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THE STAR

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THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE.

A Story of Old Mexico.

(—Written for The Star.—)

By Gilbert Campbell.

Synopsis of preceding portions:—James Sheldon and his two sons, Bob and Arthur, are engaged in gold mining in the Sierra Mountains of northern Mexico. A gang of half-breeds and Indians attack their cabin. They are repulsed by the help of Lopez, the Mexican, but not until they have killed the father with a chance bullet and set the cabin on fire with blazing arrows.

Chapter IV.

The Last of the Hut.

After the boys had, with some difficulty, removed their father from the burning cabin, they knelt beside the body and freely gave vent to the anguish they felt at their heavy loss. Suddenly Bob was aroused by hearing a voice behind him exclaim:

"Hulloa, here's a pretty business been a-going on here! Who's been in the muss? In-juns, or half-breeds, or white robbers? Here's poor Jim Sheldon lying plugged full plum-center; and there's Spanish Jack, with half his duds burnt off his back and a hole in his side. Say, there, lads, who in the name of mischief has been up to this pretty little game?"

The speaker was a tall, gaunt man, considerably over six feet in height, with a weather-beaten face seamed with many a scar, reminiscences of flood and field; he was clad in what had once been a gaily-fringed hunting-shirt made of dressed deerskin, but with which the thorny bushes and the sharp rocks of the Sierras had played sad havoc; his legs were defended by strips of raw hide wound round and round them, and he was armed with the usual long rifle and knife of the dweller in the mountains.

Bob turned briskly round; whilst Arthur, with a faint tinge of joy in his voice, exclaimed:

"Indian Joe! Ah, why did not you and the rest come to our assistance, and we might have been spared this!" and, half reproachfully, he pointed to the body of his father.

"Hang me if I knew that anything was going on," answered the hunter, earnestly; "the boys all went yesterday to Billy Ducker's, and I spects I rayther overslept myself, but directly I did hear the firing, I skooted down here pretty smart, you bet. Let us see if there is any hope," he added, as he gently raised the body of James Sheldon in his arms and examined his wound. "No, not the ghost of a chance there. He was a man with lots of the real grit, and has nobly stood against odds, but he'll never stand first again."

And as he once more placed the body of the dead man carefully upon the ground, he, with a rude kind of reverence, removed his otter-skin cap, and displayed a grisly wound which, though now healed, was evidently the result of an Indian scalping-knife.

"But, come, lads," he continued with an effort at cheerfulness, "let's try and clear out what we can from the cabin. Come, Spanish Jack," as Lopez came limping up, "lend a hand." And the two, aided by the boys, managed to save nearly everything from the hut, which was now burning fiercely.

"I reckon," said Indian Joe, "that I'll just bring down my old mule, and take away your traps to my diggin's. If you and Bob 'ull keep a good watch here. Cheer up, boys." And the rough but kindhearted hunter strode away promising to return as soon as he could.

For a few moments the two boys sat motionless by the body of their father, then Bob arose to his feet, and taking a pickaxe from a heap of tools that lay near, motioned to his brother to do the same. "Oh, not yet, Bob, not yet," cried Arthur, as the tears

sprang to his eyes, "we must not put him out of sight so soon." But Bob silently led the way to a tree, beneath which his father had often sat when work was over, and soon the strokes of his pick began to ring upon the frozen ground. After a brief pause Arthur followed his example, and in a short time they had made a sufficient hollow to contain their murdered father; then they heaped rocks over it to protect the body from the beasts of prey, and Arthur repeated over the grave the prayers learnt at his mother's knee. As he was turning away, his brother caught him by the arm. "We have something more to do, something yet to live for," muttered he, hoarsely.

"What is that, brother?" asked Arthur.

"To pursue and track the murderers of our father, nor cease from the pursuit until justice has been done."

Very shortly after this, Indian Joe returned with the mule, and a rough mountain pony upon which the wounded Lopez was safely bestowed, and with many a lingering backward look the boys left the grave of their father upon which the flames from the burning hut were casting a lurid glare.

Far up into the mountains they pursued their way along the winding road that led to Deadhorse Gully, where the greater part of the mining community had located themselves; but the boys' thought were far away. One parent was lost to them for ever in this world, and the other thousands of miles away; they were now cast entirely on their own re-

sources; and, though Indian Joe strove in his rough way to cheer them up, and they knew that, for their father's sake, they were sure of finding many friends amongst the miners in the gully, yet they could not help remembering that they had no claim upon anyone in this distant land, and that for the future they must depend upon their own stout hearts and strong arms for even the morsel of food which was necessary to keep body and soul together.

Very painful, therefore, were their reflections as every step took them farther and farther from the spot where they had for some years dwelt so happily together. The day had now broken, and the wide expanse of snow looked more cheerless than ever; trees and rocks were alike coated with it, and no sign of sun showed itself through the dull, leaden clouds.

Suddenly, as they came to an abrupt turn in the path, Indian Joe touched Bob's shoulder lightly.

"Look!" he said, and pointed backwards.

The burning hut was in full view; and, as the boys gazed upon it, the roof fell in with a crash that could be faintly heard even at the distance at which they were; then the walls swayed and tottered, falling inwards, and a cloud of ashes and smoke alone marked the place where the cabin had stood.

Both Bob and Arthur felt that the old life had indeed passed away and a new one had begun.

CHAPTER V.

The Treasure of the Cacique.

For more than three days the brothers had partaken of the hospitality of Indian Joe; nor was it the old hunter alone who had shown his sympathy for their loss; the whole of the mining community had displayed the deepest indignation at the treacherous attack upon James Sheldon's cabin.

For two whole days they had scoured the country round in the hopes of securing Clifuentes and Halfhung Simon, but no traces of them could be found.

Guzman, who had been wounded by a rifle-bullet, was found by the miners among the dead terribly scorched, but still living, and had at once been hung by them, with their rough sense of justice, upon the very tree beneath which reposed the remains of James Sheldon. But they could spare no further time, and had to return to their work; and so the chief actors in the sanguinary drama remained for the time unpunished.

It was a bright, clear morning as the two boys sat on a rough bench at the outside of the hut, conversing upon their future plans. Indian Joe was away looking after some traps.

"Bob," said Arthur, "where were you this morning? Just as it was light I woke up and your place was vacant."

"I went down to the cache," answered Bob. "Do you know, Arthur, that father must have made some mistake; there are not more than sixty ounces, so that we can only count upon about one hundred and eighty pounds at the price gold sells for here. I thought he had much more."

"So did I," answered Arthur, thoughtfully. "Stay. I have it. Do you recollect some four months ago he borrowed Sandy's mare and went to Orivada? I've a notion that he sent away the greater part of the gold to mother; you know he often said that it was not safe to keep large sums here."

"Likely enough," replied Bob. "If mother has got the gold it is all right, but—" and his young face darkened as he spoke—"if we are to track those who caused our poor father's death, we shall want money, for be sure that Clifuentes and Simon will soon be at the head

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THE HERO OF MANILA BAY



THIS picture of Admiral George Dewey was sketched from life on the quarter deck of his flagship, the Olympia, on Sept. 11, 1898, while on duty in Manila Bay, Philippine Islands, and is now for the first time presented to "Star" readers. That it is an excellent likeness as well as a favorite attitude, we feel assured, having been privileged to see and shake hands with him upon his arrival in New York recently.

Since that now famous May 1, 1898, when Commodore Dewey shattered the Spanish empire in the east, the reporter has been busy looking up his "Salad days," and the little anecdotes related below are the result:

Of characteristic stories of Dewey many are preserved in the mental archives of those who were his companions in the boyish escapades of which he was the instigator, and in which he always played a prominent part. An incident in his earliest boyhood, graphically portrayed by one of these, brings vividly before us a delightful tragedy-comedy, with the dramatic personae and strange setting of front yard and vine-clad cottage.

As George and his chum were at play one morning a lady, with the indubitable tooth-ache symptoms of swollen face and hand pressed to cheek, alighted from a vehicle before the gate and asked to see the doctor. George's father, deciding to apply the only infallible remedy and wishing to get the best light upon his patient, that gentleman asked that she should take her seat in the front doorway, resting her feet on the upper step. But here a new difficulty arose. The improvised dental chair provided no support for the head, and summoning the little visitor, the operator directed him to stand behind her, put his hands on either side of her face, and let her brace herself against his shoulder.

"I did as I was told," continued the narrator, "but at the first twist of the old-fashioned turnkey the patient uttered a yell which, never having heard an Indian war-hoop, thrilled me with horror, and deserting my post I fled in dismay. In an instant George was in my place, and I can see now the set look of determination upon his face and the resolute pose of his sturdy little figure as with the lady's head pillowed upon his breast he grasped an ear firmly with either small hand.

"When the tooth was out and we were again alone he endeavored to convince me that a 'woman's screams couldn't hurt,' but I had my own opinion on the subject, which logic failed to alter."

On another occasion, when the two boys had come into possession of a bottle of maple syrup, they agreed to go to the schoolhouse, where a fire still burned in the stove, and "sugar it."

Upon their arrival they happened to try the door leading to an upper room, and finding it fast, although there was no lock upon it, they concluded that it was being held by some intruder, who, intent upon mischief, had concealed himself within. They called several times, and receiving no answer retired to a convenient distance and held a council of war,

when George, as tacitly acknowledged organizer, decided that they would get into the upper window by climbing upon a shed roof and dislodge the enemy.

"You get a club from the woodpile," he said, "and I"—unclasping it and slipping it into the breast pocket of his little spencer—"will take my knife. Let me go first, and if there are two of them you can club one while I finish the other."

"All this was as real to us then," said my informant, "as was the battle of Manila afterward to him. We made our way stealthily to the upper window, opening it with the utmost caution, lest our prey, apprised of our approach, should escape us, but entering the room there was not a creature to be seen. On examining the door we found that the fire-shovel had fallen against it in such a way as to prevent its being opened from the outside, and the mystery being thus solved, we descended the stairway and set about our slup boiling."

Another adventure in which the danger was by no means imaginary threatened a more serious termination, and might have reversed the victory at Manila.

There was a pile of logs in the back yard at the Deweys, and the doctor having a professional call likely to detain him all day, George procured a half-filled powder-horn and calling his young companions together, invited them to unite with him in a self-appointed celebration. Having bored a hole in one of the logs and filled it with powder, they arranged a fuse, inserted a plug, and retired to a safe distance to await results.

The plug was not driven in with sufficient force, however, and was blown out without making the desired report. Running forward with one impulse the boys would have recharged, but George, waving them back, exclaimed: "One man's life is enough at a time," and going to the log was proceeding to pour in more powder, when it exploded directly in his face.

With eyes fast shut he made straight for the rain tub and plunging his head in shook it violently about.

When he raised it, with hair all slung and eyebrows and lashes all gone, he presented a strangely altered appearance, but there was not a quiver in the small, powder-burned face as, turning to his companions, he asked:

"Does it show much?"

The least candid of them was obliged to admit that it did, but George, still sanguine of escaping detection, hoped that "after it stopped smarting it would look better."

When the doctor returned from his distant call that evening, however, he found a patient awaiting him at home, and in the quiet seclusion of the two or three days following the adventure, the future admiral had leisure in which to concoct new plans for the entertainment of himself and his young friends.

During the Mexican war he was an ardent worshiper at the shrine of Gen. Taylor, who "licked the enemy every time."

He never tired of looking at a picture of him which hung in his own home, and when the boys, catching the military spirit which pervaded the air, fought sham battles he always insisted upon impersonating "Old Zack," assigning the part of Santa Ana to some one

else, an appointment of characters sometimes resulting in mutiny.

One of the younger set, then a "6-year-old," and not allowed to go with the big boys, recalls the fascination which his society had for him, and the hair-erecting stories of the yellow-back variety with which he sometimes regaled him. On a certain memorable evening the smaller boy, stealing away from home at dusk, joined young Dewey and two of his associates and accompanied them up a deep ravine to an old-fashioned sawmill, which they set in motion, the double object thus accomplished being the seeing of "the old thing shake itself to pieces" and the securing of a day's holiday for their friend, the miller's son, by the suspension of operations consequent upon draining the pond.

The immense amount of snow which falls in the mountains and valleys of New England and the large deposits of ice which form in its rivers make the breaking up of winter in that far northern climate a period to which every boy endowed with a spirit of adventure looks eagerly forward.

Two small rivers, the Winooski and the Onion, come together in Montpelier in such a way as to form the letter T., and around this letter the town is built. In the spring, when these streams are swollen by the melting snows and pieces of ice are hurled along by the current, the boy who gets upon the smallest "make" which will bear his weight—standing often in water four or five inches deep—and succeeds in effecting a landing upon the mass of pulverized ice, interspersed with huge end-wise and criss-cross blocks, which lodges six miles below, becomes the hero of the hour.

On such occasions young Dewey was in his element, leading the way in every daring enterprise and acquiring that hardihood and utter disregard of danger of which the victory of Manila was the glorious outcome. It was while guiding his ice raft past bridges and piers, over cross-currents formed by the influx of lesser tributaries and around quick bends in the river that he learned his first lessons in the science of navigation.

"What man has done man can do," was the motto which formed the propelling power of his young life, carrying him through every boyish undertaking. Who knows but that it may have inspired his later achievements as well?

Of his experience at the Washington county grammar school in Montpelier, the first educational institution which he attended, much has already been written. Its pupils, taught by first one teacher and then another, had acquired the reputation of being rather difficult subjects, and Dewey is said to have taken an active part in the initiatory hazing to which each new principal was subjected, and to have been the ringleader in the revolts which marked the remainder of his connection with the school.

When the Hon. Zebina K. Pangborn, ex-mayor of Jersey City, and now the editor and proprietor of the Jersey City Evening Journal, consented to take charge of these refractory young people at a salary of \$6.25 a week, it was with the determination to establish a system of discipline among them to which they were strangers. Dewey, being the first to rebel, was made an example of.

It is said that, meeting Maj. Pangborn in Washington two years ago, the admiral told him that all that was worthy of consideration in his character had its beginning on that day.



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The Queen of Serpents.

An East Indian Tale.

(Written for The Star.)

By Walter Truman.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, I wonder what they'd say to all this in New York? It would make some of the boys stare a bit, I guess."

So spoke Fred Lawrence, as he strolled around his father's coffee plantation in the Island of Luzon, at sunrise on a glorious summer morning, having finished his "first breakfast" of tea, bread and butter, and bananas at racing speed, in order to leave plenty of time for his early walk.

And well might he say so. Although three years had passed since he and his father came to live in the Philippine Islands, everything in the great tropical island was so perfectly new, and so utterly unlike anything he had ever seen in America that it seemed impossible that he should ever grow tired of them. The long, low, one-story house in which he lived, with its overhanging white roof and shady piazza, just like a picture in one of those books of travel which he used to read so eagerly in the long winter evenings at home; the splendid flowers that filled the garden, and the magnificent palm-trees of the surrounding forest; the rivers with real live crocodiles in them, and the jungles with their black panthers and glittering green snakes; the tall, gaunt, fierce-eyed natives, with their bare, brown limbs, scanty white dresses, and curiously curved daggers—all these were a source of never ending delight to our hero, or in his own expressive phrase, "better than being at a circus all day long."

Having reached the border of the plantation, Fred found himself just at the entrance of one of those narrow, winding paths, barely wide enough for two men abreast, which the natives had hacked with axe and bill-hook through the bristling mass of dark jungle that stood up like a wall on every side of the cleared ground.

Here he paused, not from fatigue—for he could have gone tramping on for another hour without feeling it in the least, but because he was not quite sure whether to turn down the path or not. At that early hour the vast be-leafy leaves of the tropical plants would be brim-full of dew, and would drench him at every step like a shower bath, not to mention the risk of being mortally bitten by one of the deadly snakes with which these gloomy thickets were literally creeping.

He was still hesitating, when he suddenly caught sight of an old man in eastern dress (with a bamboo yoke over his right shoulder, to either end of which was hung a small basket) coming slowly along the jungle path to meet him.

At first sight there was nothing remarkable about the newcomer, except that by his dress and features he seemed to be a Hindu. But as he came nearer even the unimpressible Fred was struck with the dignity of his look and bearing, which contrasted very strongly with his soiled and tattered clothes. Through the heart of that perilous jungle he strode onward with firm step and haughty mien, seeming to feel confident that neither snake nor panther would ever dare to harm him.

All at once the stranger was seen to stop short with a sudden start, to stagger for a moment, and then to fall full length upon the ground.

"Bitten by a snake," thought our hero, as he darted toward the fallen man; but he soon saw that he was mistaken, for the stream of blood that was flowing from the Hindu's bare feet could never have issued from the pin-like prick of a serpent's fang.

"Laka-kah ankow?" (are you wounded) asked Fred in Malay, which he already spoke as fluently as English.

"Pur!" (no) in return, answered the stranger in the same language.

Fred stooped down and saw that a huge thorn had pierced the fleshy part of the foot through and through, burying itself up to the very head.

"I can get it out with my knife," said he, "but it will hurt you pretty badly. Can you stand the pain?"

The old man replied only by a disdainful smile; and, in fact, though the cutting of the skin and drawing out of the thorn must have caused him acute pain in spite of Fred's careful bandaging, the sufferer never uttered a sound, or moved a muscle of his dark, stern face.

"What a tough old Turk he must be," thought the boy, looking admiringly at his patient; "if it had been me, I'd have yelled like an infant!"

And then, seeing that the wounded foot was still bleeding freely, Fred pulled out his own pocket handkerchief and began to tie up the hurt with it, while the Hindu watched him wonderingly.

"Who art thou?" he asked, "why carest thou for a wandering beggar? Truly thou art the first Pelinghee (white man) who has shown me kindness since I came hither. How do men

call thee?"

Our hero told his name and that of his father, and (the bandaging being now completed) stretched out his hand to help the man up. But the latter drew back quickly, as if to avoid his touch.

"Beware!" he cried, "for she knows thee not yet; but she shall know thee henceforth. Samp-ka-lance" (Queen of Serpents) "come forth, and greet thy master's friend!"

And instantly, to the boy's amazement and horror, there came wriggling out from under the old man's white tunic—coil after coil, as if it would never end—a black and white snake at least six feet long, which he recognized at once as the "Hooded Naga," or cobra-di-capello, the deadliest serpent in all India.

"Queen of Serpents," said the Hindu, "thou seest this youth. He is my friend, and my friends are thine."

The cobra (which seemed to understand him perfectly) answered with a low, rippling hiss, and laid its broad flat head on the arm of the startled boy, who submitted to this strange caress with a very bad grace—for, brave as he was, he had a mortal horror of snakes.

"I shall not forget thee," said the Hindu, "and if ever thou hast need of a friend, remember Lal Singh, the Serpent Charmer."

With these words—which he uttered as grandly as any king offering protection to a peasant—the old man vanished into the gloomy thickets, leaving Fred Lawrence staring after him as if he had seen a ghost.

CHAPTER II.

"Fred," said our hero's father, one morning about three months after the adventure with the serpent-charmer, as he and his son sat at breakfast in the piazza, "I'm going to ask you not to go beyond the bounds of the plantation after this, when you start for a walk by yourself, for that rascal Datoh Noongal, the brigand chief, not content with robbing the natives, has taken to kidnapping white people



"COME FORTH AND GREET THY MASTER'S FRIEND."

and holding them to ransom, and I hear that he has been seen in this very jungle only a day or two ago."

Fred Lawrence's eyes sparkled. He had already seen almost every wonder of the tropics—wild beasts, sharks, cyclones, floods, jungles, snakes, and what not—and now the only one that he had not seen (viz., a band of real live robbers) seemed to be coming of its own accord to his very door. What luck!

But his father's next words made him look grave enough.

"I know you're not afraid of any ordinary danger, my boy, and I'm very glad of it, but when it's a question of being tortured, or having your ears and nose cut off (as these fellows have done again and again, to squeeze money out of their prisoners), why, then, there's no sense in running unnecessary risks."

Fred thought so, too, and for the next three days he took care to keep well within the cleared ground, at a safe distance from the encircling jungle. And it was well for him that he did so, for, though he knew it not, all his movements were closely watched by a tall, ill-looking Malay who was hidden in the thickets, and this Malay was no other than a brigand belonging to Datoh Noongal's band.

Early on the fourth morning our hero, while strolling around the plantation without particularly noticing which way he was going, suddenly found himself just at the entrance of the jungle path on which he had met the mysterious serpent charmer three months before.

"Wouldn't it be queer now," he thought, "if I were to meet the old fellow again just here?" At that very moment a shrill, strained cry (as if uttered by one in mortal pain or terror) was heard from the nearest thicket.

"Help! Help!"

"It is Lal Singh again, with another thorn in his foot, I wonder?" cried Fred, as dashing at full speed in the direction of the sound, he caught sight of a figure in native dress lying on the ground and writhing as if in great

agony.

But he was suddenly and terribly undeceived. Just as he reached the prostrate man the latter sprang up like a tiger and clutched him in an iron grasp, shouting as he did so:

"Caught at last! Come forth, comrades, and bind the prisoner of Datoh Noongal!"

At that terrible name poor Fred saw at once, though too late, the treachery practiced against him, and guessed that his captor was the renowned brigand himself. But before the three ruffians who broke from the thicket at their leader's call could reach the spot, a stern voice from behind cried, "Forbear!"

All started and turned around, and there, looking sternly at them, was Lal Singh, the serpent charmer.

The robbers evidently knew him, and for a moment these four strong and well armed ruffians stood trembling before a defenseless old man, scared at the thought of having offended one who could let loose upon them a host of poisonous serpents whenever he pleased. But at length Datoh Noongal himself, perceiving that the two baskets in which the Hindu usually carried his snakes were nowhere to be seen, and that the latter was thus left without his only weapon, plucked up courage and cried insolently:

"Art thou a king that thou bidst us forbear? Begone, fool, and dare not to disturb the lords of the jungle; but rather be thankful that thou art too old and too useless to be worth making prisoner. Begone, I say, and trouble us not!"

"This youth is my friend, and none shall harm him," said the old man, as calmly as ever, but with an ominous gleam in his keen black eyes. "Let him go free this instant, as I bid thee, or, if not—"

"Or if not," echoed the brigand, defiantly, "what then?"

"The fate which thou hast so long deserved shall overtake thee in a moment."

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If this paragraph is marked with an "X" it means that your subscription to The Star has expired, and that this is an invitation for you to renew, taking advantage of the magnificent premiums offered in connection with new or renewal subscriptions.

The publishers of the Star are pleased to announce the publication of a new serial story in the December issue, entitled "The Cruise of the Kittiwake," by E. D. Pearson, the popular boy writer, whose books, "With Peary at the North," "Deep Sea Dick," and "The Boy Reporter," have made his name well known among readers of juvenile literature from Maine to California.

It will be a three-part story, and "Star" readers should subscribe at once so as not to miss a single issue, as no back copies of the paper can be supplied.

The December, or Holiday Number, will also contain many unique features, and no boy can afford to miss it, especially when a year's subscription only costs 50 cents. This means in the course of a year, eight serial stories, that, if bought in book form, would cost many times this sum, not to mention the short stories and departments. You get your money's worth and more, when you subscribe to the Star at 50 cents a year.

Old subscribers of the Star will be delighted to learn that we shall begin publication of "The Lost Opal Mine," a sequel to "The Story of Hal Grey," which, during the year 1898, charmed and delighted Star readers. Mr. Ad. H. Gibson, the author, has given this story his best attention, and the result will, we predict, more than please our friends.

Then, along about the same time, early in the new year, we have a pleasant surprise in the shape of a serial written by an English author of world-wide reputation, dealing with days long since past. "The days of old when knights were bold, and barons held their sway," has never been so entertainingly described as in this story and—but wait till it starts and see for yourself.

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THE STAR. THE Treasure of The Cacique.

(Continued from Page 2.)

