



Vol. 1.

APRIL 1887.

NO. 1.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

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SPECIMEN COPY.

VOL. 1.

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TOM'S BROKEN ARM

—AND—

What Followed the Accident.

One fine Saturday morning in August Jack Ames and his cousin Tom made an early start for the woods and the lake where they intended to pass their holiday. On this day it had been arranged that Jack was to be the hare in the game of hare and hounds which the boys of the neighborhood were accustomed to play. The game was played in this way. One of the best runners of the party was chosen for the hare, and the rest were the hounds. The hare was given a certain start and his object was to reach the boat house at the lake before being caught by any of the hounds. As the boys were leaving the house they met Mr. Jones and his man, and Jack remarked that he thought Mr. Jones did really look sick then, but that he had never seen him look so before, although he had come to the village for his health, and had his man always with him, who, part of the time, drove him about in a sort of invalid's carriage, when he felt too weak to walk.

The boys arrived at the place of meeting before long, and in a few minutes Jack was ready to take his start when some dispute arose and it took the boys nearly an hour to settle it. Jack then started and before long he was making his way as fast as possible towards the boat house, but he was forced to stop and listen every now and then and peer cautiously among the trees for fear the fleet footed and keen eyed hounds might discover and catch him.

As he was going cautiously along near a wild rocky knoll close to an opening in

the woods he heard the crackling of breaking dead wood under some one's feet. He immediately dropped down beside a great log to conceal himself until the hound, as he supposed it was, should get by. On came the party and presently he passed within about twenty feet of Jack, but never noticed him. When he had passed Jack raised himself and looked to see who it was and which way he was going, and to his surprise instead of seeing one of his boy friends, there was Mr. Jones stalking along at a great pace, as if he had never been sick in his life. Mr. Jones disappeared around the knoll quickly and Jack followed as fast as possible. Very soon he saw Mr. Jones at a considerable distance from him, down on his knees at the foot of a great rotten tree. Jack could not make out what he was doing and as he was afraid he would be caught if he delayed any longer, he made a detour through the woods unseen by Mr. Jones and after one or two narrow escapes from the hounds he arrived safely at the boat house, uncaptured.

He had hardly been there five minutes when one of the boys rushed up and said that Tom had fallen from a high bank on the edge of the lake, and could not move. This put an end to the sport at once, and the boys, accompanied by some men from the boat house, hurried to poor Tom's assistance, whom they found badly bruised about the head and with his arm broken. After a few moments consultation Jack was sent home to carry the news and the men promised to bring Tom to the house in a wagon as soon as possible.

As Jack was making his way home as fast as he could he bemoaned the accident which had not only put an end to the day's

(continued on page 4)

Hints for Camping Out.

From four to eight persons make a good party. The eldest or wisest should be elected captain to see that all goes well. He should be willing to take counsel.

WHERE TO GO.—In selecting a place, most fun is to be had on a wooded island or tongue of land in a lake.

A shelving lake shore isn't bad and a river bank will do. Shady trees yield a charm to camping out. Pure fresh water from a spring or river above the camp must be had for cooking and washing purposes. Do not camp where meddlesome men or women, who do not sympathize with boys' fun, can come around to interfere. You may prevent trouble by getting permission from the owner of the land to camp on his property.

WHAT TO TAKE.—As little baggage as possible, strong clothing and plenty to eat. Put every thing you can in trunks if going by train or wagon. In estimating provisions to be taken, count noses of the party and reckon that each boy will eat twice as much as he does at home. Old thick comfortables will do to sleep in; regular army blankets or rubber blankets are best. Take canned meats and vegetables to be warmed over, canned fruits, salt, pepper and vinegar, matches, sugar, bacon, loaves of bread if the trip is a short one, and flour if it is not; meal to roll the fish in for frying, tea, coffee and condensed milk. Coax mother to send with you two big dishes of pork and beans. When they are gone you will wish for more. Hire a tent if you cannot secure a wooden cabin, or make a rustic shelter for yourselves. Take as little crockery and as much tinware as possible. Dishes of thin wood may be bought. For a fishing excursion dig bait before going and put it into a pail half full of clear dirt and with holes punched in the cover. Let your fishing tackle be strong and take plenty of it. A kerosene stove is desirable.

WHEN YOU GET THERE.—If spruce trees are plentiful make a bark shanty: Drive into the ground two saplings with crotches in the top and lay on a cross piece. Lay long poles from the cross piece to the ground for a roof, and lay on spruce bark strips as a house is shingled. Same on each end. To get the bark, girdle a tree at bottom and as high as you can reach. Chop a line from one

girdle to the other and peel off the bark carefully. In front of the opening a fire may be kept at night and cooking may be done then by day. Hemlock boughs cut fine and piled a foot deep, are the best kind of beds. Any sprigs, if there are enough of them will do. A boat is a necessity. There is lots of fun in a gun. Boss rifles are to be had cheap, but if you want to kill anything to eat, buy a shot gun.

What Boys Should Learn.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys. To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

"That's Sarah Every Time."

An old man would not believe that he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the sceptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted;

"Hello, Sarah!"

At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried:

"That's Sarah, every time!"

WHAT THE CIRCUS DID.

We were a quiet and sober set,
Little accustomed to noise and fret,
Decent and modest at work or play,
And, oh, so proper in every way,
Before we went to the Circus!

Nobody had ever seen us go
At all to fast, or at all too slow;
No matter how gaily we talked or sang,
We never had used a word of slang
Before we went to the Circus!

We went to church, or we went to school,
By the very most orthodox kind of rule;
For we were a people of Dutch descent,
And rather phlegmatic of temperament,
Until we went to the Circus!

Alas and alas! 'tis a woeful sight,
The way we are changed at the time I write!
Father is swaying against the breeze,
Hung by the toes from a high trapeze,
Trying to copy the Circus!

The boys, on their heads, with feet in air,
Are riding wild horses on each high chair;
Or down on their backs on the sidewalk brick
Are balancing tubs for a juggling trick;
The girls have painted their hands and face,
And got themselves up for an Indian race,
As they saw them do at the Circus!

Mother high up on the table stands,
Swinging the baby with both her hands,
Swinging the baby with many a rub,
And brandishing him like an Indian club,
While baby himself in a terrible fright,
Howls like a Zulu from morning till night,
Since we went to the Circus!

Alas and alas! I can only say,
I wish in the night, I wish in the day,
I wish with my heart, I wish with my head,
I wish with my ears, which are nearly dead,
I wish with a sort of mute despair,
I wish with a shriek that would rend the air,
We had never gone to the Circus!

A Unique Love Letter.

The following pathetic love letter was picked up on the railroad near Berrien, Ga., the other day:

"der miss Susie An?
i seet misef pen in hand this after mornin, to
rite you a Letter, when i come next Saterdy
Nite, i wil fetch you som, of that purty kandy
and resins, what they keeps in them stores up
at the station? i wil fetch that ole mammy of
yorn some ter baccer! and you some chawing-
gum and a purty red ribbin
the violet is Blue the rose is reed
the pink is purty
on so are you

Your most lovin darlin

j, k, m, -

PHILATELIC DEPARTMENT.

Edited by W. F. Jillson.

All information for this department should be addressed to W. F. Jillson, 2 Bradford St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Salutatory.

With great pleasure we attempt to take charge of this department and will do all we can to benefit everyone interested in our science through the medium of literature.

We hope to greet Philatelists with contributions entertaining and practical; with articles lofty in their purpose, elevating in tone and far reaching in their influence. Asking therefore of the encouragement and aid of all and hoping to benefit them through the medium of *The Boy's GLOBE*, we extend our best wishes to every Philatelist wherever he may be.

To each and all, Greeting!

The Pigeon and Balloon Posts.

In France during the German War of 1870-71 all letters posted were carried by pigeons or balloons in the following ways.

The dispatches carried by the pigeons were in the first place photographed on a reduced scale on three sheets of paper the original writing being preserved but after the ascent of the twenty-fifth balloon leaving the city an improved system was organized. The communication, whether public dispatches or private letters, were printed in ordinary type and micro-photographed on their films of collodion. Each pellicle measured less than 2 inches by 1, and the reproduction of sixteen folio pages of type contained above 3,000 private letters.

These pellicles were so light that 50,000 dispatches weighing less than 1 gramme were regarded as the weight for one pigeon.

In order to insure safety, during transit, the films were rolled up tightly and placed in a small quill which was attached longitudinally to one of the tail feathers of the bird. On their arrival in Paris they were flattened out and thrown by means of the electric lantern on to a screen, copied by clerks and dispatched to their destination. This method was afterwards improved upon, sensitive paper being substituted for the screen so that the letters were printed at once and distributed.

The Boys' Globe.

—A monthly for boys published by—
W. R. & R. A. BURBANK.

Subscription price, 50 cents per annum in advance postpaid.

CIRCULATION THIS MONTH 1,000 COPIES.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Front page of cover, one inch, one insertion,	\$0.60
Two inches, " "	1.00
Three inches, " "	1.50
Inside Page.—One inch, one insertion,	.45
One-sixth column, " "	.80
One-third column, " "	1.00
One-half column, " "	1.75
One column, " "	2.75
One page, " "	5.00
20 per cent. discount on standing advertisements of three months or more.	

Address all communications to the GLOBE PUBLISHING Co., 42 No. First Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

We are happy to present to the readers of Amateur papers, this, the first number of what we intend shall be, not only an acceptable but a welcome guest to the home of every American boy.

In producing this paper we will make it our endeavor to please all, and promising that all subsequent numbers shall be equally good if not very much better than this.

We extend our best wishes for as bright a future to them as we hope for ourselves.

Hoping that our efforts will not be in vain, we remain,

Very sincerely

THE PUBLISHERS.

W. R. BURBANK, }
R. A. BURBANK. }

In order to secure subscribers we offer any one of the following premiums. Money should be sent by P. O. Money Orders or Registered Letter. No stamps taken.

For 3 new subscribers, 6 months subscription of the BOYS GLOBE.

For 5 new subscribers, any of the following, for one year's subscription of the BOYS GLOBE: Gulliver's Travels, Esop's Fables, David Copperfield, The Two Admirals, Rob Roy The Pirate, or Whittier's Poems.

Postage 10 cents additional.

For 10 new subscribers, any one book in the Boat Builder Series by Oliver Optic.—

All Taut, All Adrift, Stem to Stern, Snug Harbor, Square and Compasses, or any of the Boat Club Series by Optic.

Poor and Proud, The Boat Club, All Aboard Little by Little, Try Again, or any of the following by Trowbridge:—

Phil and His Friends, His Own Fault, The Little Master, The Satin Wood-box, Tinkham Bros. Tide Mill, or any of the following by Alger. Pacific Series:—

Ben's Nugget, Young Adventurer, Young Explorer. Postage and packing 10 cents extra.

For 25 new subscribers Shakespeare's complete works in 8 volumes in portable box.

Postage and packing 25 cents additional.

(Tom's Broken Arm, &c. continued from 1st. page.)

fun, but which would probably deprive him of his play fellow for some time to come. But neither boys nor men should repine at their misfortunes too much, for frequently what seems a misfortune turns out to be a blessing as both these boys had occasion to acknowledge in this case.

When Jack got to his father's store where he went to tell him about Tom, he found it full of people talking excitedly, and soon learned that the town bank had been robbed the night before.

It was not long before Tom was gotten home and properly cared for, and as the doctor said he must be kept quiet Jack was sent out of the house. As he went down the street feeling disconsolate enough, he came to where some men were talking about the bank robbery and heard one of them say that a reward of \$500 had been offered for the thief and a larger sum for the securities stolen. In the midst of this group was Mr. Jones, sitting in his carriage talking with the rest and making suggestions as to what better be done towards catching the thieves. Some kind hearted person in the party asked after Mr. Jones health and he answered that he had been feeling considerably worse of late, and that he contemplated trying a change of air. Jack heard this and in an instant what he had seen in the woods come to his mind. He walked away thinking the matter over but as he could not make "head or tail out of it" as he said to himself, he went to his father and told him his story. Mr. Ames listened attentively and when he had assured himself that Jack was not mistaken, he said "Now Jack my boy, perhaps you know just what all the town wants to know. You must not say a word about this to any one. Stay here at the store until I come back."

