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the force of the hound's leap carried him several feet over my head. Before he could turn upon me I had cocked my revolver, and as he made a savage dive toward me I exploded it full in his face. The range was so short that the explosion must have partly stunned him, for he rolled over and kicked a few times and then lay quite still.

But I had no time to prepare for the second one. As if angered by the sight



He sprang upon me with a snarl.

of his dead mate he sprang upon me with a snarl that I can remember to this day. The great red, foam flecked jaws were close to my face, and I drew back with a helpless shudder. I could have yelled in fear then if professional pride had not tied my tongue. I bowed to receive my fate, determined, however, to sell my life dearly. But before the white teeth could close upon me I saw a flash of something over the hound's head; it seemed to my dazed mind like a fork of lightning. It made a curve downward and then disappeared, but it had left its mark behind. I felt great spurts of hot blood pouring from the Dane's throat on my hands and face, while the brute rolled over with an angry growl.

I jumped to my feet and saw facing me, with the bloody knife in his hand, Mr. Goddard. For an instant I was speechless and almost helpless, but his warning voice brought me to my senses.

"You have only a few minutes to escape. They are coming. Run!"

I heard footsteps on the lawn back of us, and, remembering the athletic form of the doctor and his faithful bodyguard, I obeyed the words of my master and hurried from the spot, but when I turned to look for my deliverer I found that he had disappeared too.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS daybreak before I recovered from my fright, cleaned my clothes of the blood and dirt and returned to my quarters in the barn. John was not up yet, and when he finally came down to the stable I was busily engaged in grooming the horses. The experience of the night had left me a trifle pale and agitated, for in all my experience I had never been quite so near death's door. But John's was an unsuspecting nature, and I had nothing to fear from him.

"You're an early bird to get back so soon in the mornin'," he said, "an' your work half done, too, before breakfast."

"I got a lift most of the way out," I answered. "I caught a milk wagon coming this way."

"You're always lucky. Now, if that had been me I'd tramped all the way an' never met a soul unless it was somebody to hold me up."

"Hold you up?" I said disdainfully. "A man of your size and age afraid of being held up by highwaymen?"

"I never have been, but there are so many burglaries goin' on round here that it makes me feel creepy-like when I'm out on the road after dark."

"I hadn't heard of many robberies," I replied; "none except that of the Stetson mansion the day before Mr. Goddard engaged me."

"Well, you haven't heard everything then. That was the fifth or sixth in four weeks, an' they have had four more houses entered since then."

This was genuine news to me, and I was interested. John continued:

"They are slick ones, too, for they never leave any trace behind them. Them detectives from the city don't seem to be able to do anything. They must come from the city over night an' get back again afore mornin'. But they can't find any of the stolen goods—not in any of the pawnshops. It's a fine mystery to be a-hangin' over the place. You can't tell which house will be robbed next. The servants are all talkin' about leavin', an' nobody feels safe. I ain't sayin' that I'm not glad that I'm livin' out here over the barn instead of in the house. They never bother the stables, an' I suppose I'm all right."

"But you'd go to Mr. Goddard's assistance if an alarm was given at night?" I said.

"Ain't employed for that," John replied evasively, shifting his eyes from object to object. "I've got a wife an' child to look after, an' there ain't no reason why I should get killed to save my master a few dollars."

"No? Well, I'd go as soon as I found he was in trouble."

"Well, you haven't anybody dependent upon you," he answered.

"That's true." Then I added: "You say most of the houses around here have been entered in the last month or two. Has Mr. Goddard's been robbed?"

"No; his an' Dr. Squires' are 'bout the only ones that haven't been robbed."

"That's curious," I reflected aloud. "Not at all. We expect the robbers any night here, an' that's why the servants wouldn't take the trouble to break into Dr. Squires', for there ain't nothin'

in that old place to take. He's too poor to have anything valuable aroun'."

Breakfast at this juncture interrupted John's talk, and we had no chance to renew it that morning. But about noon the subject was recalled to me rather forcibly by the appearance of Mr. Goddard. He looked troubled and dissatisfied. He came into the barn dressed in his ordinary morning smoking jacket.

"John, I've got to make some change here," he said. "My butler has become frightened over the recent robberies and won't stay, and the rest of the servants are up in arms too. They all talk of leaving. I must have some manservant in the house who isn't afraid of every little sound and ready to jump at his own shadow. Now the question is, Who shall I install there?" He looked significantly from John to me.

"I have a family to look after," John began to stammer, and as he spoke a look of annoyance swept across Mr. Goddard's face.

I did not let him finish, for I knew that he would only get himself into deeper water by displaying his cowardice. As a good, faithful coachman and kindly husband John was a success, but as a man of courage he was a total failure.

"If you have no objections, sir, I would like to offer myself as one willing to live in the house and look after things," I said modestly. "I don't think you will find me afraid of anything or anybody that may attempt to enter your house."

I could not help noticing a pleased expression on his face, although at first I expected he would resent my intrusion. I recalled the old, but sometimes erroneous, saying that "there's honor even among thieves," for in spite of what he knew about me he was willing to trust me. There was certainly a very peculiar relationship springing up between us.

"Thank you, William," he answered. "The change will be agreeable to me. You will have quite a responsible position, and I will have to trust much to your honesty and tact until this burglar scare passes away. It seems strange that the gang of thieves cannot be caught. I would give considerable myself as a reward just to break them up, for they are making the life of our neighbors miserable out here."

"Do you think that there is a gang of them?" I asked boldly.

