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of Keyboard, Handsome Wainnt Cass, with Book and Sheet Hade, Latup Stanis, Handles, Jammenne Swyter, Steel Springer, dr. Hend Ree Swell, iz which the full power of this y use of the ame, without removing the

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This spectra aspired, and to series ;-December 20,

to to have It intro-MAIL



No sooner hinted than accomplished. The professor put his lips to the crevice, and hrowing his voice down into Buck-Tooth's spacious month, astonished that worthy of Lone Wolf and his band, who, having of Lone Wolf and his band, who, having rallied, were now returning toward the gavern of mystery. The chief had discovered that his flight had been caused by his own suffer-ing desperadees, and his chagrin at having fied from nothing before his warrior's eyes, made his rage ungovernable. The fugitives could hear his deep-toned exclamations of anger as he went, and were glad at it, for it kent the attention of the energy from them capacions month, astonished that worthy fully more than any one present by making him exclaim: "\*Lone Wolf is no warrior."

cordant tone, and much to their own amaze : '' Shoo-fly ! Don't boilder me !'' '' Buck Tooth's a black man !''

The two chiefs forgot each other at this new insult, and like brave warr ors rushed upon the two crowds of women and dogs, who fled screaming before them. Having dispersed, these with some bruises and cuts, they reurned to their proper quarrel, "Let's see how they'll make it up," whis-

pered Kit, and the professor was silent. "Why does Lone Wolf, call me a black man ?\*\* Why does Buck Tooth call me a 'shoo-

fly '?" "'I didn't."

"Neither did L." A big yellow dog sat or stood beside his owner on the other side of the fire, gazing at the altercation with open jaws and flabby jowls. Kit pointed out this chance to Dor-

mouse, and instantly: "Ha, ha, ha," roared the dog, and the sound echoing in his throat, caused him to shake his head as if he was enjoying the joke hugely. The two belligerent chiefs gazed at the jovial animal, and he gazed back at them. "Ha, ha, ha !" he langhed. "You're a

route. The suspicions already engendered in the scout's mind by Prairie Dog's ready friend-ship to him and his companions, and his easy treason to his own race, spranginto life. He halted his party, and whispered orders for them to be ready for assault. He was puz-led—bewildered. If this was a trap, why had the fellow saved them from immediate death between the two parties of Indians who, had them hemmed in in the cave? The an-swer came quickly, with all its unassuring effect. The Indian was in their power tree, and knew that immediate death would have been his if a sign of treasonable design had escaped him. Suddenly a startled movement of one of the horses, accompanied by a low whinny, was heard ahead in the darkness; then a smothered human bry, followed by a gurg-ling sound; and them—the hiss of the make ! pair of fools !

pair of fools !" Instantiy the two raging chiefs, who seemed willing to tackle anything but each other, drew hatchet and charged upon the critical cur, who turned tail, with an ignominious yelp, and being obstructed in his passage, commenced savagely to eat his way to safety through the legs of the crowd. \$ Such a scene! Such dapping, and yelling, and torrents of broken Euglish were never seen or heard. A thrill of horror ran through the stout hearts of the hearers, and Corduroy Mike, laying his big hand on the arm of his friend, said, with hoarse anger : "The infarnal butcher has killed the boys!" "Yees hang him !" said Kansas Kit with.

The scene was ludicrous in the extrem

boys !" "Yes, hang him !" said Kansas Kit, with-out moving, in obedience to the Indian's sum-mons; for even in his present strait his kind-ly heart rebelled at the thought of being in-debted to such a dastardly act as even the slaughter of his enemies' children for his liberty. But as they heard a sound in the direction of Lone Wolf's band, he added, hur-riedly : "But, fellows, dirty a trick as this is, we must take advantage of it." Obedient to his suggestion they moved beyond the power of description; but a bunch of fire-crackers from the professor's manages in the the foreb and thrown into Inspirate ion to a to second, and thrown into the midst of the dancing, howling rout be-low, made it so diab lically funny that the mischief-makers above roared, and rolled, Obdient to his suggestion they moved rapidly on, and entered the scattered grove where the horses were tied with feelings of awe unusual to men reared amid scenes of blood. But the surrounding blackness and d kicked on stone floor above the scene Indeed, so great was their enjoyment that they did not feel that their rolling and kick-ing was actually shaking the rock on which they lay, and never dreamt of danger until the thin layer gaye way beneath their com-bined weight, and scout, magician, doctor. and frontiersmen were precipitated into the midst of the howling demons below.

liver gleam, and with a wild, horrible roar I rage and grief and pain, such as might be-thered by a lioness bereft of her outs, he ashed the intervening men aside and threw imself upon the bloody sward.

