens. It is suggested that the school boards having under consideration this commendable scheme should, to make the pursuit of

knowledge on this point entertaining as well as instructive, provide charts and other maps of the plain drunk, the fight-



ing drunk and the drunk convivial, with diagrams and specifications showing the manner in which heads are swollen beyond their natural size by the demon drink. An occasional lecture on the cause and effect of hair pulling and red noses, as well as the quantity of whiskey needed to make a man happy, hilarious, ugly or despondent, and the exact condition he must be in when he undertakes to go to bed with his boots on, whips his wife or commits suicide, would also be of service.



After one or two terms of this sort of instruction if the young scholars are not in a frame of mind which will lead them to sample the first whiskey they come across, they will be very different from the rest of mankind.

"His Name Was Dennis."

Laconic conversation accidentally overheard on a West bound train: "So you've been down to Washington, have you?" "Yes." "Looking for an office?" "Yes." "Life long Democrat, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Always worked hard for your party?" "Yes." "Spent your money freely every campaign?" "Yes." "Thought you were entitled to recognition, did you?" "Yes." "Let's see—what did you say your name was?" "Dennis."

The Effect Of Culture.

Boston girl (to Uncle James, a farmer)—Do you like living on a farm, Uncle James?

Uncle James—Yes, I like it very much. Boston Girl—I suppose it is nice enough in the glad Summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather Winter apples and harvest Winter wheat I imagine might be anything but pleasant.

Sowing Wheat in Dakota.

Advices from Fargo May 5th, were in effect that the wheat crop was all in. Thirteen thousand acres of the Alton farm, 30,000 acres of the Cass and Cheney farms, and 20,000 of the Grandin farms have been seeded. The acreage seeded in north Dakota will be ten per cent. less than last year.

Natural History Dep't.

(EDITED BY F. KINSEY.)

THE FLAMINGO.

The Flamingo is a species of birds which until recently was placed by naturalists among the *grallatores*, (waders), but is now generally ranked among the *palmyrides*, (swimmers). The bill is large, deeper than broad and suddenly curves downwards near the centre, so that when the bird seeks its food, either in the water or mud, it makes use of the bill in a reversed position, the upper mandible being below. The upper surface of the tongue is furnished on both sides and at the base with numerous small, flexible horny spines, directed backwards. They seldom make use of their webbed feet for swimming, to which the length of their legs is not well adapted, the use of the membrane being rather to support them on soft muddy bottoms.

The Flamingo, as its name implies, is of a deep red color, which is very handsome. The bill towards the end is black, the remainder being yellow. The quill feathers are also black, but all other parts of the bird are scarlet-red.

The body of the Flamingo is not larger than that of a goose, but is elevated on a pair of red legs nearly three feet into the air, while the neck is long enough to reach the ground very easily. They feed on small fish and water insects, and when feeding keep their feet almost constantly in motion, in order to start their prey.

The nest of this bird is singularly constructed, being formed of mud in the shape of a little hill, with a cavity at the top. This hill is so high that when the bird is sitting on the nest her legs fall down over the side, instead of being placed under her, like other birds. In this manner she sits with her legs at full length on one side of nest.

The Flamingo inhabits the shallow waters or salt marshes of tropical countries, chiefly those of Asia and Africa, or on the banks of rivers or inland lakes, and by their large size and rich colors make a brilliant spectacle. The American Flamingo is more of an orange tint and is abundant on many parts of the eastern and western coasts of America.

HIGH PRICED EGGS.

The New York *San* contains the following: Two eggs of the great auk, supposed to be extinct, recently sold in an auction room in Edinburgh for \$16.00. They were afterwards sold in London, one fetching \$500.00 and the other 102 guineas. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for an egg, except a single specimen of a moa egg, which was sold in London in 1865 for \$1,000, or £200.

A nest of these would be worth finding, provided one could find purchasers at the above prices.

CLIPPINGS.

—An eyeless chicken is on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition.

—A Vermont individual claims to have a hen thirty-nine years old.

THE OLD READING CLASS IN "DISTRICT NUMBER THREE."

BY WILL CARLETON.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;

We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the night world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we coned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint,
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now; he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Good, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, Oh peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

—Harper's Monthly.

A Long Telegraph Wire.

