HIS INDIAN BRIDE.

A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAITH OF COMRADES.

When Franics Armour left his wife's room he did not go to his own room, but quietly descended the stairs, went to the library, and sat down. The loneliest thing in the world is to be tete-a-tete with one's conscience. A man may have a bad hour with an enemy, a sad hour with a friend, a peaceful hour with himself, but when the little dwarf, conscience, perches upon every hillock of remembrance and makes slow signs—those strange symbols of the language of the soul—to him, no slave upon the treadmill suffers more.

The butler came in to see if anything was required, but Armour only greeted him silently and waved him away. His brain was painfully alert, his memory singularly awake. It seemed that the incident of this hour had so opened up every channel of his intelligence that all his life ran past him in fantastic panorama, as by that illumination which comes to the drowning man. He seemed under some strange spell. Once or twice he rose, rubbed his eyes, and looked round the room,—the room where as a boy he had spent idle hours, where as a student he had been in the hands of his tutor, and as a young man had found recreations such as belong to ambitious and ardent youth. Every corner was familiar. Nothing was changed. The books upon the shelves were as they were placed twenty years ago. And yet he did not seem a part of it. It did not seem natural to him. He was in an atmosphere which surrounds a man, as by a cloud, when some crisis comes upon him and his life seems to stand still, whirling upon its narrow base, while the world appears at an interminable distance, even as to a deaf man who sees yet cannot hear.

There came home to him at that moment with a force indescribable the shamefulness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For four years he had refused to do his duty as a man towards an innocent woman,—a woman, though in part a savage,—now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm, it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind; he had scattered thistles, could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad it was so. Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth, as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside, and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has loved, man or woman,—and, before all, woman,—has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defence to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars and liquors were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life: he knew he had before him hard travel, and he was not confident of the end. He could not tell how long he sat there. After a time the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the Square, and the foolish song of some drunken loiterer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window, and looked out. The moon was shining full on the Square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in walking. He did so. Out in the Square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the iron railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding, and at last, exhausted, dropped to a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard.

Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhope it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was driven into town,—a three hours' drive. He had left the horse at the stables, and, having a latch-key, had come in quietly. He had seen the light in the study, and guessed who was there. He entered, and saw his brother asleep. He watched him for a moment and studied him. Then he moved away to take off his hat, and, as he did so, stumbled slightly. Then it was Frank waked, and for the first time in five years they looked each other in the eyes. They both stood immovable for a moment, and then Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his and said, "God bless you, my boy! I am glad you are back."

"Dick! Dick!" was the reply, and Frank's other hand clutched Richard's shoulder in his strong emotion. They stood silent for a moment longer, and then Richard recovered himself. He waved his hand to the chairs. The strain of the situation was a little painful for them both. Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play.

"Why, my boy," he said, waving a hand to the wine and liquors, "full bottles and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! here's a pretty how-d'-ye-do. Is this the way you toast home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old mess!"

So saying he poured out some whiskey, then opened a box of cigars and pushed them towards his brother. He did not care particularly to drink or smoke himself, but a man—an Englishman—is a strange creature. He is most natural and at ease when he is engaged in eating and drinking. He relieves every trying situation by some frivolous or selfish occupation, as of dismembering a partridge or mixing a punch.

"Well Frank," said his brother, "now what have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come long ago? You have played the adventurer for five years, and what have you to show for it? Have you a fortune?" Frank shook his head, and twisted a shoulder. "What have you done that is worth the doing, then?"

"Nothing that I intended to do, Dick," was the grave reply.

"Yes I imagined that. You have seen them, have you, Frank?" he added in a softer voice!

Frank blew a great cloud of smoke abou his face, and through it he said, "Yes, Dick, I have seen a damned sight more than eI deserve to see."

"Oh, of course; I know that, my boy! but, so far as I can see, in another direction you are getting quite what you deserve: your wife and child are up-stairs; you are here."

He paused, was silent for a moment, then leaned over, caught his brother's arm, and said, in a low, strenuous voice, "Frank Armour, you laid a hateful little plot for us. It wasn't manly, but we forgave it and did the best we could. But see here, Frank, take my word for it, you have had a lot of luck: there isn't one woman out of ten thousand that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it: injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation——" he paused. "My boy, did you ever think of that, of the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to men? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There has been a special providence for you, my boy; but not for your sake. God doesn't love neglectful husbands, but I think He is pretty sorry for neglected wives."

Frank was very still. His head drooped, the cigar hung unheeded in his fingers for a moment, and he said at last, "Dick, old comrade, I've thought it all over tonight since I came back,—everything that you've said. I have not a word of defence to make, but, by heaven! I'm going to win my wife's love if I can, and when I do it I'll make up for all my cursed foolishness—see if I don't."

