JACK—

Then out of the mass of motionless figures there emerged at different points three young Indians, tall and magnificently formed. Beneath the clear, dark skin, which had been oiled and rubbed until it glistened like burnished copper and stretched like rubber, one could see the play of the powerful muscles.

Pembroke leaned over to Eviston.

"Gad!" he said excitedly. "Look at the tallest chap. Look at those muscles over the shoulders and in the back. If he had been a Trinity College man last year, I rather think we'd have won."

"He s my favorite," put in Carlington; "I'll back him to see the dance through. I've seen him before; his name is White Eagle, and he s a fine Indian."

"They all look game," remarked Stirling; "they must be the pick of the tribe. The one with the red browband looks wicked, though. I rather hope the torture will be a little too much for him."

The three Indians were moving noiselessly around the ring, keeping perfect time with one another as they raised and lowered the foot with a double blow on the ground, showing their intense excitement only by their flashing eyes and the quick, nervous movement of their limbs. Six medicine-men arose slowly, two approaching each of the three Indians. They stood for a moment muttering some incantation, and then motioned the young Indians to lie down on the ground. They then stationed themselves on the right and the left of each, and began gently to rub the heaving chests. It was like the even, practised work of a good masseur, only there was no varying of the stroke or position. The spot on each breast that they kneaded and rubbed could not be larger than a silver dollar. As they worked, the Indian with the tom-tom began to beat again, but very softly, and there ran a subdued, sympathetic murmur through the crowd. From out on the prairie one could hear now and then the short, fierce whinny of a bronco, and the sun beat down on the pine boughs more hotly than ever, and they gave forth a faint, refreshing odor.

Captain Eviston turned uneasily to the women.

"You'll be awfully sorry you came in about a minute," he remarked. "Perhaps you had better not look—"

He might as well have spoken to stone walls. The eyes of the girls were fastened on the prostrate Indians as though held there by a magnet, and their breath came in quick, uneven gasps. They did not even hear him. So he turned again to look, and as he did so he saw the medicine men draw from their bags sharp little knives like scalpels, and make two parallel incisions in each benumbed breast. Not a drop of blood issued from the wounds, and the sinews thus laid bare were drawn out carefully and skilfully, and short pieces of wood passed beneath them, to each end of which a lariat was tied. The medicine-men then took each Indian by the shoulders and helped him to his feet. As the young Indians stood upright, facing the excited, restless throng, they gave one triumphant, scornful look about, and then moved forward until each had taken up a position beneath a cross-beam, and about equally distant from one another. So far they did not seem to be at all affected by the torture, except that the pupils of their eyes had contracted to pin-points, and there was a peculiar rigidity about their limbs. They were the picture of proud unconcern while the lariats were being thrown over the cross-beams and fastened there, and they put the shrill little whistles, which they were to blow while they danced, to their mouths with as much indifference as though they had been cigarettes. When all was ready, and the medicine-men had stepped back, suddenly the tom-toms burst out with a terrific rattle; the young Indians began to dance back and forth at the ends of their lariats, with long, sweeping lunges, as though they would quickly tear the sinews from their breasts; the whistles shrieked, the masses of Indians broke into a wild shouting, and the medicine-men, lifting up their hands, prayed aloud to the Great Manito. A sort of frenzy seemed to communicate itself to every Indian in the lodge. Their faces turned ashy, and their muscles quivered as if they were undergoing some intense physical strain. The restless heels beat the ground in double throbs that shook the whole tepee. The swarthy faces, which an hour before had been only vacantly good-natured or sullen or stocial, were now full of passion and wildness. An Indian beside Miss Page sprang into the air as though some devil within him had broken loose. The young girl shrank back faintly toward Pembroke, who was slightly behind her. The men had put the women in the center, and was trying to protect them from the crowd of Indians pressing in on all sides; but it was quite impossible to make them keep back or appeal to them in any way.

"This is awful; it must be worse than a prize-fight," the young girl said, with an unsteady little smile at the Englishman.

Pembroke smiled back sympathetically and looked over at his sisters anxiously. Being English girls, they were taking things calmly, though there was a hot spot of red in each cheek, and their blue eyes looked almost black from the intensity of their excitement.

Suddenly the Indian "candidate" nearest them dropped his whistle, and with a low groan fell forward on his face in a dead faint. His attendant medicine-men sprang forward, released the lariats, and pulling the thongs from the sinews, spit upon his chest, rubbing the wounds, and murmuring incantations over him, After a long time he slowly opened his eyes. When full consciiousness returned to him and he realized that he had failed in the ordeal, he sprang to his feet in a frenzy of disappointment and rage. As his eyes fell upon the little group of white people opposite him, a wilder gleam of anger lighted up his face, and pointing a shaking finger at them, he shrieked out some imprecation. As he staggered backward, the medicine-men grappled with him and bore him panting and shouting from the ring.

