THE DEVIL-SNARE.

I.

Let us come away from this end of the garden, Miriam Wardale said to her lover, as they walked up and down. "You can't think what an uncanny chill comes over me whenever I pass this way. I feel as though the ghost of some old crime must lie buried here."

"Nonsense, my darling," answered Roger Garnett, trying to laugh away her fears with assumed levity.

Her words had affected him strangely, for on approaching this remote end of the garden he had experienced a chill, sickly sensation himself.

It was an old house at Highbury, the property of Miriam's guardian—just the sort of old house where an imaginative fancy can picture a hundred strange sights and sounds. The present owner was well off, but he was a strange man and had let it go to rack and ruin. Weeds grew unchecked in that garden. It was surrounded by high walls, and the roar of busy London was wafted with a muffled sound to its green seclusion.

"Mr. Westwood used to keep this part fenced off, didn't he?" Roger asked.

"Yes, until—until the other day. That strange old vinery one that he brought over from abroad—South America, I believe. When I expressed an interest in it, he had the seat placed under it for me."

"That was very considerate of him, but his kindness does not extend to sanctioning our marriage."

"Oh, he is good enough to me. It is not that but—"

"But what?" asked Garnett, glancing quickly at her; was she trying to conceal something from him? But no, that could not be. They were in the very hey-day of their love; distrust must not enter their Eden.

"Oh, nothing," she replied, "only—only I don't know why it is, but I have got to dread that seat."

So did Roger, and at that very moment he was racking his brains to think what could be the cause. But he had nothing to go by; he knew that Miriam was very happy there, and would not so lightly add to her care.

By this time they had reached the house, and from it Jenkins had gone in response to a bell. He was to accompany Miriam on her excursion, not being exactly approved of as a suitor to the young lady's hand.

II.

That evening Miriam Wardale was once more out walking in the garden, but this time with a totally different companion. Her guardian, Robert Westwood, was with her.

"Mr. Garnett has come down to-day, he and I have had a long chat together."

"Yes."

"I have also of [illegible] I cannot say I approve of [illegible] my own motives. [illegible] Westwood [illegible] gone to a hundred strange places [illegible] he had experienced.

"Really, [illegible] I think he would, and [illegible] you for your kindness."

"I hope you may have cause to doubt my sincerity now." For your sake I would gladly have settled down into everyday respectability. Once we [illegible] more be an Ishmael, wandering by mountain the face of the earth, without a hope in life. I would have been saved to you, Miriam. You should never [illegible] unsatisfied. But you have large hearts for your kindness sake."

There was a strange gleam in his eyes, [illegible] fear in her, but the [illegible] came and [illegible] over her. The girl seemed to [illegible] upon swam [illegible] her, and he [illegible] among the [illegible].

We need not [illegible] interview [illegible] her. His love was [illegible] up after set and from heaven Roger Garnett broke the word.

"What have I [illegible]? What have I done?"

"Then in a [illegible] Miriam [illegible] pity [illegible] sunrise, [illegible] suspicion [illegible] to the [illegible] as she had [illegible] Garnett.

III.

Two days later Roger Garnett called to see Miriam, and said to her [illegible] tion. Mr. Wardale was [illegible] from his [illegible] he had [illegible] since her [illegible].

Dr. Cameron, the [illegible] in attendance [illegible] by Aged Jenkins, [illegible] morning.

"Frankly, [illegible] I am perfectly [illegible] attack, complicated with [illegible] that I never [illegible] before. She's a [illegible] you may rest [illegible] every care and [illegible] the symptoms [illegible] in three words—[illegible] with [illegible] his [illegible].

Mr. [illegible] Garnett [illegible] was shocked [illegible] Miriam [illegible] Garnett.

Dr. Cameron, [illegible] Garnett [illegible] by Aged Jenkins, [illegible] morning.

"Frankly, [illegible] I am perfectly [illegible] attack, complicated with [illegible] that I never [illegible] before. She's a [illegible] you may rest [illegible] every care and [illegible] the symptoms [illegible] in three words—[illegible] with [illegible] his [illegible].

Mr. [illegible] Garnett [illegible] was shocked [illegible] Miriam [illegible] Garnett.

Something in the man's manner surprised Garnett, and he accompanied him to the house and up to the drawing-room. There stood Dr. Cameron with his back to the fireplace.