Mr. Ames hurriedly left the store, and just as Jack began to think there was no fun in standing around the store doing nothing, his father drove up to the door. He called to Jack who went out and got into the buggy in which was a man he did not know sitting beside his father. Jack said nothing, for to tell the truth his mind was somewhat upset by the events of the day, and besides he did not dare speak about what he was thinking of before the strange man. After a sharp drive of about half an hour Mr. Ames drew up to the side of the road and the party got out. After tying his horse Mr. Ames said "Jack this gentleman is a friend of mine and we

are looking for the money stolen from the bank. "Are you sure you can take us to the tree you told me about a little while ago?" Jack answered that he was perfectly certain of it, and then the three started across the fields and soon came to the woods which Jack knew as well as he did his own room. Jack led the way and in less than ten minutes he pointed out the tree. Mr. Ames and the other man examined it carefully and then went to work digging about the roots. In a few minutes Mr. Ames exclaimed as he drew out from beneath a large root an immense book filled with papers, "You've done it, my boy. You've done it." A hasty examination of the book was made and then they all hurried back to the carriage, and the people wondered at the gait the usually slow going Mr. Ames was driving at as he came into town. Jack was cautioned to say nothing and told to stay at the store as before, where we must leave him and follow Mr. Ames and his friend. They drove straight to the police station where they had a conference with the chief. As a result of this in a few moments several officers were dispatched in different directions and Mr. Ames went quietly back to his place of business. In less than an hour Mr. Jones was seen coming from the railroad station, where he had bought his ticket for the city, and was quietly waiting for the train to come. He did not appear to be under arrest and was talking quietly with the officer who had indulged in one of those fictions of the law frequently used to catch scamps by telling him his man had gotten into a fight and was at the station house where he wanted to see his master. As a matter of fact the man was at that moment tearing his hair and swearing terribly, as he had just discovered that the "boodle" which his master had hidden in the morning was gone. The fellow as he stood by the tree was the picture of mingled rage and despair. Suddenly he started to leave the place, but he had not gone far when he was greeted with "Hands up Bob, I've been looking for you". One glance was enough for him. He had seen this man before under similar circumstances, and knowing resistance was useless he quietly submitted to having the hand cuffs put on, and was soon afterwards marched into the lockup.

The investigation which followed showed that these two men were well known bank burglars who used the means

of "Mr. Jones" representing a sick man and his confederate as a servant, who had been in many a tight place but had generally managed to escape through lack of sufficient evidence to convict them, but when Jack went on the stand and told his story, and was followed by his father and his friend who proved the finding of the book there was no hope for them. They were both convicted and sentenced. Jack of course was the hero of the story, although he never failed to acknowledge the truth of what the detective said that: "If that boy Tom had'n't broken his arm those scoundrels would have got clear away, for the other boy would never have gotten back to town until they had skipped."

Thus the misfortunes of one day, was the means of saving a large amount of money to the bank, in which by the way there is a credit of \$250 to John Ames, Jr., and another credit of the same amount to his cousin Thomas.

A PRIZE.

We offer \$2.00 for the best amateur story. Must be written by a boy, to be in by the 25th of next month. Stamps must accompany manuscript otherwise it will not be returned.

PERCY'S "LOST DAY."

BY THOMAS CORRY BATES.

It was the middle of July before the Williamsons were fairly settled at "The Lilacs." Janet and Percy were dreadfully afraid that they wouldn't get there in time to see Barnum's circus, which they had learned was to visit the county town not far from "The Lilacs" during the latter part of the month. Unless they could get a chance to see it while they were at the east, they would lose it altogether, for it would exhibit in C' the distant lake city in which they lived, in August, when they would still be sojourning in the rural shades of "The Lilacs." Therefore, when they were fairly settled in their new rooms, and the arrangements were completed for going to the show during the following week there was great joy in the Williamson family.

"Jumbo" shouted Percy, waving his crutch—for poor little Percy was lame. "The camels and camelopards! Twenty-two elephants! Sea-lions, leapers, tumblers, races, giants and dwarfs—and you'll get me some candy and lemonade, won't you, father? Won't it be splendid?"

Janet was fifteen and a tall girl for her age so that she was ashamed to go into ecstasies like Percy but in her secret soul she was just as happy as he in the prospect. She wanted to see the white-haired girls and the Zubas, and the tricks of the plate-whippers and knife-

CHESTNUTS.

A bank cashier left the bank forever, recently, without taking a cent of the bank's money with him. He died.

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked the poet. "To have a friend that will trust you," replied the editor.

Rich woman just back from Europe—"Oh, yes we went to the Hague and saw that big lion, you know, painted by Paul Potter, nephew of the Bishop, you know!"

Bishop Wilberforce's reply to one who has asked him the shortest way to heaven has not been excelled for wit, truth or terseness: "Turn to the right and keep straight on."

"Kiss the baby while you can," admonishes a poet. We can kiss her just as well eighteen or twenty years from now—if she's that kind of a baby, cautiously remarks the *Buffalo Express*.

A poet says. "There is always sunrise somewhere." This is comforting: to the man who is just going to bed comes the happy consolation that somebody has to get up and go to work.

Old Lady (gazing at oil painting)—"Who painted that air pictur, mister?" Dealer—"Rosa Bonheur." Old Lady—"One of the old masters?" Dealer—"No, ma'am: one of the old missuses."

Tennyson's latest poem is entitled "The Close of Another Eve." How the world does improve! The first Eve had no clothes at all, if the photographs of the lady we have seen are to be relied upon.

Hotels are said to be opposed to fire escapes because they are also dead-beat escapes. It is better that one hundred innocent people be roasted than that one dead-beat should get away owing two dollars.

The wives of Alma-Tadema the artist and E. W. Gosse the poet, and a third sister, are the daughters of Epps of cocoa fame and their family nicknames are "Nutritious," "Grateful," and "Comforting."

Can you imagine a madder man than the Omaha citizen who had been "setting 'em up" all day on the strength of a ten dollar bill he had found, only to be told when he came to pay that it was a counterfeit?

A Texas couple had been to a masquerade and she had recognized him at once. "Was it the loud beating of your heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he. "Oh, no!" she replied: "I recognized your crooked legs."

A wrong inference: A little boy at the opera, who noticed the gentlemen looking through their opera-glasses at the ballet-dancers, said, "Mamma, buy me one of those things so I can cover up my eyes when those women come out on the stage!"

George Eliot says, "Things look dim to old folks." Marion doubtless wrote this from a vivid recollection of the old folks peering into the parlor where she was sitting up late with a young man. More light and a pile of tin pans against the door are nearly as useful.

We are surprised to learn that the editor of the *Salt Lake News* has been convicted of polygamy. We have always supposed that an editor was doing mighty well if he was able to support one wife let alone a dozen or so. That Salt Lake editor would confer a boon on his profession by printing the recipe.

Wise as a Serpent.

He had a back load of feather dusters as he rang the door-bell on Montcalm Street East, yesterday, and when a woman opened the door about two inches and said nothing was wanted, he inquired, "Madam, will you kindly inform me who lives next door?"

"Next door?" she inquired, coming out on the step. "Why, it's a new family and I don't remember the name."

"Lady puts on a great deal of style, doesn't she?"

"Rather."

"I thought so. That's the way with those sort of people: they put it all on their backs. I asked her if she didn't want a duster to dust of her upholstered furniture and bric-a-brac, and she slammed the door in my face. She didn't have any to dust, you see. People who have plush furniture and articles of virtue and taste always want my goods. Pleasant day, madam!"

"Y-e-s. What did you say the price was?"

"Seventy-five cents, madam, and the woman next door is peering through the parlor blinds at us."

"Is she? Well, I'll take one and if there should be any other invention to dust bric-a-brac and oil paintings you might call around. You may also bring me a box of polish for my silverware."—*Detroit Free Press*.

CHARADES.

(ANSWERS IN NEXT ISSUE.)

My *first* is the foe of rats and mice,
 My *next* you'll meet with in a fair;
 My *third* of various forms and price,
 Oft decorates a lady's hair;
 My *whole* in foreign climes, is said
 To form a mansion for the dead.

My *first* is a preposition, my *second* is
 a tree, my *third* is a female's name, my
whole is a lodging for the sick.

My *first* is the support of a building,
 my *second* quickly fades, my *whole* is
 beautiful and fragrant.

My *first* makes all nature appear with
 one face;

My *second* has music and beauty and
 grace;

My *whole*, when the winter hangs dull
 o'er the earth,

Is a source of much pleasure, of mis-
 chief and mirth.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a nervous lady like a policeman?
 Her mind is full of *apprehensions*.

When is a bill like a gun?—
 When it is *presented* and *dis-*
charged.

When is a baggage car like a forest?—
 When it is full of *trunks*.

Which newspapers are like delicate chil-
 dren?—
 All those that are *weekly* (weakly)

Why is a quiet conscience like a fit of
 indigestion?—
 It is the fruit of good living.

What makes everybody sick but those
 who swallow it;—
 Flattery.

When does a man double his capital?—
 When he makes *one* pound *two* a
 day.

Why is killing bees like a confession?—
 You *un-buzz-em* (unbosom.)

Why is an interesting book like a toper's
 nose?—
 It is *real* (red) to the very end.

EXCHANGES.

The subscribers of the GLOBE are entitled to the free
 use of this department, to others two cents per line.

R. A. Burdock, 24 No. Second St.,
 Pittsfield, Mass., 2 volumes of the Youths
 Companion, a violin and bow, hunting-
 knife and case, 3 books, 2 games, for
 printing material.

C. D. Morrow, Box 96, Pittsfield,
 Mass., a pair of roller skates and a col-
 lection of 30 rare birds eggs for a silver
 hunting-case watch.

B. F. Woodward, No. 3 Cottage Row
 Pittsfield, Mass., a printing press, chase
 3 1-2 by 5 1-2 for foreign stamps.

H. A. Wesley, Burbank Hotel, Pitts-
 field, Mass., 4 games, one bound volume
 of Wide Awake and a small model of a
 yacht for foreign postage stamps.

Charles Johnson, Bradford St., Pitts-
 field, Mass., a white rat for a trolling
 line.

W. P. Booth, No. 8 Adam St., Pitts-
 field, Mass., a hand-inking printing press
 (chase 3 1-2 by 5 1-2) two books, "True
 Blue" and "From Log Cabin to White
 House," 2 games and a medium sized
 dark lantern for a self-inking printing
 press (chase not less than 3 1-2 by 5 1-2.)

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 mosphere, has a tendency to unbind the
 sinews and soften the bones; but the
 cold winds of trouble make us sturdy,
 hardy, and well braced in every part.

A Sacramento lottery speculator, on
 being asked if he was not afraid of the
 hand of the law, replied that as he bought
 all his tickets from the policeman on the
 beat in front of his house, he didn't see
 why he should be

A politician says he does not believe
 that a party is strengthened by a navy-
 yard. Inasmuch as a navy is not
 strengthened by a navy-yard, either, the
 concern might as well be abolished.

"Time works wonders" said a young
 man of 27, when he came back and found
 his elder sister only 18.

(Percy's Lost Day, continued from page 5.)

throwers—and Jumbo! Of course Janet was just as much excited about Jumbo and the baby elephant as anybody else! In fact, both children were so much exercised that they were hardly responsible for their actions, and when Janet was teaching Percy his Sunday-school lesson on the Sunday before, a very funny thing happened. Percy was only seven years old and small for his age. On account of his lameness and the general delicacy of his constitution, they had not hurried him in his education at all, so that he did not learn quite so readily as one who has had some training. Besides, his head was so full of the circus that he couldn't think of anything else.

Janet went patiently through with the lesson once, and then started to review. It was about the healing of the blind Bartimeus.

"Now who was it, Percy," said Janet, kindly, "whom they met in the way?"

Percy hesitated.

"Bar—" suggested Janet.

"Barnum!" shouted Percy quick as a flash.

On the night before the show, Mr. Williamson came in looking very pale and troubled.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Williamson anxiously.

"There's some embarrassment down in our Boston agency," said Mr. Williamson, "and I've got to start for Boston on the early train to-morrow morning."

The children looked aghast.

"Why father!" cried Janet, "you've forgotten the show!"

"That's so," said Mr. Williamson. Then he added slowly, "But I can't help it—I must go."

Mrs. Williamson couldn't possibly accompany the children, for she was an invalid. They felt as though their last hope had departed. Percy began to cry.

"I must go," repeated Mr. Williamson, "but perhaps—perhaps—"

Percy stopped crying and Janet's face began to brighten.

"Perhaps—" continued Mr. Williamson helplessly—"Children, go into the other room a moment. I want to talk with your mother."

This was discouraging but Percy concluded not to cry again until they should be quite sure they couldn't go. Their father evidently had some plan, and they knew he wouldn't deprive them of a pleasure so long and ardently anticipated as that of seeing Jumbo, for anything short of actual necessity.

In a few moments their father opened the door and informed them, that as the town in which the show was to be exhibited was only twenty miles away by the cars, and as Janet was so good a traveler, they had decided that perhaps it would be safe to let the two children go by themselves.

"What do you think?" he asked of Janet.

"Oh, I think I can take care of Percy," said Janet bravely.

"And I'll take care of Janet," rejoined Percy with dignity, and the upshot of the whole matter was that the next afternoon laden with charges to be careful of this and look out for that, the two children, in the company

of an "innumerable throng," of the people living in the country contiguous to "The Lancers," started for North Acton.

