OUR-:-BOYS-:-AND-:-GIRLS.

TROJAN WAR.

A Beautiful Mythological Tale for the Young.

What boy or what girl has not heard of Achilles, the great warrior of mythology, whose mother dipped him in the river Styx to render him invulnerable? What girl has not learned something of the fair Helen of Troy? What youthful mind, upon reading intent, has not formed some dim conception of Ajax and Ulysses, of Hector and Æneas, as pictured in Homer's immortal poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, and Virgil's Æneid? There is no story of romance, in all the world's literary treasures, that appeals so strongly to the youthful fancy as the siege of Troy. It is the choicest of the classics, and, besides being so fascinating, is a necessary part of the education. The young readers of the GLOBE will in time doubtless read the stories of Homer and Virgil in the original, or in the translations by Bryant and Longfellow, but I intend to give them an interesting outline of the siege of Troy, with its stories of the brave Achilles, the wise Ulysses, the stout Ajax, the valiant Hector and the fair but weak Helen. It begins in ancient Greece, 1,200 years before the Christian era, when the Greeks peopled the sky with the gods and goddesses; when Jupiter was the king of the gods, and the milky way was the road leading to his palace in high Olympus, and when all the train of gods and goddesses greatly interested themselves in the affairs of the world.

THE FAIR HELEN

at that time was a Grecian princess, and was the most beautiful woman in the world. All of the princes of Greece were suitors for her hand, the list including Menelaus, the young king of Sparta, and Ulysses. Helen was unable to decide among them all, and the lovers finally made an agreement among themselves that they would not only abide by her decision, but would solemnly swear to join forces and protect and defend her and the husband she might choose. She then chose Menelaus, and the rest attended the wedding with the best grace they could command and afterward looked out for wives elsewhere. Ulysses married the lovely Penelope, the other princes married, one by one, and the rivalry over Helen was forgotten. Shortly after occurred the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. Thetis, afterward the mother of Achilles, was a beautiful sea nymph, and so lovely that Jupiter himself sought to marry her; but Juno, his royal wife, interposed, and Jupiter decreed that Thetis should marry a mortal. Peleus won her, and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp. All of the gods and goddesses were invited except Ate, the Goddess of Discord, who determined to avenge herself. Accordingly, when the feast was at its height, she threw in a golden apple, inscribed "For the fairest." Juno, the queen of heaven; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and Venus, the goddess of love, each claimed it, and Jupiter, to whom it was appealed, found difficulty in deciding to whom to award it. Finally he said:

"On Mount Ida is a shepherd, named Paris. I will give him the apple, and he shall decide."

This apple was the famous "apple of discord."

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Paris, the shepherd, was a son of Priam, king of Troy, but it was prophesied at his birth that he would be the cause of the downfall of the city; so he was left upon Mount Ida to die. But he grew to be a very handsome man. At the appointed time Jupiter sent the golden apple to him by Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and ordered Juno, Minerva and Venus to appear before him. Juno was the first to present herself. She did not rely upon her stately beauty, but promised Paris, if he would decide in her favor, to give him fame, wealth and power; she would make him the greatest man upon earth. The wise Minerva came next. She told Paris there was nothing like wisdom, and promised she would make him the wisest man on earth if he would decide in her favor. Last came Venus, in all her loveliness. She knew the weakness of men, and she said to Paris: "Give me the apple and I will give you for your wife the most beautiful woman in the world." Paris never hesitated, but at once gave her the apple, which she carried off in triumph, while Juno and Minerva returned to Olympus vowing vengeance. Venus proceeded to carry out her promise, and told Paris the most beautiful woman was Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and she would secure her for him. Accordingly she had Paris introduced at the court of King Menelaus. He made love to Helen, and Venus induced her to elope with him. They fled to King Priam at Troy, where they were hospitably received and entertained. King Menelaus raised an army to attack Troy, and it was this series of battles, lasting through ten years, that made the famous siege of Troy celebrated in the immortal verse of Homer.

PREPARING FOR THE SIEGE.