"Well, Mr. Garnett," he said, "I suppose you have heard the news?"

"No; Jenkins tells me you wish to see me, and—"

"Mr. Westwood is dead!"

"Dead he echoed. He could hardly believe he heard aright. "How did he die?"

"That is a mystery, so far—as great a mystery as Miss Wardale's illness, for the symptoms are the same. As for her, I am thankful to say she is out of danger now. The servants declare they saw you in the garden with Mr. Westwood—that high words were passing between you——"

"They may have seen him strike me. I struck him back."

"And he fell among the branches of the vine," Jenkins rejoined. "There I found him late last night; he was unconscious; we carried him in, and he never breathed or spoke again. He must have fallen when you struck him. Did you not see him fall?"

"He certainly staggered," replied Roger, "but I went away without looking back. You surely do not mean to suggest that—that he died by my hand?"

"No, no, Mr. Garnett," said old Jenkins; "I ain't superstitious, but I believe this house is haunted, and there's a curse on the spot where that tree grows."

"That's bosh, you know," said the doctor; "I thought you had more common sense, Jenkins."

"Well, sir, I only know this, that when poor master had it over from South America, the young man as planted it sickened and died suddenly. Then Miss Miriam swooned at the same place."

"From South America you say it came?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, anyway, let us go down and look at this wonderful tree."

They all went down accordingly into the garden, Dr. Cameron a few paces ahead of the other two. He stood for some moments examining the fatal vine; then suddenly started back again, and rejoined them at a much quicker pace than he had employed in going down.

"Keep back!" he cried, "keep back both of you as you value your lives!" The usually calm physician was much excited. "The thing must be burnt by whoever has courage enough to go near it. It's a Devil-Snare."

"A Devil-Snare!" echoed Garnett, more bewildered than ever.

"You have never heard of the Devil-Snare of Nicaragua?"

"No never."

"Neither should I have done, only that I have studied the botany of South America. It is a terrible plant which deals death to everything that comes near it. Its powers of selection are contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths, which drain the blood from any living thing placed among its ghost-like fibres."

It was even so, Robert Westwood had fond the horrible tree placed there with the diabolical intention of destroying Miriam's lover by a death whose cause should remain enveloped in mystery. Then, when she persistently refused his suit, he induced the poor girl herself to sit under the shade of its treacherous boughs. But the hand of God had frustrated his evil intentions, and he had succumbed to the same fate which he would have meted out to others.

Miriam, now without a guardian, soon found a protector in a loving husband. She married Roger Garnett as soon as she had recovered from the shock consequent upon these terrible events.

HUMORS OF THE DUEL.

As Might be Expected, Ireland Has Been Most Prolific of Them.

The annals of the Emerald Isle bristle with incidents of duelling in which Irish honor, if not at all times Irish bravery, is conspicuous. On one occasion Sir Jonah Barrington fought a duel with a barrister named M'Nally. The latter had one leg shorter than the other, and because it was his habit when in a hurry to take two jumping steps with the short leg to bring up the space made up by the long one he was nicknamed "One Pound Two." McNally could get no one of his far to fight him and so he challenged Barrington, who good-naturedly exchanged shots in the Phœnix Park. The latter hit his opponent in the braces, then called the "gallows," and feared he had killed him. When the result was made known one of the seconds shouted: "Mac, you are the only rogue I ever knew who was saved by the gallows." Sir Jonah Barrington gives several instances of duels in which the comic side of the Irish character came out. One of these occurred in 1773, when Mr. Frank Skelton, a boisterous, joking, fat young fellow, was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the executioner of the town for running the butt end of a horsewhip down his throat when he slept drunk with his mouth open. In vain did he remonstrate. The executioner could snuff a candle with a pistol ball, and he was as big as half a dozen dozen candles. He was forced to the combat. Hundreds of people came to see the fight on the green of Marybrough. The friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton screwed up his courage with two heavy drams and each party took pistols. "Huzzey, boys!" bellowed the seconds, and Skelton, minding his instructions to lose no time, let fly with one weapon. "Hallo," shouted the executioner, "I'm battered by—". "The devil's cure to you, said Skelton, finding his second pistol and bringing the executioner to his knees. Then, however, judging that if he gave the executioner time to recover his legs he might have to stand two shots, he bolted as fast as his legs could carry him, followed by his second who cursed him for a coward. "Sure it's better to be a coward than a corpse." However, he was dragged to the ground, and, luckily, the executioner was too much hurt to shoot. On his recovering the latter insisted on challenging Skelton, who chose pipes as the weapons and the affair dropped.