Arthur felt that his end was near; he was entirely unarmed. Besides, even if he had had his knife, how could he, while balancing himself in the branches, expect to contend with so powerful and ferocious an animal?

If he remained in the tree he would certainly fall a victim to the cougar; whilst if he made an effort to escape by descending there was Master Bruin, eager and willing to make a meal of him.

The position was a difficult one, and little time was given him to think what was best to be done. The tail of the cougar was slowly lashing its dark red flanks, the eyes were glaring with a deeper and more baleful fire, and at last, as though it was worked up to a pitch of frenzy, it gave a savage snarl, and made a spring straight for the shrinking body of the boy.

(To be continued.)

A Flourishing Lodge.

The Coming Men of America, a society or organization of young Chardon boys, has been meetings for several months in rooms in the Court House. Occasionally a new member is initiated into the secret mysteries of the order and given a ride on the "goat." On several occasions of this kind it has been evident to those who perchance were strolling on the walk in the vicinity of the lodge headquarters that the long-whiskered animal was apparently having things his own way, a quick reception being given this opinion from the noise. The beat of the goat, as he took a header at some unfortunate victim, followed by the sound of a heavy fall, and then an ominous pause, has caused outsiders to speculate upon the mode of receiving new candidates into the order for some time past. But all lodges have their goat.

Not long since the executive committee of the C. M. A. made a rule to suspend all members who were known to use tobacco or intoxicating beverages. This speaks well for the order, and we hope that it will not be necessary to expel any of its members for indulging in either of the pernicious habits. The coming men of America are the young men of today who avoid all bad habits and make the fullest use of their time and its many opportunities.—*From The Record, Chardon, O.*

The Man With The Button.

The man or boy that wears the button of a fraternal order is the right man or boy for a true and everlasting friend. He who wears such a button truly belongs to the progressive class; he sees the world move, and he moves with it. He wears the button because he is proud of the organization in which he holds membership. You will find the C. M. A. button on every young man's coat lapel who holds a place in the ranks of good citizenship. It is found among the toilers of the field, the workshop, the counting-room, the busy marts of trade, and will later be found in the halls of legislation, on the judicial bench, and in the executive departments of government everywhere. Brother members of the grand and glorious C. M. A., wear your badges proudly, and help lift the beloved order to the top of fame's ladder. Prove your faith by wearing it. I am,

Your friend,
Martinez P. Givens, O. T. N.,
Galesburg, N. Dak.

A Throne Not Wanted.

On the eve of the Franco-German war, when the emperor, Louis Napoleon, entered upon the conflict which ended so disastrously to himself and his countrymen, a couple of strangers appeared at a German town. They brought with them a large packing case, which on their arrival, was carried to a hotel. Here the unknown visitors remained some time, and eventually disappeared without paying their bill, which amounted to a considerable sum. The landlord, whose curiosity had often been aroused with reference to the possible contents of the case, at last determined to open it, and on doing so found a handsomely designed and richly upholstered state chair. This was adorned with the French imperial arms, eagle and Louis Napoleon's monogram, and beneath it was a musical box which played when the cushion was sat upon. It is supposed that the throne—for such it is believed to have been—in the event of success attending the French army, was to have been used by the emperor at Berlin after the capture of the German metropolis. Fate, however, spoiled the imperial plans, hence the sudden and precipitate flight of the custodians of the chair. The widow of the hotelkeeper a few years later sent it to England, where it eventually found a purchaser.

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The following is a very important communication from the grand secretary to the members of the C. M. A. It is written in the great secret sign language called Bestography, which can only be read by members of the C. M. A., who are in good standing and possess the key. We teach boys how to read and write Bestography when they join the C. M. A.

א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת
י ח ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת
א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת
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א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת
א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת

Correspondence Column.

The following members of the C. M. A. are desirous of opening correspondence with members in other localities. They also stand ready and willing to answer all letters of inquiry addressed to them by anyone not a member of the order, provided a two-cent stamp is enclosed for postage on reply. The letters from which these names and addresses are taken all of them tell the old, old story, "Glad I joined the C. M. A. Sorry I did not join sooner." "The Star is the best paper in the world for boys," etc.

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C. E. Slocum, O. T. N., Grand Rapids, Mich.
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J. Gutleben, O. T. N., Malcolm, Neb.
John J. Bullett, O. T. N., Millbrook, Ont.
Benj. Rubottom, O. T. N., Shiloh, Mo.

It is Reported That.

Seneca Lodge, of Woodside, L. I., has been thoroughly reorganized and, under the able direction of President Fred B. Wood, is working hard for one of the prize banners.

Oak Grove Lodge, of Rosewood, Ill., meets on Tuesday night of each week, and is progressing nicely with a membership of 12, and three applications on the waiting file. Brother Harry Noonan, the secretary, would be pleased to hear from other lodges with suggestions that will help to interest the lodge.

Pan American Lodge, of Springville, N. Y., have recently equipped a gymnasium as an adjunct to their lodge. Secretary W. E. Walte would like to hear from members throughout the country.

The American Banner is the name of a new publication which came into existence on September 1, and is the property of Brothers John W. Carpenter and E. R. Kyger, of Kansas City, both hustling members of our order. It will prove a valuable addition to amateur journalism.

Eaton Lodge, C. M. A., was organized at Lake City, Fla., on September 20, with C. F. Eaton as president. The local papers give the lodge flattering attention in the way of notices, and we predict a successful future for them.

Olympia Lodge, of Sunset, Texas, has doubled its membership during the last three months—a sure indication that its new officers are attending strictly to business.

Byford Lodge, of McGee, Ind. Ter., through their secretary, Gus Robinson, would like to hear from other lodges with suggestions for

lodge entertainment and amusement.

Brother Floyd Finch, of Stonypoint, Mich., would like to hear from a member of the C. M. A. with whom he exchanged greetings at the County Fair at Hillsdale, Mich., on Oct. 5.

Keystone Lodge, of Warren, Pa., hold their weekly meetings in the Court House, and publish a lodge paper called the "Keystone Weekly Star." Secretary R. E. Knapp would like to hear from the secretaries of other lodges.

Admiral Dewey Lodge, of Neenah, Ark., has an enrolled membership at the present writing of 22. This speaks well for the energy of the charter members.

Artesian City Lodge, of Cook, Neb., organized in January, now has a membership of 17. This is very good for a town with a population of only three hundred.

The C. M. A. department of "Sparkling Gems," the amateur journal of Klondike, Ga., which is edited by Brother Wm. A. Ford, of Lithonia, Ga., will, from present indications, soon absorb the entire paper. This is merely another indication of the interest which the bright young men of the South are taking in the C. M. A.

C. M. A. Portrait Gallery.

The Grand Secretary of the Coming Men of America is pleased to present in this issue the pictures of a number of bright C. M. A. members, gathered together from all parts of the country. In addition to being thoroughly enthusiastic and hustling members, ready and willing at all times to say a good word for the order to outsiders, they would also be pleased to start correspondence with members of the C. M. A. in other localities.

Numbered to correspond with the number on each picture, we find here the pictures of:

1. John McPhail, Jr., Adrian, Mich.
2. W. H. Lewis, Tazewell, Tenn.
3. Oliver Beardslee, Berkeley, Cal.
4. Edmund P. Kramer, Carson City, Nevada.



5. B. L. Lamb, West Alexander, Pa.
6. Jesse A. Jordan, Foxhall, Tenn.
7. C. L. Halstead, McComb, Miss.
8. George E. Ross, No. Chillicothe, Ill.
9. D. M. Rogers, Jr., Adrian, Ga.
10. Caleb T. Saunders, Herford, N. C.
11. Howard R. Grant, Phillippi, W. Va.
12. Fuller Nance, Eato, N. C.
13. Thadde H. White, St. Andre de Shediak, N. B.
14. A. L. Keller, Cameron, Mont.
15. Earl Wright, Grangeville, Idaho.
16. Arthur C. Lewis, Lewiston, La.
17. Sam Freeman, Shawnee, Ohio.
18. Herman Henke, Fox Lake, Wis.

The C. M. of A.

The C. M. of A. What is it? The answer is, the Coming Men of America. These boys are going to take our places when we pass over to the other side. It is a good order and the boys ought to be encouraged. It was different with us when we were boys. Most of us have grown up, grown old, and are still looking for our places in the history of the world. I know a man in this town who has never taken a paper, never had an ad in one in his life, lives within himself, associates with the same party and has a limited education. Whose place is he filling, boys? I notice some boys in Healdsburg smoking cigarettes, don't go to school, lounging around and always looking for a soft thing. Whose places are they going to fill? I pass by the school-houses and see hundreds of boys and girls happy at play. Some are well dressed, while some may have a patch on their pants or dresses. These are the Coming Men and Women of America, from whom will be selected our Congressmen, Senators, Presidents and their wives. Long may the C. M. of A. flourish.—"Sam," in the *Healdsburg, California*.

For C. M. A. Members Only.

The Grand Secretary has an idea that if every member of the C. M. A. could see one of these caps, he would want it, furthermore, he wants to see every member the possessor of one, therefore has decided to sell them so cheaply that price, at any rate, will not stand in the way of possession.



The cap is made of navy blue cloth, fadeless, durable, and soft as silk, warmly and hand somely lined, bicycle style. Across the front, in bright gold, are the three letters, C. M. A. The caps are to be sold at 50 cents apiece, postage paid. The embroidery alone, on the letters, which is done in good gold bullion, is worth more than the money asked—but then, we want the boys to have the caps so that they can show their colors at all times and in all places. It is a good advertisement for the C. M. A., and the cap alone would cost you \$1 in the local stores. Any size, from 6 1/2 to 7 1/2. State your size when you order, enclose 50 cents, and the cap is delivered to you, postage paid.

A Pioneer Member.

Albion, Wis., Oct. 17, 1899.

Dear Brothers: Having been a member of the C. M. A. nearly three years, I shall venture to say something regarding how I like it, etc. I'm more than pleased, having joined the great "C. M. A." the greatest and noblest society for boys. I will cheerfully answer any and all

letters received from members and those inquiring about the C. M. A. With best wishes for success,
Your friend,
Lewis T. Leln, O. T. N.

In Memoriam.

The Grand Secretary of the C. M. A. is pained to have to announce the death of five of its brightest and best members:

- Oscar Vick, Grafton, N. D., Sept. —, 1899
Fred. Peterson, Lake Creek, Ill., Oct. 12, 1899.
Cliff Hayden, Wickliffe, Ky., May —, 1899.
Webster H. Sargent, Minturn, Colo., Sept. 23, 1899.
Harry Neely, Wickliffe, Ky., Sept. 8, 1899.
On behalf of the Grand Lodge, as well as the entire order at large, the Grand Secretary extends sincerest sympathy to the parents, relatives and immediate friends of the departed brothers.

Probably True.

In his book, "Figures of the Past," Josiah Quincy tells of a journey that he made in stage-coach days—away back in 1826—from Boston to Washington, with Justice Story of the Federal supreme court. The Justice was telling of the routine of the court's Washington social life. "We dine," he said, "once a year with the president and that is all. On other days we take our dinner together and discuss at table the questions which are argued before us. We are great ascetics and even deny ourselves wine except in wet weather." Here the judge paused as if thinking the act of mortification he had mentioned placed too severe a tax upon human credulity and presently added: "What I say about the wine, sir, gives you our rule, but it does sometimes happen that the chief justice will say to

me, when the cloth is removed: 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And if I tell him the sun is shining brightly Judge Marshall will sometimes reply: 'All the better; for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere.' "



The Grand Secretary of the C. M. A. will present ten prize banners to the ten lodges showing greatest gain in membership during the year 1899, subject to the following conditions:

1. It takes at least six members to form a lodge, therefore each lodge is credited with gain only over and above this number.
2. Each new member received must be in good standing from the day he joins up to Dec. 31, 1899, in order to give the lodge credit for his membership.
3. Five banners will go to the five lodges showing greatest gain over all other lodges in the order, regardless as to size of town.
5. Five banners will be awarded to the five lodges making greatest gain in membership in proportion to population of the towns in which they are located. The classification renders the award impartial, and a lodge in Podunk has as good a show as one in New York City.

One of our lodges is located in a small town in a southern state. It is a very small town, but a very large lodge; in fact, one of the largest in the entire order. This lodge has secured a banner for several years in succession, in this contest, and yet they say they are going in for another this year.

If they can, with the limited population in their vicinity, find sufficient young men to work among each year to produce this result, there is nothing to prevent any lodge in any locality from doing equally well. Our southern friends are everlastingly on the hustle. They get their reward. The reward awaits you if you hustle.

The following new lodges of the C. M. A. have been organized since the October issue of the Star went to press:

Center Hill Lodge, No. 1248, at Belton, Pa., Sept. 21, 1899.—Germanis Lodge, No. 1249, at Malcolm, Neb., Sept. 21.—Star Lodge, No. 1250, at Elk River, Minn., Sept. 21.—Prairie Rose Lodge, No. 1251, at Johnstown, N. Dak., Sept. 21.—Keystone Lodge, No. 1252, at Warren, Pa., Sept. 25.—Cyclone Lodge, No. 1253, at New Maysville, Ind., Sept. 25.—Rock River Lodge, No. 1254, at Woodstock, Minn., Sept. 25.—Eaton Lodge, No. 1255, at Lake City, Fla., Sept. 27.—R. E. Lee Lodge, No. 1256, at McRae, Ga., Sept. 27.—Spring Valley Lodge, No. 1257, at Spring Valley, Wis., Sept. 27.—Violet Lodge, No. 1258, at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 29.—Spread Eagle Lodge, No. 1259, at Elvins, Mo., Oct. 2.—Mountain Home Lodge, No. 1260, at Sewell, W. Va., Oct. 7.—Dewey Lodge, No. 1261, at Rookwater, Ohio, Oct. 7.—Missouri Star Lodge, No. 1262, at Watson, Mo., Oct. 7.—Scandinavian Lodge, No. 1263, at Gowen, Mich., Oct. 7.—Bland Star Lodge, No. 1264, at Bland, N. Mex., Oct. 11.—Flat Creek Lodge, No. 1265, at Nash, La., Oct. 11.—True Blue Lodge, No. 1266, at South Bend, Ind., Oct. 11.—McBee Lodge, No. 1267, at McBee, S. C., Oct. 11.—Husker Lodge, at Advance, Ind., Oct. 11.—Alpha Omega Lodge, No. 1268, at Advance, Ind., Oct. 11.—Alpha Omega Lodge, No. 1269, at San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 17.—Sion Lodge, No. 1270, at Valley Springs, S. D., Oct. 17.—Crystal Lodge, No. 1271, at Smyrna, Mich., Oct. 19.—Oak Grove Lodge, No. 1272, at Relvat, Texas, Oct. 19.—Claryville Lodge, No. 1273, at Claryville, Mo., Oct. 19.

Every bright American youth should be a member of the C. M. A. Particulars on last page of The Star.

The Puzzle Column

Three valuable prizes will be given for the first three most correct and neatest solutions of the puzzles contained in this column.

In order to compete, you must be a paid-in-advance subscriber to "The Star."

The correct answers to puzzles in this issue will be printed next month. The prize winners' names will be printed the month following.

All competing answers must be in the hands of the Puzzle Editor not later than the first of next month.

Our friends are invited to submit new and unique puzzles. Obsolete words should be avoided if possible.

Address all communications in regard to puzzles to Puzzle Editor, THE STAR, Star Block, Oak Park, Illinois.

Ancient History of Puzzles.

The ancients believed that the monster Sphinx was the inventor of riddles. The one she proposed for solution is this: "What animal is that which goes upon four legs in the morning, upon two at noon and upon three at night?" Many persons strove to explain it, but failed and were torn to pieces by her. At length Oedipus solved it by saying that the animal was a man, who, in infancy, or in the morning of his life, creeps upon his hands and feet, and so goes upon all fours; in the noon of his life walks on two feet, and in the night of old age requires a stick and so totters upon three legs.

In this issue the Puzzle Editor presents a number of puzzles which he feels sure Star readers will have no difficulty in working out if they will only persevere.

If you are not a subscriber, and want to compete, take advantage of any one of our numerous premium offers, and thereby secure a year's subscription to The Star and a handsome premium for less than the wholesale cost of the premium alone. A premium list free upon request, if you are interested.

1.—A CHARADE.

Bright steel in first, will often last;
Whole, often causes trouble vast.

2.—A WORD SQUARE.

A town in which a great battle was fought,
An earth with very many values fraught.
What people do whenever reason has fled;
Two of the features placed within man's head.

3.—A LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am transparent; behind me, I am a
- it; behind me again, and I am an animal

4.—DOUBLE CENTRAL DELETION.

On many steamers, whole, you'll view;
Delete, and it is in them, too.

—5.—

I am a word of twelve letters. My 7, 8, 9,
is an animal. My 9, 8, 2, is a license. My 9,
7, 3, 5, is a snare. My 12, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is
a kingdom, and my whole means aggravation.

6.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. Not cold. A pointed weapon.
To go before. A county in England. To dis-
agree. The language of Ancient Rome. To
supplicate. A consonant. The centers when
read down and across give the name of a fam-
ous sauce for meats.

Answers to October Puzzles.

—1.—

Tobacco

—2.—

C A R P
A G E
R I D E
P E E R

—3.—

Cousin. Coin. Cousins.

—4.—

Past. Once. Pastoral.

—5.—

Seater. Seat. Seating.

—6.—

Tri-Umph-Ant. Triumphant.

The puzzles in the September issue were ex-
tremely too hard for our readers, so we are get-
ting some that are a little easier, and the six

above should be readily solved. In conse-
quence of no complete correct lists of Septem-
ber puzzles having been received, the Puzzle
Editor cannot award the three prizes, but
hopes that our readers will meet with better
success with this new lot.

A good way to master "Puzzledom" is to
take, for instance, the October issue of The
Star and study the puzzles there; then com-
pare them with the correct answers printed in
this issue. This will give you an idea of "how
it is done."

Young, Titled and Rich.

There are about a dozen young boys in Eng-
land to-day who are destined to be million-
aires when they grow up. Most of them have
titles.

The most youthful millionaire-in-prospect is
a youngster who has lately reached the ripe
age of 6 years. He has four baptismal names
and a pet name, but his official title is the
marquis of Titchfield. He is the eldest son of
the duke of Portland, and, if he lives long
enough and successfully defends his title
against Mrs. Drue's nominee, he will one day
own property worth certainly not less than
\$20,000,000.

None of the rising millionaires are quite so
youthful as the marquis of Titchfield. In fact,
he is the only millionaire who can truthfully
be described as a baby, though many of the
others are of very tender years. The nearest
in point of age to the duke of Portland's heir
is the duke of Sutherland's eldest boy, the 10-
year-old marquis of Stafford. As regards mere
age, his inheritance is infinitely more ex-
tensive than that of the marquis of Titchfield;
but, unluckily for him, these acres are not in
London. They lie for the most part in Suther-
land, Shropshire, and the agricultural districts
of Staffordshire.

A few months ago the duke of Westminster
indignantly denied in the columns of a Lan-
cashire daily paper the truth of a paragraph
to the effect that his income was \$4,000,000 a
year and that at Eton he was known as "Jack
Shepard," owing to his closely cropped hair.
The duke threw a little light in his letter on
his wealth. He rebelled at being assessed at
\$4,000,000 a year, but he gave it to be under-
stood that if any one put his income down at
\$2,000,000 he would be well within the truth.
To the man in the street his grace's disclaimer
seems a distinction without a difference. For
the purpose of purchasing the good things of
ordinary existence \$2,000,000 is as effective as
\$4,000,000 and either income is sufficient to make
the duke's heir one of the luckiest men in the
world. This personage is only 20 years of age.
Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, commonly
known as Viscount Belgrave, was a boy at
Eton till the other day. He is the eldest son
of the duke's eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, who
died seven or eight years ago.

No article on "Boy Millionaires" would be
complete without some reference to the infant
marquis of Blandford. This young gentleman
is the son of the duke of Marlborough. In the
strictest sense he may not be destined to be a
millionaire on his father's side, but in addition
to what he will succeed to on his father's death
he will inherit most of his mother's fortune.

Peary's Next Dash for the Pole.

Lieutenant Peary, who, as recently reported,
is now encamped on North Greenland, has al-
ways had a theory that if proper precautions
are taken and proper clothing is worn, there is
nothing to be feared from the extreme cold of
the far north. His own recent experience,
however, shows that he was mistaken. After
exerting himself to the point of exhaustion he
was caught on an ice floe, far from his camp,
and was obliged to spend the night under a
temporary shelter. As a result, his feet were
so severely frost bitten that seven toes were
amputated. In spite of this accident he has
determined to stay in the arctic and will start
early in February on a dash to the pole by dog
sledge. In the effort he will be assisted by an
entire tribe of arctic highlanders. Many ex-
plorers believe that he has better chances of
reaching his goal than any of his predecessors.

Transvaal Mining Stocks.

Out of thirty of the more prominent gold
mining companies in the Transvaal, not one
pays less than 15 per cent on its capital stock,
and only two less than 20 per cent. Eight of
the companies actually pay from 100 to 300 per
cent in dividends annually, while one, the
Johannesburg Pioneer, pays 675 per cent. In
1896 the total paid in dividends by Transvaal
gold mines was \$7,450,000, while in 1898 it
reached the enormous figure of \$24,450,000.

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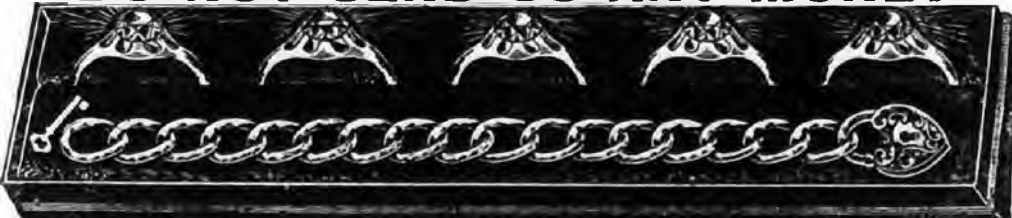
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Under the Tri-Colored Flag

The Story of a Naval Officer

IN TWO PARTS—(Conclusion.)

By Walter Truman

Chapter 4.

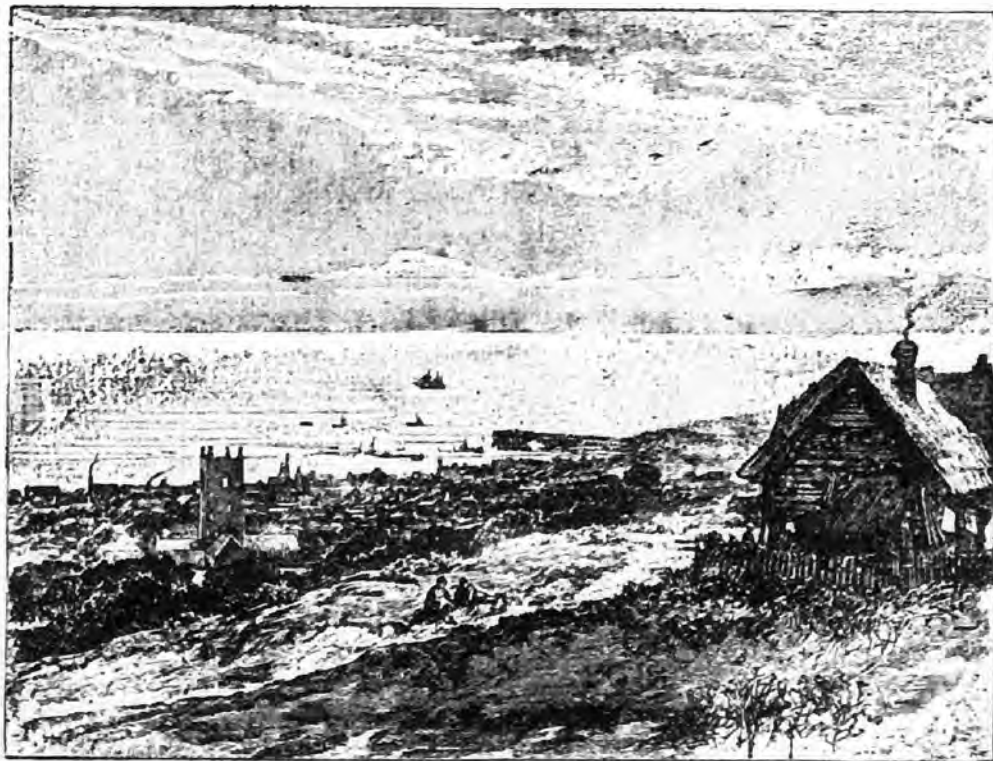
On my arrival at Paris in the autumn of 1799, with dispatches from Admiral Screey, I was instructed by M. Barras, of the Directory, with a mission to proceed to Leghorn, for the purpose of purchasing provisions and ammunition for the army then operating under General Bonaparte in Egypt. For this mission I had the qualifications of familiarity with the Italian language derived from my mother who was a Neapolitan by birth, and resided in that city. My mission was one of considerable difficulty, as, though Leghorn was a free port and the resort of ships from the Levant and the chief ports of Europe and Africa, owing to the British fleet blockading the ports of the Mediterranean, the captains and owners of neutral merchant ships could only be induced by the offer of large premiums to undertake the transportation of military supplies to Egypt.

