

WITH IRON WILL.

BY THOMAS ST. R. HAKE.

CHAPTER I.

My boat is lying motionless in a shady nook, and I am looking down dreamily into the stream. Scarcely a cloud crosses the blue depth of sky, and the reflected sunlight finds its way between the shadows of branches and clusters of leaves. It is an ideal landscape—a landscape trembling in liquid light and shade. I am still looking downwards into this sunlit, leafy scene, and living more within it than in the material world around me, when I become conscious of maiden eyes gazing up laughingly into mine. Never was lovelier face mirrored in Nature's looking-glass. The eyes are large and dark, with a liquid light of their own beaming between the black quivering lashes; the full lips are half parted with inquisitive surprise; and round the oval face there is a halo of reddish-brown hair resembling the autumn foliage in its russet tint.

The face is gone. A slight movement of my boat has blurred my watery mirror, and there is nothing more to be seen down there. So I return to earth. I glance up at the high bank under which my boat is moored, where the pendent branches almost meet overhead. I look round me with a vague hope that the face is not a disembodied shadow—a mere "creation of a poetic fancy." The landscape which I had seen repeated in the river, is visible in all its actual beauty, with the sunlight breaking in between the leaves. But no laughing eyes now meet mine.

I sink down into my boat, but not with any sense of despair. I am hopeful of meeting my water-nymph again. I loose my boat and let it glide of its own free will down stream. I have the thought of hurrying away. I am still in the deep heart of the wood, and this shady stream is its life, flowing gently through it.

I came out of this deep solitude at last. The river broadened; and I pulled vigorously up stream in the hot dazzling sunlight. Presently a pretty river-side inn was reached, and I was greeted by the landlady with a long pitiful face. Not that she suspected me of possessing a spark of romance. It was my dinner that troubled her. It had been "put back," as she expressed it, a dozen times, and was nearly spoiled. Nor did matters improve when she discovered that I had lost my appetite, and was even less inclined than usual to be talkative, or more strictly speaking, to tolerate her talk. She naturally concluded that her cooking was at fault. I hastened to assure her that it was "the weather," her cooking had nothing to do with it. She appeared pacified; and I now took the opportunity of putting a question which had been on the tip of my tongue all dinner-time.

"Who lives?"—and I tried to speak with as much indifference as possible—"who lives in that fine park with a white house on the slope? That little river down stream, whatever it's called, runs through the property. Any one of importance?"

"Why, that's Wakering Hall! Colonel Hethersett lives there."

I allowed an exclamation of surprise to escape me, of which I soon repented. Not that I wished to hide from the landlady, for any deep reason, that the name of Hethersett was familiar to me. But I quickly realized that I had loosened her tongue. I knew all, more at least than she did, about the owner of Wakering Hall. I was quite convinced of that. The question was: how to put an end to her loquacity? I dispensed with ceremony, if any was expected of me; so hastily left my seat at the table, and broke up the "conference" by politely asking for a match. Scarcely pausing to light my cigarette, I made an escape into the open air, and turned my steps in the direction of Wakering Hall.

Some ten years ago, while I was still a student at St. Bartholomew's in London, a serious affair had come under my notice. A man was brought into the hospital, late one night, seriously injured. He had been found in one of the by-ways in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in an unconscious state. It was apparent that he had attempted murder; though what the would-be assassin's actual motive had been for the attack—whether revenge or robbery—was never clearly ascertained. No robbery had been committed; and when my patient recovered, after some weeks of suffering, he threw no light upon the matter. I was in constant attendance upon him, and it was my unexpressed belief that he could have partially solved the mystery if so disposed. But he volunteered no explanation. The business was, so he declared, in his lawyer's hands; and it did not appear to be any one else's right to interfere. And yet I was deeply interested, not only in the case, but in the striking appearance of my patient, and many remarkable traits in his character. A word, often a mere look from him, would instantly obtain obedience. He never showed a sign of ill-temper; and yet he made one feel that he was naturally passionate, and that to attempt to provoke him would be a dangerous experiment. His very voice expressed his indomitable will. His name was Hethersett, as I now distinctly remembered; Colonel Hethersett, of Wakering Hall; and on taking leave of him, he had extracted a promise that should I ever happen to be in the neighbourhood of Wakering, I would pay him a visit. His name, even the name of the village, had almost entirely escaped my memory. Ten years in the midst of a busy professional life in London will force a man to forget everything except his immediate surroundings.

