

THUNDERBOLT'S MATE.

BY E. W. HORNING.

CHAPTER V.

Thunderbolt's mate heard plainly enough the yell of rage that announced the discovery of his escape. At that moment, his crutches had carried him considerably less than two hundred yards from the homestead; but he smiled complacently as he hobbled on; he felt tolerably secure. The night was as black as pitch; the clouds had banked up for rain; so that, when Brown looked over his shoulder, the outline of the station was invisible.

"Even if it was bright moonlight," muttered Brown, as he neared the home-paddock gate, "even if he could see me, he daren't give chase! He knows that if he left that veranda for half a minute they'd be into the store and armed to the teeth before he could get back. But I know what he'll do now; he'll do like he done up in Queensland, when he stuck up Evelyn Down single-handed. He'll make Sammy fetch a rope; then he'll set one or two to bind all the rest; and then one of those two'll have to bind the other; and then Thunderbolt'll bind him. Then he'll ransack the place, and away with an hour's start before the first man frees himself. That's what he'd have done at Evelyn Downs, if those poor coves hadn't had too much pluck and too little sense. That's what he's doing now, for that Ayrtion's too cool to lose his head or to let the others try anything on either, unless they were cocksure."

In point of fact, Brown was right. At that very moment, Sammy, the Chinaman, was cutting down the clothes lines from the pine-trees behind his kitchen!

It is difficult, at best, to make respectable speed upon crutches—impossible, when the only leg that may touch the ground has been out of use for weeks, and when the whole frame is weakened and reduced by a prolonged period of inactivity. Brown got over the first mile at a good rate, considering everything; but he paid for it before he was half-way through the second. Quite suddenly, his brain reeled, the crutches slipped from under his arm-pits he fell forward upon his hands. Instead of stunning him, the slight shock galvanised his swimming senses and cleared his brain; but he was wise enough to slip right down to a minute's rest, in which to gather strength and review the situation. He had not come more than a mile and a half, or a quarter of the way to the wool-shed—of this he was certain. A quarter of the way, and he had already collapsed once! The prospect of his reaching the shed at all seemed by no means certain. Even if he did succeed in getting there, could he be in time to be of any use? He would, indeed, be able to despatch prompt assistance to the prisoners at the homestead—but only to find, no doubt, that they were prisoners no longer, and that the bushranger had got a long start. On the other hand, there were two possibilities to consider. There was the chance of the prisoners being so securely bound that it might take them hours to release themselves; and the thought of Mrs. Lees and little Pen—above all, of little Pen—being lacerated for hours by the binding ropes was intolerable to Brown. Then there was the chance of Thunderbolt's capture, if a hue and cry were started by the shearers, most of whom had horses in the shed; and the thought of that made Brown tremble with excitement. Without knowing which incentive was the stronger, he set his teeth, dragged himself forward on the ground, and once more swung forward on his crutches.

It was a terrible task that he had set himself—indeed, an impossible one; but Brown had not time to find this out. For he had not proceeded a hundred yards from the spot where he had fallen, when a galloping horseman overtook him. At first he thought it was Thunderbolt, crouched behind a big blue-bush at one side of the track, set his teeth, clucked a crutch, and thought bitterly of his buried pistols. And when the horse came up, there was just light enough to see that it was a gray; and Thunderbolt's mount was black as ink. Besides, the rider was sitting all of a heap, and an unsteady heap too, which put it beyond doubt that it was not even Thunderbolt on one of the station horses. So then Brown started up as smartly as he was able and let out a loud shout; whereupon the rider—a harmless shearer, on his way home from a convivial evening in the township—nearly fell from his saddle, but reined up awkwardly, and showed his presence of mind by an eloquent but indistinct set of curses.

"Don't stop, man!" cried Brown. "Ride on to the wool-shed for your life! The homestead's stuck up, and every soul's in Thunderbolt's hands!"

"Thunderbolt?"

"Thunderbolt!"

In an instant the festive shearer became quite painfully sober, by comparison. He rode up close to Brown. "Why—great Scot! you're the cove with the broken leg!"