One evening when returning in a carriage from the house of one of the wealthiest merchants in Leghorn, who resided in the suburbs of the city, I was attracted by the sight of a man at the side of a deep ditch. I directed the coachman to stop, and then found that the populace was stoning a wretched Turk or Arab, who lay at the bottom of the ditch. Seizing my pistols, I ordered the cowardly crew to desist at the peril of instant death. They fell back, one or two in the crowd, who were better inclined, assisting me to raise the poor victim of such cruelty, and in two or three min-

pression of thanks with a warmth and eloquence that showed it was heart-felt, ending promise by paying his passage on board a vessel going to Algiers, and provided him with a prayer that Allah would place it in his power to requite me for playing the part of the Good Samaritan who had rescued the wayfarer who had fallen among thieves.

As time passed I thought no more of the incident. In 1814, on the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, I retired to Naples, where my mother resided, my immediate connection with the Directory, and well-known devotion to the cause of the Emperor, then a prisoner at Elba, rendering me a suspected person in Paris. I remained quiet during the memorable "hundred days" when the great Napoleon, like a lion struggling in the meshes, strove to burst the bonds with which allied Europe had bound him. But I was of an ardent temperament, and in 1816, when Ferdinand, the sovereign restored to the kingdom of the two Sicilies by the Holy Alliance, had roused his subjects to covert sedition by his tyranny, I joined a band of political conspirators with the view of freeing my country. The plot was discovered; I was arrested, tried, condemned and sentenced to death. I had influential friends and relatives in Naples, and my poor mother used every effort to procure a remission of capital sentence, but all in vain, and I was warned that there was no hope. But a woman's wit, when quickened by the love of a wife or mother, will achieve almost impossibilities; and on the eve of the day appointed for my execution, when, dressed in deep black, she visited me in the Castle Nuovo, ostensibly to bid me farewell, she divulged a plan she had concerted, which, with caution, she declared was easy of fulfillment.

Through the influence of Prince Canosa, the minister of police, she had obtained permits for the renowned Franciscan, Father Antonio, to visit me under the pretext of offering me the last consolations of religion; but she had induced an actor to assume the part, and I was



"THE ALGERINE MERCHANT VESSEL AT CAPRI."

utes I had placed him in my carriage and was driving toward the town in hot haste. He was just breathing, and when on arrival at my house I placed him under the care of a medical man, I learned that his injuries consisted of the fracture of a collar bone and three ribs, and severe wounds on his head which induced insensibility for some days.

When he had recovered his senses I interrogated him, and learned that he was the mate of an Algerine brig; that he had been sent by his captain on business to the country house of a merchant as his ship sailed on the following morning, and that on his way back he had been set upon, on account of his nationality and religion, by some villagers returning home from Leghorn. Irritated by their abuse, he retorted; when they knocked him into the ditch, and being joined by other wayfarers, set to pelting him with stones, as boys do an unfortunate cat or frog. He certainly would have been killed, he added, had I not opportunely arrived; and this I can well believe, for he was so covered with mud and blood that he scarcely looked like a human being when I rescued him.

The poor fellow concluded his story by bewailing the sad fate which cast him without friends or money on a foreign shore, where he was subject to a repetition of the outrage he had endured. I reassured him, promised him protection and means to return to his native land, upon which he professed his gratitude with earnest protestations, and expressed a hope that he might be able hereafter to repay in some measure the obligation under which I had placed him.

At the end of a few weeks he had entirely recovered from his wounds, and I fulfilled my promise and a little ready money to meet his immediate wants. My protegee, before sailing, threw himself at my feet and repented his ex-

pression of thanks with a warmth and eloquence that showed it was heart-felt, ending promise by paying his passage on board a vessel going to Algiers, and provided him with a prayer that Allah would place it in his power to requite me for playing the part of the Good Samaritan who had rescued the wayfarer who had fallen among thieves.

Presently, however, when he had ascertained that all chance of detection had ceased, and that there were no prying eyes to see through the imposture, my reverend father changed his voice and hurriedly directed me to change clothes with his companion, in whom I now recognized my valet. At first I refused to permit the faithful fellow to take my place, as the government might, in their anger, condemn him to the fate from which he sought to emancipate me; but the whilom Father Antonio reassured me by the statement that they had consulted counsel, who had given their opinion that the law only permitted a short imprisonment for the offence of impersonation. Thereupon I hastily put on the dress and beard of my valet, who got into my bed; and Father Antonio, having bidden me farewell in his assumed voice, and promised to visit me again in the morning, we took our departure and passed unchallenged through the prison.

CHAPTER 5.

Not many minutes elapsed before I was with my mother, who was waiting in an agony of anxiety and hope for my arrival. Hastily embracing me, she conducted me to a carriage waiting at the door, which instantly drove to a retired part of the shore, off which lay a

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

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A Valuable Clock.

In the year 1700, the widow of a poor Protestant clergyman, named Herold, lived in the small town of Libau, in Courland. She was exceedingly charitable. One winter's night, an officer passed through Libau on his way to the army. He asked at the inn for some warm beverage, but could obtain none; he applied in vain at several private houses; it was not until he knocked at the clergyman's door, that he obtained a dish of hot tea. It greatly comforted the weary soldier. Just before he set out on his journey, he offered her money for her trouble, which she declined. He remembered he had a lottery ticket in his pocket; the prize was a clock reckoned to be worth \$12,500. He made the widow accept this ticket as a souvenir of him. The ticket remained forgotten in a drawer. Her children had so often played with it as a "picture," that it was well nigh in pieces. The number which drew the capital prize was repeatedly announced in the newspapers, but no one came to claim the valuable clock. One day, a gentleman happened to enter her house, and, seeing the mutilated lottery ticket stuck between the glass and the frame of a looking-glass, glanced curiously at it, and was amazed to discover the often advertised number of the ticket which had drawn the capital prize in the clock lottery. The valuable clock was given to the poor clergyman's wife. The Emperor of Russia offered her \$3,200, and a life annuity of \$100 for it. She accepted the imperial offer, and the clock is to this day one of the chief ornaments of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The exterior of the clock represents an antique Greek temple, and the interior contains two orchestras, which play together one of the most celebrated pieces of Mozart's "Don Juan." The widow strove to obtain the name of her unknown benefactor, and although the Czar ordered the police to aid her, all her efforts were in vain.

Busy Animals.

The fox is a dealer in poultry, but he is nothing more nor less than a thief. Fat ducks and chickens are his delight, and a plump rabbit comes next best.

The otter and the heron are fishermen. The otter is not often seen, for he carries on his work mostly under the water, but the heron stands with his long, thin legs in the water waiting till a fish comes up. Then a sudden plunge with his long, sharp bill and the poor fish is brought up and swallowed.

The ants are the busiest of all. Catch an ant asleep in the daytime if you can. They are always in earnest at their work, building their underground homes and laying up stores of food for the long winter.

The swallow is a fly catcher, and skims low over the surface of the little streams. It takes a great many flies to feed him for just one day, and he is forever at work.

The beaver is a wood cutter, a builder and a mason. It cuts down the small trees with its teeth, and, after it has built its house, it plasters it with its tail.

The snail, too, is a builder, but it takes the material for its house from its own body. It is so anxious to begin work that it commences to build its house before it is even hatched.

The bees do not all live in hives or tree trunks. The mason bee digs a hole in a brick wall and lines it with clay. In this nest it lays two eggs and closes it up. The miner bee bores long holes in the sand-banks and the carpenter bees bore their tunnels in wood. The upholsterer bee lines his nest with poppy leaves. The rose leaf cutter takes a leaf between its jaws, begins near the stalk and cuts out a circle of just the right size and as perfect as could be marked with a compass. With these circles of fragrant rose leaf it divides its round hole in the wall into little cells.

Guns Made of Paper.

Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannons, has completed recently a number of paper field-pieces for the German Infantry. Their caliber is five centimeters—a little less than two inches—and the pieces are so light that a soldier can easily carry one. Yet they are stronger than steel cannon of the same size. Cannons made of paper are a novelty, but it is not long since paper ear wheels were regarded as a startling innovation. Paper buckets to hold water were also thought extraordinary when first introduced, although nowadays nearly everything can be made of paper.

Chinese Jews.

Jews have lived in China for several thousand years and efforts are now being made to learn more of their history. The prevalent idea is that the immigration took place from Persia to China about 300 B. C. The existence of Jews in the empire first became known in 1617, when the report was brought to Europe by the missionary Gonzalez. The Jews differ but little in appearance from the Chinese, who call them Hoel-Hoel. But they preserve most of their old religion, having a synagogue at Kai-Fong Fu, which was built in 1183 after the style of the temple at Jerusalem. On its wall are inscriptions in Hebrew.

Book of Mormon in Missouri.

In a bank vault in the little town of Richmond, Mo., is kept the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon. In the handwriting of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdry, and the others to whom Smith dictated what he claimed was a translation from the golden plates found by him, buried in the hill, Cumorah, near Palmyra, N. Y. After the book was printed the manuscript was turned over to David Whitmer, who took it to Independence, Mo., and later to Richmond, where he died in 1888. Before his death the new leaders of the Mormon Church made many efforts to get possession of the manuscript, at one time offering \$100,000 in cash for it. Whitmer was a poor man, but he refused the offer, because he feared an attempt would be made to incorporate into the book by forgery a defense of polygamy. George W. Swope, of Richmond, is the present possessor of the manuscript, and within the last two weeks representatives of the Mormon Church from Utah have renewed negotiations for the purchase of the manuscript of the book.

Clergymen Live Longest.

In the interest of an insurance company, a part of whose business it is to ascertain the average length of life of men in the different professions, a diagram illustrating the comparative longevity of clergymen has been prepared. According to its figures forty-two out of every 100 ministers of the gospel live to the age of 70 years. The next highest record is made by the farmers, of whom forty reach the limit prescribed by the psalmist, teachers coming third with thirty-four survivors, while doctors have but twenty-four. The reasons given for the greater longevity among preachers are many. In the first place, they are likely to lead temperate lives and to have a careful system in the management of their work. They also get more or less outdoor exercise, and are not subject to the strains which constantly beset the active business man.



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Concerning Our Government.

Facts not Generally Known.

Written for The Star

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The original copies of all treaties entered in to by the United States, of all proclamations issued by the President, and of all acts passed by Congress and approved by the President, are filed in the Department of State, at Washington, D. C.

The President, through the Department of State, negotiates all treaties between this country and foreign powers; but they must be submitted to, and ratified by, the Senate before they are binding upon this government. It requires the affirmative vote of two-thirds of the Senators present and voting to ratify any treaty.

The House of Representatives has, under the Constitution, the sole right to prefer articles of impeachment against an officer of the United States; and the Senate has the sole right to try the officer against whom such articles of impeachment are preferred by the House. But, if it happens to be the President of the United States against whom the articles of impeachment are preferred, the Chief Justice of the United States must preside over the trial. Like jurors in the ordinary courts of law, the Senators have to be under oath, or affirmation, when sitting upon an impeachment case.

The House of Representatives has the sole right to originate all revenue bills and all appropriation bills; but the Senate must concur with the House upon any measure before it passes Congress; and, in doing so, the Senate has the right to attach amendments to such measures after they have passed the House and reached the Senate. But all such amendments,

as well as all other provisions in the measure, must pass both the Senate and the House finally before they are submitted to the President for his approval.

Congress meets on the first Monday of December each year. The first regular session of each new Congress is practically unlimited in its duration; but the second regular session of each Congress must end at noon on the fourth day of the following March, when the terms of its members expire. The new members, who are elected in November next preceding the December upon the first Monday of which the second regular session begins, are not sworn in for thirteen months after their election, unless Congress happens to be convened in an extra session; but they draw their salaries during that time.

When government paper money becomes too much worn for further circulation, it is redeemed at the Treasury by the issuance of new bills therefor; and the old redeemed notes are ground into pulp by the macerator in the Treasury Building, and this pulp is sold to the trade to be made into ordinary wrapping paper. Worn-out national bank notes are also redeemed at the Treasury by the Comptroller of the Currency, and the redeemed notes are also ground into pulp and sold to be made into common paper. All paper money is printed at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, a bureau of the Treasury Department, in Washington; but no money is coined at the seat of government—it is all coined at the United States mints, which are located at Philadelphia, Pa., San Francisco, Cal., and New Orleans, La.

The result of a Presidential election is not declared, officially, until the second Monday of the following February, when the votes of the electoral colleges of the several States are opened, counted and declared by the Vice-President of the United States in the presence of both the Senate and the House of Representatives sitting in joint session. The popular belief is that the election actually takes place on the very day and date upon which the electors are chosen; but that is a mistake. An elector is supposed to vote for the candidate whom he is nominated to represent, and he generally does so; but there is no law which compels him to do so, and he may vote as he pleases.



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THE C. M. A.

The Great Secret Society for boys. Organized in 1894. Chartered by law. All infringements will be prosecuted.

BOYS READ THIS



ANY boy or young man of good character may join The Coming Men of America. It has signs, grips, passwords, signs of distress, signs of warning, signs of recognition, secret signals, sign writing and many other features. Nearly every man over twenty-one years of age belongs to some secret society, such as Masons, Odd Fellows, K. of P., Knights of Honor, A. O. U. W., Macabees, etc. None of these orders will admit boys under twenty-one years of age. The C. M. A. is a regular secret society, full-fledged, having the best features possible to obtain. It is chartered, incorporated and authorized as a secret society for boys by the State of Illinois. The name of this order is The Coming Men of America. The secret work, initiations, etc., are by far the best of any secret society in existence. The objects are most praiseworthy. The boys of to-day are the *Coming Men of America*, and we teach them to fit themselves for the duties in life they must soon assume.

THE STAR is the official organ of the C. M. A. It is the best paper for boys ever published. Read this copy and see what you think of it. It is full of stories. Tells how to attain success. Tells what the members are doing. It also contains a secret letter to members in every issue. It prints pictures of its subscribers and tells what they think of the C. M. A. It has the best writers that time and money can get. It has amusing anecdotes of great men, funny stories, historical sketches, episodes in the lives of great men, biographies of the world's greatest soldiers, scholars, adventurers, discoverers and heroes.

THE BADGE. The official badge is patented enamel and genuine nickel. It is finished in three colors—blue, white and red. It has squares, circles, triangles, a star and various letters. It is similar to the buttons or badges worn by men who belong to secret societies, only it is more beautiful. No one but a member can get one of these badges under any circumstances. It is to be worn in the lapel of your coat, and when in position it never fails to attract marked attention.

SECRET WORK. The secret work consists of various signs, signals, words, answers, positions, grips, etc., which are only known to members. We have signs of distress, signs of warning, signs of recognition, signals for help, test signs, test words and grips. You can talk to a brother so that no one can understand it but a brother of the order. The secret work is all arranged so any one can learn it. It is illustrated, showing how the signs, signals, answers, etc., are made. **There is nothing in the secret work that conflicts with your religion, politics, or your duties to your friends or parents.**

SECRET SIGN WRITING. On the C. M. A. page you will see how the secret sign language looks. It is called "Bestography," and it can be read only by members of the C. M. A. As soon as you join we teach you how to read it easily. There never was an outsider that could make head or tail to Bestography. Try to read it and see how difficult it is. You can't make it out until we show you how it is done. The members can write to each other on postal cards or letters in Bestography, and no one can read it but the sender and the one it is addressed to.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP. Each member of the C. M. A. is furnished with a beautifully lithographed certificate of membership, about 10x12, this certificate gives date of your membership, your number and has the grand seal of the C. M. A. and the signatures of the officers of the order. The certificate itself is made especially for you.



ally to be framed as an ornament for your room. It is the handsomest thing of the kind you have ever seen. Your name is written in with a pen by an artist especially employed for that purpose.

BENEFITS. Some boys ask what the benefits are to those who belong to the C. M. A. Well, there are so many benefits we can't begin to tell you all of them. What makes men belong to secret societies and spend so much time at lodges? When you are a member, you know that no matter where you go and meet a member of the C. M. A., he is your friend. If you are in trouble, if you are being mistreated, if you are traveling, or if you are hurt, you will always get assistance and have the friendship of brother members. Business men are beginning to know about the C. M. A., and will always give the preference to a C. M. A. boy if they are in need of help. The best reference you can ever have is to say, "I belong to the C. M. A." You can only begin to appreciate the benefits when you join.

WHO MAY JOIN. We only accept white boys of good character as members. Girls cannot join under any circumstances. The C. M. A. is intended for boys under 21 years of age. You do not lose your membership after you become 21, but remain a member for life. We do not require an awful oath or obligation from members when they join. We simply ask them to pledge their word of honor not to disclose any of the secrets. We do not ask your religion or politics. The C. M. A. is a band of young men and boys who want to improve themselves, and who want to help their fellows, and who try to do as they would be done by. By leaving religion alone we prevent quarrels, and allow each member his own convictions. We simply appeal to the manly, upright qualities that exist in every boy, and hold up the bright examples of such men as Lincoln, Washington, Peabody, Cooper, Gladstone, Childs, and others, and advise our boys to copy after such men. We don't believe boys are growing worse. We are champions of our boys, and hope soon to have the C. M. A. so strong, large and powerful that it will astonish the world to know there exists such an army of self-reliant, bright, manly boys as those who compose the *Coming Men of America*.

ABOUT LODGES. Perhaps there are no members good it will do you to join. We would say that this is all the more reason for you to join. As soon as you are a member and the boys see your beautiful badge and certificate, they will all want to join, and as soon as you have six or more boys in your town we send you a charter free and instructions how to start a lodge and how to initiate new members. Remember, as soon as you join the other boys will come in without trouble. Read the testimonials on another page. Write to any of our members, if you wish, before you join.

Our Reliability.

If you wish to know more about the C. M. A., its reliability, etc., we cheerfully refer to any member of the order. We print pictures of C. M. A. boys each issue, also a column "Correspondence Wanted," the names and addresses are given, and we cheerfully refer you to any one of them; also to any business firm, lawyer, banker or manufacturer in Oak Park. The C. M. A. is chartered and authorized to do business by the State of Illinois. There are members in over 10,000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada; also in nearly every civilized country in the world. The C. M. A. is a brotherhood any boy will be proud to be a member of, after he joins and understands everything.

What it Costs.

The only charge to join the C. M. A. is 50c. This includes all the articles mentioned below. The price is very low. Don't put the matter off. Send in the coupon at once. The following is what we send every member; the outfit is well worth \$10, and you will say so when you see it:

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MARCH, 1900



CHAPTER I.

The Meeting by St. Stephen's Cross.



sun was some little past its meridian, the landscape, which in midsummer was usually the greenest of the green, wore a chill and wintry aspect, and the long, straight stretching Roman highway was absolutely deserted save for the two figures

on horseback that came sweeping down the road.

Their air, the clothes they wore, not to mention the long, roughly made, but serviceable looking rapiers that jangled at the horses' withers, proclaimed them, as in fact they were, accustomed to bearing arms.

"Whew! How the wind whistles," cried Joyce Kaston, the younger of the two, as he settled himself more comfortably in his saddle and drew his heavy scarlet riding habit more closely around him.

"Pshaw, lad," retorted Ralph, his companion, an older man, with grizzled grey hair, "thy young blood should keep thee warm."

"Let us on then," and, striking in spurs, the two horsemen broke into a gallop.

They were on their way to meet their young master, Markham Powell, son of Sir Julian Powell, of Annandale Castle, and heir to its broad domains. Markham, or "Mark," as we propose to designate him, had left home three years previous to the opening of our story and during this period had been traveling on the continent with a suitable retinue of servants and men at arms, made necessary by reason of the fact that these are "the days of old when knights were bold, and barons held their sway."

By four o'clock in the afternoon the two horsemen sat, quiet and motionless, by St. Stephen's Cross, a monument dating back to Norman times.

Presently a party of horsemen became visible, moving along at a rapid trot.

They were soon up to the cross, when the foremost rider, a strapping, handsome youth, mounted on a magnificent grey, drew rein, signing with his hand for the rest to pull up, while Ralph and Joyce rode forward.

"Why, Ralph, is it indeed thee," cried the young man, holding out his hand. "Gadzooks! you are as hale and hearty as when I left home."

"And who is this with you?"

"Young Joyce Kaston, your honor. You remember old Kaston, the major-domo?"

"Way, to be sure, and Joyce, too. Many a scamper we had together, eh, Joyce? Aye, and fight, too, for I remember once you gave me a good thrashing for something. But I should not have recognized thee with that moustache."

"Asking your honor's pardon," grinned Joyce, "it was you thrashed me. I mind it well, though I was a head taller than you then; but methinks you are bigger than me now."

"Aye, Master Markham," struck in Ralph, admiringly, "you went away a mere stripling, but you've returned a man in size, though but a lad in years. Five feet ten, if he's an inch," he muttered, "and three more years to grow."

"If I remember rightly," said Mark, "the

"Golden Lion lies not more than a mile ahead. There we can halt our horses, and perhaps put up for the night, for, though I long to see my father, I have small wish to continue my journey in such weather."

"Your honor is right," said Ralph, "though I doubt me if we can put up there, for as Joyce and I came along, I noticed a whole troop of horses pull up in the courtyard."

"Well, we can but see, and as we go along you can tell me the news. How is Sir Roland Ash?"



"You are defying the king's warrant."

"We see but little of him now. The relations between your honored father and he are very strained."

"How?" cried Mark, with a start. "They were fast friends when I left."

"Aye, but things have altered. Sir Roland is now but a court butterfly, fluttering round the rim of his majesty's, or, rather, my Lord of Buckingham's favor."

"But there is nothing in that to make bad feeling between them."

"Nay, but then came a law suit, about all the fallow-land that lay between your father's and Sir Roland's estate. Your father had all the papers, and was to have won the day, but Sir Roland laid the affair before the Duke of Buckingham, and the case went in his favor."

"This is, indeed, sad news to me," Mark said. "What of Miss Lucy Ash?" he added with a slight tremor in his voice.

"She has grown into a lovely girl, though somewhat thin," answered the old soldier. "To my mind, old Salter's daughter is a far more buxom wench, saving your honor's presence," he added.

"Oh, yes; Captain Salter—'Ezekiel Smite-for-

the-Lord,' our other neighbor; and is he still well?"

"Aye, well enough," growled Ralph, "and more sanctimonious and snuffy than ever. As big a scoundrel as ever drew sword against king and crown."

"You never liked him, I know," smiled Mark.

"Nor did your father either, and he has less cause to now than ever, for the captain has been howling about Sir Julian harboring papists on account of poor old Father Ambrose."