The twilight is nearly gone; the last rays die out as the clouds rise and cover the sky. The day is over; and when I gain the high road, dark and lonely with its steep hills on either side, it is night. At a turn in the road, and only a few yards ahead of me, I observe a broad streak of light stretching across the highway. On the hill-side, at the point from which the light appears to issue, bluish transparent flames rise like lambent tongues of fire towards the dark sky. As I approach nearer and come within the space of light, I find that it proceeds from a large limpid standing back some paces from the road, and built against the hill. A man springs up suddenly from the ground. I accost him with a cheerful "Good evening." The watchman, as I conclude him to be, gruffly echoes my greeting.

"Why, my friend, I venture to remark, 'you're warm enough here to roast an ox!'" "It is warm," replies the watchman. "But it is worse, much worse, on a blazing hot day, I can tell you. And then," he adds, "is one reason why I choose the night."

I begin to feel that this great furnace by the roadside has a certain fascination for me. Its huge iron doorway is red-hot, and the fire within roars lustily.

"Does it need much stoking?" I inquire.

"It looks furious,"

"Are you stoking," says the man, "thou may'st suppose. I seem always at it. I never think of taking a wink of sleep all night long. I lie down and smoke and watch that water I do; smoke and watch that fire. He needs feeding five or, may

be, six times in the hour—Looks hungry now, don't he?"

The man approaches the hills as he speaks with a long pole in his hand. It looks to me like a large pole with iron hook and pike.

"Do you live here?" I ask him; for I am growing interested in the man as well as the fire.

"Why, yes; that's my home," and he jerks his thumb over his shoulder towards a small wooden hut beside the kiln. "At daybreak my mate relieves me, and I turn in. You'll not often catch me coming out of my kennel, as he calls it, till after dark."

"The life seems to agree with you," and I glance, while saying this, at his muscular figure.

"Agree with me?" he repeats with an odd laugh. "Ay; it suits my purpose, guv'nor. I don't complain."

And now he pulls open the iron door, and through the chinks between the bars the fierce fire lights up his face. I have followed him while talking; but the intense heat forces me to step some paces back. He is in his shirt sleeves, which are rolled up almost to his shoulders. He is certainly a remarkably powerful-looking fellow, with the arms of a stalwart blacksmith. His beard is thick, and intensely red; and his small eyes have a fierce expression—which he may have caught from the fire—glittering under red, bushy eyebrows; and as he presently lifts his cap aside, to wipe the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, I notice an ugly scar across his forehead.

He appears disinclined for further talk; so I bid him "Good-night" and go on my way.

When I reach Wakering Hall, a few minutes later, I am shown into a luxurious smoking divan. The room is lit with lamps, the green shades being of some semi-transparent texture which gives to every object a subdued appearance. The walls are thickly ornamented with pictures and gongs and a dozen other warlike implements. I have scarcely time to glance about me, and get confused ideas of hunting scenes and jungles, when a step on the terrace attracts my attention. A gentleman comes in at the open casement. He looks at my card, which he holds in his fingers—looks at me—and then steps quickly forward. "Sherwin," he exclaims, seizing my hand. "Why, you're the surgeon who saved my life! This is a pleasure."

He is a man of about sixty, not strikingly tall, but with an appearance of unusual breadth and strength. Ten years ago appear to have wrought little change in him, certainly no change for the worse. It is the same handsome face, the same firm and fearless expression that I now recall to mind as it was only yesterday. He waves me towards an armchair near the window, brings me cigarettes, remembers my favorite drink, and in a word, makes me as welcome as if I were his own son.