FIRED UP THE CHIMNEY.

Cornelius O'Donovan, one of his inimitable essays, tells us that once upon a time in the County of Clare a quarrel occurred in the hunting field between two gentlemen whom we will call Capt. Rollins and W. Jones, Esq. Very hot words passed between them. "Let us settle the business at once," cried the captain; "I have pistols in the house." "Nothing better," said the squire; "I'm your man." It was at length decided that they should fight in the stable yard at fifteen paces, each man to hold a lantern as a mark for his opponent. "Where are you, you scoundrel?" cried the captain, when they came out into the yard. "I'm here, you sneak-block," replied the squire. "Stand to your ground, and I'll come to you." "Devil I'm doing," said the other. "Give the word and no more talking." "Get behind the pump, Yer Honor, get behind the pump lest you fire," whispered the groom, pulling the captain by the coat. He did so and when they blazed it was the squire who got it and it was more than three months before he could get out again. Apropos of duels duel in the dark there is a beautiful but pathetic anecdote of two men, the one a "kind man" and the other a "timid man," who, finding themselves unhappily bound to fight, chose the darkroom duel. The "kind man" had to fire first and, not wishing to hurt his adversary, groped his way to the chimney-piece, and placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell down came his adversary, the "timid man," who had selected that fatal hiding place.

How prevalent duelling was in Ireland may be gathered from the fact that men of the highest dignity and most responsible position were ready to eat fire and taste steel. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Claire, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. The Chief Justice, Lord Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawley and two others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corey, fought Henry Grattan. The provost of Trinity College, Mr. Henry Hutchinson, fought the Master in Chancery, Mr. Doyle. O'Connell fought and killed Mr. d'Esterre, the champion of the Dublin corporation, and, as Barrington says, the duel was fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy. These are not the only eminent Irishmen who fought duels, for Sir Jonah Barrington states that during his "grand climacteric," 227 memorable and official duels had been fought. He tells of one man who had fought no less than sixteen duels, and Mr. S. C. Hall describes a field near Castlebar where it was stated that sixty fatal duels had taken place, the last being that of an uncle who had shot his nephew or a nephew who had shot his uncle.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—[Emerson.

To be afraid is the miserable condition of a coward. To do wrong, or omit to do right from fear, is to superadd delinquency to cowardice.—[Owen Feltham.

PETER HORACE'S SPECULATION.

It had been for months a mooted question in the little village of Glendale who would fall heir to Aunt Martha Marvale's money when she died.

There were her two nieces, the nearest of kin, in the first place. One, Miss Bertha Marvale, an amiable young lady, who was immensely proper and respectable, and had been very dutiful in her attendance upon her invalid aunt. The other, a wee bit of a maiden, with sunny eyes, and short dancing curls, who taught school for her own and her mother's support, and did not seem to mind it at all, she was always so bright and winsome. She had done nothing in particular for her aunt except to make sunshine in the prim old rooms by occasional visits, and in a saucy, inveigling sort of way to get herself very much liked by the eccentric old lady; it was very hard to see upon what grounds Miss Dot Mayburne based her expectation, so the neighbours said.

Then there was the church of which she had been a life long member, with its many charities, missions, and relief works. The trustees fully expected to be remembered by Miss Marvale; but many of the neighbours knew too much of her "closeness" and pride of family, and were sure she would not give her money to charitable institutions. Still, the weight of opinion went in favour of either Miss Bertha Marvale or the church.

And now the good, queer Miss Martha Marvale was dead, and buried with due solemnity and proper gloom. Soon it would be known who was the fortunate possessor of her fabulous wealth—for "fabulous" it had become, under the busy tongues of interested friends and acquaintances. To be sure, she had never made a display of riches and no one in Glendale had ever seen her money except in quite meagre sums. But she was known to have been quite miserly in her habits, and no doubt had large amounts stowed away in odd corners.