"Get on, man; there's not a moment to lose!"

"But how the mischief did you get here? Crutches and all, so help me!"

"Oh, ride on, can't you?" cried Brown angrily. "Think of the women and the child!"

The shearer sat for some seconds longer like a statue in the saddle; then, with a forcible imprecation—but a most complimentary one to "the cove with the broken leg"—he dug spurs into the gray and thundered on. And Brown sank down again behind his blue-bush, and realised, now that it was off his shoulders, the complete impossibility of the task he had set himself—to hobble six miles on his crutches. He lay upon the ground, utterly feeble, and feeling as though a forceps had been at work drawing every nerve and sinew out of his body. Consciousness almost forsook him; he fell into a state of partial stupor.

He was roused—it must have been an hour later—by a stampede of horses sweeping down the track at a gallop. It was the shearers, with William Lees at their head. When they had passed, Brown struggled up and propped himself once more upon his crutches, and began retracing his steps to the homestead. But his pace was considerably slower than it had been before. He thought he was never going to reach the home-paddock gate. At last he knew that he was near it, by hearing the double gates clatter back upon the posts and a horse's hoofs thunder through.

What followed occupied a few moments only. A black horse was reined up within a yard of Brown; and when Brown address-

ed the rider, taking him for one of the pursuers, a low, cruel laugh was the answer; and then—a flash, a report, a horse's gallop dying away in the distance; and Thunderbolt's mate lay in his blood, shot by Thunderbolt.

On tragic nights, such as this one, people are slow to go to bed, even when the danger is over. At midnight, William Lees, his wife and child, and the trembling maid-servant, sat in silence in the sitting-room, awaiting the return of the hue and cry, which seemed certain at last to capture the notorious Thunderbolt, but which in point of fact did no such thing. Lees at the moment was an embittered man; he, and he alone, was out of the chase; duty had tied him to the domestic apron strings and the action of his young men—who had joined the pursuers without so much as asking leave—had tightened the knots.

All at once, but so silently that her parents hardly noticed it, little Pen stole out into the veranda. She fancied she had heard a faint cry: in the veranda, fancy became certainty, for the cry was repeated; "Miss Pen!"

The voice was sadly feeble, but it was Brown's voice. Pen knew it instantly, and went swiftly but softly to the end of the veranda. The faint summons came yet again: "Miss Pen!"

The child rushed out, groped for and found the picket-fence, followed it down to the wicket, went through, and almost fell over a man's prostrate form.

"Miss Pen! Is it really you?"

"Is that really you, Brown?" It was very, very dark, and fine rain was falling.

"Yes, miss, it's me—come back," said Brown, faintly. "I'm glad you heard me, and came—in time. Water! My throat is on fire."

She turned like lightning. He called her back.

"Miss Pen!" His voice terrified her; it was fainter than ever; and he was gasping. You didn't believe—Miss Pen—I was siding with him—to-night—did you?"

"No, Brown; really and truly, I didn't believe that!"

She gave him her little hand, and he pressed it to his cold, damp lips. "Water!" he gasped again.

Pen ran away, a great lump in her throat, a vague terror in her heart. As she neared the veranda she thought she heard a long-drawn choking sigh. She burst into the room, and told her parents Brown was outside, just beyond the fence, lying down exhausted and begging for water. But before she had told them all, the child stopped, and uttered a shrill scream: the light of the lamp had revealed blood upon her hand! William Lees said nothing, but seized the water-bottle and rushed out. He was too late. Thunderbolt's mate was dead.

The reader may like to know that Thunderbolt himself never left that district alive; the police sergeant from the township near Billbil shot him dead within forty-eight hours from that midnight. But it is needless to add that there was neither comfort nor consolation in this for little Penelope Lees.

(THE END.)

A BLIZZARD.

An Englishman Taught to Realize What a Severe Thing It Is.