He has been walking about the room, principally occupied in looking after my comforts, talking the while about matters of little, or at least no special importance. He last lights a cigar and sinks down upon a tiger-skin on an ottoman facing me. He now, for the first time, speaks of himself.

"Did I ever tell you, Sherwin, how I came to receive that knock-down blow?"

"Why, no. I thought the whole affair inscrutable."

"So I suspect it is," he answers "as far as the world in general is concerned. But I can make it clear to you in a few words. Will you listen?"

I express myself most willing; and Colonel Hethersett begins. "While stationed at Campore, some thirteen years ago, I had a very unamiable man-servant. The fellow was quite incorrigible. Most men would have sent him about his business within a week. In fact, every one had done so who had been unlucky enough to have him in their service. But I had a fancy to tame him. I could see that he thought himself my master. I resolved to prove to him the contrary, cost what it might."

He speaks in a low, distinct voice that is very impressive. But his look is more impressive still. The intense gray eyes, the stern mouth, and contracted brow indicate the wilful, dauntless nature of the man.

"Most of us," he resumes, "choose the wrong vocation in life. I was a born lion tamer. The fact is, Sherwin, he adds, as though it were hardly worth mentioning, "I don't know what fear means."

He pauses for a while. I am on the point of making some inconsequent remark, when my ear is touched by the sound of music. It floats out airily upon the night, and seems to mingle harmoniously with the reflection of light that falls across the terrace from the windows adjoining the divan.

"One day," Colonel Hethersett continues, "one day, Kenrick, as this man was called, refused to obey me. It was the first time in my life that I had ever met with serious opposition. The look on the man's face told me that he felt he had come too late. He had instantly gone down on his knees and begged my pardon, it would have been too late. My passion had got the better of me. I seized the first thing that came to hand. It was the most terrible weapon I am sorry to say, that could possibly fall within an angry man's reach. It was a 'bull-head'—and indicates the spot by quickly touching his own forehead while he speaks. "He dropped at my feet as though he had been shot."

I cannot utter a word. I hear no music now; no sound but loud throbblings in my ears. The Colonel rises hastily, and paces to and fro with a quick, firm step.

I have risen too. I am standing at the window, and now glance eagerly out. The light thrown upon the terrace from this window and the windows of the adjacent room finds a limit against the terrace balustrade. Beyond the darkness is intense; but in the midst of this darkness, on the distant high-road, pale-blue flames are lapping at a space in the night. It appears quite near—though it must be at least half a mile away—so near, that the soft wind, this sultry autumn evening, seems to contain its warmth as it touches my cheek.

The Colonel taps me gently on the shoulder and steps lightly out upon the terrace. I look quickly into his face. Every trace of severity is gone. "Come," says he, in a lively tone; "let us go to the drawing-room. Sybil will be wondering who."

"Stay!" I interrupt the Colonel—"one moment. This must be the man who struck you down—the man who made the attempt on your life in Smithfield—ten years ago?"

"Of course! How can you ask me?" He speaks with a slight impatience. But that does not check my questions.

"Have you seen him since?"

"No."

"Nor suspect his whereabouts?"

"No."

"Colonel Hethersett," I resumed, "I can tell you where he is. I have seen him, spoken to him, only this evening."

"Where?"

I point across the terrace into the night.

"There! He is watchman at the limekiln fire."

Not even now does Colonel Hethersett evince the least shade of surprise; nor does the weird light, that seems to me like a threatening torch lifted up in the black night by some invisible trembling arm, entice him to take his eyes off me.

"You knew him by the scar," he quietly assumes.

"Yes; I knew him when you touched your forehead a moment ago," I reply. "It's a hideous mark."

The Colonel looks troubled. "Poor fellow! But I must tame him now," he says with a sudden change in his face, "or he'll spring at me again behind my back."

"Do you really mean," I say, in a tone of reproach, "to take the law into your own hands?"