"As harmless and innocent a soul as ever lived," cried Mark.

"Yes, but he incurred the old crop-ear's dislike by saying something about the forwardness of Miss Esther, who is forever at the castle making inquiries about you."

It was now quite dark, and as they approached the inn Ralph dismounted and called for the host.

The landlord appeared, but said he was afraid our friends would have to go farther on, as his house was full of gentlemen.

"Well, you'll have to augment your party by a few," said Mark, coolly dismounting.

"Here, Joyce, take the animals to the

long black feathers which adorned it.

Mark, glancing over these two groups, passed by them to the great fireplace, and, taking off his cloak, shook the snow from it, then stood with his back to the fire. While he stood thus the eyes of the whole party were from time to time directed at him.

The sterner-looking Puritans made remarks among themselves, though so low that Mark heard them not, but the four who sat at the smaller table were less particular.

"A jay-looking ruffler," exclaimed one.

"Cock sparrow rather," growled his nearest companion, a big man, whose thick lips, purple face, and beady, rolling eyes betokened vicious indulgence, especially in the bottle. "Sdeath! when I have finished my wine, I will trounce this butterfly carcass from before the fire, where he keeps the heat from his betters."

"Be careful, Dick," said the man in black, quietly. "Thou'rt ever more ready with thy tongue than with thy weapon."

"And most ready with a knife in the dark," said one who had not yet spoken, at which there was a general laugh.

At this moment, Ralph, Joyce and the three troopers entered.

Crossing the room to Mark, they loosened their cloaks and spread their hands to the blaze.

As Ralph and Joyce did so, Mark noticed that they both wore leather jerkins and body armor, and, in surprise, said—

"What, buff and steel on so peaceful an errand! What means this?"

"Your honor," said Ralph, "no man is safe in these times. What with the Popish plot, and I know not what besides, one must go abroad always armed."

"The plot, the plot," said Mark. "I hear of nothing but the plot. I incline to my uncle's opinion, that the plot is a myth, and only believed in by those who invented it for their own wicked ends."

"Oh, ho! young popinjay," cried one of the men called Dick, starting up from the table—"Oh, ho! you dare utter treason in the presence of his majesty's officers! Did you hear that, Master Garnett? He doth doubt the existence of the Popish plot."

With that he pushed through the troopers, and caught hold of Mark's arm, but the latter, with a haughty gesture, shook him off.

"How now, fellow!" he cried. "What is it to thee what I say or think?"

"S'blood! you may find ere long it is much to me. Then look'st to me most remarkably like a papist, and I will carry thee before the council, and see whether good Doctor Oates knows thee."

He advanced again to seize Mark, but his men closed round their master, and there was like to have been a scuffle had not the man in black addressed as Garnett interfered.

"Not so fast, Dick," he cried. "Leave this affair to me. I have other work for thee."

And he took him aside, conversing with him in a low tone.

"Master Mark," said Ralph, quietly, "methinks 'tis best to continue our journey without further delay. I like not the looks of these fellows. They seem to me like a party of cropeared, roundhead knaves on the scent for suspected persons, and Sir Julian himself is in ill favor. I think he should know of their presence here."

"Let us away, in heaven's name, then," assented Mark, and giving each of the troopers a crown, he bade them return, and convey his love and duty to his uncle, Lord Pencerster.

Garnett pricked up his ears on hearing this, and threw a meaning look at the eldest and richest dressed of his three companions.

He had just before given the man Dick some orders, which the latter seemed hardly to relish, for he growled—

"I tell thee, Master Garnett, my mare is dog-tired. She could hardly lift a hoof for the last mile coming here."

"Nay, man, think not to balk me; it is of the utmost importance that my message be delivered before the old fox bath notice of our

presence; therefore, in the king's name, lay hands upon the best horse in the stable, and woe to him who dares to stop thee."

With these words Dick left the room, and Mark, calling to the landlord, asked for the reckoning, which, when brought, he acquitted in so handsome a manner as to turn mine host into a most obsequious servitor.

Our party now made their way to the stables, but, as they arrived, what was Mark's surprise to see, in the moonlight, the man "Dick" just riding off on his own grey charger.

Springing forward, he seized the bridle. "Fellow," he said, "thou hast made a mistake; the horse between your legs is mine." "Ha! coxcomb," cried the man, "dost want me to break thy pate! If not, unhand the bridle."

In reply, Mark seized him suddenly by the right leg, and, giving him a quick, powerful lift, sent him rolling off the other side.

"Blood and fury, you shall pay for this," the ruffian howled. "You are defying the king's warrant. In the name of the law, I demand that horse."

"And in the name of Justice I refuse to give him up," said Mark.

"Then take the consequences," roared the man, and lunging out his sword he made at Mark.

But the latter, seeing the swaggerer was intoxicated, nimbly sprang aside, and, getting out his foot, tripped him up, giving him, as he fell, a tremendous blow on the neck with his fist.

Dick, hampered by his heavy cloak, fell with a crash to the ground, where he lay quite still.

"Now to horse and away, before the alarm is raised, or our necks may pay for the night's work," cried Ralph, and, swinging into their saddles, they clattered out of the courtyard. Lord Poncester's men Doverwards, and the rest in the direction of Annandale Castle.

Three hours later the square keep, which had been built by Sir William Powell, in the Conqueror's reign, loomed in sight.

They rode up past the lodge to the main entrance, and Ralph, dismounting, gave the bell such a pull that made the echoes ring in the vaulted arch and in the court within.

With a swing the great doors opened, and a moment later old Kaston was kissing Mark's hand, and bidding him welcome back to Annandale.

Crossing this, the inner court, they entered a lofty-arched door, which, leading down a long passage, opened into the banqueting hall.

Crossing this, a door at the other end opened into a passage on the opposite side of which a room, brilliantly lit, appeared.

The door was open, and in the space stood the figure of a grey-headed, majestic-looking old gentleman.

Stepping across the passage, he seized, with both hands, the young man's right one, while with his left the latter removed his hat and, dropping on his knee, cried—

"Father, I return home, never again, I hope, to leave you."

"It is indeed my boy, my own Mark," exclaimed the old cavalier, raising his son by the arm. "What a fine fellow thou hast grown, and the image of thy poor mother. Heaven grant thy prayer, lad. I trust we shall part no more till I go forever, for in my old age I wax dull."

"Amen to that prayer," said a small, silver-haired old man, with a gentle face, sitting beside the great fire that blazed on the open hearth.

He rose from his seat as he spoke, and advanced towards Mark.

While he advanced, however, as if in answer to his prayer, a hollow, mocking laugh rang through the room.

"What was that?" cried Mark, in surprise. "Methought I heard a laugh."

"And I, too," cried Sir Julian. "Gadzooks! this is no time for any of the household to play pranks."

"I heard nothing," cried Father Ambrose. "True, I am a little deaf, but I doubt not it was but the wind, for 'tis a wild night."

The three seated themselves before the blazing fire, on which Sir Julian had ordered more fuel to be heaped, and a substantial repast being brought in, supplemented with some magnificent canary and hot spiced ale, the three fell to, doing all justice to the meal, af-

ter which, for a couple of hours, they sat in close, familiar conversation.

It was getting well into the small hours of the morning ere the party broke up to seek their respective rooms.

CHAPTER III.

A Night in "Sir Bryan's" Tower.

The room to which Mark was conducted was not the one he had occupied during his boyhood, but a much larger, loftier room, situated in what was known as Sir Bryan's tower.

The way to it led through the picture gallery, and Mark, taking the candle from Joyce Kaston, looked around at the portraits of his knightly ancestors.

In particular he gazed at the full-length portrait of Sir Bryan, a valiant Crusader, and builder of the tower.

As he looked, a sensation he could not account for came over him, and in haste he turned away to seek his chamber, when again he thought he heard that low laugh.

He stirred up the logs and made them flare, seating himself in a large arm-chair before them.

He soon grew sleepy, however, and, undressing, got into bed, and to sleep, but soon to awake with a start, and to find himself bathed in perspiration.

The candle which he had left alight had burnt out, and the fire had gone down to a dull red glow.

How long he had slept he could not tell, but it was still quite dark.

He sat up in bed and pulled the clothes about him, but as he did so he saw a sight which froze his blood and made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth in horror. There, straight in front of him, in the faint red glare of the fire, stood a figure, tall and broad, but transparent.

At first it was like an indistinct mass of nebulous matter, but gradually it assumed the shape of a man, until at length the figure of Sir Bryan stood before him.

There was the chain mail, bright as the day it came from the armorer's hand, the pot helmet, white surcoat, with the great red cross on it, and in his hands the Crusader bore a naked sword, which seemed to drip with blood.

Mark tried to cry out, but his voice failed him. The figure looked full at him, and the face, not brown, as the painting, but deadly white, had an angry, threatening look, while the eyes glared fiercely at the youth.

Thrice he waved his blood-stained sword around his head, then, gliding, rather than walking, towards the fire, seemed to vanish into thin air.

No sooner had the apparition disappeared than Mark, recovering his self-possession, leapt from the bed.

He threw more logs on the fire, and soon a blaze illumined the room. Hastily putting on his clothes, he made a careful survey of the room, tapping all the wainscoting to see if he could find a secret door, but to no effect.

Everything, too, was exactly as he had left it the night before. The door and windows were fast, and all the furniture was in the same position as on the previous evening.

Mark looked on the fire to see if any drops of blood had fallen from the Crusader's sword, but no, there were no signs. Pulling his arm-chair close up to the fire, he fell asleep again, and remained undisturbed until Joyce, knocking at the door, said Sir Julian was already up and awaiting his son in the small hall.

(To be continued.)

Parents Endorse C. M. A.

Enclosed find samples of lodge envelopes and paper which the "Elmer Columbian Lodge" has just had printed. The work was done by myself on my own printing press. All of the members of the Elmer Lodge have calling cards as per sample enclosed. Our lodge is in a flourishing condition, and is getting more popular. The fathers of the members are taking a greater interest in it, which helps us. At first they were more apt to criticize us. We had a visit from one of our brothers in Bridgeton, William Sharp, a few days ago. He remarked that there were members everywhere in Elmer. If I was a writer I would very much like to express my feelings in praise towards this grand order. I think it is the greatest and best thing a boy could join in the society line, and I shall always remain a member. Elmer is a small town of about one thousand inhabitants, and our lodge has taken in about all the desirable boys. We meet the first and last Thursday night of each month. We have a code of bylaws, of which one imposes a fine upon any member who is absent from a meeting without a reasonable cause. Let us make this year the most prosperous one the life of the order has ever known in securing good members. This can be done by working among your friends and mates. If they are not members already you ought to be able to secure them. Let's try with each lodge meeting to make it more of a benefit and a help to each and all of us. Prepare ourselves. Think of what is ahead of us in the rough road of life. Try to uphold all the principles of this grand order and be ready, for as you well know our motto is "Our Turn Next." Stand up to this as a member of the Coming Men of America. I would like to hear from members in my own state and also others.—Hubert S. Foster, C. T. N., President Elmer Columbian Lodge No. 1280, Elmer, N. J.

Napoleon's Old Guard.

THE most remarkable and striking scene in the life of the great Napoleon was witnessed at Fontainebleau on the 28th of April, 1814. On the evening of the previous day, after the famous interview with the marshals, most of whom urged his submission, the Emperor, seeing all hope at end, signed the deed of abdication. Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, one of the few who continued faithful to the last, remained with his master. When they were alone, Caulaincourt pleaded that he might share the Emperor's exile at Elba, but was persuaded that he could be more useful by remaining in Paris. Grasping his hand, the Emperor said: "My friend, we must separate. To-morrow I shall need my fortitude in bidding adieu to my soldiers. My brave guard! Faithful and devoted in my good and in my bad fortune! To-morrow I take my last farewell. This is the final struggle that remains for me to make."

On the next day Napoleon remained alone in his cabinet during the forenoon. He had appointed midday as the time of his departure. As the hour approached, the troops of the Imperial Guard were drawn up in the courtyard of the palace. An immense concourse from the surrounding country had collected to witness an event which to this day is remembered with more interest than any of the older historical associations of the palace.

On arriving at the landing of the great staircase he stood for a few moments. Every eye was fixed on him. At any other time shouts would have rent the air. But there was silence, almost like the solemnity of religious awe. Many of the veterans bowed their heads, and tears rolled down their furrowed cheeks. Suppressing his own emotion, the Emperor descended into the courtyard; and as he approached the soldiers the drums beat the accustomed salute. By a gesture the Emperor arrested the martial sound, and amidst breathless silence he spoke with voice clear and firm: "Generals, officers and soldiers of my old Guard, I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and glory. In these last days, as in the days of my prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of courage. Europe has armed against us. Still, with men such as you our cause could never have been lost. We could have maintained a civil war for years. But it would have brought misery on our country. I have, therefore, sacrificed our interests to those of France. I leave you. But do you, my friends, be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has accepted. The happiness of France was my only thought. It shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot. I shall be happy as long as I know you are so. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope that I may still promote your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. Adieu, my children; I would that I could press each, one of you to my heart. Let me at least embrace your general and your eagle!"

At a signal from the Emperor, General Pettit, who then commanded the old Guard, advanced, and stood between the troops and their adored chief. Napoleon, with tears dimming his eyes, embraced the veteran general, who, entirely unmaned, sobbed aloud. There were few dry eyes at that moment. Then the Emperor, nerving himself, said: "Bring me the eagle!" A grenadier advanced, bearing one of the eagles of the Guard. Napoleon kissed it and pressed it to his heart, saying, with a tremulous voice: "Dear eagle! May this last embrace vibrate in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers! Farewell, again, my old comrades, farewell!"

This was not, however, the last appearance of the Imperial Guard in history. When all Europe was in commotion on the return of the Emperor from Elba, the veterans of the old Guard, the men who had fought at Jena and Austerlitz, were amongst the first to welcome their old chief. In the campaign of the hundred days the Guard was organized anew, and in the decisive battle of Waterloo it formed two battalions—the old Guard and the young Guard—in all about ten thousand strong.

The Imperial Guard did not take part in the long day's conflict on the 18th of June; they were held in reserve on a height near La Haye Sainte. Towards evening, when the near approach of the Prussians under Blucher was no longer doubtful, the Emperor felt that the time had come for a supreme effort to force the British position, and to overwhelm the troops wearied with the incessant artillery and cavalry attacks of the day.

About six o'clock Napoleon rode to the position of the Guards, when he was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm. He intended, or gave out that he intended, to lead them to the attack. He was dissuaded from risking his life, and Ney—"the bravest of the brave"—took the command.

They moved in two mighty columns, sep-

arated by only a few paces, and preceded by a cloud of skirmishes. They advanced steadily down the slope, the drums beating the pas de charge, and with repeatedly renewed cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" The English Guards—Maitland's brigade—were in reserve on the opposite height, laying down, just over the crest, to be as long sheltered as possible. The French artillery kept up a fierce fire from the height during the advance till the head of the columns had reached the ascent on the opposite slope. The English Guards, who then had little spare ammunition, drove the skirmishers down the slope, to the top of which they had nearly advanced, and returned to their position awaiting the nearer approach of the Imperial troops. On they steadily came, led by the gallant Ney, on foot, his horse having been shot under him. There was now a lull in the conflict on most parts of the battlefield, and the movement of the dense columns of the French held every eye. Every British gun that could reach the place was brought into play, and fearful gaps were made by the cannon balls which plowed through the crowded mass.

Sir John Colborne, who was then in command of the 52d Regiment (English), having watched his opportunity, ordered his men to wheel round, and charge the advancing first column of the Guard on its flank. As many as possible of the left of each company of the Guard faced outwards to meet this unexpected attack. But the dense column had no advantage from its numbers against this flank confusion, and its onward progress was arrested.

It was when the French column was staggering under this sudden attack that the British Guards rushed forward and completed the defeat.

By the flank attack of the 52d and the bayonet charge of the Guards the French Imperial Guard received its final defeat and overthrow. The reserve of the Guard checked the advance of the British troops and gave time for Napoleon and his staff to get a start on their retreat, before the way was blocked by the rush of fugitives flying from the pursuing Prussians.

And so the French army and people are proud of the history and traditions of Napoleon's Imperial Guard. And well they may be, for it took a leading part in most of the great campaigns and victories of the Consulate and the Empire.

First Owners of Cuba.

One of the men employed in taking the census in Cuba reported to General Sanger, in Santa Clara, that he had found, in Pinar del Rio, a settlement of nearly 300 persons "engrooved in the mountains," as he expressed it, entirely out of touch with the outside world, living on plantains and sweet potatoes, and governing themselves in a sort of primitive republic.

An almost unheard-of settlement among the mountains of Santiago puzzled the enumerators far more than anything else. The people were not Cubans, nor Spaniards, nor negroes, but Indians, the only remnant left of the once powerful tribes which inhabited the island when Columbus discovered America. They are few in number, and shy, and they live in the most primitive manner.

Fried Onions

Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of the stomach it is claimed also was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort, whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion, some stomachs lack pepsine, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack Hydro chloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

HALL'S Vegetable
Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the hair from falling out, and makes a new growth come in. You save what you have and get more. No gray hair.

THE BOY AND THE JUGGLERS.

Mysterious Adventures of an Anglo-Indian Boy.

BY P. Y. BLACK.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)

KIN the morning the shooting party with their guns and their gunboys and their dogs and their dogboys disappeared over the hill. Papa kissed his hand as he vanished, and Uncle Fred halloed, "Pooh! As if these tokens of consideration for him atoned for their unkindness to the little boy! He wanted to go so badly, and they said he was too little. Very absurd of them it was, to be sure, and therefore Freddie got his bow and arrow, and, with the righteously offended dignity of an eight-year-old very-nearly-but-not-yet-quite-grown-up man, set out a hunting all by himself.

It was just about sunrise, the coolest, nicest time o' day in India, and mama was not yet up and the servants were busy elsewhere, so nobody said him "nay." In a little while Freddie found himself a good distance from the bungalow, on the boundary of the tea plantation, where the wilderness began and all was strange and new to him. Of course, with his bow and arrows, he was now on the lookout for tigers and elephants and mammoths and things, but perhaps he was not very, very, unduly anxious to see them. At any rate, he was gratified to observe, of a sudden, a quite un-

smiled and salaamed very low in quite a gratified way. They obeyed him at once, and the young native began to perform even more amusing tricks. It was almost terrifying, but the curious, and rather unnerving thing was that the old juggler never seemed to take his eyes off the boy. Whenever Freddie looked at him, he found him looking at Freddie, so closely and so solemnly, yet so kindly, that the little sahib was quite awed, and felt a sensation of respect which he had never experienced before in his life-long dealings with natives. The old man gave him a mat to sit on, and smiled into his face with great, deep, piercing eyes, and told him to be good and he would see what he would see.

The old man then took a mango stone from a basket, and carefully planted it. Then he covered the spot for an instant with the basket, and cried out something, and removed the basket, and there was the young plant already sprouting from the earth! Freddie gasped, and the plant grew and grew right before his eyes. It grew and it grew, until in a very short time it was a tree. Then it spread and it spread and it spread, and had many branches and leaves, and at last little mangos began to appear, and they grew and ripened in a marvelous way, until the fakir plucked a big juicy one and gave it to the boy, who ate it and found it delicious. Then the juggler waved his hands and the tree was gone.

"Goodness me!" cried Freddie. "I don't see how that was done."

The old juggler smiled again, and took a coil of rope from the wonderful basket. It was a very ordinary rope, just, in fact, a wash line. But the fakir cried out into the air and threw one end of the coil far up, and the marveling boy saw that the rope spun slowly out, up and up towards the sky, quite straight as if someone were hauling at the upper end. It went up and up until the end vanished altogether.

"Gracious goody!" cried Freddie. "I don't see how that was done!"

The old man clapped his hands and the young man leaped at the rope at once and seized it and began to climb up, hand over hand at a tremendous rate, and he went up and up until he also was out of sight.

"I never, never did!" cried Freddie, who was now limp with amazement. "Where did he go to?"

"Wherever he wished to go," the juggler said. "Does the sahib wish to go anywhere?"

"Yes," cried Freddie with a sudden happy thought. "Where my papa and uncle are hunting?"

In a moment the juggler placed the rope in his hands.

"Climb," said he, and without taking time to think, Freddie climbed.

Just how and when it happened that he let go of the rope he could not tell, but, without any trouble to himself he suddenly found that the rope had disappeared, and he was standing in a great compound beside a river. By the river banks were great stacks of lumber, and a small army of elephants, each in charge of a mahout who perched on the brute's neck, was picking up huge logs and carrying them, according to their length and thickness to others stacks, where the elephants piled them with almost human intelligence and exactness. Freddie remembered this government dock-yard, for he had been taken to watch the elephants once before by his father. He was greatly interested and wandered about freely. He chattered to the mahouts and others, but it seemed they were all very, very busy, for they did not answer, nor, indeed, seem to see the little boy at all. Freddie did not mind that; there was so much to watch.

At last he came to a corner of the yard where a big elephant was standing all by itself, swaying from side to side, chained by one leg. Freddie recognized it by its size, as one which his father had allowed him to ride on in care of the mahout, when he was here before. Naturally the boy wished to enjoy a ride again. There was no attendant near to help him up, but somehow he found that the swarthy, turbaned old juggler was looking into his eyes again, and the next instant he was triumphantly seated atop of the elephant. He was tremendously pleased at first, but all of a moment, the beast raised its trunk and trumpeted with an awful, savage roar. At the same time it gave its leg a mighty jerk, and the iron chain burst, and the elephant was free. It roared again and tossed its trunk high, and then—charged straight through the compound. The black men and the white men scattered in all directions, yelling in fear.

"Run! run! Look out! Look out! The Rajah's loose! He's mad! Run for your life!"

They all ran so quickly that a clear path was left for the mad elephant, who dashed straight through the yard, shattered the great gates as if they were orange boxes and, trampling furiously, galloped wildly into the far spreading open country. Easily and incomprehensibly as Freddy had got up he found he could not now get down, and he was dreadfully afraid, but he seemed fastened to the huge beast's neck just behind the great ears. He would have liked to jump off but he could not; he just stuck and stuck and stuck. He had had no idea before that elephants could run so fast,

The Rajah ran like a race horse. The trees and houses flashed past. They came to a native village, and the inhabitants—fathers and mothers grabbing babies and howling with fear—dashed and darted and climbed and crawled to all imaginable hiding places.

Crash! crash! through the branches of trees; splash! splash! through a muddy river; swish! swish! through meadows of high, thick grass, in which tame buffaloes were entirely hidden from sight! Through wood and river and grass Freddie held on in a most marvelous manner. At last they came to a spot somewhat familiar to the little boy, a strip of jungle with a belt of open, rolling grassland in front. Through an opening in the jungle, Freddy saw the dark green brushes of a plantation, and beyond that the roof and upper veranda of a high bungalow. Freddie recognized his own home. He was given no time to look twice, however, for suddenly right before the elephant, directly in its path, there stepped out from the jungle two big men with guns, and Freddie saw that they were his father and uncle. For the first time the boy found breath to yell.

"Papa! Uncle Fred! Let me down!" he screamed. "The elephant has run away! He's mad! Stop him! Take me down!"

It was impossible to believe, it was absurd to credit it. Those two big cowards, at sight of the mad elephant and the little boy charging upon them, turned and fled! True, they had only light, small calibre rifles, but—was that an excuse for deserting an adored son and nephew in his extremity? They did not get away, however! Freddie's father tripped and fell right in the road of the Rajah! Uncle Fred stopped, white as death, but steady, astride of the stunned figure of his brother. Seventy yards away the elephant trumpeted and bore down triumphantly. Uncle Fred took careful aim. There was but one little spot in the great beast's forehead to hit successfully and stop the Rajah. To miss it meant death for both men. The hunter gazed steadily through his sights at that spot, and paid not the slightest attention to Master Freddie, who, in an agony of apprehension, screeched at the top of his voice: "Don't miss, uncle, or you'll hit me!"

