

THE YOUTHS' MENTOR.

A Monthly Magazine for Boys.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1886.

NO. 6.

Royal Gordon,

OR,

The Race for Life and Fortune.

By PHILIP BROWN,

Author of "Working for Himself,"
etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

This terrible blow descended with crushing force upon Roy. All his hopes and prospects were centered in the little store, and now all this was lost, all his rosy dreams were mere vapors, which had vanished in thin air.

He was disconsolate. He had no money, and his mother was depending upon him for a living. He wondered how she would receive the news, and hesitated to tell her.

What was his surprise on going home to find his mother all smiles. Roy was astonished. She could not have failed to have heard of the burning, and yet she appears very happy.

"Oh, my son," she cried, when she saw his woe begone face, "cheer up; every cloud has a silver lining."

"But this one hasn't."

"Oh, yes it has."

"How?"

"Do you know those mining shares which you considered so worthless? Well, the mine has suddenly developed a very rich vein of metal, and we are rich."

Roy was overjoyed. He soon, by selling one or two shares, purchased another stock and did well. In time he became one of the leading men of Mapleton, and finally was elected mayor. You may yet hear of him as a senator or congressman. He now has the finest collection of stamps in the South.

He still deals in stamps and keeps several clerks constantly employed filling his mail orders. He made a fortune by fair dealing and *grip*. Many other boys could do the same if they only would but try.

But now my story must draw to a close. Bidding a sorrowful farewell to the reader who has followed me through this little sketch, I hesitatingly append

[THE END.]

WE will give 20 cents each for every copy of Nos. one and two of THE COLLECTORS JOURNAL, sent to this office.

THE TRUE WAY.

The world is wide. If you wish to be somebody, "pitch in." The brave always have friends. Where others have gone you can go. If the old track don't suit, make a new one; somebody will walk in it. Success is never attained in a country like this without an effort. If you fail once try it again; if you fall down, get up again; if it is dark, strike a light; if you are in the shade, move around, for if there is shade on one side there must be sunshine on the other. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but then the skin is worth exceedingly more. Never be content with doing simply what another has done—excel him. Deserve success and it will come. Go slow, especially until you know the road, or become acquainted with your team. Mind your own business, and if you have no business to mind make some. You are learning experience. That is a good thing to have, it is better than gold for it brings a larger premium. But to bring a better premium the experience must be perfect, no silver plated affair. Young men never go unnoticed who mind their own business and who seem to be disposed to be somebody in time. This is a queer world; many people are watching us and help often comes when and from where we least expect it. Confidence is the safe in which men often deposit rich treasures; and as you prove worthy so will your

reward of success be. There is a rich reward in success which none but those who strive manfully can ever enjoy.

A POST-OFFICE IN A KEG.—The simplest post-office in the world in the Magellan Straits, and has been established there for many years. It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in the straits opposite Terre del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask and take letters out and place others in it. The post-office is self-acting therefore. It is under the protection of the navies of all nations, and up to the present time there is not a single case to report in which any abuse of the privilege it affords has taken place.

HAPPINESS.—This forever looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what we know of it we would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or battle up sunshine for cloudy nights. The boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons, the apprentice when he is learning his trade and the merchant while he is making his fortune.

This world is all a fleeting show but it takes mighty lively work for some of us to keep a grip on our tickets of admission, however poor the show is.

Subscribe to **THE YOUTHS' MENTOR**, a popular monthly.

EXCHANGES.

[The publishers reserve to themselves the right of deciding whether an exchange shall appear or not. This department is open to all. We advise exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.]

I have yet on hand about 250 U. S. Revenue Medicine stamps which I will exchange for old U. S. stamps. Quality not quantity wanted. OSCAR JANNASCH, Brenham, Texas.

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A solid silver watch for best offer. H. CRITTENDEN, Ward Station, Ga.

A 32-calibre revolver for a watch, printing press or offers in general. W. J. FURNESS, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Vols. I. and II. "Harper's Monthly" for a polyopticon in good order. ELEANOR SHORT, Central City, Ky.

A UNIQUE PAPER WEIGHT.— "That's a rather unique-looking paper weight you have there," said Alpha, indicating a curiously shaped article lying on the table of his friend Omega. "Yes," said the latter, picking up the object and eyeing it critically. "You know they have begun to teach cooking in the schools, and this is a dough-nut baked by my sister Clio after taking only six lessons in the domestic art."

