HORE the Story Teller.

A VOYAGE WITH AN ENEMY.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

WHEN the castaway we had picked up first noticed me, he gazed earnestly at my face, and then an indistinct cry of intense joy escaped him. All were astonished, but none more than myself, for, though his face appeared oddly familiar to me, I could not remember of ever having seen him before.

At this point something occurred which drove the castaway out of our minds. A voice suddenly cried in accents of horror,—

"A leak, and four feet of water in the hold!"

A scene of wild confusion and disorder ensued, but Boxer soon restored discipline, and set the men to work. An effort to pump the water out, resulted in the discovery that the pumps were broken and out of order. As a very last resort, Amaren gave the men a lot of buckets to bail the vessel out! This silly idea was soon abandoned, for the water was coming in still more rapidly every moment. But our case was not utterly hopeless. Captain Amaren thought, and Boxer for certain reasons knew, we were somewhere near land.

I soon found out that Talva, and I were by no means regarded with favor by the sailors. In those times seamen were far more superstitious than at present, and I discovered that we were credited with bringing bad luck to the brig—I in particular.

My consternation was great when I found that some of them were debating on the propriety of throwing me overboard!

But, happily, something happened which took their attention from me. The second mate suddenly cried out.—

"What is that dark line yonder?"

We all looked in the direction indicated, and after a few minutes close scrutiny the joyous cry of LAND rang through the ship.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE LAND, AND FIND THE INHABITANTS VERY INTERESTING.

CAPTAIN Amaren suggested that, as the ship was not drifting in that direction, and our rudder was gone, we should have to lower the boats, which, luckily, had not been swept away. There were five—more than enough to contain all of us. I expected that Amaren would leave me in the ship, but he did not. It was evident his hatred for me had not ceased by any means, and his wish that I should accompany them was not from any kind intentions, but that he might have an opportunity to renew the duel.

Before leaving, we took the precaution to hurriedly cram into the boats all the provisions, firearms, knives, instruments, etc., there was time to get, so they were loaded down more by these things than ourselves. Amaren did not neglect, either, to find the two swords used in the combat, and there was a fierce gleam in his eye as he gave one of them to me, and bade me keep it.

The boat Amaren was in was the last to leave, and those in it were obliged to get away very quickly, for the Demon was going down more rapidly every minute. They had got scarcely two rods from the ship before there came a loud cry from one of them.

"What is it?"

"Look!"—he waved his arm in the direction of the brig.

The boats all stopped, and we gazed at the locality indicated. An exclamation burst from us. Standing afoot upon the deck in a rigid, majestic position, was Inaled!

In the excitement of getting off the castaway had been forgotten and overlooked, which was not strange, for no one had seen him since the scene that ensued directly after he came aboard.

"Shall we pull back after him?"

"No! no! Too late! Row off with all your might, or we shall be engulfed in the vortex of the sinking vessel."

Inaled heard all this, and that same look of malignant hatred
suddenly flashed into his face.

In obedience to Amaan's orders the men rowed from the ship with all their might.

Suddenly with a rushing, roaring noise the Avenging Demon began slowly to sink. Yet hailed still stood there as immovable as a marble statue, and perfectly indifferent to his fate.

When a moment had elapsed the brig was seen to disappear gradually beneath the waves—never again to rise.

Amidst a deathlike silence at first, the boats, keeping together, moved in the direction of land.

In the boat with Talvage and me were three sailors; two rowed for us, while the third steered with an oar. Amaan was shrewd enough to see the advantages of a captain's having the good will of his crew, and had never been tyrannical to them. He had studiously sought to make himself popular with his men, and had succeeded remarkably well. The consequences of his kindness now became evident: a deep hatred had sprung up among the sailors for Talvage and me.

The land we were making for was not three miles away; owing to the placidness of the water we reached it in about half an hour. The boats were rowed up into a little cove, which was conveniently near, and after we had landed were hauled up on the shore. Then their contents were taken out one by one, and deposited high and dry on the beach. After these operations had been satisfactorily performed we took a look around us.

The place was not barren by any means. Three rods from the shore could be seen a great variety of tropical vegetation—trees, bushes, vines, etc., loaded down with various fruits.

(To be continued.)

The Barker,

FRED. W. MITCHELL,
EDITOR PUBLISHER & PRINTER.

25 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING: 30 cents an inch first insertion; 20 cents, each succeeding one. Short advertisements will be inserted at 50 a line, each.

Address:
The Barker, Saco, Me.

July, 1875.

Editorial Notes.

We advise all our readers to try a voyage down to the Pool in that fine steamboat the Augusta. The Pool itself is well enough, but the trip down and back is worth far more to you than the trifling sum asked. Another prominent feature is the fishing off the vessel, much variety being noticeable in what is caught. An indefinite number of pollock, porpoises, dolphins, sharks, minnows, whales, etc., etc. Only seven persons, however, have yet hailed out sea-serpents.

The Maine Democrat has the credit of coin ing a new word, and thus increasing our vocabulary by one. In a certain number of that publication we find the following expression:

"He [Beecher] was alone, and seemed to enjoy his aloneness."

Though we are now much behindhand, there is a consolation in knowing that we are not getting any more so.

Observe the advertisement relating to back numbers of the Barker. Kann u supli themme?

[Written for The Barker.

THE MAD SKIPPER.

BY ALTAMONT.

The good ship Ocean Wave was bowling merrily along, every yard of canvas being set, bound for Sydney, Australia.

The captain had lain, stupidly, helplessly drunk in his state-room for three days, the command of the ship devolving upon the first mate, Charlie Leslie, a handsome young fellow of twenty-two.

Although so young, our hero was fully competent to hold this responsible position. He having followed the sea since the age of twelve.

It had been a stormy season, and many times had the men been aroused by the cry of "All hands ahoi!" and right glad were the tired watch to await themselves of the permission given them by our hero to turn in. Leaving the deck in charge of the second mate, Charlie descended to his state-room, and throwing himself down on his berth, despite the rolling and pitching of the vessel, was soon fast asleep.

* * *

We give the rest of the story in Charlie's own words, as he related it to the author.

* * *

How long I slept I cannot tell; but I was awakened by feeling something pressing heavily on my breast. Upon looking up I beheld a sight which I shall never forget to my dying day. Bending over me, with his knee firmly planted on my breast, and his hand clutching my throat was a man whom I recognized as the captain. His eyes were blood-
shot, and his long hair streamed wildly around his shoulders. I saw in an instant that he had become crazed by the rum he had drank, and that I was in deadly peril.

Summoning all my strength, I made a desperate endeavor to throw him off, but in vain. In vain I tried to cry out; his bony fingers tightened on my throat, and it became difficult for me to breathe. He was strangling me!

I was about to give up in despair, when another whim seemed to seize the maniac. Releasing my throat, he bound me hand and foot with strong cords. Then taking me in his arms as if I had been a child, he carried me through an opening into the hold of the vessel. Depositing my helpless form on a bale of merchandise, he departed by the same way in which he had come, leaving me in the dark.

I then saw what was apparently his object: he had left me to starve! Bound as I was, there was no hope for me to escape, for no sound could reach the ears of the crew from the dark depths of the hold, and I was doomed to a horrible death—that of slow starvation!

In the few moments that I lay there, all the deeds of my life seemed to pass before my sight as a panorama. I thought of the search which would be made when it was discovered that I was missing. How the inevitable conclusion, "fell overboard," would be entered in the log book, and in a short time the occurrence would be forgotten.

While I was indulging in these gloomy reflections I saw a light approaching, and in a moment the mad skipper stood before me.

"Ha!" he hissed, "villain, you would usurp my command! We will go down, down to the bottom of the sea, and you shall feel the terrors of hell! My subjects are waiting for us! I am Beelzebub!" and he chuckled in demoniac glee.

He then produced an anger, and in an instant I saw what was his devilish purpose—he was about to scuttle the ship!

As he withdrew the tool from the hole he had made in the planking of the vessel, the water gushed up into the hold. He was about to repeat the operation. When, with a desperate effort, I burst the cords which bound me, and springing to my feet I dealt him a tremendous blow with my clenched flat, which felled him like an ox.

Hurriedly stuffing some rags into the hole made by the anger, I hastened on deck, and related my story. The captain’s inanimate form was placed in his state room, and the door securely locked.

That night, as I was pacing the deck, my attention was suddenly arrested by a blood curdling yell, and I saw the maniac standing erect in the maintop. I sprang to the shrouds, and ran swiftly upward; but before I could reach him the captain sprang from the mast, and sank beneath the surface of the water.

The ship was brought to, and boats gotten out; but it was useless. He had sunk like a stone, and we never saw him again.

In our next look out for a very amusing story by "Quack," entitled "A Schoolday Prank.

EVERYBODY
SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
"LARK," ONLY 10 CENTS A YEAR.
EVERY ONE SUBSCRIBING GETS "MY LAST VISIT," FREE.
ADDRESS:
Wm. A. Jones,
Wabash, Ind.
Book Review.


A short, but very funny, story told in a peculiarly pleasant style. The preface is one of the most brief and sensible ones we ever read.


This is decidedly one of the best amateur productions we have yet come across, though it contains some points upon which we are not inclined to agree with W. The author looks at his subject in four different lights. Some excellent advice is given under the head of "The Model Amateur Paper," and some which we think might have been left out, or softened down. The typographical appearance is far above the average of amateur books. It is printed in blue on heavy, tinted paper, each page having a neat border. The book has a very artistic appearance.

Look here!

30,000,000,000 Boys and Girls

Wanted to subscribe for The Go-Ahead, a new and interesting amateur paper, check full of Stories, Poems, Puzzles etc. by the best authors; only ten cents for six months. Send stamp for specimen copy, none otherwise; address, THE GO-AHEAD, 14 SMITH ST., PORTLAND, ME.

