

THE ADVERTISER.

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THE OLD BROWN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

In memory's hall hangs the picture,
And years of sad care are between;
It hangs with a beautiful gilding,
And well do I love it, I ween.
It stood on a bleak country corner,
But boyhood's young heart made it warm;
It glowed in the sunshine of summer;
'Twas cheerful in winter and storm.

O, gay were the sports of the noontide,
When winter winds frolicked with snow
We laughed at the freaks of the storm-king
And shouted him on, all aglow.
We dashed at his beautiful squalls;
Regardless of all its array;
We plunged in the feathery snow-drifts
And sported the winter away.

We sat on the old-fashioned benches,
Regulいた with our pencil and slate;
We thought of the opening future,
And dreamed of our manhood's estate.
O, days of my boyhood, I bless ye,
While looking from life's busy prime;
The treasures are lingering with me
I gathered in life's early time.

O, still to that bleak country corner
Turns my heart, in weariness yet,
Where, leading my gentle young sisters,
With youthful companions met.
I cast a fond glance o'er the meadow;
The hills still behind it I see;
Away in the charm of the distance,
Old school-house! a blessing on thee!
—Rev. Dwight Williams.

THE BOODLE GAME.

Revival of an Old Swindle in a New Garb—
So-Called Honest Greenhorns Victimized
by Sharpers, Who Are Ostensible Dealers
in Counterfeit Money.

For some time past a number of enterprising sharpers in New York, have been working a modification of what is known as the "boodle racket," and with great success among greenhorns in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and the West generally. The old game had become so thoroughly exposed that it was thought the swindlers had given up the game. It appears now, however, from investigations made by the Secret-Service officers, that the greenhorns are being fleeced liberally. The only new device is the rather bold plan of insisting on meeting the customer face to face in New York. The swindle is now operated only for large amounts. The victim is first selected by a responsible agent, who posts him on the address of his confederate in New York. When the greenhorn writes a letter of inquiry he receives a reply in the form of the following, which was received by a would-be "shover of the queer" a short time ago:

"NEW YORK CITY.

"MY DEAR SIR—Yours received. I have the goods you want. They are far better than any of its kind ever before circulated, and in workmanship and appearance entirely equal to the real. These bills are printed from skeleton plates, a new invention. By means of these plates exact duplicates of the originals are obtained. There is no danger in handling these bills, if in prudent hands. Therefore, I am very careful with whom I deal. My desire is to have these bills exchanged far away from where they are made. I offer them to those only who are recommended to me by my customers. I can sell all I make, in this city, but money exchanged here goes too often into banks, and through the hands of experts. In this way a hundred-dollar note was detected. These bills I offer are ones, twos, fives, tens and twenties, regular greenbacks. They have never been detected yet, although a great many are in circulation. If you are willing to go into the exchange business, I shall be pleased to meet you at any time you can come on here, as I only deal face to face with all my customers. In fact it is absolutely necessary for me to be acquainted personally with every one I deal. It establishes the required confidence between us. I sell my goods at wholesale only, and want but one man in a county to whom I sell. Most all my customers take the agency for one county, which I give them if they buy \$5,000 in my goods, price \$300. If they buy \$10,000, price \$500, they can select their counties to operate in providing they are not taken. If a person takes the agency for a county no one else in that county can have my goods. The lowest amount I sell under any circumstances is \$1,000, price \$100 cash; of course, it would hardly pay any one to come a long distance for such a small amount. For traveling expenses I allow \$500 in my goods on \$5,000, \$1,000 on \$10,000, and \$100 on \$1,000. For instance, you pay \$300 you get \$5,500 for it in my goods. If you chose to deal let me know at once, and I will write to no one else in your county. Besides I will send you the necessary instructions you need. Without them you cannot find me, and also the name of a good hotel if you wish it. Do not call at my address, as I only get my mail there through a friend who knows nothing about my business. Don't send any postal cards, and destroy all my letters, as I do yours.

"Now, my dear sir, don't let me persuade you to go into this without you are satisfied in your own mind that you can handle my goods, but if you deal you will find them as represented by me.

"CAPTAIN ALEX. FISHER,
258 West Street, New York.

Greenhorns who have been duped by an offer to send the "goods" by express, readily bite at this apparently straightforward proposition of a dealer, who only sells to his customers face to face.