They had no trouble in following the crowd through the canvas doors, and inside the tent, and, once in, they climbed upon the seats and settled themselves to see what could be seen. They could not go very high on account of Percy's lameness, but they reached the fourth tier very comfortably and there they rested.

When the procession came in and filed twice around the track, Percy's excitement knew no bounds. They had stopped and taken a cursory view of the animals in the menagerie, but it was so hard to keep the crowd from knocking Percy over and it was so lonely for Janet without the kind father who usually took care of her wherever she went, that they hadn't been able to see as much as they would have liked to. So the animals in the procession were more of a novelty than they otherwise would have been.

"My! see those camels!" Percy would say quite oblivious of the fact that there were several persons within earshot besides Janet.

"How they make the fellows waggle on top of them! and see those little ponies! Oh, wouldn't I like one! And what funny faces those fellows have got, Janet! and isn't Jumbo big! And isn't the baby elephant little, and so Percy went on, till the pageant was ended.

Janet kept looking at her watch, and as the hour hand began to get past three, and the program did not seem half exhausted, she felt fearful that she was going to lose seeing the Albino girls and the Zulus in the side-show after all, as their train left at half-past four. The leapers had begun to perform, and Percy and she were sitting near the entrance and the track was quite clear, she conceived the idea of going out to see the side-show now.

"It's getting late, Percy," she whispered to her little brother, "and I don't care about seeing the leaping, and you don't care about the Albinos, you know, so I guess I'll go out and see them now. You sit still here and wait for me. I won't be gone long."

Percy was all excited over the leaping and he didn't half hear what Janet said.

"My!" he cried, "See him go! He will go hurt! No! there he is on his feet! See him Janet! Oh, you going in that other tent! All right, I'll sit still. See him, Janet! Oh, look at that fellow!" But Janet was quietly making her way toward the door.

(to be continued in our next)

Perfectly Safe.

"Do you know, George, I wish you would stay at home to-morrow."

"Why, darling?"

"Oh, because this afternoon a terrible-looking tramp came here while you were away and ordered me to give him something to eat, so had to give him all the sponge cake I made last Saturday; and George, he says he's coming back to-morrow."

"Did he eat the cake, darling?"

"Yes, all of it."

"Well, then, set your mind at rest, dear, he will never come back."

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Written for THE BOYS GLOBE.)

—THE—

CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS

—OR—

The Secret of Colwood Cave.

"Oh say, Uncle Dick, do you think father would let me go with Charley and Harry on a trip to the Adirondacks, you know school is out next Friday?" This conversation took place between Walter Colwood, the only son of a wealthy merchant and his uncle.

Walter was sixteen, and quite well advanced in studies for his age. He had been four years at the Meadville High School and was to graduate on the Friday spoken of. This had filled his brain with ideas, but now this trip was occupying all of his attention, and he even couldn't think of the most important part (his graduating day.)

"Well, Walter," said Uncle Dick, "it would be a very pleasant trip, no doubt, but at the same time there is lots of danger in it. But then, three boys of your age ought to be able to take care of yourselves. Well, as far as I am concerned I am willing, but you must write home to your father and get his consent first; tell him that I think it will be a good rest for you; now I wish you to go down after the mail. I expect a letter from your father, perhaps he will have some place for you to spend your vacation."

"Oh goodness, I hope not," said Walter to himself as he started on his errand, "I think that father will let me, I don't see why he won't. He was in the act of expressing his thoughts in words when a

welcome voice from across the road called out "Walt." "Is that you Harry?" said Walter, "Uncle Dick says he is willing if father will be. I am going after the mail now and this evening I am going to write to him. Well, I must start on so as to get back by supper time."

At the post office Walter found some letters. Among them were two from his father, one for himself and one for his uncle. Walter opened his, and was reading it when he suddenly clapped his hands and could hardly suppress a cry of joy, for there written, was this: "Now my dear son, school will soon be over and then a vacation of which I suppose you are looking forward to. You doubtless have made up your mind where you shall spend it, if not, I think you might profitably spend it camping out somewhere." "Eureka," said Walter, "that means the Adirondacks; now for home. I hope this letter of Uncle Dick's will not kick it all over. I see it's post-marked a day later." On his way home he stopped at the door of his cousin's to tell the good news. When he reached home, Aunt Sarah had supper ready and he handed his uncle his letters and awaited with abated breath the result. It was the same as his, only more to it. He instructed him to do everything to make the coming vacation a very pleasant one and also to provide anything to make it comfortable. Supper was soon cleared away and Walter and his uncle retired to the library, where they seated themselves and began looking up the route which they were to take. Thus, an hour was passed, and after marking out a map of it, Walter sat down and wrote a long letter to his father telling him all his plans. This required no little time and thought, but was

finally accomplished at a late hour. He retired for the night and was up bright and early next morning, for he had not finished his salutatory address for Friday.

The days sped very quickly to a boy whose mind was so occupied as his was. Thursday morning he arose early, ate a hearty breakfast and started for the post-office, where he found a letter from his father, giving him permission to go wherever he wished, only, not to get into any danger. He also enclosed money enough for the trip saying, "If anything happens that your money runs out, draw on Colwood and Mortimer, 763 Blank St., Chicago, Ill.

He returned the letter to the envelope and placing the money safely in his pocket started for school. Nothing of consequence happened until Friday, of which day he graduated with honors. Saturday dawned with promises of a beautiful summer day, everything had been arranged and at nine o'clock the three boys were awaiting the arrival of the stage for Glenville where they were to take the cars for Hayward. Their uncle accompanied them as far as Glenville where they purchased all necessary articles among which were three Winchester repeating rifles, the same number of 32 calibre Colt revolvers, three hunting-knives, a very large double extra fly-tent and all the cooking utensils needed. At three o'clock they were awaiting the arrival of the train and it was time for the stage to return to Meadville.

With many cautions and wishing them good luck he bade them good-bye. The train was on time and soon they were speeding away as comfortably as could be. They occupied a double seat on the west side of the car where they could see the beautiful scenery which on either side abounded, but particularly on the west. Thus the afternoon was passed and just as the train was approaching a bridge, a broken rail (as afterwards ascertained) precipitated the entire train over an embankment of twenty feet. What had given promise of a pleasant journey had now turned out to be a most disastrous one.

(To be continued.)

Why is it that young ladies are so changeable to their sweetheart?—

They are always wishing to *alter* (altar) them.

"OUR SPORTING COLUMN."

NOTES and Gossip of the Playground, original and otherwise. Items of news from Schools and Clubs should be addressed "Our Sporting Column," 2 Bradford Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

A yacht race around the British Isles, in honor of Queen Victoria's fifty year's reign, is to take place on the the 14th. of June. It is expected that from sixty to seventy yachts will compete, with the Mayflower and probably some others from America among them, and possibly also the Aline, belonging to the Prince of Wales, who has consented to act as starter. The prize will be \$5,000 and there will also be other prizes, while each yacht that sails over the entire course will receive a gold medal.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasure of bicycling is the "header." Squeamish wheelmen will be glad to learn that an attachment has been made, which, it is said will actually prevent these unpleasant surprises. With one on the fork of a machine, the rider may rush against a stone wall without danger of going over.

The two sons of the Prince of Wales have "written" a book, giving an account of their life as midshipman on board of a British man-o-war. It is for the most part written by their tutors, with here and there extracts from the royal sons' diaries.

A Punctuation Puzzle.

The following article forcibly illustrates the necessity of proper punctuation. It can be read in two ways, describing a very bad man, or a very good man, the result depending on the manner in which it is punctuated. It is well worth the study of all:

He is an old man and experienced man in vile and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no effort to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward.

THE PRIZE STORY.

The Prize was won by G. L. COPELAND of Ohio.

A Tale of the Frontier.

In the year 18—, when the Indian tribes were at war with the whites, there stood in a dense forest along the Big Horn River, two log cabins. These were inhabited by two hunters and trappers named Houston and Allen, who had emigrated to this region on account of the great quantity of game and also to remove farther from human habitation. Having been born and bred amid the forests of their native states, and being constantly encompassed by the wiles of the ruthless denizens of the forest in the shape of man and beast, they had acquired a perfect knowledge of all kinds of border warfare and Indian strategy. They had been in various conflicts with the savages, and could show many a scar to prove the truth of their assertions. Fatigued by the cares and dangers which daily attend a trapper's life, they resolved to pass the remainder of their days in peace. They constructed two log cabins and lived contented. Although surrounded by wild beasts and exposed to the attacks of the Indians, yet, so far, they had not been molested. They were not always alone for many winter nights when the storm howled without, the neighboring trappers would meet together at one of the cabins and sitting around a warm fire prepared for them, smoke their pipes and relate the daring adventures through which they had passed since they last met. At the close of a beautiful afternoon in the latter part of June, the two trappers were seated together on the summit of a cliff viewing the scenery beneath them. The sun was sinking behind the hills, leaving a tinge of gold in the western sky. Beneath them was the beautiful Big Horn, whose soft ripples reflected the last rays of the declining sun. On the opposite shore arose a high hill crowned with lofty trees, whose giant branches swayed to and fro in the evening breeze. To the right extended a lofty range of mountains with snow-capped summits; and here and there a pine could be seen upon the ridges. As the shades of night darkened, several wolves could be seen at the edge of the forest on their nightly rounds. Suddenly the attention of the trappers was attracted by seeing a solitary Indian approaching them.

Upon his nearer approach they discovered him to be a friendly savage who had lately met them, but what had brought him there at that time, they could not conjecture.

"I don't think he comes for any good," said Houston.

"Nor I; but we must be on the alert against his designs," answered Allen.

The Indian now appeared upon the cliff which put a stop to any further continuation of the subject.

Before proceeding further, we will take a glance at the savage as he will form an important character in our tale. He was about the average height, and about thirty years of age, with sharp features and piercing black eyes. His arms and breast were decorated with painted figures and ornaments, which was disfigured by streaks of crimson paint. A bunch of eagle's feathers were fastened in his hair, which was gathered tastefully at the top of the head. Leggings of deer skin and a light hunting shirt added much to the comeliness of his person. In his right hand he held a tomahawk, and the handle of a large pistol could be seen in his belt. He went under the name of Black Snake, and was the chief of a powerful band of Wachees. He professed a great friendship toward the whites, and from his intercourse with them he had learned a little of the English language.

"Well, redskin," said Houston, "What is it?"

"Me hungry—been on trail."

"Been on trail, eh; and did you kill any whites?"

"Black Snake no fight the pale-face!"

"Where did you get those scalps from, then?"

The Indian appeared disconcerted at this question, but instantly replied, "Enemy scalps—no pale-face."

"Oh, you have been in a fight with another tribe?"

"Ugh."

"Thought so. Indians are always fighting."

"But what does he mean by coming around here?" said Allen, speaking for the first time.

Lack of space prevents our publishing the whole of this interesting story in this issue, but it will be concluded in our June number, so boys now is the time to subscribe. Remember that the price is reduced from 50c to 25c a year.

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EDITORIAL.

This is the second number of THE BOYS GLOBE, a monthly devoted to the welfare of all boys.

Articles by some of the leading authors of the day.

We shall make it our endeavor to obtain all the latest news regarding sports of interest to boys.

During the coming year we will strive to make it doubly interesting and it will contain many new attractions. Any contributions regarding lawn-tennis, base-ball, lacross, cricket or any other sport, or short stories will be gratefully received and credited.

We should like to get wide-awake boy correspondents in all the large cities and villages to report all small items of interest to boys.

We have met with greater success than we anticipated when we started. We have had numerous encouragements from the parents of the many of our boy subscribers and we take this opportunity of thanking them.

A Bear Story.

"So, my dear children, you want to hear a bear story," said our grandfather, one evening, after we had all eaten supper, and were seated around the broad, open fireplace.

"Yes, grandfather, we want you to tell us about killing a bear," we all shouted in unison.

Now this was our usual formula, upon winter nights like this; and of all the stories told us by different people, our mother included, we liked to hear grandfather tell us a bear story best. Never mind if it was told the hundredth time, it never lost savor when told by him; then judge of our delight, if you can, when after deliberately filling his pipe this night, he began one we had never heard before.

"Many years ago, when your-grandmother was a young maiden, and this farm was little more than a clearing, I started with a neighbor of ours for one of the logging camps about Moosehead Lake. The cold season was pretty well advanced, the snow, some three or four feet deep on the level, had crusted over, so that travel through the woods was very good."

"I hinted to the young man, whose name was William Price, that we might have use for our rifles. You see we were bound for the chopping districts, which we calculated to reach by sundown, as they were only about twenty miles distant. He demurred at first against taking his, but when he saw me all ready to start with ax and rifle, he got it and it was a good idea too, as I will tell you further on.

"Besides our arms we carried matches and a little bread and tea as it was quite likely that something might delay our reaching the camp that night. We started off in high spirits, several neighbors accompanying us a short distance, as it was a sort of a voyage we were to make, extending far into the spring before our return, and no knowing how we would come out then.