"That sounds well, Frank," was the quiet reply. "I like to hear you talk that way. You would be very foolish if you did not. What do you think of the child?"

"Can you ask me what I think? He is a splendid little fellow."

"Take care of him, then, take good care of him: you may never have another," was the grim rejoinder.

Frank winced. His brother rose, took his arm, and said, "Let us go our rooms, Frank. There will be time enough to talk later, and I am not so young as I once was."

Truth to say, Richard Armour was not so young as he seemed a few months before. His shoulders were a little stooped and he was grayer about the temples. The little bit of cynicism which had appeared in that remark about the care of the child showed also in the lines of his mouth, yet his eyes had the same old, true, honest look. But a man cannot be hit in mortal places once or twice in his life without it being etched on his face or dropped like a pinch of aloe from his tongue.

Still they sat and talked much longerr Frank showing better than when his brothet came, Richard gone gray and tired. Ae last Richard rose and motioned towards ths window. "See Frank," he said, "it ie morning." Then he went and lifted the blind. The gray unpurged air oozed on the glass. The light was breaking over th' tops of the houses. A crossing-keeper early to his task or holding the key to the street, went pottering by, and a policeman glanced up at them as he passed. Richard drew down the curtain again.

"Dick," said Frank, suddenly, you look old. I wonder if I have changed so much."

Six months before, Frank Armour would. have said that his brother looked young!

"Oh, you look young enough, Frank," was the reply. "But I am a good deal older than I was five years ago. . . . Come, let us go to bed."

Many weeks afterwards an anxious family stood about the cot of a sick child.

The family doctor had just left the room. Marion, turning to the father and mother, said, "Greyhope will be like itself again now. I will go and tell Richard that the danger is over."

As she turned to do so, Richard opened the door and came in. "I have seen the doctor," he began, in his cheerful tones, "and the little chap is going to pull along now like a house afire." Tapping his brother affectionately on the shoulder, he was about to continue, but he saw what stopped him. He saw the beginning of the end of Frank Armour's tragic comedy. He and Marion left the room as quickly as was possible to him, for, as he said, humorously, "he was slow at a quick march," and a moment after the wife heard without demure her husband's tale of love for her.

Yet, as if to remind him of the wrong he had done, Heaven never granted Frank Armour another child.

[THE END.]

Mutiny in a Cemetery.

A cemetery is an odd place in which to witness a mutiny of soldiers. Such an incident, however, occurred a day or two ago at the Trinity Cemetery, Berlin, on the occasion of the burial of a young reserve private named Otto Schoenlin, who died in consequence of the alleged brutal treatment to which he was subjected during the manœvres of the 48th Regiment at Guestrin, near Berlin. Several thousand men, mostly reserves, attended the funeral, and they laid a wreath upon the grave bearing the inscription, "His comrades honour him as a victim of over-fatigue." The police inmoved the wreath. There was then a mutreous scene of great disorder, and the crowd, who made a great disturbance, vented their feelings in Socialistic songs, and were only dispersed by the arrival of police reinforcements at a late hour at night.

ELEPHANTS AFRAID OF MICE

A Novel Experiment.

Every child has been told over and over again that the very largest animals fear the very smallest; that such tiny creatures as mice and lizards are terrors to the monarchs of the forest. A child might believe it readily, but some scientists have insisted that it is a fallacy which should be relegated to the limbo of exploded myths. Let the reader judge by the following record of the experiments which were made by the proprietors of a large travelling menagerie a few days since, in the presence of many witnesses, of whom I was one:

The party, under the leadership of keepers, entered the lair of the great beasts accompanied by an attache who carried a cage containing a number of rats and mice. One of the latter was thrown into the elephants' inclosure and produced an immediate sensation. The immense creatures, twelve in number, perceived it at once, and at first stood transfixed with motionless trunks and frightened eyes.

Then they crowded and pushed together in a nervous, jostling fashion, finally elevating their lengthy probosci into the air, trumpeting loudly and retreating from the object of terror—the little mouse—in one furious stampede, each seeking the farthest possible corner and violently striving to reach there the first. Nothing was now visible of them save ponderous posteriors and nervously twitching tails, though occasionally, as an odd elephant furtively glanced with an apprehensive side glance to the rear, an agonized eyeball, rolling in finest frenzy, conveyed to the astonished spectators some idea of the state of fright from which the animals were suffering.

ONE ELEPHANT WAS VERY BRAVE.