A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop door in Holborn, with which he ran away.

In the course of examination the judge asked a witness who had pursued and seized the prisoner:

"What did he say when you caught him?"

Witness—"My lord, he said he took the boots in joke."

Judge—"And pray, how far did he carry the joke?"

Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

When is snow like a boat?
When it is a drift.

When is a butterfly like a kiss?
When it touches *tu-lips*.

A lady in a cotemporary has an article entitled, "Why don't bachelors marry." Funny, come to think of it, we never heard of a *married bachelor*.

A certain paper won't exchange with us. Strange how these papers become jealous so quick.

Now is the time to subscribe to the best boy's paper. Only 25 cents per year.

Manuscript is in demand at this office. Accepted MSS. liberally paid for.

Bargains are offered by J. I. Stephens in curiosities.

No. 7 will be issued on the 15th of July.

THE YOUTHS' MENTOR.

Published the 30th of every month in
the interest of Boys and Girls.

J. I. STEPHENS,
R. M. LYNN,
A. E. McCAUSLAND. } Editors
and Prop'rs.

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JUNE, 1886.

PROSPECTUS.

We have a great many new stories on hand which will appear in due time. In No. 8 will be commenced a splendid serial entitled, "Toward the Gold Coast, or Two Boys in Africa."

It is a tale of a missionary's two sons who traveled alone to Africa to meet their father. Many adventures befall them before they see him, however. It is a sparkling piece.

In No. 9 will be commenced a very interesting story of the Northern Regions, being the tale of a party of boys who found "The Boreal Pole."

It is a finely composed story and will meet with many friends among our readers.

"The City in the Everglades," which will be commenced in No. 12, is one of the most highly interesting pieces we have ever read. It tells how a young Florida boy found a lost city and what befell him in his dealings with the strange inhabitants.

With No. 1, vol. 2 we will enlarge to sixteen pages and the price will be doubled. But all those who subscribe now will get twelve numbers without extra charge.

—Several papers lately have had articles about "Literature for Young People," in which the editors use very strong invectives against the publishers of dime novels. They cannot be lauded too much for their able articles. There is nothing that will ruin a boy physically and mentally quicker than the scum literature in which thieves and murderers are made heroes. The reading of them creates a morbid desire to do something like the wretches in the pamphlet. Who knows

how many homes have become desolated and family circles broken up by the son, the pride of his father, the joy of his fond mother, reading these unclean productions written by mountebanks who grow rich and fat at the expense of broken hearts and shattered hopes.

But the young people must have something to read, and the only way to prevent their reading the stuff will be to provide them with good moral reading matter which, while interesting, is at the same time pure and clean. "The Youths' Companion," "The Golden Days," "The Boys' Monthly" are all good papers and parents should put these papers in the hands of their children.

THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

A TRUE TALE.

BY LIEUTENANT HOWARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

All alone with bowed head and meditative mood Philip II. of France treaded the flower-scented, tortuous paths of the magnificent royal garden. The cares of state weighed heavily upon the crown, and the King found himself upon the eve of a war with Otto, Emperor of Germany. Having dismissed a stormy council of quarreling ministers, Philip sought the garden, in whose moonlit quietude he hoped to plan a campaign which would end victoriously and make him far more famous than he already was.

The monarch was about to enter a columned arbor which lay directly in his path, when a light step pleasantly saluted the royal ear and he turned with a smile to greet the disturber of his privacy.

The person who approached Philip was a woman, young and queen-like and as beautiful as the houris that appear as visions to the gifted oriental poets. Her rich robes had lately filled the looms of Lyons and jewels of unrivalled beauty and inestimable value glistened upon her neck and hair.

Her name was Marie De Muintainon and she was the royal favorite of King Philip's court.

When she discovered that the King had perceived her she quickened her steps and covered with kisses the effeminate hands which he extended.

"Marie, thou art welcome to the royal garden to-night," said the monarch. "How didst thou know I were here? I fancied I had left the palace unperceived."

"I was dreaming, with eyes unclosed, at my chamber window, and saw Your Majesty pass the marble lions. I did not seek this enchanted spot until I thought the King had banished the affairs of state from his mind and would hold converse with one of his loyal subjects. Art thou in the granting mood this e'en?"

"Perhaps. Who craves a boon at the royal hands?"