The lawyer sat at the head of the room rattling the important document ominously. Miss Marvale sat in a high backed chair, looking pale, melancholy, and severe in her new and fashionable mourning dress. Mr. Peter Horace, a gentleman who never in his life had evinced a liking for anything but money until he met Miss Marvale, sat attentively near.

Dot Mayburne in doleful black, reclined in the uncompromising recesses of the big stiffold sofa, with a sadness in her pretty face that appealed to every tender heart in her presence. Willard Hayes, a young and penniless physician, and her most devoted admirer, supported her, figuratively speaking, of course, on her left. The deacons of the church sat in decorous silence, and one or two "oldest inhabitants" occupied the spare corners of the room. The reading began.

After the usual preliminaries it was found that all of Martha Marvale's real estate, moneys, and personal property were left unconditionally to her beloved niece Dorothea Maybourne, excepting a few insignificant legacies to church and friends. To Bertha Marvale, in consideration of affectionate attention, she willed her favourite footstool. Its many dear associations, the fact that she had seen it for years the support of her aunt's wearied feet, would endear it to her, and, as she often expressed a pious contempt for carnal wealth, she would prize it above all earthly dross.

The whole fortune was not a munificent one, after all, and even Dot was not a rich woman. And she could only open her blue eyes in wonder while Willard Hayes smiled brightly upon her and whispered his congratulations. Miss Marvale's face was buried in her black-edged handkerchief and no one could tell how she was affected. Mr. Horace's face was a picture of blank dismay. The deacons looked glum, and said not a word. Everybody seemed inclined to get out of the way with as little ceremony as possible, and soon the cousins were left alone.

"I hope, Cousin Bertha, you will always make this house your home," Dot began timidly. "You know this is as great a surprise to me as to you, and, while I am glad of a home and comforts for mamma, I do not want you to be poor or homeless. Can't we all live together?"

"No, we can't all live together, snapped Bertha, coming out from behind her pocket handkerchief. "You are a little underhand cheat, and I wouldn't accept charity from you if I were starving! And it is not necessary, as I am engaged, and Mr. Horace is amply able to see that I do not come to want."

Dot retired, overcome by the stupendous intelligence, as Miss Marvale intended she should be.

"I am sure I congratulate you," she murmured. "And I hope, if ever you need a friend, you will not hesitate—"

"Bother your friendship!" exclaimed the irate lady, rising: "I think we can dispense with each other's company, and as I cannot ask you to leave your own house, I will take the liberty of retiring myself."

That evening the will was discussed over a hundred tea tables, and many queries, wonderings, and "I told you so's" passed to and fro. What the old lady had seen to admire in Dot so much, what had become of all the wealth she was supposed to have owned, why she had left a paltry old ottoman to Bertha, who had been so faithful, and so forth, were all dutifully discussed, and left as unsatisfactorily disposed of as before.

In a little meagre private office down town Mr. Peter Horace sat, with his head resting dejectedly in his hands, and a general air of forlorn despondency in his attitude. He had for forty years loved himself, his money, and his single-blessedness more than anything else on earth; if ever a woman had stirred the religion under this shirt-front where his heart is supposed to beat, it was pretty, saucy, gay little Dot Mayburne. And yet he had deliberately engaged himself to marry a plain, prim, elderly maiden who possessed nothing in the world more valuable than a worn-out footstool!

What a donkey he had been! And how had it come about? Why was not Bertha Marvale the heiress, as he had calculated upon? The old lady's money seemed not entirely accounted for, either. Bertha had lived in the house for years, and he had deemed her a person of good sense; yet she must have bungled in her management somehow.

Then he burrowed deeper in his outstretched arms, and thought it all over again. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. Did not people invariably, in stories and romances, who had queer old legacies left them knock them to pieces, sooner or later, by accident, or in a fit of ill-temper, and find them stuffed full of gold pieces?

This was certainly the solution of the eccentric gift, and it also accounted for the missing wealth which everybody seemed so sure existed somewhere. He sprang up and paced the room in a sprightly, manner quite at variance with his former moody demeanor.

"I will play the disinterested lover," he said; "I will swear to be true, come weal or come woe, and thus gain the approbation of the entire community." "I'll marry the poor, disinherited Bertha Marvale, and at the very first dawning of matrimonial infelicity I'll kick that beastly footstool viciously across the floor. Then won't I be astonished to see the papers and gold roll out! Won't I clasp my tearful companion in my arms, magnanimously forgive her, and calmly take possession of her fortune! What a lucky idea of mine that was!"