"When the sun rose over the forest top in the east, we stood upon a knoll overlooking a few log cabins—where our village now is. The snow, spread out evenly as a floor, glittered in the frosty morning air like dewdrops on the rose.

"It was a scene, with the forests and snow-capped mountains in the distance

that I shall always remember among the many beautiful ones of those days, before the hand of civilization had improved the land, and sent the dense forest out of existence."

"After a last leave-taking all around, they wished us a good trip and left us—they to go back to the clearings, while we plunged deeper and deeper into the wilds beyond."

"We were now tramping along in the trail that led due north to the logging camps. Our path led us through the old primeval forests that had not yet heard the sound of the woodchopper's ax. Gigantic oaks, tall spruces and rearing pine, were waiting to be built into proud ships and plough their way over every quarter of the globe."

"About noon, we halted and had a little tea, and a bite of hard bread. This refreshed us, so that we started out with renewed spirits, quite confident of reaching camp before sundown."

"Our trail now led us through the roughest part of our journey, right across a cedar swamp, where the growth was so thick that we had to crawl along on our hands and knees for a good part of the time."

Price was ahead; he was a skillful hunter and a crack shot, I well knew that his natural sagacity would be more efficient in case of danger than my inexperience."

Suddenly, as we were crawling along in this manner, and had nearly reached the open forest beyond, Price stopped and uttered a low exclamation.

"What's up?" said I in a couple of seconds, as he stirred not a muscle."

"There's something out there in the opening. I think it's a bear. See that your priming is all right—then we will prepare to scrape acquaintance with him, or what else it may be."

"When we came out to the opening, we found it was a bear, and a large one, too, behaving in a very unusual manner, as it ran hither and thither."

"An old she-bear that's lost her cubs," said Price, coolly. "Now we are in for it."

"As he said this, the bear turned full around and glared out of his little fiery eyes in a manner ferocious enough."

"Fire and git for a tree!" said Price."

"Taking aim as steadily as I could, I fired at the white spot over her fore leg; but Price was ahead of me."

"When the smoke curled up a little there was the bear, just preparing to follow us in good style. We had both missed, or else wounded her, was our mental decision. Then I remembered Price's words, and ran for a tree, just as a pair of cowhides disappeared in the foliage of a small fir near by. You may well believe that I was not slow to follow his example, for whatever opinion one may have formed from casual glimpses of retreating Bruin from the presence of man, an old she bear, half distracted at the loss of her young, and wounded in the bargain, isn't a laughing matter."

"It was not long before I found that my tree was a very weak and shaky affair; the roots were nearly torn up by the burrowing of wild beasts and I began to fear that if she turned her attention toward me I should be dislodged. The bear was now alternating between Price and myself, all the while growling and gnashing her teeth in a manner that told plainly our fate if we fell into her clutches."

"Once or twice Price fired, but the thick foliage prevented his hitting a vital spot. Then, as if divining my critical condition, she commenced rooting at my tree. I could not see her, for I had all I could do to hold on but I knew she would dislodge me shortly. I had just time to tell Price of my predicament when, with a lurch, over I came; but I first let my rifle drop, so when I emerged from the thick branches unhurt, Bruin was engaged in biting and twisting the barrel into all manner of shapes."

"I was in for it now and no flinching; either the bear had got to fall under the weight of my ax, or I should be bear's meat that night. My nerves were like iron, as I advanced to the conflict, and the bear must have read in my eye, that never left hers, sure fight to the bitter end, for she let the barrel of my rifle drop to the ground, and stood on all fours, as if deliberating whether to attack or retreat. Then with a growl that echoed and re-echoed through the forest, she advanced to meet me. How her little fiendish eyes rolled and sparkled, and seemed to smoke with the passion within! The skin was drawn back round her mouth, exposing the row, and double row, of white, pointed teeth. Nearer she came: I felt her hot breath on my face: then came a pause."

"Now was my time: raising the ax on high, I brought it down with all my force

upon her skull, and had the satisfaction of seeing her roll over, as if dead. Price then came up, and settled that matter by a bullet through her heart.

"Well you may believe I was glad to get out of it so well. It was the first time I ever came in close quarters with a bear, and the last time, too, for they are naturally shy, and will rarely make war on man.

"We found the sun fast disappearing over Katahdin when we came to the trail again, so we decided to bivouac where we were; this we did, and soon had a juicy steak smoking on the embers. The next day we reached camp, and told our story, with huge pieces of slain bear to attest the truth. I arose a peg in their estimation, thenceforth, from having killed a bear in a hand-to-hand fight."

MERRY THOUGHTS.

"There is a coolness between us now," said a youth to his sweetheart, as he tried to haul her out from under the ice.

"I find the best way to increase my circulation," said the country editor, "is to take a hot bath and rub well with a rough towel."

A near-sighted man in an omnibus, seeing a woman holding a pug dog in her lap, asked her if she had left her other children at home.

The longest word in the dictionary is "disproportionableness." By punching a hole in every other letter it ought to make an excellent comb.

"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub." "Can't do it; all the hoops are off; it's full of suds; besides, I never had one—I washes in a barrel."

"No," said the grocer, "Brown's trade doesn't amount to much. A pretty large family; but then, you know, they don't keep a servant."

Pat: "and who is it lives there in the high house?" Mike: "Why, that old gentleman I was tellin' ye of that died so sudden last winter of a fever."

In the correspondent's column of Elderkin's paper of a week or two ago, John advises a young girl of twelve to "stay at home and go to school." Ahem!

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It would be well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

"Why, what is the matter, Fraser?" "Caught a cold, that's all." "Yes, I saw you after one last night, with your coat off. I thought you'd catch it."

Young farmer: "Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton: "Oh, really, Mr. Pawker, if you mean that as a declaration you must speak to mamma."

Head of the establishment: "David, you are a fool." David: "Well, sir, I can't help it. When you engaged me, you told me to imitate you, and I've done the best I could."

PHILATELIC DEPARTMENT.

All information for this department should be addressed to W. F. Jillson, 2 Bradford St., Pittsfield, Mass.

The Introduction of Stamps into the Different Countries.

FRANCE.

When the legislation of August, 1848, directed the introduction of postage stamps into France, the first endeavor of the postal administration was to make a contract with England for their manufacture but the terms were thought to be too high.

A contract was then made with M. Houlot of the Paris mint. M. Houlot became director of the manufacture of postage stamps and under the early contracts was allowed, in lieu of salary, one franc (10 d.) on each thousand stamps for the first two hundred millions, 9 d. per thousand for the next two hundred millions, and 8 d. per thousand for all above. In 1869 these terms were reduced to 6 d. per thousand upon the first five hundred thousand millions and 5 d. for all above.

The cost of the manufacture was slightly below that of the stamps of the United Kingdom, each million being estimated to cost about £25 10 s., of which sum, paper, printing and gumming absorbed somewhat more than £20.

During the war of 1870, a contract was entered into between the provisional government, M. Delebeque and others for the manufacture of postage stamps at Bordeaux and the contractor bound himself to deliver, after a day determined, 4000 sheets of stamps daily, each containing 300 stamps at the price of 3 d. for each sheet. The stamps were to be of 8 d., 4 d., 3 d., 2 d., 1 d., 1-2 d., and of two, three and four centimes respectively, in such proportions as the post-office should direct.

The plate which was first sent to the press was made with a matrix drawn with a pen; afterwards lithographic processes were employed.

The post-offices suspended the contract by notice in March, 1871 but was immediately obliged by the communal insurrection to license its continuance and the manufacture was resumed at Bordeaux until June.

Of the whole, 125,387,075 postage stamps were produced at Bordeaux.

GERMANY.

The first postage stamps used in Germany were issued in the kingdom of Bavaria in 1849.

(To be continued.)

HEAD WORK.

1. Reader, in thy fancy view,
Mid the scenes of strife and war,
Where the soldiers, brave and true
Calmly sleeping are;
'Tis my first.

Next in dim cathedral aisle,
Lit by early dawn's first ray,
Pause and listen for a while
Till thou hear'st my second say
Day hath burst.

Those who love poetic lore
Must have heard an author's name
Often o'er his works must pore,
Not unknown to fame;
He's my whole.

2. My first's a useful article
Of everyday attire,
Whose modern styles and fancies
One cannot quite admire.

My next's a common color
In nature and in art;
My whole an evil passion
In many a human heart.

By mitred heads my first's esteemed
When it is made my second;
It then becomes a prize indeed,
Worth competition reckoned.

3. When would iron do to make sausages of?—

When it is *pig-iron*.

4. Who is a coach going down a steep hill like St. George?—

It is always *dravan* with a *drag-on*.

5. Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen?—

By so doing he rings his own Nell (knell.)

6. Why is one who fails in kissing a lady like a shipwrecked fisherman?—

He has lost his smack.

7. When do butchers rob themselves?
When they steal (steel) their own knives.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZL S.

1. Cat-a-comb.
2. In-fir-mary.
3. Wall-flower.
4. Snow-ball.

EXCHANGES.

The subscribers of the GLOBE are entitled to the free use of this department, to others two cents per line.

L. R. Addison, Burbank Hotel, Pittsfield Mass., violin and bow, hunting-knife and case, two volumes of Youths Companion, three books, two games and a collection of rare birds eggs for a pair of opera glasses.

C. A. Burbank, 24 No. Second St., Pittsfield. Mass., a printing-press, size chase 8 1-2 by 12 1-2 for a good revolver or gun.

J. Edw. Derrick, 462 Second Ave., Lansingburgh, N. Y., Vols. V, VI, VII Golden Days complete, and vols. LVII and LVIII Youth's Companion for a 6 by 9 or 7 by 7 tent.

W. F. Jillson, 2 Bradford St., Pittsfield, Mass., an international stamp album for the best offer of U. S. stamps. Write for offers.

R. F. Maynard, 24 No. Second St., Pittsfield, Mass., a steam yacht, 18 feet long and a Smith & Wesson revolver for a bicycle.

Driving a Bargain.

There was once a farmer on Long Island who was about as mean as mean could be. He was rich—for mean people always get rich—and he scrupled at nothing that would add a dollar to his pile. Not far from him lived a shiftless sort of a negro, who loved to steal better than he loved to work; and the farmer said to him:

"Clem, I will give you fifty cents per bushel for all the potatoes you will bring me—and I don't care where you get them."

Clem jumped at the chance and asked him where he could get them.

"I don't care where. Of course you will steal 'em. But that's none of my durned business."

The bargain was struck, and every night for a week Clem would drive to the farmer's house with a load of potatoes, carry them into the cellar and receive his pay for them. At length the farmer asked him where he got them. "Stole 'em boss," replied the darkey.

"Where did you steal 'em, Clem?"

"Oh, up in your side lot!" replied the negro while a grin took entire possession of his face.

He got away in time to save his sable back, but that farmer hasn't bargained with him since to steal anything.

We should like to exchange with other amateur papers.

(Continued)

PERCY'S "LOST DAY."

BY THOMAS CORRY BATES.

In the menagerie tent, through which she thought she would pass to get out, an accident happened to Janet. Several rough men were coming along in a row, and she had to turn out suddenly to avoid being jostled by them. As she did so, her ankle turned, and poor little Janet fell on the damp ground in a dead faint.

They were used to such things there, however, and some kind men lifted and bore her outside the tent, where a woman took charge of her, and they called a doctor to fix her ankle which seemed to have suffered from a severe sprain. It pained her so terribly that she kept going from one fainting fit into another, and when the doctor came he gave her some morphine, and she was taken to the hotel, where she lay unconscious for a long time.

In the meanwhile, Percy continued to enjoy the show vastly, till the program was nearly concluded. He missed having Janet to talk to, for he was too well-bred a little boy to talk to the strangers about him, none of whom, indeed, gave him any encouragement to do so; but he was quite happy until the races began and he observed that they were the last thing on the program.

"Janet's had time to see lots of things, I'm sure," said he to himself, beginning to feel lonely and forlorn enough. "I wonder why she doesn't come."

The gayly dressed ladies on their beautiful horses dashed by him, but Percy could not enjoy them. Even the race between a horse and a Zulu failed to interest him. Oh, for Janet! How lonely it was without Janet! The little lame boy began to cry softly.

The races ended at last, and the vast course of people made a rush for the doors, but Percy, true to his promise, sat still, waiting for Janet, all the while crying and sobbing as if his heart would break.

Suddenly he was aware of a kind face bending over him, and a pleasant voice said, "what's the matter, my little man?"

The kind, dark eyes and expression of honest sympathy on the face of the stout, genial young gentleman who bent above him, enlisted Percy's confidence at once, and he poured forth his whole story.

"We'll go into the side-tent and see if she is there," said the gentleman, lifting the little lame boy and his crutch and making his way by a private exit, out of the reach of the crowd. "There! look around," as he set him down inside the "annex," and gazed at everybody himself, in search of "an awful nice girl with pink roses on her hat," as Percy had described his sister.