"I mean to tame him," he replies in a firm voice.

His manner is polite, but so decisive that I make no attempt to utter another word. I stand there, and his eye is still upon me. I feel powerless in the presence of this strong-willed man. He flings away the end of his cigar and beckons me with a playful wave of the hand. I follow.

"Sybil, my dear," I hear the Colonel saying, "this is Philip Sherwin, the gentleman who saved my life."

I am standing in a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room. A young girl in pale green attire is rising from the piano and is coming towards me. I cannot be mistaken. It is the lovely face that I had seen, only a few hours ago, mirrored in the midst of sunlight and foliage by the river-side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How She Bought Them.

She was daintily crossing Sixth avenue at 23d street. Here attire was very smart, with one hand she held up the train of her long gown. Having gained the opposite sidewalk, she hesitated a moment, then made for the door of a well-known bootmaker's.

A suave salesman met her, and showed her to a room. She enquired for blouses; and presently the salesman was on his knees before her, with a comprehensive stock of the articles at hand.

He attempted to assist her; but she preferred to do the thing alone. Having divested her right foot of its covering, she took up one of the new shoes and put it on. She did not seize it by the sides, she rode her toe into it, and pulled out the shoe by the heel and all out of breath as men do. She pulled it on carefully part way, twined it off again instantly and looked inside to see if she had the right one, then pulled it on for good and looked at it dreamily.

"It seems just right," she said.

The salesman smiled, and thought so too. She stopped to take another look unobtrusively at a wrinkle over the arch instep, twisted herself around and looked at the boot sideways.

"Mercy! how loose it is!" she exclaimed. The salesman thought it was a "beautiful fit."

"I'll never do it all," she announced, looking the shoe all over. "They're entirely too large; let me see a size smaller, please."

The salesman procured a size smaller. She put on one of them as far as she could get it—while her face assumed an expression of injury.

"What size are these?" she inquired indignantly.

"They are two and a half, lady," replied the salesman suavely.

"Oh, they can't be!" she exclaimed. "I never wore anything larger than twos in my life, and these—why, you can see for yourself they don't fit! They're—there's such a peculiar shape!"

"They're too tight, perhaps," suggested the salesman. But the disconcerting look she gave him prompted him to add hastily, something about the sizes of different makers varying.

"I guess they must," she replied. "Please let me try some other maker."

The shoe was pulled off, and not only one but several other makes were tried, but no proving satisfactory the salesman stepped aside and got an entirely fresh pair.

"Now, these," he said triumphantly, "these are a pair of twos, but I think they'll fit just such a slender foot as yours."

She tried them on; evidently she was suited at last. She presently took them off, however, and looked at the heels, the soles and the lacing. Then she put them on again.

"These are twos," she asked. "They seem a very good fit, please lace them."

When they had been laced she walked up and down the strip of carpet two or three times pulling back her skirt to get a good view. Then she glided up to a full-length mirror and eyed the general effect. Then she backed off, stepped up again, took thirty or forty farewell looks, and announced that she wouldn't have the shoes at any price.

Then she paused again before the mirror, undecided; said they made her feet look awful big; said everybody would think she came from Chicago; said they'd never do in the world; and it was useless to talk about it. She came back to her seat and asked the salesman what he thought about it. Without waiting to hear his opinion, she went through the whole operation over again and said she guessed she'd take them, and that he could wrap them up.

After she had received her parcel and changed the salesman glanced at his reflection in the mirror and smiled self-satisfiedly.

"That's the way to fetch them," he soliloquized. "Work off a pair of fours for a pair of twos and everything's lovely. Now I might have been bothered with her for a full hour if I hadn't—"

His soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of the young lady in the doorway.

"I've just come to the conclusion," she said, "that I don't want these shoes after all. Would you please exchange them for a pair of patent-leather slippers? And do you think you could fit me?"

AN ENTIRE FAMILY DROWNED.

Terrible Effects of a Storm in West Virginia.