We lately received a 3-line advertisement about some cards, which we are unable to insert, as it seems how got mislaid. If the person who sent it will forward a duplicate, he will get additional space as a rightful compensation for our delay. We cannot remember the name, but we hope he will see this notice.—Ed.

SEND FOR A COPY OF
A Costly Mistake
ONLY 8 CENTS—address this office.

ANOTHER OFFER.

Anyone sending us either January, February, or March, 1875, of the Barker, or the June number of the Will o' the Wisp,—will be entitled to the June, July, August, September, October, November.—April, May, June, July numbers of this paper and book, A Costly Mistake; anyone sending us May or December, 1874, can have in addition to the above a year's subscription.

Remarks.

The Young Patriot is still struggling on.

That report of the Centennial Convention in the July Brilliant is one of the wittiest articles we have read for some time, and would be a credit to Ye'irafr himself.

Without doubt the readers of this paper will approve of our intention of always having a completed story or essay in each number hereafter.

If there is one thing that will make an amateur editor feel active, it is to have a "friend" drop in before his (the editor's) paper is out, take up the partly printed sheet, and coolly read it through, making, meanwhile, various criticizing remarks on it, and finish up the torture by suddenly wondering what in the name of the Unmentionable Party is the reason you ain't got them other pages printed,—then go out, slamming the door with such force as to blow your carefully arranged exchanges all over the room.

We offer but one prize this month: Amateur Papers—book. The puzzles in this number are not particularly hard, and the prize is worth trying for.

The Puzzle Drawer.

Conducted by Miss M. A. Mitchell. Only original contributions desired, which should always be addressed: M. A. Mitchell, Saco, Me., Box 977.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

No. 7.—To refuse, commit, publish, to walk, obtain. 8—Logansport. 9—Confectionery. 10—Wand, darn, merit, remit, rescue, secure. 11—Decalcomanie.

12——PUZZLE.

What girl's name is it, which, if beheaded and curtailed gives another? Chau Chau.

13——ANOTHER.

Anxiet and prefix; a letter to a verb, and form a river in Ontario. W. E. S.

14. SQUARE WORD.

An animal used to draw burdens. Is but one. To listen. A girl's name. Simon Peter.

15—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 3467 is twenty quires. My 1239 is the opposite of less. My 5679 is the past participle of come. My 234 is metal. My 367 is a male sheep. My 238 is a round body. My whole is the name of a bay. Cherry.

16—CHARADE.

My first was one of the Siamese twins. My second is a region. My whole is a country. A. L. T.

17. SQUARE WORD.

An implement for garden use. The superficial contents of a figure. Instruments used to open a door. Not difficult. Rethics.

Something altogether different and infinitely better takes the place of the Puzzle Drawer in our next. Consequently no more puzzles will be offered. Look out for our next number!
produced an old coffee mill, which, he assured the great monarch, was a powerful charm for chiefs alone. If he wished his affairs to be prosperous, all that was necessary was to turn the crank, and the faster he turned it the more good fortune he’d have! (All this was told him through the interpreter.) The chief, whose name I afterwards found to be Lanango, was in ecstasies, and could hardly express his gratitude. A moment later he seen to be grinding with a velocity which kept the perspiration pouring down his face. An admiring and envying crowd surrounded him. Amaren smiled at the success of his trick.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOSQUITO INDIANS. WAS IT A GHOST?

Our genius of a mate, after much searching, found a bundle of small, circular looking-glasses; during the hurry of getting off the Avenging Demon, someone had thrown it into the boat under the impression that it was a package of “hard tack.”

Remembering the sensation which one of our Arctic explorers found looking-glasses to create among the Esquimaux, Boxer determined to try them upon the savages before us. There were more than enough when the bundle was unpacked to give every Indian one apiece, and they were quickly distributed around. The astonishment they felt at seeing their reflections in the glasses was only equaled by their delight. They made the most extravagant gestures to express their eternal gratitude, and it was very evident that we had made a favorable impression on them.

A few words concerning the natives will not be here amiss.

So much has been said and written about the RAMA or Mosquito Indians of Central America that any description of their personal appearance is here unnecessary. Those before us numbered about one hundred and were probably a detachment from the main body. A long time afterwards I learned they had succeeded in consequence of desiring a better leader than the tyrannical despot who then ruled the tribe.

It was evident that they had often seen civilized races and traded with them, for many of them wore garments that could not have been made by savages.

They were far more honest than the majority of Central American Indians, and did not attempt to steal any of the things taken from the boats, though there were many opportunities when that might have been done safely.

While the majority of them were admiring their presents, Lanango singled out the five Indians who could talk English, and said something to them in a low tone; presently the five
came towards us, and put the
following brief, but expressive,
queries:
"What want?"
"Where come?"
"Why here?"
"Got arms?"
"What do?"
The loquacious interpreters
were about to assault us with
another set of questions, when
Amaren put a stop to it by telling
all about the storm, ship-wreck,
etc., and answered the other
queries at considerable length.
He said nothing whatever about
his enmity to myself.

One of the interpreters then,
in his own tongue, repeated our
story, word for word, with sin-
gular accuracy to the chief, who
expressed his satisfaction by sun-
dry exclamations of a most pecu-
liar and unusual nature.

He then requested us to come
up to their village, which we
accordingly did. The heat of the
sun was now so oppressive that
three of the huts were obligingly
vacated for our exclusive use.
We entered these, threw ourselves
down upon the hard ground, and
endeavored to obtain our much
needed rest.

It was now somewhere near
three o'clock in the afternoon.

It happened that four of the
sailors, who were either not so
tired as the rest, or had more
curiosity to learn something a-
about the country, had departed
on a sort of exploring tour into
the depths of the forest. In about
an hour three of them came straggling
back.
"Where is John?" I asked of
one of these, somewhat surprised
at the absence of the fourth.
"He separated from us, and
went off alone; hasn't he got back
yet?" inquired the person ad-
dressed, with a look of alarm.

(To be Continued.)

We shall be under the painful
necessity of jarring an unlead-
ed leader into our columns here-
after. Very sad.

The Brookville Daily, a very
small but neatly got up paper
comes to us. We should advise
them to fill out their columns
entirely with locals.—It is only
5 cents a week. All should sub-
cribe. Address, Martin & Gar-
son, Brookville Pa.

"He is in a state of vinous
hilarity, superinduced by exces-
sive indulgence in fermenting
beverages." That's what they call
it in Boston.

When a man is imprisoned in
Washington can he be said to be
undergoing Capital Punishment?

The last number of the Imp
contained editorials and items
that were unusually spicy. J.
E. B. evidently understands how
the same should be written.

And wonder of wonders! The
above paper has used the same
heading twice!!!!!!!

C. N. Wakefield will please
accept our well-wishes and
thanks for his continued patron-
age of us, and may he never have
any of those A———e C—s
returned to him.

Murders and thefts are of late
becoming alarmingly frequent.
The other day a ruffianly looking
fellow murdered the English
language, and then took a joke.
He was promptly arrested.

We sincerely hope the depart-
ment, OUR NOVELTY, will prove
a success. Though the idea of
such a department is not original,
we shall always endeavor to have
the puzzles in it so. Consequently
we want the help of all in the
shape of new ideas for them.
S AM had been reading some stories of school life.

The adventures of their dashing heroes; the "hair-breadth escapes," which left them as cool and collected as ever; the pranks continually perpetrated at the expense of schoolmasters; all these were the theme of his unbounded admiration, and fired him with a desire to do likewise. Many times he had striven to think of a plan by which he might render himself famous in this respect. To be sure, his own schoolmaster was not especially tyrannical, but this abated not his ardor. As yet, however, his cogitations were in vain.

Upon confiding these wishes to Bill Harwood, his boon companion, an opportunity suddenly presented itself. Bill was also an admirer of those stories, and quickly developed a plan. Mr. Easton, the teacher, boarded at his house, and slept in a room, the roof over which could be easily reached from a window of Bill's chamber. The plan was to have Sam sleep with Bill some night; to procure a string and fasten a small stone to it; to reach that part of the roof directly over the schoolmaster's window; and—well, the reader can imagine the rest.

No time was lost in carrying this into execution. Sam easily obtained the desired permission, and that very evening was fixed for the grand finale.

After waiting till they thought all the folks were asleep, these heroic youths made all necessary preparations, and after disrobing crawled out of the window and along the roof in a state of seminudity. On arriving at the proper place, Bill began the process. Lowering the stone, he let it tap gently against the window-pane. No result. Again, and no result. Four or five times in succession, and still no result.

"He don't wake up," whispered Sam; "let me try it."

He did try it, and nearly smashed the glass. There was a slight commotion below.

"It has roused him," said Bill, gleefully; "He won't know what to make of it." Silence then reigned for full five minutes. An occasional noise from beneath showed that somebody was up, however. The boys began to feel uncomfortable.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Sam, shivering; "I'll freeze if we stay here much longer." And then he sarcastically added, "Your plan don't seem so funny now, does it, Bill?"

"My plan!" retorted Bill, indignantly, "it's your plan as much as mine."

"Well, never mind," said Sam hastily; "but we can't stay here.

Bill reluctantly accepted this statement, and together they traversed the ridge-pole a second time. But when they came to their window, what was their consternation to find it shut fast. Someone had discovered them!

"What shall we do?" was the exclamation of both. No one was there to answer, and they didn't do anything. They didn't dare to make any noise, for fear of arousing the family. At last Bill said in desperation:

"We must get out of this some way! I'll jump from the roof."

"Don't know about it," said Sam, eyeing the distance dubiously.

