

# YANKEE CLIPPER.

To Speak His Thoughts, Is Every Freeman's Right!

VOL. 2. SMYRNA, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1880. NO. 10.

Philatelic.

For the CLIPPER.

## Rates of Postage, '35.

The following rates for 1835, will probably prove interesting to our philatelic brethren:

On single letters, (on one piece of paper, not more than 30 miles, the rate was 6c. Over 30 and not more than 80 miles, 10c; over 80 and not more than 150 miles, 12½c; over 150 and not more than 400 miles, 18½c; over 400 miles, 25c.

Letters composed of two pieces of paper were charged double rates, three pieces, triple, etc.

The rate on each newspaper carried inside of the state was 1c, each carried out of the state was 1½cts.

The rates on magazines was 1½cts per sheet if carried less than 100 miles, if more than 100 miles, 2½cts per sheet, if regularly issued.

These were U. S. rates.

Now, as we look back into the misty past, we begin to see and realize the benefit derived from a uniform and cheap postage. Surely it cannot be denied that Rowland Hill was a benefactor of this, as well as of his own country, of poor as well as rich men.--J. F. NOTNATS.

Amateur.

## We speak Our tho'ts.

We are constantly noticing articles against our am. brother, Zander Snyder and the cause is this: because Snyder makes his remarks pointed, and his editorials sharp and keen, which cut the many grumblers to the quick, he is continually being blowed. Now comes the fact. Zander Snyder is, to-day, one of the 'dom's ablest and truest supporters. And because of this and his fine editorial ability, his place is begrudged and the ones who would (if they could) fill his place do this spouting. Selah! They 're jealous Zannie, dear!

That little item in the Merrimac Semi-Mo. "Leathe's Laconics" about Southern Chivalry is sound and true to the core. Spoken like a MAN, Leathe!

Friend Bradford will you please send us back numbers of your Advertiser? It is neat. We'll ex., of course!

The American should sell out or else hire a proof-reader. Get some blind man!

Van Buren exercises great care (?) in printing the Unique.

We are pleased to note the improvement in the London News.

Youths' Friend, welcome to our sanctum! Come regular

# The Yankee Clipper.

FRANK J. STANTON, EDITOR.

VOL. 2. JANUARY. 1880.

## TERMS.

**15** CENTS PER YEAR!  
IN ADVANCE.

We will EX. with all.

ADV. RATES, made known on application.

All matter should be addressed to  
YANKEE CLIPPER,  
SMYRNA, N. Y.

**E** SLIGHTLY **L**  
ON THE  
VICTORIA

EMMET LOCKWOOD has taken me to himself, a wife.

SUPPOSE you shoot that nonsense Stowell. What then?

"WE see by the am. Clipper that the U. S. Am. Book Directory for 1879 is out. We think it must be a kind of prophecy."—Correspondent.

Hush now Freddie don't give us away! the fellows won't notice if you keep still!

SORRY the Boys' Delight is so nipped!

THE "Ghost Mystery," by the same published by Al. Bourne, Cedar Rapids Iowa, is a neat little book and can be had for 5c. Send for it!

WE would like those who own us for ads to pay up at once!

"THERE is an end to All Things," we know it, it's "s"!

WALKER & STANTON, in March next will issue the Keystone Amateur, and all parties desiring to exchange please send copy to W. G. Walker, Jr., 25 Jefferson St., Germantown, Pa. (Phil.) so that when issued our ex list will be made up. Full description next month.

## N. B. NOTES.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.)

The Merrimac Semi-Mo. "booms" for the badge question. It recommends their adoption by the Neaja.—The Independent Times says: "Bay State amateurs have reason to be proud of the position they hold in juvenile journalism."—A special meeting of the H.A. J.C. was held at the residence of J. C. McLean, Friday eve. Dec. 12.—The Correspondent supports Sullivan of the Index, as president of the Neaja for 1880. SPORT.

## Young America!

AL. BOURNE, ED.,  
CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA.

The Maniac Sent post pd., 5c  
This office.

Fifty FINE CARDS 15c  
This office.

40 varieties for Stamps ten c  
postpaid for only

CHE-EZ-N-A-

## PRESS!

## FOR SALE!

PRICE, BOXED AND SHIPPED

## 1.50

This Office.

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 2. JANUARY. NO. 10.

## OUR PARAGRAPHER.

Talk about hard times when tooth-picks are selling at 5c a bunch! Preposterous!

"Histoi hate to repent when the devil gets a hold of you" said a fellow, who during our absence, undertook to sell our devil some poetry.

A Smyrna man wasn't surprised a bit (?) when his wife said he tried to lock the door, last night with his tooth-brush. Don't I "heve (hic) it eh!

## Our Hunt-Corner.

### "HANK KERCHF" EDITOR.

All communications for this department should be addressed to

"OUR HUNT CORNER,"

"YANKEE CLIPPER," SMYRNA, N. Y.

### 24. SQUARE.

To brag a possessor; a man named in history, in attend; plants.

Leesville, Ind. "Willie."

### 25. INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across:—A bird; a food; a weight; a letter. Down:—A letter; like; an animal; a tree; hariged; a prefix; a letter.

Danbury, Ct. "Nutmeg."

### 26. HOUR GLASS.

To flatter; a kind of candy; away; a letter; a conjunction; a reptile; pertaining to a bar. Centrals:—A puzzler.

Champlain, N. Y. "M. Piré."

### 27. DOUB. CROSS WORD.

In felonous, not in bad,

In perplexed, not in sad,

In gentleman, not in boy,

In backward, not in coy.

Here a mineral hidden lies,

Find it quick and the editor appries-Norrisown, Pa., "Slippery Ellum."

### 8. COMPOUND ACROSTIC.

A weight, a color, an animal, to destroy a tool, an animal. Primals:—A filament  
Finals:—A slender bar of steel. Com-  
bined:—A game.

Gibson, Pa. "Odoacer."

### 29. DIAMOND.

A letter, to work at, a small part, a leaf-stalk, an arrangement of leaves, a measure, a letter.

Champlain, N. Y. "Ironsides."

### 30. SQUARE.

A female superior, to whiten, a market place, to make able, balanced; fragments.

Newark, N. J., "Joe Seph."

### 31. HALF SQUARE.

A verbalist, to cloud, sphere, to follow a fruit, an inhabitant of Asia, an affirmative word, a letter.

W. Meriden, Ct., "Graham."

### 32. REBUS.

D

DL.

"Hank Kerchef."

### 33. SOU CON'S CROSS.

To centre:—Down, an animal, right, access, up, an Arabian prince, left, a mark in printing. From centre:—Up, a musical pipe, left, a crucifix, down, a chink, right, animals.

LaCrosse, Wis., Enrico.

### 34. ANAGRAM.

WE LED L NILLS OVER HOME.  
Unless I'm blind and likewise lame,  
I'm sure you'll find a poets name.

UNKNOWN.

CONTINUED—NEXT PAGE.

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 2. JANUARY. NO. 10.

## 85 COM. DOUB. ACROSTIC.

Conspiracy; to look obliquely; to solicit; unmixed.

Primals is a fruit I know,  
Without finals 't would never grow;  
When combined the whole will mean  
A tree, in many gardens seen.

Nina Clinch.

## 86 NUMERICAL.

Whole of 11 letters is a language;  
1, 2, 3, 7, is a fruit; 6, 5, 9, is an island;  
4, 8, 10, 11, is to turn. Cymbeline.

## CHAT WITH THE HUNTERS

Enrico thanks for cons. Call often!  
Graham glad you responded? Ever  
be as prompt!

Nina Klinch thanks! Send more soon.

Cymbeline glad you've come to the  
Corner.

Ned Hazel yours at hand, thanks for  
prime cons and sub.

M. Pire we welcome you. Visit us  
often.

Ironsides thanks for your fine cons.  
shall use all.

Nutmeg game from Danbury is scarce  
Can't you send us some Octagons etc?

Joe Seph your prime ones are here.  
Send more soon! Two won't last long!

Willie send that promised batch soon!  
Slip, Edum. After this issue we won't  
have any of yours left. Send more!

Oldozer we need more from you!  
Please send more at once!

We would be pleased to receive a list  
of answers from every poser connected

with this d p t. 13 chances! Try boys!

FRATERNALLY,

HANK KERCHF.

J. F. Notnats as a puzzler is no more.  
We take his place.—H. K.

We offer for the first correct solution  
to No. 24, a foreign postal. No. 25, a  
"NoneSuch" packet. No. 26, "Puz-  
zler," 9 mo. No. 27, four postal cards.  
No. 28, an am. book. No. 29, Clipper,  
6 mo. No. 30, 10 foreign stamps. No.  
31, a base-ball guide. No. 32, a magic  
love letter. No. 33, 3 diff. postal cards.  
No. 34, an am. book. No. 35, 6 foreign  
stamps. No. 36, two songs.

## THE COLLECTOR.

This is the first of a series of cheap  
hand-books for Philatelists. It is illus-  
trated by colored cuts. Price 10c. All  
persons ordering the book before Feb. 1  
will receive a rare stamp FREE.

Edw. A. Welch, 13 Hammond St.,  
Worcester, Mass.

"THE MANTAC" JUST OUT! 5c this office

The Latest Popular Songs, One Cent  
Each. I will send an assortment of five  
different songs post-paid to any address  
for five one cent stamps. Circulars for  
1c stamp. F. P. Fairfield, Song Pub.,  
1843 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Boys! Send 10c for 6-mo. trial trip  
to Youth's Monthly, an 8-pg.  
paper, for young folks. Contains sto-  
ries, poetry, puzzles, fun, etc. 20c per  
year. Ads., 25c per inch.—Address  
W. S. HEMBY, Strout, N. C.

For Sale Cheap! No. 1 \$10  
MODEL  
Hand-inking press, 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , price \$7.70 de-  
livered at any R. R. Depot or Wharf in  
Phila.—Address,—Wm. G. Walker, Jr.,  
35 Jefferson St., Germantown, Pa.



# YANKEE CLIPPER.

*To Speak His Thoughts, Is Every Freeman's Right!*

VOL. 2.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1880.

NO. 11.

FOR YANKEE CLIPPER.

## That Oyster.

BY "SPORT."

Down from his home  
 One summer's day,  
 Dressed in his homespun,  
 Blue and gray,  
 A yankee came,—  
 Full of his rights,  
 And went about  
 To see the sights.

He traversed all  
 The city o'er  
 And being tired  
 And hungry, more,  
 He looks about  
 Both near and far  
 To find where  
 Eating houses are.

At last a sign  
 He noteth well,  
 "Oysters here  
 On the half shell."  
 "Ah, such a thing  
 I never heard,  
 'Tis probably  
 A kind of bird!"

"I will partake  
 At any rate."

And starting off,  
 He enters straight,  
 Calls for the bivalves,  
 Swallows one,  
 And opening eyes  
 When it is gone.

Sees, gazing at him  
 With great awe  
 A man who says  
 "Didst eat it raw?"  
 "Why, yes!" the yankee  
 Says, with dread,  
 "Great Heavens! man,  
 You're surely dead,

It is alive!"  
 Then, with a roar  
 The yankee started  
 For the door.  
 And Mr. Stranger,  
 Monstrous kind  
 Eats what the yankee  
 Left behind.

### MORAL.

In eating oysters on the shell,  
 Just kill them first, then all is well.

It is with feelings of regret that we announce the death of the Jersey Snyder. We have always admired Snyder's bold and fearless editorials and by the loss of this journal lose one of our best and highest prized exchanges. Zand, please send us vol 1, no's 1 and 2.

How did you like our puzzle dep't last month! Was it good?

# The Yankee Clipper.

Frank J. Stanton, Ed.

VOL. 2. FEBRUARY. NO. 11.

## TERMS.

15 CENTS PER YEAR!  
IN ADVANCE.

Will X with all regular ads.

Address all communications to  
"YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

—To My Subscribers:—

Having arrived at that stage of existence where life means labor, I feel that it would be unjust to myself to continue the publication of the "Collector's News" which has proved an expensive and exacting toy. Therefore I have made arrangements whereby Mr. F. J. STANTON is to send his paper to those whom I still owe; and I bespeak for him the patronage with which you have favored me.

Yours truly,

GEO. B. DEREVERE.

## Consolidation.

By the above it will be seen that the "Collector's News" consolidates with the CLIPPER. Let me add that by honest dealing, I MAY receive your patronage assuring you perfect satisfaction in all cases.

Very truly,

F. J. STANTON.

NEXT MONTH we will present our readers with one of Zander Snyder's fine productions, entitled "Young Man be Jolly." Subscribe NOW! so that you will get it!

# Clipperings.

Our adv. rates for NEXT month are double those found on last page.

Arn't we slowly improving?

Read "Look" on another page!  
It's a grand offer!

Look out for next month! It will be well for you to subscribe now!

The Eggleston Review has turned into the Pickwick. It is destined to become one of Massachusetts' best. Why? Because Barrett has the ability which is to manifest itself, ere long.

Detroit has the right to feel proud of her amateurs and amateur papers, and have good reasons for it, too.

LeBijou, full to the brim with sense, sound and solid, is received.

Steele's Zephyr is a gem.

## "The Advertiser,"

A four-page WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, devoted to sketches, news of the week, items of fine interest, editorials on leading topics of the times, etc. A first-class weekly paper for young folks. 75 cents per year, postage paid. Address

The "ADVERTISER,"

Parishville, N. Y.

## THE TELEPHONE.

A Mo. Journal for the young and old. Contains stories, puzzles, poetry, science art, fun, etc. Subscription, 25c a year. To introduce it we will send it 6-mo. on trial for 10c. Sample copy 3cts—none free. Address—L. S. Scott, Publisher, Box 193, Marion, Ind.

