

FURTHER DOINGS OF THE MAJOR.

By F. BLAKE CROFTON.

(Author of "The Major's Big Talk Stories," "The Bewildered Querists," &c.)

IN SUSPENSE.

"It is hard to believe," said Bill, looking up from his "Travels in Iceland," that a hot spring can be teased into spouting before its regular time by throwing in big stones or pieces of turf. Is it true, uncle, what this book says of the Strokkur Geysir?"

"I cannot vouch," said the Major, "for another traveller's tale. But it happens that I am able to answer at least for the possibility of that particular phenomenon, which by the way I have never heard doubted before."

A pack of wolves pursued me in Dacotah Territory. They were gaunt and hungry, as the wolves that chase travellers commonly are. I shot one of the sleigh horses and cut the traces, as travellers in such circumstances commonly do. Then I shot the other also. The sleigh stopped. In my excitement I had overlooked the likelihood of this. A dim hope that my gift of a horse more than they could have expected me to give might make me popular among the wolves, soon died out. I found myself nearly as much mistaken as the obnoxious Irish landlord, who fancied he might prudently venture back among his tenantry again, when they had bagged the second younger brother whom he had left behind to act (and be acted upon) in his stead.

The ungrateful wolves rushed on me from every side, their jaws snapping like steel traps. Firing my revolver promiscuously, I made for a queer-looking hole that I saw close by. Narrow passages, I know, had sometimes been made good against incredible numbers. I thought of Thermopylae, and resolved at any rate to die game. If I did get into the hole in a decided hurry, it was the hurry of a soldier eager to anticipate the enemy in occupying an important strategic point.

Down I fell perpendicularly—how many yards I cannot guess—until the passage became rounder and narrower, enabling me to catch a rocky ledge on either side with my hands, and to plant my feet in a little crevice below. Thus firmly braced, I acted as a prop to a number of wolves that were forced into the chasm by the pressure of their companions on the surface of the prairie. The two next to me had caught each other in the dark and locked their jaws, fortunately for me. Still I did not exactly view them as agreeable neighbours; so I withdrew my right hand from the ledge it rested on and shrank beneath the left-hand ledge, which was the broader of the two.

Their prop thus removed, the wolves fell down, one by one and two by two, till I could see daylight above me. They struggled hard to stop themselves, and I could hear their hopeless howls far beneath, mingled with the splashing of water.

The latter sound, which apparently commenced after the first wolves had fallen past me, grew louder and louder every moment. I reached my right hand out and grasped the opposite ledge, and peered down into the abyss to see what was the matter. In a moment I was struck by a rising stream of hot water, and shot up into the open air, high above the mouth of the chasm. To my surprise I did not fall to the ground, but continued spinning on the apex of a huge fountain, like a barrel revolving on the toe of a gymnast at the circus.

An instant's reflection—for I revolved mentally while I revolved bodily on the spout—explained the situation. I had often seen a ball dancing for hours on the jet of a fountain, and I was positively performing the same feat. To make myself more like a ball I grasped my feet with my hands, for my life depended upon the geysir's continuing to keep me up, as I was still surrounded by wolves.

After spinning some minutes I grew less afraid of falling. Looking around from my high station, I began to pity the wolves. Every now and then a plaintive howl rose from them. It may have been a lament that the earth had usurped the traditional rights of the pack and swallowed their departed brethren; but I fancied it had a meaning more immediately connected with myself. It seemed to say, "Alas! so near and yet so far!" I soon found myself quite entering into the feelings of the beasts—which I much preferred to entering into their mouths. They were cold and hungry, and I was warm and comfortable, for the water of this geysir was just pleasantly hot. Then my turning around and bobbing up and down must have seemed a sort of mockery to them. And they must have experienced perpetual disappointments, expecting me to tumble down every second moment—for in all probability they had never before seen a ball supported by a jet of water.

After some hours the tantalized wolves were driven away by a tribe of Indians, who were passing by on the war-path. These savages forgot their wonted self-control, in their unconcealed amazement at my performance on the spout. At last I stretched myself and managed to wriggle off it, and fall feet foremost to the ground. I found myself venerated, as a great magician, and was at once appointed head medicine-man to the tribe. I spent some weeks with them under the unchristian name of 'Humming-Top'; and indeed I felt just like one for the first half of the time."

"I did not know there was any geysir in Dacotah," said Bill.

"Nor did I," said the Major, "till then. Fat Bear, my kind host, told me this one only played once in a generation or so. It was probably roused into activity before its time by the fall of the wolves."

"And now you know why I think your Icelandic story possible—that a geysir may be made to spout prematurely by throwing things into it."

(To be Continued.)

CHEAP MUSIC BOOKS.

Song Folio, Folio of Music, Superb Songs, Hipples of Melody, Song World Victoria Music Books, etc., etc.