In the case referred to the victim bit at the bait, and was still further impressed by the receipt of the following elaborate instructions.

"Write to me at least three days before you leave home, and say when you will be here, mention name of hotel you will stop at, also send a telegraph dis-

patch the day you take the train, or while you are on your way; just say in it, 'I am coming.' Name the hotel where to meet you, and sign your name to it; do not fail in sending the dispatch, as your letter may be delayed and I would not know you are coming. On your arrival in this city, go at once to your hotel, register your name on the hotel book, take a room, and go right to it; tell the clerk if a gentleman should ask for you, to send him to your room, also ask if there is a letter for you. If you go out, tell the clerk when you will be back, so I may know when to call again. When I call on you at the hotel (in your room only), I will show you your own letters, and besides I now give you a number as password, which is 38. When I see you I will tell you what your number is before we mention the nature of our business, then you will know I am the person you want to see.

"Now let me caution you against a lot of swindlers who lay around the railroad depots and ferry-houses of this city, simply to lead strangers away for the purpose of robbing them; they are generally under the disguise of hotel-runners. Recollect, don't go with them, no matter what they say; they may tell you that they expect to meet a man there whom they don't know personally, on confidential business, or they may ask what hotel you want to go to, and if you tell them, they will try and persuade you to go to some other, or they may even tell you that the party you have come to see has sent them there to meet you, and to take you to some other hotel besides the one you are going to. Of course, if you go with them they will take you to some place and try and get your money. So look out, have nothing to do with any one, and recollect this: That any person whom you meet at the depot, ferry-boat, or in the streets in this city, that professes he knows our business, or says he was sent to meet you, is the very person you don't want to have anything to do with, as I will send no one to meet you at the depot, on the boat, or in the streets, but only in your room at the hotel, and you will know me then when I mention the number to you, before I mention the nature of our business. Recollect, say nothing whatever until the number is mentioned to you first. Follow these instructions sharp, and you will never be disappointed. My office hours are from nine a. m. until three p. m. daily except Sundays. Should you arrive at the hotel after four p. m. you will have to wait until the next morning.

The recipient of these communications went to New York, where, after some formalities, he met the swindler. He was taken to a furnished room, where he was shown \$2,000 in bills. On examination the dupe could perceive no indications of their being counterfeit, and it was not to be wondered at, for they were all genuine. He hastily planted down \$200, and the money was placed in a cigar-box before his eyes. A boy was sent out for a sachel in which the box was placed. In company with the dealer he went to the express office, where he saw the valise shipped to his home. When he himself had nearly arrived at the place he joyfully telegraphed to his partner that he "had got them," and when the train arrived at the depot the two went into a secluded spot where the valise was unlocked and the precious cigar-box opened. Of course it was the old game. For \$200 and the expenses of the trip the greenhorn had secured a small package of clean sawdust. Exactly how the transfer was made he could not tell, but he none the less duly informed the Secret-Service agents that he had been swindled. But little sympathy can be shown to such victims who were swindled in an attempt to swindle; and in addition to this the only way of punishing these frauds is a prosecution for a violation of the postal laws.

This face-to-face modification of the "boodle game" has been played very extensively of late, and the sharpers have reaped an abundant harvest within the past six months. There are several modifications in the circulars, but all are cleverly worded. One man advertises that he wouldn't for the world sell any counterfeit money. He has, however, some samples of the "Greenback" and "Canadian" cigars which he will dispose of face to face for a consideration. Another advertises cigars outright, but tacks on a clipping from a newspaper in which an account is given of the capture of counterfeit notes on the person of a cigar dealer. There seems to be a nest of these swindlers who have revived the old game with a cunning and address which has succeeded in swindling several old heads who had already been taken in. The chief worker seems to be this Captain Fisher, whose favorite fields are the Astor House and the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York. In spite of repeated exposures he has been doing a thriving business, and complaints of his operations are of almost daily occurrence. While the crop of greenhorns holds out in the country districts, he and his brethren will live on the fat of the land.—Chicago Tribune.

—Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, is a man of note in Washington. His age is about fifty-five, and he is very modest and retiring. He is never tired talking about the library, which has grown during his incumbency from 25,000 volumes to nearly 400,000. He thinks of nothing but books from morning till night, and there is not a volume in this vast collection with whose contents he is not measurably familiar. He knows where to turn for any book that may be wanted, and he fairly delights in unearthing forgotten facts and startling statistics from old volumes that nobody else knows anything about.

Jimmy's Pig.

I don't say that I didn't do wrong, but what I do say is that I meant to do right. But that don't make any difference. It never does. I try to do my very best and then something happens, and I am blamed for it. When I think what a disappointing world this is, full of bamboo canes and all sorts of switches, I feel ready to leave it.

It was Sue's fault in the beginning; that is, if it hadn't been for her it wouldn't have happened. One Sunday she and I were sitting in the front parlor, and she was looking out of the window and watching for Mr. Travers; only she said she wasn't, and that she was just looking to see if it was going to rain, and solemnizing her thoughts. I had just asked her how old she was, and couldn't Mr. Travers have been her father if he had married mother, when she said, "Dear me, how tiresome that boy is; do take a book and read, for gracious sake!" I said, "What book?" So she gets up and gives me the *Observer*, and says, "There's a beautiful story about a good boy and a pig; do read it and keep still if you know how, and I hope it will do you some good."

Well, I read the story. It told all about a good boy, whose name was James, and his father was poor, and so he kept a pig that cost him twenty-five cents, and when it grew up he sold it for thirty dollars, and he brought the money to his father and said: "Here, father, take this. Oh, how happy I am to help you when you're old and not good for much!" And his father burst into tears, but I don't know what for—I wouldn't burst into tears much if anybody gave me thirty dollars—and said, "Bless you, my noble boy; you and your sweet pig have saved me from a watery grave," or something like that.

It was a real good story, and it made me feel like being likewise. So I resolved that I would get a little new pig for twenty-five cents, and keep it till it grew up, and then surprise father with twenty-nine dollars, and keep one for myself as a reward for my good conduct. Only I made up my mind not to let anybody know about it till after the pig should be grown up, and then how the family would be delighted with my "thoughtful and generous act!" for that's what the paper said James' act was. The next day I went to Farmer Smith, and got him to give me a little pig for nothing, only I agreed to help him weed his garden all summer. It was a beautiful pig, about as big as our baby, only it was a deal prettier, and its tail was elegant. I wrapped it up in an old shawl, and watched my chance and got it up into my room, which is on the third story. Then I took my trunk and emptied it, and bored some holes in it for air, and put the pig in it.

I had the best fun that ever was, all that day and the next day, taking care of that dear little pig. I gave him one of my coats for a bed, and fed him on milk, and took him out of the trunk every little while for exercise. Nobody goes into my room very often, except the girl to make the bed, and when she came I shut up the trunk, and she never suspected anything. I got a whole coal-scuttleful of the very best mud, and put it in the corner of the room for him to play in, and when I heard Bridget coming I meant to throw the bed-quilt over it, so she wouldn't suspect anything.

After I had him two days I heard mother say, "Seems to me I hear very queer noises every now and then upstairs." I knew what the matter was, but I never said anything, and I felt so happy when I thought what a good boy I was to raise a pig for my dear father. Bridget went up to my room about eight o'clock one evening, just before I was going to bed, to take up my clean clothes. We were all sitting in the dining-room, when we heard her holler as if she was being murdered. We all ran out to see what was the matter, and were half way up the stairs, when the pig came down, and upset the whole family, and piled them up on the top of himself at the foot of the stairs, and before we got up Bridget came down and fell over us, and said she had just opened the young mother's trunk and out jumps the old Satan himself and she must see the priest or she would be a dead woman.

You wouldn't believe that, though I told them that I was raising the pig to sell it and give the money to father; they all said that they had never heard of such an abandoned and peremptory boy, and father said, "Come up-stairs with me and I'll see if I can't teach you that this house isn't a pig-pen." I don't know what became of the pig, for he broke the parlor window and ran away, and nobody ever heard of him again.

I'd like to see that boy James. I don't care how big he is. I'd show him that he can't go on setting good examples to innocent boys without suffering as he deserves to suffer.—Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young People.