"I."

"Speak thy wishes. Philip of France never refused a boon to thee."

Marie De Muintainon smiled at Philip's lover-like assurance and permitted him to raise her jeweled hand to his lips.

"Sire," she said, "the boon I crave is the arrest of Louis D'Albert, Count of Poitiers."

The King started back and stared wildly into the beautiful face before him.

"What! Louis D'Albert, my worthiest knight?" he cried, the statue of astonishment.

"The same," said the queenly favorite, secretly enjoying Philip's surprise.

"Of what unworthy deed is he guilty?"

"Of none, your majesty."

Philip's astonishment perceptibly increased and he could not divine at what Marie was aiming.

"For the love of heaven, dissipate my wonder," he cried. "Marie, why dost thou desire the arrest of Louis D'Albert?"

"Because I love him."

"The enigma grows more difficult. If thou lovest the Count, why then dost thou sue for his arrest and, of course, incarceration?"

"Let Your Majesty lend a willing ear. I have confessed that I love D'Albert, but he loves not me. He must wed Marie De Maintenon or rot in a dungeon. Sire, dost thou comprehend me?"

"I think I do. Thou wouldst have the Count immured and he must purchase his freedom by accepting your hand in marriage."

"The King is right."

"But Marie, we are on the brink of the precipice of war; D'Albert commands the right wing of the army, and we cannot dispense with him during the contest."

"He will not remain long behind the iron doors," replied the favorite. "He will not refuse the price demanded for his freedom."

"The King's brow was clouded. At that moment D'Albert was in Paris, having been summoned thither by Philip to throw his mighty counsels into the scales of war. To arrest him now would be cruel ingratitude and breach of trust.

But the King was ruled by the unscrupulous De Maintenon, to whom were it but in his power, he would have given his country and his crown.

"Speak, sire," cried the favorite, wearied with the silence of her royal master. "Dost thou grant the boon I crave?"

"I do, Marie"

She drew a parchment from her bosom and thrust it into Philip's hand.

"Sign, Sire," she cried. "At daybreak D'Albert departs.

The King signed the document which was for the arrest of his most loyal subject for *treason*, and a moment later the beautiful schemer was flying from the garden.

Louis D'Albert did not leave the wicked capital the next morning. Quite to the contrary he found himself the inmate of a cell in the gloomiest of prisons.

[To be continued.]

—Next month we shall award the prizes for the Word Hunt. Hurry up, boys.

A WORD TO GRUBLERS.—

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

SUCCESS.—Success is not confined to any one object or to any class of objects. It is always a relative term, implying something at the back of it which may or may not be desirable or good. Some men plan robberies, others devise schemes of philanthropy; all of them desire success. If it is a good one, the more they desire and determine to succeed the better; if not, it is the aim itself that is to be attacked and abolished.

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LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

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UNDER THE FALLS.

BY J. R. STCLAIR.

A merry crowd of boys were gathered in the recitation room of Woodlawn Academy for youths one bright June day.

They were discussing the approaching holidays, and where they would be spent by the different boys.

"I am going to Europe with father," said one of the boys, "and I do not suppose we will return in time for me to start to school again next term."

"I only wish I was going," remarked another. "I suppose we will go to some watering place"

"Where are you going, Joe?" asked one of the boys of a bright looking young fellow, who was sitting off by himself.

"I have not decided yet. I have been spending my holidays with my guardian since father and mother died, but he has gone abroad."

"Go home with me, Joe," said the boy who had spoken to him.

"Thanks, Tom, I believe I will."

"Hurrah for you!" shouted Tom, "we will have no end of good times."

All the preliminaries being settled, a week later Joe and Tom were speeding away in the cars towards the latter's home.

Tom Arnott lived in a little village at the foot of the Rocky Mountain, on a

little stream, a tributary of the Grand River in Colorado.

On arriving at the village they were welcomed by Tom's mother, a good-hearted lady of forty years. Tom introduced Joe to his mother.

"The best mother a fellow ever had," as he enthusiastically expressed it, and sisters, who made him feel at home with them.

"Joe," said Tom the next morning, "let's go hunting to-day—there is splendid shooting on this river."

"All right," answered Joe, and taking some lunch with them they embarked in two small canoes and started off.

On coming to a place where another stream flowed in, Tom proposed they should separate. "You can't possibly get lost if you keep in the stream," he said.