Captain Eviston turned to Doyle.

"What did that Indian say, Doyle?" he asked, quietly.

The orderly was tugging at his gloves and looking very uncomfortable.

"'E says we 'ave given 'im 'bad medicine,' sir, an' that 'e his goin' to get a Blood Indian conjurer 'e knows to make us all cripples."

"Stay by us and translate all they say," commanded the officer, calmly.

Throughout this episode the tom-toms and shoutings had not ceased for a moment, nor had the other two dancers stopped an instant in their frantic attempts to break their sinews and so be proclaimed "braves." They leaped and swung from side to side, keeping time with the beat of the drum, while the musicians sang "The Song of the Brave:"

I sing, I sing under the center of the sky,
Under the center of the sky;
Under the center of the sky I sing,
Under the center of the sky;

The birds of the brave take flight around the sky,
A flight around the sky;
The birds of the brave take a flight, take a flight,
The birds of the brave take a flight.

The spirits on high repeat my name, Repeat my name;
The spirits on high, the spirits on high, Repeat my name;

First one set of musicians would sing, and then another set would take up the words, like the antiphonal chorus of a cathedral choir, while the two dancers swung staggeringly around the open space, now forward as if walking uphill, now sinking and slipping backward as the earth reeled under their trembling limbs. The sweat was running down their rigid bodies like rain, and their sinews were pulling far out from the panting chests and snapping back again in a horrible way, as the agony made them give to the lariats.

Miss Kenwood covered her face with her handkerchief and began to cry softly. The men moved restlessly and cast anxious glances at one another and the women. Stirling put an arm around his wife.

"I suppose it's impossible to get out of this," he ventured.

Captain Eviston shook his head.

"Quite impossible," he returned grimly.

He had hardly spoken when, with a cry of mingled fear and rage, the evil-looking Indian with the red browband bounded forward from the other side of the opening and held up the broken ends of his lariat. The rope had parted—the worst medicine that could happen to an Indian. The medicine-men, terror-stricken sank to their knees but the young brave stood up defiantly, although he reeled from faintness. Staggering across the open space with his broken lariat dragging after him, he paused on the edge of the circle, just below the little party of whites, and turning his back to them, he began to harangue the Indians. He looked like some devil as he stood there, his wicked face bedaubed with paint and showing ghastly, even under the red, with agony and wild rage, his bloodshot eyes rolling from side to side, his breast crimson with the blood that now flowed freely from the lacerated flesh, and the quivering nostrils and upper lip telling even better than his words the wrath that alone was keeping his trembling limbs from sinking under him. His voice, in spite of his faintness, was strong enough to make itself heard above the din by those nearest him.

"I Yellow Wolf, am brave and fearless," he shouted; "I do not fear death or any kind of torture; but who can prevail against evil powers, that come no one knows whence? Our medicine-men are powerful, and they have propitiated the Manito of the Indian, but they had not thought to propitiate the Manito of the white man. Why is the white man here? Why is our lodge invaded, our dance made public.? Why are the children of the White Mother permitted to come thus among us? Have we lost all freedom, all courage? Did they not exercise an evil influence over the Beaver, who lies fallen and helpless, he who was so strong—" The words died away in an unintelligible murmur as he fell, half fainting, to the ground.

"What does he say, Doyle?" demanded Captain Eviston once more.

Doyle, looking more unhappy than ever, translated freely, shifting himself uneasily from one foot to the other.

"E says, sir, that we 'ave 'oodooed 'im, same as the hother Hindian, an' that we hought n't to be 'ere."

Captain Eviston looked thoughtfully before him a moment, regretting most keenly the feeling of delicacy which had prompted him to come unarmed to the dance. He had thought that such a course would appeal to the Indians. Unfortunately, they had apparently not noticed or appreciated that piece of refined sentiment. He aroused himself from his little reverie to find the eyes of all the Indians in the tepee fixed scowlingly or threateningly upon him and his guests. There was a suppressed excitement and antagonism about them, which would have been sufficiently unpleasant if he had been there with fifty good privates at his back. As it was, the absolute hopelessness of his situation made him perfectly cool. Four men and an orderly with seven women to take care of could not hope to contend successfully against five hundred maddened Indians.

While Yellow Wolf still lay moaning and struggling on the ground, an old chief seated near him, and who had heard what he had said, arose, and spreading out his hands toward him, began to speak soothingly, as if to a child.

Captain Eviston recognized him as Pretty Feathers, one of the friendliest and most sagacious of the Peigans.

"My son, said the old man, softly, "arise; be comforted. Cease thy complaints—the complaints of a child who knows not how to take punishment. Why shouldst thou think the Manito of the white man has interfered with thy destiny? Has the Manito of the Indian never visited thee before with his displeasure?' He turned to the rest of the Indians, who were listening, and raising his voice, cried, ''Yellow Wolf has spoken words of foolishness in his anger. Let us forget them, as he will forget them, and—" significantly—"as the white man will forget them."