"Young Man be Jolly," Next Month!

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 2. FEBRUARY. NO. 11.



LOOK  
Great Packet, of  
F-I-F-T-Y  
50 50 50 50  
— VARIETIES —  
fine for'n stamps,  
3 uncut foreign  
Postal Cards,  
8 var. long Eng'h  
Foreign Bill & my  
circulars all post-  
paid for 25 cents.

F. J. Stanton, Sole Importer, Smyrna  
N. Y. Established FIVE Years.

## A few Words.

If you fellows who are continually howling about the Postal Authorities would keep your mouth SHUT on that matter, nine times out of ten, you'd get your pound rate. "Keep up a devil of a thinking" as the fellow said, yet keep MUM. If you flatter yourself that this howling does any good, you're wrong! Your chinning makes it worse! Keep quiet, some day you'd get pound rate.

It's "rotten" early to be sure, but then we'd say FRANK NEWTON REEVE, for President N. A. P. A., 1880!

Zander Snyder will please accept our thanks for back numbers of the Snyder and Boy's Jan. 20. The same to Mr. Leslie Scott.

New amateur papers are appearing weekly.

Next month we will surprise you!

## New England Notes.

The Catchall, of Lebanon, N. H., has a very interesting ed. on "Amateur Au-

thors."—The Pen and Press, of Meriden, gives an account of local amateurs and their occupations.—The Comet has a well conducted girl's dep't.—We learn that Stone, Bartlett and Fernald are to retire.—One of New England's best is the Amateur Chronicle.—The Eastern A. P. A. and the Neaja held successful and pleasant conventions in Boston, in January. SPORT.

## Our—Hunt—Corner.

### "HANK KERCHEF" EDITOR.

All communications for this dep't must be addressed—"OUR HUNT CORNER," "YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

#### 37— DIAMOND.

A letter, a prefix, to carouse, a bird, offense, rulers, in Scotland a lord, an abbreviation, a letter.

Aurora, Ills. Ned Hazel.

#### 38— SQUARE.

A flower, lively, a kind of salt, smooth sudden pulls.

Ironsides.

#### 39— PYRAMID.

Across:—A letter, to cohabit, certain animals, to violate, a measure, fits.

Down:—A letter, an abbreviation, an abbreviation, a mineral, relating to a pedestal, an oil, to charge, a bristle, a common adverb, an abbreviation, a letter.

Branford, Ct., Jo Juiceless.

#### 40— DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Transactions, a tree, a Romanist, to declare, a water bottle, a disease, Pri-  
mals, an animal; finals, a plant.

Newark, N. J. Joe Seph.

#### 41— NUMERICAL.

Whole composed of 12 letters is swelling. The 1,2,3,4,5, is a vessel; 6,7,8,9, is to beat; 10,11, is a coin.

W. Meriden, Ct., Graham.

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 2. FEBRUARY. NO. 11.

42-- REBUS.

## SAXXL

LaCrosse, Wis., Enrico.

43-- HALF SQUARE.

A genus of sea-plants; eastern; pin of a dial; military exercise; evening; a prefix; a letter.

44-- RHOMBOID.

Across:--Firm; perforated; a female; wandering; one of a certain race.

Down:--In Vermont; a period in the Jewish year; beneath; a metal; an evil being; a woman; a horse; an abbreviation; in Vermont. Nina Klinch.

PRIZE OFFERS.--For 1st correct solution to no. 37 a magic love letter, 38 an amateur book, 39 a nobby book, 40 a photo, 41 10 foreign stamps, 42 pack of am. papers, 43 an am. book, 44 a b.b. guide.

GAME CAPTURED.--Jo Juiceless captured 24, 26, 29, 34, 35; Ne' Hazel got 25; Odoacer 27, 29, 30, 36; Sir Agravaire 28. Quite a number participated in the hunt but all failed to secure game except the above. No's 31 and 32 were shot at but not brought down.

CHAT.--Remember sub's and ex's can always compete.

We desire a large batch of cons from each puzzler for next month. This means you so please favor us.

The Hunt we leave open until March 10th, but we desire every solver to send in answers as soon as possible after receipt of paper.

## Advertising Rates.

1 col. \$1.  $\frac{1}{2}$  col. 50c.  $\frac{1}{4}$  col. 30c.

1 inch 20c. 3 lines 10c. One Insertion.

When you write to advertisers please mention YANKEE CLIPPER.

**BOYS!** SEND 10c for 6-mo trial trip to Youth's Monthly an eight page monthly. Address

W. S. Hemby, Stout, N. C.

"NE PLUS ULTRA!"

**THE DIAL,**

A. C. WILLIAMS, PROP'R.

This paper is the largest and best in the South. It is set in solid Nonpareil type--thereby containing a vast amount of interesting Reading Matter. Every issue contains original Poems, Stories, Sketches, Notes, Ed's, Locals Book Review, and the Best Puzzle Dep't extant.

The DIAL is handsomely printed on a good quality of paper. Circulation One Thousand Copies every month. Specimen for 3c stamp.

Subscription, per year, 20c. Advertisements, per square, 30c.

Agents Wanted! 25 per cent commission allowed. Exchanges solicited.

Address THE DIAL,

907 Bank St., Richmond, Va.

*What is the Reason!*

WHY don't you subscribe for the Reporter! It will be sent to anyone 1 yr. for 5 green stamps. Address

The REPORTER,

1 Holland St., Syracuse, N. Y.

**The Keystone Amateur.**

WM. G. WALKER, EDITOR.

F. J. STANTON, ASSOCIATE.

The "Amateur" will be out March 1, all papers wishing to exchange with us must send a copy at once to Wm. G. Walker, Jr., 35 Jefferson St., Germantown, Pa.



# YANKEE CLIPPER.

*To Speak His Thoughts. Is Every Freeman's Right!*

VOL. 2.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, MARCH, 1880.

NO. 12.

FOR THE CLIPPER.

## Young Man Be Jolly.

By *Landor Snyder.*

**A**LTHOUGH everything may not favor you in this world, it does not say you should be gloomy and despondent. Don't think you are destined for some low position in this life because others around you figure conspicuously among men of note, while misfortune flops her heavy wings and fans your frowns with her nimbalsamic breezes. Don't give up to the wild and wicked ways of life because you are not successful in every attempt to make yourself useful and important. Don't deprive yourself of the society of your associates and keep your own company, wearing away the vitality, activity and fullness of your health tinted cheek, deep in the thoughts of the woes and obstacles that seem to surround you. Time may seem to be flying rapidly, and yet nothing may be accomplished, nor any worthy deeds crowning your days, but bear up young man, and, instead of fretting over and weighing your troubles, study to be jolly. Instigate merriment and smother with abhorrence all thoughts of a sentimental character. Seek to be true to your friends and add as many to your list as time and circumstances will permit. Grasp every opportunity to be in their

presence and without the shadow of sorrow be gay and free as life is at your pleasure to be just what you make it. Be a friend in deed and in name; that is, care for your associates and work for their interest, and there will be no occasion to pay the least regard to the maxim:—"life is but a vale of tears." We don't mean that you should become an expert at tipping the beer glass, or learn to know a billiard cue from a rake handle, or to shuffle a euchre deck without the aid of a basket and stick. No indeed we don't mean any of the immanly ways of making yourself gay and festive, but practice it in a moral sense and store up the necessary knowledge to cultivate and expand your mind, so that when you are engaged in fighting hand to hand with fortune, you will have enough to carry you through unscathed, until victory will have crowned your efforts and when aged and infirm you retire from the field to use a fortune when it is most needed. You may lose a parent, or both, and be left alone and uncared for, yet do the best you can and try to make yourself merry in your position. Although you may be in a way as not to know which way to turn your head, yet be as pleasant and agreeable as you can and with persistence make yourself necessary, and success will at no distant day be yours.

Next Issue! A FINE SERIAL, BY Amateurdom's Popular Author, "J. F. NOTNATS."

# The Yankee Clipper.

Frank J. Stanton, Ed.

VOL. 2. MARCH. NO. 12.

## TERMS.

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"YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

## Number 12.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Twelve long months ago, a little journal was sent from our P. O., bearing the name of the Collector. For two months it went its way in under this name, and then merged into the Clipper. As such it has remained. That we have greatly improved it from the start none can deny; that it has become more interesting, all will admit. Whether twelve more months will roll around with it, now we do not know. Suffice to say, we trust they will. During the time we have published our paper we have never received any unkind word save which we reply to in this issue. In which our readers will pardon the slang we use to show up the character in his true form as we are compelled to.

Next month commences a new serial destined to be very interesting.

Hoping to receive your patronage as heretofore.

We remain

Thankfully,

Ed. CLIPPER.

Perhaps an INDEPENDENT

## NAPA Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:

Frank N. Reeve,

FOR 1ST VICE:

Zander Snyder.

Above we give you the only ticket we shall hoist. Two staunch, true amateurs who should receive your united support. No better man can be chosen than REEVE, nor one that can bring the Napa from its position up to a higher standing.

GIVE HIM YOUR SUPPORT!!

MANY thanks, brother Index for the kind advice given us in Feb. number. We are always glad to receive such, but when such hypocrisy as that in Our Blade is turned on us, we—heavens—see another column!

NEXT month we propose to hold that young Floridian Russell over the coals and scorch 'im a little.

WILLIAMS writes us that Miss Clara H. Tardy, of Huntsville, Ala., is to be connected with the Dial as Associate. Success, Clara!

AMATEUR Journalism is surely on the boom, every week brings us some newly-started paper, full of interest. Well let 'em come, they are all welcome!

WHERE, oh where is the Keystone Amateur!

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 2. MARCH. NO. 12.

## Mr. STOWELL!

A REPLY TO THE  
**EJACULATIONS AND VOCIFERA-  
TIONS OF A BIGOTED  
DAMPHOOL.**

PLAIN TALK BY YE WICKED ED.

In the January Blade under "Stowell's Shavings," will be seen a very detrimental note, designed to provoke "ye puny cuss" to wrath. But our peaceful buzzum is unruffled and nary an ireful wave rolls across our peaceful breast.—But business! In a few words we will show this fellow up, as a conceited booby—furthermore—a lying ass. We say ass, for he has been so closely enveloped in the "Ton's skin," that not until recently, when he has "roared," did we discover his true character. Such characteristics WILL manifest themselves sooner or later. He says: "we wish to encourage amateurs just starting out"—see the brazen-faced, impudent lie, for do you mind what he says directly afterwards, see how he has placed his mulish hoof over the halter? Stowell what earthly good can it do you to attack small papers, seeking to improve? Don't you realize that you

have better facilities than they? Don't you know that with a large office you are expected to do, and do do better work than boys with small offices? Listen to words of advice: Consider before you act; think well, before you speak; "do unto others as you'd have them do to you." We do not throw your paper away, we prize it too highly, for that. But why did you attack us, there are poorer papers than ours, are there not? You are Parson's printer! did he see that M.S. b for 'twas printed? We think he did not! Parson is too much of a gentleman to allow such hypocrisy to enter his columns! But we've said enough. If you choose to reply, do so, and send us a copy! If not, sneak away until your mulish roars shall have died away in the distance, never to be reverberated.

### **T H E B O O K T A B L E**

Under this heading all books sent us are impartially reviewed.—Ed.

**MARY ANNS LOVER; or, A Narrow Escape from destruction, By Winslow. R. W. Burnett, Publisher, Cuba, N. Y.**

This is a fine comic sketch, embracing a queer plot which is bound to hold the readers strict attention from Alpha to Omega. Binding, printing and trimming fine.

**S. E. A. P. A. Constitution and By-Laws received, for which we return our thanks.**

(Continued next month.)

**TED. NATHAN. THE NEWSBOY, by NATHAN, next month!**

## Stanton's Commentaries.

No indeed, Donahue, Reeve will not be a "stalwart cand. for U. S. President," but he 'll be a STALWART candidate for Nana President. Don't you forget it!

The Repository, "Slippery Ellums" venture, is a fine journal. Success, old boy!

The Courier, one of our best N. Y. exchanges, has suspended.

'Twas really too bad that Ackerman had to fill up one whole column with "Subscribe and Advertise," when his paper was such a beauty every other way!

Detroit sends us six amateurs.

DeRevere please accept thanks for file of News!

The Lakeside Gazette is greatly improved.

W. M. Foster of the Dime is now publishing The Chronicle, a weekly journal. Success, Will!

We 'll bet a CENT that the article in the Amateur Star directed to VanBuren was written by Stowell! Do you deny it?

Pugh send back that MS. at once!

Industrial le nos 4,5,6, received. Thanks!

Lockwood give you credit for better proof this month. Good!

## Answers for February Hunt.

37 D, per, revel, pelican, deviation, rector, laird, nos. n.

38 Pansy, agile, niter, sleek, yerka.

39 N, bed, mares, disobey, deciliter, capacitates.

40 Agenda, laurel, papist, avouch, carafe, angina.

- 41 Ampulaceous.  
42 Essay to excel.  
43 Zoster, ortive, style, tilt, eve, re a.  
44 Valid, borel, woman, nomad, negro.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### Stamp Collectors

Send for Feb. no. of the Amateur & Collector. It contains particulars of the Grand Stamp Raffle. Address  
Elroy C. Wethy, 19 L'Orion St.,  
St. Paul, Minn.

We will give TEN cents each for the August number of this paper, Editor.

## Wanted! At Once!

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1, 2 and 3 CENT STAMPS.