Joe agreed, and wishing each other all possible luck, they separated, Joe continuing on down the river and Tom taking the other branch.

Joe heard the report of Tom's gun several times and concluded he was having excellent luck. He succeeded in killing four or five ducks himself in a short time.

At last, becoming weary of paddling, he lay down in the bottom of the canoe, and let it drift, while his thoughts were far away, and soon dozed off to sleep. He had been in a doze for perhaps an hour when he was suddenly awakened by a loud roar growing rapidly near. Sitting up he looked over the side of the boat

and saw he was in a swift current. He paddled with all his strength to get out of it, but in vain—the current was rapidly carrying him toward the Falls, the roar of which had awakened him.

Giving up all for lost he ceased paddling, and offering up a prayer for his soul, he closed his eyes. Two minutes, that seemed like hours to him, passed, and the canoe went over the Falls, throwing him into the water.

Down, down, he went until his brain reeled and his head seemed about to burst, then he began to go up until he reached the surface. Keeping up by treading water, he drew in a long breath and looked around, uttering a cry of joy, *he had come up under the Falls and was safe!*

Seeing a ledge jutting out from the wall he swam to it and climbed upon it. Resting himself for a while he determined to follow the ledge. Going along it a little distance he came to an opening in the wall. Entering this he continued his way until he reached a large cavern, through the roof of which several feeble rays of light were shining.

Looking around he saw a great pile of something in one end. Opening a waterproof match case, he removed a match. Scratching it on the floor, a little flame shot up. Seeing a piece of wood on the floor he lighted it and crossed over to examine the pile, and found it was composed of *solid gold idols*, which had probably been stored there by some ancient race.

After looking over them an estimating their worth, he made his way to the Falls, and diving under them he swam to the shore.

Going to Mr. Arnott's house he told him he would divide the wealth with him if he would aid him in getting it out. Mr. Arnott promptly accepted his offer,

and a week later the treasure was removed and sold, Joe's part being over a hundred thousand dollars.

Although he was very rich he did not do as many other boys would have done in his position. He labored studiously and graduated with high honors.

He is now one of the rising young physicians in his native State.

Reuben Cain's Revenge

BY FREDERICK CHAPPEL.

Among the hundred odd boys who attended Dr. Hunter's private academy for young gentlemen there was none whose character was so ambiguous and variable as that of Reuben Cain. No one seemed to understand him; indeed it was the plague of the worthy doctor's life that he, who was known far and wide as an accomplished physiognomist, could not pierce the veil of obscurity that surrounded this boy.

Sometimes he would be gay and merry, entering into the sports of the boys with the heartiest zest imaginable, while at other times he would appear sullen and morose, and he had actually been known to make an attempt to run away from the Academy while under the influence of one of these spells.

It was on a cold wintry night that what I am about to relate took place. The snow had been falling heavily all the afternoon, heaping the ground as the poet Lowell says, "with a silence deep and white." At four o'clock the boys were out for recreation, the lessons of the day being over.

"I say, Cain," cried the fellow, a tall well-formed lad of about fifteen, "come to town with me to-night, if you are able, won't you?"

A deep flush overspread the boy's face at this insult; this supposed witty remark about Cain and Abel had been made many times before, and Reuben resented it with all the fire in his nature.

He would fain have retaliated but the law against fighting at the Academy was very strict—the penalty being nothing less than expulsion. So smothering his anger he turned away from his tormentor with a refusal.

As the thoughtless fellow, who went by the name of Tom Jackson, sauntered down the road which ran in the direction of the town of Benton, he sent back the taunting and cruel sentence, "who killed Abel?"

Reuben grated his teeth and clinched his hands as he tried to resist the impulses to chastise Jackson,

That night when the boys had retired, and were sleeping as only boys can sleep, the Doctor's little daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and fears were entertained for her life. It was thought advisable to send for a physician. The janitor had gone on a visit and would not return until morning, so it was necessary that some pupil should go.

The boys were awakened by the doctor, who stated the case in a few words, adding, when he had finished, the question, "who will go to town to-night for medical help?"

There was a pause, then Reuben quickly responded, "I'll go, sir."

"You will have to walk," said the doctor, "the janitor has taken the team with him."

"I'll go, sir," was the laconic reply, as the boy hurriedly donned his clothes.