A Wheeling, W. Va., despatch says:—

During the severe storm which passed over this part of the country last night an entire family of nine persons were drowned by the sudden flood following a cloudburst.

The family consisted of William Doly and wife, their three children, Doly's father and mother, Mrs. Doly's mother and a servant.

The first knowledge of the disaster was the finding of the body of the servant girl this morning in the yard of a neighbor's some distance below where the fated house stood.

There is one form of hope which is never unwise, and which certainly does not diminish with the increase of knowledge. In that form it changes its name, and we call it patience.—Butcher.

The Welsh prefix "Aber" signifies "the mouth of a river"—Aberdovey, for instance; and "Llan" a "church"—Llandudno, the church of St. Tudno; Llanbedr, the church of St. Peter, &c.

BY A SWORD STROKE.

A Tale of Indian Feudality and British Bravery.

One afternoon in the early part of the season, the younger British officers of the Anglo-Indian cantonment of Meerut (a few miles from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab) were stirred into no small excitement by the news that a Hindoo swordsman had presented himself in the camp, and offered to perform in their presence the feat of slicing in two, with one slash of his tulwar (short sword) a lemon placed on the palm of a man's bare hand, without drawing blood or hurting the hand in any way.

As many of my readers are doubtless aware, this exploit is quite a common one among the native warriors of Northern India, but it happened that none of these officers had ever seen it, and the first mention of such a sensational experiment made them all as eager and excited as boys.

"Let's have all the old chap in by all means, and see what he can do," cried Percy Helham of the 4th Sikh Infantry. "And if he wants a rupee (twenty-five cents) or two to encourage him before starting, I'm game to stand it."

"But look here—who's going to hold the lemon for him?" objected Frank Edwards, of the Third Lahore Artillery. "I'm not going to chance getting my hand chopped to pieces—unless I know it!"

"Oh, we'll order up one of the Ressaldars (native non-commissioned officers), said Helham, coolly, "they know all about such tricks and they won't care a straw."

"Why, do you really suppose the fellow means to hold a lemon on a man's bare hand before your very eyes?" laughed Harry Parkhurst, of the 4th Punjab Cavalry, very properly named "Headlong Harry" by his brother officers, for he was as headlong in his judgments as in everything else. "My dear boys it's nothing more than a mere juggling trick, all very well for anyone who is green enough to believe in it."

Whether by accident or design, these feeble words were spoken quite loud enough to be heard by the Hindoo swordsman—a fine looking man in the prime of life, arrayed in the striking dress of a Rohilla warrior—who had come to the front of the broad shady veranda in which the young Englishmen were seated.

It is plain that the sneer had cut him deeply, for his handsome face darkened at once, and a momentary quiver of his firm lip told how much it pained him to be laughed at by this inexperienced boy.

"Sahib," said he firmly, speaking in very tolerable English, "I ask your pardon if I venture to contradict you; but when I offered to do this thing I meant to do it fairly and openly, by simple skill of hand and sword, without any juggling whatever; and if you will find me a man to hold the lemon for me I will do it here before your eyes."

"Oh, will you?" cried Parkhurst. "Well, seeing that if that's all that's wanted, I'll hold it for you myself."

So saying he laid his strong brown hand palm upward on the flat top of the balustrade, placed the lemon upon it, and signed to the Hindoo to strike. But the Rohilla, instead of obeying, looked closely and searchingly first at the lemon itself and then at the man who held it, and turning round to Harry Parkhurst said gravely:

"Sahib, it cannot be done like that; I see by the shape of your hand, and by the way in which the fruit lies, that if I try the stroke thus I shall certainly cut your thumb off. Will you show me the other hand?"

Parkhurst, who was now beginning to look for his left hand without a word. The Rohilla laid the lemon upon it, surveyed them both in silence for a few moments, and then said suddenly:

"That will do better, Sahib. If you can be quite sure of keeping your hand perfectly steady while I strike, I am ready to do the feat."