"Mine 1 mine 1 my boy 1 my girl 1 me Prairie Dog !" he roared, in wilder agony than those present had ever heard human being give vent to before. "Mine Ah-meek-the Beaver-mine O-wais-sa-the Blue bird. Mine 1 mine !"

In the constant of the second

Then followed aloud howling volley of words in his own tongue. It did not sound like a la-mentation; it was more like rage than sorrow; it was frenzy fierce and fearless. His yells echoed through the trees and were borne in frightful cadences afar upon the night air. "Stop him 1 Stop him, Mike !" cried Kan-sas Kit.

"Stop man, Stop man, Mike ? Shop man, Stop man

anger as he went, and were giad at it, for it kept the attention of the enemy from them. The pace of Prairie Dog was increased, and his eager whispers hatened that of his fol-lower as they heard the Indians stop at the mouth of the case to consult baffirs ventur-ing in. If Lone Wolf was afraid to go in, he said, the Indians would come for their horses a free momentum detrace above But the howing voice he had stilled had already done the evil feared, for its last yell was echoed by the wild thrill of the war-whoon, mingled with fierce yells of rage from the direction of the cavern, and the rapid rushing of many modesined feet was heard hasting over bramble and rock toward the temporary corral.

Ing in. If Lone worl was aftain to go in, he said, the Indians would come for their horses. After progressing some distance along the mountain toot, the Indian gave a halting signal, and listening intently they heard the sound of horses' feet ahead. "Only Indian boys with the horses," he whispered to Kit, who was next him. "Come. We must get away from this," said Kansas Kit. "We will gag these boys or take them prisoners, and carry them to the ior, along with us. Go on." "Me ro first," said the Indian. "When I speak (hiss) like a snake, you come." "Don't hurt the boys-we'll follow and se-cure them," said Kit, but at the instant he discovered that the Indian was gone without hearing his last words, and with all the practised agility of which he was master he followed in his nearly noiseless footsteps. Down a slope toward where a number of tall, slim trees could be dimly seen through the darkness, they went, and the uneasy movements of the animals could be more piainly heard at every yard they advanced. hasting over bramble and rock toward the temporary corral. "Quick, quick if cried Kannas Kit, at the top of his voice, for there was now no need of concealment. "Unhitch the strongest of the horses and stampede the rest." Fortunately for them some of the more cautions and matter-of-fact of the men had aiready untied sufficient of the animals for the party. It was but an instant's work to cut the halters of the remainder, and then there was mounting in hot haste, each fugi-tive holding the rein of one of the riderless beasts. "Here, Mike ! Hold the girl 'till I mount,"

"Here, Mike' Hold the girl will rinder, cried Kit, and springing on one of the horses held for him, he held out his arms. "Now," he said, "give her to me.". "What?" cried several, in rapid, astonished

atterances. "Give her to me," was the almost savage

answer.

initially heard at every yard they advanced. Whether it was this sound or the increased rapidity or greater care of the Indian that caused it. Kansas Kit suddenly lost all answer. "Leave her! Leave her, Kit!" cried several of the men. "Her own people will take care of her, if there is life in her!" "They know her father's treason and they'll tomahawk her," roared Kit, imhearing of the guide's stealthy progress, and also the very dim glimpse of his moving form, which had hertofore served to mark his

fact that Ruth Brandon (supposed to have been burned in the rains) being really a pris-oner in the hands of the Kiowas and Apaches. He earnessly pressed the necessity of imme-sistee pursuit, as well for the condign pun-sistee to the manuders as for the recovery from their diutches of the unfortunate gift whose kindred had been butchered. The officer was much impressed by his narration, and was eager to accompany him on his mission of vengeance and meroy, but regret-sioners from Washington.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE WEEKLY MAIL, TOBONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1883.

to that his action was curbed by commis-sioners from Washington: During the day the commissioner came with his staff. He was accompanied also by two or three interpreters, although there was nobody to be present at the "interview" but those who spoke English. Well, the pow-wook, commenced and ended drearily and unsattificatorily to everybody but the commissioner. A minute account of it would be as great a bore to the reader as it was to all present but one, and that one was—Interpreter Rice—the half-bread, whose night interview with Lone Wolf was described in a forme? chapter. That person, when his yeas fell on the well-known form and face of Kansas Kit, gave an angry start as if a ratilesnake had started up in his path, and, "in spite of his great en-described in the Winkles of anger settled on his brow. Kit was too much taken up with the cannest suit be was engaged in to notice it. But Corduros, Mike kept his eye upon the half-breed all the time, though it was provented all the time, though it was proventer of the cause of the man's angry supplied of the cause of the man's angry supplied well too the immediate number.