Seventy yards, fifty yards, thirty yards! Uncle Fred fired. Flame and smoke and roar and crash and Freddie found himself sitting on the grass alone, and the wonderful Indian jugglers had both disappeared.

"How do you know about the elephant? Where were you?" his father gasped.

"Didn't you see me?" Freddie asked, reproachfully. "I was on top of the elephant, where the mahout rides, you know. The old juggler let me climb the rope, and I went to the dockyard and got on the Rajah's back, and he went mad and ran away, and I thought you were killed and—"

"Freddie!" cried his mother, "you have got sunstroke!"

She picked the little boy up in her arms, and carried him into a cool room, where he was put to bed with ice on his head, while the doctor was sent for, in spite of his protests, but on the veranda papa and uncle stared at each other.

"Jugglers! Climbing up the rope!" cried papa. "The child must have met a troupe of these traveling conjurers!"

"But—but," said Uncle Fred feebly, "of course all Anglo-Indians know the strange tricks these fellows can perform, which no man—no white man at any rate—has ever explained, but—but—oh, bless my soul—there was an elephant and you did fall, and there was no boy on the elephant's back, and therefore Freddie couldn't be there, but—oh, confound it all, how did he know what happened, before anybody but our two selves and your wife knew any elephant had been shot at all?"

Papa jumped up angrily in spite of his sore arm.

"I've seen that rope trick done often and the man climb into the clouds. Everybody has seen it, and no one ever explained it, save by hypnotism of the audience. That's it! But the idea of practicing their arts upon a little boy! It's too bad! I'll send out, and if they are caught, they will have to hypnotize themselves out of jail!"

"Of course," said uncle, still with weak bewilderment, "but—but—was Freddie on the elephant or was he not, don't you know? Oh, bless my soul!"

So riders were sent out in all directions to catch the wonderful jugglers, but it was no use—these had juggled themselves far away. But mama was very indignant at papa and Uncle Fred for such suggestions as hypnotism and jugglery.

"You two big sillies!" said mama. "The boy went to sleep in the sun and dreamed and the rest is all coincidence. So, there!"

Still, however, men came from the dock-yard to trace the dead elephant, and they told



"A prodigious number of knives."

expected and amazing sight.

Two brown men, one quite old and the other quite young, were in the shadow of the trees. They were stripped to the waist, and the old man wore a cummerbund and sandals, while the young, why man's legs and feet were bare. The old man was evidently instructing the youngest and supervising a lesson far more interesting to Freddie than the worrying intricacies of the reading book and the multiplication table. Flash, flash! Flickery, flick! Up in the air, glancing in the morning's slanting sunbeams, quivered a prodigious number of knives. They must sometimes have touched the juggler's hands, but so deftly did the young man finger them, that the knives darted about his head and body like a swarm of great dragonflies, grazing his ears, soaring above his turban, swooping to his knees, but never by any accident touching the ground until, with a swift clatter and clash, they all came together in the juggler's grasp, and he laid them down.

Now, the little boy's eyes and mouth were soon very wide open, indeed, and when the feat was over, his unconscious legs had borne him, step by step, right up to the jugglers, where his brown hair and pale face and pretty suit of snow white duck contrasted strangely with their dusky skins and bright black eyes and cloths of glowing colors. He was immensely interested, and rather awed, but by no means afraid, for he had been born in India, and was accustomed to commune in a lordly manner with all sorts of natives. Even traveling jugglers were not unknown to him as a species of Indian, which, if one had to be a native, would decidedly be preferable to any other. So, when the swarthy men salaamed humbly, to the little sahib, the boy acknowledged their salute, and said, with the simple directness of one used to being obeyed:

"Do it again."

The older man turned to the boy at once with an air of having expected him, and



"Uncle Fred fired—Freddie found himself sitting in the grass."

He picked himself up at once and ran as fast as he could back to the bungalow. It was past breakfast time and everybody was on the veranda. Freddie's mother was tying up her husband's arm in a sling. Uncle Fred was standing up and talking excitedly. Freddie heard him as he ran up.

"The closest shave!" Uncle Fred cried. "By Jove, Dick, though I say it myself, it was a great shot, too! Right on the vital spot, and he went to his knees with a crash! Halloo!"

"Freddie!" cried his mother. "Where have you been? Without a hat! Oh! dear, oh! dear! You'll have sunstroke!"

But Freddie leaped to his father's breast, sobbing.

"I'm so glad!" he sobbed. "I didn't know whether you killed the elephant or the elephant killed you, and I was afraid uncle missed and killed me, but I'm not killed, am I, papa?"

Papa and mama and Uncle Fred raised their hands, and their faces were pictures of bewilderment.

of its escape just as Freddie did. So, there!

Where They Originated.

Years ago the word "idiot" meant simply a private person as distinguished from a public official. A "clown" was only a farmer.

It was the custom to call an industrious peasant a "villain" and a "knave" was simply a boy. "Stilly" meant blessed in old German and the old Saxons meant nothing out of the way when they called a man a "churl."

"Mac," the Scotch prefix, means son, so Macdonald is the same as Donaldson. Fairfax means "fair of face."

We get "bogus" from the native Italian family, the Borghese, whose swindling operations were extensive. Brian's son Hector was always teasing his enemies—hence "bectoring."

"Orange" means gold apple, and the "date" means a finger, from its resemblance to one. From the Latin word "Politron" we get polities, and Capt. Fudge, commander of an English steamship, was in the habit of relating such outrageous stories that his men grew to designate a falsehood by exclaiming his name, "fudge."

New York

***** THE STAR. *****

\$500.00 IN GOLD FREE.

E	O	W	A
X	R	A	C
I	K	H	A
C	Y	O	G
O	N	C	A

HERE is a chance to use your **Brains** and win **\$500.00 in Gold**. We want you to try and arrange these twenty jumbled letters printed in the block square to the left, which, properly arranged, will spell the names of three large cities in the **world**, two of these cities being in the United States, the other being a city in Mexico. In making the three names, the letters can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used which does not appear. After you have found the three correct names, you will have used every letter in the twenty exactly as many times as it appears. If you cannot find the three correct names, but only find two, you will receive a special prize for your trouble worth one dollar. **If you answer this puzzle at once you will not be disappointed.** Some one is going to win the money, and it may be you. **Anyway, it does not cost you any money to try.** All we ask is, that should you be a successful contestant, that you will secure for us one yearly subscriber to our handsome illustrated Monthly Magazine. This we can truthfully say is the very hardest puzzle ever advertised, so get out your geography and look for these three cities. The correct names are only known to the president of this company. The envelope containing the three names has been sealed and deposited with a leading banking company in Boston, and will only be opened the day after the contest closes, April 26th. This we believe is the only honest way of conducting a contest, as every one has an equal chance. In case more than one person succeeds in finding the three correct names we will divide the money equally. In addition to the \$500.00 in gold we will give you an opportunity to win

\$5.00 A WEEK FOR LIFE FREE, or

\$250.00 A YEAR FOR LIFE FREE

Without any Labor or Expense

We are going to give to some one who has entered this contest and who complies with the conditions as stated above an opportunity to win and secure from us without any labor or expense on their part **\$5 every week during their natural life**. We mean just what we say. There is no deception and no trickery about this offer. **If you are the lucky one, and we hope you are, for some one will get it, we will send the winner every week during their natural life \$5, or else \$250 every year in advance for life, whichever way they prefer.** Do not throw this contest aside and say, Oh, pshaw! I have answered puzzles before and never got anything, or else only secured a few cents for my trouble, for if you do this you will regret it as long as you live. Some one is going to win the money, and it may be you. No one can tell, anyway, **it does not cost you one cent**, as we do not want any money from you. Are the prizes worth trying for? We think they are, for \$5 a week paid to you for life will keep one from the poorhouse, and to those who have a small income it will supply them with many a necessity which one has to do without in these

hard times. Of course we are strangers to you, and you have no assurance except our word that we are financially able to carry out the promises we make. If you have the least doubt, we would be pleased to have you look us up. We are a responsible company, with a **paid up capital of one hundred thousand dollars**, composed of honorable and well-known business men of Boston. We want to secure a large list of subscribers to our magazine, and will leave no stone unturned to accomplish, by honest methods only, our object. Every one entering this contest will receive honest treatment, and you will have the same chance whether you live in California or Massachusetts. Distance makes no difference. After you have carefully arranged the twenty jumbled letters into the three cities which you think are right, send your answer to us at once, enclosing a two-cent stamp for reply, and you will immediately receive an answer telling you whether you are a successful contestant, and we will also send you full particulars how you can win \$5 a week for life. Don't delay, for this is the last time this advertisement will appear in this paper. Address:

The Bernard-Richards Co., Ltd., 100 D Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

The Homing Instinct.

The homing instinct develops in young animals almost as early as the desire for food. In the wild state it is a necessity, since without it the young could never keep in touch with herd or pack. Even after centuries of domestication, it is still acute. Witness this tale of little pigs. They were under a month old when their owner decided to move. He wanted to fat and kill their mothers, so offered the lot of forty at a bargain price. A neighbor five miles away bought the pigs, put them in a big box, hoisted the box on a wagon and hauled it home. There the pigs were put in a close pen, fed with milk and mush for two weeks, then given the range of a small lot adjacent to the pen. Three mornings later every one was missing. A small hole carefully rooted under the gate was the sole explanation of their disappearance. Their buyer searched high and low for them, sending even to adjacent farms, but could not find them. That afternoon the original owner sent word he had found thirty-nine of the forty standing squealing at his gate when he awoke. The buyer going to reclaim the strays, found the missing fortieth pig lying exhausted by the roadside, but still struggling to write along on the trail of its mates.

Upon the same middle Tennessee plantation a four-year-old mare was bought from an Ohio drover. The drover had been brought down on shack ears to the county town, seven miles away. The mare seemed perfectly content in her new surroundings, so after a week or two she was allowed to pasture with other stock. For a day she was happy, grazing and frolicking with the rest. Toward noon of the second day a watcher saw her suddenly fling up her head, cock one ear forward, one back, as though listening intently to a far off call, then start in a swinging gallop for the pasture fence, clear it with one flying leap, cross a field of young corn, take the boundary fence, a much stiffer one, and go away due north. Nothing more was seen or heard of her for three months. Then by a singular chance she was discovered, impounded as an estray, more than half way across the state of Kentucky. She had swum a considerable river to get so far, and had been taken up, through breaking into a pasture to graze. She was going home straight as the crow flies, making no account whatever of the bends and turns in the route by which she had been fetched.

Among fowls domestic turkeys are the most persistent homers. This same plantation's mistress found that out in a way at

once odd and provoking. She raised a brood of fourteen, which turned out to contain thirteen gobblers. They were fine lusty bronze-brown fellows, although this was in the year when bronze turkeys, so-called, were unknown. She gave away seven out of the thirteen to as many neighbors, to put at the head of their breeding flocks. As a consequence almost every day for six weeks she had to go out and help to separate her own turkeys from some other flock. Each of the gift-gobblers came back home, not once but many times, with his harem at his heels.

Cats are proverbial homers. Southern negroes have many entertaining superstitions connected with their transfer. In moving they say it is the worst luck in the world to take along the cat. It is also very bad luck to give away a cat, unless its feet are greased, and allowed to make marks on the threshold it goes over. They say, further, the homing propensity can be destroyed by putting butter on pussy's feet before they touch anything in her new home. Black walnuts, which it is nearly as bad luck to move as cats, may be made to serve as ill-luck antidotes by cracking them carefully, and either tying a necklace of shells on the cat, or putting them upon her feet for boots. It is lucky to have the gift of a cat, and luckier still to have one come to you of its own motion. A gift-cat ought to be taken home in a bag securely tied, so none of the luck will escape.

Notwithstanding this was done in the case of a tortoise shell rabby, she came home over a distance of fifteen miles. She took all summer to do it in. The road home led through pleasant woods and was never very far from a clear creek. At various times, between June, when she vanished from her new home, and November, when she reappeared at her old one, tabby was seen skittering through the woods with a bird in her mouth, or sunning herself luxuriously high in some safe tree-crotch. The first nipping frost brought her to the familiar door, meowing, and looking up at her old master quite as though she had never left it.

Told of Ostriches.

Ostriches are curious and remarkable birds, with their enormous bodies, long legs, and small heads. The experiences of the ostrich farmers, both in Africa and America, are most interesting, and there are tales without number of the strange antics of the curious birds. Naturally, the first thought on seeing an ostrich is, How fast can it run?

When feeding the stride is only 20 to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, the stride is 26 inches, but when terrified the bird

possesses wonderful sprinting qualities and takes steps varying from 11½ to 14 feet, says the Scientific American. Taking 12 feet as the average, they would cover about 25 miles an hour, but the stories of birds traveling a mile a minute are open to question. Other traits of which we are always hearing is their lack of both suspicion and intelligence. Bushmen clothe themselves in one of their skins, and under cover of this go near enough to kill them with poisoned arrows.

When the bird considers that he has distanced his pursuer he often puts his head in the sand, thinking he has thereby made himself invisible. Sometimes when hotly pursued he turns upon his enemies and gives severe wounds with his feet. The habits of ostriches are not particularly attractive. They eat fruits, game, vegetables, leaves, tender shoots, insects, snails and any other food that can be picked up, including all kinds of indigestible substances, which they swallow from stupid voracity.

They are equally foolish about laying their eggs; they often begin before the spot has been fixed upon for the nest, and the solitary eggs are often found lying forsaken all over the district frequented by the ostrich. The nests are simply holes in the sand and vary from three to six feet in diameter. In these are laid by a single bird, or many in a company, from twelve to fifty or sixty eggs. They are incubated by night and left to the heat of the sun during the day. The males assist in the incubation and also in taking care of the young until they can provide for themselves. When the ostrich chicks are as big as a common fowl they run with great rapidity.

Europeans do not care for the taste of the ostrich eggs, but bushmen are fond of them. They weigh from two to three pounds and are equal to twenty-four hens' eggs. The flesh somewhat resembles turkey, but is very tough. It will be remembered that the ostrich has been known from remote times, and ostrich brains were served up as food on the tables of the Romans and are referred to even in the book of Job.

Why must a fisherman be very wealthy? Because his is all net profit.

Publishers "The Star."

Gentlemen—I received the mandolin as a premium for renewing my subscription, and will say that I am very much obliged to you for it. I can say that I was more than pleased with it, and everybody that I have shown it to thought it was very nice. Thanking you again for it, and wishing you success.

Noble Tarbell,
Lake Geneva, Wis

"When Pa Got 'Nishyated."

Of all the orful things I've seen the worstest wuz the sight

When my pa joined the Mason lodge on 'nshy-ation night.

I never laffin in all my life since laffin' wuz begun.

Ez while I set there in the room a watchin' of the fun;

For pa had swore uphll an' down he wa'n't afeared a bit.

But 'fore they finshed up the job he durn near had a fit.

'Twuz jst the biggest hot of' time that ever wuz created—

That night the Masons got my pa ter he 'nshyated.

It keeps me doubled in a fit

Of laffin' an' I'll not forgit

The night my pa made sich a hit.

When he got 'nshyated.

An' when the job at last wuz done, if my pa wa'n't a sight!

I bet he won't forgit right off that 'nshyation night.

His eyes wuz black an' blue an' blood wuz runnin' from his nose;

They wa'n't enough for carpet rags left of his Sunday clothes.

An' when ma met him at the door she gave a orful shriek.

An' stood a-sizin' of him up, too paralyzed to speak;

But when she axed pa if he'd bin waylaid an' 'assinated,

He only groaned an' sed: "Oh, ho, I've jst bin 'nshyated."

Pa looked jst like some orful freak.

An' had to stay in bed a week,

Too stiff an' sore to move or speak.

When he got 'nshyated.

E. A. BRININSTOOL

Why are there no eggs in St. Domingo? Because they banished the whites and east off the yoke (yolk).

Bright red spectacles, accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against seasickness. It is deduced from Epstein's investigations on the influence of color on the blood vessels in the brain. Seasickness is due to lack of blood in the brain, while red sends blood to the brain with a rush. By looking at one point for some time through the red glasses the patient is cured radically.

THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE.

A Story of Old Mexico.

By Gilbert Campbell.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

James Sheldon and his two sons, Bob and Arthur, are engaged in gold mining in the Sierra Mountains of northern Mexico. A gang of half breed and Indians attack their cabin. They are repulsed by the help of Lopez, the Mexican, but not until they have killed the father and set the cabin on fire. A week later, in company with Lopez and Indian Joe, they set out in search of the treasure of the Cacique, guided by a chart which was given to Arthur by a dying Indian he befriended. They encounter "Judge Lynch" at a ranch and are astounded to discover in the prisoner who is to be hung for horse stealing Cifuentes, the murderer of their father. They start on the next day, but are astonished to discover that the thief has been cut down by, as it later develops, his partner, Half Hung Simon, who meets them at the ferry of the San Jacinto and by treachery, sends the boat containing Joe and Lopez to destruction in the rapids below. As their friends disappear down the rapid river, waving a last farewell, Bob and Arthur are surrounded by a troop of Mexican Cavalry and taken to the nearest town accused of murdering the ferryman. The timely arrival of a witness proves their innocence and the guilt of Cifuentes and his villainous partner. Released, they start for the rapids of the river in hopes of recovering the bodies of their comrades, but are unable to discover any traces of them. Proceeding on their way alone they penetrate far into the interior of the mountains in search of the treasure city. A series of misfortunes follow them. Bob is pursued by Simon and his partner, seeks refuge in a cave, and disappears. Arthur sprains his ankle and is attacked by an enormous rock snake, who coils himself around his unconscious victim.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Buried City.

WHEN the smoke began to penetrate into the cave Bob felt that his hour had indeed come. He crept farther and farther back, but the suffocating vapor followed him closely, and soon he began to experience a difficulty in breathing.

"All is over with me, I fear," he cried; and as the smoke poured in more densely, he turned his face to the wall and prepared in prayer for death. Suddenly to his extreme surprise, his hand slipped into a fissure in the rock, and feeling eagerly, he discovered that

it was about five feet in height, and almost wide enough to admit his body. With his hunting-knife he endeavored to enlarge the aperture, and after a few moment's work a large piece of rock, which appeared to have been artificially placed in its position, slipped from its resting-place, and with a squeeze Bob managed to get his body into the fissure. Utterly regardless of the tears and scratches which the sharp edges and points of the rocks inflicted upon his face and hands, the boy pushed onwards, for was not the deadly smoke still pursuing him closely?

By and by, however, as he proceeded farther, the suffocating vapor seemed to find another outlet, for it troubled him no longer, and a stream of cool air bathed his aching temples.

Occasionally the roadway was wet and slimy and water dripped freely upon him from the roof; but now far away, at a great distance, as it appeared, he saw a light which gleamed brightly through the darkness. A moment's reflection told him that this must be an opening at the other end, and that he was once again approaching the outer world. The welcome sight renewed his flagging energies, and with fresh vigor he pursued his way. Once or twice he thought he heard the dread sound which heralds the presence of the deadly rattlesnake, and occasionally his forehead was fanned by the wings of the loathesome vampire bats, which had apparently made a habitation of the cavern. Still, he pressed onwards, until, bleeding and exhausted, he reached a large opening in the rock and, blinded by the sudden transition from the darkness into light, he sank half insensible upon the rock threshold of the cavern.

him into a boat. With much outcry, in a language which he did not understand, and with many a gleaming weapon brandished fiercely in his face, Bob was hurriedly rowed to the shore, where his eyes were bandaged and his arms bound behind him.

He could tell from the sounds that he was passing through an excited crowd; then he felt himself propelled up a flight of steps and at last on the bandage being removed from his eyes, he found himself in a vaulted room, the walls of which were glistening white, while a rude bed with skin coverings stood in the corner, and composed the entire furniture of the room. Then his captors unbound his arms and one of them, bringing a few rude blacksmith's tools made of stone, riveted a set of light fetters on the boy's arms. A pitcher of water and some Indian corn bread was next placed in a corner of the room and without a word Bob was left alone.

As he recovered himself he glanced round the room, and then at the fetters upon his wrists. They appeared to be of solid gold!

CHAPTER XVII.

The White Prince.

Whilst Arthur was still entranced in the coils of the gigantic reptile, a strange looking party of men, to the number of perhaps a dozen, cautiously approached the little camp. At a glance it could be seen that they were Indians, but both in form and appearance they differed widely from the Apaches, Sioux and Yaquis.

The newcomers were light in complexion, and dressed more fantastically than even Indians generally are; large lumps of what looked like gold, roughly pierced and strung

the signs of his heart, so as to guard against the enemies of our race."

The grey-haired chief glanced sorrowfully upon the form of the senseless boy.

"Otan Hari has spoken!" said he. "Do you, my brethren, agree that the sacrifice shall be made?"

All of the warriors bowed their heads in signal of assent, and directed the points of their weapons towards Arthur's breast.

"Stay!" cried the priest, striking back the points of the lances with a sweep of his heavy mace. "Let the sacrifice be consummated in due form, and let the magic inventions of the pale-face perish with him. Collect stones and wood for the altar."

"Priest of the Sun," cried the old chief, "your bidding is accomplished! Say what next you require."

"Place the victim upon the altar and lay bare his bosom; but first throw water upon his face, so that the spirit may return to him, else the omen will be of no avail."

Water was thrown upon Arthur's face, and he began slowly to recover, but such was the shock his system had sustained that he was only dimly conscious of the figures surrounding him, and could neither resist nor utter a sound.

Meanwhile, in accordance with the cruel mandate of Otan Hari, the grey-headed chief was occupied in baring the boy's chest.

"What is this?" exclaimed he, as he drew out the deerskin scroll which Arthur always carried about him.

"Cast it into the heap with the rest of the pale-face's sorceries, that they may perish together," cried the priest, examining the edge of the obsidian knife which he held in his hand, and then advancing to strike his victim. Meanwhile the old chieftain was intently examining his scroll.

The knife gleamed above the boy's bosom, and in another instant it would have descended, when it was torn violently from the priest's hands, and flung to some distance.

"We have been near to committing a great sin," said the chieftain. "Do you recollect when the last of the Caciques left us to perform his weary penance, he told us that a White Prince should come to us, bearing the mystic scroll that our rulers always carried, and that to him, and him only, we were to surrender the treasures that we have kept such a careful watch over, and that then, our guard being over, we might leave the Sacred City and mix again with our fellow-men?"

"We remember," uttered the assembled warriors.

"There," continued the chief, "is the scroll of the Cacique, and here is the White Prince. On your faces, warriors! Do homage to your king, and hail him as Miko."

All the warriors, including the priest, at once prostrated themselves before Arthur; and, as he half rose from the stones upon which he was reclining, he saw the dusky forms stretched on the ground around him.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried he, unconsciously using the dialect in which he had been in the habit of conversing with the Cacique.

"The White Prince speaks our language," said the old chief, rising from the ground. "Prince, deign to receive back the mystic scroll, and come with us."

"But my brother will return, and will not know whether I have gone," urged Arthur.

"Two of the young men shall wait his return and conduct him after us," returned the chief.

In a very few moments a litter was constructed and Arthur placed upon it. Then for a few hundred yards they pursued a rough mountain track, and then a halt was made at an opening in the hill half masked by rocks, and brushwood. When these were cleared away, a broad tunnel was discovered, into which the party of Indians with their burden immediately passed; and they proceeded along a roadway which, from the inclination at which it ran, seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Stone of Horror.

For a long time the novelty of his position kept Bob awake. At last, however, his wearied limbs were lulled to repose, and he slept peacefully until the clash of arms aroused him from his slumbers. He started from his couch.

"What do you want with me?" exclaimed he, addressing a dally-accoutred Indian who, at the head of an armed escort, stood by his couch.