An Englishman while working on a Dakota farm sat down to dinner one bright day in winter. Suddenly the sun was obscured, and the temperature in the room fell several degrees. "She's here!" exclaimed the employer. "Who's here?" asked the workman. "A blizzard," answered the farmer. The Englishman went to the window and looked out. There was a dreary, wailing sound, and it was as dark as midnight. The snow, instead of falling, was driven along the ground by a hurricane. It was like powdered glass, and froze fast to everything it touched. An old breaking plow had been left just outside the house.

"It must be removed," said the farmer, "or it will raise a snowdrift that may bury the house." The Englishman started to run out and move it.

"Stop! don't commit suicide!" said the farmer. He made the man put on wool-lined rubber-boots and a big overcoat, and then wrap up his ears. Then he tied a long line to his waist, and bade him draw on thick gloves.

"If you go out and catch hold of the iron-work on the plow with bare hands, your flesh will be taken off as if you had laid hold of red-hot iron," said the farmer. "Now line out, throw the plow round the corner of the house, and then follow the line back to the house. If you can't find the plow, come back at once."

The Englishman opened the door, bolted to where he thought the plow was, groped about for a minute or two, and rushed back to the house. The hair that showed under the rim of his fur cap was full of frozen snow, and his face smarted as if scalded. He made two more attempts before he found the plow.

When he got back to the house, every particle of warmth seemed to have left his body, and he was shivered into a room where there was no stove, that he might thaw out gradually.

The blizzard lasted three days. The barn where the horses and bullocks were, was covered by a mountain of snow. While the men were digging their way to the stable door, the horses could be heard whinnying; when the door was opened they were as much pleased to see men as at the prospect of food and water. Not a morsel would they eat until they had drunk.

In one room of the house there was—the narrator estimated—a ton of snow, which had been blown in through a small crevice. There would have been much more if the hole had been higher up, as the snow only stopped coming through when that on the inside had risen to the level of the crevice and plugged up.

Would Make Some Steam.

One of those scientific gentlemen who spend their time in determining results on impossible hypotheses, estimates that if the earth should come in contact with another body of the same size, the quantity of heat generated would be sufficient to melt, boil and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the colliding worlds; or, in other words, an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

That Little Hand.
So soft an' helpless an' purty, a-holdin' on to me,
That little hand's about the nicest thing I ever see
An' the young one hangin' back'ards (he's such a little one.)
An' makin' me snoop to his questions 'bout everything under the sun.

An' time, with so much to a farmer, goin' lickety split!
An' I lazin' round with a baby, how foolish a man can git!
Then little fingers, slick an' pink as the roses out in the sod,
Make me tingle an' creep all over, an' glad to be driv' round an' led.

They hold onto me so trustin' as if I'd allude right!
I tell you I'm on my honor when that little chap's in sight.
It's a temptin' world, but whatever a man might do alone,
The love of right sprouts in him when he has a child of his own.

Why, when I'm up to the swearin' pint, them fingers on my cheek
Stroke down the ugly temper till I'm blamed if I can speak.
There's somethin' curus in em' an' in his big blue eyes:
They make me kinder pity folks I use' to hate an' depise.

How they stretch out of a mornin', afore you can fairly see,
In search of poppy's whiskers for a little early spree!
To be started up when a man's so tired he don't know what he's about
Would make any one but a dad as mad as all git out.

An' then at night they go creepin' into my big rough fist.
An' the fair little face is put up to be patted an' cuddled an' kissed;
An' the purty shoulders slip out o' the frock he hasn't no mother, you see:
It's nigh three years sence she died an' left him to me.

An' when I git round to turn in, there he lies asleep in his nest.
I can't help drawin' him close an' huggin' him up to my breast.
An' he wakes just enough to say "poppy," an' slip his hand into mine,
An' the touch goes through my veins like a drink o' strong wine.