Wrapped in his great coat, with his mittens and warm fur cap, he toiled through the snow in the direction of the town.

It was bitter cold; the wind wailed and moaned through the leafless trees,

while great gusts of blinding snow and sleet stung the boy in the face like needles.

He had gone probably half way when he thought he heard a cry. He listened.

Yes, there it was again—a faint, weak call, which could hardly be heard above the rising storm.

"Help! Help!"

Reuben hastened in the direction of the cry, and soon perceived an object in the snow a few feet in advance of him.

He stooped and peered into the person's face. A cry of astonishment escaped him as he recognized his own school mate—Tom Jackson. Here was a glorious opportunity for revenge. A struggle took place in the boy's mind.

The evil thought said, "Go and leave him; he has no claim upon you; he insulted you basely."

His conscience said, "He is a fellow creature—save him. Besides you would be nothing less than a murderer."

This last thought carried the day, and shouldering his insensible companion he staggered in the direction of a deserted log hut, which was situated near by. Depositing the senseless body upon the floor he set to work to revive it. By dint of chafing he at last succeeded, and in a little while they both set out for the town, which was considerably nearer than the Academy.

It was midnight when they arrived at a doctor's office. A warm bath and hot tea soon set Tom to rights, while the worthy physician was in the meantime well on his way to the Academy.

The little girl's life was saved, as was also Tom Jackson's, but another result than this took place. Tom humbly begged Reuben's pardon for his meanness and they eventually became fast friends.

Reuben's peculiarities mentioned in the former part of this story were due to the fact that brain fever had unsettled his mind at intervals.

I think my readers will heartily concur with me that Reuben acted a thousand times nobler in heaping coals of fire on his enemy's head than if he had left him to perish "in the midnight and the snow."

THE YOUTHS' MENTOR.

Published the 25th of every month in
the interest of Boys and Girls.

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JULY, 1886.

NOTICE.

In addition to our regular corps of writers, we have secured the exclusive right to publish the writings of the following gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Arthur H. Taylor, Mr. Roe Stewart, Mr. Philip Brown, Miss Vivian Raymond, Lieut. Howard, Charles P. Blair, J. E. Waite, George K. Vanderslice, Mr. Edward Bunch and many others. These with our corps of editorial contributors make a staff which any magazine may be proud of.

The *Southern Scientist* is a good one from Montgomery, Ala. It would be better if the publisher would take the column "ad" from the first page.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. W. A. Barnes in this issue. Such bargains as he offers were never heard of before. He is a perfectly reliable gentleman, and will do what he says. We advise our readers to order one of his outfits and work for him until school begins. You can make money at it.

Owing to an unavoidable accident the serials mentioned in our last issue cannot appear in the order named. However, we shall publish them as soon as possible.

If the editor of the *Budget* would purchase a spelling book and study it we think it would rebound to the *Budget's* credit.

We see signs of dissolution in the *Boys' Monthly*. Venture to say two more issues and the *Monthly* will be no more.

We have in preparation a new Premium List. It is elaborate and fully illustrated. Sent free.

—The Mormons believe that baptism washes away their sins only up to date, and they must be afterward baptized as often as they sin. This is conducive to cleanliness. A man may be baptized by proxy, and the poorer members undergo the experience for those willing to pay at the rate of twenty cents per ducking.

—It is an open question whether the Chinese or the English language is spoken by the greater number of persons.

—A newspaper called *The Thomas Cat* is a Kansas production.

EXCHANGES.

[The publishers reserve to themselves the right of deciding whether an exchange shall appear or not. This department is open to all. We advise exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.]

Forty numbers New York Weekly, thirteen numbers Boys of England, four numbers of Boys Own Paper, five of Beadle's half-dime novels, six Wide-Awake novels, a quantity of miscellaneous books, two song books and six comic books for a printing press. THOS. H. MATTHEWS, box 349 Tilsonburg, Ont., Canada.

Stamps from the Dutch Indies, Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, East Indies and Holland for those of the United States and South and Central America. F. J. BENJAMINS, Semarang, Island of Java.

Nos. one and two of Volume I. of the COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL are out of print and cannot be furnished. We will pay twenty-five cents each for them.

Twenty different English post marks for every ten varieties of stamps. T. H. HILL, Fitzwilliam street, Peterborough, England.

Ten good books and an organette for best offers. J. S. McINTOSH, Taylorsville, Alexander county, N. C.