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Postal size, \$1. Note size \$2. Letter size \$3. Large size \$4.

Write for information to

FRANK J. STANTON,  
SMYRNA, NEW YORK.

# YANKEE CLIPPER.

*To Speak His Thoughts, Is Every Freeman's Right!*

VOL. 3.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, APRIL, 1880.

NO. 13.

FOR THE CLIPPER.

**TED NATHAN, THE NEWSBOY;**

OR,

**Honesty Rewarded.**

BY J. F. NOTNATS.

## CHAPTER ONE.

INTRODUCTORY.—

“HERE sir, here is something you must have dropped,” said a raggedly-dressed lad to Mr. Dunley as he was walking along the street, one pleasant summer evening.

“Here sir is a package I have just picked up.”

The package alluded to seemed in all probabilities a roll of paper as it was in a cylindrical form, and neatly wrapped up.

“Where did you say you found it, my boy,” said Mr. Dunley, the while searching his pockets.

“I did not say sir, but I found it several blocks back, and have been running hard in order to catch up with you. You were the only one in my sight, so I struck in after you and now give you the roll.”

“It is mine, sure, said Mr. Dunley, but why did you not keep it!”

“Why did I not keep it? because sir, that would have been stealing!” said the lad indignantly.

“Enough boy, can you come down to our office to-morrow at ten?”

“Why, sir?”

“Because I would talk with you.”

“I will try.”

“Well, be promptly on hand, I like to see a prompt boy.” So saying he handed Ted the firm’s card, and bidding him goodbye, departed.

Now to our characters. Edward Nathan, better known as Ted, is a newsboy and makes an honest living by selling papers and other small stuff, around the landings in the city. On the evening in which he is brought before the reader, he is returning from one of his trips to the ferry landings and while coming up the street he noticed the roll lying on the pavement, and this, ending in his finding the owner, Mr. Dunley, who is one of the firm doing business in N—st. He was returning from a neighboring banking house where he had been transacting business.

The roll contained a large sum of money that had just been taken on a foreign draft and had thus been accidentally lost by him.

But enough we will proceed with our story. Ted is on his way to the office. Entering as a city clock chimed the hour of ten.

—CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE.—

# The Yankee Clipper.

Frank J. Stanton, Ed.

VOL. 3. APRIL. NO. 13.

## TERMS.

15 CENTS PER YEAR  
IN ADVANCE.

Will X with all regular ads.

Address all communications to

"YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

**C** A NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS  
Expired with No. 12. RENEW!  
Every new subscriber receives  
a copy of Things Worth Knowing, or 25  
Fine Foreign Stamps.

### FROM FIRST PAGE.

"Good morning, my lad," said Mr. D. as a greeting.

"Good morning sir, was Teds reply, I have come as you requested."

"That is right, as I told you last evening, I like to see a lad always manage to be on time."

"I managed to get around. Had a fine streak of luck, this morning. Sold out everything clean and slick."

"Sold out?—I don't quite understand you!"

"True, I forgot to tell you. I sell the morning and evening papers."

"Oh yes, you are a newsboy. Well, I wanted to ask you if you knew what was in the roll you found and returned to me?"

"No sir."

There was between five and six thousand dollars.

Ted started to think he had held such

a large amount, and laughing, Mr. Dunley continued: "Why start so Ted, did you think that a large sum?"

Indeed I did!

Had you known it, do you think you would have been tempted to have taken it?

Sir, said Ted very indignantly, do you think I'd steal?

Pardon me, Ted, I did not mean to hurt your feelings, but there are not many boys in your profession who do not steal when a chance is presented, but I know you would not!

How! queried Ted.

How do I know you would not? I'll tell you. The package was just as I had rolled it up, except where it was bruised slightly in falling, and by this, I know you did not try to ascertain the contents. Am I not right?

You are, sir. I did not try to open the roll, nor would I had the whole sum been offered me, for I knew it would not be right.

Who taught you this, my boy?

My mother, sir.

You can well feel proud of such a mother.

My mother is dead, said Ted the tears filling his eyes, she died five years ago. My father was killed in the war. So I am left an orphan. But with newsboys, I find friends, and though they steal, I can say that during my whole time among them, I have never, thank God, even stolen one pin!

Good, noble boy! it does my heart good to hear you talk. My partner, Mr. Nelson was in the war and when he returned it was his sad misfortune to hear

—TO BE CONTINUED.—

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. APRIL. NO. 13.

The Clipper's Hoop-dee-doo.

## Another Specimen.

This month, true to promise, we bring before you the CHAMPION of LIARS.

Mr. (?) W. S. Russell, of Apopka, Fla., accuses us of sending him a marked copy and he, not replying to it, states that we sent him a letter asking "why he did not reply and calling him a southern rebel." Now, Russell, prove that we sent you a marked copy and that we sent you any letter like that, and we'll be happy to present you with a five dollar note.

We have NEVER had any written communication with you save the letter which we wrote, telling you "that unless THAT statement was retracted, we should brand you a liar." Such we now do. Come out and face the music, sir, or slink back in your hole, forever to remain branded A L I A R, and our enemy.

### —:CLIPPER-RINGS.:—

You'll begin to think we are to have a Clipper boom, won't you?

A late one:—"Go harden your brain!"

Owing to the rise in paper U. S. 1ct. stamps will probably sell for 2cts. soon.

Ye Puny Cuss longeth for more "fish to fry."

One by one our exchanges seem to suspend. Why is it thus?

"Sock it to 'em," Henwy! hoho, just so.

### T H E B O O K T A B L E

Under this heading all books sent us are impartially reviewed.—Ed.

SKETCHES, by Phoenix. Buffalo, N. Y.: C. G. Steele, Jr., Pub., 1879.

It is needless to say that this book is a beauty. Typographically it is faultless and the binding and trimming fine. The book contains two neat sketches and the price is but 5 cents. Every amateur book collector should have a copy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### POSER'S CHEAT.

—(S)—

Snip and Old Joe are new ones. Come often boys! Always Welcome!

We are pleased to hear from XLCR, and hope he will cail often, not forgetting to send along the 11-letter beauties.

Nutmeg the game came safely, thanks! Take out the gun again!

Wonder where Odoacer and the rest of the boys are? we havn't heard from 'em 'n a good while!

Willie guess you have forgotten your promise.

As our room is limited we only give our readers four puzzles and thus hope to have a large number of answers sent in.

Try, BOYS, Try!

"Lovingly,"

HANK.

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. APRIL. NO. 13.

## OUR HUNT CORNER.

"HANK KERCHF" EDITOR.

Original puzzles solicited from all.  
Address—"OUR HUNT CORNER,"  
"YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

## Open to All!

### 45 WORD SQUARES.

1 A title; close of day; a conjunction.  
2 A kind of liquor; a bulky piece of wood; pertaining to animals.  
Concord, N. H. Old Joe.

### 46 NUMERICAL.

Whole of 9 letters is a plant. 1,2,3,4,  
5,6, is a dove, 7,8,9, is to fasten firmly.  
Keene, N. H. Snip.

### 47 11 LETTER DIAMOND.

(To Graham.)

In Graham; a U.S. river; a nation; a worker of an art; to redeliver; plural of to redeliver; give up; to take a part; a colored painting; a U.S. river; a letter.  
Newark, N. J. XLCR.

### 48 DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

In procure not in get,  
In moisture not in wet,  
In villain not in pet,  
In regard not in mind,  
For whole a blanket find.

Danbury, Conn. Nutmeg.

PRIZES.—No. 45, a photo. No. 46, 5 Foreign postal cards. No. 47, a picture and "Things Worth Knowing." No. 48, an art picture.

CHAT preceding page.

## Solved at Last!

### THE GAME OF 15 SOLVED!

Send at once for the only correct solution for doing the 15 block puzzle!  
Mailed to any address on receipt of 10c.

Special terms to the trade!

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## THE SPECTATOR

Published at LISTOWEL, ONTARIO, on the 15th of every month at 25c per year. Send for it?

SEE HERE  
JUST OUT

'Things Worth Knowing.'

PRICE 10c!

SEND FOR IT, to

FRANK J. STANTON, Smyrna, N. Y.



# YANKEE CLIPPER.

## SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. 3.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, APRIL, 1880.

NO. 13.

### —Advertising Rates.—

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One insertion. No adv. inserted for less than 20c. When answering advs. state: "Saw adv. in the CLIPPER."

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a twenty page magazine for Philatelists. Illustrated with colored cuts. Word Hunt, Correspondence, &c., in every issue. A rare stamp given to each subscriber with every issue. Persons subscribing before June 10 receive an Austrian Post-card.  
THE COLLECTOR, 13 Hammond St.,  
Worcester, Mass.

### STAMP COLLECTORS. A HOY!

Send for Gerry Jones' free price lists. Agents Wanted. 25 o/o com. Stamps by the 1000, 100 or 10. Price 30c per 1000, 4c per 100, 1c per 10. Well mixed and just imported. Albums, &c. Sh'ts sent on application and deposit of 50c. Send at once!

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*"THE MANIAC!"*

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Contains 16 col'ns of stories, sketches poems, word hunt, wit, humor, puzzles, etc., and in fact is one of the best Amateur Papers published. The subscription price is only 15c per year with a pack of fine visiting cards with your name. Advs 2c per line, 15c per inch. We wish to ex. with every Amateur paper published. Editors about to discontinue should get our rates. It is issued on the 20th of each month, the person first sending their sub. after that time will receive a valuable present. Subscribe you will never regret it.

Charles J. Bainbridge,  
160 Center St., Syracuse, N. Y.

### "Pickwick,"

HENRY F. BARRETT, Editor,—

FRANK J. STANTON, Associate.

Send for it!

11 Beethoven St., Jamaica Pl., Mass.

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Send a 3c stamp for complete set of unused BRUNSWICK stamps and new lists.

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Papers can insert above ONCE and send marked copies and I will remit.

WANTED:—For exchange or cash. All kinds of Match, Medicine or Document Stamps! Send on approval.

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VOL. 3.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, MAY, 1880.

NO. 14.

FOR THE YANKEE CLIPPER  
**TED NATHAN, THE NEWSBOY;**  
OR,  
**Honesty Rewarded.**

J. F. NOTNATS.

CHAPTER ONE.—CONTINUED.

that his wife and son had been killed by a steamboat explosion a few weeks before his return. Sad, very sad, said Mr. Dunley, slowly and thoughtfully, and he has never fully recovered from the effects of it, and a fit of melancholia seems to be preying on him terribly. Still it does not hinder his business transaction, and sometimes he recovers his spirits and is gay. Still those sad thoughts crowd upon him."

Ted stood looking at the floor thinking intently, until Mr. Dunley said:

"By the way my boy, what is your name?"

"Ted—Ted Nathan, the Newsboy, sir."

"Well, Ted, I want to reward you. I think of no way, but to give you some money and

"I ask no reward, interrupted Ted, but your thanks and kind opinion."

Mr. Dunley entreated him to accept of something but he would not.

"Well if you will not accept anything from me, I give our sincere thanks and will try and get you a situation for I am very grateful to you for your honesty.

My dear boy, ALWAYS take for your motto, that staunch old axiom: 'Honesty is the Best Policy,' and if ever you're in need, come to me."

"Thanks, but I trust I may get along all right. If in need I will avail myself of your kind offer. Now, if you'll excuse me, I will go, as it's nearly time for the eleven o'clock boat."

So saying Ted took his hat and left the office.

CHAPTER TWO.

SOMETHING FOR TED.—STRANGE NEWS.

THE next morning, when Ted, as usual, went to the news-office to get his morning papers, to his great surprise, on calling for the ones he usually sold, a package with his name on it, was handed him.

"What is this? inquired Ted.

A package left here this morning, for you, said the agent.

There must be some mistake, I'm not expecting any package. This must have been misdirected.

No, it is all right.

Then who left or brought it here?

I am not at liberty to tell as we promised not to reveal the man's name. He said have a package like this every morning for you. It is all right. Now go Ted the crowd is coming up the street, there!

Ted still hesitated. He did not know

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TO BE CONTINUED.

## OUR PARAGRAPHER

Something new.—We've seen a tooth  
pick, a barn shovel and a rubber stamp.

A Court Scene, in of-Fish-al style.—A-  
Cord-ing to the Seine the judge is hav-  
ing a Reel hard time with this witness.

Judge: I Cod not allow you to be  
Dab-bing away so; I had Rudd-er call  
the next witness.

Witness: Shad I Skipper unnecessa-  
ry parts?

Judge: Your Sole business is to give  
what you know in the fewest possible  
words.

Witness: Well, Weaver coming a-  
long, he was Whiff-ing at his Pipe and  
Whitling. We came and Sturgeon the  
Perch. Have you been over to the  
Plaice yet, I asked, he said he Haddock,

as he thought 'twould Mackerel fuss, an'  
he Hake to go. I said I guess there  
won't Tunny of'em hurt ye. That was  
all Harpooned in my Herring.

Court dismissed.

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"It is one of the nobbiest papers that  
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Under this heading all books sent us  
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Tottenville, S. I., N. Y.: C. Shea,  
Pub., 1879

This story as an Amateur attempt at a  
novel is a decided success. Printing,  
etc., poor.

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The story is a great improvement over  
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**W. L. WRIGHT,**

For N. A. P. A. President.

## CLIPPER-RINGS.

Very well, Mr. Stowell, as you don't wish to exchange with us, we very tenderly bury you and quietly take your name from our list. Enough is enough. We take it for granted, by your silence, that you are satisfied with our opinion of you and trust that amateurdom in general approve of the FACTS. A long farewell!