"Certainly," he said, without hesitation. "How else could the robberies be committed with such success? Why have you any reason to believe otherwise?"

He looked sharply at me, and my eyes wandered from his as I answered: "No, except that I believe a gang could not operate as successfully as one good skilled professional robber. Where there are too many one or more will get into trouble sooner or later, and they will squeal upon the others."

"That's very true, very true," he said reflectively. "I had never thought of that, and yet, yes, Jenkins, the detective, came to that conclusion some time ago, but I scouted the idea. Maybe there is more in the idea than I thought. I will think about it, and if such a man is really terrorizing the neighborhood I should like to see him captured. I believe I will offer a reward myself for his capture."

"It would be a good idea," I replied, "for you would probably never have to pay the reward."

"Why not?"

"Well, because a man sharp enough to evade detection all this time is not likely to be caught by somebody working to get a reward."

"That may be, but I shall offer the reward at once. I'll make it a thousand dollars for the man's capture and another thousand for his conviction."

"That ought to be sufficient to tempt any confederate to squeal and turn state's evidence."

"It might be, but I should hate to see the money go to a confederate, for it is my private opinion that a man who tells of his comrade in crime for a reward is worse than the man who is captured. He is not only a criminal himself, but a coward and traitor."

Mr. Goddard's eyes flashed sharply as he spoke, but I turned away without further remark. I knew for whose benefit the words were spoken. Did he think for an instant that I would turn traitor and claim the reward which he had offered for his own capture and conviction? And yet how easily I could do it? He had placed himself in my power, and now he seemed to challenge me upon my honor to betray him.

But, then, he had saved my life once, and he undoubtedly knew human nature well enough to satisfy himself that there was no danger of my betraying him. He had in reality made a coup d'etat in rescuing me from the fangs of the savage Dane the night before. He could easily have stood aside and let the hound finish me, placing me beyond all possibility of ever afterward annoying him, but his interference, coupled with my sudden change of position which brought me daily into closer contact with him, convinced me that he wanted to use me for some purpose. Either he had some object to attain through me or he wished to make me his confederate in order to dispose of the goods he must have collected, for I had no doubt that the series of robberies in the neighborhood had been committed by him.

What his purpose was I felt curious to know, and I looked forward to future developments with considerable interest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Discretion.

Miss Bizzy—I am glad to hear that you are married, O'Brien, and hope that you and Bridget don't have many differences of opinion.

O'Brien—Faith, ma'am, we have a good many, but O! don't let her know about them.—Town and Country.

ONIONS AND LEMONS.

Said to Be a Protection in Cases of Contagious Disease.

When a mere lad I had often heard it said that the eating of onions and lemons was a protection against contagious diseases, and when about eighteen years of age I had an opportunity to test them for myself. I had spent the winter in the city of New Orleans, where, in the spring, yellow fever of a virulent type made its appearance, causing an urgent demand for nurses, and, having faith in what I had heard of the protective power of onions and lemons, I concluded to take what my friends called a ghastly risk and made application at the Common Street hospital for a position as nurse. I was accepted and entered at once upon a line of duty, in commencing which I began the use of raw onions and lemons, alternating weekly with lemons, always taking them just before going to bed.

I took no other remedy, although medicine was provided every morning for all attacks. At the expiration of the tenth week I was no longer needed and left in as vigorous health as when I entered the hospital.

On taking my departure I was reminded by the head physician that his medicine had probably preserved my health. Nevertheless a number of nurses and attaches had died of the fever, despite his vaunted medical ability. Before leaving the institution I acquainted the doctor with the fact that I had not used his medicine, but had relied solely upon my onion-lemon treatment, when he said it was a wonder that it had not killed me and if it had that I had deserved it.

On another occasion I had a similar experience with smallpox cases in a northern city, finding the onion and lemon a perfect protection to myself and many of my associates.—Medical Talk.

THE BOY JOHN WESLEY.

No Evidence of Any Precociousness in His Religious Development.

Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley only ten survived the period of infancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than a half century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain staid, overdeliberateness which he got from his mother, but which to the more mercurial temperament of the father seemed in a lad not yet in his teens half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack wouldn't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."—C. T. Winchester in Century.

Readiness in Excuse.

General Alexander McDowell McCoo' had a story illustrative of readiness in excuse which he used to tell occasionally. Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and ankle deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excessively, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him.

"Here, you, what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it, or you'll demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I-I am not-t-t-a-a-afraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I-I had the ague last year, and—standing still in this m-m-mud so long has b-b-brought it on aga-again. W-w-wouldn't it-t-t be a s-g-good idea to r-r-run a lit-tittle and get warmed up?"

Philosophy.

"My son," said the sage, "it has been observed by many wise men, and even by fools, that enjoyment is rather in anticipation than in realization. The events to which we look forward most hopefully are apt to prove disappointing."

"But," said the disciple, "is it wise to anticipate disappointment and thus kill about the only chance of enjoyment we have?"

And the old man stroked his white beard and said he would think it over.—Puck.

Some Comfort.

The Friend—Yes, sir, I have run over nearly ten people with that automobile.

Friend—Did any of them escape with their lives?

"Oh, yes; but they'll never be the same again."

Rapid Action.

"Always think twice before you speak," said little Tommy's mamma.

"Gee, maw," he answered, "if you do that you must do some pretty fast thinkin' sometimes when you git to goin' for paw!"

Before we bring happiness to others we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others.—Maeterlinck.

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