The reckless Englishman's blood ran cold as he listened, for he now saw plainly enough that the supposed juggling trick really was a matter of skill and sword, and that the least unsteadiness on his own part would doom him to certain mutilation, which he had not infinitely more than death itself.

The senior officer saw the sudden change in the young man's face, and said in a whisper to his next neighbor:

"I say, Shaw, we must put a stop to this. Parkhurst's losing his nerve, and some mischief will come of it."

But the other caught him by the wrist, and answered sternly:

"Whatever comes of it, it's too late for us to interfere now. For the honor of the old flag, one of 'ours' must go through with it now, whatever happens."

Harry Parkhurst himself, inwardly dismayed though he was, was very much of the same opinion. He felt that after the defiance which he had given, and the challenge which he had provoked, it was too late to draw back, and with no visible sign of hesitation he offered his hand to stroke.

More than one sun-browned cheek grew pale in the circle of bystanders as the Rohilla swordsman was seen to stride forward and raise his weapon for the blow; and the indrawn breath of the lookers-on sounded like a hiss amid the dead silence as the blade flashed and fell.

The two halves of the severed fruit were seen rolling on the ground. Harry's hand was unhurt, but his face was as white as a sheet.

A successful swordsman sheathed his weapon, saluted quietly, and was about to depart.

But Harry Parkhurst, if he were a fool, was at least an honest and a manly one. Before anyone had time to utter a word he had stepped forward, and holding out his hand to the victorious Rohilla, said with a hearty frankness which became him very well:

"You were right and I was wrong, and I'm very sorry to have affronted you. 'Will you shake hands?'"

Two or three of the younger officers nodded approvingly, so much so that they said this was better than they had bargained for, and the Hindoo swordsman acknowledged the courtesy by a dignified inclination of his stately head, while he repaid the young soldier's hand-grip by a pressure such as even Harry Parkhurst's strong muscles did not soon forget, saying simply:

"Sahib, you are indeed a brave man."

Ten years had passed since that day when one glorious summer evening a small detachment of native irregular horse came riding slowly up a narrow pass among the hills which form, so to speak, the lowest step in the great mountain stairway of the Himalayas, and at the head of it rode a stalwart figure in the uniform of an English major, in whose bronzed, firm, thoughtful face few men could have found any trace of the "Headlong Harry" of Meerut.

It was indeed, however, and he was bound on a very dangerous errand.

War had lately broken out between the

English and a powerful mountain chief of that district, whose real name no one knew, but who had lately become famous under the nickname of "Kala Dahi." After giving the British troops a good deal of trouble, he had at length been driven back upon his chief fortress (which was believed to be somewhere near the head of this pass) and a scouting party of light horse had been sent to find out, if possible, exactly where he was and what he intended to do.

On both these points they were soon enlightened. A flash and crackle of rifles broke from the thickets in front of them, and then came the wild yell of the mountain war cry, mingled with a thunder of charging hoofs. They were attacked.

But the Major and his men were old soldiers, and not to be scared by any assault, however sudden and formidable. While some of his So-wars (troopers) returned the fire with cool aim and considerable effect, others kept the charge at bay, stoutly contesting every step and skillfully availing themselves of every inequality of the ground and every hand-breadth of cover.

Well was it then for Major Parkhurst that he was no longer "Headlong Harry." Amid the maddening uproar and confusion of this murderous hurly-burly—horses prancing, combatants shouting and yelling, swords clashing, rifles crackling, bullets whistling, men falling on every side—any ordinary man would have lost his head at once. But the Major seemed only to grow cooler as the danger deepened, and appeared to have his watchful eyes everywhere at once.

As the pass began to widen, however, giving the enemy's superior numbers more room to act, the pressure of the assault became harder and harder; and the fierce mountain warriors, furious at seeing their prey about to escape them, came rushing on like famished tigers, led by a tall, handsome man on a splendid black horse, whose back-face was half-buried in a huge black beard.

