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R COLONY TEMBER, 1881.

PED. HOMESTEADS

having travelled extensively over e A FREE LECTURE on the Nort W. PEMBERTON PAGE,

Watches and Jewellery

The Agent's Daughter OR * SCIENCE * AGAINST * SAVAGE * FORCE

Corduroy Mike threw himself from his saddle and pinned the Apache to the ground, and Dick Nelson dashing up a moment afterward rushed to the assistance of Kansas Kit.

ward rushed to the assistance of Kansas Kit.

The scout had been struck in the side by the Indian's first shot, and his clothes, saddle, and even his horse sides were covered with the blood that had flowed from the wound during his desporate ride. He was assisted to his feet rather blown and faint, but still clinging to the lasso with a grip of iron.

"Aa' you much hurt kit?"

"No-no-Dick—a mere scratch—a skin cut. The tumbe from the saddle did me more harm than the builet. Unscrew the muzzle of my flask. There! That'll fix it, if you can only stop the flow of claret out of the tap my Indian friend made."

"You thought you were off nicely, didn't you?" cried Corduroy Mike, as he disarmed the Indian, but the captive did not need him, for he was surveying Kansas Kit with as near an ap, roach to admiration as his stolid features could express.

"Here, Dick, take a strip of this fellow's dirty hide to bind it with," said Mike, with the prisoner's knife in his hand, as if he was ready to begin the skinning operation on the

the prisoner's knife in his hand, as if he was ready to begin the skinning operation on the shortest notice.

"Don't injure him, Mike, he deserves credit for both his pluck and his riding. I never had a tighter brush in my life. If it hadn't been for the lasso that the decessed Kiowa gentleman left me he would have shown me a clean pair of heels after all. He's a valuable capture—his presence here shows that the Apaches can't be far, and that's a good thing?"

From this Indian they learned, after great

good thing?"

From this Indian they learned, after great difficulty in drawing him out, that Black Bear's band of Apaches, fearing the general vengeance of the government and citizens aroused by the outrages from which the Apaches had derived no benefit, had started homeward.

Kiowa," said Kit.
"Ugh—but he take him out again," said

"Now, Bok a here, Patchy, we want to go to your camp. We want to get that little bit of a white woman that you delpies so much. If you lead us there well lower you allower with hairpipe and brass fixin's so that Black Bear, and Lone Wolf will be ashmed to dandy you will be also well and the state of the same and the wood will you do it? the squaws in the tribell be running after you like bees. Will you do it? "Yes, yes," said the noble swage, this diges anapping with pleasure and his big mouth watering. "I go —I take you." "These people want you to go back till they can be on it or time." "Kil solo your for time. "As is look our for time. "I want take the ricks, Dick, my boy. We can't get near them without danger, your know," said Kit; then turning to the Indian. "Now, Patchy, you know what you'll get fly you do right. If you do wrong and cheat and the startled look of the man's face. "I wow, I would have invented, and its effect was seen in the startled look of the man's face. "You can't do wrong without me knowing, for I have a bird-spirit that tells me wery thing. Listen—he is salking in your car you." "I'll see you, Old Patchy. I'll watch you, I'll tell master."

The say you, Old Patchy. I'll watch you, I'll tell master."

The say you, Old Patchy. I'll watch you, I'll tell master."

The say you, Old Patchy. I'll watch you, I'll see you, Old Patchy. I'll watch you. The say you want you can be a supplied to the ladien with a creaming accords.

"You can't do wrong without me knowing, for I have a bird-spirit that tells me were thing." I have a bird-spirit that tells me were thing. The say you will not be say you will not you will not you will not you do wrong and cheat was you will not you will not

double sense.

"Sling him on his horse, Mike, but keep hold of the lasso."

The savage was placed on his horse and bound to his seat, but he did not seem to mind the operations going on. His wild eyes were fastened on Kit. His magnanimous soul seemed to be bursting for the expression of some great thought.

Kit noticed the struggle.

"If you have anything to say, 'Patchy, speak. I sin't proud."

"Great chief," said the Indian, addressing Kit. "Patchy no see no sugar, no rum."

"Well put in, 'Patchy. Upon my sowly you're a sinsible man." roared Corduroy Mike; and amid the laughter of the crowd, he shoved the neck of his brandy flask into the mouth of the noble warrior, who threw back his head with the flask bettom up, as if he was taking an observation of the sun's altitude, and allowed the liquor to gurgle musically down his capacious throat.