There was a murmur of disapprobation as he seated himself, but many of the Indians looked less aggressive, and many once more turned their attention to the circle where the last Indian, White Eagle, still danced. He was al most spent, and the quavering, faint notes of his whistle told how little breath and life were still in him. His face was gray-white, and a light froth flecked his lips. His body was covered with blood and great drops of perspiration, and his lower limbs, which had at first been unnaturally rigid, now bent and twisted and doubled under him as he leaped back and forth. It was evident that unless the sinews soon burst he would faint from pain and loss of blood, and all his agony would count for nothing.

Suddenly a young and pretty squaw sprang up from the mass of Indian women crouching near the edge of the circle and forcing her way frantically through them, rushed forward with a terrible cry, and throwing herself with all the strength of her young body against White Eagle, forced him back until the sinews of his chest snapped like whip-cords, and with a groan he toppled over backward.

(To be Continued.)

THE KAISER OBJECTS.

The Great Young Man of Germany, as they call the enterprising and pyrotechnic Kaiser, while poking his imperial finger into every art and every science, still finds time, the court scandal mongers say, to pay strict attention to the wardrobe and toilet of the Empress, his wife.

The Empress is but human, and when she saw silver threads making their appearance in her hair she most naturally tried to defer the inevitable—and dyed, it is said. Whether she put on too much, or whatever the reason was, certain it is that one morning the poor Empress appeared at breakfast with stripes of doubtful green among her tresses.

"You have put some rubbish on your head, Augusta," cried Wilhelm, with a great frown. "Where's the bottle?"

The Empress muttered a few words and went on with her breakfast, but the ruler of minds and bodies got up, rummaged his wife's dressing room, to the distress of the maids, who were busy putting things in order, and, observing that one of them tried to conceal a bottle, he snatched it from her and put it in his pocket. Nothing more was said on the subject to the Empress but the Perfumer-in-Ordinary to their Majesties lost his exalted patron, and poor Augusta's head remained harlequined for a month.

The same fate befell a later importation from Paris, and at last the Empress, who detested a motley head as much as the Kaiser does hair dye, got a new preparation to blanch her hair an even color, and from that day the Empress appeared completely white, and even poudree. Her fancy now, in which, however, she cannot always indulge, is to wear pure white garments or pale gray ones, which suit her well, and make her look very picturesque. However, Wilhelml loves pink, blue and green, and she must comply with his wishes and order colored dresses.

ODD FURNITURE.

Perhaps the oddest suit of furniture is owned by Joseph Berger, a hotel keeper in Budapest. For many years he has made it his business to collect matchboxes from factories of various countries. His collection aggregates 4,000 boxes. He ordered a skilled cabinet maker to equip a room with furniture made of these boxes. The outfit consists of a writing table with smoking apparatus, a fire screen, a cabinet, a chair and other smaller articles. Though the boxes are empty, they are adjusted so ingeniously that the pieces are fully as strong as the ordinary furniture.

SHE HAS A HOBBY.

A woman who has a perfect horror of handling dirty money asserts that she not only has all her silver washed, but her bills as well. They are put in a basin of luke-warm soapsuds, rubbed gently, and dried by pressing with a warm iron. In this way she is always supplied with bright silver and crisp new bills, that she can carry in her pocket with no danger of contracting disease in their handling.

BRITISH MEDICAL FORTUNES.

A Few Physicians Are Rich, But Almost All of Them Die Poor.

The large fortune left by Sir William Jenner has led to much writing in the lay press, but owing to imperfect information as to the source of some of Sir William Jenner's wealth much excellent moralizing has been made upon unsound deductions, says the Lancet. Sir William Jenner was for many years at the top of the medical profession, having risen there by his genius, and having been maintained there by scientific acclamation every whit as much as by popular favor. During these years he undoubtedly made a very large income, but not an income that would have enabled him to save such a sum as £375,000, and, as a matter of fact, a certain portion of his fortune was derived from trade and bequeathed to him by a brother. But undoubtedly Sir William Jenner earned a great sum of money by the practice of his profession and the fact may legitimately act as a stimulus to young medical men to observe keenly and work hard.

That a few medical men have made large fortunes is well known. For instance Sir Andrew Clark left £203,970, Sir Oscar Clayton left £146,746, Dr. Rhodes Armitage left £217,420, Dr. L. T. Cumberbatch left £107,000, Sir Richard Quain left £116,820, Mr. Henry Horsfall left £165,780, Dr. G. D. Longstaff left £107,000, Dr. Henry Danson left £119,290 and Dr. J. H. Paul left £100,052. But all these fortunes several of which were certainly inherited and not made by professional practice, are thrown into the shade by the estate of Sir William Gull, whose personalty was valued at £344,023. Sir William Gull, like Sir William Jenner, made an enormous professional income though fortunate investments, perhaps, played the part in swelling the total of his fortune that family bequests played in the case of Sir William Jenner. The above names have been taken from lists compiled by the Daily Telegraph and the Westminster Gazette and cover a period extending over the last ten years.