emotion. Kit pleaded well for the immediate punish-ment of the murders of the Brandon family and the rescue of the unfortunate Rath, who, he said, if left to the mercies of the Apaches, had far better been killed with her

Appendes, had that bester been affect when her parents. The official at Kit's conclusion opened his mouth and spake. He drawled drearily about delegations, and deputations, and reserva-tions, and conclusions, and all the other words of like termination that he could drag into his oration.

oubs," he added, in qualification of his strong pressions, "but very satisfactory indeed, considering the great loss of blood, you know. Beautiful girl. Kit. Great pity she's a Coyote -Kiowa, I mean. If she wasn't I'd marry per soon's she was through repairs."

her soon's she was through repairs." Kit stood beside the bed and looked down at the wild beauty of the patient with more of softness in his heart and admiration in his eyes than he had ever felt or shown for any of har race before. The loss of blood had paled the crimson roses which the forest breeses and the iree sunlight had planted in her dark-toned cheeks. Her skin was now of the sad colour of an autumn leaf, and her ips bore a pale, purplish hue. They were slight-ly opened, showing small, regular teeth of unsual whiteness. Her hair, which was a beauty in itself, lay dishevelled around the pllow, and long lastes of the same inky backness fringed the closed eyes. "Poor young thing! I hope she'll recover."

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wicked wolf?) Kit took the little brown hand and pressed it, and telt a very feeble pressure in return. Then heturned to leave the room, and as he did so his eyes met those of Rice, who seemed to be trying to read in his face the nature of the whispered communication made by the girl, and it is to be supposed he read that it

How come she here? She is a child of 'he demanded his tree loss and indemnity as on demanded his freedom and indemnity as on of his staff. Kanasa Kit and his triends seemed very much inclined to dispute this order, but the major whispered to Kit: "Let him go-him. Let him go. We'll keep our eyes on him and trap him yet." "All right, old fellow," said Kit, giving Rice's throat a parting squeeze of his strong-nerved hand. "You can go now, but mind I'm not done with you. "With thathe threw him off contemptuously, and the angry ruffian, looking as fandishly as was in his power, walked over and joined his protectors. At the same time Kit heard the major give orders for the placing of a sentry at the door of the room in which O-wais-sa lay.

Kiowas." Now, neither Kanass Kit nor his friends were in the humour to answer questions com-ing in such a bombarding manner, and, be-sides, Kit, out a pity for girl and a sort of faith towards her wretched father, who did the deed in the service of himself and friends, instead of answering exactly how the thing occurred, and lest some one else should de so, answered quickly and curtly: "The girl was nutt in our fight with the red-skins, that you heard me relating to that

courred, and lest some one else should de so, answered quickly and curtly:
"The girl was nurt in our fight with the red-skins, that you heard me relating to that fellow outside, and we brought her here to save her life from her own condemned relatives,"
The interpreter immediately assumed a doudy look, and shook his head very gravely.
"Hum-u.u.?" he said, in a purr like a panther's. "That is bad, Captain Kit."
"Bad ! What's bad? " cried the scout, turning on him shortly."
"Beight ! Shejah !" (Bad, bad.) whispered the wounded girl, and the slight hissing sound that came from her lips made Rice give a perceptible start and draw himself together ready to spring.
"Just as you said, Captain Kit," he remarked. "This poor Indian girl is raving. She must be hurt bad, poor thing. What I meant by this being, bad, is that Lone Wolf will come to the agency and say white people come and kill his people and take prisoners."
O-wais-sa gave a startled cry, or rather a gap, and opening her eyes fastened them on the interpreter in that inexplainable manner in which one views a loathsome object ; then, as if to give corroboration to the idea of her raving, she began to whisper. The only words distinguishable, were:
"O. O tah my father !-oh-Ah-Meek !" "One, we disturb her," said Kit; "this is no place to taik. Come !"
O-wais-sa, with an apparent effort, jerked her hand feebly to restrain him, and, with her gazelle-like eyes fastened on his, moved her lips without emitting any sound. At this him the words:
"Meyanachts Mawhingon !" (He is a "out of the sourd words")"

lay. "Let no living soul pass but the doctors without special orders from me," he said, in a determined tone. Kit thanked him for his consideration and