When Menelaus discovered the treachery of Paris he sent to the various kings of Greece and reminded them of their compact to protect and defend Helen; but most of them had married and settled down and had little taste for such a war. When the messenger went to Ulysses he pretended to be mad, and, yoking an ox and an ass together, ploughed salt. But the messenger placed the infant son of Ulysses, Telemachus, before the plough; Ulysses turned aside, showing that he was sane, and finally agreed to join. One by one the kings came together with their armies, until all were assembled but Achilles. Thetis, Achilles' mother, knowing that if he went against Troy he would lose his life, had hidden him. He was disguised as a girl and sent among the daughters of a neighboring king. Ulysses disguised himself as a peddler, and, with weapons for sale, went to the palace. The girls came around him and he gave an alarm of danger; the girls fled, but Achilles seized the weapons, thus disclosing himself to Ulysses, who had no difficulty in persuading him to join. The forces being all together, Agamemnon was chosen commander-in-chief and the expedition prepared to set sail for Troy; but adverse winds sprang up and the ships were unable to leave the shore. This continued for some time, until the oracle was consulted and it was ascertained Minerva had caused the winds, and could only be propitiated by the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon. Iphigenia was accordingly prepared for sacrifice, but just as the priest was about to plunge the knife into her bosom, Minerva relented and snatched her away, leaving a fawn in her place and taking her off as a priestess to one of her temples. Favorable winds then blew, and the Grecian fleet made a safe voyage to the coast of Troy, in Asia Minor. The siege was begun, and for ten years continued with varying features. Venus lent her protection to the side of Paris, while Juno and Minerva naturally ranged on the other side. Jupiter himself was impartial and endeavored to keep the gods and goddesses neutral. So the siege went on; but its beautiful stories must be reserved for the next department of "Our Boys and Girls."

HAMMERING BRASS.

Some Practical Hints for Ingenious Boys and Girls.

A plain and unattractive piece of brass can be made into a beautiful, as well as useful, article with a light hammer and four simple tools.

The tools can be purchased from a hardware store for 25 cents upward. One is a piece of steel called a tracer, six inches long, and sloped towards the edge until a flat strip one-eighth of an inch wide is produced. The edge should be about as sharp as a screwdriver.

Another tool is made by roughening the end of a piece of steel by filing diagonally and across it. Still another tool is shaped like a gouge with a screwdriver edge, and one like a shoemaker's awl with a blunt end. These tools are necessary, but others will be found useful as your work progresses.

Procure a piece of brass the thickness of a Bristol board and screw it down on a table or board. Now for a design; take a clover leaf; draw it on the brass with a sharp lead pencil. Take the tool that resembles a screwdriver in one hand, holding it with the thumb and first finger, and placing it on the stem of the leaf, with a constant tapping of the hammer move the tool around the edge.

After you have sufficiently beaten the edge of the clover down, with the tool that has the cross-filed end beat the background down, when your work should stand out in relief. Once more go around the clover with the tracer to make a clean edge.

After two or three successful leaves, try several leaves arranged on a round piece of brass, with one and a half inch margin. When it is done take it to a tinsmith and have a candlestick made out of it. Other pretty as well as useful things that can be made out of brass are match boxes, picture frames, smoking sets, etc.

THYRZA C. WILLIAMS.

QUEER BIRD-NESTS.

The Strange Places Sometimes Selected by the Builders.

Birds have some queer fancies in selecting spots for building their nests. Some time ago, near Seaville, N. J., I noticed in a grove of oaks, that nearly every tree had an old tin can nailed up in it. I found, on examination, that the cans were all occupied by wrens and bluebirds. But what attracted my attention most was an old boot fastened in one of the trees. As I approached it, a bluebird flew out and, althought it was twenty-five feet from the ground, I climbed up and saw inside five young birds comfortably sitting in the nest.

I once found a veritable tower nest, built by a pair of robins. They had built a nest in a cedar tree, and it had been found unsuitable, for some reason that they alone knew. Immediately afterwards they built a second one on top of it, and, still being unsatisfied, they built a third one. But they were very hard to please, for still another nest was constructed on top of the third one, and a fifth one on top of the fourth, before they were contented to begin housekeeping. Not long after that, four little heads were peeping over the edge of their lofty home.

An old gentleman once told me that his wife, on a certain wash-day, missed a lace cap that she had hung out on the line and fastened with a clothes-pin. Several days afterwards, when walking in his garden, he noticed something white fluttering in the branches of a cherry tree, and an examination showed that a pair of robbins had taken the cap from the line and fastened it among the twigs and grass of their nest. The birds had undoubtedly pulled the cap from between the prongs of the clothes-pin, for they could not otherwise have obtained it. They were left in undisturbed possession of their prize.