Sometimes when all the conditions are favorable, a telegraph wire is worked direct from Chicago to San Francisco, a distance of 2,500 miles; but the feat is unusual and infrequent. The Pittsburgh Times says the longest and most complicated circuit in the world is one which is operated by the United Press Association. The wires run from New York to Nashville, Tenn., 2,635 miles, touching Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Norfolk, Grafton, W. Va., Pittsburg, Newark, O., Chicago, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Louisville, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Peoria and many other places. The circuit is worked by a very skillful arrangement of repeaters with as perfect a result as if it were only a few hundred miles in length. General Manager Phillips thinks that by the method in use, 10,000 miles of wire can be worked and before long New Orleans, Boston, San Francisco and intermediate points will be on one wire.

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100 Fine white Envelopes, with name business and address neatly printed on them and sent postpaid for only 35 cents. Address, **BARRETT BROTHERS,** Canjoharie, N. Y.

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All Tools needed for Repairs.
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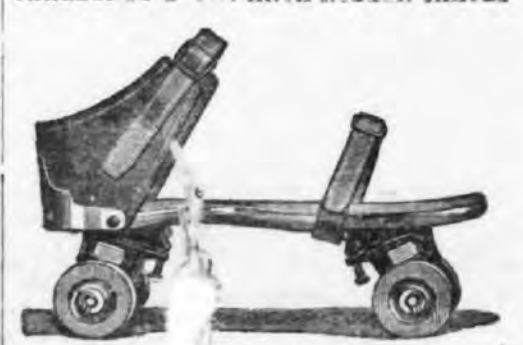
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Shells a bushel a minute; Fanning Mills, Feed Mills, Farmers' Feed Cooker, &c. Save money and send for circular.

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Drop-Leaf Table, Five Drawers, Cover Box and all attachments. Buy the Latest, Newest and Best. All Machines Warranted to give Satisfaction. Thousands sold to go to all parts of the Country. SEND FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

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Mineralogy Department.

(EDITED BY F. KINNEY.)

SERPENTINE.

Serpentine is a mineral composed of silica and magnesia, in nearly equal proportions, with about 13 to 15 per cent of water, and a little protoxide of iron. It is generally green, black, or red, the color sometimes uniform, sometimes spotted, clouded, or veined. It receives its name from the serpent-like form which the veins often assume, and is cut and turned into ornaments of various kinds. Precious or Noble Serpentine is of a dark green color, hard enough to receive a good polish, translucent, and sometimes contains imbedded garnets, which form red spots and add much to its beauty. The ancient Romans used it for pillars and for other ornamental purposes, and vases, boxes, etc., are still made of it, and highly prized. The ancients ascribed to it imaginary medicinal virtues. It is a rare mineral.

SILVER.

Silver is a metal which, in its compact state, is of a brilliant white color, possessing the metallic luster to a remarkable degree, is capable of being highly polished, and gives a clear, ringing sound when struck. It is harder than gold but softer than copper, and is one of the most ductile of metals. It is malleable, and may be hammered into thin leaves, and drawn out into very fine wire. The thinnest silver leaf is only one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch in thickness, and one grain of the metal is capable of being drawn out into 400 feet of wire. It possesses a high degree of ductility, a wire one-twelfth of an inch diameter being able to support a weight of nearly 188 pounds.

Silver, like gold, has been known and prized since the earliest ages. The silver mines of Mexico were, until quite recently by far the richest known to the world, and their estimated annual yield is 600,000 pounds, Troy, of the pure metal. Until the remarkable discoveries of silver ore in Nevada and adjoining states in 1859 and '60, Chili and Peru had long stood next to Mexico in their yield, each furnishing about one-sixth of that country. Bolivia is also rich in silver, but the recent extraordinary development of silver mining in the western part of the United States appears to have raised their product to at least a par with that of Mexico, so that these two countries now furnish three-fourths of all the silver mined in the world.

The total value of the product of silver in this country between the years of 1858 and 1879 amounted to \$356,572,260.

At the New Orleans exposition one of the chief attractions in the Mexican exhibit is a great block of silver weighing 510 pounds, while in the Colorado exhibit is a massive pyramid built of gold and silver ores, and a cabin built of 4,000 pieces of the precious metals.

Mrs. Sarah Hammond, of Carthage, N. Y., has a relic in the form of an old family bible, printed in Holland in 1736. It is four inches thick and weighs 17 pounds. Large sums of money have been offered for it, but Mrs. Hammond will not part with it.