determined tone.
Aits thanked him for his consideration and impressed upon him the importance of keeping good watch over her, not only as a kind, ness to the girl, but as a favour to himself, and mo t of all as a mere matter of policy.
"They will come to you, with lies and complaints of her being stolen, but you know the truth of the story. When O-wais-sa is allow to talk she will corroborate it. For Hesewa's sake, major, don't give her up to them. They may kill her in their anger, and at all events if her parents, who are important in their tribe, should claim her, she brould not be delivered to them until Miss. Brandon is returned.
"Don't be afraid, Kit, my boy. I'll see that one of the women attends to her, but he wants to go on the scout with me."
"Let him go, by all means; I envy him the should to her. Good by, old boy, and your usual good luck attend you.
A few moments later Kansas Kit and his fields were riding to the agency at some distance to outfit.

heard the words: "Meyahachta Mawhingon !" (He is a wicked wolf?)

. CHAPTER XIII.

THE OUTFIT-THE START ON THE TRAIL-THE DESERTED CAMP-THE WOLF'S FEAST.

Kansas Kit was not the man to let the Kansas Kit was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet when he had any-thing in hand, and the equipment of his little party was pushed forward vigorously. Inter-course with the gentle savage has a wonder-ful effect in sharpening up a fellow's faculties. You find no slow-going men on the borders for the reason that all the dull fellows that go out there have their scalps whipped off before they have time to look about for the enemy; so, only the really smart ones are left.

girl, and it is to be supposed he read that it was not very favourable to himself, for Kan-sas Kit was a man who had never studied the arts of dissimulation, and took no trouble to hide his feelnings from anyone. Kit knew that this wild child of the desert, he had rescued from death, had some very good reason for the words she had spoken against this person, in whose veins ran the blood of her race, and the distaste he had formerly entertained for the sleek tongued Lone Wolf suddenly grew into hate. That hate Rice saw flash out of his eyes as they fell upon him. But he sunk his knowledge of Kit's hate in his bosom to render tilat even butterer than it was. He said to the scout, with the smile and tone of a pure and upright soul in whom there was no guile:

guile: "I know the countries and laaguages, Captain Kit. I can do a good deal to save fight with the Indians. Shall I go with you on this scout !" "No !" was the short, sharp, decided

answer. "Why? Why ?" said the man, with an air of surprise.

of surprise. Kit was walking away, and never deigned to turn his head toward the speaker, as he

"I know the country and the languages myself. I don't intend to shirk fight with the skunks. I never travel with any one bat a white man." a white man." More gall for the well of venom, and

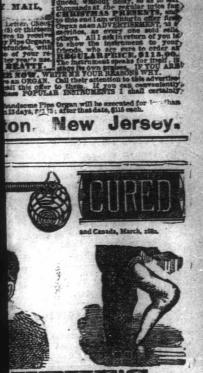
was properly stowed away in its place. Kit and his friends left the room, but Rice linger-ed Behind, and Corduroy Mike, who had noticed every expression and movement of the mid denorit the seens, drew aside fill the

enemy; so, only the really smart ones are left. Some of the redskins had already brought the news of Kit's quarrel with the Commis-sioner from the fort, and as the party rode up to thestores, the hero of the day was loudly cheered by the people. The story of Miss Brandon's captivity excited general sympathy and indignation, and volunteers to the pro-posed scout in search of her poured is so rapidly that if Kit had kept the roll open very long, he would have raised an army at the expense of depopulating the settlement. As it was, men, women and children were so deeply interested in the equipment as to ne-glect everything else to watch its progress. Kit chose a few of the best men who offer-ed-good, reliable fellows, that he knew would not fail him in a pinch-and to these, of course, were added Corduroy Mike, Dr. Dick Nelson, and Professor Dormouse, who, physically and scientifically, were a host in themselves. The attaching of the two last to the movement was a puzzle for the people, who began to think that the Brandon story was all a hoax, and that this must be some sort of an exploring expedition instead of a party of reprist. Their preparations were at last completed. Kansas Kit was once more in buckskin, not some more completed as the memorable suit he left in the knowa camp, but services is and estim-tion the knowa camp, but services is and estim-tion the best or the services and estim-tion the knowa camp, but services is and estim-tion the knowa camp. But services is and estim-tion the knowa camp. But services is and estim-tion the knowa camp. But services is and estim-ing the files uitble cordure from which legoth is pame, Dick Nelson and Professor

the divert haship toward the bed, and, bend, ing over the Indians girl with the look of a fiend said, in an angry hiss: "O-wais-sa ?" She council the said to a set of the look of a fiend said, in an angry hiss: bilances of their wonder-working craft. All were armed to the teeth, and as it was now late in the day, a vote was taken whether to start forward at once or wait until morning. The ardour of the party spoke well for success; the vote was unanimous to meve at once upon the enemy's works. So, boot-and-saidle it was, and away they went, with the cheers and good wishes of the settlers ringing in their ears.