A pair of sparrows in Central Park, New York, have regularly, for several years, built their nest and reared their young ones in the right hand of Daniel Webster's statue. But a stranger place than that has been used by a pair in Charing Cross, London, for six years past. These brave little fellows have made their home right in the mouth of a lion—but the lion is made of stone.

In St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, several nests of wrens were found inside street gas-lamps, where, during the night, a bright light was always burning, but they seemed in no wise disturbed by it.

CHARLES S. SHICK.

THE MELODIOUS TUI.

Something About the Sweetest Singer of All the Birds.

Birds of which we know nothing here, and which, strange to say, were not even found in that bird puzzle of ours, are seen in Australia and New Zealand. A traveler in those far-away lands tells us something about the Tui: While we stood watching the stream an exquisite sound broke upon our ears. It was like the piping of those reeds that the dervishes in the East play upon while their brethren perform their strange devotions. This piping was constantly being varied, sometimes by even softer, but sometimes by more metallic sounds. At one moment the song grew so loud that it seemed to be quite close, the next it appeared to melt away in the distance.

Suddenly it ceased. It was a Tui—the most beautiful songster in the world. We saw one on a branch a few minutes later. It was about the size of a blackbird, the plumage of a blue-black with metallic hues, and in places almost like velvet. The beak was yellow, as were also the legs. At the throat it had two little tufts of white feathers, which gave the bird a rather quaint appearance. In New Zealand some of the birds are protected by government, but many have died out.

PLANTS IN WITCHCRAFT.

Queer Superstition as to the Power of the Ash Tree.

Popular Science Monthly.

Occasionally when the dairy-maid churned for a long time without making butter, she would stir the cream with a twig of mountain-ash, and beat the cow with another, thus breaking the witch's spell. But to prevent accidents of this kind it has long been customary in the northern counties to make the churn-staff of ash. For the same reason herd-boys employ an ash twig for driving cattle, and one may often see a mountain ash growing near a house. On the continent the tree is in equal repute, and in Norway and Denmark rowan-branches are usually put over stable doors to keep out witches, a similar notion prevailing in Germany. No tree, perhaps, holds such a prominent place in witchcraft-lore as the mountain ash, its mystic power having rarely failed to render fruitless the evil influence of these enemies of mankind.

A HOME-MADE SCARE.

Carl was a jolly little fellow,
With eyes of blue and curls of yellow,
And rosy cheeks and just the chin
To hold a pretty dimple in.
He found himself alone one day,
And wondered what 'twas best to play
While his mamma remained away.
Pencil and paper soon he saw
And seized them both. Said he, "I'll draw
An ogre like the one so grim
Poor Jack heard growling 'Fee-fo-fum.'
First, here's his forehead full of bumps,
And then his nose with three big humps,
And then two ears of 'normous size,
And then two dreadful staring eyes,
And then a mouth from ear to ear;
With long sharp teeth-like tusks." But here
The artist, with eyes opened wide
In fright, gazed on his work and cried,
"Mamma, mamma—come, come, please do,
I'm very lonely without you;
And oh! mamma, I'm so afraid
Of this old ogre that I've made!"

—Margaret Eytinge, in St. Nicholas for April

FRED'S PRIZE.

The Story of a Contest With Surprising Results.

Philadelphia Times.

Broad noon, one day, Fred Eustis marched up to a lamp post letter-box, and deposited therein a bulky envelope, which anyone with the least literary experience might have surmised contained a manuscript—an MS. or MSS., as young writers fondly put it in their private epistles to the editor.

Such a surmise as regarded the contents of Fred's deposit in the mail would have been perfectly correct. It did contain a manuscript; and Fred didn't care who knew it—quite to the contrary.

He was accompanied by two or three of his schoolmates, who, from the intimate knowledge they appeared to possess of the affair, and the interest they took in it, might have been his literary partners. But, as a matter of fact, there was not a single person in all Fred Eustis' somewhat extensive circle of acquaintances who hadn't heard from his lips the full details of his entrance into the competition for the prize of $10 offered by the Golden Gooseberry for the best patriotic essay, in verse, written by a boy or girl under sixteen years of age.