WANTED.

Wants" inserted at five cents per line, insertion, cash in advance.

Turnes Foot-Power Circular and Scroll saw combined. Address, LEADER office.

HUNTING THE CONDOR.

NOVEL WAR DECLARED BY CHILIANS.

The Government Offers a Reward for the Heads of the Vultures—A Wonderful Bird.

"The Chilean government has declared and is carrying on a novel war," said Cornelius W. Wyerson, of New York, who arrived home from South America recently, "and that is a war of extermination against the gigantic vulture of the Andes, the condor. The government issued a proclamation last year declaring the birds to be an enemy of the republic. Condors have increased so rapidly within the past few years all along the western slope of the great mountain chain which is the habitat that they have become by their foul habits a scourge that has increased the already sufficiently unwholesome character of the country. With the hope of exterminating them or greatly decreasing their numbers, the government in its proclamation, offered a bounty of \$5 for every condor killed. A friend of mine who lives in Chili wrote to me that he believed there was a chance to make a great deal of money by engaging in condor hunting, and as I had several years' experience in mountain climbing and hunting all sorts of wild beasts and birds both in this and other countries, I went down there last fall to see what there might be in this condor hunting. Well, I was there five months, and after a persistent campaign against the condor with guns and traps I made up my mind that a man has got to be 100 per cent smarter than I am if he ever gets rich on condor bounties, and that if the Chilean government expects to rid itself of its big-winged outlaw it will have to detail every man, woman and child in the country to take up arms against it.

"The hunting of condors has been a regular business in the Andes mountains for many years, and the natives have made some money by it, but like all the vulture family, the condor grows suspicious and wary from contact with mankind, and it has grown to know and fear a gun so that it is next to impossible to get within gunshot of one. Snare traps are now the only means by which condors may be taken with any certainty, and they have learned to be on the lookout for them. These birds have the most wonderful powers of vision and flight of any living creature of the air. Perched on mountain peaks above the clouds, they watch the trails which mules and llamas follow with their burdens thousands of feet below them, and if an animal dies and is left on the plain, these monster vultures see it, and although no human sight can discover the presence of a single bird, in a few seconds' time they will be seen dropping down from the clouds like thunderbolts. Formerly the hunter took advantage of this swooping down upon the carcasses of dead animals by hiding within gunshot and picking up one or two condors before they could rise out of range. Traps were also set beside dead bodies of mules and other animals, but this was rarely done since fully now, so wary has the condor become. The same wonderful eyes that keep the trailing caravan in view or discover the carcass left lying for its use, notes also the hunter hiding with his gun, or the trapper protruding his snare by the carcass, and the bird remains as silently on its perch. To shoot it on the wing, unless you are fortunate enough to be secreted near some lofty peak when the bird comes sailing through the clouds to seek its prey, is entirely out of the question, for it flies at altitudes such as no other bird attains. This flying is swift, however, far above the snow line for a chance to put a ball through a condor is something that requires more gun and nerve than the average hunter can boast, and consequently there are not many condors killed on the wing. These birds hatch their young among the snow-covered crags of the Andes, sometimes 12,000 feet above the sea, and the bird has been seen at an altitude of 20,000 feet. Once in a great while you may hear of some hunter bold enough to clamber to the nesting places among these crags in search of condor nests, as the capture of the young or the eggs is as profitable as killing a grown bird, but such exploits are few and far between. There are always two eggs in a nest, and as there is nothing that ventures to make the condor its prey except the hunter, when a condor makes its nest it does so with more certainty that there will be more of its kind added to the family in the course of time than does any other bird or beast. Traps are set as high among these nesting places as the hunter can dare to venture, and many of the

birds are captured in that way.

"There is no more startling sight than from some snowy rock so high in the mountains that the clouds hide the world from your view to see one of these immense birds break suddenly through the dense vapor below you and sail upward with the broad sweep of its powerful wings into the haunts where it dwells alone in the solitude. It seems like some winged demon daring to seek the realms of temperature beyond which human existence is impossible, and is at home among the snowy peaks of Chili and Peru as well as upon the burning sands of Patagonia. With a sweep of wing twelve feet in extent the swiftness of a condor's flight is such that it will sail out of sight, notwithstanding its great size, within the space of a very few minutes. It may with ease eat its breakfast in the northern Andes and twelve hours later go to roost among the peaks of the southern sea coast.