Going to do about it, Blake? We will simply say that if a young fellow like Van Buren, our 'cousin' as you see fit to call him, possesses enterprise enough to PRINT a paper he should be encouraged and not be run down, isn't this enough?

As Frank N. Reeve refuses the use of his name as Napa president we will substitute the name of Will L. Wright, of Cairo, Ills.

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Leesville, Ind.,

WILLIE.

For 1st correct solution, The Index 1 year. For 2nd and 3rd, each an amateur book.

CHAT, Etc.:—We have only room for one puzzle.—Answers to last are: No. 45, 1 Dey, eve, yet. 2 Aie, log, egg. No. 46, Culverkey. No. 47, R, red, Medes, modeler, redeliver, redelivered, delivered, severed rered, rer. d. No. 48, Covering.—We hope to receive a goodly number of answers this month—H.K.

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THE EXCELSIOR PRESS, in which this paper is printed. Prints a form  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Cost \$16.00. Will sell CHEAP for CASH! For terms, Apply to

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**M**ustache forced on the smoothest face in 15 days, per pk. 15 cents.  
Pimples cured in 1 day 15 cents.  
Book of marvels, 15 cents. Address  
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Editor



SUPPLEMENT TO

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3.

MAY.

NO. 14.

---

## Attempted Patricide!

---

### A Drunken Amateur Shoots His Father.

---

On Saturday, (the 17th,) we were surprised to learn that the night previous, Charles H. Jackson, Editor of the *PROVINCER*, of Poolville, N. Y., had attempted to kill his father. It seems that he was intoxicated and went to his father's mill to borrow a dollar. Being refused he went out, obtained a shot gun and waiting until his father appeared, shot him. The charge entering his father's back, but not killing him.

Late reports say he is in Morrisville jail. He will probably be sent to a reformatory.

Banker-Clipp

Bank of America





# THE YANKEE CLIPPER.

*To Speak His Thoughts, Is Every Freeman's Right!*

VOL. 3.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, JUNE, 1880.

NO. 15.

FOR THE YANKEE CLIPPER.

## My First Love.

BY H. F. BARRETT

Dedicated without permission to Miss—  
but I will forbear!



**T** WAS an ev'ning in June,  
 All the earth was in tune,  
 And the bull-frogs a concert were giving,  
 I was strolling that night,  
 By the moon's silver light,  
 And I met her, and—still I am living.  
 She was young, she was fair,  
 And the curl in her hair  
 Had made many a fellow quite crazy,  
 Her eyes they were blue,  
 Her age, twenty-two,  
 And everyone called her a "daisy."  
 I was young, I was bold,  
 And not so very old,  
 (Tho' in questions of love it don't matter.)  
 \* When I gazed on her face  
 And beheld its sweet grace  
 My heart it went pit-a-pat patter.  
 Then I pressed her small hand,  
 And in accents quite grand,  
 My passion for her did discover,—  
 But she said "Go away  
 You don't mean what you say,  
 I will never, have you for a lover!"

"What, NEVER?" I cried,  
 Her blue eyes opened wide.  
 She gave a quick gasp—all was ended!  
 She sank to the floor,  
 To arise, nev-er more.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 The funeral was largely attended.

## Our Serial.

### TED NATHAN, THE NEWSBOY.

—‡:—  
NOTNATS.

—‡‡:—

#### CHAPTER TWO—CONTINUED.

Now it appears that at the place where Ted lived there were OTHER boarders consisting of boot blacks of the pilfering kind, thieves, and others.

One night, as he was sitting in his room studying, as he always did in his spare time, after having returned from his business during the day, he overheard the following strange news: the office of Dunkey and Nelson was to be broken into and robbed on the following night by a set that lived at his boarding place. The next morning as early as possible, so as not to excite suspicion, he started out for the office of D. and N.

Here he found Mr. Dunkey who was sitting in his easy chair reading the morning papers.

As Ted knocked at the office-door, he started up and went and opened it. He was surprised to see him again so soon

he said Good morning, my boy, what has brought you again so soon?

I came to see if you knew anything about a package left for me at the news-office?

A package, of what, pray?

A large package of papers. The same to be repeated every morning.

I do not know anything about it.

I can't imagine who did leave it, said Ted.

Was that all you came for? If so, I should take the package for it is certainly yours.

No, said Ted, that was not all I came for. It was something I thought of last night, in fact, I did not sleep from thinking of it.—Mr. Dunley I have important news to tell you, which, through a kind providence, I am able to be the bearer of:—To-morrow night, said he slowly, this office is to be broken into and robbed.

What! Let me call Nelson! said Mr. Dunley excitedly.

He returned soon after with Mr. Nelson, a fine looking gentleman, who tho' not old, had an abundance of silver in his hair, showing how trouble weighs on men.

This, Nelson, is Ted, of whom I have spoken so much.

Ted, I am indeed glad to see the boy who has done so much for us, said Mr. Nelson grasping his hand as if the sight of Ted inspired him, I am indeed glad to see you.

Well, Nelson, interrupted Mr. Dunley, Ted brings the news that our office is to be broken into to-morrow night.

Office broken into! exclaimed Mr. N., impossible!

It is true, said Mr. Dunley, tell us the particulars, Ted.

I was sitting in my room, said Ted, last night studying, and was suddenly startled by the name of Dunley. It is customary to hear loud talking, but this attracted my attention and I listened. Afterwards I heard your name, pointing to Mr. Nelson. I got up and stood next to the side of the wall. The room is separated from mine by a thin lath partition, so I could hear distinctly. It sounded as if there were three men inside, and by first one's speaking, then another, I found the place was surely this office. I heard the whole plan: they are to wait until about one o'clock and are then to break through a rear door, as they said that one was the weaker.

Now who could that have been, said Mr. Dunley, some one who is pretty well acquainted with these premises—I know who it is too, Nelson—it's Johnson.

Who? said Ted.

A fellow by the name of Johnson, a low, mean, drunken brute, as we learned, and discharged him.

Can you describe him? There has been a stranger stopping at the house lately, and it may be him of whom you speak.

TO BE CONTINUED.

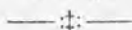
This Interesting Serial Story was commenced in Number 13. BACK NUMBERS can be had for THREE CENTS EACH.

If you desire any, Send Now.

FOR THE YANKEE CLIPPER.

## A Requiem.

BY \* \* \*



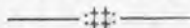
When December's chilling blasts  
Whistle over hill, vale, and town.  
And Winter, his white robe casts  
Upon the country, far and round,  
When the little church, near by,  
Is clothed in mantle pure and white  
And the mounds where dear friends lie  
Look spotless, in the frosty light;  
When around the blazing hearth  
We join in evening prayer.  
We think of her who in Earth  
Is sleeping—silent, free from care.  
The pine 'bove her humble tomb,  
Sways and bends in the winter's wind  
Which sounds, thro' the solemn gloom  
Like wails of loved ones left behind.

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4 centavos, blue on buff.

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DOMINICA.  $\frac{1}{2}$  penny, claret;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  p. claret; 4 p. blue.

GOLD COAST.  $\frac{1}{2}$  p. olive brown;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  p. brown; 2 p. green.

MADEIRA. 25 reis Portugal surcharged Madeira.

VIRGIN ISLAND. A  $2\frac{1}{2}$  p. stamp has appeared.

VENEZUELA. 5c blue; 10c red; 25c yellow; 50c brown; 100c green.

### Exchanges.

WE receive the following Philatelic exchanges:

The Philatelic Monthly,  
New Jersey Philatelist,  
Stamp Collectors' Review,  
Philatelic News,  
Sr. Louis Philatelist,  
Mound City Collector,  
The Collector,  
Trifet's Monthly,  
American Philatelic Guide and  
S. G. & Co's Circular.

OCCASIONALLY we shall give a short interesting philatelic sketch by some prominent philatelic author, which will, we trust, prove very interesting to our many readers. Articles of REAL merit solicited from all. Send MS. with price plainly marked, if accepted we will remit; if rejected we will return it if accompanied by sufficient stamps.

The following parties are PHILATELIC FRAUDS and DEAD BEATS: The Star Stamp Co., Boston, Mass., Charles Rupert, Boston, Mass., Robert H. Engle, Raleigh, N. C. Please send us the names of those who have swindled you, we will expose them.

# The Yankee Clipper.

Frankie Jack Stanton,

EDITOR.

HENRY F. BARRETT, Associate Editor.

VOL. 3. JUNE. NO. 15.

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## They Twit US of OUR Cheek.

Yes, they do; some of the little black cusses are snarling around, because his satanic majesty, the devil of the Clipper office, our devil, took it into his head to flop his tail against some other lying imps, who had thrown their tobacco quids of devilishness and falsity, slap against the lovely physiognomy of his honor! Yes, and just because the little cuss of the Clipper, in order to vindicate himself from FALSE assertions and detrimental notices, just because the little symbol of Ethiopian blackness mustered up bunkum enough to draw out a few such pet and taffy names as mule, liar, ass, dampfool, and such, they—on the word of an honest devil—call us and twit us of being sassy and cheeky.

Look ye, hear ye, all ye imps, whenever one of your brothers attempts to throw his broth at us, he 'll find the devil's to pay with him! Don't howl and whine any more, it won't do any good,

we're an independent cuss, and are going to shoot our mouth just to appease our wrath and you who we are not peppering, just keep mum, or we 'll kick the fire over on to you. What makes 'em call us cheeky!

## OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Under this heading all books sent to us will be impartially reviewed. · · ED.

CAMPING OUT; or, Two Weeks at Conesus Lake, by Andy. 20pp. W. J. Brodie, Pub., Geneseo, N. Y. Price 5 cents.

This sketch is evidently gotten up for the party who did the camping out, nevertheless, it is interesting to others as well. The work also contains a limited amateur newspaper directory. Errors being laid aside, it is a very fair specimen.

DREW'S SCORE BOOK, W. J. Drew, Pub., Concord, N. H.

This is a long felt want supplied. Everyone interested in base ball who desires to keep a record of games should have one.

Say, you can see Buckley weep,  
And hear Tom Harr'son cry  
"That cuss, way down, in Cairo,  
Gad! how we wish he'd die!"

The Venture, for April comes in magazine form and is very pretty. Typography excellent.

Why support Wright, Morris? He's a Republican!

WRIGHT! IS MIGHT!!

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. JUNE. NO. 15.

**Renewal!** YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

EXPIRES with this number.

We would deem it a great favor

if you would remit the necessary

TIN for a prompt renewal.

## CLIPPER-RINGS.

—‡—  
SLUNG OUT BY YE EDITOIRE.

—‡‡—  
The Fourth Semi-Annual Convention of the N. Y. S. A. P. A., will be held at Stanwix Hall, Albany, at 10 o'clock, A. M., May 31st. In all probabilities we shall attend.

The Boomer, (yet a baby) dares to assert that we have cheek. Such audacity!

The Reporter, of Syracuse, is getting the hang of it. Keep it up, Wilson, you are doing finely.

Away up in Nova Scotia there is a looney, who has the impudence, brass, cheek or whatyoumaycallit, to talk that we may yet be a headlight of the 'dom. You can't come it ole hoss your head's too light! Say, Fin., send us back no's of your paper, will ye?

M. Allen, we return thanks. (They're in a little jug, keep dark.)

Without any rite, Wright, we write to ask you to send us back no's of the Star. it's all right, isn't Wright?

The Patrol greets us for the first time. Success, to you!

And now a news-mangler, called Citizen, of the Chenango Union, doth ask a very silly question of the editor of the YANKEE CLIPPER, i. e., "if he ever saw any 'icy brooks' in the summer time?" And it came to pass that the aforesaid editor HAD seen "icy brooks" in the summer time, and that he made known to the aforesaid news-mangler the fact, and the aforesaid mangler, in order to save himself from a public cowhiding, got down on his knees, and humbly begged the before mentioned editor's pardon, owning up that he asked the above named question "owing to the scarcity of news."

We are under obligations to Mr. Geo. Blackes, of Stroud, Eng., for favors done us.

We return our sincere thanks to our associate editor for a bound volume of the Review. The book is a specimen of Hal's own binding and is neatly bound in boards with granite covers. As an amateur specimen, it is the best we ever saw, and reflects great credit on our brother amateur.

Although much fun is made of the illustrations in the Press, we cannot but admire the ingenuity manifested by the editor. Keep on, Richmond, you will soon reach a standpoint where these cynics will cease blowing their putty-balls of derision at you and leave you in the eyes of those who will all appreciate the efforts of your youth.

At last Johnnie has pulled up the Imp. We trust your health will allow its regular appearance. now, Briggs, it's so nobby, you know.

## OUR HUNT CORNER.

"HANK KERCHEF" EDITOR.

Original puzzles solicited from all  
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"YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

## OPEN TO ALL!

New Cons.

### 50 INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across:—Producing sounds, to lay up, a synopsis, to deceive, a letter.

Down:—A consonant, a conjunction, profit, a precious stone, a bird, an island, denoting dislike, an abbreviation, a consonant.

Newark, N. J. I. Scream.

### 51 RHOMBOID.

Across:—A Spanish dance, a plant, purport, pertaining to a part of the body a twist of hair.

Down:—A letter, like, a cistern, to suppose, certain figures, not any, an animal, an interjection, a letter.

Danbury, Ct. Nutmeg.

### 52 CONCEALED SQUARE.

In abolitionist my first you'll see,  
In indisputable my second will be,  
In liquidate my third abides,  
And in resuscitate my fourth hides.

Champlain, N. Y. M. Pire.

### 53 CHARADE.

Dan, one day called me  
A SECOND, FIRST, I trow.  
My WHOLE'S a rustic shoe;  
Guess, you, the answer, now.