Not a few of these persons had even heard portions of the poem read. It was an eulogy of Washington, beginning with an account of how the writer had celebrated the 22d of February, then proceeding to the reflections and historical reminiscences suggested thereby, and ending with a glowing passage about the inauguration of the first president of the United States, appropos of the approaching centennial celebration.

To those competent to judge this effort proved Fred to be the possessor of abilities by no means despicable; yet there were few who gave him a word of decided encouragement.

The trouble with our young friend was an overconfident spirit, which led him to boast of literary successes and triumphs before he had achieved them, and when, as usually happened, these ventures turned out dead failures a great deal of unnecessary mortification ensued.

"My son," his father had said to him on one of these occasions, "never mention your scribbling fad again until you can speak in the past tense of some prize of honor won, or show something of yours in print."

That same afternoon the indomitable lad had set to work upon his prize essay.

Now it was completed, polished, copied off and ready to be sent for judgment of the editorial czar who presided over the literary destinies of the Golden Gooseberry. Fred's spirits rose rapidly, and his hump of self-esteem once more developed to abnormal proportions. His companions shared, or at least pretended to share, his buoyant expectations.

"I don't see how you ever made up such a poem," said one, after the bulging envelope had taken its fateful dive into the letter box.

"It's as good as anything Longfellow ever wrote when he was your age," declared the second.

"And it's just as good as sure of the prize," roundly asserted the third.

"Well," replied Fred, complacently, "if it don't turn out a winner it will prove what I've often suspected—that editors have their favorites and show partiality. But if I get that $10 prize, boys, we'll have a jolly good time, that's all. I'm going to save half of it and spend the other five."

"Counting your chickens again before they're hatched, eh?" was the quiet remark of Fred's cousin, Louise Wood, at whose house he stopped on his way home to air his prospective triumph.

Louise was a demure, studious, sensible girl, and the president of an eight o'clock club chapter. That, however, did not prevent her cousin from putting on literary airs before her.

"That's all right, Lou," he answered, loftily. "Just you wait until a week from next Saturday, when the result of the competition is published. Then you will see what a fellow like me is able to do when the inspiration seizes him."

The "week from next Saturday" came around—as slowly as such eventful dates usually do come to expectant watchers of the calendar.

For once in his life Frederick Eustis showed signs of nervousness. He left home alone quite early in the morning, and lurked about the publication office of the Golden Gooseberry until the paper was out and on sale.

Purchasing a copy he clutched it desperately, and, wadding it up without so much as glancing at it, darted out and turned furtively down a side street.

Sitting on a doorstep he unfolded the paper, tore open the leaves, and with the air of one about to make a leap for life or death, ran his eye over the pages.

The very first headlines that met his eye were as follows:

OUR PRIZE POEMS!

PATRIOTIC TRIBUTES BY YOUNG AMERICANS TO THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Still more conspicuous, to the eager eyes of Fred, were half-a-dozen stanzas of strangely familiar appearance, down towards the middle of the column, and bearing this heading:

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

1789-1889.

BY FREDERICK EUSTIS.

(Probably these were not exactly the relative proportions of the type in the several lines; but so they appeared to Fred. His own name looked bigger to him than the heading of the Golden Gooseberry itself.)

Staggering like a drunken man under the pressure of the excitement and triumphant joy which had so suddenly burst upon him, Fred started back in the direction of his home. It was two or three miles distant, on the other side of the city; but he did not think of taking a car. He could not even walk in a steady, every-day fashion, but occasionally broke into a kind of nervous trot, exultingly waving the Golden Gooseberry that he carried in his hand.

After a while he met one of his school friends, to whom he announced the news or his success, with rather an unsuccessful attempt at feigned indifference, as if his winning the prize had been an inevitable and foregone conclusion.

"Have you got your $10 yet?" asked Fred's friend, who was a practical, matter-of-fact sort of a boy.

"No," replied the poet with a touch of scorn; "I didn't stop to take it, though I've just come from the Gooseberry building."

"You know what you were saying about a little treat for the boys if you struck that prize."

"That's so," mused Fred. "And today's Saturday—just the time. It's now about noon."

"I could get the fellows together in less than an hour's time, if you say so."

"That's the idea! We'll have them out, then I'll stop and collect my cash and stand treat for the lunch, so we can put in the whole afternoon in the park and have a row on the river."