Miss Marvale was deeply gratified of being assured of her lover's devotion and disinterestedness; and her spirits and dignity rose in proportion. Indeed, she carried herself in the presence of her unpretending cousin as though she were the heiress and Dot the insignificant possessor of a footstool. She claimed the right to remain in the house which had been her home so long till she should be married from it, and, as far as appearances went, might as well have been the mistress of Marvale Mansion.

Mr. Horace rented a pretentious house, and furnished it completely, referring with beautiful deference to his betrothed's taste in everything.

"Be sure and bring your footstool," he said playfully, "and we will dedicate a whole corner to it. I would not keep house without it for the world." And Miss Marvale thought this very delicate in him, as it might naturally be supposed the stool would be a disagreeable object.

They were married, and the wedding was the "event of the season." Dot was not invited, but she was busily engaged elsewhere, and did not mind the neglect, and when Bertha left the old house to enter her brand new home, Dot and her happy husband, Willard Hayes, moved in.

For a few weeks everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Horace carried herself with a great deal of dignity, as became the newly-married wife of a well-to-do money lender and the mistress of a handsome new residence. Indeed, the fashionable people of the place paid her more attention than they did the real heiress, who was so little like a wealthy matron that the fact was almost forgotten.

Mr. Horace bore his happiness quietly, and contained himself with patience. Perhaps he was a little irritable in the privacy of the domestic circle but he was only preparing for the grand moment when it would be inappropriate to "kick that beastly stool clear across the room." To be, sure, he might have suggested to his wife that they examine the stool, and see if it contained anything of value; but she would perhaps laugh at his whim, and would not allow it to be spoiled, and when the wealth was found she might suspect him of knowing something about it and of marrying her for it; and, as he rather preferred peace to unnecessary squabbling he wished the discovery to come about accidentally.

At last, one evening, he found it standing directly in his way. Bertha, looking apprehensively at her husband's stern countenance, hastened to remove it, but he was too quick for her. A well-applied and forcible kick sent it dancing across the room, where it was shattered against the marble fireplace. Mr. Horace eagerly sprang to the spot, where Bertha regretfully followed him.

He did look at it in amazement, as he had often pictured himself doing, but the amazement was very genuine. He grasped each piece, and shook it fiercely; he tore everything apart that could be torn apart with furious haste. Alas, in vain! At his feet lay a heap of broken mahogany, torn purple velvet, and dusty horsehair—nothing more—nothing less.

"What do you mean? What did you expect to find?" asked Bertha with trembling lips.

"Your aunt's legacy. I've been fooled—trapped—I won't stand it. What have you done among you with all her money? She couldn't have carried it with her."

Peter Horace was angry enough, as he strode up and down the room, to have demolished forty ottomans, and Bertha went into hysterics on the sofa. It was a dreadful blow to her vanity to think that she had not been "married for herself alone," after all; they had a terrible scene, but finally a sort of reconciliation was patched up. Both were too respectable to let the world know of their disappointment, and they agreed to keep the fate of her aunt's legacy a secret.

Bertha owned that the old lady had given her £500 before she died, telling her she was not as rich as had been supposed, and that was probably all she would ever receive from her. Still, she had hoped against hope that more would fall to her share, and had only been reconciled by Mr. Horace's seeming disinterestedness.

With renewed devotion to business, and a little extra fleecing of customers on Mr. Horace's part, they managed to retain their handsome residence and keep up appearances, which was, after all, what they both cared for most of anything in the world.

Real Merit

is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more,—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit

Hood's Sarsaparilla

possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is thus Peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and giving nerve strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Croup.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

The Tremendous Force of Waves.

It is difficult for one to believe the hundreds of wonderful stories told to illustrate the power exerted by a sea wave of the regulation size and strength. At the time of the high waves on the North coast of the Shetland Islands, guess boulders of three ton weight have been moved upward of 300 feet in a single night. United Britain, the paper which first set the stories afloat about the enormous waves at Bishop's Rock, England, declares that it is a fact that an iron column, 23 feet long and weighing 6,000 pounds—part of a lighthouse being erected on the rock and which had been chained by means of eyebolts to two heavy boulders—was moved twenty feet in one night and deposited upon a projecting rock eleven feet and ten inches higher than its original position. At the same time a blacksmith's anvil weighing 200 pounds, and sunk in a pit three and a half feet deep was washed out of the pit and actually floated and rolled 100 yards from the site of the lighthouse!