"No," said Percy, sorrowfully, "she isn't anywhere to be seen."

"Here," said the gentleman, going up to the Albinos, the Zulu girl, the bearded lady and the fat woman, who sat in a ring a few steps from them, "How is this, Miss French? Have you seen a nice girl lately with pink roses on her hat? This young gentleman has lost his sister."

"Too bad," said the Albinos sympathetically and they put their hands in their pockets and drew out some candy for Percy, while the fat woman asked him to sit in her lap.

"Oh," he said, looking up into the kind face "I know about you. Your name is Mrs. Treat. I read about you in Toby Tyler—and will you please tell me where Ella is?"

They all laughed, while the fat lady explained that she was not married at all and that Mrs. Treat was to be seen only in the particular show of which Toby Tyler himself alone could probably tell the name and location.

"We might step around into the menagerie tent," said the kind gentleman. So they looked there, too. The people had not half dispersed yet, but Percy's kind friend, who seemed to know all the keepers and have a right to do anything that he chose, conducted him behind the ropes and let him see everything that he cared to see, which wasn't very much, for he was dreadfully worried lest Janet should have gone home without him. Even a quill which the gentleman plucked from the tail of the porcupine for him, could not make him feel much better.

They had gone quite around the menagerie without finding any traces of Janet, when the gentleman said that he would drive down to the hotel and make some inquiries.

"Where do you live, little man?" he asked.

"In C.," replied Percy, dolefully.

"But that's a thousand miles away," said the gentleman, laughing.

"Oh, we're stopping at 'The Lilacs,'" said Percy, realizing that that was where he wanted to go just now. But he could not tell in what town "The Lilacs" was, nor in what direction to go to get there.

At the hotel the gentleman made a number of inquiries, but no one knew anything about "Percy Williamson" nor his family, nor "The Lilacs." "Pink roses? Pink roses?" said the hotel clerk, when he heard about Janet's hat.

"Didn't the hat of that girl that had a sprained ankle, have pink roses on it?"

"I believe it did" said a man near him—so they let Percy in to see "the girl with a sprained ankle," who was, indeed, his own beloved Janet. She was still sleeping, but her address was in her portmonnaie, and the kind gentleman sent a despatch at once to her mother and good Farmer Hillman, whose house was called "The Lilacs," and who was one of the kindest and most hospitable hosts that ever lived, came down on the next train, bringing a nurse for Janet and taking Percy home with him.

"I knew you'd do everything all right," said the little lame boy, shaking his kind friend's hand as he bade him good-bye in an enthusiasm of gratitude, "I wasn't afraid any more when you came!"

Janet was well in a few days and the kind gentleman—one of Mr. Barnum's agents it seemed—who had helped the children so efficiently on that dreadful "lost day" as Percy called it, came to be a fast friend of the family, and a few years later, Percy's father took him into partnership in his business, and he became a member of the family, also, but how, I will leave you to imagine.—Good Cheer.

THE END.

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SAY JIM

Do you know that old Chair and Shelf we had up in the wood shed? JIM—"Yes." ARTHUR—

"Well, I took 'em down on West Street to Miller & Co's Auction Store and got \$2 for 'em. If you want to help me finish chopping this wood I'll take you to Barnum's Circus; the money's mine."—We buy and sell all kinds of second hand stoves Furniture and all kinds of Household Goods.

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Written for THE BOYS GLOBE.)

GRIM CAULKINS.

BY GUY REANO.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

Nearly every country village has its curiosities. Our town was an old one and no exception to the general rule. We had curiosities, lots of them and the principal one was a very old and a very eccentric inhabitant named Grim Caulkins. This person was an object of interest, if not of fear to us boys, and though his actions as far as we knew were perfectly harmless, we stood in dread of him. In appearance Caulkins was old, gray-haired and bent with age. He always carried a large knotted cane, that even the dogs of the village were afraid of, for he used it frequently upon the backs of the village animals, and not seldom on the backs of the village youngsters.

Grim Caulkins lived next door to me but I had always regretted the fact, for I was in constant dread of his approach. He was never friendly; if he spoke to me, it was in a voice that made me shiver, so I shunned his company as did almost everyone else. He had come to Bainsville about two years ago, and since then he had lived in seclusion, seldom leaving town, and never receiving visitors.

One day, while I was returning home from school, I met Fred Sands, a particular friend of mine. Fred's face was pale and his hand trembled as he handed me a folded sheet of paper.

"It's a note, read it," he said.

I opened the paper and read aloud the following words:

MY DEAR BOYS:—

Will you please call around to my house this evening. I have a secret which I wish to make public through the assistance of you two boys.

Yours, etc.,

GRIM CAULKINS.

To Fred Sands and Jack Moore.

I looked at Fred and he looked at me.

"Well," said I, "What does that old crank want of us?"

"Give it up. I got it out of the Post Office, addressed to you and me. Mebbe he's a miser and is going to give us his untold wealth."

"I wouldn't wonder, but I, for one, won't go. I believe he wants to murder us. Let's tell the police."

"Come, Jack, don't be foolish, he may have something of importance to tell us. I'm going to see him, I believe he's harmless."

If Fred went, of course I would go, too, but it seemed queer, an invitation from such a source. So I told my friend that I would go with him, and with great expectations for the future, but with not a little doubt, we parted.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when Fred and I reached Grim Caulkin's house. We waited outside fifteen minutes before we could muster up enough courage to ring the old-fashioned doorbell, but we did it finally, and was immediately told to "come in." We opened the door, walked through a short hall, and entered a small apartment, thick with tobacco smoke.

"Well," said a voice in the corner.

The Boys Globe.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

The Subscription Price of *THE BOYS GLOBE* is 25 cents per year, payable in advance.

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All Business Communications for the *BOYS GLOBE* should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Rates of Advertising on page 2 of cover.

W. R. & R. A. BURBANK & CO., Pittsfield, Mass.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Publishers, send two copies of your paper to the editor and we will be pleased to reciprocate.

We hope subscribers will appreciate our good appearance this month. We have engaged several new writers, from whose pens new stories will begin each month.

In our last number, we neglected to review the papers received, but now do so for both this and last month.

Publishers please remember to send two copies if you care to exchange with us.

Nos. 3 and 4 of the *Aggasiz Companion* received it is the best paper of its kind published. It should have the support of every lover of Natural History.

The *Leisure Hour of Wash., D. C.* has been enlarged and forms an addition to our exchange list. See ad. on page 3 of cover.

The *Monitor* has enlarged and looks well in its new dress.

The *Young Investigator*, hailing from Troy, N. Y. is a neat paper with "spicy editorials." Send for a sample.

A new one for public favor is the *Juvenile Item*. No. 1 is before us and is a fair specimen.

The *Irving of Tarrytown, N. Y.* is a nicely gotten up paper with cover. No amateur should be without it.

Also received, publishers please accept thanks. The "*Young American*," the "*Comet*," "*Philatelic Herald*," "*Common Sense*," "*Philatelic Review*," "*Mohawk Standard*" and "*Philatelic Century*."

A maiden lady, alluding to her youthful accomplishments, said that at six months of age she went alone. A malicious individual present remarked: "Yes, and you have been going alone ever since."

HEAD WORK.

Original contributions solicited from all. Write plainly and on one side of sheet only.

Address "Puzzle Editor,"

43 North First St.,
Pittsfield Mass.

8. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. To place. 3. A flower. 4. A participle. 5. A city in Maryland. 6. A prize. 7. A girl's name. 8. A verb. 9. A vowel.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

9. My first is in duke, but not in earl,
My second is in coral, but not in pearl,
My third is in glance, but not in look,
My fourth in in joy, but not in rook,
My fifth is in soft, but not in hard,
My sixth is in house, but not in gard,
My seventh is in dance, but not in ball,
My whole is a hero, now known to us all.

CHARADE.

10. My first should always be my second to my whole.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

11. L A F N D.

LETTER REBUS.

12. G

D

X

ENIGMA.

13. I am composed of ten letters.
My 3, 5, 7, 1 is a bird.
My 10, 4, 8, 9 is to wander.
My 6, 2 is an adverb.
My whole is a well known motto.

14. I am composed of ten letters.

My 8, 9, 6, 7 is a particular part of duration.

My 6, 7, 8, 7, 2 pertains to rhythm.

My 4, 5, 7, 6, 7 is a radical verb.

My 10, 9, 8, 2, 3, 10 is an acid.

My 1, 2, 6 is a part of the body.

My whole is a common study.

15. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In cat, but not in kitten;
In glove, but not in mitten;
In mild, but not in strong;
In come, but not in gone;
In cheek, but not in chin;
In rum, but not in gin;
In ocean, but not in sea;
In wharf, but not in quay;
Whole is a trade,
On which taxes are laid.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

1. Campbell.
2. Lie-Eli.

A Tale of the Frontier.

THE PRIZE STORY.

The Prize was won by G. L. COPELAND of Ohio.

(CONTINUED.)

"I don't know about that, Allen," interposed Houston, "but it appears to me that they have good cause to come here."

"Why so?"

"Because it is their own land."

"That might be, but they are fighting or doing some mischief wherever they go."

"Well, it is their nature, and you must make some allowance for that."

Allen roared with laughter as he replied: "if you are going to turn Christian, Houston, you must first make way with those scalps in your cabin."

This put a stop to further continuation of the subject of the conversation. As it was now growing dark, Houston bade Allen good-night and proceeded homeward with the savage. The two cabins were situated about two miles apart on different banks of the river. While seated upon the cliff Allen unconsciously looked up the river, and as he did so, he was startled by seeing a canoe turning a bend in the river. It was a bark canoe and skimming over the water like an arrow, and as it neared to view he discovered that it contained six Indians. They were all armed with knives and tomahawks, and were in full war paint. None of them had any fire-arms as he could see. Thinking that there was danger brewing Allen hastily concealed himself and watched its progress. The prow of the canoe was now turned towards the land, and a few strokes of the paddle brought it to the shore. The savages then disembarked, and having drawn the canoe out of the water, and concealed it among the bushes that lined the bank, they proceeded with the utmost caution towards Allen's cabin. They soon arrived there, where they held a consultation, after which they divided and surrounded it. Presently a tall savage; knife in hand, approached the door and pushed it open. He then entered, followed by the rest. They appeared again shortly afterwards bringing all the valuables they could conveniently carry, in the shape of old knives, hatchets, axes and other trinkets. These they laid upon the ground, and returned for more. In this manner they ransacked the whole dwelling, so as not to leave a single thing untouched. All articles useless to them they destroyed in such a manner as to be unfit for further use. This done, they gathered around their leader who commenced haranguing them, gestulating wildly towards the cabin. At the close of his speech they sounded the war-whoop, brandishing their tomahawks in fiendish delight. Having given vent to this unnatural show of approval, they scattered into the forest and returned with bundles of brushwood. They heaped these up around the cabin until the piled-up masses reached the top. Two savages with fire-brands in their hands marched up and fired the pile. Their

act was hailed with yells of delight. The first sparks shot rapidly through the mass and the dry twigs crackled in the flames. Brighter and brighter grew the conflagration until all was in one roaring blaze. The logs tottered and swayed like reeds, and then with a simultaneous crash, the cabin fell to the ground.

During this time Allen had remained concealed from the savages behind a rock. He had watched with not the best of feelings of the disposal of the few articles which the hut contained. Hitherto he had been calm and collected, but when the savages proceeded to burn his cabin all the blood of his nature arose. To see his home destroyed was more than he could endure. There he had spent the happiest moments of his life and he resolved to strike a blow in its defence.

When the savages set fire to it he glided cautiously down the cliff into the woods below. He then crept noiselessly on in the direction of the cabin. As stealthily as a snake he made his way forward until he reached a spot where he could behold their movements without being observed. As he beheld the group of redskins gloating over their work his anger knew no bounds. His blood ran fiercely through his veins and his eyes shone with an unwonted light. Unconsciously he raised his rifle to his shoulder and taking aim at the nearest savage, fired. Without waiting to see the effect, and before the savages could recover from their surprise, he bounded off into the forest. With the agility of a startled deer he leaped the chasms, threaded the mazes of the brushwood, and again emerged upon level ground. Knowing that he was free from pursuit he looked about him for a place of refuge.

Above him was a ledge of rocks, whose frowning heights presented a place of safety. He soon reached them and scrambling up, he discovered a huge cave formed by large rocks, into which he crept. Presently he heard footsteps overhead and then he saw a savage gazing down, but he did not linger long and soon all was quiet again. The trapper gathered some dry sticks and in a few moments a bright fire was blazing, which threw a cheerful glare about the cave. He then laid down and in a few minutes fell asleep.