"How's that, 'Patchy, for a sample?' laughed Kit. "That's better than bitter mesca, ain't it?"

Patchy bent his head forward and dropped the empty flask on the ground, opening and shutting his ponderous jaws in the excess of after delignt and anticipation.

"Ugh? Good! Big chief got nother, bottle!" he said, nodding to Kansas Kit's flask, but his gentle hismustion was unsuccessful; and they started on their way.

Instead of going straight on, however, as was Kansas Kit's desire, at the earnest solicitation of Professor Dormouse and Doctor Dick Nelson, they turned out of their course for some distance to a deep gorge, at the bottom of which lay the wreck of the travelling show of the firm of Dormouse a Nelson.

When pursued by the Indians as before mentioned, the two sporters with science had fied from the trail into trackless wastes with nothing but the light of their own fireworks to guide them, and these being behind had the effect of frigitening their mile teams as well as the Indians, rendering them totally unmanageable. The consequence was that they dashed wherever they chose, and it was only the sound of rushing water that warned othe partners to jump for their live

As Kansas Kit had predicted in his angry interview with the go ernment commissioner, it was very few days after the departure of himself and companions from the fort in pursuit of the abductors of Ruth Brandon, when Lone Wolf was entertained and feasted by this official.

Yes, the noble savage, ten times saucher than ever before, surrounded by his band assumed the injured innocent, and accused Kansas Kit and his party of attacking his peaceful lambs in their fold and destroying the sweet creatures by the aid of Satan, carrying off many prisoners and many horses. He demanded, with the air of an emperor, that the dreadful Kit and his accomplices should be given up to his young men to be punished, and that he should be paid for his horses and his warriors he had lost, as well as that the girl, O-wais as, whose presence at the fort he had learned, should be delivered to her people.

The commissioner ordered the girl to be given up to her father, who was present to demand her, but the major, true to his promise to Kansas. Kit, peremptorly refused to

paradisial.

Thus many weary days passed without any more satisfactory approach to the enemy than might be supposed by an occasional view of a solitary Indian horseman flying over the distant hills. At last one day near nightfall, when they were making rapidly toward some distant woods which held outhops of water, they fell upon the trail of a large party who had gone toward the same point at no very distant time. This brought them to a halt for cautious consultation; doubtless the woods shead sheltered the enemy so long pursued. Their conjectures soon received apparent confirmation, for, as the red light of the sinking sun glinted over hill and forest, the sharp eyes of Kit caught a faint vapory cloud anspended over the tree tops.

"By Jerigho, they're there!" he cried, as he pointed it out. "See the smoke of their camp fires. Settled for the night as hungry as wolves—too hungry to be careful."

Drawing into the shelter of a sand-hill, that they might not be sighted from the distance, they pruceded to lay their plans for reconnoitering and general campaign. These plans were short and energetic—characteristic of the leader and his men. Nightfall was to over their reconnoissance, and if the party camped ahead was in reality the only one they sought, the manner of assault was to be by surprise—unless too great a difference of numbers should render such a course foolnardy and endanger the success of their enterprise. But they were men not likely to be stayed by any common odds.

Their Apache prisoner asserted positively

an oid hand like Kanass kit was no reason for the relaxation of care. It was no easy task to proceed through the thick, scratching shrubbery without causing noise that might be fatal in its effects.

This as well as the proximity of human beings, was proved when a twig catching in the sleeve of his hunting-shirt broke away from it again with a "twitch" that was quite audible in the breezy silence. Kit instantly laid himself flat on the earth, for if Indians were in hearing he expected the whistling of bullets about his eare. No reports of firearms were heard, no hiss of deadly lead; but instead, a "chip, chip, chip" came from the leaves overhead, and then a light thud on the ground not far beyond him.

Someone in the darkness ahead had heard the sound he made and thrown a stone toward it to try the cause. Kit was equal to the emergency, for immediately he gave out a wnirring sound like that made by the wings of a night-startled bird, letting it die away gradually, alternated with a low, piping cry. Then he lay still and listened, with his ear to the ground.

A soft, muffled vibration, so very faint that it would have missed any other ear but his, trembled along the mossy sward and told him the direction of the sentinel. It receded from him, much to his joy, for this proved the success of his ruse, and gave him a chance to avoid this lookout without the loss of time by going back.