Without deigning to reply, Bill crawled toward the edge, looking so ridiculous in his nocturnal attire that Sam nearly laughed outright. But Bill had grown desperate, and without hesitation prepared for the leap. Another instant, and he was rapidly descending; garments flapping wildly above his head, and arms outstretched in anticipation of a sudden collapse. It came, and rather more severely than he had anticipated. Heels over head, and shirt above all, he sprawled out on the grass, when a mocking voice said:

"Well done, Bill, try it again!"

One glance revealed all. Mr. Easton and the whole family were standing on the porch, nearly convulsed with laughter. How Bill reached his room he never knew; but when he did get to it, he didn't emerge again very soon. The subsequent persecutions—but we will draw the veil over them. They are unutterable.

Sam and Bill don't read those stories now.
As a general thing, reviewing in amateur papers does not receive so much attention as it should have. To many editors imagine that criticizing books merely consists in using such expressions as "This is an exceedingly interesting story." or "This book is worthless trash." Such brief criticisms as these are always distasteful to authors—the former about as much as the latter. Want of space is sometimes the cause of so short reviews; sometimes want of brains.

Those papers which are really capable of giving good reviews are usually so crowded for room that the smaller publications sent to them can get no criticism at all.

Now it is our intention to devote a larger space, than is customary to reviewing. Every book sent to us will receive a thorough criticism, and no book, however small, will have one of less than SIX LINES, Nonpareil type. Publishers will find it to their interest to remember this. We shall endeavor to be candid and impartial. Above all, we shall indulge in neither wholesale abuse nor wholesale flattery; but, while any slight defects that may be visible in the books sent to us will be mentioned, their merits won't be overlooked by any means.

Go to S. S. Mitchell's

For everything in the line of drugs, medicines, fancy goods, stationery, school books, etc., etc.

If you desire to be satisfied with both your goods and your prices.

His stock of goods is prepared with much care, and will always be found full and complete.

Hereafter we shall have all our editorials together upon the same page, and shall consequently dispense with the column named "Remarks."

The following request is said to have been made at a church: "A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." But, by an unhappy transposition of the comma, the note was thus read: "A sailor, going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

A young lady in Chicago put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the belief that she would dream of seeing her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of lobster salad, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes, and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the individual she saw in her dream.

A man recently took a bath in the dark. He managed well enough, only he got hold of a piece of stove blacking instead of soap—with marked results.

The following advertisement, almost, we fear, too good to be true, is said to have been actually cut from a Dublin paper: "Lost, where it was dropped, an empty bag with a cheese in it, the bag marked L. G., but the letters are quite worn out; the person who lost it never missed it till it was gone, so, if any person will bring it to him, he shall receive a reward of £1 on paying for this advertisement." Surely this bag must have belonged to the Irish orator who informed his audience that "all having been said that could be said, he had got up to say the rest."

Subscribe right off!!

We shall here have one original puzzle each month; new ideas for them wanted. Address: Miss M. A. Mitchell, Saco, Me., Box 977.

Answers to the Puzzles

In No. 15.


We have decided to start out this department with something easy and simple, and accordingly offer you this month merely a word-hunt. Our next issue will contain a puzzle of more original character.

To the five persons sending us the largest lists of words formed by using letters found in the word

ALPHABET

we will give respectively the following

Prizes:

1st—Amateur Papers.
2nd—Literary Gems.
3rd—The Sutioite's Oath.
4th—Facing the Spray.
5th—A Courly Mistake.

These are all amateur books, and will positively be delivered to the winners within a week after the receipt of their lists.

Conditions:

1st. Only words found in the English language can be used.
2nd. No word can be used more than once in a single word that is not used more than once in "Alphabet."
3rd. Of two persons sending in the same number of words, the first will receive the better prize.
4th. Open to all.

Annie L. Scammot was the winner of the prize offered in our last.

We recently received a brief visit from Will. D. Luce of the Portland Dew Drop, and enjoyed it exceedingly, as he is very agreeable and entertaining.
A VOYAGE WITH AN ENEMY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Of course he has not, or I wouldn't have asked the question," was my reply.

The men looked at each other significantly, and exchanged glances. They were much startled, and so, in fact, were we all. It was now quite dark, and great fears were entertained for his safety. Some accident alone could have caused this protracted absence.

At last, when we had given up all hope of ever seeing the unfortunate John again, a rustling in the bushes close by attracted our attention to them. Presently a man emerged, and staggered forward, pale and ghastly.

It was the sailor, John.

Much horified, we went toward him, and were thunderstruck on finding that there was a bullet wound in his breast from which he was bleeding profusely. He sank down upon the ground, and it was evident that he could not live more than half an hour.

Boxer endeavored to get him to tell us how he came in that condition, but all we could get from him was some incoherent mutterings about having met the ghost of Inaled, the castaway, fired at it several times at four yards distance with no effect, and received a bullet in return.

A little later the sailor was dead, and Captain Amaren persuaded the Indians to bury him—an operation which was performed with evident distaste, as it was not in accordance with their own rites.

Our minds were much divided upon the subject of what the dead man had said. Some, including Boxer, Amaren, Talvage and myself, were inclined to think that John had been excited at the sight of some common place object, and his imagination had magnified the terrors of it. But how to account for the bullet? Talvage suggested that in his nervousness he might have fired at himself. This seemed highly improbable, but it was the only theory we could conceive.

At last, thoroughly exhausted, we stretched out upon the ground, and relapsed into a slumber which lasted till the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT CHARM IS PUT TO A TEST.

EARLY the next morning I was suddenly awakened by Talvage, who then proposed that we should take a stroll around to see what sort of a place this was. I assented, and with the purpose in view we went to the the tent of Lanango to inquire whether it was only an island, or the mainland of Central America.

When we arrived at the headquarters of that chief, we found that there was a great uproar going on. A dense crowd of natives was gathered around the chief, who was excited beyond measure, and was talking and gesticulating to an appalling extent.

I made inquiries as to what was the matter, and received the following information:

A few days previous one of the savages, an outcast from another tribe, had attempted to kill the chief for some reason, and Lanango had had him imprisoned till he could find time to decide his fate. The captive had just killed his guard and escaped. The excitement was immense, and a party was instantly organized to go in search of the fugitive. Captain Amaren, Boxer, all the sailors, Talvage and myself volunteered to help them for divers reasons, and this formidable array of some fifty armed persons set out after the savage.

Lanango first, however, called his "great charm" into use, and turned the crank with a velocity that came near breaking that part off.

As we proceeded along toward the forest we went in a body; but when we came to that locality we were divided up into ten small squads of about five men in each. The one of which I formed a part also contained Captain Amaren, Lanango, and two of the
natives of the place.

Talvage was not with us, he and Boxer having strayed away together. I had at that time sufficient penetration to know that, while this mate was devotedly attached to my enemy, his feeling towards me was only indifference, and he positively liked Talvage. This friendship was rather gratifying to me. I was not displeased because my constant companion did not accompany me this time, because I knew that he and the mate had either some hidden office to perform, or some important secret to discuss.

While we five were struggling onward through the dense forest of trees, bushes and vines, a fearful cry was heard, and the next instant an ugly looking fellow suddenly sprang out from behind a thick bush. Before we could recover from our astonishment he seized an arrow from a quiver which was suspended behind his back, and fixed it to the string of a bow he held in his hand.

Deliberately aiming at the breast of Lanango, he fired. His aim was extraordinarily true, even at that distance, and for an unlooked-for circumstance Lanango would have fallen. Now this arrow was nothing but a slender reed, tipped with a piece of sharpened bone, and was perfectly harmless in itself, for it could not have entered the flesh more than three quarters of an inch—it was not intended to kill by piercing.

The point of the arrow had been dipped in a deadly poison, and from this came the sole danger. But Lanango was not injured, because of the following curious circumstance:

(To be continued.)

THE BARKER.

FRED W. MITCHELL,
EDITOR PUBLISHER & PRINTER.

25 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISING: 30 cents an inch first insertion; 20 cents, each succeeding one. Short advertisements will be inserted at .03 a line, each.
Address—
The Barker, Saco, Me.

SACO, ME., SEPTEMBER, 1875.

Editorials.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The Gazette and the Empire Gazette have some very contradictory, but dec ded, ideas upon the subject of Capital Punishment. Both quote the Bible as their authority, and neither can very easily face the quotation of the other. In our opinion it makes but little difference whether the Bible sanctions it or not, (though we are inclined to think it does). But it is a tenfold more important fact that the law of Universal Safety requires every man who kills another to die himself. Imprisonment for life without prospect of pardon is not a proper substitute for hanging because of many reasons, one of which is that humanity would prevent the law from making this punishment the awful thing it formerly was.

A splendid and practicable way of destroying the difference of opinion between the editors of the Gazette and the Empire Gazette has occurred to us, and reflects much credit [ahem!] on ourselves. Let the editor of the last named paper kill somebody; then let an intelligent juror convict him of murder; a judge can then sentence him to be hung. [In connection with which we would state as a funny coincidence that the kangee once published a paper called the Boys' Noose] and he would then agree with the editor of the Gazette that capital pun-

ishment ought to be abolished. Or let C. E. W. be almost killed, and then he could be more easily persuaded that the aforesaid ought not to be abolished.

SLING yer amateur books over in this direction, and get a notice of respectable length.

It is a fact which may be new to some of our readers that the story about George Washington and the cherry tree is wholly a fabrication. The anecdote was invented by a man named Jeams, who was writing a history of Washington for young people.

SUBSCRIBE!

BEGORRA, Pat, look here: Fine Bristol board visiting cards printed at this office in bronze for only 15 cents per dozen.

THERE is no doubt in our mind that Fremian P. Gilman excels all the other pupils of the Saco High School in declaiming.

The following was written to us on a postal card, and for original authorgruffle is unexcelled:

DEAR SIR,

Please me a copy of the Last Barker and oblige.