E Dedham, Mass. Eagle Eye.

### 54 NUMERICAL.

Whole of 6 letters is a wind; 1, 2, 3, is a penny; 4, 5, 6, 4, is a species of animals.

Keene, N. H. Ruthrad.

### 55 DOUBLE CROSS WORD.

In gallop, not in walk;  
In crayon, not in chalk;  
In plate, but not in fork;  
In Jersey, but not in Cork.

Read this puzzle, scan in through,  
Two famous poets come in view.

La Crosse, Wis. Enrico.

### 56 HOUR GLASS.

To attract, rustic, a tree, a letter, to increase, a piece, having a history.

Right Diag., down, to go forward;  
Centrals, firework; Left Diag., up, a little spot.

### 57 DIAMOND.

A letter, to clear, a corrosive, fundamental, assuaged, diminished, an animal, influenced, a letter.

Aurora, Ills. Ned Hazel.

### 58 SQUARE WORD.

To smoothe, a bird, thin, to turn inside out, slowly.

Keene, N. H. Snip.

### 59 DOUBLE HALF SQUARE.

Across:—Naked, a species of willow, to cast off, a number, one, a letter.

Down:—Relating to the ribs, resembling ashes, a legal claim, a verb, a connective, a letter.

Champlain, N. Y. Ironsides.

## Ans. To Last Month's Puzzle.

—:†:—

1 Lands End 2 North 3 Comorin 4 Farewell 5 Fear 6 Clear 7 Palmas 8 Sable 9 Horn 10 May.

## PRIZES.

For 1st complete list solutions 50cts.  
For 2nd, 25cts. For 3rd, 15cts.



## Special Prizes.

For 1st correct solution to No. 50 a model love letter. 51, an amateur book. 52, Puzzler, 6 mos. 53, pack age cards. 54,  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. glass cards. 55, five songs. 56, pack name cards. 57, 25 stamps. 58, a photo. 59, 5 foreign post cards.

## Prize Winners.

1st, Snip, Keene, N.H. 2nd, Ned Hazel, Aurora, Ills. 3rd, G.A.M., Smyrna, N. Y. Correct answers rec'd from a number.

## Chat With The Hunters.

DEAR FRATERNITY:—

This month, in order to reciprocate for the hearty response to our call for solutions to last month's puzzle, we, this month present you with ten choice puzzles. Very liberal prizes are offered and again we ask you to send in solutions. SEND THEM ON!

## The Collector!

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## THE INDEX.

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# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. JUNE. NO. 15.

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# THE YANKEE CLIPPER.

INDEPENDENT!

VOL. 3.

SMYRNA, NEW YORK, JULY, 1880.

NO. 16.

FOR THE YANKEE CLIPPER.

## Sharley Smoss.

BY J. F. NOTNATS.

**H**IAF for you, someding to dell  
 About a leetle poy;  
 He libs ub sthreed, a liddle vays,  
 Und he's his fader's joy;  
 He is der sweetest liddle lad  
 For never, is he cross,  
 And he never does someting pad,  
 Does liddle Sharley Smoss.

He goes along do der kitchen,  
 From morn'ing undil night,  
 At dimes indo mischef pitchin,—  
 In dis, does he delight.  
 He burns der cabbage on der stove,  
 But dot vas no great loss!  
 Uv course we'll stand most anyding  
 From liddle Sharley Smoss.

He thro's mine bier mug on der floor  
 Und bulls der goot dog's dail,  
 Dibs o'er der keg of sauer kraut,  
 Puts der cat in der pail:  
 Und ven he does all uv dese tings  
 He cries out for his boss,  
 Und ven HE sees vot has been done,  
 He's MAD at Sharley Smoss.

But soon, he gets over dot mad,  
 He Gould not 'elp but schmile,  
 Fer Sharley shumps 'nd leabs around  
 Und lafs shust all de vile.

He dinks—uf I should lose dot poy!  
 Den, never is he cross—  
 He dakes 'im ub, und hugs dot poy  
 Und kisses Sharley Smoss.



## Our Serial.

### TED NATHAN, THE NEWSBOY.

—†:—

NOTNATS.

—††:—

#### CHAPTER TWO--CONTINUED.

Johnson was a thick-set, red-whiskered man with small gray eyes. It may be he has shaven them off, said he, as Ted shook his head, if he has since he left us, he has a large scar on the lower side of his right cheek.

This is the same man, I think, said Ted, I noticed yesterday as he sat at the breakfast table, that on the right lower jaw bone, near the chin, was an ugly scar, as if made by a large knife.

That is Johnson, Nelson, said Mr. D. now I'll tell you what we'll do. Ted, you won't want to come, will you, as it might excite suspicion, and Mr. Dunley went on excitedly. We will send up and have Morgan and some of the boys to help us. Have two or three of the policemen and more ready, so at a given signal they can be called on to

grab the watch, for they will have one probably, and the rest of us can pounce on the others when they get inside. Won't that be a good way?

I should think so, said Mr. Nelson, shouldn't you, Ted?

I should, surely, said Ted

And now, Ted, said Mr. Nelson, let me urge you to accept something from us for your great favors.

Again, I thank you kindly sir, said Ted, I have only done my duty to you and to myself, and now I will leave you.

### CHAPTER THREE.

THAT PLOT AND HOW IT WORKED—A NEW PROJECT.

NIGHT has drawn her mantle "like a pall" over the city; slowly the mantle was dropped; the twilight deepened; the stars one by one came out; the lights in the city are fast disappearing, save the gas lamps which throw a gloomy shadow into the gulf beyond. The tramp of the many feet, which had been so noisy during the day, is gradually lessening and now not a passer-by is seen. The city is asleep.

In a certain section, three men are seen slowly wending their way. They seem to be in no hurry, for they move along almost imperceptibly and noiselessly. Let us leave them for a moment. At the office of Dunley & Nelson nothing betokens anything of an unusual character. Everything looks and is as usual. But the men we left, by this time are in front of the office. Now they stop as if holding a consultation, and now with that same stealthy movement, two of the number move toward the rear door of the rear door of the office, while the third is left to watch. Now we will watch. The two have mounted the steps. Hark,

that noise! The panels of the door are being removed so that the bolt may be drawn and access made easier. It is done. The door swings open and the men enter. They move toward the safe. Suddenly a loud yell startles them and they are in the arms of the officers, who thus easily secured them.

How is the third robber! The yell proved a signal for him as well as the officers, and hearing it, he started on a full run up the street in the direction he came from. But, instead of escaping so easily, he unintentionally ran into another officer's arms and was secured.

The man Johnson, as was thought, was the leader of the gang.

Never was a plot so neatly laid or burglars more easily caught.

They were at once removed to the station-house without trouble. The next day, they were tried, found guilty, and sentenced for as long a term as could be given them.

On the same day, as Ted stood on a corner near one of the streets leading to a prominent ferry, he saw Mr. Nelson, coming towards him.

Good morning, Ted, said he on nearing Ted.

Good morning, sir, he responded.

I saw you and came to tell you that Dunley wishes to see you at his house at two o'clock this afternoon. He will be there and wishes to see you on important business.

All right, said he as Mr. Nelson moved away, now I wonder, said he musingly, what's to pay now. Perhaps he wants to reward me for preventing that robbery. But they did fix 'em nice and I'm glad of it. It's a good thing that that Johnson is caught. He won't be a

prowling around so much now.

We will here leave Ted for a few moments and turn to our other characters.

Mr. Nelson after leaving Ted proceeded to the office, where he found his partner, waiting. I saw Ted, he said, and he will come up at two. Urge him hard, Dunley, and get him to accept if possible. I have taken quite a deep interest in that boy, for some reason, and I want to see him in a good and prosperous position. One better than selling papers, for I think he is better qualified. Then we owe him great debts, for if it had not been for him, we would soon have gone down where it would not have been easy to recover.

You are right, Nelson, last night, we had the largest sum, since we've been in business. I shall do all in my power to have him accept our offer, but if he will not, what can we do?

Only wait and see the result of his talk with you. I sincerely hope it will be as we solicit. Without a doubt, he can soon acquire the necessary requirements and fill the place satisfactorily. I know he possesses talent that will soon manifest itself.

We can only hope. You see he has this idea instilled in him, that he has done his duty and deserves no recompense. By the way, he was telling me about some papers that were left at the news-office for him. Do you know anything about them?

Yes replied Mr. Nelson, after you told me he would accept nothing from you, I went to the office to buy a few papers for him making the agent promise he'd not reveal my name. On my way down I thought I'd have a package left like

that every morning, and have done so. The other morning, I met the agent and asked him about it. He said that Ted hesitated at first, about taking the package and that he had to urge him hard to accept it. Only doing so by telling Ted he would risk of its being all right. He told me that through all he had seen of Ted, he believed him a good, honest lad who deserved something higher than selling papers. This set me to thinking until I told you of my project. I would get a new suit of clothes and have him put them on, and then broach the subject.

#### CHAPTER FOUR.

TED'S OFFER.—ACCEPTED.—A NEW THING.—VISIT TO THE BURGLAR'S ROOM.

IN THE fore part of the afternoon, Ted hurried around to get in preparation for his visit to the house of Mr Dunley. Having completed his business so that he could go, he set out and two o'clock found him at the house, per the directions.

Running lightly up the steps, he rang the bell and was answered by a servant who ushered him into the library where he found Mr. Dunley.

On time, I see, Ted, said he pleasantly as Ted entered, sit down,—but first I wish you to go into the next room, with this man, pointing to the servant, and please do as he wishes.

Ted followed to the next room and when inside, the man brought forth the new suit, and, retiring, asked Ted to put them on.

They are not mine, said Ted quickly, I don't want to put them on!

But I would, they're bought for you.

Ted looked at the bright, new suit,—thought a moment, and finally began

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Yankee Clipper.

FRANK J. STANTON, EDITOR,  
HENRY F. BARRETT, ASSOCIATE.

VOL. 3. JULY. NO. 16.

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## The Gambler, Gambling-Hell and the Church.

This subject is brought to our mind by the appearance of an advocate of this evil,—gambling, and in duty to our amateur friends, we try and point out the start and effects of this most damnable of vices. As beings endowed by an Omnipotent power, with a conscience which is capable of telling and showing us the right from the wrong, why do we not exert the power, yea, all of our faculties in trying to distinguish these two things? We do in some cases, but why not in all? Of course we do not all think alike, that is self-evident, but let us take up the argument and reason with it together, and then, perhaps our views will coincide, anyhow bear with me.

Now then, AD REM. In going about, have you never observed the merry lads engaged in playing marbles? Have you not seen the young men pitch pennies? or, stepping inside the saloon or grog-shop, seen the toper shake the dice?

Methinks you have seen one of these. If not you may have seen the pennies mated, the book cut, or at the raffle, again seen the dice shaken? Why is this done? It is for something! There is an object in view! What is the object? Simply this: the boy plays marbles to win marbles, or pitches pennies to win pennies. The toper shakes the dice for drink, pennies matched or books cut for the same purpose, and so on. Then the amateur editor offers his small, lottery, gambling inducements. These are but the lower grades of gambling. It is not necessary now for us to give details of the professional gambler, for that is already well known, so we will drive on to our principle topic namely, the Church and its Gambling. Now then, if we should open a raffle, or set for th the envelope drawing scheme, or start the fortune wheel, it is gambling. Ye men, who stand in the pulpit; ye who advocate ALL that is good; who preach to us abstinence from gambling, YOURSELVES practice it. Ye who claim to practice as you preach, allow the fair to be held inside your church walls, and, preaching with abhorrence against card gambling, allow this gambling fair to go on,—the tickets to be sold, the wheel of fortune to be turned, and a'll that has a semblance of gambling to be in operation. Is money to pay you for turning the church into a gambling-hell? If it's money you are after why not open gin shops, bagnios, etc.? Why stop at gambling, if you uphold this, instigate anything that will lower the morals. Why raid on the hells of the city when you have one of your own, tempting the lad into paths which lead directly to the gaming-table? Are you not as bad as he who sits at the table night af-

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. JULY. NO. 16.

ter night? You certainly are! Is it to be expected that if the church upholds this gambling that it will be upheld by all? Mind we don't say ALL churches uphold it! But if some churches uphold it, that is no sign but what we should denounce it. Shall it, CAN it, pass by unnoticed? Amateurs raise your voices up against it and though it may be but a feeble cry, it may be heard by many.

## Our Imp's Hoofings.

"True to the Core," in the Amateur Advertiser, reminds us of a ROTTEN apple.

Something nice for a rainy day—'hem yes, an umbrella.

"We will exchange with all good amateur papers."—Amateur Enterprise.

That's us, we're good, but that old, knotty, rotten, worm-eaten Charter Oak thinks we aint worth a "big, big D."

The St. Louis Blossom has withered.

We supposed, (hitherto,) that HUSS DID possess SOME editorial ability but when we see such balderdash as that in the May Graphic, we unhesitatingly bump our head for thinking so.

"When that excellent literary journal the Kossuth Joker asks, 'Is the Proff Press gone dead?' we feel it our duty to nominate Peugh for Official Editor."—Odds & Ends.

O, Peugh!

The New York Pilot advances a new way of telling fibs.

We judge that the Charter Oak staff are suffering from pin worms. They seem to be considerably squally. Best thing we know of is Mrs. Winslow's Syrup.

The Pickwick presents a very fine appearance. Glad of it! Keep it up to its present standard Hen, and you have one of the neatest.

We were the recipient of a neat invitation to attend the V.A.J.A. convention and regret of our inability to attend.