J. W. DOLEY,
143 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S.

EYE, EAR and THROAT.

J. R. McLEAN,

Office: 91 Hollis, Corner Salter Street,
Halifax, N. S.

JUST RECEIVED.

Boys' Suits from \$1.25 upwards.
Infants' Robes, with Bonnet, \$2.25.

Children's Dresses, Tires, Pinafores, Aprons, &c.
At

R. F. McCOLL'S,
232 Argyle Street North Colonial Market.

THOS. P. CONNOLLY,
CENTRAL BOOK STORE,

CORNER OF
George and Granville Streets.

The "CENTRAL" is always stocked with
the fullest assortment of

BOOKS,

in all departments of Literature.

STATIONERY

Is our LEADING LINE, and in this department
will be found the latest novelties.

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY

Is made a particular item.

**SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS and
ROOM PAPER,**
A large stock of each line always on hand.

THOS. P. CONNOLLY.

W. W. Howell & Co.

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of

Steam Engines, Pumps,
Mill Machinery
Shafting, Pulleys, etc.

121 to 125 Lower Water St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

W. H. FRY,

262 South Street,

TEACHER PHONOGRAPHY.

Lessons by Mail.

THE CLUB RESTAURANT,

Granville Street,

Next Door to Herald Office.
Most Central and Convenient Lunch
Rooms in the City.

ENGLISH ALE, DOMESTIC ALE,
AND NEW YORK LAGER.

Keep only
one Quality **THE BEST!**

C. S. DEFREYTAGS, Prop'r, Halifax.

JOHN BOWES,

Book & Job Printer,
Queen Buildings, (2nd Floor.)
CORNER HOLLIS and PRINCE STS.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

All descriptions of Mercantile, Insurance and
Law Printing executed with care and despatch.
Orders from the country will receive prompt
attention. Address as above.
VISITING CARDS, Ladies or Gents, neatly
Printed on best thin Ivory Card, at 50c. per pack of 50.

JUST PUBLISHED!

SKETCHES IN NOVA SCOTIA,
[No. 2.]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILLI. ELSON."
Price 10 Cents.

MORTON'S, 90 Granville Street.

Sketch No. 3 will be of Lunenburg.

TO FARMERS.

LOBSTER GUANO.

This concentrated, powerful and valuable fertilizer is now shipped at \$25 per ton of 2000 lbs. ex barrels or bags f. o. b. from wharf at Cape Canso. Orders for next season are booked from this date at the Halifax Agency, No. 67 Hollis Street. One ton of this Guano spread broadcast on a field with a sowing drill or otherwise, is equal in effect to fifty tons of common lobster waste, as now used, but has no pernicious emanation nor unpleasant odor. It being a fine, dry and soluble powder, its action and assimilation are immediate.
For further particulars apply to above address or P.O. Box 110.

TABLE D'HOTE

Every Day from 1 to 3.

Dishes served to order at short notice.
OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Within 30 yards from Post Office and Dartmouth Ferry.

TERMS REASONABLE.

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,

Water Street, Halifax.

D. BRUSSARD, } Proprietors.
C. ACCOIN, }

J. R. SITEMAN,

115 and 117 Upper Water Street,

OFFERS FOR SALE

100 bbls Baidel Rose FLOUR,
50 do. Kent Mills du
100 do. K. D. CORN MEAL.
25 do. P. E. Island MESS PORK,
25 do. do. PRIME MESS,
20 do. do. JOWLS,
50 pails LARD,
500 bushels POTATOES.
Ship Stores put up at short notice.

STATIONERY! STATIONERY!

B. GLADWIN,

Has returned to the old stand,

90 GRANVILLE STREET,

vacated one night when the shop was on fire,
and will be glad when you

CALL AND SEE HIM!

ALEX. MacDONALD,

Barrister, Attorney, Notary, &c.

134 Hollis Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

VINEGAR! VINEGAR!

We have this day been appointed General Agents for Nova Scotia for E. & A. ROBITAILLE Quebec, the famous Eureka Vinegar Manufacturers, and will have a full stock of these established Vinegars continually on hand. Brands "Eureka" Crystal Pickling, Pure Malt, White Wine and Cider.
Patronage of the wholesale trade solicited.
GEO FORSYTH & CO.

The Purest Vinegar offered to the Public.
(Extract from Dominion government's official report on the adulteration of food.)

DEPARTMENT OF INLAND REVENUE, 1883.
VINEGAR.—I think it my duty to mention a sample which was of a remarkably pure quality. It came from the factory of E. & A. ROBITAILLE, of Quebec, and contained 8.26 of acetic acid. It is undoubtedly the best, the purest and most commendable Vinegar I ever came across.
(Signed) M. FISKE, M. D.