P. S. Will yu sell a half intrest in Barker? I would like to buy a half intrest in sum paper yours truly L. S. T.

No superfluous periods or absurd grammatical precision there.
[Written for The Barker.]

FISHING.

BY WINSLOW.

"GOT a bite, Bill?" is musical language, especially if Bill has a bite. The feverish excitement of the sport is fully expressed in those four words. What fun it is, sitting on the shaded bank, the bridge, or in some little boat, watching anxiously, oh! so anxiously, for the float to disappear or the line to pull. I think that moment of ecstasy, when you know something is tugging away at the hook, surpasses, just a little, any other mere earthly transport which can throb our frame. If I seem to exaggerate, pardon my enthusiasm, but before you condemn me to severely try the sport for yourself.

It was the saying of Isaac Walton,—the prince among fishermen as Napoleon was among generals,—"I love any discourse of rivers and fish and fishing, the time spent in such discourses passes away very pleasantly." I can easily believe these sincere sentiments, coming from the bottom of honest Isaac's heart, for how often he had traversed the forest paths of Merrie Old England, with his fishing rod over his shoulder, and how often he had played a regular "catch-penny" game on those silvery sparkling trout, which glided so gracefully through rill and rivulet.

I like to talk with my youthful readers about fishing, for I know all the boys and not a few of the girls have realized its joys in all their fullness. They know just how snappishly the pike reeled will bite, how determinedly the bull-head will pull, and what a lively struggle for a small body the sun-fish will make. I am about to start upon a tone having for one of its distinct purposes a consideration of all these joys, and that is the reason that like Isaac Walton I love to discourse on the subject, instead of analyzing the great Scandal, solving Shakespeare's personality, or discussing other equally great and useless topics.

To be a good fisherman, one must be patient, remarkably patient. If it was not definitely, plainly, decidedly affirmed that Job was a herdsman, I should certainly have put him down for a genuine, whole-soul fisherman, and even as it is I am inclined to believe he often forsook his flocks for the angler's sport.

Now for an impatient man to have any success catching fish, he must tackle them when they are very snappish, he must go where they can be found in all their innocence and voraciousness. And yet I have actually seen a nervous, excitable, jump-around-every-moment man, sit down with the deliberate, solemn purpose of catching fish,—as if that was a possible achievement with him!! Why of course they were awfully deceived and failed with a vengeance. After remaining moderately still for about two minutes, they would spring from the ground like the lava out Vesuvius' crater, and after pitching their pole out into the water as far as their demoniacal strength would permit, savagely turn and exclaim "Blast the infidel who calls this sport, I don't believe there is a cursed fish in the whole darn creek." A personage of such temperament has never yet caused the death of a single fish, unless through some mistake or accident.

And yet the solid reward of fishing consists in neither the pleasure of the game, but the train of philosophic thought it so winningly invokes. What originating or inquiring mind can wait so patiently for a "bite," without pondering over something; the jerk of the line will interrupt the problem's solution, but as soon as the struggling fish is released and the hook rebaited, he is all ready to turn philosopher a second time. And so sport and thought become welded together, and travel along in loving companionship; what else besides fishing presents this two-fold allurement?

If anyone hesitates to take stock in the existence of such a personage as a philosophic fisherman, and doubts of such a being's reality, let him read Walton's work. Yet a single quotation is sufficient to stamp the philosopher and the fisherman:

"How poor a thing sometimes I find, Will captivate a greedy mind; And when none bite I praise the wise, Whom vain allurements never surprise."

Could anyone but a philosopher and a fisherman have written that?

An Awful Mistake, a very funny tale by A. STEELE PENNE will be found in our October issue.

Book Review.


It will be seen at a glance that the work expended on a book of this character is of a peculiar and difficult kind. It gives the values, the names, addresses, and ages of the proprietors of one hundred and fifty-six Amateur Printing Offices in the U. S. Also the name of the paper printed, if any, and the name and size of the press used. It will be found very interesting to those who care enough about juvenile enterprise to want to find out what progress boys are making in the "art preservative." To
THE BARKER.

parents who contemplate buying printing outfits for their boys and desire to know something about the proportion of values to sizes, this book will be found really useful.—

Printing first-rate. We don’t think Williams has any superior, and, with the exception of White and Ingersoll, no equals.


This story reflects considerable credit on the author, though some defects in rhetoric, style, management of plot, grammar etc. show that he has little experience in writing. The book is illustrated by a portrait of the author, and on the whole is quite a meritorious production—barring the printing, which, to use the words of Tyro, “isn’t quite so good as we like to see ’em.”


This is a story which would be liked by all; it is overflowing with ludicrous scenes and mirth-provoking wit. It really deserves a large sale, and we hope it has had one, for the low price places it within the reach of all. The author evidently understands his business: the absurdities of Miss Angelina Courtney furnish the reader with an endless round of amusement. We do not hesitate to request all to purchase this book.—Typography excellent, neatness being especially noticeable.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

Before you forget send 25 cents for “A LUCKY FALL” By “Prince Fuzz.” One of the best amateur books out this fall. Don’t delay, for there are only a few left.

Address:

JOHN S. SHRIVER,
Princeton College,
Princeton, N. J.

IN PRESS! IN PRESS!!
OUT SOON! OUT SOON!!

Shill’s Masterpiece!
The Young Detective; OR,
$500 REWARD.

A few ads. taken; rates below.

Page, 80.00
Half, 60.00
Quarter, 50.00
Line, 98.00

Large edition! Thoroughly advertised! In amateur press! In professional press! Don’t lose the chance! Best story out! O K-y printed! Write right away—quack.

Address:

A. C. JACKSON, JR.,
ANGELICA, N. Y.

The Joker.

A BURGLAR in Vicksburg recently went through eleven houses, and didn’t raise even a silver thimble. He says there is no encouragement for industry and enterprise, under a corrupt administration.

This is the style in which a city reporter did up an item: “A bomb-shell accidentally exploded in L.— yesterday. It spread terror and confusion and a man named Brown, who was fooling with it at the time.”

Get cards printed at our office. That is not intended to be a humorous or sarcastic remark.

OUR NOVELTY.

We shall here have one original puzzle each month; new ideas for them wanted. Address: Miss M. A. Mitchell, Saco, Me., Box 977.


THIS MONTH,

To the first five persons sending us the longest articles written without the use of the letter E, we will give in the order of length the following prizes:

1st—AMATEUR PRINTER’S GUIDE.
2nd—JACK AND I.
3rd—THE RED BAND.
4th—A VISIT TO WASHINGTON.
5th—FACING THE SPRAY.

CONDITIONS.

The article must be grammatically correct.

No string of sentences expressing disconnected ideas can win a prize; the article must be connected and complete.

A sentence that has been once used in the article cannot be repeated unless at least half the words in it are not in the other.

OPEN TO ALL!

The Boys’ Herald has reappeared, much to the surprise and disgust of the editor of the Pastime, who was cheerfully contemplating its exit from amateurdom. How he must have Boyled with wrath to see that familiar specter again, as lively as ever! Wretched youth! How ungrateful in English & Hall not to suspend in order to accommodate a paper that was so interested in their welfare!
CHAPTER XI.
ARALDO AMAREN FIGHTS HIS LAST
DEUEL. GASPARO DELANI SR.

"WHY?" I asked suddenly, for
I had now learned to hate
this man as much as he did me.
"Stay here," he repeated fiercely, "and we will settle our little
accounts."

Then, raising his pistol into the
air, he fired twice. It was evidently a pre-arranged signal,
for two answering reports from
afar off were heard in a little
while. And when we had waited
for quite a space, Talvage and
Boxer emerged from the forest
and came to where we were
standing. Not a word was spok­
en by any of us, but in silence
we made our way down to the
sea shore, close to an enormous
boulder which lay there. Ama­
ren thrust his arm into a crevice
underneath this, and produced
two long swords. He handed
one to me, and I passively took it.

The chilling silence was now
broken by Amaren, who said in
a tone I shall never forget,—
"Boxer, count three, and then
we will begin."

"One!"
It rang out sharp and clear.

"Two!"
An awful gust of wind carried
away the word, but we knew he
had said it.

"Three!"
Simultaneously came a burst
of thunder, which drowned his
voice entirely, but we could see
the motion of his lips.

Amaren made a quick wrathful
thrust at my heart. I parried it
with such violence that the blades
flashed fire. Again and again
did steel ring against steel, as
there in the midst of that fearful
tempest we aimed blows at each
others' lives. For five minutes
we fought on, but neither side
had inflicted any serious wound,
though we were both covered
with gashes. My strength was
beginning to wane—my blows
fell weaker—the terrific gusts of
wind blinded me—I was begin­
ing to give out. Amaren lifted
his sword to plunge it into my
heart. Feebly prepared to dash
it aside, but with one blow he
struck the weapon I held from
my hand.

At this moment a loud cry
came from Boxer and Talvage.
I supposed it was at my
approaching death.

As we paused, confounded, a
dark form sprang between us; I
felt someone rudely push me a­
way, and then a voice which was
familiar to me thundered,—

"Harold Amaren, will you dis­
grace yourself by fighting a mere
boy? This is my quarrel, mark
you, and I'll settle it."

I lay upon the ground in a sort
of dazed condition for some
time, giving no heed to what was going
on. All at once a blood-curting
scream arrested my attention,
and, arousing myself from my
stupor, I sprang to my feet and
looked around.
I saw Captain Amaren totter a few steps, and then fall. Near him was a tall, erect form, which held a bloody sword in its hand and looked at the prostrate man disdainfully. The newcomer turned, and I saw his face.

It was the person whom we had known as Inaied the castaway, but curiously altered. I rubbed my eyes, and looked at him more intently.

It was my father, and a glad cry escaped me as I sprang forward.

