

leaped off together. Throwing our reins to Ad, Tom and I knelt just under cover of the brow of the hill and opened fire. The Indians were within a hundred yards; but at the first shots they ducked behind their horses and turned away to right and left, streaming off in both directions, instead of charging right down upon us. Indians hardly ever do charge straight in on men standing at bay. I loaded and fired my single-shooter as fast as I could finger the cartridges; but I heard Tom's repeater go bang, bang, bang, bang! and I heard Ad's warning voice, saying: "Steady, Tom, steady; you're shooting behind 'em. Take that white horse now and aim a good length in front. That's one of their chiefs, I reckon."

Ad was standing behind us a foot or two lower down the hill, with the horses behind him again, so that they were quite covered by the hill from a chance bullet; but he himself standing upright, was able to see over our heads where we were firing. I looked round for an instant to Tom's side of the fight, while my fingers were stuffing a fresh cartridge into the gun and closing the breach. Bang went the Spencer again and down came the white horse like a shot rabbit and rolled over his rider. Instantly two other Indians dashed up to the fallen man, and leaning down from their saddles without dismounting, they swung him up between them, and so across the withers of the horse of one of them, and bore him out of the fray.

"Mind your side Dick," shouted Ad to me—"mind that chap, stop him if you can;" and looking to my own side, I saw that the leading Indian was urging his horse to go down over the brow some two hundred yards away, with the view of getting behind us in the broken ground on that part of the slope. I brought my rifle instantly to the shoulder and was taking aim, when Ad called out: "Raise your sight' Dick, or draw a very full bead; you've got the hundred yards sight up."

I drew a full bead and missed.

"Too low, much," said Ad; "you want to allow more than that—Now come on, boys," he added; "let's scoot before they can bushwack us among this broken ground."

We sprang on to our horses again, and hurried to the foot of the hill. We had an advantage over the Indians in having the wagon trail to follow. It led down the easiest grade, and was comparatively smooth. Some of their bullets whistled past us as we ran; however, none of our horses seem to flinch, and no rider was hit. We got away from that hill quite four hundred yards ahead of our foes.

"Choked 'em off that time," said Ad. "That touching up did 'em good: they won't crowd on us in the open, I reckon, quite so quick. It's that belt of timber along Jack Creek, though, that I'm

thinking of now. If they was to get into that before us, it's all U P."

Our horses were much refreshed by the short breathing spell we had given them, and we dashed ahead at three-quarter speed.

(To be continued.)

### Not Good Enough.

"Dennis," said Mike, "d'ye see that? I'll fall overboard, and you'll jump in and rescue me, and we will divide the reward, which will be a pound apiece."

"Agreed," said Dennis: "go ahead:" and a minute later Mike was floundering in the river.

But no sooner had he fallen in, than Dennis, to his inexpressible horror, remembered that he did not how to swim; and so, instead of springing in and rescuing the drowning man, he stood leaning over the rail, staring at the bubbles where Mike had sunk.

Once Mike came up, but Dennis gave no sign. Twice he came up, but Dennis could neither move nor utter a word.

For the fatal third time he came to the surface, and faintly exclaimed:

"Denny, av ye ain't moighty quick, it's only fifteen shillings aich we'll get for recoverin' the body!"

### A Sure Card.

The alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies ever given in evidence.

It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar.

The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue.

In cross-examination he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist.

"And do you seriously say, doctor," said the counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in a pre-eminent degree, memory and judgment can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?"

"I am no card-player," replied the doctor, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king."

The reply was decisive.

Husband: "I won money enough last night at baccarat to get you a new dress."

Wife (sobbing): "I think you might stop playing those horrid games. John. You know what it may lead to in the end; and to think that I should ever be the wife of a gambler! This is t-too much! What kind of a dress shall I get?"

### Rothschild's Advice.

There are many stories told concerning the house of Rothschild and the part its members have played in averting financial crises. Of course, that assistance which the present head of the London firm gave to the Egyptian Exchequer at a critical moment, and under circumstances which elicited a cordial recognition from Lord Granville in the Lords is being recalled. However, the most interesting incident refers to the panic of 1825. The Duke of Wellington sent for Nathan Rothschild one morning to ask his advice.

"Now, Mr. Rothschild, what can be done for the City?" asked the Duke.

"Send down Cole," replied the laconic financier.

"Coal!" exclaimed the Duke, "why whatever do you mean?"

"Cole, the bank broker," came the reply. "Send him down to buy half a million's worth of Exchequer bills in the market, and it will put things straight."

The advice was acted on, and the panic was stopped. Nathan Rothschild was the hero of another interesting incident. There was a run on the once well-known bank of Mastermans. Rothschild was urged by his friends to withdraw his account. He at once marched down to the bank, which he found besieged by an angry crowd. Tossing a bulky packet to a clerk he curtly remarked: "£200,000, place it to the credit of my account." "This saved the bank."

"I always tell my sons," once remarked Nathan, "that it takes a good deal of boldness to make a large fortune, but it wants infinitely more wit to keep it."

Curious that when one is seized with a consuming passion one's appetite fails miserably.

Horrified parent: "And you dare to tell me you kissed that young Hankinson last evening?"

Weeping daughter: "Yes; but the—mean thing k-kissed me first!"

A remarkable case of absence of mind, once came under our notice.

A girl, who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening.

In bashful trepidation she blew us out, and drew the candle behind the door, and kissed it.

We pledge our veracity for the truth of this story. M'yes!