The fact was, Fred rather liked the idea of taking his friends along to see him collect his prize-money at the Golden Gooseberry office.

Accordingly, a little before 1 o'clock five boys, headed by the redoubtable poet in person, stormed the editorial citadel and asked for the editor.

That personage had gone out to lunch; but a clerk received the visitors politely.

"I am Frederick Eustis," announced our hero; but, as this did not seem to make quite the impression expected, he added: "Author of the prize poem, you know."

"Oh, yes! one of the prize-winners," said the clerk.

"The prize winner. There was only one prize offered, I believe," insisted Fred, with dignified firmness.

"One prize—yes. But that was contested by two poems so much above the average and so evenly matched in merit, though not at all like one another, that the editor finally decided to split the difference—that is to say, to divide the ten-dollar prize equally between the two leading contestants, of whom you are one. Both of the poems are printed in the Gooseberry, as no doubt you have seen."

Fred had indeed noticed some other verses following his own; but, supposing them to be merely an "honorable mention," he had not taken the trouble to read them.

"I have the order here," continued the clerk, taking a slip of paper from a hook. "I was going to mail them; but you may as well present this and get your $5 from the cashier."

"I refuse it," said Fred, striking a tragic attitude, for the benefit of his awe-struck companions. "I competed for the $10 prize, and there was but one. I don't care for any divided honors, and I shall make my protest to the editor."

The clerk shrugged his shoulder and smiled. A moment of awkward silence ensued, then Fred marched out of the office with an air of lofty scorn, followed by his four comrades in solemn Indian file.

"Well," said Fred, expectantly, when they had reached the street, "what do you think of the stand I made?"

"It was a mighty foolish one," burst out the bluntest spoken of the boys. "You threw away a certainty of five dollars for the ghost of a chance of getting ten."

"It wasn't for the money," stoutly maintained Fred, "but for the principle of the thing."

"Well, the money would have taken us on the excursion, and the principle won't, that's certain."

So the disappointed boys deserted Fred one by one, with the exception of fat little Frank Bean, who declared he would stick by his friend and see the affair through.

Not knowing what else to do, and feeling that perhaps he had acted a little hastily, Fred determined to call upon his cousin Louise for sympathy and advice.

She received him with a cordiality that both surprised and comforted him; and they talked the whole matter over.

"What kind of a poem," she asked, "is this of your rival who is to divide the prize with you?"

Fred unfolded the crumpled paper, and together they read over the verses which had disputed first honor with those produced by Fred. They were signed "Louis E. Bois."

"I must say they are pretty good," Fred admitted. "Perhaps they are as deserving of the prize as mine. I believe if I had only stopped to read 'em and think the matter over I should not have kicked against the editor's decision. But it's too late now."

"I don't know," replied the practical and quick-witted Louise. "If your friend will excuse us for a few moments possibly we can devise a remedy not too disagreeable."

The good-natured Bean waited in the parlor while Fred and his cousin held a whispered conference, which finally resulted in the impetuous poet's seating himself at a writing-desk and dashing off the following curious epistle:

To the Editor of the Golden Gooseberry.

DEAR SIR: I am much mortified to learn that an impudent impostor presented himself at your office this morning, and, claiming to be Frederick Eustis, audaciously demanded the whole of the $10-prize which you had justly decided to divide equally between Mr. Louis E. Bois and myself. It is fortunate that your clerk was able to detect the fraud and to dismiss the rascal and his claim without ceremony. I shall be glad to receive my share of the prize by bearer of this note; and, thanking you sincerely for the honor conferred upon my effort, beg to remain, Yours sincerely, FREDERICK EUSTIS.

Frank Bean volunteered to go to the Gooseberry office with this and bring back the response.

Needless to say, his return was waited with feverish anxiety, and when at last he came puffing into the parlor, holding out a sealed envelope at arms' length, Fred's heart was in his mouth.

"You open it, Lou."

She did so, and a crisp new bank note fluttered to the floor.

"Ten dollars! What can this mean?"

The editor's note explained it:

Frederick Eustis, Esq.,

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find $10—$5 for your share of the prize, and $5 for your clever and ingenious letter, just received. Yours truly,

ED. GOLDEN GOOSEBERRY.

"This is a staggerer," gasped Fred. "I don't know whether to feel proud or humiliated."

"Let's go on our excursion," suggested honest Frank Bean.