Papers from Florida for those from any other State except Kansas. J. W. WOOD, Jacksonville, Fla.

A copper half-cent dated 1804 and a Confederate five dollar bill for any good reading matter. CHARLIE M. COMPHER, Leesburg, Va.

Two kinds of Manitoba stones for same of any of the United States. R. M. SMITH, St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada.

We have received many flattering notices from the southern press.

The Unknown Knight.

A TRUE TALE.

BY LIEUTENANT HOWARD, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

The shades of evening were wrapping the earth in demi gloom as a very beautiful girl, upon whose head the coronet of nineteen summers lightly rested, sported with two playful spaniels in the court-yard of a castle in the northern part of France.

"Now, my queens," she cried, catching up a ball which one of the dogs had dropped at her feet. "We will see who wins the race. Stand back, Juno, I really think you are trying to obtain unfair advantage over Ceres. Now, ready—hie!" and she cast the ball far down the lawn.

Simultaneously the spaniels darted forward, and after a hard battle Juno obtained the ball, which she returned to her mistress.

"Well done, my pretty queens," said the maiden, caressing the panting animals. "You are—hark! as I live, that was Fidello's voice."

"Open the gates I say, lazy fellows," said the voice again beyond the garden walls. "You were as tardy in lowering the draw-bridge as you are to unbar the gates. What, ho! open the gates I say!"

"'Tis Fidello returning from Paris," cried the maiden with joy. "I wonder what news he brings—of peace, or of war."

She was hurrying toward the sounds when the heavy gates flew open and a dwarf, with an apish countenance, entered the court astride of a milk white steed.

"What news from Paris?" asked the maiden, springing to his side.

"Bad enough, Jeannie, bad enough," he said, in a voice soft as a woman's when moved to pity.

Jeannie D'Gilbert noticed the expression of the dwarf's face, and the rosy hue deserted her own.

"You bring news of war, then Fidello," she faltered.

"War has not been declared," said the misshapen being. "But the King has committed a dark crime."

"And pray, what does it consist of?"

"The arrest and imprisonment of Louis D'Albert as a traitor."

A low shriek parted Jeannie's colorless lips, and in tremulous tones she demanded from the dwarf the particulars of the arrest of D'Albert, who was her lover.

When her demand had been complied with—when Fidello had given a succinct account of the King's crime, the maiden calmly questioned him regarding other news items current at the gay capitol of the nation.

"The King has commanded the Princess Marguerite's marriage shall be celebrated by the grandest tournament ever witnessed in France. And His Majesty further decrees that he will grant any boon craved of him by the victor of the tournament, even to the pardoning of a traitor."

"When does the royal wedding transpire?"

"A month from this beautiful e'en, beautiful mistress."

"I have it, Fidello," cried Jeannie. "I will enter the lists."

The dwarf uttered an ejaculation of astonishment.

"You shall teach me to couch the lance, Fidello; and, as your pupil, I will unhorse the champions of France and purchase Louis D'Albert's freedom. Tomorrow you shall seek your forge and hammer out an armor which shall fit my

person. For a month you shall have but little rest. At your forge from morn to evening, and in the twilight you must teach me jousting in the haunted valley."

"Good mistress, I will not fail you," said the dwarf, and he added with pride, "a better jousting than mountain-back Fidello does not tread Jehoval's footstool. Yes. I will teach you what I know, and, by Saint Louis! you shall unhorse the King himself."

Firm in her determination to enter the lists and couch lances with the warriors of Philip, Jeannie re-entered the castle and the dwarf sought his forge to prepare it for the accomplishment of the work his mistress had given him to do.

(To be continued.)

—Italian antiquarians have discovered false teeth in a skull which has been excavated in an ancient Etruscan cemetery, with many other curiosities, at present safely stowed away at the museum of antiquities of Corneto, in Tuscany. The sepulchre out of which the skull was taken dates, according to experts, from the fifth or sixth century B. C., and the false teeth are nothing but animal teeth attached to the human teeth by means of small gold plates.

—Figure-heads for the bows of ships are now going out of use. Where, in 1860, there were in Boston six carvers of these heads, now there is only one. Sailors are fond of poking fun at them, and often a ship comes into port with a pipe in the mouth of the winged cherub on her bow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROXY.—1. "Royal Gordon" began in number four of the COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL. It ran through three numbers. We can furnish them to you at 3 cents each. 2. No. Those two papers are out of print.