When we had somewhat recovered from our emotion, we gave our attention to the present affairs. Talvage was looking on complacently, and trying hard to appear as if he were not at all affected by what was passing and this was an every-day occurrence with him. Boxer had knelt by the side of Amaren, and was gazing mutely at his face with an imploring look. Low moans came from the Italian, and we knew he was dying.

My father walked to where he lay, and said,—

"Harold, you know you cannot live ten minutes longer. Do you want to leave this world still my enemy? If not, ask my forgiveness for the many wrongs you have done me, and it will be freely—"

"Forgiveness!" shrieked the dying man with a look of appalling hatred, "I ask your forgiveness! Curse you—no! There, fiend, that's my dying legacy!"

And before my father could dart away, the wretch raised the sword he still held in his hand, and with it tried to stab his enemy. But owing to his failing strength he only inflicted a wound, which was serious though evidently not mortal, in the other's side.

—To be concluded.—

The Barker,

FRED W. MITCHELL,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PRINTER.

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Address:—
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October, 1875.

Editorials.

THE ENCOURAGER OF AMATEUR PUBLICATIONS.

In our opinion it is rather singular that so many amateur papers should receive so little patronage from that very class of persons for whom they are intended—the boys. The cost is very trifling, rarely more than thirty cents, so expense cannot be set down as a reason for not subscribing. But too many boy journalists carry on their small sheets month after month, with the encouraging thought that the reading matter which they so laboriously composed, wrote, set up and printed is passed by unheeded by more than half their subscribers. These are middle-aged men and women who subscribed for various reasons—but not because they cared anything about the paper itself.

We can see no reason why the boys should not take some interest in a journal which is published by one of themselves. And if a paper for which they have subscribed should suspend, not giving them any equivalent, is that a good reason why they should "judge of the whole class by the failings of one," and lose faith in amateur papers entirely?

Our best small exchange is the Monthly Gem, Portland, Me. The editor introduces more real wit and sarcasm into his editorials than many of our largest papers do. Keep on, Alvin.

Observe the change in our advertising rates. The Barker is now, probably, one of the cheapest advertising mediums in existence.

We think Winslow would do well to quit writing essays entirely, and give his whole attention to stories. What few of the latter he has written thus far have been exceedingly good ones, which can’t be said of more than a quarter of his essays.

We are constantly buying amateur books to offer as prizes in Our Novelty, (we do not give those sent to us for review as some have imagined), and in future publishers sending us tales for criticism will confer a favor by mentioning the price of two copies.

The November of the Gazette, Portland, Me., is greatly enlarged and is now one of the best on our list. We can’t do better than advise all who read this to send a stamp to the editor for a copy.

If there is one thing we detest in an amateur paper, it is want of originality. The less selected matter a paper has, the better; the brainless editor who puts nothing in his sheet but what is copied from other papers does not deserve the patronage of anyone, and rarely gets it.

The following advice is for the benefit of some of our exchanges whose editors are novices at setting type: Never divide a syllable at the end of a line; laughable can be laugh-able, but not laughable. Never divide a monosyllable at all. Never commence a paragraph without indenting it, and never indent more or less than an em quad.
THE BARKER.

[Written for the Barker.]

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

BY A. STEELE PENNE.

"Ye who have tears to shed, prepare to shed em."—Anonymous.

"ERECKON ye'd better stay over night, Mr. Penne; there's going to be a right smart storm directly."

Dramatis personae.—Mr. Q. Quilpen, Landlord of the "Green Dragon"; A. Steele Penne. Place.—Salem, W. Va. Time.—Eight, P. M.

"I'll run the risk, I guess. Ha! There's my horse. Good-bye," and I mounted my horse and left the portly proprietor of the G. D. shaking his head, and muttering about boys' perseverance.

It was important business I was intrusted with, and it was necessary to be done that night, requiring me to make the journey to the next town. I cantered on for about an hour congratulating myself that Quilpen was mistaken about the storm, when a sullen roar reminded me that it was upon me.

At that moment a large brick structure hove in sight. Thinking perhaps I could obtain shelter from the storm, I rode up to the door and knocked with my riding whip.

For a while was silence; then an upper window was raised and a rough voice demanded "What in — I wanted?"

In a humble manner I beseeched shelter from the storm for the night. With a curse he slammed the window down, and soon after opened the door and admitted me.

"I'll take keer of your hoss. S'pose yer want ter go ter bed, hey?"

I replied that the repose of my downy couch would be acceptable. He growled out for me to follow him, again saying he would take care of my horse.

He guided me up two flights, and opened the door of a small bed-room; then, handing me the candle, he said,

"Thar's yer downy couch. Anyway, I reckon ye'll think it's downy afore morning," and he started down stairs in the dark.

Not feeling inclined to sleep I sat down on the side of the bed, and listened to the patterning rain-drops, for it was beginning to rain.

While I was thus engaged, the door softly opened and a man entered.

"Hiist!" he whispered; "do you know in what kind of a place you're in?"

"No—why?" I eagerly answered.

"Simply this.—The owner of this house is a murderer and thief. He meditated killing you to-night. But I will save you, and frustrate his plans. Below this window is a shed. We will jump on to it and from thence to the ground; are you ready?"

"Oh yes, hurry," and I looked toward the door, expecting to see a murderous face outlined in the doorway. But there wasn't. Oh no, there couldn't be.—The door was closed. (Of course I wasn't afraid, but I had some money belonging to my employers and it wouldn't do to lose that. That accounts for my haste.)

The man opened the window, and lightly leaped below; I followed him, and found myself on a sloping roof. From this we jumped to the ground.

"Have you a horse?" the man asked.

"Yes, where is the stable?" I returned.

"Here, this way."

We tried the stable door, expecting it to be locked, but luckily it was not.

"You may stay here, and I'll get the horses," said my new acquaintance.

Soon he came out leading my horse. I reached out my hand to seize him by the bridle, but the man knocked my hand down, and springing on the horse, crying,

"Hands off, Pompey! Hi yah!" was off like the wind.

I was almost stupefied, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a rough voice said, "Not quite so fast, boss. I wouldn't go in this rain. It might give yer the rheumatiz," and before I knew it, a pair of handcuffs were slipped over my wrists, and I was led back to the house I had so unceremoniously left a few moments ago.

Before I had recovered from my astonishment and surprise, I was thrust into a small, heavily barred room, and the key was turned in the lock making me a prisoner.

I have passed many an uncomfortable night, (especially once when I had the misfortune of having to go home with a girl—I was bashful then, and couldn't appreciate the happiness to be derived from those moonlight wanderings—I can now), but I can truly say I never passed a more uncomfortable one than I did that night. There isn't the least doubt (in my mind) but that it was occasioned by the fear that I should lose my employer's money. As the morning rays of the sun were stealing through the bars of the cell—at least I suppose they would, if the window had been on the right side of the building, and it hadn't been raining—the man who had admitted me the night before opened the door of the cell. As soon as he
caught a glimpse of my face, he exclaimed.—

"I'll be blew! Thunder'n spikes! Jerusalem Peters! How the devil did you come here?"

It was now my turn to be astonished.

"Come here! I'd like to know if you didn't have such a great regard for me that you gave me those bracelets?" and I held up my manacled hands.

"That's been a mistake sum- ers," he said; "I took you to be a patient what was tryin' to escape," and he unlocked the handcuffs.

I told him about my last night's adventures.

"I see, I see. One of the lunatics—"

"Lunies?" I inquired.

"Didn't you know this was a mad-house?"

A light broke on my mind then. I understood it all. One of the lunatics had gotten loose, and entered my room. He it was that had guided me to the stable, and then made off with my horse. Seeing me standing there, one of the keepers had mistaken me for the lunatic!

After partaking of refreshments at the asylum, I proceeded back to Salem accompanied by two of the keepers. My horse was found at the "Green Dragon" Inn, where the lunatic had put up. He was captured in the woods, a few miles beyond.

Having saved my employers' money, I was, of course, happy, and wish the readers of the Barker the same blessing.

In our next A Vacation by Al- bert Albion will be found.

Owing to a press of other mat- ter, the Joker is crowded out this month.

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**Book Review.**


The prominent fault of most amateur books—a too high price—is not here met with. A description of a visit to a city cannot have as much interest as a story; but this volume, we doubt not, will be liked by many, especially those who have themselves visited the national Capital. Everything is described in an easy, natural style.—Printing very good.


This book contains about nine receipts, some of which are already widely known. Yet we do not doubt what it will be found of value to girls and others who occasionally try their hands at candy making.—Printing fair, though some mistakes in typesetting are noticeable.


About this time everyone is interested more or less in the Centennial buildings now being erected in Philadelphia. This book gives a great deal of information condensed into a small space. We advise all to send their address and a one cent stamp to the publisher for a copy.—The printing by Ingersoll is uncommonly good, but marred somewhat by the excessive use of flourishes, borders, etc.


This story of adventure the author tells in a way that reflects much credit on himself. The descriptions, etc. are very fine and the plot original. In the "Red Band" we find for the first time that Fynes can describe tragic scenes as well as comical ones.—The printing is by Williams, and is, of course, as Fynes we want to see. Price a little too high.

A few books remain over to be no- ticed in our next.

---

**Our Novelty.**

We shall here have one original puzzle each month; new ideas for them wanted. Address: Miss M. A. Mitchell, Saco, Me., Box 977.

The winners of last month's prizes were respectively,—

Ambrose E. B. Floyd, Saco; Lillie J. Pike, Saco; C. L. Hine, Washington, D. C.; Freeman P. Gilman; the fifth prize was not awarded, because but four answers were sent in.

**This Month**

The four persons sending us the prettiest designs for borders to wall-paper will give the following prizes:

1st. 30 cents cash.
3rd. The Western Editor—do.
4th. Amateur Articles—do.