When Houston arrived at the cabin with his dusky friend he roasted a large piece of venison, which, when cooked, they both sat down and made a hearty meal of, as they were both hungry. After they had finished their repast they lit their pipes. An extra log was now thrown upon the fire which served to add to its brilliancy. Around this they seated themselves, each busily engaged with his own thoughts. Suddenly they were startled by a loud knocking at the door, which caused them to start to their feet. Unaccustomed as this was the trapper grasped his rifle fearing an attack from the Indians, as it was repeated the second time he cautiously opened the door but failed to see anything.

"Strange," he muttered as he took his seat by the fire; "It might have been a branch hitting against the door."

After replenishing the fire they laid down to rest—the Indian sleeping in a corner of the room, while the trapper occupied the bed. The trapper determined to lay awake and

watch, as he was not sure that all was right. But with the savage the case seemed to be different, for in a few minutes his loud and continuous snoring told that he was enjoying the sweets of repose.

Not long afterwards, happening to cast his eyes toward the window, what should he see but a savage looking in. He was unconscious of being seen, and soon disappeared. Houston arose, and grabbing his rifle, made his way out of the room. He reconnoitered the house, but failed to see anyone and was about to return, when several dark forms bounded out of the bushes near by, and before he could make any resistance he was felled to the earth, his weapons taken from him and his arms tightly bound. He was then conducted into the cabin, where the treacherous Black Snake, who was now entirely awake, greeted him with a revengeful smile, as he hissed in his ear. "Paleface kill Injun? Let him do it now." Houston turned upon the savage such a scornful glance that the coward turned away. His captors proved to be a band of roving Cachees, who had been plundering the neighboring settlements. They consisted of ten savages, of whom the treacherous Black Snake was the chief. A hurried consultation took place, and as the trapper was acquainted with the Indian dialect, he learned that six of the bravest would conduct him to Shawoo, while the remainder would stay behind and be joined by others, who were in the neighborhood.

All preparations being made, they started on their journey, with their captive.

The wind had now arisen and blew with great violence while the rain fell in torrents. Flash after flash of lightning succeeded each other in quick succession, while loud claps of thunder echoed and re-echoed from a distance. It was, indeed, a terrible night for the journey that was yet before them. For a long time the journey was continued, the progress being necessarily slow, on account of the darkness, but having come upon an old, uninhabited shelter, they encamped for the night. A fire was built, and in a short time, they were all asleep save the sentinel, who guarded the captive.

The trapper was awoke at daylight by a vigorous kick, and having eaten the small quantity of food offered him, he was again conducted onwards.

The day was unusually fine, for one following such a dreadful night. All traces of the late storm had disappeared.

By noon they reached Powder Creek, and after crossing by means of logs, which laid near the shore, they stopped for dinner. Accordingly five of the savages started out in pursuit of game, while the sixth remained to guard the captive.

While they were gone the trapper endeavored to make an attempt to escape. First of all to be done was to rid himself of the thongs that bound his hands. By hard exertion, unconscious to the savage, he was at last successful. It was the work of only a few moments to release the bonds that held his feet, and then he found himself free from the bonds that had been around his feet and hands since he had left the cabin. Watching his opportunity, when the savage's back was turned, he sprang

upon him and wrenching his tomahawk from his grasp, with one blow, ended his life. He then sprang upon the logs that they had come over on, and in a few minutes regained the opposite shore. Quickly regaining his feet, he made a desperate dash for his life.

A few moments later, a loud and continued yell proclaimed that he had been discovered by the savages. He quickened his pace to so great an extent, that it was soon shown that he was not a new hand at the business. On! on! he went with the fleetness of a deer, nor did he stop until the savages gave up the chase. But he stopped only long enough to get a refreshing drink from a brook, when he continued until nightfall.

In the morning he continued on his way, and at last came to within a few miles of his old home. Thinking he would find Allen at his cabin, he started for there, but was soon disappointed by finding his cabin in ashes and his friend nowhere to be seen. Fearing lest some of the savages were around in the neighborhood yet, he struck out through the woods, going nearly the same direction that Allen had pursued after firing the shot. After gaining the level ground again, he turned his course towards a large pile of rocks, which he soon reached. While standing at the foot of these revolving in his mind as to what course he should next take, he was startled by hearing a low laugh, and on looking up, he discovered his old friend Allen standing near. The meeting, as might be supposed, was a happy one; they rushed into each other's arms and manifested their delight by sundry hugs. After relating to each other their adventures, they proceeded to the nearest settlement, which they reached in two days. Here they lived for several years, when they joined a company of men to assist in driving the Indians from that part of the territory and after six months of chasing the brutal savages from one hiding place to another, the treacherous reds were forced to show fight, and the consequence was they were badly defeated and the tribe, weakened by the great loss sustained by the engagement, were glad to make peace with the whites on any terms. The two trappers, Houston and Allen, were uninjured and came out of the fight without a scratch. Feeling that they were perfectly safe, from the Indians, at least, they again returned to their old homes, and, by the assistance of other hunters and trappers, erected a large and comfortable log dwelling and lived in peace and prosperity the remaining years of their lives.

THE END.

The First Circus.

The first circus in the country started out of Putnam county, N. Y., in 1827 or 1828. It had 8 or 10 performers, as many horses, neither tents nor seats, and was advertised only by marching through the villages invested with a man ahead calling out the place of exhibition, etc. The program included feats of strength, leaping, etc., and riding without saddle, and the ring was pitched in yards wherever convenient. After a time an elephant was added, and from this grew the menagerie addition. In 1832 the first tent was used in New York city.

—THE—

CAMP IN THE ADIRONACKS

—OR—

The Secret of Colwood Cave.

CHAPTER II.

Fortunately the boys got into the last car at Glenville which was one that was being taken up the line for an excursion the next day.

The last car, in going down struck the end of the seventh and partly turned around which prevented its going farther.

Walter was shaken up a little and received a severe "crack" on the head by the falling of one of the lamps.

Charley had his ankle hurt by being caught between two seats and Harry was unconscious when found by Walter.

After fixing them comfortably he crawled through the broken door and was once more in open air.

By this time quite a crowd had assembled and were looking for those who were hurt and to one of these Walter asked for assistance.

The news of the disaster was telegraphed over the line and a train load of curious people were soon on the spot.

Harry in the meantime had regained consciousness and was carried into the car and made very comfortable.

Charley was able to sit up, and looked out on the wreck.

Walter not being much hurt, assisted in rescuing the unfortunate which he did, although a boy, much to his credit.

The wreck was soon cleared up and the train was once more in motion.

When they reached the next station, Walter sent a telegram to his Uncle and one also to his cousins father, stating that "an accident had occurred but they were all right."

For fear that they might worry, he omitted that Charles had a sprained leg.

The next thing was to find a suitable place to stay over night and to call a physician.

He proceeded down the street and just ahead he saw a sign in white letters, which loomed out in the twilight like a phantom.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

He went up the steps and opened the door.

On the left was a group of men evident-

ly interested in a game of cards, and by the loud talk and profane language, he knew there was trouble over money.

He passed on and, stepping into the office asked if he could be accommodated over night.

He was told that there was a room on the second floor but the bed was not large enough to hold three, but that they could put a cot-bed in.

He knew that he could not do any better so said he would take it.

He drew out his wallet which contained quite a sum in and payed for it, at the same time asking for a hack to bring his cousins back to the hotel.

A man standing near by came up and said he would bring them for fifty cents.

He started and soon returned with the two boys, who were taken up to the room and a physician called who said that the boys would be all right to start again the following day.

Walter agreed to sleep on the cot and lay down, but could not get to sleep.

The thoughts of what they had been through in the past few hours came up before him and, although he counted and tried to drive it from his memory, yet he could not get to sleep.

It was still and the tick of his watch could be distinctly heard.

Presently he heard a noise as if some one was coming up a pair of rickety stairs. He listened and heard it again.

Could it be that anything more was going to happen? No, he tried to drive such foolishness from his mind, but the more he thought of it the more certain it seemed.

Could it be that the man that carried the boys from the depot after seeing their money was coming to rob them?

Yes, such was the case for something was being inserted in the key-hole which presently clicked and then a silence of what seemed to be minutes.

The door-knob was gently turned and then by a quick move the door was opened without creaking.

A figure dressed in dark clothes came in and flashed a bright light in the faces of the boys.

(To be continued.)

Magistrate: "What sort of man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable: "Shure, your honor, he was a small insignificant crathur—about your own size, your honor?"

PHILATELIC DEPARTMENT.

All information for this department should be addressed to W. F. Jilison, 2 Bradford St., Pittsfield, Mass.

The Introduction of Stamps into Different Countries.

(GERMANY CONTINUED.)

It is quite inartistic character, though originating in a state so famous for its cultivation of the plastic arts. The earliest type shows with the name of the country only the postal tariff. None of the many subsequent varieties displays the royal effigy; even the embossed royal arms were not used until 1866.

Stamps made for the use of the army bear the figure sometimes of a Bavarian trooper, sometimes of an infantryman or artilleryman. The earliest Prussian stamp is of November, 1850, and bears the effigy—laureated—of King William in filigree, to which 1861, succeeded the Prussian eagle. The duchy of Anhalt and several petty principalities placed themselves under its wing by adopting almost from the outset the Prussian stamp. Three weeks after its first appearance in Prussia, Hanover (December, 1850) issued a stamp bearing the name of the kingdom with the royal arms. The first stamp having the royal effigy is an envelope of 1857. The effigy appears first upon adhesive stamps in 1859. The earliest Saxon type (1850) shows nearly the postal tariff, but the second, of the same year, bears the king's head. The first Baden stamp resembles that of Saxony. The head of the grand-duke appears upon an envelope of October 1858. From 1860 the adhesives bear the arms of the duchy. Within the Thurn and Taxis district stamps were first used in 1852, and they continued until 1866. The earliest stamps of Schleswig—Holstein is that of an insurrectional government patronized by Prussia and bears the national arms.

The insignia of Denmark took their place in 1852 and continued until 1864. In that year separate stamps appear for Schleswig and for Holstein, to be succeeded for a short time by a common one in 1865.

In January 1868 the postage stamps of Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Oldenburg, of the two Mecklenburgs, of Brunswick, of Schleswig-Holstein, and of the free cities of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck virtually disappeared and are replaced by the new stamp of the North German Confederation.

THE CAMPUS.

NOTES and Gossip of the Playground, original and otherwise. Items of news from Schools and Clubs should be addressed "The Campus," 2 Bradford St., Pittsfield, Mass.

You will notice that we have changed the name of this column to "The Campus" and as some may not know what the word means we here give the definition as it appears in the cyclopedia.

"In the days of ancient Rome, the word Campus signified a vacant space near the city, devoted to shows, combat, exercise and the like." Having learned these facts it will be easy for you to trace the connection between the title as used in the far-away days of the Roman world and its present application, in many instances, to the playground of the modern boarding school and college, and thus you will readily come to perceive its appropriateness as a heading for our BOYS GLOBE department of School Life and Sports.

We understand that Palmyra, N. Y. has two ball-clubs, and also two foot-ball teams. Names respectively the Palmyras and Unions for base-ball, and the Unions and Farnhams for football. They are to begin playing soon.

We want reports of lawn-tennis games, base ball, cricket, and in fact everything coming under this head.

We will be glad to publish challenges from amateur clubs. Send it in to this address.

Several reports have been received, but as they are late, and as we go to press earlier than usual, must be left over 'till next month.

EXCHANGES.

The subscribers of the GLOBE are entitled to the free use of this department, to others two cents per line.

A. H. Beers, 600 E. Pratt St., Baltimore Md., Birds Eggs with dates for a Scott's International Stamp Album with or without stamps.

John Hofmann, 108 McKibbin St., Brooklyn, N. Y., a Baltimore self inking printing press (chase 3 x 4) and outfit magic lantern with 11 slides, vol. 2 Shakespeare's Works bound, and a self-instructor for the banjo, for a 46 inch rubber-tired steel-spoked bicycle.

"Does hanging diminish the number of murders?" shrieks a contemporary opposed to capital punishment. It may not, but there is one thing certain—it diminishes the number of murderers.

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FOR THE GLOBE.

Treed by a Rhinoceros.

BY COL. J. W. JOHNSON, Jr.