"Is the pale-face able and ready to reply to the questions which the council has ordered me to ask?" was the reply.

"Able I certainly am," answered Bob, using the Spanish in which he had been addressed. "But whether I am ready is another matter. By what right am I detained here?"

"The pale-face is here to answer questions, not to ask them," was the calm reply. "He was caught like a thief and robber within the precincts of the Sacred City, and he must die!"



"He lost his balance and fell headlong."

But Bob's hardy nerves speedily recovered themselves, and in a few minutes he rose to his feet and surveyed with wonder the extraordinary scene that presented itself to his gaze. In front of him a steep bank, composed entirely of smooth lava, stretched down to a lake of wide expanse, in whose blue waters were reflected the gilded minarets and domes of a city which was built round its margin. The buildings of the city were composed of some white substance, which shone like marble, and rose, one above the other, in a succession of terraces, whilst their roofs were adorned with gay flags and banners of all colors. It seemed as if some fete or gala was going on, for Bob could see crowds of the inhabitants, in brilliant-colored dresses, moving about, whilst strains of music struck faintly on his ears. Elaborately-painted boats, gorgeous with gilding and ornate with purple sails, glided over the smooth surface of the lake.

Eagerly watching the strange scene, he unconsciously approached the edge of the ledge on which he stood. Bending forward, he lost his balance and fell headlong down the sloping bank of lava. All his efforts to arrest his descent were fruitless. Faster and faster he slid down, and at last losing his equilibrium altogether, he rolled over and over until he plunged with a splash into the blue waters of the lake.

But more than one watchful eye had noticed the form sliding down the lava bank, and hardly had he touched the water than a score of boats shot out from all directions to the spot, and as he rose to the surface, twenty pairs of eager hands clutched him and threw

upon wire, ornamented their necks and wrists, the long feathers of the mountain eagle were twisted in their scalp-locks and hung far down their backs.

Slowly and cautiously they advanced to the tent, and there the leader, a grey-haired warrior, with a plate of gold rudely representing the rising sun suspended from his neck, raised his hand to enjoin silence, and pointed to the insensible boy in the folds of the snake.

"The Great Father of Serpents," said he, in low guttural tones, "is on our side; he has tracked the pale-face stranger and held him until we could come up. And see, he delivers him into our hand," he added, as the snake, alarmed at the near vicinity of the Indians, relaxed, leaving Arthur still insensible upon the ground.

"The extinction of the sacred fire warned us that intruders were near," continued the chief, "and the Great Father of the Serpents watched over the children of the Cacique. Stand forth, Otan Hari, Priest of the Sun, and say what shall be done to the pale-face who has come so near to the boundaries of the Sacred City."

As he spoke a short, thick-set Indian, whose temples were bound with a saffron-colored fillet, moved forward, and, striking a heavy mace armed with sharp blades of obsidian upon the ground, cried, in a harsh, strident voice, "Were the pale-face stouter and more fit to do battle with the braves of the City of the Sun, I would say, let him be taken to the Stone of Horror, there to try the chances of battle, but he is weak and puny, and his senses fled at the grip of the serpent. Let him be sacrificed here, and let me read

The Doctor Said

"Stop Coffee and Use Postum Cereal Coffee".

"It seemed a hard matter to get through breakfast without a cup of hot coffee, so I stuck to it for several years, although I was a great sufferer from sick headaches, which sometimes attacked me as often as three times a week. I used to take medicine for my head troubles, not knowing the cause of them, and kept on drinking coffee, until I finally came down with a serious stomach trouble and had to go to the doctor. He said I had dyspepsia in a bad form and some other complications; that I must stop drinking coffee and tea for a year or more. I got hold of the Postum Food Coffee, and since using it, have been entirely free from the headaches and stomach trouble.

"It has evidently been a great benefit for me, for my health has been revived and I have grown fleshy since beginning its use. My husband and daughter also drink Postum and like it very much. Daughter does not think she can have a breakfast without her Postum. I find people occasionally who have tried Postum but complain that it is not strong enough. I find in such cases that they are either better-skelter housekeepers or have been very careless in the preparation of the Postum Food Coffee. It requires full fifteen minutes of actual boiling after the bubbling begins, and two heaping teaspoonfuls to the person. This gives an elegant cup of coffee. Any one who is troubled with coffee drinking can well afford to abandon it and take up the Postum Food Coffee." Mrs. L. W. Bell, 2532 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Some good housekeepers mix the Postum, four heaping teaspoons to the pint of water, in a very little water, and place it in a tall coffee pot so it will not boil over, then after it has begun to boil and been stirred down, they add enough water to make up the requisite amount of liquid.

THE CRUISE OF THE KITTIWAKE.

A Tale of the Sea and Shore.

By E. DeLancey Pierson,

Author of "THE BOY REPORTER" Etc.

CONCLUDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

GARRY'S DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.

THE remarks of Crimmins and the Captain when they found that the supposed wreck of the Kittiwake had disappeared were not of the kind one would like to hear in a mixed company. Certain it was that the smart schooner had departed for parts unknown.

"Why, she couldn't have sunk," said Uncle Billy as they passed the familiar scene of their recent trouble. "If that was so we should at most see her masts stickin' out of the water. Moreover the fact that the storm let up so soon is proof enough that she didn't slide off inter deeper water and go to pieces here." He shook his head gravely and added: "There's somethin' more than mortal about the way we been turned down from the start. I guess that feller Hawkins has been callin' on his master the old one, who has thrown us inter all this muddle."

"And where is all my pumps and things," said Crimmins who, when he found that the wreck had disappeared, was inconsolable.

"Oh, you'll get paid for them things, don't you worry," replied Uncle Billy testily. "There's more important business on hand than gettin' holt of your old junk."

"Well, I don't see that we can do any good by remaining here," said Garry, "for without the diving apparatus we can do nothing. Better start for home and get a new outfit."

"Not onit I satisfies myself what has become of that there ship," said Uncle Billy firmly. "She should orter be seen somewhere's in these parts for the water is reel shallow." And again he turned his attention to studying the water which at this point was very clear.

But no sign of the Kittiwake did they see, and at last the Captain, in sheer disgust, ordered his companions to drop anchor while they went below and considered the situation.

"Well, what air we goin' to do?" said Uncle Billy, when they had gathered around the table in the little cabin. "It's my opinion that them fellers has patched up the ship while we were asleep and is now makin' fur the ground where the cash is lyin'."

Crimmins, who had sunk back on one of the benches that the cabin afforded in a dejected state of mind, suggested an idea to Garry.

"These people must have come prepared to dive for the treasure just like us," he urged, "and therefore it is more than likely that they have a diving apparatus and the pump machinery on board."

Crimmins, as he said this darted up.

"Blest if the lad hadn't got sense," he exclaimed. "Let's have a look fur the machinery," and with this he set to work with the aid of the others. Every closet and cupboard was searched until finally they came on a diving pump and helmets and pipes that drew from Crimmins many an exclamation of delight.

"Why this is better than the set I lost!" he exclaimed, and forthwith began to put the pump in order.

Uncle Billy was glad that this encouragement had been vouchsafed their cruise friend, and when after a thorough examination the famous log book came to view their joy knew no bounds.

"Well, we shall shortly leave them fellers high and dry," was Uncle Billy's remark as he ran through the pages of the lost log-book.

"Here we has it," he remarked, pausing at one of the pages and he read aloud: "July the 21—She went down off the point of the blasted pine tree. Tried to find her but couldn't."

The old trader was evidently a man of few words.

"I know that there blasted pine of she is still a standin'," said Uncle Billy, "and I moves that we up stakes and heads that away. It's on the other side of the island."

With that they went up on deck and as the matter of lifting the sloop's anchor was a small thing, were soon under way with Uncle Billy at the tiller. Suddenly he called to them to get out of sight at the same time ramming the tiller down hard, which drove the sloop into a natural cove.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Crimmins, who had not recovered his good humor.

"Mean?" said Captain Flinders, "I see the point of a vessel jest beaght them rocks on' at a time like this I want to circumnavigate for I mean to come on 'em unbeknownst," at the same time he gave Garry the order to let go the anchor.

When the sloop had finally been brought to a standstill Garry asked him the reason for his actions.

"It was this way, my son. I see above them cliffs what I made out to be the foremast of the Kittiwake, so I thought it was safe fur us to hunt cover. Them Pelicans, unless I'm mistook, has got her in charge."

"Suppose we go on shore and find out," said Garry, "I'm ready;" and before Captain Flinders could offer any objection they had dropped into the yawl and loosing the painter headed for the shore.

"Hoh, ye better come back now," called out Captain Flinders, as he leaned over the gunwale and shook his fist in Garry's direction. "What's this mean, mutiny?"

Garry only laughed, and began to row the harder. He had made up his mind that he was going to find out if it was indeed the mast of the "Kittiwake" that the Captain had seen.

He did not attempt to pay any attention to the anathemas that were hurled after him nor did the possibility of his being treated as a mutineer worry him any.

When he reached the shore he pulled the boat up where it could be secreted behind some bushes and then clambered up the rocks. Turning in a westerly direction he reached one of the highest points on the island. Peering out from behind the sheltering undergrowth he saw below him a boat which he had no trouble in making out as the "Kittiwake." It was even as the Captain had said. They had succeeded in patching her up and there she stood at anchor looking little worse for the battle with the storm.

Certainly they had to deal with shrewd opponents, who were so quick to grasp an opportunity.

What interested Garry particularly was the work that seemed to be going on on the deck of the schooner.

Hawkins was rushing here and there in a great state of excitement. Presently from below came the boy they had nicknamed Bilgewater, and with him the man they had found on the sloop and allowed to escape. They carried some heavy object between them which Garry saw was the diving apparatus whose loss Crimmins had greatly bewailed.

"They must be intending to make a descent," said the young man to himself. "I wonder if it would not be the best thing for me to hurry back and tell the Captain what they are up to." But his interest in the operations about to begin still held him to his place.

Presently the bearded sailor came up from below and in his hands he carried a diver's helmet while he was dressed from head to foot in a rubber suit such as divers wear.

The others now gathered around him and adjusted the helmet. Then they assisted him to the hanging ladder which hung from the side of the schooner, and taking their stand on each side of the pump began to work.

Garry was so much interested in these proceedings, which he had never seen before, that he forgot that he should have been on his way back with the information.

The diver remained below a long time, but presently he appeared and climbing the ladder seemed to be eagerly questioned by the others. He seemed to have something in his hand. A small object that they examined carefully. Then Hawkins and the boy shook their heads, and he seemed to grow angry. The result of this talk was that they pulled up anchor and the schooner, under shortened sail, and they moved on, letting the anchor fall at a distance of some fifty yards, where the operations were again resumed. Again the diver disappeared below the surface. Garry, who had followed the course of the boat by clambering along the cliffs had now reached an overhanging rock where he could look down almost on the deck of the "Kittiwake."

The rocks seemed to act like a sounding board and he could even hear what was said by those below.

"I tell ye that she can't be far off now," the diver was saying as he came up and showed a piece of metal which seemed to him very important. "Here's a door plate with the word 'Captain' on it," he said. "Now, that could only have come off a wreck, though of course there hadn't no tellin' whether it was the identical ship what we are lookin' fur."

"It certainly is promisin'," was Hawkins' remark as he examined the bit of tarnished brass. "Jest have a look down below again and see what ye can make up."

The diver resumed his helmet and the others took their places by the pump. Then the former disappeared below the surface of the water.

Garry, laying out on the rocks at full length, watched the scene as if fascinated. He seemed to forget the fact that it was his own fortune that might be at stake and that perhaps he was wasting time that might be more profitably spent than in lingering there.

The diver this time stayed down longer than usual and then Garry saw a twitch at the signal line to announce that he was coming up. Presently the great metal head with its staring goggle eyes appeared on the surface of the water, and the diver clambered heavily up the

"Die!" cried Bob, half springing from his couch. "And why?"

"The pale-face has yet a chance of life," said the Indian. "In an hour he will be placed upon the Stone of Horror, and if he can drive from it in succession three of the antagonists allotted to him, his life will be spared; but if he cannot, he will be sacrificed as an offering to the White Prince."

The Indian made a sign, and immediately two of the guard removed Bob's fetters, whilst another, leaving the room, returned with a dish of savory meat and a basketful of tortillas.

"In an hour the pale face will be conducted to the Stone of Horror, and then let him do his best!" and his guard withdrew.

Hunger acted as good sauce, and after a time Bob finished what had been placed before him.

By and by the guard again entered his prison, accompanied by two venerable men, whom Bob took for priests. In spite of his resistance, they stripped him to the waist, covered his body with perfumed oil, and then, placing him in the center of the guard, led him away by a narrow, winding passage from the cell that he had occupied.

After a long tramp a door was suddenly thrown open, and Bob found himself in what appeared to be a large amphitheater.

Upon the seats, which rose tier upon tier, was a gaily-dressed throng, who saluted his appearance with loud plaudits, and as they raised their hands Bob could see their rings and amulets glisten in the sun. In the center of the arena was a huge slab of lava, about twelve feet in length, raised upon blocks of the same material, some three feet from the ground. At about three feet from one end a ring of gold was firmly set into the surface. The guard hurried Bob towards this slab, placed him upon it, and immediately fastened his ankle by a leather rope some two feet in length to the ring. They then withdrew, and fresh plaudits burst from the audience.

The two priests then approached and delivered a long harangue, of which Bob could not comprehend one syllable; and then, placing in his hands a heavy war club, the head of which was studded with sharp blades of obsidian, withdrew right and left with many strange gesticulations.

The Indian who had visited Bob in the dungeon now approached, and briefly informed him of the terms of the coming combat.

"You will be attacked by one adversary at a time," said he, "armed like yourself. If you succeed in driving him off the stone, the victory is yours, and you will have to cope with a fresh antagonist; but should he prostrate you, he is the victor, and you will at once be taken and sacrificed to the White Prince."

"But I have never done any one here any harm," urged Bob.

"Such is your weapon, and such are the rules," said the Indian sententiously. "Behold your first adversary."

And almost as he spoke an Indian made for the stone, brandishing in his hand a similar weapon to that with which Bob had been supplied.

The boy sprang forward, and, forgetful of the thong which confined his ankle, fell at once, upon his face, thereby escaping a right-to-left blow from his antagonist's club.

Before the Indian could recover his balance, Bob was once more upon his feet, and a fierce struggle ensued. Accustomed as the Indian was to the use of the weapon, Bob's agility almost counterbalanced that advantage; and, but it not been for the rope that hampered his movements, the Indian would not have stood upon the platform long.

After a little cautious play, Bob's adversary made a forward rush; the boy avoided it, and in another moment had brought his own club down. For a moment the Indian strove to recover his balance, but failed; and with a heavy thud, rolled off the platform.

A wild shout of applause arose from the assembled multitude.

Hardly giving Bob time to take breath, another Indian leapt upon the platform. He was shorter, but perhaps more muscular than the last, and made the club play round his head like a reed. The combat was too unequal to last. A blow upon the side of his head prostrated Bob, and as he essayed to rise the heavy foot of his adversary crushed him down until the war club, with its sharp blades of obsidian, was brandished above his head.

(To be continued.)

Publishers "The Star."


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Charles H. Davis,

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The Star is issued monthly. The subscription price is fifty cents per year in advance. It is an eight-page paper, but quite frequently a number of extra pages are added. Such additions are a free gift to its subscribers from the publishers.

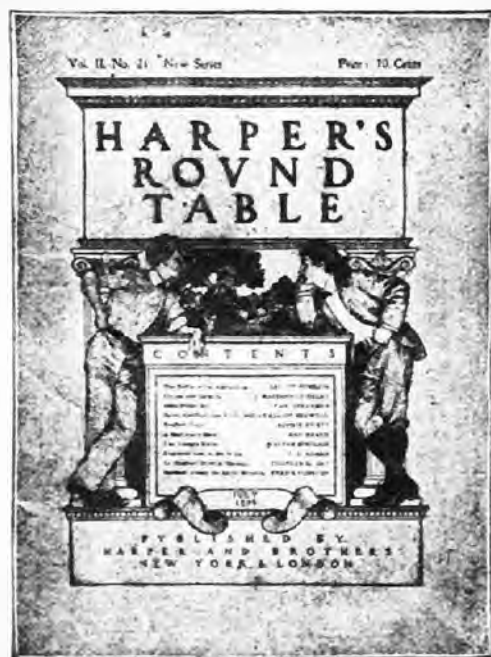
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We cannot be responsible for money sent in letters in any other way than by one of the three ways mentioned above. If you send money in any other way, you must do it at your own risk.

Advertising Rates.—50 cents per agate line per issue. No discount for time, space or cash. Figure about 7 words to a line; 14 lines to an inch.



Absorbing Harper's Round Table Subscription list Nov. 25, 1899.

If this paragraph is marked with an "X" it means that your subscription to The Star has expired, and that this is an invitation for you to renew, taking advantage of the magnificent premiums offered in connection with new or renewal subscriptions.

BACK in our childhood days, we all read "Fairy Tales" about the which, the Princess in distress, the good little boy who came to her assistance and as a reward for his virtue and bravery, ultimately married her, while the horrid witch was punished as she deserved. "To-day to the average young American, the offering of a fairy tale as good reading would be taken as an insult, particularly by the boy who already begins to talk about "us men."

The editors of the Star want in advance, therefore, to plead guilty to a little daring, in that we have actually devoted space in this issue to a "fairy story." Charles Bartell Loomis, the author of the sketch, "The Witch Woman of Watertown," has made for himself a world wide reputation as a writer of Tales of Yankee Enchantment, and we are privileged to announce that we shall have the pleasure of reproducing several of them, of which the "Witch of Watertown" is number one.

Quaint humor of the Mark Twain kind, and yet in a sense distinctively the "Loomis kind," original situations and a keen and thorough handling of boyhood joys and sorrows are the striking features of these little storyettes, and if Star subscribers get as much enjoyment from their perusal as the editor himself has done, no apologies for "fairy stories" will be necessary.

There is an old adage, "The wheels of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small." It takes time to do big things and

do them well. We know when we have done something well—just as well in fact as the person who tells us of it. In individual and private life custom demands that a man who has done something well, refrain from speaking about it, through proper modesty. Custom and precedent also seem to make the opposite equally proper on the part of the publishers of a paper, who is at liberty to shout in each issue to the effect that "This paper of mine is the best in the world," etc., etc.

THE CRUISE OF THE KITTIWAKE.

(Continued from previous page.)

tobacco, which he placed in his bronzed cheek with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I wonder how they managed to patch up the Kittiwake," mused the captain, "for I'm right sure she had a hole stove in her bows, ef not in other places. She'll never ride this storm unless them fellers has the devil's own luck which I begin to think they has," and he began moodily pacing up and down the deck, stopping now and then before Garry to let fall a remark.

"Wait," he acknowledged, "I don't see that there is any use of us standin' round here onless we want to try for them fellers leavin'."

"The storm is lifting, Uncle Billy," said Garry, wishing to get the old man off a subject that seemed to stir him up unpleasantly.

The fog was now breaking away and more of the water about the boat could be seen. The waves, too, had decreased in violence. Uncle Billy, however, was not to be consoled by anything and seemed to get great satisfaction from calling the present crew of the Kittiwake every injurious name that he could think of.

As for Garry, he was surprised himself that he took the loss of the treasure so philosophically. Still he was sorry on the old man's account since he had been put to such expense for the trip.

"I don't wish to make a un-Christian remark," said Mr. Flinders, stopping for a moment in his pacing the deck, "but if them fellers on the Kittiwake was to get wrecked fur good, it would seem as if it was only justice," and with this he went off stamping up and down the deck again. Uncle Billy in a fury was such a ludicrous object that Garry could not help laughing at him.

"As you say, Captain," he remarked, when the old salt came in hearing again, "we may as well head for home. Fortune has been against us from the start. It may be for the best."

"Hush," exclaimed the old man, "no one is ever the worse for a little money to make 'em comfortable."

"Sail ho!" called out Crimmins from his outlook in the bow.

"Where away, mate?" demanded the captain. "On the lee bow," came the answer and presently they could see through the thin veil of mist that still hovered in the air, a ship half submerged with tattered sails and a broken mast, tossing in the waves.

Uncle Billy let off a yell that must have reached the sinking boat. "Thunder and cats feathers! but if that ain't what's left of the Kittiwake, ye may call me a mouskrat," he exclaimed. "Head her up that way, Garry, and let us have a close look at the old scow and its crew if so be as there is any on 'em aboard."

Crimmins had come aft in a high state of excitement.

"I see one feller clingin' to the riggin'," he said. "What are ye goin' to do about it Cap?" "Do? Why try and get 'em off of course. They air a wuthless lot, but I suppose they have souls to save so we'll give 'em a chance to live and mebbe mend their ways. Bring her up as close as ye kin, Garry, but not too close."

Garry did as he was directed, and they were soon in halting distance of all that remained of what had been the handsome schooner.

She seemed to be in a sinking condition, and the waves were breaking over the bow. The ragged creature on the stump of the main mast proved to be the boy they had dubbed "Bilgekeel," and he was making frantic efforts to signal to them.

"I wonder where the others kin be," said the captain, as he viewed the wreck through his glass. "The lad seems to be the only one I can see."

Then he thrust the telescope back in his pocket and called out, "Bring her about Garry. Now then Crimmins, stand by to let the sail down when we come aboard."

As these orders were executed he made ready a line and as the sloop rolled in the trough of the waves he let it fly within reach of the boy clinging to the mast.

"Bilgekeel!" made a grab for it, but missed, and the effort nearly threw him into the water. Again and again was the line thrown with the same result, and all the time the Kittiwake was sinking deeper and deeper.

"He never can make it," said Garry, "one of us must go and take him off. Can't you see the lad is too weak to help himself. I think a boat could get there. You see the sea has gone down." And indeed a sudden calm had spread over the surface of the waters.

They could see that the boy was now clinging weakly to the mast as if his courage as well as his strength had gone and he had about resigned himself to his fate.

"A boat could get there no doubt," said Flinders dryly. "Only you run off with the one we had and there haint no other. I tell ye what we can do. I think I can bring this scow up along side of her without knockin' a hole in our ribs, then you jump over with a line and we'll haul that boy aboard. The others must have gone under."

"Very well," said Garry, and he made his line fast to his waist and climbed up on the gunwale prepared to jump as soon as they came within leaping distance of the wreck.

Captain Flinders' hands had not lost their cunning and with skill he brought the sloop safe along side of the dreary looking remains of what had been the Kittiwake.

"Off ye go," he called to Garry, and the young man leaped. He had miscalculated the distance and almost fell into the sea, but succeeded in scrambling up to the one place that was not awash.

"Where are the others," he asked the shivering little wretch, who still clung to his only refuge.

"Bilgekeel!" pointed to the waves and nodded. "They were swept over at the fast blow that night upset us," said he, and then looked around him anxiously.

"Well, we have no time to lose for this schooner may go down at any moment," said Garry, and as he spoke he took the line off from around his waist and making a running noose slipped it over the lad's shoulders.

"Now, over ye go," he said, at the same time making a signal to the sloop and as the boy jumped overboard they hauled him in—a slow process that tried the strength of Flinders and his companion.

Garry thought he might now safely trust himself to the sea and save his companions a great deal of trouble, moreover there was no telling when the Kittiwake might go under.

He had just made up his mind to this when he saw that the tin boxes which had been recovered from the wreck were piled up near the main mast. They had gotten them ready to take away probably when a sudden wave had swept them into eternity.

He looked at the boxes longingly and then at the sloop that was tossing about in the distance. They had hauled the boy on board and were now getting up the sail preparatory to making a return tack. It was hard luck to have to leave that little fortune there and yet what was to be done?

He resolutely turned his face away from the temptation. It might be dangerous to attempt to save the treasure. His thoughts were interrupted by seeing the sloop come about and bear down toward him.