No curved lines can appear in the border.

It must cover a space as wide as one of these columns, and one half longer.

Open to all.

The decision will be from impartial parties.

The prizes will not be awarded till two weeks after the paper is issued, and all borders must be sent in by that time.

These prizes are offered from no other object than that of finding out what progress has been made among the young in original designing.

---

**Our Duck Hunt.**

By Secretary Jay.

---

**The Gem of Amateur Books.**

A lively sparkling story of thrilling adventures! 30 pages, and price only 10 cents per copy.

We have purchased the entire edi- tion, and will sell the books to publishers cheap. Send for terms.

**JONESVILLE, MICH.**
Then the man ceased speaking. A glassy appearance became noticeable in his eyes. He was dead. Boxer looked up. There was an expression in his face which I shall never want to see again. He staggered a few rods away, and thrust his hand into his breast pocket. Before we could prevent him he drew forth a revolver and placed it to his forehead. Three reports rang out, and James Boxer fell forward upon his face, still clutching the smoking pistol, a lifeless corpse.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TALE OF DELANI ER, AND WHAT BEFELL HIM WHEN HE HAD FINISHED IT. CONCLUSION.

My father, wrought up to an awful pitch of excitement, grasped the body of his enemy, and rushed with it down to the water. Exerting a strength which would have been astonishing under any circumstances and was doubly so in his wounded condition, he threw the lifeless form of Amaren far out into the waves. It did not sink, but slowly floated out to sea.

The sailors in the boat did not see any of what had passed since they left the ship, for a person rowing faces the opposite direction to which the boat is going. The craft sent from the ship soon after reached the land; a few words were exchanged, and my father very briefly explained our position. They agreed to take us aboard, as the vessel was bound for New York City. One of the sailors told me that ships were passing in that locality all the time, and it was then decided for various reasons to leave the crew of the late Avenging Demon to be taken off by the next vessel that came along.

Ten minutes later we stepped upon the deck of the Sagitta Maria, Captain Alfred Trent, master. The latter, after a very long conversation had taken place between him and my father gave instructions to the ship's carpenter to have a coffin prepared; toward the close of the day the body of Boxer was buried near that element upon which he had passed the greater part of his life.

My father was consigned to the surgeon of the vessel. When, two days later, he had sufficiently recovered from his wound to come upon deck, Talvage and I persuaded him to relate to us how it was that he had come to my aid in the duel when I imagined him hundreds of miles away. His narrative I will condense very much.

He first related what happened after we were swept out to sea, the substance of which is found in Chapters IV and V. A few days after the date of what is found in those chapters, the negro Pomp suddenly made his appearance at my father's house, and told such an improbable story of what had happened to us that Delani saw through the imposture in a
moment. Springing upon the
treachery of the
scamp, he threatened
him with all sorts of penalties if
he did not tell the truth. This
brought the negro to his senses,
and he confessed all.

Amaran had bribed him to
destroy Talavage and I out to sea,
where the Avenging Demon was
cruising about in readiness to
pick us up. This explained his
sudden movement. In Chapter III
whether or not Boxer's story about
the destination of the Demon
was true will never be known.

Just before the storm which
interrupted our first duel, Pomp
had in accordance with Amaran's
wishes left the ship in a boat to
goto Larentine and communicate
my position to my father. The craft
he was in narrowly escaped being
swamped in that storm. Of course he
had no intention in the first place of
saying that our presence aboard
the Demon was anything else

No sooner did my father hear
this, than furious with rage he
hurled a tumbler at the head of the
scoundrel, knocking him
senseless. He then left the
house, and took passage on a ship
commanded by a friend of his,
and the route of which lay near the
supposed locality of the De-
mon. When that vessel was
sighted my father intended to
leave his friend's vessel, disguised
and in an open boat. Then he
was to get picked up by Amaran's
brig. The rest of the plot he had
not arranged very clearly. But
it was settled that he was to tell
some sort of a story to account
for his position, and was to call
himself Inail, his real name
reversed. If I was still aboard the
Demon, in which case he expected
Amaran would be dead, my
father was to contrive some plan
(See next page.)

The Barker,

FRED W. MITCHELL,
EDITOR, PUBL lsHER, AN D PRINTER.

15 CENTS A YEAR.

ADVERTISING: 25 cents an inch,
first insertion; 15 cents, each suc-
ceeding one. Short advertisements
will be inserted at .62 a line, each.
Address:

THE BARKER, Saco, Me.

November, 1876.

Editorials.

CEN TEN NIALISTICAL.

The Excelsior, Troy, N. Y., has
in its December number a very
curious proposal. It advises ev-
evy amateur editor in the U. S.
to print an extra edition of 5,000
copies for July. By distributing
the aggregate of these papers
throughout the country the editor
thinks amateur journalism would
be advanced in several ways.

The Intentions of Stow are very
good, and we do not doubt that
the plan, if carried out would
bring just the results he expects.

But we have some serious doubts
as to whether it could be carried
out. With such papers as are
printed at professional offices an
extra edition of 5,000 would be a
mere matter of expense. But a
large majority of amateur papers
are printed by the editors them-
selves, and Williams's Guide
shows that the greater part of
the presses used are hand-inking
ones. The labor of printing an
ordinary edition of 500 copies on
such a press is not inconceivable,
as those who do it will testify.

But when it comes to printing an
extra edition of five thousand
copies—well, we think there are
few editors who would care to
undertake so much trouble, even
when such results as the Excelsior
promises are held in view.

The editor of the Jersey Blue
doesn't care to encourage amateur
talent, and consequently says he
is going to exclude amateur arti-
cles from his paper and use only
selected ones. But he evidently
considers his own writings good
enough,—at least we should think
so from his not using copied edi-
torials!

"The Post Boy goes on, all bold, 
sure. But the best of all is the

Puclh," reads a paper of that name
hailing from Madison, Ind. False does
not rhyme with Pride, as the editor
seems to have imagined. If he
wishes to secure that desirable
result he should change the name
of his paper to Pride! The
same publication announces its
intention of improving its typo-
ographical appearance. A very
commendable determination, es-
pecially when the startling looks
of that number are considered!

WASHINGTON can proudly
claim the honor of having more
poor amateur papers than any
other city in the U. S. The Imp,
the Crucible, and the Boys of
Washington, especially the first,
are about the only good ones we
have thus far received from the
capitol. The printing of the
Model of that place has been much
improved, but it could still be
bettered, as the contents are at
present rather insipid.

Our next number will be a
most astonishing one in the mat-
ter of stories, as it will contain
the following three: That Purp, a
very laughable tale by Quack—
Revenge, a new kind of story by
N. Fulling—A Night of Terror,
one of Karl C. Ylraf's best.

Most of our exchanges are
printed in, with, or by, type; but
we have it on the authority of the
Amateur Advocate that
"Our Boys will enlarge to 16 pages,
43 columns, with January issue, and
will be printed on new type!".

The Boys' Herald has re-ap-
ppeared from Ansonia, Conn., with
Pemberton & Johnson as editors.
It is so much like its predecessor
that we are reminded of English
& Hall all through. Success to it.
I spent my vacation at Vine
yard Grove, Oak Bluffs,
where I enjoyed everything
I could wish. The principal pastimes were going on excursions,
fishing, berrying, digging clams,
catching crabs and playing croquet. When all these were exhaus-
ted we "went to the boat."

There are many very interesting places that I have visited, such as Gay
Head, Edgartown, Katama,
West Tisbury, South Beach,
Vineyard Haven and Nantucket.
Gay Head, where a high bluff
rises directly out of the water to a
height of about one hundred feet, is particularly interesting as
it is formed of clay of every color,
from a coal black to a golden yellow. The sand around it tastes
strongly of alum. The cottages at
Oak Bluffs are very curious;
there are over a thousand. I once
heard them described as paste-
board play-houses. Edgartown is a
quaint old place about eight
miles from the Bluffs. Vineyard
Haven is another old town about
two miles from the grove. It is
celebrated as a harbor. Katama
is a pleasant, retired spot just
beyond Edgartown. It has a
good hotel and two or three cot-
tages. Vineyard Highlands, a
quarter of a mile from us, is the
site of the Baptist Camp Ground,
as well as a number of cottages.
West Tisbury is the residence of
a very eccentric old lady, named
Nancy Luce. She likes hens
so much that she has had two
grave-stones, about two and one
half feet high erected for two fa-
vorites that have died!

In sailing from the Bluffs to
New Bedford, we pass the islands
of Penekese, on which is the
Anderson School of Natural His-
tory, and also Naushon.

A VACATION.

BY ALBERT ALBION.

A VOYAGE WITH AN

ENEMY.

CONCLUDED.

to get me away from the ship. And on the other hand, if I were
dead, in which case Amaren
would be alive, he intended to
throw aside his disguise and meet
his enemy in combat.

We all know how well this plan
succeeded. But how was it, the
reader will ask, that Delani did
not perish when the Demon went
down? The explanation is very
simple.

The vessel did not sink so far
as we imagined it did. After de-
scenting about ten feet it struck
a sunken reef, the existence of
which no one was aware of, and
rests there to this day. Had we
looked back from the boats, we
should have seen the masts protruding from the water. The
natural buoyancy of the human
body caused Delani to mount to
the surface, where he swam to
one of the masts. When we were
out of sight, by the aid of a spar
he reached the land, and for vari-
ous reasons decided to keep his
escape a secret from all. In the
woods where he had concealed
himself he had subsisted upon
such tropical productions as he
could find.