Asleep Four Months.

The longest cataleptic sleep known to medical science has been attracting attention in Germany. The latest report states that the man—a miner of Silesia—had been unconscious for four and a half months, with no unnatural appearance except absolute rigidity of the limbs. During this time the patient's hair has grown, but his beard has remained stationary. Food is given by tube.

St. Jacobs Oil

The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

TRAPPED BY REDSKINS.

An Adventure That Turned His Hair White in a Few Hours.

Paul McCormick's Narrow Escape from Death by Torture at the Hands of the Indians—His Companion's Awful Fate.

Everybody in Montana, and, in fact, nearly every one living west of the Missouri, knows or has heard of Paul McCormick, who has charge of Senator Tom Power's interests at Junction City, and who for years has been the wily little Republican Senator's right bower in his dealings with the Indians. Nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, resonant of voice, and with eyes as keen as a hawk's despite the slight defect in the lid of the left orb. Paul is an ideal frontiersman, a favorite with all who know him, and whose prowess with the rifle has been displayed in many a tussle with the Indians. Not every one, however, knows what turned Paul's hair prematurely white, for the brave fellow is loath to dwell upon this incident in his eventful career whereby he so nearly lost his life, and which caused his magnificent crop of jet black curly hair to take on the whiteness of driven snow.

It happened early in the seventies. Paul with a number of traders, had gone up the Yellowstone in a flatboat loaded with goods that they expected to exchange with the Crows for skins and such other commodities as the Indians had to barter for the gaudy blankets and calicoes so highly prized by the bucks and squaws. At this time the Cheyennes were

ON THE WARPATH

against their natural enemies, the Crows, which made travelling in that country even more dangerous than usual. But the traders were all old Indian fighters and trappers, thoroughly familiar with the locality, and not likely to be scared off by trifles, besides which Paul McCormick, their leader, was known to be the best shot in the Territory, and whose knowledge of Indian tactics had been gained in many a dearly bought field of experience.

Landing at Pease bottom, the outfit made the flatboat fast, and, after selecting a suitable site, proceeded to build a blockhouse as much for the purpose of protection against the hostile Indians as to store their merchandise. Every morning it devolved upon the keen-eyed McCormick to saddle his horse and, with his trusty Sharps across his saddle bow, ride to the summit of the nearest butte and scan the country for Indian signs. This completed, he would hope his horse back to camp to assure the boys of cold trails and a prospect of uninterrupted work on their house.

One bright morning as Paul started out on his accustomed scout he was approached by an old trapper known to the rest as Grizzly who said he reckoned he'd jine Mac in his ride that day if the latter didn't keer. Of course, Paul was glad to have company, and willingly waited until Grizzly brought up his horse and cinched on the saddle. Lured by the brightness of the morning and intoxicated by the fresh, delicious air which they inhaled in long breaths as they galloped over the short, curly buffalo grass, the traders strayed much further from the camp than was customary with Paul when he was alone, but as they had scaled several buttes without noting a trace of Indians, each rode along unsuspicious of danger, lost in the enjoyment of the perfect June day.

They had walked their horses up a pretty stiff butte, and, arrived at the summit, were breathing the animals while taking a survey of the country. For miles around not a sign of life could be seen, save in the far distance where a black speck in the sky circling earthward told them of a possible breakfast awaiting the industrious buzzard which had already scented its prey. Grizzly had been discussing with Paul the best method of defence, in case they were surprised by Indians and found it impossible to break away.

"I'd shoot thier critter right thar, Mac," said the old trapper, indicating a spot behind his mare's ear, "and she falls 'ithout er quiver. Then down clost ter ther carkiss yer squats, an' behind these beastworks yer pumps lead inter ther blooming savages, an' stands 'em off ontel ther boys gets anxious 'bout us an' forms a rescue party. Et's jest ez simple ez——"

But old Grizzly never finished his sentence, for at that moment up rose from the sage-brush, where he had lain concealed, a tall be-painted Indian, who

UTTERED A WILD WHOOP,

and in an instant the sagebrush all around vomited redskins, howling, shooting, yelling in concert, intent upon scaring the animals upon which the traders sat, so they would become unmanageable and handicap the riders in their effort to escape.