—On a postcard on view at an exhibition in Germany there had been written in a German system of shorthand the large number of 33,000 words. Subsequently Mr. Hurst, of Sheffield in England, the publisher of the *Phonograph*, a shorthand magazine, offered prizes for miniature shorthand. The system was to be Pitman's, the writing to be legible to the naked eye, and to be on one side of an English postcard, which is considerably smaller than a German card; 25,000 words on the former being reckoned equivalent to 33,000 on the latter. The first prize in this competition was awarded to G. H. Davidson, whose postcard contained 32,365 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin."

Our Young Readers.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Said Sweet-tooth: "If I were a grandee I'd own a confectioner's shop; And O, with the sugar so handy— A house full from bottom to top— I'd stay the year round eating candy, And never would stop."

Master Sweet-tooth had goodies in plenty; With dainties his pockets ran o'er; And never a holiday spent he— But sugar-plums came from the store— He would stuff down a dozen or twenty, And whimper for more.

There were lozenges, crumpets and kisses, Sweet-paste, in the lump and the card, Jaw-breakers, and clove-buds, and messes Of butter-softs and greasy as lard, And sticks of long saccharine blisses Devoured by the yard;

There were comfits and cakes big and little, And junks that melt at a bite, Soft caramels, peppermints brittle, Red candy, brown candy and white; His stomach kept full as a kettle All day and all night.

Not a morsel, if Sweet-tooth came nigh it, But quickly prepared to be crunched; It was tid-bit and lollipop diet When he breakfasted, suppered, or lunched; With jaws that would never be quiet He munched and he munched.

O, the snaps and the pellets he swallowed! The chocolates, barleys and creams; And the gum-drops and taffy that followed, And honey and treacle in streams! He went to sleep eating—and hallooed For ever in his dreams!

Like an ant every sugar deposit He'd smell, and climb to it, and cram, Was it bon-bons or cookies, or was it A tumbler of jelly or jam; He'd find every crumb in the closet, And leave not a dram.

'Twas the same thing to-day and to-morrow— So gorging could surfeit his greed; Must he buy them, or beg, steal, or borrow, On sweets the young gourmand would feed, Till, alas!—the warnings of sorrow Came sorrow indeed!

There were stomach-aches, tooth-aches and fever, And torments with doctor-book terms, Lumbagos, and pains in his liver; And his wife, and dyspeptical squirms; Old folks saw him sicken and shiver, And said it was "worms."

And now, pale and peaked and pining, The poor little plum-eater goes, With eyes, that have lost all their shining, Like his wife, ever half in a doze, And a baby-voice peevish and whining That talks through his nose.

And he learns, as he scowls o'er his gruel, Or the medicines brought by his nurse, If the want of a good thing be cruel, Too much of a good thing is worse, And the loss of health's beautiful jewel Leaves nought but a curse.

—Rev. Theron Brown, in *Wide-Awake*.

THE SLIDING DUTCHMAN.

"Sail on the starboard bow!" "What is she?" asked Captain Martin Pieterszoon, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago, every strange sail was a terror to the Captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman.

"Can't quite make her out yet," answered the look-out at the mast-head; "looks like a brigantine—very rakish cut altogether."

The Captain's face darkened, and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later, when the look-out hailed again, "She's an armed brigantine, bearing right down upon us."

Every face among the crew seemed to harden suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words? All on board understood in a moment what was before them. They were about to be attacked by pirates, and there was not a single cannon—not even an old musket—aboard the vessel. It was a terrible moment for them all—more terrible still for the poor Captain. For years he had been toiling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship, and facing every kind of danger, until he made enough money to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in her, and was now going home for good, to settle himself in a snug little house on the great canal at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment, he found himself face to face with a hideous peril, which threatened him with the loss of all he had in the world, and his life to boot.

The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright blue sea with its huge white sails outspread like the wings of a swan—a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were beginning to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship, and die like men, than be flung into the sea like dogs, when the Captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobody had ever seen it light up yet, and he burst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed men stood amazed to hear him.

"Cheer up, lads," he cried, still laughing; "all's not over with us yet. Come, knock the head out of that cask of butter, and smear the deck with it—sharp, now!"

The men only stared blankly at him, thinking he had gone mad, and even the stolid mate opened his heavy mouth in amazement.

"Do you hear?" shouted the Captain. "Look sharp, will you? there is no time to lose. Grease the whole deck fore and aft, and the rigging, too, as high as you can reach. We'll give the rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow."