## The Associate's Chat.

The Hub Amateur Journalists' Club held its last meeting for the season, at the residence of Mr. E. W. Frye, on Friday eve, June 4th. We were not present but conclude that they held, as usual, a very interesting meeting.

The writer accompanied by Mr. Easterbrook, also connected with the Pickwick, made a very pleasant call on Mr. F. H. Haskell, of The Jolly Boys Monthly. Mr. H. is both a gentleman and a scholar and that evening will not soon be forgotten by any of the participants.

The Morning Star, we conclude, has suspended as we have not beheld its genial face in some time.

We have not heard one word of the Typo or its humorous condudtor for an age.

E. W. Frye has hinted that it is possible that before long amateurdom may again greet the Sunbeam. We hope so, certainly, brother Frye! B.

Remember that as an inducement to those who will subscribe we offer FREE the book Things Worth Knowing or 25 Foreign Stamps.

## OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Under this heading all books sent to us will be impartially reviewed. ·· Ed.

### THE ALCHEMIST OF CHEVOIX.

By Childe Harold. Price 10 cents. Canajoharie, N. Y.: J. H. White, Publisher, 1877.

The first of the Lilliputian Series lies on our table. This fine little book, for it is fine, is admirably gotten up and reflects credit on its publisher. Printing, binding, etc., faultless. The story is very smoothly told and Childe Harold should place more of his writings before the public.

**SPRAYS OF THOUGHT.** A book of Poetry. By "The Duke." Price 10 cents. Canajoharie, N. Y.: Miller & White, Publishers, 1878.

This, the second of the above series in typography, etc., is like number one and contains some pieces that are really gems. In some, however, the rhythm is very bad while the right number of feet are wanting. The author shows lack of sense in occupying five pages in a foolish doggerel telling editors how to criticise the book. We pronounce these the best pair of amateur books ever issued in York State.

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## OUR HUNT CORNER.

"HANK KERCHF" EDITOR.

Original puzzles solicited from all. Address—"OUR HUNT CORNER," "YANKEE CLIPPER," Smyrna, N. Y.

### 60— Progressive HALF SQUARE.

A letter; an abbreviation, money; an apartment in a temple; stain; that which colors.

M. Pire.

### 61— TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

To emulate; idol; the ends; a male name  
Primals, ceremonial observance, Cen-  
trals, a covering to conceal; Finals,  
smaller.

Louisville, Ky. H. O. Nest.

### 62— INVERTED PYRAMID.

Across: A bird; a food; a weight; a let-  
ter. Down: A letter; like; an animal;  
a tree; enraged; a prefix; a letter.

Danbury, Conn. \* Nutmeg.

### 63— NUMERICAL.

1,2,3,4, is to cleanse; 8,5,6, is a metal;  
8,9,10, is 20 cwt.; 4,9,7, is an animal;  
whole is a famous general.

Lynn, Mass. Q. Qumby.

### 64— SQUARE.

A plant; cautious; a drum; a female  
name: a goddess.

Aurora, Ills. Ned Hazel.

CHAT, ETC.—Snip won 50,51,55,56,  
57 and 59. A. Solver won 53 and 54.  
52 and 58 were not won. Correct ans's  
received from several. For first correct  
solution to No. 60, a pack of cards, 61,  
Little Flirt, 62, five amateur papers, 63,  
25 flirtation cards, 64, an amateur book.

Corner is open To All until July 5th.

Odoacer, what's the matter? send us  
some cons!—Graham some from you  
'd come handy.—XLCR, don't forget  
us!—Willie, thanks.—H. O. Nest,  
happy to see you, come again, right soon!  
Ned Hazel, we're all out!—Snip you-  
're having good luck, send on a batch!  
Eagle Eye, glad to see you, come often.  
I, Scream, We scream to have you send  
some more of those fine cons.—Q. Q.  
more from you would be acceptable.

Any or all of our friends are invited  
to send contributions at any time.

FRATERNALLY, HANK KERCHF.



## Answers.

50 SONORIFIC  
 REPOSIT 51 PAVIN  
 TABLE SAVIN  
 LIE TENOR  
 N 52 IBIS RENAL  
 53 START-UP BADE SETON  
 54 SOLANO IDEA 55 GRAY  
 56 SEAS [POPE  
 Procure 56 M  
 RuRAL RID  
 OAK EATER  
 C RADICAL  
 EKE MITIGATED  
 PiecE DECAYED  
 StORic D RATEL  
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 CALLOW D  
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 L LENTO

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# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. JULY. NO. 16.

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TELEGRAPH  
TIFFANY  
NEW YORK

# THE YANKEE CLIPPER.

INDEPENDENT!

VOL. 3. SMYRNA, NEW YORK, AUG.—SEPT., 1880. NO'S 17 & 18.

## Ted Nathan, The Newsboy.

CHAP. IV.—CONTINUED.

donning them, thinking, as the servant said, it might please his friends.

Having changed he announced his readiness to go back to Mr. Dunley.

What a change! said he as Ted entered. Ted you're as fine a looking boy as I ever saw. Go to the glass there and see.

Ted did as requested and was surprised to see how differently he *did* look.

Now, said Mr. D., I want to talk to you on a part of our business. We are in the shipping trade, which is daily increasing, and need a boy to help us in the office. Mr. Nelson wished me to get you—will you accept a situation with us and give up the newsboy life and live with me?

Ted was greatly surprised at this unexpected offer of his friends and said: I am surprised that you should make this offer to a boy known to you but such a short time and do not know whether to accept it or not. Mother used to say if I was honest and industrious I would some day see the benefit and rise higher in the world than a newsboy. Now the time is come but whether to accept it or not, as I said, I do not know. I will not anyway until I find out who it was that took such an interest in me as to have purchased those papers.

Will you accept *then*, said Mr. N.

Ted noticed his eagerness saying, Mr. Dunley why is it that you take such an interest in me, might I not turn out as Johnson did.

No, Ted, said he gravely, I know *you*.

How, queried Ted.

Because had you manifested your desire to steal, twice could you have done so with impunity. But you have not answered my question. Will you accept as soon as you find out about those papers—but why do you wish to find out?

I would try and repay them.

Then I'll tell you how to repay them.

How? said Ted.

By accepting the situation.

I don't understand you! said Ted.

Mr. Nelson bought those papers. I did not know it when you asked me but he told me. Will you accept now?

Yes Mr. Dunley, I will.

Good! Give me your hand hand, we will make a man of you.

When do you want me said Ted.

To-morrow morning.

All right then I'll change back and go No I cannot allow that!

But I have some things of my mothers that I must move; I must see about.

Have someone else move them!

Ted would not listen to this. He'd trust no one with those sacred relics, so he said he would go and get things in readiness for moving.

He then proceeded to his old home.

His old clothes that were useless to him now, he distributed among companions, and paid up his bills. Mr. Dunley had promised to send a cart after his things and as it was nearly time for the cartman he sat down and awaited his appearance. As he sat there he suddenly thought of the conversation in the adjoining room. Thinks he, perhaps, there may be something of importance in that room and if I can find out it will not be wrong to look in and see. So rising he made his way to the next room. The door yielded. He went in.

### CHAPTER FIVE.

#### THE COUNTERFEITERS' ROOM—A DISCOVERY—THE GANG IN JAIL.

**T**HIS ROOM he had never before been in. He was amazed! Why should he not be? Listen! The room is a large and commodious one. In one corner is a bed; in another is a portable forge, its large sheet-iron chimney-mouth yawning above it, an iron bench stands in the third while a number of ladles fill the remaining one. Near these is a pile of broken dies. In the center of the room are piled up, in columns, are large amounts of silver coin. Can this be Aladin's chamber? Is he dreaming? No! *He is in one of the dens of the worst gang of Counterfeiters that infest the City!* This gang not only do this but pillage. We know this because a part of the room is elegantly furnished; a fine velvet carpet adorns the floor; the furniture is superb; costly pictures adorn the walls and a beautiful chandelier hangs from the ceiling. But to our story. As soon as Ted had recovered from his surprise, sufficiently to comprehend the situation, he saw everything in order and prepared to leave the

room. However he stopped at the door and, stooping, picked up this note:

*"The boys will all be up to-morrow eve early— We will flood with fifties. Be ready! 'FIVE' Tick for J."*

Well, said Ted in a musing way, this evidently means 'biz'! I am getting to be quite a detective. I'll take this to the office and then to the police office. I'll fasten this door and break up this gang. I don't care a fig about moving to-day. But I must go to the office. So locking up his own room he went to his to be place—the office.

Here he found Mr. Nelson who was surprised and pleased to see him. But he was more surprised when Ted said, Mr. Nelson wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could get the whole gang of those that broke in here?

What do you mean, Ted? How could it be done? 'We know nothing of them!

I do though, said Ted, read that, handing him the note picked up in the counterfeiters' room.

But what does this amount to!

Ted then related to him of all he saw in the room.

Do you see what it amounts to, now?

Yes.

Then the officers had better be notified had they not?

Yes, we will go now.

They soon arrived at the office and the Chief told the particulars and the note handed him.

My lad, said he after reading, you have, if nothing happens, broken up one of the worst gangs in the city. We never had found them. Leave your things there for the present that will allay suspicion, and let me take the keys.

Ted gave them to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the appointed night for that gang to meet. The police have not been idle a number are stationed in the room and others in Ted's room.

It is nearly eight o'clock. A foot-fall is heard ascending the stairs, and in perfect step eight men stand at the door. Five low raps (as meant by "five") are given and the door opens. At a signal whistle twelve dark lanterns are turned on; twelve blue-coated officers are seen and twelve glistening revolvers, are before the dumb-founded gang. A moment passes and eight other officers appear. A fight is useless. They surrender without a word. Each receives a "silver bracelet" and are marshalled off to the cells ready for them.

Never were men more crestfallen or officers more pleased. A gang ready to begin operations operated upon in this manner seems incredible, in an hour.

### CHAPTER SIX.

**\$1,000 FOR TED—A COMPLIMENT.**

The next morning Ted went to the office to get his key. The Chief said, my lad you are quite well off this morning. I don't understand you, said Ted.

Don't you know—but read that, handing him a bill. Ted read aloud:

**\$1,000 REWARD!**

For any particulars which may lead to the arrest of the gang of counterfeiters now infesting this city.

Enquire at — St.

That can't mean me, sir, what did I do toward their arrest?

Brought full particulars.

A will I get that amount?

Yes and now, I'll go with you and be your proof.

Arriving at the specified place the Chief gave all the particulars and in a

short time, Ted was the possessor of one thousand dollars.

Will you accept a part of this.

No, thank you. If any time, tho' you need a friend call on me.

Now I thank you, said Ted, now I'll get my key. Have the tools and money been destroyed yet?

They have.

Ted received his key and then had his things moved to Mr. Dunley's. He then went down to the office and, sitting down said, will you keep this money for me? handing the money received to Nelson.

You possess quite a nice little sum, is this from your trade?

No sir, that is reward money for the arrest of those fellows. Mr. Morgan got it from the large bank on — St.

I am glad that such a nice little sum should come into your possession for I know it will be kept and not squandered.

### CHAPTER SEVEN.

**TED FINDS HIS FATHER—PROSPERITY THE END.**

It seems that in moving his things into Mr. Dunley's house, a small gold locket was lost. It was one of very unique design and contained a picture of Ted's mother, with his initials on the case.

It lay on the steps as Mr. Dunley was going into the house that afternoon and he saw it. It attracted his attention in this manner, he saw something glisten as glass, stooping he saw it was a locket. He thought no more of it but placed it in his pocket. One day, a long time after, when Ted and Mr. Nelson were in the office, he placed his hand in his pocket and in doing so hit the locket. This of course brought the thought that it might belong to Ted.

Ted, said he, is this yours?

Yes sir it contains a picture of mother. I must have lost it.

May I see it? said Mr. Nelson.

Certainly, said Ted handing it to him.

He took it—looked at it carefully—slowly opened it. As his eyes rested on the face in the locket, he exclaimed: Good God! Can it be possible? Ted tell me your name—your real name!

Edward Nathan, said Ted, wondering at his employers strange behavior.

Is it a mistake? Ted do you remember your mother's maiden name?

Yes sir.

What was it? Quick!

Charlotte Cabor.

The same! Thank God! *Ted, my boy, come to your father's arms!*

Ted gazed a moment, then could not doubt it longer and rushed into his father's outstretched arms.

Ted, he cried, your name is not Nathan but Nelson. Don't you see the initials "E. N."? Your mother must have had them engraved.

She did, cried the happy Ted.

That locket your mother gave to me many years ago and I had always kept it until I went to the war, then I gave it back to her to keep for you if I never came back. You were very small then. I had heard both of you were killed, but I thank God it was not true.

Ted was almost wild to think he had found his father and almost broke down when he said: I have never known the benefit of a father's love and hardly can express my joy now that my father is found.

"My dear boy, ever after this hour I will try and do all I can to make up for my being lost to you.

Ted continued at work in the office a year or so, then placed his thousand dollars and what money he had saved from the office and his newsboy earnings which alone were nearly five hundred dollars, into the capital of the firm. In another year he entered as the junior partner, the firm now being known as

DUNLEY, NELSON & SON.

Thus, dear reader, ends our story. The story of Ted, the Newsboy, who, by energy, perseverance, pluck and the holy teachings of a dear mother, has finally reached his deserved and well earned reward.

—THE END.—

THIS Interesting Serial was commenced in Number 13, of The CLIPPER, back numbers may be had upon application for 2c each.