Again he went forward, but upon a different trom that of the leaves.

"It is the breathing of horses and the hum of human voices," he said, and raising his eyes he thought he could see the trunks of the trees more plainly above the brush and he determined that this was caused by the light of the camp-fire.

In a few moments more, forgetful of all danger, he was gazing at a very curious scene—the more curious as it was so little like that he expected.

"Greasers and Gringo, by the lord Harry!" was his mental exclamiation, as his eyes fell upon a large band of wild, Grigandish-looking men—not indians, but Texans and Mexicans, as his wor

that he expected.

"Greasers and Gringos, by the lord Harry!"
was his mental exclamation, as his eyes fell
upon a large hand or wild, Brigandish-looking
men—not indians, but Texans and Mexicans,
as his words implied—scattered around at
different distances from a large fire that flared
in a clear space in the wood.

They were all armed to the teeth, each a
walking armory in himself, and variously engaged, eating, drinking, amoting, or dreaming, in the picturesque attitudes peculiar to
these indolent denizens of the sultry South.
But, with all their picturesqueness, they were
a hard-looking lot, and Kansas Kit restrained
his first implies to call aloud and make himself
known; for an idea flashed to him that this
was no hunting-party, no company of cattledrovers, armed merely for self-dofence, but
most likely a band of the desperadoes of the
ohapparals, as much dreaded by the settlers
as the bloody Kiowas themselves. These
fellows he knew were frequently guifty of
thetts and outrages blamed upon the Indians,
whose habits they assumed for such occasions.

But the speculations of the scout were suddenly cut short by his noticing by a tree near
the fire the figure of a female, in a haddled
position that seemed to betoken affright.
Another glance showed him the form of a
man in a costume somewhat differing from the
rest, bending over as if addressing the shrinking woman. A strange thought entered his
head that he had seen this man before, and
even with that thought a thrill passed
through him as a change of the woman's position gave greater distinctuess to her outline.

At that instant a low, sharp whistle trembled through the woods, causing the men in
the camp to spring from their eating and
drinking to seize their arms, and stand on
alert as if awaiting orders. It was the signal
of danger as Kansas Kit well knew. But he
thought that his comrades had hardly time to
be around beyond the camp yet, and he awaited developments.

"You! Every man in the party had a shot at you."

"So they did—so they did. But their aim is as bad as their complexions," said Mike, as Kit led the overcome girl to a spot beside the fire where some blankets were spread, then turning to the principal one of the Mexicans, he said: "Where in the name o' wonder did ye overhand the 'Pacheys? How long since you got her?"

"No entienda," answered the man, with a shake of his head the showed, without the word, that he did not understand. "No entienda."

found breath for words. "I was afraid that I would never see an honest or friendly face again."

"You are not gladder than we are at having found you," answered Kit. "We have been upon the trail since the third day after they carried you off."

"That horrid night," she cried with a shudder. "I think it will never pass from my mind. I saw you fall when they were dragging me from yon, and their guns and axes were descending heavily on you. I never hoped that you could be alive."

Kansas Kit was not one of the melting mood—never intended for a love maker—but the tremor in the girl's voice made his own shake perceptibly and his heart thump audibly as he tried to speak.

"And—and—did you hope—for me Miss Brandon—I'm—sure the—the interest—. Excuse me, madame, you are agitated at present. I will speak to the captain for a momeut—until—until you recover."

This was a most daring piece of prevarication Kit had ever attempted, and it is hard to say whether he was more astonished or ashamed of hiuself as he stated over to the principal Maxican. From this man he learned, in short and rather sulky tones, that they were a band of rancheros or cattle men (Kit helieved this to be a lie) in search of herds driven, off by the Indians; that they had fa len in with the Apache band having the young woman as a prisoner, and had given them fight and released her."

"We have been on their trail for many days." Kit said, "You shall be well paid for this deed of humanity and bravery. We will camp with you until morning, and then start with her to her people—what are left of them."

"Pardon, senor." said the Mexican, with a grim smile. "You can camp with us until

start with her to her people—what are left of them."

"Pardon, senor." said the Mexican, with a grim smile. "You can camp with us until morning and welcome. But the senorita cannot go with you."

"What?" cried Kit, with an angry start that made the Mexican start also. "Do you recapture white woman from the Indians to make them your own prisoners?"