ONE day while rummaging over old Captain Hughes' relics, I came across a rhinoceros horn nearly eighteen inches in length. The Captain was a hunter as well as a commander in the British army, and had fought through the Zulu war, and was now at home enjoying a peaceful rest. I knew there was a story of some kind connected with the horn, and so I said:

"Captain, I know there is some sort of a story about this horn, and I would be much obliged to you if you would tell me about it." The old captain lowered his paper, and looking at me with a quizzical smile, said:

"Yes, sonny, there is a story, and a mighty exciting one too about that piece of ivory, and as I haven't anything to do, I'll tell you about it. It was when I was stationed at a small town on the frontier of Cape Colony that the events of my story transpired. One bright and beautiful day I shouldered my rifle and rode away over the plain after a herd of antelope. The grass of the plain was very high and I had to keep a sharp lookout to prevent a surprise from either man or beast, for small bands of roving Zulus were often seen crossing the plain,

"After going about a mile and a half, I was startled by a wild snort from the rear, and I turned my head just in time to see a huge black rhinoceros or "borele" lumbering after me. The sight of this monster frightened my horse as well as myself, so I gave him free rein and set out at full speed over the plain with the "rhino" thundering at my horse's heels. The trees were about one hundred yards away and I knew that if I could reach one of them I would be safe. I turned in my saddle and gave the pursuer a furious volley from my rifle. This made him stop for a moment, but he took up the chase again. All at once my horse stepped into the burrow of an "aardvark" (i. e. "earth-wolf") and tumbled over, sending me over his head like a ball from a bat. He immediately rose up and galloped away, leaving me with the enraged rhino. I sprang lightly aside and gave my assailant a shot as he made a lunge at me, and then made for a tree. I soon climbed among the branches of a mimosa tree, just as the "borele" lumbered by. The brute stopped short, and looked up at me with his wicked little eyes and then commenced butting the tree like a battering ram. The tree was a large one and shook very little under the ponderous blows from the "borele," and so I felt secure in that respect. After butting the tree a dozen or more times he withdrew a short distance and

looked savagely at me with eyes full of anger. I was actually treed by the "borele" and how long I was to keep my awkward position was more than I could tell. One, two, three hours passed and yet the rhinoceros showed no signs of leaving; but paced backwards and forwards, keeping a sharp eye on me all the time. I was just about to give him a ball from my rifle, when I heard a loud "halloo" from over the plain. The "borele" pricked up his ears and stood as if listening attentively. I responded to the shout by giving the "borele" a volley from my repeater and a loud shout. The shot proved only to irritate him the more. The reports of my rifle was answered by a chorus of shots and yells, and the next moment a party of men from the fort dashed into the clearing, and a well-directed volley from their carbines laid my assailant dead. I then slid down from my perch in the tree amid the cheers of my comrades. They said that they had missed me and had come to hunt me up, and while on my track they had come across my saddle which had got loosened when my horse fell.

"We had some difficulty in getting the horn off the old fellow's nose, and as for my horse, I never saw him again, but I have always believed that he was captured by the Zulus.

"And now, sonny," added the old captain. "You have the story just as it happened."

For THE GLOBE.

After the Fourth.

BY GUY REANO.

TOMMY was an economical youngster. When he found that he had more than enough fire-works to dispose of on the 4th of July, 1887, he stowed them away to use a year later. That was all right. Economy is a good thing in one so young, but somehow Tommy Quickstep's father don't believe in it.

One night Tommy was sitting in his

room, reading "dime-novels" by the light of a consumptive tallow candle. His parents naturally supposed their son was fast asleep in bed, and Tommy was confident that he would not be discovered.

He was puffing vigorously at a cigarette, when the door opened and in walked Mr. Quickstep. Tommy's cigarette and novel were thrown hastily into a bureau drawer near him, while his father stood spell-bound in the doorway.

"I was just goin' to bed," said Tommy cheerfully.

Quickstep, Sr. opened his mouth to reply, when suddenly the room was lit up by an unearthly green light. For a moment there was silence: then—

Bang!

The drawer shot out from the bureau and fell in the middle of the floor.

Whiz!

A two horse power sky-rocket flew between Mr. Quickstep's legs and disappeared through the wall. Tommy retreated under the bed, and peered anxiously at his father.

"What's the matter, pop?"

"What the—ouch!—are these blanked blanked—Great Scott!"

Quickstep, Sr. was standing in one corner of the room, spasmodically trying to dodge the balls of six roman candles at once. Then the explosion ceased, and a column of fire was squirted high in the air and fell in burning showers upon Tommy's father.

Suddenly something seemed to break loose. Fire-crackers boomed, sky-rockets tore about the room, roman candles were sending balls of fire in every direction, and to crown it all, there came a terrific explosion. The windows rattled, the chairs fell, the house shook, and Mr. Quickstep sat down on a blazing young volcano that was emitting fiery sparks at a rate that would have put Vesuvius to shame.

After it was all over, Tommy crawled out, and extinguished the few remaining bits of fire.

"Big time," he said, looking around

for his father. "I forgot that them fireworks was in there."

"You condemned young anarchist," growled Mr. Quickstep, pulling some gun cotton out of his ear, "the next time I find you fooling with dynamite and infernal machines, I'm blessed if I don't kill you. Understand?"

PHILATELIC DEPT.

For THE GLOBE.

The Introduction of Stamps into Different Countries.

GERMANY. (Continued.)

FOR a while the postage envelopes of such of those states as had issued any continued to appear; but with the significant super-addition of the confederation stamp. That, in its turn, after a currency of four years, made room (15th December, 1871) for the imperial stamp of the new Germany. The Grand Duke of Baden presently adopted it. Only Bavaria and Wortemburg retain their special postage stamps and their separate administrations. Certain tariff stamps, however, for merely fiscal purposes continued to be used in Saxony, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Brunswick, Oldenburg, Hesse, Mecklenburg-Scheverin, Schaumburg, Lippe, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, and in the city of Bremen. This brief review of philatelic phenomena in Germany alone—the limits of this article make it impossible to give similar details for the rest of Europe—may suffice to show that the pretension of stamp-collecting to illustrate, in degree, the course and currents of political geography has its justification in part.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The earliest postage stamps of Austria-Hungary date from 1850, and display the imperial arms. It is only in 1858 that the emperor's head takes their place. In 1863 and 1864 the armorial eagle reappears, followed again and continuously as

regards adhesive stamps, by the imperial effigy. The stamped wrappers for newspapers and books bear sometimes the double-headed eagle. Stamped envelopes were first issued in 1861; they bear indifferently, the imperial effigy or armorial eagle. The imperial stamps are adopted in the principality of Lichtenstein. The special stamps for Hungary bear date from 1868. The postal card is of Australian origin, and was first issued in August 1869. Taking all kinds of postal cards together, the aggregate number of types (39) and of varieties (123) issued throughout the empire from 1850 to 1885 to 162.

RUSSIA.

In the Russian empire the province of Finland takes the initiative. As early as 1845 its lion within a crowned escutcheon appears upon a postal envelope. Its adhesive stamps (1856) date a few months earlier than the earliest formalized issue for the empire generally (1857). These Finnish stamps are of similar type to the envelopes, but they continue to bear the arms of the province only until 1860. The Russian stamps bear the imperial eagle and the imperial crown; but none of them bear the head of the Emperor.

Puzzle-Box.

CONDUCTED BY "HARLIE QUINN."

Original contributions solicited from all. Write plainly on one side of sheet only. Address "Puzzle Editor Boys' GLOBE," 42 N. 1st st., Pittsfield, Mass.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

No. 8.

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(continued on page 29.)

THE * BOYS' * GLOBE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Subscription price 25 cents a year. 15 cents for 6 months. 3 cents a copy.

Advertising: 5 cents a line, 12 lines to an inch.

Rejected MSS. will be returned at our expense. Remit by postal note, P. O. Money Order, or registered letter. We have an over abundance of stamps, and when sent, they will be returned at sender's expense.

We exchange with all. Address all communications, either business or otherwise to the publisher.

W. R. BURBANK,
42 N. First st., Pittsfield, Mass.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

A New Serial Next Month.

Next month we shall commence a charming new serial entitled

"An Eight Day's Race,"

BY

GUY REANO.

This young author is so well known that little need be said regarding the story. It is undoubtedly the best that he has ever written.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE shall, in a month or two, begin a series of illustrated biographical sketches of leading amateurs, and if any amateur will send his photo, we will return it after having the cut engraved.

We have missed a large number of our exchanges during this last month. They undoubtedly think that we have "gone up," but it is not so. We have got behind hand but hereafter we shall try and be punctual

We note a great improvement in the appearance and reading matter of *Our Quill*, of Albany, N. Y.

We should be happy to correspond with amateur editors and also ex. photos.

Will someone kindly furnish us with the constitutions and by-laws of the Eapa and Neapa.

The *Palladium*, Vol. II, No. 4, by F. C. Lindsley has been received. It is a model of neatness and compares favorably with any professional paper.

The *Youth*, like ourself, has combined three numbers in one. It contains some well written editorials and reviews.

Publishers finding this paragraph marked will understand that, unless we receive a copy of their paper before our next issue, we will not send them another copy. Each month we send some 300 papers to amateur papers and receive in return not more than half a dozen. Please remember this and if we do not hear from you we shall judge that you do not care to exchange.

Pittsfield has a new amateur in the *Youths' Review*. It is at present 4 pages but the editor informs us that he will enlarge soon. Address 8 Adams st.

And still another! Oct. 1st promises to bring another amateur before the amateur world. *Our American Youth*, by W. F. Jillson, 2 Bradford st., Pittsfield, Mass. promises to put all other amateur papers in the shade.

Mr. C. B. Clark in the *July Hatchet* states his views on the Irish or Chinese question brought up in *Our Completions*. He undoubtedly knows something about it.

Publishers send a copy of your paper to Box 45, New Lebanon Center, N. Y.

We should be pleased to receive Nos. 2 and 3 of the *Crescent*.

The *Dynamite* appears with a cover and six pages. A great improvement.

(continued from page 27.)

- No. 9. Don John.
- No. 10. Mankind.
- No. 11. (Fin-land) Finland.
- No. 12. (Go'er-dou, Ten.) Gordon, Tenn.
- No. 13. Now or never.
- No. 14. Arithmetic.
- No. 15. Commerce.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 1. WORD SQUARE.

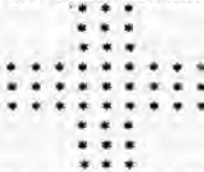
1. Illustrious. 2. A rambler. 3. To assert. 4. A female name. 5. To fear.
New York City. K. E. D.

No. 2. LOGOGRAPH.

In voice and in sound,
My head's to be found,
And my last may be seen in a door.
These both joined aright,
Will bring into sight

An insect you've heard of before.
Pittsfield, Mass. Harlie Quinn.

No. 3. A CROSS.



With bread and cheese I drink it; hot,
strong and sweet old ladies like it: about
this time of day; though as a liquor it is
not altogether of "rare attraction;" lone
in a "great metropolis of ships and emi-
grants;" but its "lowness of price" is
known to every "lad" and in almost ev-
ery "little house," especially when any
of its inmates are dispirited or "sick."
Danbury, Conn. Dan Berry.

SOLTERS' LIST. Puzzles for June were
correctly solved by Flora, Bingo, Dan Berry, D.
R. and A Boy. SPECIAL PRIZES. First com-
plete list, GLOBE one year. Best incomplete
list, GLOBE for six months.

FOR THE GLOBE.

Grim Caulkins.

BY GUY REANO.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

IN the Bainsville police station there
was a great deal of excitement and
commotion. Blue coated officers were
talking and gestulating and the superin-
tendent was hurrying up and down the
room, stopping now and then to give vent
to his over-burdened mind.

Bainsville was a quiet town, and its
policemen were more of an ornament
than an object of utility. But Bains-
ville had use for the guardians of the
peace now, and the unusual excitement
at the station was but the beginning of a
series of events that were to shake the
town to its very centre.

The superintendent finally calmed
down and, with the help of some of the
prominent citizens of Bainsville, began
to look the trouble squarely in the face.
And these troubles were numerous, too.
The town bank had been robbed, two of
the large business house had been brok-
en open and plundered, and a number of
smaller crimes had aroused Bainsville to
the highest pitch of excitement. And
the thief was such a mysterious one! No
trace of him had yet been found, and he
had so completely covered up his tracks,
that, until very recently, no one had an
idea as to who the culprit was.

But now the superintendent was alive
to his duties, and he became convinced
that he had discovered the thief. The
prominent citizens expected him to sus-
pect someone, and he, desirous of grati-
fying them, fastened his suspicion on
Grim Caulkins.

So he gave orders to have Mr. Caulk-
in's house watched, and an officer was at
once detailed to do the watching.

All this I learned afterwards, but at
the time I knew nothing of the suspicion
resting upon the character of my em-
ployer—for such he now was.

Early the next morning Fred and I
presented ourselves at Mr. Caulkin's
house. I donned the disguise and, after
the detective had departed, taking with
him him a large and heavy satchel, we
proceeded to carry out our employer's
wishes. I hung about the window for a
while, but was soon frightened away, for
every time I looked out, I encountered
the gaze of a policeman who remained a-
bout the house all day.

"What do you suppose that fellow is
doing out there?" I asked Fred, after see-
ing the officer walk past the gate for the
twentieth time.

"I give it up; but I guess he'll recog-
nize the house when he sees it again,"
replied my companion.

"I'm afraid to—By George! there goes
the door-bell!"