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

Clover Blossoms.
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the Summer-time throws
In the green grassy lap of the meadow that
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast
That has dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Or fool round the stable, or climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back, just as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm snidin' again;
And I wander away in a barefooted dream,
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love,
Ere it wept o'er the grasses I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wherever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow,
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' him now;
And I pray to him still for the strength, when
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

Entering In.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.
Without, the sweet pale sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet plea,
From holy thoughts beguiled?
Up, then, rose some one softly,
Ah! many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And long I wondered, losing
The sermon and the prayer,
If when some time I enter
The many mansions fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portals' golden glow,
Our Lord will send an angel
To show me where to go?

A Tongue for Blarney.

BY KATE KEARNEY.
Oh, Larry, now Larry, it's no use a-talkin',
Ye're too bound entirely to suit a girl's taste!
Ye're niver content wid a smile an' a curtesy,
An' here ye are now wid yer arm round my waist!
Ye bodder my life out wid beggin' for kisses,
An' the more ye do get, why, the boulderder
An' when I don't give 'em, it just makes me no differ—
Ye take 'em; but, Larry, now lave me alone.

Faith, what would the mistress say, man, did she find ye
Foriver a-foolin' round me at my work?
Ye're a tyrant that takes what ye happen to fancy.
No better, I'll swear, than a haythen-born Turk!

Oh, Larry, my lad, you've the tongue for the blarney!
Sure, now, 'twould be meltin' the heart of a shtone,
Wid both hands in the dough I kin niver resist ye—
Ye know it—an' yit ye won't lave me alone!

Oh, Larry, now Larry, be good an' shtop taysin' in!
There's somebody comin', quit foolin' in!
An' I'll say "yes," will I have ye? Oh Larry,
Ye'd be charmin' the very birds off of the bush!
I must name a day soon when the bans shall be published,
Kin I niver escape ye, och hone, lad, och hone!
Must I marry ye whedder or no—ye're a villain,
But, Larry, I will—if ye'll lave me alone!

LEECHES LOOSE—
Swarms Invade a Tenement to the Great Discomfort of the Occupant.
People in the Western addition, says the San Francisco Examiner, have slept soundly for years in ignorance of the fact that at any moment a plague worse than the locusts of Egypt might come crawling into open windows and under loose-hung doors—a plague of fierce, blood-hungry leeches.

There is an extensive leech farm at 1125 Bush street, where 10,000 of the repulsive monsters are confined, awaiting purchasers. The farm is one of two in the United States, the other being in New York, and there at times 50,000, leeches squirm ceaselessly about, over and through swamp muck constantly searching for some hapless animal that chance may have mired down to furnish a feast for the insatiate annelid.

The leeches at the San Francisco farm broke away the other night and overspread the neighboring tenement in a very short time. Hundreds of them crawled up the walls and tried every window and crevice. But a minority found their way into the sleeping-rooms, not more than a thousand, but even that number of snaky greenish-black, creepy worms sufficed to terrify the occupants almost into fits when they felt the eager suction of leeches and awoke to find themselves festooned with the ugly products of the swamp ooze of Bordeaux.

The first to awaken was a young lady, and she was not long in announcing her distress and arousing her fellow-occupants of the house, only to find that each of them had for room-companions from a score to hundreds of the leeches.

Brooms were savagely plied in every corner and under every piece of furniture. Bed-clothing was shaken and closely examined. Leech bites were dressed with soothing applications, and after several hours of activity the household again settled down to rest.

Next morning an examination of the premises and those adjacent was made and when the leech farm was discovered the secret was out, as well as the leeches.

The worms are brought from France, where about Bordeaux there are wide areas of black, light ooze, in which leeches of the finest sort multiply unstinted. The ooze fairly heaves with their writhings at the season of the year when they are most active and then one of the cruelest sights possible may be seen.

Old horses, worn out in faithful service, are driven into the marshes and are soon covered with the hungry leeches, which fasten to lips, eyelids, nose, or any other tender part, and hang until glutted with the life blood of their victim, or until the wretched horse weakens under the drain and falls to suffocate in the slime of the leech morass.

When leeches are desired to send to New York or San Francisco men are hired whose poverty compels them to accept any chance. The men walk bare-legged into the borders of the leech swamps and are immediately covered with the repulsive crawlers, but before they can more than pierce the skin of the men with their sharp semi-lunar teeth they are counted out into beds of wet moss and boxes of their native ooze, imbedded in which they are transported safely any distance.