---

**"O, Death, Where Is Thy Sting;  
O, Grave, Where Is Thy Victory?"**

We are pained to announce the death of our friend OSWALD L. WILLIAMS, of Richmond, Va. We had not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with the deceased, but through our correspondence with each other we found him to be a dear, good fellow and one we would have given much to have met.

In his death, as a fraternity we lose one of our best and most valued coadjutors.

Our heart-felt sympathies, go with th' combined sympathies of amateurdom toward his sorrowing parents.

Rest on Oswald, thou art not forgotten! Thy grave ever shall be kept green in the hearts of all amateurdom. s.

---

FOR THE CLIPPER.  
**Voyage of Life.**

BY W. H. ALLEN, JR.

In the early morn of youth,  
When the mind is free from care,  
When no shadows cross the pathway  
Of the peaceful traveler—  
Then, the life lamp burns brighter  
Than it will, in future days,  
When the clouds 'gin to gather  
'Long life's rugged, stormy maze.

And as age goes on increasing,  
As launched into the deep,  
Some are holding to the willows,  
While others toil and weep.  
But soon the high tide wave will lash  
Upon the shores of time  
And bear away the bold sailor,  
Far from his native clime.

As the storm keeps on increasing,  
And the life sands run low,  
In our memories are dwelling  
The things of long ago.  
Thus we're passing, all are passing,  
From youth up to old age,  
Till we enter into harbor  
Where storms shall cease to rage.  
Leesville, Ind., July, 1880.

**"AQUILA NON CAPIT MUSCAM!"**

Perhaps were all the asylums in the U. S. gone through, there would not be found a more idiotic simpleton than the asinine squaller BAKER, of Michigan. We refer you to our heading, yet we cannot refrain from showing the consistency (?) of the remarks of our blabbering

cotemporary. He says, "we do dislike dreadfully to soil our fingers with anything foul or loathsome, etc." Has this 'Dundrear-ical' gentleman ever touched anything of that description? It would naturally seem that he had else that pug nasal organ would not be worked into other people's biz. But this pug(nose)-cious galoot merely seeks a reply from us, and gets it, gratis and post free. Mr. Baker you are an individual unquestionably lacking substantiality in argument and no one but a self-made fool—a natural born one wouldn't—would accuse one of vilifying, while he vilifies himself. In seeking to stretch so far you have overstretched yourself and plainly show your ignorance. In taking the word vilify you conclusively show it to be a word with which you were totally unacquainted else, had you been acquainted with it, you most assuredly would have spelled it correctly. It behooves you WILL J. BAKER to think at least, twice, before you direct such a torrent of abuse upon anyone, and if you must do this thing take someone less smarter than you and then perhaps you will have a chance, however, the difficulty will be in finding some person who knows less than you. We do not seek blood, but we want you to understand that we are worse than Billy Patterson when 'riled.'

COLLIER & Imhoff we are informed, have dissolved partnership. The Boomer is still to be printed as Mr. Imhoff continues in the business. We wish him success.

NEW Amateur papers are making their appearance.

READ our selling-out offers!

FOR THE CLIPPER

## The Graves of our Departed Heroes.

By \* \* \*

A few, short weeks ago we celebrated a day set apart by the Nation to pay homage to the memory of those within whose breasts once stirred the noblest attributes that ever adorned the heart of man. While we in the background stood gazing upon the throng of visitors we could but notice the healing influence Father Time has upon us as we behold many "lovingly laden with flowers alike for friend and foe." Without regard to opinion or condition—he who fell beneath the standard of Grant or he who sacrificed interest to principle and died fighting for the Sunny South—received alike the same beautiful testimonials of respect, regard and admiration. Thus, instead of the briar of discord shall spring up the fig-tree of reconciliation and peace with its lucious perfumes will be wafted in every portion of our beautiful land. Here upon Virginia's honored soil they sweetly slumber while the peaceful waves of the Potomac together with the noble oaks, whose gently swaying branches bend protectingly over their tombs give utterance to soft murmurs.

"Rest on embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood you gave,  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot,  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot,  
Where valor proudly sleeps."

## Inventors.

J. F. NOTNATS.

Inventions mark this age. We hear, nearly every day, of some new and great one, which utilizes, and saves, labor.

Think of our great inventors. There are Whitney, Fulton, Morse and Edison. Let us speak of them. Eli Whitney, was born at Westborough, Mass., in 1765, and died in 1825. See the cotton-gin, a grand success which will make his name a place in the generations yet to come. Robert Fulton, born in the same year as Whitney and died in the same year that he died. See his first steam-boat. S. F. B. Morse, born at Charlestown, Mass., in 1791, and died in 1872. See his electric telegraph. Now see our Edison. Thomas Alva Edison, born at Milan, Ohio, in 1847. See his telephone, tasmeter, phonograph, electric light, etc. These are the great inventors of American birth. So might we add to the list. Yet what are these compared with the inventions of God? The stars, planets, worlds? What are these of God's own inventions compared with his masterpiece—man? Think, reader, of the greatness of this word—m-a-n. Yet all invented things are from God, through his tool, his own invention—man. But what is man? Composed of the lowest and vilest material, shaped and formed by that mighty, unseen hand.

All earth's bright things  
Are moth and rust,  
And man, God's man,  
Returns to dust.



# R u m .

J. F. NOTKATS.

What a little simple word! Yet what a powerful thing! Powerful in its hold upon man, in making him a low despised wretch. Powerful in sin and crime simple only in its formation. Think of Rum taking thousands down to the drunkard's grave; think of it as a destroyer of peaceful homes; think of it as the cause of nearly all terrible crimes. Is it well for us to be tempted by it? No! Look at these two pictures of my pen: First, a quiet village nestled down near the grand old hills. A temperance village. See the church spires looming up their lofty crowns into the blue azure. See how happy, how prosperous! There is no country inn, no grog shops or gin mills. The chimneys of several large factories loom up—a manufacturing place. Everything wears an air of business. All is lively and gay, not a sign of a drunkard or a tippler in any of the streets.

Second, the same village a few years afterwards. What a change from the once quiet, prosperous place! A dozen or more grog shops, with, perhaps two or three hotels. Does not the rest of the picture come up before you or must we present it to your minds still farther? See that man at the corner? He once owned that large factory. See him to-day! You would scarcely recognize in him, that hale, hearty fellow, of a few years ago! How did he become so? Listen: he had been to a neighboring

city; fell in with some old companions; was led to drink. He returned home. Being an influential man he urged others of the necessity of a hotel. They fell in with him. Men in the city were persuaded to come and build. They did so. A grand, stately structure was built. He frequented this necessary hotel. Business was neglected, factory mortgaged, house, machinery, all, soon went under the sheriff's hammer. His poor, neglected wife and children driven into the street. O, God, that she who was nursed and cared for in luxury's lap, she who had loved him as her own life and who had watched at his bedside when he lay burning and tossing in the delirium of fever, she who had been led by him to the altar, the mother of his children, driven into the street. Father, it is hard to bear! While he who might have been a man, stands at that corner *begging!* that he may get enough for one glass of rum.

After such teachings, ought people to keep right on in this downward road? Tell me why they do? Tell me the fun, the object, of getting drunk, of swallowing houses, lands, money, changed to liquid fire? Tell me one atom of good, and I will tell you mountains of evil. Drink, what does it do? It prevents you from enjoying good health, it restricts the proper functions of the stomach and injures digestion, prevents a sturdy growth of the brain, kills one's morals, excites the animal appetite, degrades in every way, and produces hundreds of other evils. Yet people drink and almost pour it down. We used to poo and run down prohibition, now we think the country needs it. Selah!

# The Yankee Clipper.

FRANK J. STANTON, EDITOR,

HENRY F. BARRETT, ASSOCIATE.

VOL. 3. AUG.—SEPT. NO'S 17 & 18.

TERMS.

15 CENTS PER YEAR!  
IN ADVANCE.

Will X with all regular ads.

Please send an extra copy to our associate ed. at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Address all communications to

YANKEE CLIPPER, Smyrna, N. Y.

—EDITORIAL—

## Our Age.

As it is our eighteenth birthday, (No. 18,) we take this opportunity to thank the many patrons of our little enterprise most heartily for their kindness pecuniarily. We did not realize, at all, when we first started out in the amateur paper business, the benefit it was to be to us. It certainly was not financially, as but few amateur papers are, but intellectually, a grand success. As a school for the young mind we claim that amateur journalism is unsurpassed. It furnishes an ample field for improvement, for it teaches in such an easy, unseen manner at first that we do not realize the good we are deriving, until we look back on this same field. And, as we become older in this work it is a real pleasure to look back at our early efforts and then at our later ones and observe the great

difference. Parents should encourage their children, should their youthful mind tend towards this, and do all in their power to help their children on and then they will see their improvement. But lack of space prevents further remarks, so let us cry, and most heartily and thankfully

VIVE LA AMATEURDOM!

TO AMATEUR PRINTERS:—On pages 13 and 16, of this paper will be found a list of printing material, type, press, etc. that we are very desirous of disposing of. Everything is in first class condition and so far as we know just as good as new. Our object in selling our office, is that we no longer need the material. If you need any of it, we ask you to buy of us and help to close out our entire stock.

WE apologize for the poor quality of paper used on this issue. The fact is, we received the paper and not being the kind we ordered, but ourselves being in a great hurry to get this edition out, we were obliged to use it. Otherwise we would have presented our readers with a very fine paper this month.

A PEST.—It seems now, that as the West has had its plague of grasshoppers that the East is now coming in turn. In sections of this county these insects are doing untold of damage. On some of the farms whole fields of grain, oats particularly, have been completely stripped, the grain eaten off and straw left standing. They eat anything in their way, even leaves from hop vines. They are not sought after much by entomologists, as the species is too common.

# The Yankee Clipper.

VOL. 3. AUG.—SEPT. NO'S 17 & 18.

## Our Imp's Hootings

The best poem of Lesser, that we have seen is "Thule," in the Catchall.

"Q. Quumby's" first effort in the Lync Amateur is very good.

W. L. Wright will please accept our thanks for back number.

The Youth's Lyceum promises to be a fine literary journal.

Unless Shastid makes a rapid improvement in his Gazette it won't do much towards establishing his reputation as a journalist.

We give agents fifty cents on a dollar for selling stamps for us.

Day needs a hole punched in that "Cauldron." Now who's a going to do it?

Swift—Thanks for back numbers. We want no. 1, now.

Very interesting, (in your eye,) that 'column of sell's,' in the Young Democrat. Is this a pun?

The Independent Times for June is a beauty! Fourteen pages of FINE literary productions, and six of the best of editorial pages comprise it. "Twenty-one" strikes us as the best, though there isn't much chance for a choice, they are all excellent! The Times is and HAS BEEN OUR BEST EXCHANGE.

Barrett now prints his paper, Pick Wick in magazine form. A decided improvement.

We would like to exchange with the Visitor, if Harrison thinks the CLIPPER worthy.

The Southern Star is to be printed as a 16-page magazine.

We would say if Baker doesn't know the meaning of "Aquila non capit muscas," that in English it is that "an eagle does not catch flies." But as he was a regular "punkey," and persistently endeavored to bite us under the wing, (a tender spot,) we 'nabbed' him. The consequence is that Will J. Baker is no more.

The Georgia Amateur has consolidated with the Amateur Advertiser.

The National Puzzler's League which convened at New York, July 5th was a grand success.

Donohue says, that we (Editor CLIPPER,) have a massive intellect. Take—look—out, old man, don't twit on facts! Say don't read the above, we're afraid it's cheeky!

"Hilton School," in the Pickwick, a new serial by its able editor, promises to be very interesting.

An "Undertaker's Grief," in the New York Pilot, over which its editor has spouted so much, is equal to the fine (?) productions of Knox.

Hank Kercheff, puzzle editor of this paper, has opened two new departments recently. One in the Index, of Leesville, Ind., called Hard Knots, the other in the St. Louis Gazette, of St. Louis, Mo., called Sphinx' Echoes. He solicits contributions and answers from all. Address F. J. Stanton, Box 255, Smyrna, N. Y.

Tell us what you think of our paper this month.

SHOOTING CLUB.—At the first regular shoot of the Smyrna Amateur Shooting Club held on Friday, August 6th, the following score at trap-shooting was the result:

NAMES,	INNINGS.										TOTAL
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
M. Hitchcock	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
C.A. Wilber,	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	4
E.S. Billings,	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	4
W.S. Wilcox,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
G.N. Wilcox,	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	5
L. Wilcox,	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	5
F. J. Stanton,	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	6
W.W. Bassett	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2

This is not a very good showing, but this is the first time that some of the boys ever shot at balls.

We have received from E. F. Gambs, of St. Louis, Mo., 621 South Fifth St., a very neatly gotten up catalogue of coins. It contains Mr. Gambs' buying prices for all kinds of American coins and is sent postpaid for ten cents.

We will send Ten kinds, including Pink, Match and Medicine Stamps postpaid for 8c.

### American Nuismatic Herald.

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY

A. B. CARMAN,

EAST RICHLAND, OHIO.

Specimen copies free!

## Ingersoll's Lectures,

Cost you FIVE cents per copy of the Publishers, we sell them for FOUR.

READ!

# REFLECT!!

# ACT!

Don't YOU realize  
THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY

YOU NOW HAVE FOR

INCREASING COLLECTIONS,  
PURCHASING JOBTYPES,  
BUYING NOVELTIES,  
GETTING BARGAINS.

BY BUYING NOW  
OF US?

"Things Worth Knowing," formerly sold for 10c, price now 5c. "The Maniac" formerly 5c, price now 2c. Post paid. Great reduction to the trade!

We wish to close out entirely by September 1st.