On the strength of them the medical profession cannot be said to abound in pecuniary prizes. Only eleven persons, whether shining in the front rank of the medical profession, or engaged in one of its notoriously lucrative branches, or blessed by accident with pecuniary advantages, have died during ten years in possession of more than £100,000, while a first-class brewer's fortune would be expected to amount to more than the aggregate total of the eleven medical fortunes or the brewer would be accounted a comparative failure. We are not setting up a wail that medical men do not make more money, but the fortune of Sir William Jenner or Sir Willaim Gull ought not to lead the public to mistake the facts as to the average earnings of the medical profession. The profession in Great Britain numbers some 28,000 persons, and although now and again one man dies rich the vast majority die otherwise.

FINGER-PRINT TESTS.

The Method Discussed in Novels of Identifying Criminals.

In detective novels linger-prints left by criminals, preferably in blood, play an important part; but truth seems stranger than fiction in the fact that the finger-prints system of identifying criminals in India has been made so perfect that it would enable any intelligent person in a few minutes to distinguish the individual, if necessary, from all other persons now living in the world, or, if data were available, from all other persons who have lived since the creation of man. The system is simplicity itself, and there is none of the elaboration of process of the costly and delicate machinery required for the anthropometric system. All that is needed is a piece of tin, a sheet of paper and some printer's ink. The ink impressions of the ten digits are taken and filed in the proper compartment of the proper pigeon-hole, and this on the classification of records and their distribution into the pigeonholes that the success of the system depends.

Every finger mark shows lines of the "loop," or the "whorl" type, and by a simple table of the combinations of these types in the ten digits 1,024 main classes are made. There are again subdivided according to minor details, and the subdivision can be further divided, ad infinitum if necessary; but with the table before him any person of ordinary intelligence can place his finger on the corresponding card to a record in his hand within five minutes, no matter how many thousands cards there may be. It is calculated that the chances are about 64,000,0000 to 1 against any two persons having single fingers identical and the chances against all ten fingers being identical go beyond mathematics altogether.

LONG LIVED BALLET DANCERS.

A statistician has been devoting himself to a study of ballet dancers, and his investigation seems to establish the fact that they are an unusually long-lived lot. The famous Carlotta Grisi is living now at the age of 77, and one of the ballet dancers at the Opera in Paris, is 70, but he is a man. Amalia Ferraris is still teaching at the age of 78, in Paris, and seems likely to continue that work for some time to come, Fanny Ellsler was 74 when she died, and Taglioni has passed her eightieth year. Rosita Mauri, the popular premiere at the Opera in Paris, is over 50, and has begun to talk of retiring.

WHIP AGAINST SWORD.

How a Plucky Woman Prevented Her Husband's Assassination.

The Civil and Military Gazette, published at Allahabad, contains an exciting account of the manner in which a plucky woman saved herself and her husband against the attack of a Ghazi. As Captain and Mrs. Spence were out driving slowly they saw a Brahul mounted on a Baluch racing mare coming toward them at a walk. As the man approached he drew his sword and made a vigorous cut at Captain Spence, who, on seeing the naked sword, instantly stood up and lashed at the Ghazi with the driving whip, causing the mare to swerve and the sword to pass harmlessly by, but uncomfortably close to Captain Spence's head. At this instant Captain Spence lost his balance and fell under the wheel of the trap, where he lay pinned down for some time. Seeing her husband in the act of falling Mrs. Spence seized the whip from his hand and jumped to the ground. By this time the Ghazi had wheeled on the road and was making another rush. Mrs. Spence instantly stood between her husband and the man, and there received the Ghazi's attack, whip in hand, cutting at him and his mare and calling out for help. By making vigorous use of her whip she kept the Ghazi off and drove him away. A second charge the Ghazi made was similarly repulsed, except that on this occasion the Ghazi's cuts came more perilously near, and Mrs. Spence was knocked down. By this time Captain Spence had extricated himself from beneath the wheel of the trap, where he sustained several bruises and a cracked rib, and came to his wife's help, and when the Ghazi made his third rush he was driven off by Captain Spence, when he made off at a gallop, but the pursuit was taken up and he was ultimately run down and shot.

STRAW HORSESHOES.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied round the ankle with straw rope, and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about one cent a pair.

MEXICO'S PRESIDENTS.

Mexico has had 55 Presidents since 1821. Of these 16 have died violent deaths.