E. H. F.—The article you speak of was ended in number six of THE BOYS' MONTHLY.

J. WILSON—1. "The Unknown Knight" is founded on fact. 2. Your sketch shows ability, but you must be more careful in the preparation of your manuscript. 3. Yes.

D. G. BOON.—1. We shall have an article about West Point in an early number. 2 We do not care to run this magazine that way. 3. No. 4 We pay about two dollars for a good short story.

A QUEER LAKE.—On a high mountain in Portugal is a beautiful lake of crystal water, in which are constantly floating the wrecks of dismantled ships, broken spars, etc. This is rendered doubly strange by the fact that the mountain is full twenty leagues from the sea. Even the learned savants of France, who have a reason ready prepared for everything, cannot account for the presence of the ships in such an unusual place.

A WONDERFUL POOL.—There is a pool in Utah only a foot deep, and situated at a very high altitude, that refuses to freeze even in the severest winters. There is another that mysteriously replenishes itself with half-grown trout. One stream, though clear

as crystal to the eye and tasteless, stains all the vegetation it flows over a deep brown. A warm spring near Salt Lake City is the strongest sulphur water in the world. A hot spring a few miles off, with waters so hot you can hardly put your hand into them and as bright as diamonds, is one of the most remarkable combinations of chemicals ever analyzed.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.—It is generally believed that De-foe took the adventures of Alexander Selkirk for the foundation of his story of Robinson Crusoe. The island on which Selkirk lived five years belongs to Chili, but remained uninhabited until about twelve years ago, when a Swiss, named Rodt, rented it from the Chilian government, and established on it an agricultural colony, which is now quite flourishing. M. Rodt, who is about forty years old, entered the Austrian army in 1864, fought against Prussia in 1866, was in Paris during the siege of 1870, and fought with the French against his ancient enemy Prussia. At present he is the sovereign of Robinson's island, still called Juan Fernandez, under the suzerainty of Chili, which, however, has not been exercised in any way. Mr. Rodt exercises all the functions of government, judicial and administrative, and things are said to thrive under this one-man-government as well as in any country in the world.

MOUNT ETNA'S LATEST ERUPTION.

The very recent eruption of Mount Etna was by far the most wonderful phenomenon of the kind yet witnessed. The eruption began at the principal crater, a mile south of the government observatory. A few hours before the lava stream was actually visible there was premonitory symptoms in the shape of earthquakes and a violent fall of hot cinders, which were thrown as far as Messina, a distance of fully eight miles. Twenty-four hours afterward streams of lava were seen coming out at seven other points, and a day later these seven new volcanoes all joined the principal crater, so that red-hot lava was poured down simultaneously in a volume nearly two miles in breadth. The rate of descent averaged twenty yards an hour. From time to time great massive stones were cast down, together with a deluge of hot water. The best view of this wonderful scene was obtained from Nicolosi, a small village of some 4,000 inhabitants, in a valley to the south-east of the amalgamated volcanoes. Nicolosi, up to the time when the late eruption commenced, was the rendezvous of all the Italian and foreign visitors who went to Catania to witness this new calamity. The writer of this account hired a mule and a guide at Nicolosi, and, in company with a dozen other tourists, ascended as far as the Monte Rossi, the nearest prominent position from which the

phenomenon could be seen in safety. A splendid sight awaited us. We found ourselves face to face with the downpour of lava. The stream was then fully three feet in depth. Within a few minutes of our arrival the lava came within so short a distance from where we were standing that we were compelled to beat a retreat. The heat was so intense that our straw hats were scorched as though we had put them in an oven.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD MISSISSIPPI.—Mississippi as originally spelled, and the nearest approach to the Algonquin word, "The Father of Waters," is Meche Sebe, a spelling still used by the Louisiana creoles. Tonti suggested Mische Sepe, which is somewhat nearer to the present spelling. Father Laval still further modernized it into Michispi, which another father, Lablatt, softened into Misispi, the first specimen of the present spelling. The only changes since have been to overload the word with consonants. Marquette added the first and some other explorer the second, so making it Mississipi, and so it remains in France to this day—with only one p. The man who added the other has never been discovered, but he must have been an American, for at the time of the purchase of Louisiana, the name was generally spelled in the colony with a single p.

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