"Stand ready," called out Flinders, when the boat was within hailing distance, and a moment later a line came flying over his head. He caught it, made a noose that slipped over his shoulders, then leaped overboard and swam to the sloop on whose deck he stood a moment later. There he poured out the story of his discovery.

Captain Flinders saw that he was weak and could hardly stand up and at once ordered him to go down in the cabin and rest.

Garry fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He was awakened by feeling a dripping hand on his face and looking up saw the captain's smiling face before him.

"Look there," called out that worthy as he pointed down to the floor of the cabin. "I didn't tell ye what I meant to do, for fear ye should want to take a hand in the game—but I done it," and he showed with pride the rusty treasure boxes which he had rescued from the sinking ship.

"So the cruise of the Kittiwake was not such a failure after all," said Garry with a smile and again sank into deep slumber, this time filled with pleasant dreams.

Little remains now to be told. The little fortune that came into Garry's possession has not been misused, and he lives much the same way as of old though he is now able to give his mother the comforts that she long needed. Garry is in command of a new Kittiwake, bigger and better than the schooner that went down in the storm. It is the opinion of those that know him well, that he deserves all the good fortune that has come to him, and is reaping the reward of a brave and upright life.

THE END.

A Notice to Former Harper's Round Table Subscribers.

In view of the fact that we are occasionally in receipt of a letter from one of our subscribers, whose subscription was transferred from Harper's Round Table, wishing to know just when his or her subscription will expire, we deem it advisable to make here, for the benefit of the entire list of former Round Table subscribers, this explanation:

We found, when we received the list of current subscribers from Messrs. Harper Brothers,

that some of them expired every month, the bulk, however, running well along into this year. In view of the fact that the Round Table sold for one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy, whereas the Star sells for fifty cents a year, or five cents a copy, justice required that we send two copies of the Star to one of the Round Table.

We therefore took the entire list, figured out the percentages of expirations for each month, and decided that we would be treating everybody fairly by sending the Star to the entire list up to and including the December issue, 1900.

Therefore, our "Round Table" friends who, we trust before the year is out, will become warm Star friends, this is to inform you that our arrangement with Messrs. Harper Brothers entitles you to all the issues of the Star until the date mentioned above. This has been paid for and you will not be called upon to pay for it, unless you care to renew after that date. That by far the larger number will renew, we have every confidence, by reason of the hundreds of letters we have received requesting prompt notification of expiration so that renewal can be sent to avoid missing any of the numbers.

In addition to this notice you will also receive notice by letter later in the year, in ample time to permit you to renew, and we trust that this note of explanation will cover all the points our new friends have been asking.

For C. M. A. Members Only.

The Grand Secretary has an idea that if every member of the C. M. A. could see one of these caps, he would want it, furthermore, he wants to see every member the possessor of one, therefore has decided to sell them so cheaply that price, at any rate, will not stand in the way of possession.



The cap is made of navy blue cloth, fadeless, durable, and soft as silk, warmly and handsomely lined, bicycle style. Across the front, in bright gold, are the three letters, C. M. A. The caps are to be sold at 50 cents apiece, postage paid. The embroidery alone, on the letters, which is done in good gold bullion, is worth more than the money asked—but then, we want the boys to have the caps so that they can show their colors at all times and in all places. It is a good advertisement for the C. M. A., and the cap alone would cost you \$1 in the local stores. Any size, from 6 3/4 to 7 1/2. State your size when you order, enclose 50 cents, and the cap is delivered to you, postage paid.

STAR + CAMERA + FREE!

We give the STAR CAMERA with complete outfit as shown above FREE to every one who sends 50 cents for one year's subscription to The Star and 10 cents to pay postage, packing, etc., making 60 cents in all.

We mean every word above. We always do as we agree. We think THE STAR is the best paper for young folks in the world, and intend that it shall surpass every competitor in circulation. Whenever we can get it introduced in the home it becomes one of the family and it continues a welcome visitor year after year. We want 100,000 new sub-



scribers and make unusually generous offers to get subscriptions. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer as this one? We give exactly what we say. We are an established responsible concern that is making rapid progress in the publishing world by always treating our subscribers fairly. We look upon our subscribers as our friends.

Description of Camera

The Star Camera is made for us exclusively. It takes a picture 2x2 inches. It uses regular glass plates—not film. No 17 cameras are sold separately and the purchaser has to buy the outfit afterwards. We give the complete outfit with every camera as shown above. The outfit consists of:
1 Star Camera.
1 Box Dry Plates.
1 Package Hypo.
1 Printing Book.
1 Developing Tray.
1 Package Developer.
1 Package Silver Paper.
1 Set of Directions.
1 Toning Tray.
1 Package Fixing Powder.
1 Package Ruby Paper.

The Camera and outfit are all securely packed in pasteboard box. The Star Camera will afford lots of fun in taking, developing and printing photographs. The Star Camera is the best bargain you ever saw. Any bright boy or girl can make a picture 2x2 inches. Full and explicit directions are sent with every outfit.

Old Subscribers

can renew their subscriptions by this offer. If you are already a subscriber state the fact and your new subscription will commence from date your present subscription expires.

New Subscribers

will get THE STAR for one year from the date you send in your subscription. This offer is so liberal that we expect it to bring in thousands of subscribers in the next few weeks. Simply send us 60 cents, postoffice order or express order. If it is inconvenient to obtain these you may send stamps. The 60 cents covers all expense for a year's subscription to THE STAR and the postage, packing, etc., on the camera. The Camera is FREE. Don't delay. THE TIME TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IS NOW HERE. Address

THE STAR, BUILDING, Oak Park, Ill.

Collector's Corner.

Late information leads us to believe that the new German stamps will not be on sale much before April 1st. The new stamps for the German colonies are expected at the same time. Those who have seen the designs all unite in declaring them exquisite specimens of the engraver's art, besides being in many respects, a departure from older styles in respect to design. The 1, 2, 3 and 5 mark stamps will bear designs emblematic of modern German history.

Engraving companies have sometimes made contracts with small countries to furnish them with a certain amount of stamps free of cost provided new designs are ordered in a few months or a year. The engravers repay themselves by selling a small quantity to dealers at high prices. This explains why some countries have changed their stamps so often.

Any one of any age remembers how people used to evade and wriggle out of the old postal charges. There were the franks, which merchants used to buy by the hundred; there was the favorite scheme of sending an addressed envelope, which meant, "I am well and flourishing." The recipient refused to pay for the letter, but got the message by the simple demand for payment. Once, however,

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an ingenious English gentleman contrived a more excellent plan still. For he discovered that a hare might be dispatched for a charge which was enormously out of proportion to that made for the dispatch of a letter. He, therefore, bought a hare, addressed it to a friend in a certain town; went round among his friends, collected all their letters to this town, and stuffed the hare with them, forwarding a special letter to his correspondent informing him of the new method. When the hare arrived the cook opened it and finding the inside stuffed with papers, she threw them all into the fire. And so a most ingenious method was brought to nothing.

The latest catalogue for 1900, containing a complete list of all stamps ever issued, may be had from any dealer for 50c post free. The prices quoted therein are list figures and nearly all stamps may be had at some discount from them, but the value of a stamp depends largely on its condition and the discounts vary from 10 to 50 per cent.

The decision of the postmaster general to authorize a special issue of postage stamps commemorative of the Pan-American Exposition, is not received with favor by philatelists. Stamp collectors in Buffalo are just as much opposed as their brother philatelists in other cities, and will unite in protesting against the issue.

Wrappers and new envelopes have been issued for Cuba. In the center of the stamp the head of Columbus appears.

So many new Confederate locals have been discovered the last year or two that several extra pages in new catalogues are devoted to these stamps.

The prospect for the next few years is that the number of new issues will be considerably less, and let us look at some of the reasons: Within a short time all the Australian colonies are to be united, and this will mean one set of stamps for all seven of the colonies, which includes Tasmania and New Zealand. The present trouble in the Transvaal will undoubtedly bring about some consolidation, and we are told that Uganda and British East Africa are no longer to have separate issues. The Philippine Islands, Porto Rico and Cuba, which have had so many issues within the past few years, will undoubtedly, under our government, have comparatively few.

Guam, the new United States naval station in the Ladrones, has ordered of the postoffice department stamps to the face value of \$11,000, to supply the demand which comes largely from stamp collectors and dealers. The requisition asks for 15,000 1-cent; 75,000 2-cent; 5,000 3-cent; 5,000 6-cent; 5,000 8-cent; 10,000 10-cent; 5,000 15-cent; 4,000 50-cent; 3,000 \$1, and 5,000 special delivery.

In the report of the second assistant postmaster general for 1899 it is stated that Great Britain has 235 postal cars, France 468, Germany 5,831, and the United States 7,281. A comparison of the systems in vogue is very flattering to the United States, the efficiency of the clerks in this country being of a very high order. General Shallenberger, speaking of his visit in 1899 to Great Britain, France and Germany, makes the following statement: "I could not find any method of work or any mechanical device which could be recommended for adoption in our own railway postal service."

It is always somewhat of a surprise to realize how cheaply a letter can be sent from the United States to England. Still, when the letter rate is compared with the charges for carrying a passenger over the same distance there is nothing so surprising after all. The man can be taken the whole 2,500 miles across the Atlantic for 5 cents a mile. He is lodged and boarded luxuriously; he has the service of the stewards, cooks and sailors. Consider him only as occupying so much cubic space and weighing so much. He has half a cabin to himself, which means 800 cubic feet, and he weighs, say, 163 pounds. The same cubic

space would receive about 27,000 letters, weighing a little more. Now, deducting a third part of the man's fare for food and service, we find that each letter on the same scale would cost for the voyage alone, less than half a cent.

Friendship.

Friendship is an attachment between persons of congenial dispositions, habits and pursuits. It has its origin in the nature and condition of man. He is a social creature, and naturally loves to frequent the society, and enjoy the affections of those who are like himself. He is also individually, a feeble creature, and a sense of weakness renders friendship indispensable to him. When he has all other enjoyments within his reach, he still finds his happiness incomplete, unless participated in by one whom he considers his friend. When in difficulty and distress, he looks around for advice, assistance, and consolation. No wonder, therefore, that a sentiment of such importance to man should have been so frequently and so largely considered. We can scarcely open any volume of antiquity without being reminded how excellent a thing is friendship. The examples of David and Jonathan, Achilles and Patroclus, Priades and Oristes, Damon and Pythias, all show to what a degree of enthusiasm it was some times carried. But it is to be feared that, in modern times, friendship is seldom remarkable for similar devotedness. With some it is nominal rather than real, and with others it is regulated entirely by self interest. Yet it would, no doubt, be possible to produce, from every rank in life, and from every state of society, instances of sincere and disinterested friendship, creditable to human nature, and to the age in which we live. After these remarks, to enlarge on the benefits of possessing a real friend appears unnecessary. What would be more intolerable than the consciousness that, in all the wide world, not one heart beat in mission with our own, or cared for our welfare? What indescribable happiness it be, on the other hand, to possess a real friend; a friend who will counsel, instruct, assist; who will bear a willing part in our calamity and cordially rejoice when the hour of happiness returns. Let us remember, however, that all who assume the name of friends are not entitled to our confidence. History records many instances of the fatal consequences of fidelity in friendship; and it can not be denied that the world contains men, who are happy to find a heart they can pervert, or a head they can mislead, if thus their unworthy ends can be more surely attained.

FRANCIS McREYNOLDS, Speaker, Maine Lodge 1000.

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HOW MOLLY RAISED THE MORTGAGE.

She Won Twenty Thousand Dollars on the Track and Left for Home in a Blaze of Glory.

By Geo. A. Baker.

It was on a balmy June afternoon in a little Massachusetts town, that hard-fisted, miserly, rich old Gerard Braman walked into farmer Josh Middleton's farm yard, where he was busy stacking salt hay. The farmer saw his approach and his usual ruddy countenance whitened.

"You know that you owe me one thousand dollars on this place, Middleton, and that it has been overdue for more'n two months. Now I've got a chance to sell the place for a snug sum that'll leave you a few dollars, and why not do it? You well know that you can't pay it."

Great drops of perspiration stood on Middleton's forehead as he slowly straightened his angular form and looked the miser full in the face.

"Yes, I know I owe you a thousand dollars,

she missed the apples, the little sweetmeats we gives her. The geese and the hens are her playmates in the field. Any part of the farm where she can hear my call, she'll answer an' come like a streak er dark lightning."

At that moment John drove into the yard with the mare hitched to a rickety old wagon. Her nostrils were well open and the thin pointed ears, narrow muzzle, wide forehead, long barrel, thin, flat, bony legs, and long sweeping tail bespoke the inheritance of some pure well bred strain in her blood.

"Been racin' agin, John?" asked Middleton, as he fondly eyed his pet and stroked her nose softly.

"Yes, dad. Ye see I was comin' down the turnpike when Mr. Dexter, that rich man from out west, pulled out on us with his trotter that Bill Jenkins says he paid a thousand dollars for. As it was a good stretch I let Molly go'n' we beat him all hollow, didn't we, Molly?"

"Well, Middleton, I'll give you until the 25th day of July to pay me in full, and not a day longer. I mean interest and principal. Don't forget it."

As Braman left the yard, Mr. Dexter drove in, having followed John home, as he was bound to have the mare who had beaten him at any cost.

"Good afternoon. Mr. Middleton, I sup-



"Molly'll never leave the farm until we all go."

Gerard Braman, and goodness knows I wished I didn't. But the place never'll be sold with my consent. Why, man, it would break mother's heart. Don't you know all of our boys an' gals wuz born here, an' we've only got John left out of seven? No! Gerard Braman, the good Lord will pervide some way for me to save our old home if re'll only give me little more time."

"Tut, man!" replied Braman. "Your crops have failed this year on account of the drouth, and where under heavens can you look for a dollar to come from. I would like to know."

This was a staggerer for Middleton, as he knew that his relentless creditor was only telling the truth.

"You might possibly sell the mare, Molly, for a couple of hundred dollars," went on Braman. "I don't know but I would give it myself."

This touched Middleton in a sensitive part, for the mare was the idol of the family. Some few years ago he had purchased a fine thoroughbred mare of some wealthy family who had brought her from Kentucky, and the mare, Molly, was the offspring. She was possessed of a great burst of speed, but had never been trained except an occasional trial on the road for short distances, when she invariably left her competitors far in the rear.

"Much obliged, Mr. Braman. But Molly'll never leave the farm until we all go together. I raised her from a baby, an' she's got a warm place in old Josh Middleton's heart. Why she'd die from homesickness if she went where

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as he remembered Braman's parting words. "I have a horse here with a record of 2:15, for which I paid a considerable sum of money. Now as your mare can beat him so easily I want to buy her. Name your price and make it enough, as I mean to have her."

"Mr. Dexter, when you drove in here, the man who left at the same time I owe a thousand dollars to, besides some interest, and if I can't pay him on the 25th day of July, interest and principal, away goes our home and everything with it—and he—wanted to buy Molly, but I can't sell her. I can't sell her—it's no use."

"I'll pay your mortgage in full to-morrow, Mr. Middleton. If you'll give a bill of sale of the mare to me when I hand you the papers," said the farmer's visitor, watching Molly with an admiring eye.

This offer made Middleton hold his breath. Here was a chance to get out of his old enemy's clutches and save his home. Back and forth the old farmer paced, while John was crying like a baby at the thought of parting with his old companion.

Just as the farmer had about made up his mind to say yes, the mare whinnied and rubbed her nose against his already moistened cheek. That settled it. Throwing his brawny, bared brown arm around her neck, and patting it fondly he replied:

"You've offered more'n she's worth, Mr. Dexter, but I can't part with her, an' I must trust to some other way of getting out of my trouble with Braman."

The affection exhibited for the intelligent animal touched the wealthy Chicagoan. When he saw that Middleton would sooner face the mortgage than sell his pet, he knew that she was not for sale.

Mr. Dexter, after a few moments of deep thought, made a proposition to the farmer, the result of which found the three men and the mare at a half-mile track in a town near by on the afternoon of the following day. A sulky was procured by Mr. Dexter, and the mare was given three full miles under the watch in time that caused a smile to settle over the westerner's face, but he kept whatever pleased him to himself.

In a few days a nice bicycle sulky and handsome pair of featherweight quarter boots with a splendid racing harness arrived from Boston, and under Mr. Dexter's experienced eye the mare was daily trained during the next week.

It was the day of the great M. & M. stake race in a large city in the West, where the winner would receive above six thousand dollars. There were over thirty entries in this, the greatest trotting race of the year, and every horse but one was from the stables of well known men.

The jockeys and rubbers as well as the owners were asking themselves who Josh Middleton was and his mare Molly. It was found that a nomination had been purchased from a party whose entry was unfit to start, but there the information ended.

Mr. Dexter had faith enough in the mare to purchase a nomination for her in the great race as well as to pay the expenses of John

and the mare on the trip. The old farmer shed tears when his pet was led into the car for her long journey, but knowing that John would take care of her as he would his life, he was finally prevailed upon to let her go, his consent probably being hastened by a few words that were whispered to him by Mr. Dexter.

Thousands upon thousands of people filled the great enclosure upon the day of the race. Pools were sold up into the thousands, with the unknown mare in the field for a song, as two horses of world wide reputation were hot selling favorites.

Mr. Dexter had secured a well known driver to pilot the mare, but two heats with Molly just inside the flag changed his mind. Dexter had bought the mare heavily as he was sure of the gameness of the mare, but he saw that a new driver had made her nervous and she was not acting like herself.

Giving John careful instructions about track rules, he saw him get on the sulky with some trepidation, fearing the boy's inexperience would count against him.

The two favorites were leading at the half-mile pole well clear of the bunch, when a dark streak was seen to creep out of the mass and join the leaders, who had gone the half in 1:04½. A blanket might have covered the three as they swung into the home stretch, coming with the speed of the wind.

John had taken the outside position, and moving like a piece of machinery Molly swept under the wire a good winner by a neck.

Dexter and his friends, whom he let into the secret, carried John bodily to the stable in their arms, and with coats off worked on the mare until she was thoroughly cooled out and rested. The betting public were all at sea, but while some of them placed their money on the unknown horse the next heat, the most of them stuck by their favorites.

After John Middleton had told Dexter and his friends privately after that heat that he had not driven Molly out to her utmost, they played every dollar on Middleton's pet.

The fourth heat saw the mare take the pole, and with all the jockeying tricks known played against her kept it to the finish in the fast time of 2:00½.

Molly was now an even favorite in the pools and many were hedging on the mare to retrieve their lost fortunes. John was wild with delight, and hugged and kissed the mare as though she understood it all, and to the bystander she appeared to.

Dexter, not liking the tricks played against the mare, told John to drive the mare out on the next heat and shut out everyone he possibly could to pay them for their meanness. This instruction was followed to the letter.

A quarter in 30 seconds; half in 1:02¼ disposed of most of them, and when the hand-some unknown bay mare from the East swept under the wire with only one other horse inside the distance flag in 2:06 flat, a mighty shout went up from the multitude, and a costly blanket of beautiful flowers was placed on Molly as she was led away by Dexter and his friends, while John was so delighted he could scarcely contain himself.

When Mr. Dexter handed John a certified check for \$20,000, being his earnings and contributions from admiring friends, tears of joy fell upon the kind westerner's hand, and Mr. Dexter kissed Molly a fond farewell as she started on her homeward trip from her first and only race, as nothing would prevail upon the farmer to either sell or race her again.

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Goods sent to reliable persons to be paid for after selling. W. H. Palmer, Chicago, Conn., has sold 100 belts, and as high as \$10 in one day. The electricity from the battery will give a gentle, thorough massage or band. No one but what can wear them. For rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Disease, Weak and Lame Back and other diseases. Prevents Cold Feet and taking cold. Gives a comfortable glow of warmth all over the body, which shows it is acting on the circulation. For advertising purposes we will give one belt free of any cost to one person in each locality. Address E. J. SNEAD & CO., No. 418 VINELAND, N. J.

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EARN A CAMERA, or BRACELET, or GOLD-FILLED RING, BY SELLING 10 PINS AT 10c. EACH.

These are beautiful Gold Stick Pins, set with rubies, pearls, emeralds, etc., and are worth twice the price.

Send us your name and full address. We will then send you the pins. You sell them, return the money to us, and choose premium—a camera, bracelet or ring, or any other premium in our large illustrated catalogue.

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1900 bicycle.

1900 Models, best makes, \$11 to \$20 '99 and '98 Models, high grade, \$8 to \$11

500 Second-Hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, \$3 to \$10. Great factory clearing sale at half factory cost. We ship anywhere on trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing catalogues for us. Many earned a wheel last year. Our 1900 proposition is even more liberal.

Write at once for our Bargain List and special offer. Address Dept. 128, G. MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago.

whip men are really worth while. They sell half a dozen whips, each one worth a dollar, and charge a dollar for the lot and still make money. Now that ought to make a good problem in arithmetic. If one whip is worth one dollar and a man sells six such whips for a dollar and makes money on the sale how much does he make? Do it in long division. Or maybe fractions would be better. But I'm sure I don't know how the man does it.

The poultry show was a fine one; not only all the boys but the farmers for miles around had entered birds. But Bryant took first prize as a matter of course. A hen that lays golden eggs is worth any number of hens with silver feathers.



"He siezed the enchanted fowl."

Bryant was kept busy taking in the nickels that the people paid to go in and see the hen in a parrot cage—loaned by Mrs. Ward. Mr. Russell had painted a beautiful picture of a hen at least two feet high and with two high feet and the tent was naturally a magnet of attraction.

Of course the biggest crowd was in the tent at 10 o'clock when the hen was advertised to lay the golden egg. The tent had been full before that, but there's always room for more people in a crowd. Those people who happened to be in the tent when the egg was laid had something to talk about for the rest of their lives, and I dare say if you go up to Oakville you'll find persons who saw the whole proceeding.

At ten sharp the egg appeared and the hen began to cackle a silvery lay. Mr. Russell, who stood by Bryant to see fair play, held the egg up and told the crowd that it was probably worth three hundred dollars and any farmer could have it for that price, spot cash. While the crowd was laughing at this, for people up Oakville way don't carry many three hundred dollar bills around loose in their clothes, a queer thing happened.

One of the men who ran a wheel of fortune—the kind where you pay ten cents and are sure to get an article worth a tenth of a cent—no blanks—thought that a hen who laid golden eggs laid over any fortune wheel in the country, so he told his pal that he was going to steal it.

He was standing on the other side of the hen and while the crowd was intent on the glistening egg he seized the enchanted fowl and burst through the crowd and out of the tent as quick as winking. The farmers followed him, crying "stop thief," but they had not run ten feet when a remarkable thing happened.

That man and the hen disappeared as if they had been swallowed up. There was no place where the man could have hidden. He had simply vanished because he stole the hen.

And neither the hen nor the man has been seen from that day to this, although it was way back in October. The old witch's prediction had come true. I dare say that she has the hen, but who has the man I don't know. And I don't care much.

As for Bryant, he sold the egg to a banker in Waterbury for four hundred dollars and put the money in the savings bank and he bought some blooded Wyandotte hens with the gate money he took in, and now he has one of the best poultry farms in the whole state of Connecticut.

He Was Not Whisper Deaf.

Baron Alderson, father of the late Lady Salisbury, was a very merciful judge, but he was not easily imposed upon. Among the famous trials at which he presided was that of the Chartist prisoners, who at the close thanked him from the dock for the fairness he had displayed toward them. Several stories are related of the baron's ready wit on the bench. On one occasion at the Liverpool assizes, as the clerk was administering the oaths to the jury, one of them interrupted with the exclamation: "Speak up, sir; I can't hear what you say!" "Stop!" exclaimed Baron Alderson, "are you deaf?" "Yes, my lord—of one ear," replied the juror. "Then you had better leave the box," said the learned judge, "for it is

necessary that jurymen should hear both sides." At the Hertford assizes, however, the same judge showed that the plea of deafness might be offered once too often. A tradesman who had been summoned on the jury claimed exemption from serving on the ground that he was deaf. "He says that he is deaf, my lord," said the clerk of arraigns. "Are you totally deaf?" asked Baron Alderson. In a whisper, looking intently at the juror. "Yes," was the unguarded reply. "So I perceive," rejoined the judge. "Deaf, but not whisper deaf. You had better go into the box. The witnesses shall speak low."