The notable exception, however, to this ignominious defeat was the intrepid demeanour of one solitary elephant, who stood his ground with a majestic and immovable front. In fact it was easy to fancy that the heroic beast's trunk was curling at the lip with suppressed scorn at the pusillanimity of his inglorious brethren. One moment he stood thus, and the next, with unmistakable decision, set his big foot down upon the foe, and the spirit of the mouse had fled into a happier sphere. By this time the rest of the elephants were trumpeting in their corner with such sound and fury that their trainer became apprehensive of serious trouble resulting, and, as it seemed within the domain of possibility, that the brutes would next proceed to break through the wall of the inclosure. The mice-bearer and the spectators were hurriedly requested to withdraw.

Our next move was to the tigers' cage, where several gorgeous animals reposed blissfully ignorant of the advent of their tormentors. Conspicuous among them was a magnificent Bengal tiger. Now, although his usual aspect is calm, he is possessed of an extraordinarily wicked disposition, and is unlikely to permit any liberties to be taken with his royal personality. It is hard to imagine his being frightened at anything, however much he may be calculated to raise the hair of the onlooker.

A MOUSE IN THE TIGER'S LAIR.

A mouse was introduced into his cage, and the effect was as immediate as unexpected. The tiger was lying with his forepaws extended, and when the intruder appeared gradually drew them back, finally edging into a sitting position upon his haunches. He inclined his head forward, fixing his eyes earnestly on the mouse; then he began to tremble, at first slightly, but ending in a violent tremor which shook his large body like an aspen leaf. A series of most melancholy howls soon began to leave his capacious mouth, when suddenly and with evident effort he pulled himself together and ran away to the remotest possible point, where he crouched and cowered, blinking uneasily at the mouse and continuing to utter cries.

Hitherto the mice, which had been exclusively used for our purpose, were fully as much frightened as the beasts themselves but as we drew on to visit the lions it was resolved to experiment with some small rats and discover whether there was any appreciable difference in the result. To attain our purpose two or three of these were put into the lions' cage and affairs assumed an entirely new complexion. The star lioness was suddenly astounded by the receipt of a sharp bite upon the nose, where upon the royal lady shrieked with a vehemence and shrillness thoroughly characteristic of her sex, and reminded the spectators irresistibly of what they might have expected from a woman under similar distressful conditions.

LIONS CHASED BY RATS.

The aggressive initiative of the little rats was by no means responded to by the lions, for they quickly followed the example of the other animals. The fierce rodents, however, nothing daunted, continued to jump around the lions, endeavoring to get in an odd bite here and there and with occasional success. The big beasts, a slight tap from one of whose paws would have effectually ended the strife for ever, seemed to think only of their personal safety, and with growls and howls trotted round and round in very eccentric circles until they must certainly have grown dizzy from their efforts to escape their pursuers. At length the rats were placed hors de combat, by being accidentally trodden on by the cavorting lions, whom we now permitted to enjoy a well earned repose.

Upon retreating from the lion house a genuine surprise awaited us. Two small pumas from California were confined in one end of the lion house and we had not intended to subject them to the "baptism of fire." But it was suggested that it might be as well to complete the investigation by including these pumas in the trial. One very large rat was put into their cage, but he had scarcely made his debut when the unterrified pumas, leaping forward with cat-like spring, unerringly despatched him, his limp, lifeless body being tossed into the air by his destroyers as a sort of triumphant sequel to the summary execution of the intruder.

MUSIC'S EFFECT ON ANIMALS.

As we thus reached the goal of these extraordinary experimental operations, and were so much astonished at the result as to be completely absorbed in reflection over the inexplicable idiosyncrasies of the mighty beasts of the forest, the manager stopped short and told the attendant to notify the Italian violinist, who had been specially engaged for the purpose of testing the effect of music on the animals, to appear upon the scene.

"We will try it on the tigers first," said the manager, "and as they are probably the most savage of the lot it will be interesting to see whether the poet was right when he asserted 'that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.'"

The son of sunny Italy was forthwith posted in front of the tiger cage, but, unfortunately, he was so much impressed by his environment as to completely lose control of his nerves. His violin, to begin with, was rather weak-kneed, and when the trembling figers of the Italian drew the bow across the strings the sound produced formed a quavering, shaking, shivering sound, in which the principal difficulty was to distinguish any music at all. It was suggested to the performer that he should try another tune, thinking that perhaps some painful personal memories might be attached to the first—which, by the way, was "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By"—and thus unnerve the sensitive Italian. So a new air was tried, but without effect, and it became clear that it was not reminiscent woe but present terror at the tigers' proximity which ailed our musician. We had, therefore, to allow the music to proceed, but the only result was that the tigers winked and blinked in a contemptuous apathy and at last, with a prelude of continuous, weary yawns, dropped into sound slumber.