Once, in the forest, he came a-
cross a sailor asleep. The man
had two revolvers upon his per-
som, and my father thought him-
self authorized to take one of
them, which he did. Shortly after-
ward he met the sailor again,
this time awake. The other na-
urally believed him to be a ghost,
and to test this belief he fired
three shots at Delani; he was so
excited, however, that he did not
hit him, even at that short dis-
tance, and seeing that he would
fire again my father returned the
shot. His intention in so doing
was to disable the man, but, as
you know, the bullet was fatal.

All the other incidents connec-
ted with "Inaled the castaway"
explain themselves.

Besides Talvage and I, Captain
Trent with three of the officers
of the Sagitta Maris also heard
this tale, and were much impress-
ed by it. When Delani conclud-
ed his narrative, which was ab-
out three times longer than I
have here made it, they expressed
great astonishment, and made
several comments.

So absorbed were all that no
one noticed a dark object upon
the water, which was slowly
floating toward the Sagitta Maris.
Suddenly my father caught sight
of it, and leaned over the bul-
works to see what it was.

It was the body of Amaren.

The sight of this terrible object,
together with a probable remem-
brance of his dying words trans-
formed Delani into a maniac.
To the horror of all, he uttered a
wild cry, and sprang over the
ship's side, disappearing instant-
ly beneath the waves!

My senses reeled, and for three
days I was in a state of uncon-
siousness. Thanks, however, to
the care I received aboard the
Sagitta Maris, I eventually re-
covered, and when the ship sailed
into New York harbor I was
myself again.

While I was preparing to leave
for Florida the Civil War broke
out. At Lincoln's first call for
volunteers my companion and I
enlisted, for we longed for a life
of adventure in which we could
forget the terrible scenes through
which we had passed. But in
the battle of Seven Pines Talvage
fell, and from that hour a soldier's
life was so distasteful to me that at the end of my term of service I left the ranks. At the close of the Rebellion I returned to my native city, and took possession of the estates left me by my father's will.

But, reader, I have occupied enough of your time already, so I will now bring my story to THE END.

**The Joker.**

**ESOP MODERNIZED.**

**THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.**

A bone stuck in the throat of the wolf; so he went to the crane in a half choked condition, and promised him "an X if he would yank the darned thing out." Which having been done the wolf was about to depart, when the crane observed, "I say, old hoss, jess fork over that X." "Now look here, you cantankerous old humbug," said the wolf, grinning, "X-cuse me, but don't you think it's worth an X to haul your mug out of my jaws as slick as you did? Hey?" The crane imprudently replied, "Not by a long chalk; that's too thin; I don't see it." "Then," said the wolf with cutting sarcasm, "that's the kind of a double-breasted cock-screw I am," and he placidly dispatched the other.

_Hoc fabula docet_ that the difference between hard and rag money has little effect upon trade.

At a recent meeting of Bloomer Damsels they resolved to wear bloomers or nothing. What a terrible time if they shouldn't wear bloomers!—Monthly Gem.

One of our exchanges is named the Coin & Stamp Collector. The publishers ought not to have got a name so suggestive of a pick-pocket!

**Book Review.**

**Album of Valuable Recipes.** 16 pages. Sent for 1 ct. stamp. William N. Grubb, Publisher, Norfolk, Va.

This book contains nineteen "recipes" all which would probably be found useful in the household. The only fault is that too many of them employ ingredients that are not found in the kitchen and not always in the drug-store. The book does not seem to have been issued with any other object than that of practically advertising the printing of W.G., and with that end is a success.


We don't know enough about trapping to dispute or corroborate any of the receipts given here. But they all appear sensible, and we especially commend their clearness and simplicity. There are eleven in all, exclusive of the prefatory remarks and directions. _Bi ak uppie._—The printing fair, but the composition of the book could be improved upon.

**That editorial upon the subject of exchange swindles, in the December Gazette is one of the most sensible ones we have read for some time.**

.... We are far from being perfect now.—Washington Sun.

Yes, and you will probably remain so unless you quit publishing selected matter—above all, such selected matter as is found in that number.

**The Home Gem, Ansonia, C. T., is a bright little sheet, despite its size and age.**

We have received a very complete account of the Washington Convention affair from a party whom we know to be upright and reliable, and are consequently surprised that such a paper as the Crucible should support the president of the S. A. P. A.

_The Youth's Gazette_ goes ahead of the average Washington paper. Always welcome to us.

**OUR NOVELTY.**

We shall here have one original puzzle each month; new ideas for them wanted. Address: Miss M. A. Mitchell, Saco, Me., Box 977.

The winners of last month's prizes were respectively:

Alfred Meserve, Freeman P. Gilman, and Ambrose B. Floyd, all of this city. Fourth prize not awarded.

**THIS MONTH** to the one sending us the largest list of words which can be transposed into other words we will give 30 cents cash. As for example salt into last.

Words cannot be admitted that will form new words by being spelled backwards, as star-rats. Open to all. The words must not contain less than four letters.

**MAGIC CARDS,**

By which your age or any number you may think of can be ascertained, creating a fund of amusement.

**10 CENTS PER PACK.**

_SPY PUBLISHING CO._

WABASH, IND.

Editors inserting the above will receive two packs free.

**Printing of every description done at this office at fearfully low prices.**

_Just give us a call!_
"THAT PURP."

BY QUACK.

ONE evening I went forth for a stroll, determined to enjoy myself alone. In this mood I wandered from place to place, enjoying the cool pleasant atmosphere. My pleasure was brought to an abrupt close, however, when on turning a corner of the street I came in sudden collision with a small dog. I gave him a kick, and he ran around behind me and commenced an incessant barking.

"Yip, yip, yip!" I exclaimed.

"Get out! home with you!" I exclaimed.

"Yip, yip, yip!"

"Yip, yip, yip!"

I whirled round and kicked—the lamp-post! It is marvellous how a dog can run.

I went on. He followed. I kicked, and he barked.

"Yip, yip, yip!"

"Yip, yip, yip!!"

"Yip, yip, yip!!!"

This was getting monotonous. I turned on that dog once more. He ran across the street, barking all the way. I rushed after him, and was just getting within kicking distance, when he moved on. This was repeated three or four times, till I gave in. He retired to some mysterious nook, and I journeyed on.

Pretty soon, on turning a corner, I met a young lady, towards whom I cherished—well, no matter what. Suffice it to say that she was walking with a young gent whom I hated—yes HATED! that's the word! What should make me cherish such sentiments. I will never tell. The mere fact that he was with her, caused me to feel badly. Of course I cared nothing for her! Oh, no! But I determined to be calm, cool and frigid as an iceberg, thus making her ashamed of his company. I was just making a slight bow, and stalking along, erect as a ramrod, when there came a sound of pattering feet, a spring, and an inexpresively oppressive feeling in the rear. My dignity relaxed. One step to the right, two to the left, a stumble, an agonized clutching at the air, and I shot forward like a battering ram into her arms!

The scenes of the next five minutes I shall never reveal. I have a dim recollection of wandering about bareheaded in search of my hat; of receiving an unmerciful pounding at the hands of my foe, which I was too stupid to resent; and lastly of coming to the knowledge that I had made three mortal enemies—a man, a dog, and a lady.

Talk about cats on a summer night! Why, I'd rather listen to the voices of ten thousand felines than to be annoyed for one instant with that worst of all nuisances—a purp!!

Job was doubtless a very patient man, but I tremble for his reputation if he had been assaulted by one of these four-legged Abominations.

Now don't begin to tell me about some great, shaggy dog rescuing a child from a watery grave. I've heard that story before, I believe. It's a fraud.

But I've fixed that puppy now! Read the list of what I have on hand:

1. large musket.
2. Bowie knives.
3. Revolvers (six-shooters.)
4. Cannon (forty-eight pounder.)

Let him show himself now. There will be scenes of riot and bloodshed. Let him come! I am willing and eager for the fray!

N. B. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is making preparations to arrest me. But I wouldn't hurt the poor dog! Oh, no!

Editorials.

EXIT BARKER.

After publishing twenty numbers of the Barker, we have decided to discontinue it. Our reasons for this step are various, and, we think, sufficient. In the first place, we are, and have been long, far behindhand. We are decidedly averse to getting right by skipping numbers, the more so because if we could get on time it would be only temporarily, for we do not have time enough to publish a paper of this size and attend school, do job
THE BARKER.

FRED W. MITCHELL,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PRINTER.

15 CENTS A YEAR.
ADVERTISING: 25 cents an inch first insertion; 15 cents, each succeeding one. Short advertisements will be inserted at .02 a line, each.
Address:-
The Barker, Saco, Me.

December, 1875.

[Original.]
A NIGHT OF TERROR.
BY KARL C. YELRAP.

I REMEMBER it all as vividly as if it were last night that it happened instead of several years ago. I was a mere boy then, just blossoming into my susceptible teens, and now I'm a man in years, privileged to work my poll-tax and with fuzz upon my upper lip. It was the only adventure that ever trespassed upon the quiet of my life, and I now make it publicly known for the first time. At the time of its occurrence I solemnly vowed that I would lock the story of my night of terror in my bosom forever, "where no human eye may see. But I have changed my mind now and have no desire for further secrecy.

Our folks lived upon the farm at that time. It was one spring—I forget the year now, but that matters little as this horrible affair will be ever unmolested by the truth-loving historian—sometimes in the latter part of April or the opening of May, and the fishing season on Belle River was just commencing. One night at dusk, Hank, Chuck and Joe Allen escorted by their father came by, their intentions fully proven by the fishing poles balanced upon their shoulders. "The boys asked me if I didn't want to go fishing for "horned-pouts" over at the old bridge. They had been out the previous night and caught two pails full. I was a boy—and I went.