"By jove!" cried the major, catching sight of him. "That must be Kala Dahi himself, and if I can only knock him over ten or two we'll lick 'em yet! Here goes!"

And, spurring his horse, he dashed at the Hindoo leader, sword in hand; but just then his horse, struck by a bullet, fell with him and crashed him beneath it, and he remembered no more.

When our hero recovered his senses he found himself lying upon a low couch on what appeared to be the terrace of a native hill fort, overlooking the valley that had been the scene of the fight, along which the first rays of sunrise were just beginning to stream.

It seemed that his captors must be kindly disposed toward him for his wounded head and right arm had been carefully bandaged, and food and water placed within his reach, to which he applied himself eagerly. But he had not made much progress with his meal, when a curtain that hung at the far end of the terrace was suddenly thrown back, and forth from behind it stepped the renowned "Black Beard" himself, in the full dress of a mountain warrior, helmet on head and sword by side.

But before the major had time to address him, Kala Dahi, with a very curious smile on his bold, swarthy face held out a lemon to the palm of his extended left hand, and made a gesture with his right as if striking at it with a sword.

Then the truth flashed upon Major Parkhurst all in a moment.

"What!" cried he, starting up. "Are you the Rohilla swordsman of Meerut?" The Hindoo smiled gravely and answered with an affirmative sign.

"And so you've got to be a king, then, since I saw you last—not such bad promotion after all," said Parkhurst, eying with soldier-like admiration the fine athletic figure and gorgeous dress of his enemy.

"And you too, Sahib, seem to have risen since we first met," rejoined the Black-Beard chief; "and I see that you know how to make your men follow you. When they saw you go down in the midst of us last night, they turned back upon us like tigers, to try and rescue you; and if there had been half a dozen more of them, I believe they'd have done it."

"Aye, they would follow me anywhere, the brave fellows!" said the major with a look of soldierly pride on his firm, sun-browned features. "Well, chief, of course, I know what I have to expect, and I don't mean to make any fuss about it—it's all the fortune of war. I'll just ask you to grant me one favor though; if it's all the same to you, I should prefer being shot, for I don't take to the idea of being strung up like a dog."

The Hindoo leader looked doubtfully at him for a moment, as if hardly understanding his meaning; and then a reproachful frown darkened the mountain chief's fine, expressive countenance.

"Sahib," said he, with a look and tone of mainly indignation which suited him extremely well, "I see that you English do not quite understand us yet. We Paharries (mountaineers) are soldiers, not murderers; and we never kill any man in cold blood unless he has betrayed us or done us grievous wrong. But even were it otherwise you are the last man living whom I would wish to harm."

"And why should you spare me more than anyone else?" asked Parkhurst.

"Because," answered the other, looking fixedly at him, "on that day at Meerut you, an English officer, apologized to me before all your companions for having affronted me, and offered me your hand as if I had been your comrade. I have never forgotten it; and I never shall."

Indeed, it was quickly seen that he had not; for, as soon as the Major's wound allowed him to travel, Kala Dahi sent him back unaccompanied to the nearest British outposts; and this appeared to the English authorities such a handsome act on the part of an enemy that it opened the way for a negotiation which put an end to the war.

And now, as I hear, Harry Parkhurst never loses a chance of getting a fortnight's leave to go shooting in the hills with his old friend, Kala Dahi.

DAVID KER.

Woman and Her Shoes.

The observant person knows very well that the woman who wears a pretty dress and bonnet with shabby gloves or untidy shoes has a tattered quantity of self-respect.

If women would follow men's example in the matter of shoes, instead of copying their mates and waistcoats, it would really be something to be thankful for. It is quite the exception to see a well-dressed man badly shod. But the majority of women are shockingly careless about their feet.

It is proverbial that they are, and you have every opportunity of proving the truth of this when you are in a street car or going up the steps to the elevated train.

Women who do a good deal of walking of course find it more difficult to have neat feet than those who don't. The best way of keeping boots shapely is to put them on lasts when they are taken off.

In Great Britain 6,000 women work around mines.