"The senorita is not my prisoner," said the man.

"Are you not the leader of the band?"

"Yes, generally," was the answer; "but in the rescue there was another leader, who paid us for our services."

"Another? Who?" cried Kit. looking about the gapsy-looking group for some sign of one in authority.

"I was the leader," said a voice, that was startingly familiar, behind him; and he turned like a shot to see walking from the shadow the half-breed—Interpreter Rice.

To be Continued.

Artist Browning's Python.

which has crossed the mind of the miller's aon. He now remembers that there was something rather masculine about the stranger. It is therefore probable that she was an admirer in disguise of the miller's fair daughter, and that the mysterions disappearance is only an elopement, the second chapter of a family romance which may end at the altar. How a young girl brought up among persons so strict in their devout habits, and never having left her village, could have made the acquamtance of this mixture of Don Juan and Tartuffe, is also for the present a mystery.

THE ART OF FINDING.

A Man Who Makes His Living by Keeping His Kyes Upon the Pavement, Mis kyes Upon the Pavement.

"If you can get that queer-looking duck to talk, he may give you a wrinkle," said a policeman to a reporter, pointing out a man whom the reporter had often seen loitering around the newspaper offices as the last of the reporters, editors, and compositors bend their steps homeward. His age was probably about forty-five, although the weather-beaten look of his face made him seem older than he really was. His slight figure was bent forward at the shoulders, and his eyes were closely bent upon the pavement as he walked slowly along.

"I don't want no competitors in my biz," he said, "tho' baint every one who'd have the perseverance or the gifts to follow it. I'm a finder, that's what I am, and I'm a monopolist."

The same of the short down that would also with the special state of the

Risks in Promising to Marry.

It is an interesting question of social ethics how far the parties to a matrimonial engagement ought to disclose any skeletons they may chance to have in their respective cupboards. As far as the law, however, is concerned the question seems to be settled by the breach of promise case which, after occupying Baron Pollock and a special jury for several days, came to an end yesterday. There is no rule of law, the learned judge told the jury, "to compel any absolute or entire disclosure before a lady accepted a lover's offer," and a man who promises to marry a lady without expressly making his promise conditional does so at his own risk. In this case the risk has been a very serious matter, and the jury, acting apparently on Baron Pollock's suggestion, that "to a lady in a questionable position the chance of a good marriage is doubly precious," awarded the "exemplary" damages of £2,350. The defendant is a successful builder at Bournemouth, and, perhaps, can afford to buy his experience dear, but he has hardly shown much skill in erecting "the temple of his love." Baron Pollock was of opinion that "no time had been wasted in elucidating a social matter of this nature," and the case will certainly have been useful if it puts elderly lovers on their guard by reminding them of the sympathy which "a fine-looking woman" is sure of obtaining from British jury.

Counting Chickens. Etc.

"How many lengths do you figure 10 seconds on Thames bidewater will be equivalent to?" Wallace Ross was asked in Boston.

"Well," replied Ross, "they sometimes row a mile on that river, with ebb tide, mind, in about five minutes. Bubear will go away fast, and before I get started he will be at least five lengths to the good. That's quite a gap to make up—see? My tip is that I'll get the best of him in the start. We are better starters over here than they are there, and I shink I'm pretty good on starting, even if I do say it, mind."

"The cutter with Bubear's coach won't be permitted to get very close to him in the searly part of the race?"

"No. All boats must keep astern of the second mas." I won't attempt to close up the gap toe quickly, because that might do me up before the finish of the race. I ought to gain a length and a half in the first mile, and as Hammersmith bridge I shall have knocked half his lead off unless, mind, he has become a perfect wond, since I saw him last. You can see that I shall go into the race confident. He will have a stank and, if I gain on him as fast as I expect to, he will worry, and once he begins to fret its good day to him. O, I think I can beat him. Why, you see, Elliott and he propose to row even up, and, if they row, their race will take place before mine and Bubsar's. Now, Elliott is not a bad nor a slow sculler by any means—see? And everybody who has seen us row knows I can give Elliott 10 seconds in a four-mile race and beat him with ease. You wait and see. Five or six lengths is a goodish bit of water to make up, but if I don't get there I'll surely give Bubear a hot race."

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SIDE SPLITTING SCENES.

ASTOUNDING SURPRISES

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