It seemed to Paul's startled senses, the where a moment before no sign of life was visible now circled thousands of whooping savages, eager for his blood, and if for the nonce he lost his customary nerve he was surely excusable.

The animal he bestrode was a wiry mustang, full of energy, with a good deal of the devil in him. His gyrations under fire required all of Paul's skilful horsemanship to prevent his being unseated, especially with a dozen Indians firing crosswise over and under the brute's body. Apparently the redskins were more desirous of capturing Paul alive for the purpose of torture than to kill him outright, which may account for his almost miraculous escaped from the hundreds of bullets that zip! zipped! in the air all about him. As for Grizzly, he had encountered a chance shot at the first onset, and, stone dead, sat upright in the saddle, with his arms outstretched, his head bare, and a streak of blood trickling over his long, gray moustache that fell from a round bullet hole sunk square between his eyes. Grizzly's mare, hearing his dead rider, at first broke away from the Indians and circled over the plateau, but, returning, ran round and round in a still narrowing circle until a well-aimed shot dropped her in her tracks.

All this Paul saw before he managed to break through the cordon of Indians that endeavored to snare him. Several times the lithe savages were running neck and neck with his mustang, and once a vicious tug nearly pulled him from his horse, but he kicked loose, and, with

A YELL OF DEFIANCE

galloped madly down the butte in the direction of the blockhouse, a hundred bullets singing in his ears, sent in deadly earnest by the Cheyennes, who viewed their intended victim's escape with deep chagrin that found vent in a chorus of yells.

Straight to the blockhouse rode Paul, chased for the first few miles by about a dozen braves, who fired as they ran, but without inflicting any damage save to wound his horse. So intent had he been on his escape that not once had he returned the fire of his foes, although in addition to his rifle he carried two big navy revolvers in his belt that held six rounds of cartridges each. To a friend, later on, he confessed that it never occurred to him to use either the rifle or the revolvers, although he might have done some damage with the latter when he had the Indians at close range.

The spectacle of their leader galloping madly over the prairie had a startling effect upon the little band of of quasi carpenters then putting the finishing touches to the block-house. It was not necessary for Paul to shout "Indians!" All knew well enough what his appearance so clearly denoted, while the significant absence of Grizzly plainly indicated there had been more than a passing scrimmage. Barely had Paul leaped from the saddle when the gallant animal that had carried him in safety to his friends fell forward on the ground, and, bleeding from several gaping wounds, gave one or two gasps and expired.

For a few moments Paul stood mutely watching the fallen animal, and the tear that crept to his eye was not unworthy the brave fellow. But he felt that it was no time for sentiment, and dashing his hand savagely across his face he turned to his comrades, and in a few graphic words told them of the ambuscade to which he had so nearly fallen a victim and which had

PROVED A DEATH TRAP,

to poor Grizzly. "But we must go back at once, boys," he added, "and bring in Grizzly's body for decent burial. We can't afford to have it said that we left a comrade in the open to become food for coyotes and buzzards. Get a move on you and saddle the horses instantly. You, Saunders and Brooks, remain here to guard the stuff; the rest of us will skin back to Big Butte."

In a very short time the small body of determined men, led by the intrepid McCormick, were on their way to the scene of the recent ambush. Few words were uttered by the party. All realized the errand was a sad one, and in his heart each vowed vengeance on the murderous Cheyennes. But not a hostile was in sight when they reached the summit of Big Butte, up which they had cautiously stolen in a manner worthy of trained Indian fighters. Already the coyotes and birds of prey had assembled for the feast, some of the latter that had perched on the carcass of Grizzly's horse boldly continuing their ravenous banquet in defiance of the appearance of the rescuers.

Paul was the first to stumble on the body of his late comrade. In a dozen other ways besides that of scalping their victim, they had maltreated the defenceless dead, much in the same manner in which the poor fellows of the Seventh Cavalry were treated on the Little Big Horn a few years later. Small wonder that, as Paul McCormick stood by the body of Grizzly, fascinated by its horrible appearance, and thought how narrowly he had escaped a like fate, a mighty revulsion of nature took place in his system, so that when he returned to camp his raven locks had forever lost their pristine hue and had suddenly changed to the unnatural whiteness they have ever since assumed.