THE SMELL AFFECTS THEM.

There are many versions extant seeking to account for this phenomenal effect of rodents on the larger animals, but the true one is undoubtedly to be found in the scientific explanation I heard in Paris some years ago. I attended a lecture at the Academy of Medicine given by the great physician, Charcot, on the subject of the notable aversion displayed by certain of the large animals to certain small ones. The lecturer pointed out that, while the popular belief is that the trembling of a lion or elephant at the sight of a rat or mouse is caused by fear, the true reason may be found in a scientific fact which demonstrates that the great beasts of prey have a peculiar aversion to the odour of rodents. This aversion centres in a certain olfactory nerve which is peculiarly sensitive and conveys to the brain a series of vivid sensations, the result of which is to produce an acute sense of repulsion.

It is, therefore, not fear but disgust which the lion or tiger feels at the presence of a rat or a mouse, and this disgust, which certainly to the non-scientific onlooker resembles terror, is just as likely to be excited by a dead as by a live rodent.

END OF AN ENGLISH BULLY.

His Slayer Regarded With Admiration by the Entire Community.

A rather odd affair occurred in the provinces the other day, says a Paris correspondent. It seems that in a certain small peasant community there existed a man who was the terror of the place. He exacted tribute from all the farmers in the shape of provisions and wine, while the poorer peasants he let off with a few days of labor in his fields. He was a perfect Hercules in size and strength, and had been a soldier, but he left the army to lead this most easy-going existence. No one dared to refuse his exactions, for if they did they were soundly thrashed. The rural policeman when complained to went to remonstrate with Murat, which was the name of this pleasant person, and was so severely beaten that he was in bed for a week.

No one dared to invoke the aid of the law, for Murat threatened terrible reprisals. The victims wrote anonymous denunciations, it is true, but when the court ordered investigations no one would consent to testify against their tyrant. This fin-de-siecle lord of the manor seemed destined to rule for years over serfs who had got used to his domination and called him Prince Murat and endured him as one endures the hail and the phylloxera, because they did not see how they could do otherwise. Unfortunately for the Hercules in question, however, he fell foul of one of his serfs, a rather lazy old man, and left him for dead by the wayside.

Naturally the victim refused to prosecute, whereupon his son, who was a sturdy man and a great poacher, sought out "Prince" Murat, and expressed his adverse opinion of the princely personage's conduct. He, objecting to criticism, struck the insulting creature with his heavy club, whereupon the poacher, whose name was Court, placidly shot him through the head with the gun which was a necessary tool of his trade. The assassin then walked calmly off, and meeting the rural policeman asked him politely to arrest him, as he had killed the "Prince." Whereupon the policeman fell upon his neck and embraced him with tears of joy. The assrssin was escorted to the jail by a species of triumphal procession of all the inhabitants of the village, and being promptly acquitted on the ground of having acted in self-defense the grateful neighbors clubbed together and presented him with a handsome sum of money as a small token of their gratitude.

Mysterious Death of a Soldier.

A remarkable story is told in connection with the mysterious death of Harry Thomasson, a driver in the field battery of the Royal Artillery, stationed at Woolwich. It appeared that Thomasson and a comrade named Hughes were courting two young women who were in service at Clapham Common, London. On Sunday the deceased and his sweetheart left the house to go for a walk, leaving Hughes and the other young woman at home, They returned about 9.45 and on reaching the gate of the house the deceased complained of severe pains at the back of his head. Hughes returned to the barracks, but deceased was advised by his sweetheart to rest in a room at the top of the house. Both the girls then went to bed in the next room, and are alleged to have heard the deceased making a strange noise some time later. They went into his room, lifted his head up, and he then apparently went off to sleep. The girls sat with him until 4 a. m., and then finding the deceased's head was cold, they went for a constable, who called in a doctor. Life was found to have been extinct for some time. The deceased was an officer's servant, and bears an excellent character at Woolwich. He was to have left the army in November to get married.

The Lady Mayoress of York is the only Mayoress in England who wears an official chain. At the beginning of the seventeenth century a chain was presented to the then Lady Mayoress, and ever since has been handed down.

HEALTH.

Health Notes.

Biting the nails is not only an unseemly and foolish habit, but it is a dangerous one, because the person unconsciously swallows some of the small, sharp, indigestible pieces of the bitten nail. These particles are apt to lodge somewhere in the delicate membraneous lining of the throat, æsophagus, and even of the stomach. Once lodged, it is very apt to create an irritation and festering sore such as is created by a splinter or any other foreign substance. Nature takes this way to get rid of foreign substances.