"If it were possible to get at the nests of the condor so that its eggs might be destroyed, there might be some chance that the outlawed bird would in time be exterminated, but the systematic sowing of icy pebbles to the height of anywhere from 12,000 to 20,000 feet above the ocean for the purpose of bird-catching, even at \$5 a nest, is not likely to ever come to pass. Poisoning of the birds might be made effectual, but unless some poison can be made so deadly that it will kill the bird as it stands over the carcass it is devouring, that means of extermination cannot be made practical. The hunter must produce the evidence that he has killed a condor before he can secure the bounty. That evidence is the bird's head. A poisoned bird would carry that evidence with him and die with it among inaccessible peaks. The poisoning of condors has been tried and was not satisfactory to the hunters. I am of the opinion that this bird has the quality of self-preservation developed too largely to make its annihilation even remotely probable. When the last South American dies there will be plenty of condors ready to devour his body if they have the opportunity."

What She Sang.

She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang—
 "Mid play sure and pal ace, though beam a
 Be it averts, oh wum bull there, snow play sly
 H, aris from thesk eyeseam stew wallow a
 Witch ^{swear!} through the whirl disceerm of
 there 't a dry eye in the tabernacle,
 bro if the program hadn't said in clear,
 sing "Sweet Home," a man might have
 thought his teeth loose without ever
 gu ^{—Brooklyn Eagle.}

New Way to Raise a Moustache.

The way to raise a moustache is to rub salt on your upper lip before retiring at night, and place a tub of water at the side of the bed. If there is any moustache in embryo it will crawl out to get a drink.

FOR SALE.

("For Sales" inserted at five cents per line, each insertion, cash in advance. It is our intention to make this a column for the people by inserting short notices at a merely nominal rate.—Ed.)

1,300 new names and addresses, of which 600 are live agents, for 25 cents.
 B. N. JOHNSON,
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An old-fashioned Mahogany Cabinet. Very antique, and a prize for any one desiring a magnificent piece of ancient furniture. First class condition. Price \$25.00. Also two old Spinning Wheels, for sale cheap. Address, S. J. LEADER office, CANTONVILLE, N. Y.

Chromos and engravings, all styles, beauties. C-2 samples, 10x14, 25c. 1 sample, 17x24, 20c. 1 sample, 22x28, 25c., or all for 75c. A present worth \$1. free with every order for samples.
 W. T. SMITH, LOGANSVILLE, PA.

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Fair Haven Power Press, 28x10.....\$300.00
 Columbian self inker, 8x12.....25.00
 200 lbs Long Primer at 20 cents per lb. 100 lbs Brevier at 22 cents per lb. Will sell either in small lots. Also a large assortment of job and display types, borders, cuts, column rules, stands, cases, etc. In fact a complete newspaper and job office, for sale cheap. Send stamp for catalogue and prices. Address,
 J. MILLER, Canajoharie, N. Y.
 Mention The Youth's Leader. 2m m&j

ADVERTISERS 600 names of live agents for 25 cents. Address
 M. HAZELIP, MARCELLUS, KY.
 oct59pd

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T. S. SPARROW, Verona, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

Calcite from Howe's Cave, 15 cents. Petrified Wood, 15 cents. Address,
 G. E. WELLS, Ames, N. Y.

If you want to buy or sell a 2d-hand press etc. Send postal to W. W. JOHNSON, No 408 Salineville, Ohio

SCARCE Photo's for cents only sample 30c. circular free. HAZELLET & BRO, MARCELLUS, KY.

125 mixed foreign stamps rare British colonies S. A. etc. 8 cts. 65 foreign 5 cts price list free. E. L. WARNER, 739 W Madison Street CHICAGO, Illinois.

Everybody Read This

and then send 25 cents for 3 months subscription to the "UNION NEWS" a weekly paper that is sure to make you laugh, (no charge for the laugh,) or send 50 cents for one year and receive a patent screw driver free worth at least one dollar. Address, UNION NEWS, BASIL, OHIO.

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 Having bought the entire stock of a bankrupt card firm, I am able to make the above unheard of offers. Samples 4 cents, no postals. Address, A. F. HINKLEY, RANGELEY, ME.