Fred gleefully assented. As he was about leaving the house his cousin said:

"I think it's a triumph for you, Fred, and I shall feel as happy over it as you do if you'll only forgive me."

"For what, pray?"

"Well, for—for cutting in on your prize. I really didn't think I could do it, and I sent in my poem signed Louis E. Bois. Bois is French for Wood, you know, and Louis E. is simply Louise thinly disguised. By an accident my poor effort came out a half winner, and I received my $5 just before you came. But you don't care, do you, Fred. One doesn't belong to an Eight O'Clock chapter for nothing, you know."

HE SETTLED IT.

How a Big St. Bernard Punished a Cur of Low Degree.

Forest and Stream.

During the year 1884 I was located in St. Louis, and on several occasions had observed a fine St. Bernard dog stalking with dignity up Chestnut street. He was owned by a lawyer named Jacko, on Third street, who regularly sent him on errands to his home. On one occasion I saw him coming up the street with a basket full of something, probably meat, and at his heels was a "cur of low degree, which was persistently snapping at him, as if endeavoring to get him to drop his charge, when the little dog could sail in for a division of the contents. The large dog stopped twice on the block, turned round and looked at his tormentor and resumed his pace until he reached me, when, looking up into my face with an expression that almost said "Please mind this for a moment," he laid the basket at my feet, turned and with one bound had the cur by the neck, shook him most unmercifully, rolled him in the gutter and dropped him. The cur took very little time in getting out of sight, not even stopping to shake himself. The St. Bernard then picked up his basket and with a satisfied air went on his way.

THE POPE'S HABITS.

How the Venerable Old Man Spends the Day.

Pope Leo XIII. rises at 6 o'clock, alike in summer and winter, and immediately says mass in his private chapel. Then he "assists" at another mass celebrated by a prelate of the household, and at 7 he breakfasts.

The papal breakfast consists of coffee and two boiled eggs. The midday dinner is as simple as the breakfast—soup, beefsteak, dessert and one glass of Bordeaux. After dinner the pope takes an hour's nap. The early supper is composed of salad and eggs, and a very admirable supper in a hot climate. It is said to be etiquette for the pope to take all his meals alone—a custom which would seem to be very bad for the digestion.

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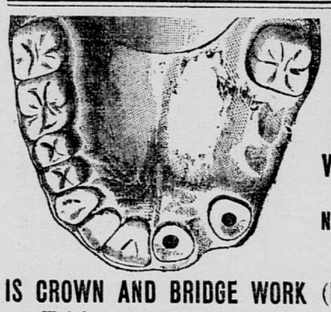

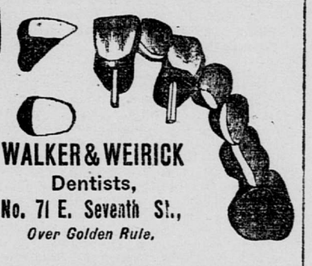

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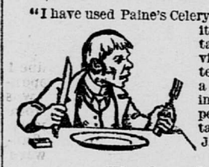

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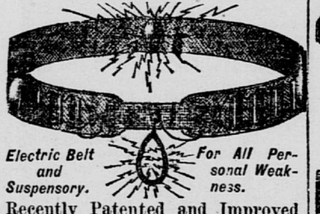

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The currents from our Belt are under complete control of wearer, and so powerful they need only be worn three hours daily, and are instantly felt by the wearer, or we will forfeit $5,000. These belts have great improvements over all others, and we warrant them to be vastly superior, or will refund money.

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We take it for granted that every buyer of an Electric Belt wants the BEST MADE, and it is, therefore, to the interest of sufferers to call and see this famous belt before buying, as it costs no more than the inferior old styles, produces stronger and more lasting currents, and is indestructible. We warrant it to last for years, and a whole family can wear same belt. It is lighter and more convenient to wear than any other. Pamphlet, illustrated, containing full information and hundreds of testimonials from prominent people throughout the U. S. for 4c stamp. Address

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This is the list of a few Diamonds and Watches forfeited this week:

$32.25—A GENT'S HUNTING SOLID gold watch; stem wind and setter, Springfield, Mass., full jeweled movement, center engraved gold cases; has only been used for about six months, and is guaranteed a good timepiece. Pledge No. 255.