When La Peer County was first settled a road was run across Belle River, angling badly, having been poorly surveyed, and was, after a few years, abandoned and another road laid out which crossed the river half a mile above. The bridge first built still stood, moss-grown and rotten. Across our asture we went, then over the flats, and then struck into the heavily timbered bottoms. Reaching the old, deserted road we followed the path among the bushes with which the former thoroughfare was now choked, until we reached the bridge. In a clear spot upon the bank we built a "smudge" to keep away the greedy mosquitos that began to swarm about us.

We fished from the old bridge and from the bank; but I could not catch anything to save my life, and the only bits that I had were from the ravenous mosquitos. The others had excellent luck, and becoming discouraged at last, I wound up my line and took my departure homeward, a thing I ever afterwards lamented. It was very dark in the woods—very dark and quiet. Down the tangled road I threaded my way, until I reached the timber, when my path left the old road. One or two owls were hooting weirdly from a tree-top near by, and a mourning dove cooed sadly from a neighboring clump of bushes. I was hurrying along, whistling loudly to keep off the feeling of terror which I felt creeping, chill and cold, over me, when I heard a crash in the underbrush behind me, that sent the blood flooding my heart like an icy, freezing
freshest of surging waters. For an instant I was paralyzed with fear and could not stir a muscle; then I heard a low patter of feet upon the ground behind me, and I ran for life. Once I paused and listened. The horrible thing was trotting at my very heels, its cold damp nose came in contact with my hand. Too tired to run farther, I climbed a tree as I never climbed one before or since!

All night long I roosted among the limbs wide-awake with terror lest my pursuer should ascend the tree and there capture me; all thro' the dark, lagging hours I watched the black form that wandered uneasily beneath me—listened to its awful snuffling and counted its footsteps upon the dead leaves. I suffered a thousand deaths that night as I sat there. At last, tired and sleepy beyond my powers of endurance, I fell asleep—and from the tree, I struck the ground unharmed, and when I opened my eyes I saw in the morning light that terrible thing bending over me. But I cried out with joy for it was my big Newfoundland dog Tige that had followed me.

[Original.]

REVENGE.

BY N. FALMIG.

“Eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” is the law among western scouts and trappers; and it was always my rule, until a little incident, which I am going to relate, happened to me.

I was seated by my camp-fire, thinking of my lost daughter, after a long and hard day’s ride, patiently waiting for a large piece of buffalo meat, which was over the fire, to finish roasting. My brace of revolvers and rifle were lying on the ground on the further side of the fire.

In the midst of my thoughts, I was startled by the entrance on the scene of a large and powerfully built Indian. He was tall and, for an Indian, was remarkably handsome, had a commanding look, and in fact was the best looking savage I ever saw.

I do not know what made me so cross, unless it was because I was tired, and at that moment my dear daughter might be suffering untold agony in the hands of such men. I waited for him to speak.

“Me hungry—me most starved—give something to eat.”

“No!” I answered, “my meat is too good for a lazy, lying dog.”

Without making any reply he turned, and quick as thought, took my rifle and revolvers and the buffalo, and broke into a dead run that seemed to defy pursuit.

I was always a good runner, and resolving not to be robbed in that manner, I accepted the challenge and started after.

He was hindered by the rifle and meat, and I gained on him; but turning around he fired a ball from one of the seven shooters.

It struck me in the back of the hand, and glancing, plowed its way through the fleshy part of my arm to my elbow, and dropped to the ground.

I stooped and picked up the ball. I then and there, running as I was, with the blood continually dropping from my wounded arm, swore that, with that same ball I would kill him.

This had put me back some; but I now gained slowly and his strength seemed to be failing; but turning suddenly to the right, into a path that led directly up into the hills, he gained on me he being more used to running on such stony ground. I knew that if he once got into any one of the numerous passes that led through the hills he would escape, so straining every muscle I struggled on.

We had not ran far when I saw with delight that we were approaching a fissure at least twenty feet wide.

At last I had got him.

I imagine my astonishment, to see him grasping a large limb which hung from a tree that grew on the other bank, and with an easy, graceful movement swing himself to the other bank.

I resolved to follow and grasping the same limb I swung out, when crack, snap, the limb gave way.

O the horrible thoughts that passed through my brain, I thought of home, wife and my lost daughter, and closed my eyes to wait the shock that must dash me into eternity.

Why did it not come? Slowly I opened my eyes, hardly daring to look.

The branch had caught between the sides, and there I was between heaven and earth, fully expecting every time I breathed to be dashed on the rocks two hundred feet below. Not daring to move I looked up to meet the smiling face of “my game” peering at me.

Now my last hour has come, I thought, for he will surely find some way to dislodge the branch, and then—

But no, what did I hear? “Hold hard, me get you out.” Yes the Indian whom I had sworn to kill was now about to save me.

I tell you boys I felt as though I ought to be killed.

Unwinding his lasso, he dropped the noose, and holding up my arms it settled over my body.

Grasping the rope I was soon landed on terra firma.
I grasped the chief’s hand and could not say a word. Stooping he picked up one of the revolvers, and cocking it handed it to me saying,

“I stole white man’s meat. — white man I hit,—white man now kill.”

And straining himself up waited for me to fire. Boys, I could not fire; but said,

“Forgive me chief as I do you. I am weak. Let us be friends, and you help me do up my arm.”

“Me forgive,—me be friend and come to cave and me show you what for me steal meat.”

We went to the cave and when I went in — was I ever happy? If I ever was I was then, for there was my daughter.

“Then this is what the chief wanted me for?” I asked after we had embraced.

“Yes, father, I was hungry, and he went out to beg some; but I suppose he stole it. You will forgive him, won’t you? for he saved my life, brought me here, and to-night we were going to start for the settlements. He meant no harm——”

“Forgive him? It is I that should be forgiven,” I said.

But I will close. Suffice it to say that we all three reached the fort all right about the time my wound had healed. I begged the noble chief to stay with us, and when we moved to New York he came with us.

And now let me say that if you want to see a good man, although an Indian, come to New York and pay us a visit, and listen to him while he tells the story, how he revenged himself on me.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:
I gladly accept your kind offer to allow me to make a reply to the charges brought against myself by the Amateur Tribune, Wilmington, Del. Had it not been for your kindness I should never in all probabilities have known anything about the charges, for, as before, I did not receive a copy of the Tribune, from its editors, containing them.

In the first place I wish to take the responsibility of that editorial entirely upon myself. If the editors of the Tribune had common sense they would have known that, as the remark concerning the motto referred only to himself, the editor alone was responsible for the reply to it. If the editors of the Tribune have any honor they will at once apologize to Mr. Harris for the disgraceful epithets it piled upon him, for as I said before, he had nothing whatever to do with it,—in fact he was not connected with the paper when it was published.

“Of all the mean, contemptible, false editorials that ever disgraced an amateur paper, the one in the December number of the “Gazette,” Portland, Me., entitled the “Bitter Bitten,” is the worst.”

Any person who read the article in the Gazette and also the one in the Tribune is requested to judge which is the meanest, most contemptible, and false. Certainly no such disgraceful and ungentlemanly epithets appeared in my article as those which appeared in their reply. As to the editorial being false, why don’t they produce proof, or at least point out the lies? They can’t do it. It is one thing to make a charge and another to prove it, so I hereby challenge the editors of the Tribune to point out the lies. I again say that I received, from its editors, neither copies of their paper which contained the articles concerning myself.

The editors make a serious charge when they say that we will not stop at base and downright falsehoods when our own interests are concerned, and defy them to bring proof to strengthen their assertion. Most truly the article concerning them did not merit such a charge as the above, and if anything I have done does merit it why don’t they say and prove what it is and so have me branded as a cheat and fraud? I desire them to prove it,—if they can.

I did send them a copy of the paper containing the article in question, but know nothing about such “a scandalous outrage upon truth,”—unless they refer to their own piece.

I see no need of submitting the question to learned authorities. It is the duty of the editors of the Amateur Tribune, having said the motto was ungrammatical, to prove it, and until they do, (which they will never be able to) I claim that it is grammatical.

“It is hardly necessary to state that they have discarded the use of the ungrammatical motto.”

It is also hardly necessary to state that this was not done until it had graced the head of the Gazette through one volume, when, as my partner wished another motto we selected “Free and independent.” The editors of the Tribune had better take a dose of Rhetorics. If they had studied it they would have perceived that the words “the use of,” following “discarded,” were entirely superfluous.

*** We can’t expect grammatical correctness from dunces.***

They did tell the truth once in their article. Draw your own conclusions, readers.

Hereafter I shall pay no attention to their replies unless they (For conclusion see supplement.)
CONCLUDED FROM 4TH PAGE.

bring some serious charges, with proof, against myself.

I desire to ask one favor of them, and that is to send me a copy of the number containing their reply to this article, if they make any.

I thank you very much, Mr. Editor, for the use of the columns. I did not intend to make my reply so lengthy, but, under the circumstances, could not very well avoid it.

Yours fraternally,
C. E. WILLIAMS.

Book Review.


Although the plot of this book was stale five years ago, the story is well worth a perusal. It is told in a very pleasant style, and the author seems thoroughly at ease all through. The printing is very good, but in several particulars a lack of taste is displayed; as the absence of a border on the front cover, of an inside title-page, of numbers to the pages, etc.


It is rather singular how one could write such a good story in so little space. For this is really one of the best small books we have yet seen. Don't forget to get a copy of this, readers. The typographical appearance is unusually fine, and we especially like the admirable composition.

One of the most contemptible practices we know of is the habit which certain papers have of accusing those who have attacked them of not sending a copy of the paper containing the charge. We know of some cases where the accusation is just, but are willing to wager anything that it is frequently not.

LOOK!

50 finely printed Bristol Visiting Cards for 25 cents; Tinted 30; Marble 35; Snowflake 40; Glass 45; Repp, Damask or Granite 40; send 3 ct. stamp and see what they are, to E. G. Loomis, East Cambridge, Mass.

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