Worse than this may happen; there may be a large enough piece swallowed accidentally to pierce some delicate membrane. In some parts of the system this would prove fatal, the person might die. A knowledge of these facts ought to go very far toward preventing a girl or boy from beginning the pernicious and awkward practice of biting the nails. Those who have acquired the habit can cure themselves by painting the nails and the ends of the fingers three times a day and just before retiring with tincture of aloes, a harmless but exceedingly bitter dose. The habit is for the most part one indulged in almost unconsciously, the victim being sometimes unaware of doing it until the sensitive "quick" is reached and pain ensues. Now to meet and combat this unconscious act the aloe tincture is capital, for its nauseating bitterness is perceived at once, and at every touch of the mouth to the finger. The painting of the fingers must be kept up faithfully long enough for the person to be certain that the fingers no longer go unconsciously to the lips. If after stopping the painting the nail-biting gradually comes on again, paint the nails until the cure is certain, if it takes six months or even a year.

Ivy Poisoning.

A simple remedy for ivy poisoning, and one which affords instant relief, is water applied as hot as can be borne. Ivy poisoning is often a very serious matter. In cases of severe poisoning the eruption often occurs every summer, and causes great discomfort and pain. The hot water should be applied every hour or two, or as often as the itching returns. Poisoning by sumac yields to the same treatment.

Typhoid Fever from Ice Cream.

A recent outbreak of typhoid fever in London was traced to the distribution of intected ice cream by Italians living in Middle Lane. It is quite possible that this may be a frequent source of typhoid fever in New York, Chicago, and other large cities in this country, as well as in London. Ice cream is extensively hawked about in all our large cities by Italian and Syrian vendors, whose ignorance and irresponsibility might easily lead to the use of contaminated water or milk from infected sources. The readiness with which typhoid fever germs develop in milk and the ease with which milk may become infected from the containing vessels, or the use of infected water as a diluent, renders this one of the most common and prolific sources of typhoid fever infection.

At this season of the year the intimate relation between milk and typhoid fever is a question which ought to be generally agitated. The month of December annually brings with it a great crop of typhoid fever cases, and a mortality, under ordinary treatment, of little less than 20 per cent. That milk is the most ordinary source of infection, is a question too well settled to be longer disputed. The disease is not unfrequently propagated through water, and in exceptional cases through the air, but the most common source of infection is undoubtedly through the water supply. Whether or not disease germs are capable of passing alive through the intestines of the cow, and thus gaining access to the milk through the carelessness and uncleanly habits of dairymen, is a question which has not been authoritatively settled, but this may be regarded as a possible source of infection.

The recent discovery made by French investigators of the close relation between the typhoid fever germ and the bacillus coli, a germ always found present in the colon and in human excreta, suggests that it is not always necessary to find a direct relation between a previous case of typhoid fever and a new outbreak, as the disease may possibly originate without a previous case of typhoid fever, through the infection of the milk or water supply with the bacillus coli from human excreta.

It is manifestly necessary that every possible precaution should be taken to avoid the use of contaminated milk or water. It is also important that when the water supply or milk supply is not known to be absolutely pure, both should be rendered incapable of mischief, even though they may contain disease germs by exposure to a boiling temperature. Either milk or water boiled ten or fifteen minutes will be rendered thereby entirely incapable of communicating typhoid fever or any other infectious disease. All germs will not be killed by exposure to the temperature named for so short a time as fifteen minutes, but all germs capable of producing acute disease will be killed even by this short exposure to a high temperature. In fact it is well known that the great majority of germs, including the typhoid fever germ, are killed at a temperature considerably below that of boiling water.

Our advice to the reader is, if you do not know that your milk and water supplies are absolutely pure, take neither without boiling. In visiting a large city like Chicago, or any other city in which the enormous quantities of milk furnished do not permit of a close inspection of all the sources of supply, it is unwise to make use of milk without first boiling it. The writer has in mind a case in which an outbreak of typhoid fever occurred in a small city hotel in consequence of a neglect of this precaution. Three of the inmates suffered very severely from the disease, and several others suffered from light attacks.

The executioner of Buda-Pesth, who is a fine old Magyar noble, was sitting in his private office the other day, sharpening his axe, when a stranger with a large and bleeding wound in his forehead came gently in and requested to have his head chopped off. The executioner was not in a chopping mood that day, and turned around to telephone to the hospital for an ambulance when the bleeding stranger hung himself to the doorknob with his cravat, and was only rescued with difficulty.