CLEAN Tombstones and clear \$12 a day. 7 methods with full instructions, \$1. Particulars to those who mean business free WHITE STONE CO., Logansville, O. Mention THE LEADER.

STAMPS Agents and Collectors send for a sheet on approval. 50 per cent commission. References or a cash deposit required. Address, W. T. SMITH, Logansville, York Co. Pa. Mention The Youth's Leader. 3maug85.

\$10 A day to sell Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. H. B. SAUNDERS, Hamburg N. Y. Mention Leader. Imj

DON'T READ THIS! Boys, if you want to get a good bargain for your friends, as well as for yourself, send for one of our unexcelled sheets of stamps, on approval. Twenty-five per cent commission. Another papers please insert for three mo's and send bill. Address, INTERNATIONAL STAMP CO., 9 Central St., West Gardner, Mass. Mention THE YOUTH'S LEADER. 3maug85

6 CENTS ONLY! "The Maiden Mother," "Beauty Revealed," "How to do it," bound in paper covers, 75c. each or all for \$2. Address, Stamps taken. CHARLES MITCHELL, Worcester, N. Y. Mention The Leader.

AGENTS WANTED!!

No license to pay. One Agent made \$4 profit of \$10.85 in 3 hours work. Entirely new, (suitable for either sex.) Will pay salary if preferred. Send 5 one ct. stamps for circulars and full particulars. Address AGENTS SUPPLY HOUSE, Mention The Leader. South Bend, Ind. sep85

Philatelic Department.

(EDITED BY PHRANQUE.)

NEW ISSUES.

BRAZIL.—A new type of the 50 reis, blue, has been issued. The beard of Dom Pedro is longer, nearly reaching the frame.

CEYLON.—The following recent surcharges are reported by the *Collector's Companion*: "Postage and Revenue, Five Cents," on the 8, 16, 32, 36, 48, 64 and 96c. "Ten Cents" on 24c. (purple) and 64c. "Fifteen Cents" on 16c. "Twenty Cents" on 32c. "Thirty Cents" on 36c. "Twenty-eight Cents" on 48c. "Fifty-six Cents" on 96c.

GUINEA.—Three new post cards have appeared: 10 reis, blue on buff; 20 reis, carmine on buff and 30 reis, green on buff.

JAMAICA.—The 4d. is now printed in green and the 2d. in slate.

JAPAN.—Reply cards have been issued as follows: 1 sen, carmine; 2 sen, carmine; 3 sen, orange on white card.

MONTSERRAT.—The color of the 2d. has been changed to blue and the 4d. to lilac.

NATAL.—Two new wrappers have been issued: 4d. brown and 1d. carmine. The 1d. adhesive has been surcharged "Half Penny."

POUNTCHE.—The following stamps have been issued for this country: 1/2 anna, red on white paper; 1, 2 and 4 annas, red on yellow paper; also 1 anna, blue on white paper. They increase in size as their value increases.

SPAIN.—A provisional post card has been issued. Value, 5c.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.—The 6d. green has been surcharged 4d.

TURKS ISLAND.—A paid reply card has been issued, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2, red-brown on buff.

NOTES.

In a Trenton store window there is on exhibition a revenue stamp of the \$5,000 denomination. According to an inscription on the frame it is "the largest and highest value adhesive stamp ever issued by any government in the world." Its size is 4 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches.

The number of letters posted in the world yearly is said to be 52,000,000,000.

5,000,000 of the new special delivery stamps will be issued, that being the number for the next fiscal year.

Our *American Youth* now illustrates the new issues in its Philatelic department.

STAMPS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Western Australia first issued stamps in 1855. These consisted of two values—2 pence, black on red paper, and 6 pence, bronze. Description:—Swan swimming with wavy lines on each side, in lined octagon, surrounded by a solid frame on which is inscribed in white letters "POSTAGE" above, "WESTERN" at left, "AUSTRALIA" at right sides and value below. Watermark, a swan. They were unperforated.

These stamps were also issued rouletted in the same year.

In 1857 a 4 pence, blue, stamp was issued, unperforated and rouletted. The design was similar to the last issue, the background being reticulated, instead of lined, there were no reeds and the frame was somewhat narrower.

In this year a shilling stamp, color, brown, was also issued, unperforated, and rouletted. Description:—Swan in oval frame on reticulated ground, frame inscribed "POSTAGE," "W. AUSTRALIA," "ONE SHILLING."