I looked blankly at Fred. Did Grim
Caulkins ever receive visitors? Walking
softly to the front window, we looked out.
On the stoop below stood two policemen,
and we listened breathlessly to a short
conversation.

"Yes," said one of them. "I've seen him several times, and I'm sure he hasn't left the house. You may be mistaken, superintendent, perhaps he isn't the man."

"Yes he is," said another impatiently. "I don't often make a mistake in regard to such matters. Where on earth does he stay?"

"Say, Fred," I whispered.

"Well," responded a mournful voice at my side.

"Let's cut!"

I began to remove Grim Caulkin's clothing, and in a few seconds was again Jack Moore.

We walked down stairs, opened the back door and—ran. We didn't stop until we reached home, where, sitting on the stoop, we talked over our adventure. Evidently something was wrong, but what? In the next morning's newspaper we noticed the following paraphrase:

ON THE TRACK OF THE ROBBER.—The Bainsville police have at length discovered the mysterious person who has been operating upon the bank and private residences in town. Mr. Murray suspected Mr. Grim Caulkins of Madison street and some time ago sent an officer to watch the house. Mr. Caulkins was in the house all day yesterday, and the police are willing to swear that he did not leave it, but a thorough search of the premises failed to discover him. Great excitement prevails over the mysterious disappearance.

I showed this to Fred.

"Grim was too many for the police," he remarked. "And if he gives me my ten dollars, I won't say anything."

For the GLOBE.

The Camp in the Adirondacks.

OR

The Secret of Collwood Cave.

BY "ERIC DANE."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ALL was asleep, at least to all appearances. He flashed the light around the room until it rested on a pile of clothes in a chair by Walter's bed. He easily went through them and drew out the money and then the watch. He evidently wished to know what time it was, and bent close to the watch and looked. He however was not the only one that was looking.

It was now Walter's turn, and he first looked to see what time it was and then threw a scrutinizing glance at the kneeling figure. He soon arose, opened the door and was gone.

Walter slipped quietly out of bed and hurriedly dressing himself, followed the fast disappearing figure. He crept softly down stairs and reached the bottom just as the man was going out of the front door.

He followed along the street as fast as possible and just ahead the man turned around and looked back to see if he was followed. He evidently thought he was not, and turned into a yard.

He opened the door and entered the house. Of course this was all our hero could see, but lively times were going on just beyond the walls which separated them.

Walter took particular notice of the house and all its surroundings so as to describe it when the time came. Our friend went back to the hotel and found that the boys were awake and were just going to call the proprietor and send someone to find him.

He went to bed, after telling the boys all about it, and tried to sleep, but he could not. He lay there thinking as to which course to pursue, when the idea came to him to leave it in the hands of a constable and go on to the mountains. It was now nearly daylight and Walter got up and prepared to carry out the scheme he had hit upon in the night. He went down stairs and asked to be shown to a constable. He soon returned with him and calling in the proprietor together with some other witnesses, he stated his case.

He described the man, at what hour it was, the kind of watch, the house, where the man entered, and in fact all the little particulars peculiar to the situation. The description of the man corresponded exactly with that of the one who lived in the house. He was positive that he was the one that carried them from the depot.

The constable issued a warrant for his arrest, and proceeded at once to serve it, but found to his surprise that "the bird had flown." He had taken his departure that very night.

He carried the news back to the boys, and after dismissing the party of witnesses, he discussed the matter as to what measures to pursue.

As the boys were now well enough to start again, it was thought best to only wait long enough to write his father to get more money. As a watch would be an essential thing, he determined to borrow, or rather hire one until he should get his back; for he was sure that he should.

All arrangements were made to start the following day and five o'clock found them up and all prepared for a new start.

* * * * *

We have heard the unpleasant things which have befallen our friends and we must now return to them and see how they appreciate "real fun."

After unloading the pack mules which they had hired at a station, the men were paid and dismissed. The tent was at once pitched and Harry set about getting supper.

Walter and Charley strolled off to get some game after things were all fixed comfortable. They had not been gone long when they returned with a couple of wild fowl. The boys ate a hearty supper, after which they retired, so as to be fresh the next day, for which date they had made great plans.

The tent is pitched at the foot of a steep hill, and was desirable from the fact it was well covered with driftwood, which had been washed there by the spring tides, and a cool spring near by made it doubly valuable. It also proved shelter from the rain and wind.

The next morning after breakfast, while the boys were cleaning up their rifles, the subject came up as to what each one wished would happen during the day. Walter wished that he could shoot a fine deer; Charley thought he would rather have a hand-to-hand combat with one in the water like his uncle Seth had done

on a previous camping tour, instead of shooting it.

Harry thought that adventure of the nature of finding some subterranean passage would be the most fun. He little thought how soon his wish was to come true.

(to be continued.)

OUR GRAND PRIZE OFFER!

READ!

IN preparing this list of prizes, we make one of the largest and best offers ever made by any paper, and we hope to obtain at least 2000 new subscribers.

Unlike some papers, we do not give one prize and thereby have one person win; but we offer a large number, so that those who have worked hard shall not go without anything.

Any enterprising boy can get one of these prizes, for the price of the paper is low—very low, only 25 cents a year, postage paid.

The following rules, however, must be complied with in every particular.

First. Everyone who competes for these prizes must be yearly subscribers to this paper, but subscriptions may be sent in with your list of new subscribers.

Secondly. Everyone must remit by money-order, registered letter or postal note, for under no consideration will stamps be taken, if sent, we will return them at sender's expense.

Thirdly. Write plainly the names and addresses of all new subscribers.

Lastly. Every list must be to hand no later than Jan. 1st.

Our first grand prize. A Baltimorean No. 1 self-inking printing-press (chase 2½x4) with roller, ink and three fonts of card type, with quads and spaces, all in nice type cases fifty blank cards and furniture all in a nice box. This is a complete amateur printing office, something we dare say every boy would like to own. We will send this to the boy or person

sending the largest list of new subscribers.

Second prize. A World Type-writer.

Third prize. A Flobert rifle with cartridge extractor and 100 bulletted caps.

Fourth prize. A Waterbury watch.

Fifth prize. An Eclipse photograph camera, with printing frame, chemicals, card mounts, jappaned trays, dry-plates, and everything needed to take a first class photo, 3½x4½.

Sixth prize. A fine jointed fishing rod with nickle trimmings, and a reel with lines, hooks, etc.

Seventh prize. A fine pair of steel all clamp ice skates.

Eighth to fifteenth. Each a fine knife with scissors attached.

Fifteenth to twenty-fifth. Each a fine duplex whistle, handsomely nickled.

Twenty-fifth to forty-ninth. Each a Little wonder Timekeeper with compass.

And the last the subscription price of this paper will be refunded.

Address all communications to

Will R. Burbank,
Pub. Boys' Globe,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Prizes will be sent to winners Jan. 5th and a list will be published in the next issue of this paper.

Exchanges.

A Scott's International Stamp Album, containing 500 stamps, and the rulers, flags and arms of every nation for complete volumes of the *Golden Argosy* or *Youths' Companion*, unbound and in good condition. Send for list of other articles. A. H. Beers, 600 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

A type-writer; self-inking printing press, chase 3x5; 2 volumes *Youths' Companion*; 3 books and a pair of roller skates, for a self-inking printing press, chase not less than 5x7. Model preferred. R. A. Burbank, 24 No. 2nd St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Wanted: Type for printing papers, send impression for list of goods to exchange. W. R. Burbank, 42 No. First St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Good exchange in books, papers, stamps, etc. for stamps or philatelic papers. *Golden Argosy* and *Golden Days* for type. Send for lists. W. F. Jillson, 2 Bradford St., Pittsfield, Mass.

The Campus.

Notes and gossip of the playground, original and otherwise. Items of news from schools and clubs should be addressed: "The Campus," care of BOYS' GLOBE.

THE North Grammar Base Ball Club of this town defeated the South Grammar Sept. 16 by a score of 21—12. The North Grammar always has had the reputation of being the best grammar school nine of this city and they will work hard to maintain this standard.

The Troy (N. Y.) High School nine played the Albany Academy nine June 18th and defeated them. Score: 24—19. This game gave the Troy nine the championship of the Inter-School Base Ball League.

There was a tennis tournament in this town not long since.

Unless the "Campus" receives more support we shall be obliged to discontinue it.

The Pittsfield Base Ball Club, after playing so well, have disbanded. One of the players is said to have taken the money. They won 66½ per cent of the games played. The Temperance Club are also doing good work. It is Pittsfield's only team at present.

The Irving print, Tarrytown, N. Y.

J. H. BUTLER,

—Wholesale and Retail Dealer in—

LUMBER.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, ETC.

At old Methodist Church, Fenn St.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

All Sent Free!!

UPON receipt of only 34 cents. in one cent stamps or postal note, we will send the Agents Journal, a large illustrated literary and family paper for three months, and to every subscriber, we will send free all the following:

- 250 Autograph album and Motto verses.
- 10 Pieces of Sheet Music, full size.
- 26 Needle work designs.
- 35 Outline patterns.
- 101 Comic Songs, all the popular ones.
- 100 Puzzles, Rebuses, Charades and Enigmas.
- 125 Valuable Money-making receipts.
- Game of Fox and Geese.
- Game of Nine Penny Morris.
- \$500 in Confederate money (fac simile.)
- The Mysterious Oracle and 75 other games.
- The Seventh Book of Moses, a great curiosity.
- Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, complete.
- A Modle Love Letter.
- 77 Tricks in Magic.
- Guide to innocent flirtation.
- The Magic Square.
- How to make Goldometer.
- The amusing Game of Fortune Telling.
- Language of Flowers and Precious Stones.
- The Lovers' Telegraph.
- 500 Prize Puzzles.
- Roman Cross Puzzle.
- Great Cross Puzzle.
- Chinese Clock Puzzle.
- The Magic Chrystle.
- Psychometrio Charming.
- The Seven Wonders of the World.

Address J. H. OGAN & SON,
Tipton, Ind.

If you ever have occasion to advertise in an amateur paper, or if you are an advertiser who is alive to his own interests, you can do no better than to place an "ad." in The Irving Magazine. It is unequalled as an advertising medium. Address R. B. Cramer, Tarrytown, N. Y.

RUBBER STAMPS!!

Best made, lowest prices. Name stamps, ink, pads, etc. complete only 25 cents, regular price, \$1.00. Name and address, 2 lines for 37c regular price \$1.40. Name, business and address, 3 lines for only 48c. regular price \$1.60. Nickle plated self-inking pencil stamp, 2 lines for 60c. Illustrated specimen book and confidential terms to agents for 5c. Circulars free.

AGENTS WANTED

Special reduced prices to publishers offering our stamps as premiums.

J. H. OGAN & SON,
Tipton, Ind.

THREE PREMIUMS.

KNIFE—CATAPULT—CHESTNUT BELL.

THE ELETRIC CHESTNUT BELL.



Young America is always eager for something new, and to meet the demand we have just brought out our 'little joker'. It is an exact imitation of the electric push bell. The base is

made of maple and the push button of black walnut, the whole being about 1½ inches in diameter, with a hook at the back, so that it may be slipped over the edge of the vest pocket. The Electric Bell is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Buy one and try it on your friends. Only 10c. 3 for 55c. Or we will give the Bell and the GLOBE one year for 25c.

CATAPULT OR POCKET GUN.



Just the thing for boys. Requires on powder, but is strong and effective. The loop, Strap, Pocket and Pulling tip are all modeled in one solid piece of the best rubber. Price 35 cents, 2 for 60c. One Catapult and the GLOBE a year for 50c.

UNIQUE SCISSORS KNIFE.

Here is an opportunity afforded for the first time to buy a splendid two bladed pocket knife with scissors attached for about half price. Its handles are of the finest new style celluloid, there are two fine steel blades, and a pair of excellent strong-hinged scissors. Price 60c., or with the GLOBE for a year, 75 cents.

Any of the above sent upon receipt of price. Address W. R. BURBANK,

42 N. First st., Pittsfield, Mass.

THE DUPLEX WHISTLE.



This is the most perfect and powerful whistle in the market. It is a happy combination of several improvements and for power, harmonious sound and elegant finish has never had an equal. There are two separate whistles manufactured in duplex form, from heavy brass and handsomely nickel plated. There is one month-piece to the two whistles, which are carefully tuned to produce a melodious duplex sound. The peculiar note of this whistle can be heard farther and distinguished better than that of any old style whistle. No boy should be without the Duplex whistle. It is attached to a heavy chain with a hook on the end, so that it can always be securely carried in the pocket or hanging from the button hole. To watchmen, sportsman, hunters, bicyclists, travelers, railroad men, and thousands of others, this splendid whistle is indispensable, and they formerly sold for one dollar. We will send one for 30 cents. By mail post paid. Or we will give the whistle and a year's subscription to the Boys' GLOBE for 45-cents. Address

Wm. R. BURBANK,
42 N. 1st St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Miller & Co.

—Dealers in—

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