Rothschild's Maxims.

The older Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following maxims:

Shun liquors.
Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all troubles patiently.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never appear something more than you are.
Take time to consider and then decide positively.
Carefully examine into every detail of your business.
Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed in life.

What a Horse Can do.

A horse will travel 400 yards in four and a half minutes at a walk, 400 yards in two minutes at a trot, 400 yards in one minute at a gallop. The usual work of a horse is taken at 22,500 pounds raised one foot per minute for eight hours per day. A horse will carry 250 pounds twenty-five miles per day of eight hours. An average draft horse will draw 1,500 pounds twenty-three miles per day on a level road, weight of wagon included. The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of four and a half horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 300 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit. To attains his growth in five years, will live twenty-five, average sixteen years. A horse will live twenty-five days on water without solid food but only five days on solid food without drinking.—[The Human World.

Heat and Cold.

The use of the hands, as in washing in hot water, then exposing them to extreme cold, is prolific of a very common misery. Mrs. Robert Simpson, 71 Berkeley St., Toronto, Ont., writes, Oct. 2, 1891, as follows:—"St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatic cramps of the hands after all other treatment failed me. My hands were much swollen and painful, and for a time I was nearly helpless; however, thanks to the magic touch of St. Jacobs Oil, shortly after its use was relieved, and ultimately, entirely cured. I now always have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in the house."

Genesis of the Horseshoe.

It is known that the hoofs of horses were protected by boots of leather at a very early period in the world's history—at a time which at least antedates Pliny and Aristotle, both of whom make mention of the fact. These leather boots were sometimes studded with metal nails, but more usually worn without extra trimming, the cheapness of that commodity making it possible for the owner of the steed to "robbed" him at any time. Homer speaks of "brazen-footed steeds," from which we naturally infer that in his day horses were shod with bronze or brass. Two reputable ancient writers tell us that the mules of Nero wore silver shoes. Iron shoes were first nailed to the hoofs of war horses in the ninth century; they were first introduced into England by William II. about the year 1088. At the present day the Japanese use horseshoes made of braided straw, and several European countries use compressed rawhide for the same purpose.

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polson's Nervoline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficient power. Nervoline, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work, that one most agonizing internal pain yields as if by magic. Nervoline relieves neuralgia instantly and for the speedy cure of nerve pains of every description it has no equal. Sold everywhere.

You can't learn too much but you can half learn too much.

Nature's Creative Powers Surpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that mysterious life, sustaining fluid can be ignited. The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbibed those only can tell who try it well.

Women swallow flattery as babies swallow buttons—without any idea of the trouble that may follow.

WARNING! ask your druggist for GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM, take no substitute. A.P. 605.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES —Of Lime and Soda.—

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY 317 Church St., Toronto.

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONECTIONERY CO. make the best goods. Try them and see.

MAGIC SCALE FOR DRESS CUTTING, taught by Miss Chubb, general agent for Ontario. 250½ Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

CATARRH DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE send 5c. in stamps CURED never fails, or postage and we will mail you FREE a freetrial package. Clark Chemical Co Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—For "Out of Darkness into Light, or the Story of my Life" by Joseph F. Hess the converted Prize-Fighter and Saloon-Keeper. The story of his travels and the life he led are more thrilling than the page of fict on. Send for circulars and terms. WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

We are the leading firm in Canada, other firm can compete with us, every Limb warranted for Comfort, Finish and Efficiency, equal to the best in the world.

AUTHORS & COX,
21 CHURCH STREET, - TORONTO.

DeLAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS.
HAND & STEAM POWER.
J. S. CARTERS, - SYRACUSE, N.Y.
FAMOUS RENNET EXTRACT.
Cheese and Butter Color.
BABCOCK MILK TESTERS.
Sole Agent for Canada, FRANK WILSON, Produce Merchant, 33 Peter St., Montreal. Consignments Solicited.

To Dispel Colds.

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Contentment with any thing but candidacy for a better lot is to be recommended.—[Charles H. Parkhurst.

One swallow does not make a spring, but one cold day will make a cough worse so sick that doctor's medicine fails to avail.

No man has ever had his true estimation in which he is held by his fellow creatures until he attempts to borrow a $10 bill.

A stout heart may be in adversity in fortune but not in spirit.—[Victor Hug