Then the sailors began to understand, and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have mightily astonished the pirates had they been within hearing. In a twinkling the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all.

"Now, boys," cried the captain, "on with your sea boots, and put sand on the soles to keep you from slipping, and then each of you take a handspike, and be ready!"

The pirate was now so near that they could see quite plainly the rabble of gaunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed negroes, and sallow, black-haired Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran along-side, and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from

the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck.

But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man spun across the slippery deck as if it had been a skating rink, and went right out into the sea on the other side. The second tumbled head-foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerably piled a heap of iron pans on him to keep him quiet.

"Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning, "dis ship no de 'Fying Dutchman,' him de 'Sliding Dutchman!'"

The third pirate had leaped on board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blow; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack against the mast that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their own vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible.

For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at sight of whom the boys used to begin singing,

"Captain Martin Pieterszoon,
Made his ship a buttered bun,"

and his wife was never tired of showing the huge silver butter-dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the pirate with a cask of butter.—David Ker, in *Harper's Young People*.

The Foolish Chicken.

I am rather young, to be sure, but I expect to outgrow that, and ought not to be blamed for it.

My mother seems to think I am too young to know anything. She is always telling me what to do, and what not to do, as if I, seven weeks old, were not able to take care of myself.

She is a very excellent person, indeed, but she is only a hen. Hens, you know, never can crow.

All the big roosters in the yard crow. I suppose it is because they eat corn. I told my mother I was going to eat corn so I could crow. But she said I must keep on eating curds and meal and water, just like any hen chicken, and the crowing would come all right in time.

I thought she couldn't be expected to know anything about crowing, so I made up my mind I'd try the corn.

I tried it—but I didn't crow.

I choked.

I turned over on my back with my claws in the air, and didn't care for awhile whether I ever crowed or not. But I got over it.

Then I thought I'd try roosting with the big roosters, and see if that would help me. My mother said I'd better not, but of course she'd say that.

It was very hard work to climb up beside them. It wasn't so nice there as I thought it would be. It was cold, and I was at the time afraid of falling. But I shoved up close to the rooster that has the biggest red comb, and held on as well as I could.

Very early in the morning they all flapped their wings and crowed.

Then I flapped my wings—but I didn't crow.

I toppled over.

I thought my neck was broken, but at last I managed to crawl under my mother's wing and get warm. I begin to think she knows something, if she is a hen. She can't help being one, and I never shall be so mean as to throw it up to her.

But there is one thing I'm bound to do. I shall not tell her, for she'd be sure to make a fuss. They always make a fuss.

I am going to swim. My mother says I can't, but of course that is because she can't.

Look at those waddle-tail, waddling ducklings, and those great squatty goslings! If they can swim so well with their flabby feet, why can't I?

Look at my slender, nicely turned claws, and my genteel figure. Do you see what a high-bred air I have when I turn my head, and how well my wings are hung? When I walk through the yard, they all turn to look at me, and my cousin, young Brown Leghorn, stiffens up his little snip of a comb, and says, "What a vain young popinjay!" That's all envy, you see; my comb is an eighth of an inch higher than his.

But just wait till I show them all what swimming is. I shall walk quietly down to the water (not with a scramble and a sputter like the ducklings), and glide out with a graceful sweep, while they all stare at me and wish they could do it so.

Well, I have had a dreadful time. When I got in the water, it was very cold, but I wasn't going to stop for that. I began to swim, but somehow it didn't work well. My legs didn't seem to amount to anything, so I tried my wings, and they went flap, flap—splash, splash! and I wished I was somewhere else.

The ducks cried, "wa—wa—wa—wa—wack, wack, wack," and Mother Goose said, "Garr—arr," and I was just going down, down, down—down in the cold water, when Biddy came by with a dish of curds. She fished me out with a stick, and flung me on the bank to dry in the sunshine.

I might have been drowned, and then I never should have learned to crow.

I suppose I had better take my mother's advice yet for awhile. She really knows a great deal (for a hen).

What a pity she was not a rooster!—Sydney Dayre, in *Youth's Companion*.

—Guatemala, the most populous of the Central American States, has put 240 miles of railroad under contract to connect the capital with the Atlantic port of Santo Tomas, with which New Orleans expects a large trade.