$115—ORIGINAL COST $175—A GENT'S hunting 14-carat solid gold watch; stem wind and setter; 1-5 second fly-back horsetimer and quarter-hour repeater, striking the hours and quarters, enabling one to tell the time in the dark; made by L. Huguenin & Sons, Locle, Switzerland; fine nickel movement, jeweled in every bearing, and adjusted; engine-turned engraved cases; this is without a doubt one of the biggest bargains yet offered. Pledge No. 314.

$37—A LADY'S HUNTING 14-CARAT solid gold watch; Elgin 84-plate jeweled movement; stem wind and setter; magnificent vermicelli-engraved Louis XIV. box cases; almost new. Pledge No. 279.

$28—A GENT'S OPEN FACE FILLED case watch, stem wind and setter, Hampden full-jeweled, cut-expansion balance movement; engine-turned engraved cases, guaranteed to wear for twenty years. Pledge No. 140.

$43.50—A GENT'S HUNTING SOLID gold watch; Elgin full jeweled, cut expansion balance and patent regulator movement; stem wind and setter, elegant frosted Louis XIV. box cases; warranted a fine timepiece. Pledge No. 165.

$69.50—A GENT'S HUNTING 14-carat solid gold watch, stem wind and setter; nickel Elgin full-jeweled, cut expansion balance, patent regulator and safety pinion; magnificent vermicelli-engraved gold cases; almost new. Pledge No. 256.

$18.75—A LADY'S HUNTING GOLD filled-case watch, Elgin three-quarter plate jeweled movement, stem wind and setter, center engraved, filled cases; warranted an A 1 timepiece. Pledge No. 266.

$39—A LADY'S HUNTING 14-CARAT solid gold watch; nickel three-fourths plate, full-jeweled Illinois movement, stem-wind and setter and elegant engraved cases. This watch has been worn but a short time, and cannot be told from new. Pledge No. 268.

$29.50—WOULD COST NEW $45—A gent's hunting solid gold watch; stem-wind and setter, Elgin jeweled movement, safety pinion, and cut expansion balance; handsome shell engraved gold cases; almost new. Pledge No. 304.

$20.50—A GENT'S HUNTING GOLD filled case; stem-wind and setter, Elgin full-jeweled, cut expansion balance and safety pinion; beautiful engraved cases, guaranteed to wear for fifteen years. Any one desiring a fine timepiece should not fail to secure it. Pledge No 308.

$94.50 FOR THIS FINE GENT'S hunting 14-carat solid gold watch; stem-wind and setter; celebrated H. H. Taylor Elgin nickel movement; every jewel in a gold setting; patent regulator, adjusted to heat, cold and position; patent safety pinion and quick train; massive Louis XIV. box cases, weighing 70 dwts., elegantly engraved. Pledge No. 259.

$21.75—A DIAMOND AND RUBY scarf pin, in the shape of a star and crescent, consisting of five brilliant diamonds, fair size, and one fiery ruby; handsome gold mounting. Pledge No. 3299.

$13—A LADY'S DIAMOND RING, ONE stone, fair size, and very brilliant. Fancy gold mounting. Pledge No. 3133.

$50—A DIAMOND LOCKET, CONTAINing thirteen brilliant stones in the shape of a horseshoe; handsome plain gold mounting, making a very odd design. Pledge No. 3443.

$60 WILL BUY THIS DIAMOND STUD, one stone weighing almost a carat, finely cut, brilliant, and extra good color. Skeleton gold mounting. Pledge No. 3462.

$310—A PAIR OF DIAMOND EARdrops; two stones weighing a fraction over four carats, evenly matched, good depth and surface, and of extraordinary brilliancy; skeleton gold mounting. Pledge No. 3015.

$140—A DIAMOND LACE PIN, ONE stone, weighing about a carat and a half; extra good color; brilliant and perfect; plain knife edge, gold mounting. Pledge No. 3005.

$110—A DIAMOND RING, ONE STONE weighing about 1¼ carats; fine color; brilliant, and guaranteed free from flaws or imperfections of any kind; plain gold mounting. Pledge No. 3192.

$37.50—A PAIR OF DIAMOND sleeve buttons, two white and showy stones, good size; handsome Roman gold mounting. Pledge No. 3283.

$35—A DIAMOND STUD, ONE STONE, fine color, perfect and very brilliant; skeleton gold mounting. Pledge No. 3097.

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