In 1860 a new set was issued. Values, 1p. black, 2p. vermilion, 4p. blue, 6p. green. Description:—Swan swimming in rectangle in center, reticulated background, "POSTAGE" above, "WESTERN" at left, "AUSTRALIA" at right side, value below, all in white letters on dark ground, and ornaments in each corner. Watermark, a swan. This set was unperforated.

In the same year they were also issued rouletted.

In 1861 the colors were changed as follows: 1p. rose, 2p. blue, 4p. vermilion, 6p. violet-brown. A 1 shilling stamp, of same design, was also issued in this year, color, dark green. These were perforated.

The colors of all but the 4p. and 1 sh. were again changed in 1864 as follows: 1p. dark red, 2p. dark blue and 6p. violet. These, with the exception of the 4p. were unwatermarked.

In 1865 they were issued with watermark C C and crown. The colors were also changed as follows: 1p. bistre, 2p. yellow, 4p. carmine, 6p. violet, 1 sh. light green. In 1872 the color of the 4p. was changed to maroon and the 6p. to pale mauve.

In 1875 the 2p. stamp was surcharged 1 penny, in green.

In 1882 the color of the 2p. stamp was changed to violet.

In 1871 a 3 penny stamp was issued. Description:—Swan swimming in oval, lined background, "WESTERN AUSTRALIA" above, "POSTAGE, THREE PENCE" below in straight lines and reeds at each side of oval. This stamp was perforated and watermarked C C and crown. The color was pale brown.

The Sewing-Machine Millionaire.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, when he was a millionaire, he enlisted as a private to show his patriotism and independence. Money grew scarce, and his regiment, which was sent south, was left unpaid for three months. At the end of that time Howe, in his private's uniform, one day entered the office of the quartermaster and asked when the soldiers of the regiment were to be paid.

"I don't know," replied the quartermaster.

"Well, how much is owed them?" blandly asked the private.

"What is that to you?" said the storekeeper, with a look of surprise.

"Oh! nothing," replied Howe, nonchalantly; "only if you'll figure out the amount I'll give you my check for the whole business."

"Who are you?" gasped the quartermaster.

"Elias Howe, and my check is good for the pay of the entire army."

The Quartermaster made out his bills, and Howe gave him his check for three months pay for his regiment. The Government afterwards reimbursed him.—*From the Baltimore Sun.*

Ristori.

Ristori is said to have made one of the earliest first appearances on record, having been carried by her parents, who were strolling comedians, on the stage in a basket, at the little town of Clivdale, when she was but a few months old. Her greatest triumph was in Paris, in 1855, when, in the character of Alfieri's Myrrha, she dimmed the laurels of Rachel, then in her zenith of fame. She personated Myrrha here in her visit to the country, eighteen years ago, and personated it admirably, but neither the character nor the classic form of the tragedy was attractive to American audiences. It is a singular fact that until her marriage with the Marquis del Grillo, in her twenty-sixth year, she had succeeded only in comedy. Does wedlock endow one with tragic talents? It is reported that Ristori deeply regrets her present visit to the United States. It was surely a mistake on artistic grounds. An actress should not attempt at sixty-four to repeat the triumphs of twenty years before.

A True Statement & An Honest Offer

It is nothing uncommon to see an advertisement in a paper headed "100,000 Agents Wanted. \$25. to \$50. per day guaranteed. Can earn \$10. per evening at your home. Outfit free send 50c. to pay cost of postage, packing, &c.," and many other schemes to take in the unwary. Such advertisements are clouds without rain and wells without water, and therefore we make no false statements to draw on the many fortune seekers who expect to rise to be millionaires in a few days without capital or labor, but we have a first class article needed in every house, which is in great demand everywhere; as staple as flour and will sell in nine houses out of ten; we only want about 500 more good industrious agents, men or women. Boys and girls under 16 years old need not apply; we guarantee to those who will work 8 hours per day, and 6 days per week, \$5.00 per day clear of all expenses as long as you will work for us. We only ask 5 one cent stamps for sealed particulars and confidential circular to Agents. We do this in order to steer clear of idlers as we mean business and have no time to waste; we will allow you to deduct the 5 cents off of the first order that you send us; remember that we mean business and time is money; make haste and apply now. First come first served. You may lose a chance of a lifetime if you delay. Address,

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