The large leeches, such as those of Japan, which reach two feet in length, are not in common use, nor are certain poisonous sorts such as the small black leeches of Australia. The thick, flat, fierce worms of Hungary, Sicily, and France are preferred by practitioners who use leeches, and it is from those countries that the rest of the world is supplied. The San Francisco leech farm is formed by placing quantities of the ooze of the Bordeaux swamps, especially imported for the purpose, in large boxes with tight covers. The leeches bore about through the muck until wanted for sale, when they are counted out, washed, and disposed of, ready to bite any living thing and hang on until they are swollen to eight or ten times their ordinary size. Then they drop off and lie dormant until assimilation shall have been finished and hunger again arouses them.

A Mysterious Reporter.

The editor-in-chief of a Texas paper remarked to the business manager: "That new reporter seems to be an industrious man. He is a hustler, sure enough."

"Yes, but there is something weird and strange about him. There is a mystery about that young man which I cannot fathom."

"What do you mean?"

"It is the first reporter I have seen who did not ask to have some of his salary advanced to him before it is due. There is something crooked about that man."

He Wanted Quince Pie.

A longshoreman entered a coffee and cake saloon in Barclay street on Friday, and after eating a plate of fish cakes, called for "a cup of coffee an' pacc ov poi."

"Vot kind of by?" asked the German attendant.

"Quinz poi."

"Minz?"

"No, quinz, ye thick-headed Dutchman, Do I look like a man that 'ud ate mate on Friday?"

No Wonder.

Why should it be so often repeated that it is the surest, promptest, best remedy, when doctors are surprised at its effects,—Lawrence, Kans., U. S. A., "George Patterson fell from a second story window striking a fence. I found him using St. Jacobs Oil. He used it freely all over his hurts, and I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots finally disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

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His Vocation.

"All the world's a stage, you know," said the actor, who was having his hair trimmed.

"Yes," replied the barber, "although I don't realize it except when I have a bald-headed man in the chair."

"And why then?"

"Because I have to act a part."—[Washington Star.

Obviously the Remedy.

A woman complained to Sergeant Culver yesterday that a fortune teller had swindled her out of a \$7 gold ring.

"How did it happen?" asked the sergeant.

"I went to consult the clairvoyant about a well, about a little affair in which I am interested—and she said: 'I must have some of your gold before I can work the charm.' Well, the only gold I had about me was that ring, and of course I let her have it. She agreed to return it again after a few days, as soon as she had worked out what I wanted to know; but when I went there to-day I found she had moved, and none of the neighbors knew where she had gone."

"Well, why don't you consult another clairvoyant, and get track of her?" asked the sergeant, sympathetically.

"That's so! I never thought of that," said the woman, brightening up, and bidding the officer good day. "You police officers beat all for thinking of things. Indeed you do."—[Free Press.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.:

"My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-

An Episcopal scribe's German Syrup. I can recommend it without

hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

How Relios are Made.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, writing on the fall of Sedan, tells a curious little story which shows the dubious origin of historical relics. After all was over, and General Wimpfen had signed the capitulation, Mr. Forbes and a companion found shelter for the night in the very room where the capitulation was drawn up. While he sat writing to his newspaper, his friend gnawed a ham bone, there being nothing left to eat. At last the man threw the ham-bone carelessly upon the table, and it upset Mr. Forbes' ink-bottle. Some time after, Mr. Forbes revisited the scene, and the guide showed him the table marked by a huge ink-stain, which Wimpfen had caused by overturning the ink-bottle in the agitation of his shame and grief. Great sums had been offered for the table with the historic ink-stain, but the owner valued it too much to part with it.

Not so Easy After All.

Miss Birdie McGinnis—You young married women treat us unfairly by absorbing the attention of the gentlemen.

Young Mrs. Clawwooper—That difficulty is easily overcome.

"How?"

"Become a young married woman yourself."



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