The Contract Filled.

To Jan Steen, the Dutch painter, a brilliant practical joke is ascribed. Having accepted a commission from a notable burger of Leyden to paint a mural picture representing "The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea," Steen, as usual, requested a considerable advance and then disappeared to have a joyous time, his patron having also gone on a pleasure trip. Steen's return took place a day before the patron's and the wall of the staircase had not so much as been touched. Steen simply painted it a dark red all over. "What is this?" asked the astonished and irate merchant. "That," replied Steen, "is the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea." "Where are the Israelites?" was the next question. "They are over," was the answer. "Where are the Egyptians?" "They are under."

Tongue is Curious.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue within its limits is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth; let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent; let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity, and see what the tongue will do! It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties it will come back as soon as they are discharged and feel the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man; the tongue in nothing more than in this affair proves that it is an untidy member and will not be controlled. It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.

Where the First Flag Was Made.

Philadelphia, which is rich in historic buildings, has just completed raising money by popular subscription for the purchase of the old house at 239 Arch street, which was the



birthplace of the national flag. In this house lived old Betty Ross, who with her own hands sewed the stars on the original Star-Spangled banner. The subscriptions were limited to ten cents each.

The Best He Had.

Eddy of Minnesota is said to be one of the homeliest men in congress. He rather glories in the distinction, especially as all his other characteristics are enviable. During his last campaign the enemies of Mr. Eddy charged him with being doubled-faced. He met the charge in a manner that disarmed all criticism. "Great heavens," said Mr. Eddy to his audience, "do you think that if I had two faces I would wear the one I am showing you now?"

285

9 USEFUL PREMIUMS FREE 9

To introduce our "CALUMET PERFECT" CIGARS we give every person buying a box of cigars for 30 cts. a superbly engraved "GOLD" WATCH, GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. 1 gold-plated chain, 1 charm, 1 pocket lighter, 2 sleeve buttons, 2 cuff buttons, 1 ball-top collar button and 1 stud. Send this to us and we will send you the cigars and premiums by express to examine. If you are satisfied, pay \$2.50 exp. charges. Calumet Bldg. & Importing Co., Dept. 118, Chicago.

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Finest Quality of Human Hair about One-third ordinary prices.

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Remit five cents for postage.

All switches are short stems. Send sample lock of hair cut near the roots. We can match perfectly any hair. All orders filled promptly. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Illustrated Catalogue of Switches, Wigs, Curls, Bangs, Pompadours, Waves, etc., free. We send switches by mail on approval to those who mention this paper, to be paid for when received, if satisfactory. Otherwise to be returned to us by mail. In ordering, write as to this effect. You run no risk. We take all the chances. This offer may not be made again.

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TOILET CASE FREE.



We give this handsome, Celluloid Toilet Case FREE for selling \$2 worth of our Perfume at 5 and 10 cents each. This Toilet Case is full size, made of selected wood and covered with cream covered celluloid, stamped in a beautiful and rich design, tinted in colors, and it is lined with delicate shade of fine satin. It contains a handsome HAIR BRUSH, COMB and HAND-MIRROR, with fancy celluloid back. Sells in stores from \$2 to \$3. Perfume sells easy. We also give away 300 other valuable premiums described in large catalogue sent with Perfume. Send name (no money), we send you \$2 worth of Perfume. When sold send us \$2 you receive, and we send a present according to premium list. NO RISK. We trust you, and take back what you cannot sell. **H. L. WASHBURN PERFUME CO., Dept. E. A., 119 Nassau St., New York City.**

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FOUR PRESENTS FREE

We will give you 4 presents: Solid Gold filled chased Band Ring; Heart Bangle Pin set with ruby; Solid Gold filled Ring set with perfect Brooch; and a beautiful Watch Chain, 4 feet long, solid gold filled.

Send your name and address and we will send you 15 Sunset Jeweled Stick Pins. Sell them at 10c each, return us the money and we will send you FREE all the four presents. No money required. We take back pins you cannot sell.

LEE & CO., 39 Brighton St., Prov., R. I.

TRY THIS PUZZLE

Here is a Puzzle picture of a man who is looking around for his wife. He cannot see her yet she is there in full view, standing near him. Can you find the missing woman? If so, make a mark on the picture with pen or pencil showing just where she is concealed, clip this out, return to us with only 10 cents to pay for samples of our charming magazine and we will send a special prize send you free.

Beautiful Simulation Diamond Ring illustrated here; it is size of a 1 Kt. Diamond, in pretty rolled gold plate ring and will delight you or send your money back. Send strip of paper showing size around finger. Send 10 cents.

Order to **HARTZ & GRAY, Box 407, New York, N. Y.**

FREE to BOYS and GIRLS

No money wanted. Send your full name and address (NO MONEY) and we will send you 10 packages of Empress, the famous Importer of Lavender Sachet Perfume; sell these for 10 cents per package, return us the money and we will send you your choice of a Watch, Rifle, Camera, Bicycle, etc., etc. Write to-day for outfit, and get a beautiful Stick Pin FREE. Address **PARISIAN IMPORTING CO., Box 1014, Chicago, Ill.**

The Puzzle Column

Three valuable prizes will be given for the first three most correct and neatest solutions of the puzzles contained in this column.

In order to compete, you must be a paid-in-advance subscriber to "The Star."

The correct answers to puzzles in this issue will be printed next month. The prize winners' names will be printed the month following.

All competing answers must be in the hands of the Puzzle Editor not later than the first of next month.

Our friends are invited to submit new and unique puzzles. Obsolete words should be avoided if possible.

Address all communications in regard to puzzles to Puzzle Editor, THE STAR, Star Block, Oak Park, Illinois.

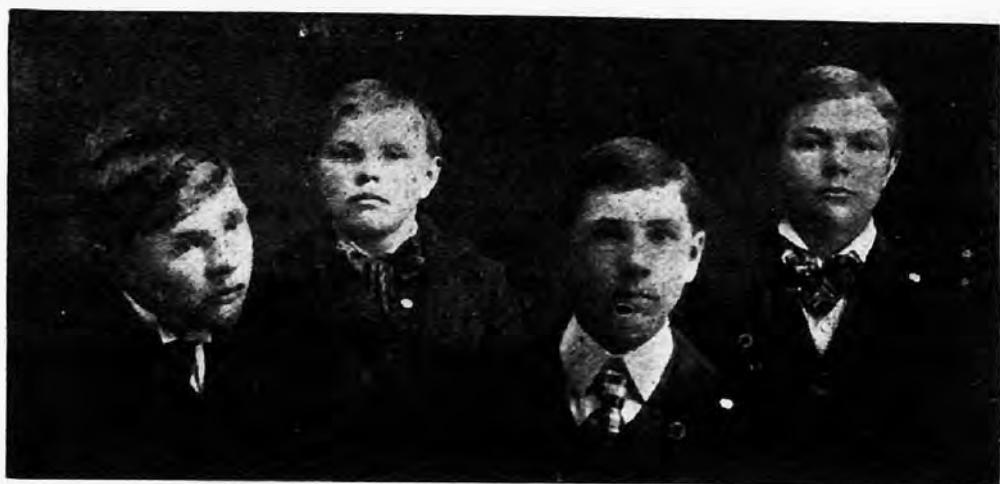
No. 1-A WORD SQUARE.

O O O O
O O O O
O O O O
O O O O

To Gather: A Nobleman; Surface; Area.

No. 2-A LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am an article of food; transpose, and I am worn by man; behead and transpose, and I am to peruse; transpose again, and I am a loved one; transpose again, and I am to defy; behead, and I am a conjunction; transpose, and I am part of man or beast; behead and curtail, and I am a vowel.



Magnus, Andrew, Carl and Oscar Ostrum.

No. 3-TRANSPPOSITION.

My one you will find in the ocean.
And the larger lakes and seas
'Tis of the water a peculiar motion
Not caused by any breeze.
My two is the different classes
Of food that we do eat,
The vegetable for some; but the masses
Of workmen would choose the meat
My three's what the editor does
To his paper every day.
In order to make things busy.
And make his paper pay.
My four you'll find is to fasten.
Or perhaps to be plainer, to bind.
But to end my rhyme I'll now hasten
To see if my answer you'll find.
Each one of my proteges are formed of the
same letters four
Only arranged in different ways according to
our puzzle lore.

No. 4-CENTRAL AND DIAGONAL WORD SQUARE.

1-X O O O O O X
2-O X O O O X O
3-O O X O X O O
4-X X X X X X X
5-O O X O X O O
6-O X O O O X O
7-X O O O O O X

1-To get well. 2-Temples. 3-Dwellers.
4-Robbers. 5-A Gift. 6-To make ready.
7-Kinds.

In view of the fact that this is a new kind of puzzle for Star readers, we have prepared a diagram. By consulting it you will note that each word in the square is composed of seven letters. The object is to find seven words of seven letters each, synonymous with the word or words given and so arrange them that the central or fourth word (line) will spell the same word as the two diagonals reading from corners as marked with the letter X in diagram. Any more of an explanation would make it too easy. It is evident that line number four is the key to the situation.

No. 5-A CHARADE.

I am a word of four syllables; my first is a covering; my third a letter of the alphabet; my fourth is the fate of lazy people; my second a pronoun; and my whole is to do an action repugnant to every American.

Do you belong to the C. M. A.? It's the great and only secret society for boys. Read every word on lower half of last page, in this issue of The Star

Answers to February Puzzles.

The names of the three prize winners will be printed in the next (April) issue of the Star.

No. 1-SINGLE CENTRAL DELETION.
Gold. Gold. Dog.

No. 2-CHARADE.
Car-a-van. Caravan.

No. 3-NUMERICAL.
William McKinley.

No. 4-CHARADE.
Sau-(saw) -sage. Sausage.

No. 5-WORD SQUARE.
P L A N
L O R E
A R M S
N E S T

No. 6-LOGOGRIPH.
Steak; Teak; Kate; Tea; E.

Prize Winners January Puzzles.

- (1.) John Bullied, Milbrook, Ontario.
- (2.) Herbert T. Tower, West Rutland, Vt.

(3.) R. C. Collins, 97 Dexter St., Malden, Mass.

It is evident that the January puzzles were pretty hard, as no lists were received with all answers correct, so that the three prizes were awarded to the three solvers who sent in the most correct answers. Date of sending is determined by consulting the postmark on the envelope.

Several answers to number one which was:

My first is wet; my next's a boy.
Each total brings some different joy
were clever if not correct.

Many of our puzzlers had it (Rain) (Beau) Rainbow; instead of Sea, Son, Season.

No. 3 In January was also a stumbling block. The charade as given was:

Who is my first must total be.
Though final to live happily.

The correct answer is of course, Miser; Able, Miserable. No correct answers were received to this one from any of our puzzlers, although several who made it Man-Kind; Mankind, showed considerable ingenuity in the solution.

As we go to press on this, the March issue, the puzzle editor notes with pleasure that solutions to the February puzzles are pouring in on every mail. It is evident that our puzzlers, baffled by their failures in January, are going to work with a will and this is a condition of things that, persevered in, always brings success. We do not know of any pursuit or pastime that so serves to develop the "stick-at-iveness" in a boy as this one of solving puzzles, and this trait, through early development, not to mention the active use of "grey matter" necessary, will prove of great value to our puzzlers when they shall reach manhood's estate and have to tackle the problems and puzzles of the work-a-day world.

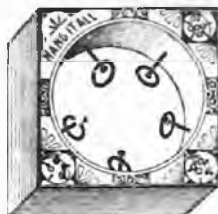
The grand secretary of the C. M. A. recently received a group photo containing the pictures of Magnus, Andrew, Carl and Oscar Ostrum, of Bunker Hill, Kansas. The puzzle editor of the Star immediately claimed it for publication on the puzzle page. Four brighter young Americans it would be hard to find. They are active workers in the Coming Men of America and the puzzle editor can always rely on a list of answers to the puzzles in each issue of The Star from all of them, not to mention a steady contribution of original puzzles for publication. First and second honors, and honorable mention for persevering effort in solution has frequently made necessary the use of their names in this column, and so we say "look out for the Kansas Ostrums."

AN OWL PIN FOR SKILL.
SEND NO MONEY.
OPEN to ALL READERS of THIS PAPER.



The above rebma represents five English words with which you are all acquainted. How long do you fancy it will take the readers of this paper to find them out? To the successful reader sending us the correct five words we will send a valuable Simulation Diamond Gold Plated Stick or Scarf Pin of a little gold Owl (just like picture) holding a beautiful Simulation Diamond absolutely FREE provided you will sell 18 packages of our fragrant, natural and everlasting perfume for us. After you have sold the perfume would you like you a beautiful American made Watch, a Simulation Diamond all Gold Ring, a Premium Camera and Complete Outfit, and many other presents which you cannot buy in your own town. Try and see if you can make out the five words. If you can we will immediately send you the Gold Owl Stick or Scarf Pin by return mail Free and also will send you 18 packages of perfume so that you can also obtain other presents. With your answer containing the five correct words be sure and sign your full name and address very plainly. Try and we know you will be pleased. Address:

PREMIER PERFUMERY CO., (Owl Contest),
Purchase and Oliver Sts., Boston, Mass.



"HANG 'EM ALL" PUZZLE.
A wooden block 2 in. square, a hole nearly through leaving bottom solid, a secure glass cover. Can you hang the 10 loose rings on the 5 nails like in cut? Sent postpaid to any address for 10c in silver or 12c in stamps. Address: J. WEIS, 215 Tenth St., ST. PAUL, MINN. 55101.



WE SHIP ON DEPOSIT \$100
\$11.75 Boys a Bicycle Complete, Unsurpassed.
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General Wood and the Boys of Cuba.

IF there is one popular man in Cuba that man is General Leonard Wood, who has just been appointed governor of the island. There are not many boys and girls in the city of Santiago who do not know General Wood when they see him on his big gray horse as he rides about the town. I remember seeing three little half clad olive skinned boys stop in the middle of the street on seeing the general, pull off their tattered caps and salute him with military precision, all three showing their white teeth as they smiled. And the general saluted in return as if they had been soldiers.

The 10th of last October was a famous anniversary day for the Cubans—a sort of Cuban Fourth of July—but curiously enough the inhabitants of Santiago had decided to celebrate it in silence, to have no merry-making, no music, no processions. Of course this disappointed thousands of Cuban children quite as keenly as the boys of an American city would have been disappointed if they had been deprived of fire crackers on the Fourth of July. General Wood heard of the trouble and having a boy of his own, he knew just what to do. He sent an invitation to all the children of the city to take a ride on the harbor in the government vessels. Bright and early on the great day all the tugs and other harbor craft belonging to the Americans appeared at the wharf side tooting their whistles, and hundreds of children who had gathered all in their best attire, tumbled aboard. Boat after boat was loaded and set out down the bay, with a hand playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Cuban national air. In each of the boats there was a barrel filled with lemonade, and the voyage which followed was such as only a crowd of children who had never before made such an excursion, could enjoy. The Standards had been in command at Santiago for nearly four hundred years, but there was never a governor who took any interest in the boys until the Americans came.

Since then General Wood is known in San-

tiago as "Our Friend" by the boys. Not many weeks after the picnic on the harbor a great delegation of children appeared at the palace and asked to see the governor. General Wood is a tall, powerfully built man and he wears a brown khaki suit and spurs. The average Cuban man reaches hardly above his shoulder and so when he appeared among the boys and girls he looked like a very giant. The spokesman presented the petition. He said that the boys and girls of Santiago had heard that the boys and girls of America were only required to go to school five days a week, whereas every Cuban school holds a session on Saturday the same as any other day. Now, were not the Cubans free? And shouldn't they be entitled to the same privileges as their friends, the American boys and girls? And thus they made a strong plea for a Saturday holiday—a plea with which every American boy and girl will sympathize. The governor heard them through and then he explained to them that the time had not yet come for making such changes in the school system of Cuba, but that some time they might expect to enjoy the same privileges as the American boys and girls. And they left him with a cheer.

There are, indeed, no stronger friends of the Americans in Cuba than the boys and girls. They want to know just what is done in American schools, how the American children act, what they play and everything else about them. And then they want to do exactly the same things. What is more, they are anxious to learn English and they are learning it much faster than the grown people. Frequently when you go into a store in Cuba the clerks cannot understand what you say, but they will bring some boy who is able to talk with you.

If you are a subscriber for The Star that entitles you to compete in the Puzzle Contest. Full particulars in "Puzzle Column" in this issue. Three handsome prizes given each month.

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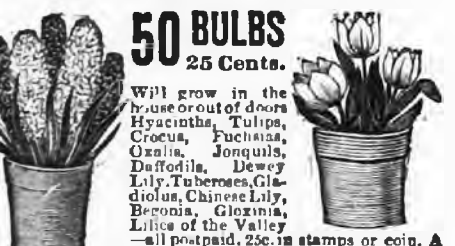
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THE C. M. A.

The Great Secret Society for boys. Organized in 1894. Chartered by law. All infringements will be prosecuted.

BOYS READ THIS



ANY boy or young man of good character may join The Coming Men of America. It has signs, grips, passwords, signs of distress, signs of warning, signs of recognition, secret signals, sign writing and many other features. Nearly every man over twenty-one years of age belongs to some secret society, such as Masons, Odd Fellows, K. of P., Knights of Honor, A. O. U. W., Macabees, etc. None of these orders will admit boys under twenty-one years of age. The C. M. A. is a regular secret society, full fledged, having the best features possible to obtain. It is chartered, incorporated and authorized as a secret society for boys by the State of Illinois. The name of this order is the Coming Men of America. The secret work, initiations, etc., are by far the best of any secret society in existence. The objects are most praiseworthy. The boys of today are the **Coming Men of America**, and we teach them to fit themselves for the duties in life they must soon assume.

THE STAR is the official organ of the C. M. A. It is the best paper for boys ever published. Read this copy and see what you think of it. It is full of stories, tells how to attain success, tells what the members are doing. It also contains a secret letter to members in every issue. It prints pictures of its subscribers and tells what they think of the C. M. A. It has the best writers that time and money can get. It has amusing anecdotes of great men, funny stories, historical sketches, episodes in the lives of great men, biographies of the world's greatest soldiers, scholars, adventurers, discoverers and heroes.

THE BADGE. The official badge is patented enamel and genuine nickel. It is finished in three colors—blue, white and red. It has squares, circles, triangles, a star and various letters. It is similar to the buttons or badges worn by men who belong to secret societies, only it is more beautiful. No one but a member can get one of these badges under any circumstances. It is to be worn in the lapel of your coat, and when in position it never fails to attract marked attention.

SECRET WORK. The secret work consists of various signs, signals, words, answers, positions, grips, etc., which are only known to members. We have signs of distress, signs of warning, signs of recognition, signals for help, test signs, test words and grips. You can talk to a brother so that no one can understand it but a brother of the order. The secret work is all arranged so any one can learn it. It is illustrated, showing how the signs, signals, answers, etc., are made. **There is nothing in the secret work that conflicts with your religion, politics, or your duties to your friends or parents.**

SECRET SIGN WRITING. On the C. M. A. page you will see how the secret sign language looks. It is called "Bestography" and it can be read only by members of the C. M. A. As soon as you join we teach you how to read it easily. There never was an outsider that could make head or tail to Bestography. Try to read it and see how difficult it is. You can't make it out until we show you how it is done. The members can write to each other on postal cards or letters in Bestography, and no one can read it but the sender and the one it is addressed to.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP. Each member of the C. M. A. is furnished with a beautifully lithographed certificate of membership about 10x12. This certificate gives date of your membership, your number and has the grand seal of the C. M. A. and the signatures of the officers of the order. The certificate itself is made of paper.



ally to be framed as an ornament for your room. It is the handsomest thing of the kind you have ever seen. Your name is written in with a pen by an artist especially employed for that purpose.

BENEFITS. Some boys ask what the benefits are to those who belong to the C. M. A. Well, there are so many benefits we can't begin to tell you all of them. What makes men belong to secret societies and spend so much time at lodges? When you are a member, you know that no matter where you go and meet a member of the C. M. A., he is your friend. If you are in trouble, if you are being misused, if you are traveling, or if you are hurt, you will always get assistance and have the friendship of brother members. Business men are beginning to know about the C. M. A., and will always give the preference to a C. M. A. boy if they are in need of help. The best reference you can ever have is to say, "I belong to the C. M. A." You can only begin to appreciate the benefits when you join.

WHO MAY JOIN. We only accept white boys of good character as members: girls cannot join under any circumstances. The C. M. A. is intended for boys under 21 years of age. You do not lose your membership after you become 21, but remain a member for life. We do not require an awful oath, or obligation from members when they join. We simply ask them to pledge their word of honor not to disclose any of the secrets. We do not ask your religion or politics. The C. M. A. is a band of young men and boys who want to improve themselves, and who want to help their fellows, and who try to do as they would be done by. By leaving religion alone we prevent quarrels, and allow each member his own convictions. We simply appeal to the manly, upright qualities that exist in every boy, and hold up the bright examples of such men as Lincoln, Washington, Peabody, Cooper, Gladstone, Childs, and others, and advise our boys to copy after such men. We don't believe boys are growing worse. We are champions of our boys, and hope soon to have the C. M. A. so strong, large and powerful that it will astonish the world to know there exists such an army of self-reliant, bright, manly boys as those who compose the **Coming Men of America**.

ABOUT LODGES. Perhaps there are no members in your town and you may wonder what good it will do you to join. We would say that this is all the more reason for you to join. As soon as you are a member and the boys see your beautiful badge and certificate, they will all want to join, and as soon as you have six or more boys in your town we send you a charter free and instructions how to start a lodge and how to initiate new members. Remember, as soon as you join the other boys will come in without trouble. Read the testimonials on another page. Write to any of our members, if you wish, before you join.

Our Reliability.

If you wish to know more about the C. M. A., its reliability, etc., we cheerfully refer to any member of the order. We print pictures of C. M. A. boys each issue, also a column "Correspondence Wanted," the names and addresses are given, and we cheerfully refer you to any one of them; also to any business firm, lawyer, banker or manufacturer in Oak Park. The C. M. A. is chartered and authorized to do business by the State of Illinois. There are members in over 10,000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada; also in nearly every civilized country in the world. The C. M. A. is a brotherhood any boy will be proud to be a member of, after he joins and understands everything.

What it Costs.

The only charge to join the C. M. A. is 50c. This includes all the articles mentioned below. The price is very low. Don't put the matter off. Send in the coupon at once. The following is what we send every member: the outfit is well worth \$10, and you will say so when you see it:

- Subscription to THE STAR for the balance of this year, ending with the December issue.
 - Official Badge.
 - Engraved Certificate of Membership.
 - 1 Life Membership in the C. M. A.
 - 1 set Secret Instruction Signs, Grips, etc.
 - 1 Confidential Letter.
 - 1 Key to Bestography [the secret sign language]
 - 1 Premium List.
 - 1 set Blank and Printed Matter, etc.
- All this you get for 50c.

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Out it out and 50c. send it in with

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DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find 50c. for which send me at once: 3 Months' Subscription to The Star, 1 Official Badge, 1 set Secret Instructions, 1 Membership Certificate, 1 Key to Bestography, and enter my name as a full life member of the C. M. A. I promise, upon my honor, not to disclose or make public to any person not a member of the C. M. A. any of the grips, signs, signals, secret work or secret sign language of the C. M. A. This agreement is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the secrets that will interfere with my religious views, politics, my duty to my parents or my friends. Yours truly,

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