Write NOW and Address

FRANK J. STANTON;

SMYRNA,

NEW YORK.

FOR THE CLIPPER.  
**Pleasures Of The Past.**

By \* \* \*

As the violet peeps forth through the earth,

At the 'proach of the sun and springs gentle showers,

And most beautiful birds fill the groves with their mirth,

The balmy air's full of the perfume of flowers.

Thus does the heart responsively beat,

As we review fond memory's chain,  
The golden links of the past we greet,  
The past hours, take the present of pain.

## Are they Frauds?

We are sorry to say that owing to the long silence of the following parties in regard to paying their advertising bills, that we have formed an opinion that they are dishonest. Therefore look out for them.

E. H. SMITH, of St. Louis, Mo., fails to remit, after frequent inquiries, for a column advertisement.

The MISS. TYPE CO., who receive such flattering notices from several papers for their honesty, have not as yet paid us for advertising.

The Canadian Stamp Exchange also fail to remit. Some papers pronounce this concern a fraud.

A correspondent informs us that he sent an invoice of several thousand stamps to the Oriental Stamp Co., of

Northfield, Vt., and after several inquiries failed to receive any compensation for them.

The following parties we have repeatedly advertised as frauds:

Star Stamp Company, Boston, Mass.,

Charles Rupert, " "

Robert H. Engle, Raleigh, N. C.

OUR Buckeye Enterprise suspends with its August number. Bassett's Clipper, too, suspends. We are sorry to lose these journals as Rickert was fast becoming popular, and Bassett had been for a long time.

THE Eastern Sunbeam is again to be issued.

THE Amateur Tribune is the name of a new little paper from Mansfield, Pa. We wish it success.

THE Miscellany presents a better appearance than heretofore. Good, friend Imrie, glad of the improvement.

SMITH should strive to make his paper, the Bulletin, more interesting. In order to do this, shoot some of your X ads and insert something people will care to read.

WHO is willing of the Harrisonian clique to put up twenty-five dollars that Harrison will publish ten successive numbers of his paper during his term of office, eh?

A PECULIAR knack of Toomuch Greatness seems to be in taking a thing second handed. The correct way to have done, after Wright declined would have been to have elected PEUGH to the presidency. Fact!

## OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Under this heading all books sent to us will be impartially reviewed. — ED.

**HOW TO GET RICH.** By Will S. Knox, Harmar, O.: Author, Pub., 1877. Price 10c.

The book contains 18 very good recipes and should a person follow the directions he might make some money, providing people could be found to buy.

Printing good,

**MARIETTA & HARMAR AMATEUR DIRECTORY** for 1878. Same author, etc., as above. Price 3c.

A list of books, papers, and amateurs at that time.

**INK ROLLERS.** Same author and pub as above. 5c.

Something you can find out at any printing office. Buy it and see. Work fair.

**TWO SKETCHES.** Same author and pub, as above. 3c.

This book, as its name implies contains two very short, silly sketches, entitled "Hazing a Freshman, and How he Didn't do it." The better (?) of the two is the latter tho' either could easily be eclipsed by a five-year old boy.

**TOM'S LUCK; or, JUST IN TIME,** by Will S. Knox. Fond du Lac, Wis.: Wm. F. Sell, Publisher, 1879. Price 5 cents.

Another of Knox's jumbled-up attempts at story writing. Short, lacking sense, and unfit for book form. Plot, mixed between original and novel sort. Many typographical errors and other imperfections are found throughout the book. The printing is fair, trimming and binding very poor.

**NEWSPAPER BALLADS.** By Thomas Hall Shastid. Pittsfield, Ills.: Author, Publisher, 1880. Pp 47. Price 35c.

This work contains twenty-five fine poems from the pen of this talented young author who is or was at the time the poems were written, only thirteen years old. Each poem shows wonderful talent and careful thought and they are written in such a simple, youthful way and with such perfect rhythm that one cannot help admiring them. The poem entitled "The song of the Wind," deserves special mention. Fifty, four line verses characterizing the thought and research of many an hour. What more can we say? In criticizing, or attempting to criticise a work like this by so young an author, we feel our ignorance and can hardly find words to express our admiration. Keep on in the way you have commenced Thomas Hall Shastid and we say that you will yet be done homage as one of America's best poets.

The book is finely printed on extra heavy paper, tinted covers, and altogether, is worth many times its price,

---

### AMATEURS, ATTENTION!

Wanted the names and nom de plumes of authors and printers, copies of books papers, etc for the complement of an amateur directory. 12 pages of adv. space. For full particulars, address with stamp, "C,"

Care "Boys' Delight,"  
Kankakee, Ills.

---

### B E S U R E A N D R E A D

Our great bargains in type, stamps, novelties etc., found in this paper. WE MUST SELL!!

# BARGAINS!!

## B O O K S.

17 different INGERSOLL Lectures 4c each or lot for 50c post paid. Regular price 5c each. In book form.

American Pheasant Shooting, 222 pages, elegant cloth, gilt binding, postpaid for \$1.25.

Roman Catholicism, 600 pages, bound in leather, library style, post paid \$1.25.

10 different amateur books regular price 75c, postpaid 25c.

Edison and His Inventions, 171 pages postpaid 25c. Thick paper covers.

Lion Jack, by BARNUM, 328 pages cloth, post paid \$1.

Morsels of Mirth, 15c.

Rose Seymour, 8c.

Tom Brown, 10c.

Man of Mystery, 20c.

Idle Hour, 8c.

Budget, 10c.

On her Bridal Morn, 4c.

Black Hills, 5c.

Budget 2, 10c.

Without a Heart, 4c.

Singer's Library, each contain fifty or sixty different songs, 7 numbers all different, 4c each.

Large Sheet Music, 4c sheet.

Everything under this heading and those below with \*, sent postpaid.

—MISCELLANEOUS.—

Trick cards, \* 10c.

Fun Cards, \* 10c.

Corn and Beans, \* 15c.

Trick Fan, \* 15c.

500 Foreign Stamps, \* 35c.

5 var. Postal Cards, \* 10c.

All of our circulars, \* Free.

Circulars and 25 stamps, \* 3c.

25 amateur papers, \* 10c.

Japanese Billiards, 50c.

Centennial Press, good as new, \$1.

11 Ornamental Dashes, (brass) 6c each\*

2 Lead Dashes, \* 4c each.

Clamp Composing Stick, \* \$1.

150 Reglets, 25c.

Tweezers, \* 15c.

5 ft. assorted Brass Rules, \* 60c.

Leads, \* 30c. 2 inch.

Oil can, \* 10c.

Galley, brass bottom, 50c.

Stamp Cuts, \* 3 varieties, 20c each.

Stamp Electrotypes, \* 6 var., 25c.

Comic Envelope Electrotpe, \* chicken, 40c.

Large cut of Novelty Press, \* 20c.

Cut of Excelsior Press, \* seen in this paper, 20c.

Stamp Dealers' Cut, \* mortised, 20c.

Several other cuts for sale very cheap.

## WANTED

# IMMEDIATELY.

LIVE AGENTS to sell my entire STOCK OF STAMPS, in FIFTEEN days if possible, at

## 50 Per cent Comm.!

Write for an Approval Lot at ONCE, DON'T WAIT! Address

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LIVE AGENTS to sell my entire STOCK OF STAMPS, in FIFTEEN days if possible, at

## 50 Per cent Comm.!

Write for an Approval Lot at ONCE, DON'T WAIT! Address

F. J. STANTON,  
SMYRNA,

NEW YORK.

## Agents Wanted!

To sell foreign stamps on approval. I will send stamps to reliable parties or those furnishing references or deposit, I will give 25 and 30c commission.

100 varieties foreign stamps, 25c

50 " " " 15c

25 " " " 10c

10 " " " 3c

Set of 5 Bergdorf 15c

Set of 7 Sicily 15c

All post free. Circulars free. Address

**JNO. WANKELMAN,**

396 Vine St.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

VARIETIES FOREIGN POST-

**50** age Stamps For TEN Cents.

For 15 cents.  
20 cents

**75**

Varieties  
or

For **100**




Varieties.

100 duplicates 10c. 300 25c, 500 35c.

**SELLING OUT!** Address this office.

THE

## **NOMINATIONS**

Are not half as satisfactory as The **GREAT OFFER** of 1000 elegant business cards, for \$1.25, made by Henry F Barrett, 2257 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  All kinds of Printing at equally low rates.  Orders by mail promptly attended to. 



## 50 Per cent. OFF!

We wish to close out our entire large stock of Stamps within 15 days if possible, and in order to do so we are selling at 50 per cent off, catalogue prices. This is a grand chance for agents for a few days as our regular prices were far less than some dealers.

**INCREASE YOUR COLLECTIONS!!**

**WRITE NOW! DON'T WAIT!**

 **CIRCULARS FREE!** 

**50 o/o OFF!!!**

**GOOD BARGAINS IN**

## **FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.**

**PACKET** of 25 choice varieties including Livonia 1879, Nicaragua, Orange Free State, Chili, Natal, Egypt, Turkey, Brazil, Bosnia, Heligoland, Jamaica, old Argentine, etc., post free, 30c.

**SET** of 3 new Italy 3c, 6 Hungary, 4c, 5 Turkey, 5c, others equally cheap. Send stamp for price list. **AGENTS WANTED** at 25 percent. commission. Stamps sell readily. Send reference.

U. S. Stamps exchanged in large or small quantities.

**CREMER & MILLER.**

Box 174,

**HUNTINGDON,**

**PA.**

## FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.

Largest Assortment In America.

Postage Stamp Catalogue, illustrated with over 800 engravings, 25c.

Postal Card Catalogue, describing all postal cards issued, 25c.

Stamp Packets, from 25c to \$10. each Sets, from 10c up.

Excelsior Albums providing space for over 1600 stamps, 25c.

permanent Album, \$1.

International Album 1.50 25.0 \$3.50.

Youths' Companion Album, \$1.

Coats of Arms, 50c.

Merchant Flags, 25c.

Portraits of Rulers, 50c.

—  
If you want anything for a collection, before buying elsewhere, send for circular and price-list to

# L. W. DURBIN,

FOREIGN STAMP IMPORTER,

Fifth and Library Streets,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

—  
*ESTABLISHED TEN YEARS!*

VARIETIES FOREIGN POST-  
age Stamps For TEN Cents.

50 For 15 cents.  
20 cents 75 Varieties  
or  
For 100 Varieties.

100 duplicates 10c. 300 25c, 500 35c.  
SELLING OUT! Address this office.

### PACKET A,

Contains over 100 fine var. including U. S. Columbia, Heligoland, Honduras, Chili, Brazil, old Saxon, Jamaica, Belgium 1850, Bavaria 50 pf., France 1 fr., Portugal, Romania, Turkey, Sandwich, New Zealand, Egypt, etc. Price 28 cts., post free. Agents wanted to sell from sheets. Address—C. C. Collins, 339 Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

## Agents Wanted!

To sell foreign stamps on approval. I will send stamps to reliable parties or those furnishing references or deposit, I will give 25 and 30c commission,

100 varieties foreign stamps, 25c

50 " " " 15c

25 " " " 10c

10 " " " 3c

Set of 5 Bergdorf 15c

Set of 7 Sicily 15c

All post free. Circulars free. Address

JNO. WANKELMAN,

396 Vine St.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

## FOR SALE!

1 About 25 lbs. of this BREVIER. Just bought and used but little. In three amateur cases. Figures, etc., complete Price with cases, \$5. A BARGAIN!

2 10A 35a Handy for advs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Price 60c with two cases,

3 25A 40a *Brevier Italic. Who will buy me, in cases, for only \$1.00.*

4 5A BUTTERCUP WALTZ 30C X

5 "Silver Threads Among The Gold." 48A 30c X

6 9A TERRYMAN'S PRIMER 30C X

7 LONG PRIMER 6A 20c X

8 4A6a *Quite Pretty & Next 30c X*

9. CAT. 20A, \$2.25.

10. 3A4a, *Boss, 75c X*

11 3A12a Molasses candy. 50c X

12. 8A TRIAL BY JURY! 35C. X

13 This font reading three A for 20c. X

### THREE A

14 The font below for 60c X

Three A, *five*

15 3A Five a, \$4.00.

16. 4A 5a. Buy. ONLY \$1.75. X

No. 17 \$1.25, X

17. E. Q. L. 3A 8a,

No. 18 3A 7a, \$2.15, X

## Frederick Jones.

No. 19 4A 9a, \$2.15, X

## Saint Patrick, Gentlemen!

No. 20, \$2.15, X

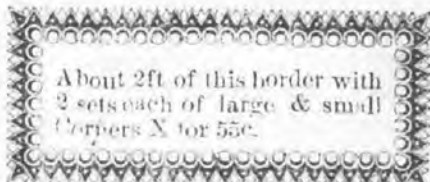
*20 & 12a Belle.*

No. 21, 3A, \$1.25, X

## JOB WORK!

This set figures, X, for 15 cents.

1122333445556  
667788899900  
00



About 2ft of this border with 2 sets each of large & small letters X for 55c.

ALL of the above type is in FINE CONDITION and some of the fonts have not been inked more than three or four times. All fonts with an "X" we send postage paid. Terms, CASH with all orders. Remit by Reg'd Letter or Check.



The above EXCELIOR PRESS we will sell for \$10.00. It prints a FULL form 4½x7½ inches, has grippers, and is one of the best Self inking presses made. With stand, containing draws, etc., & can of fine black ink, \$11.00. Rollers, Roller molds, etc., with the press.

The above is a fine chance for a boy thinking of starting an amateur paper as everything that is needed is given in this issue. See preceding page!