"Botheration I" cried Kansas Kit, " what are soldiers and men and arms here for? Is it to fight savages or to jaw with Quakers, who haven't the common spuck to save their own daughters and wives from these fiends that they cover with beads and feed on sugar candy " candy ?". The commissioner, in a blustering manner, buttoned up his cost, and immediately un-buttoned it again. "Who are you, sir ?" he cried, with puffed

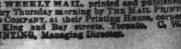


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CHAPTER X. THE FLIGHT-THE TOO BRADY KNIFE-TREA-SON AND RETRIBUTION.

It would be difficult to say whether the Indians, flattened out by the mass of sandrock and human flesh precipitated upon them, or the white men, who were the cause of the disaster, were most frightened or acto ished. The savages were decidedly the greatest suf-factors, physically, for the bodies of the pros-trated once formed a sort of cushion to break the fall of Kansas Kif and his friends. Neither party delayed long to rub their wounds or make inquiries into the extent of the casualties. The disabled condition of the savages on whom the avalanche had descend-ed, and the utter consternation of those who had been fortunate enough to escape, hindered any, even the slightest, endeavour on their part to find out the cause of this most unexisaster, were most frightened or astonished. part to find out the cause of this most unex-pected effect, and the white men were too

nuch overjoyed at the demoralization of their dreaded foes and their own escape from broken necks to remain long in the place. Their chance of liberty lay in the darkness and hubbab of conjused retreat, and at the suggestion of Kit they seized upon it. With one action they started upon it. With one action they started upon it. away wildly through one of the cave avenues, along which a portion of the escaped savages' were rushing pell-mell. Before the panic-stricken savages went the squaws and dogs in most horrible confusion, and Kansas Kit and bis driveds brought an the reast Guassing

his friends brought up the rear. Guessing that the Indians' precipitate retreat was as much caused by superstition as by fear of the mountain failing on them, not only did Pro-fessor Dormouse exert his powers of ventrilo-quism to add to their instastic terrors, but Kit and the rest increased the din with

every hideous sound their lungs could pro-To make all this confusion worse con To make all this confusion worse con-founded, a loud explosion, accompanied with acreams of agony, suddenly echoed through the caves. Kit conjectured that this was caused by the powder horns of some of the sprawling asyages coming in contact with the emborf of the fire in their endeavours to free themselves from the *debris*. In a moment the truth of his supposition was proved by two or three screaming wretches, with what clothes they wore ablaze, rushing through them like fire fineds.

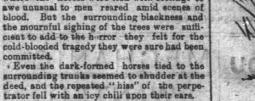
A dark figure of an Indian rushed up,



Matcho Mauito-follow Prairie Dog. He take you to the horses. Quick, 'fore Lone "Lone Wolf !" cried Kansas Kit. "Has

be escaped ?" "Yes, Lone Wolf safe. Soon be here, Mai like a panther." "My conscience but Beelzebub's good to his own," said Mike as they followed the In-dian guide through the darkness along the mountain foot.

mountain foot. They, were on the opposite side of the mountain-spur to that at which the camp had been situated, and nad concequently escaped from the cave by the mouth through which Dormouse, Dick Nelson, and the frontere-men had entered it. The coid sweeping breeze, and the unaccountable sound which forstells the approach of morning, fauned their checks and whispered in their cars as they followed rapidly and stealthily in the steps of the Prairie Dog. They bent low as they went, lest even the dim starlight should teveal their moving forms to the sharp eves



Even the dark-formed horses tied to the surrounding trunks seemed to shudder at the deed, and the repeated "hiss" of the perpe-trator fell with an icy chill upon their ears. "Come quick," he said, as soon as he be-came aware of their proximity. "Unloose the horses, Lone Wolf come. He no want any to go to the fort. He no let any white-skin go. The boys no cry out. Take the horses. Go I The boys no war-whoop to Lone Wolf no more."

He ended this whispered speech with a thuckle that shocked Kansas Kit, and caused him involuntarily to grasp his knife to strike the self-complacent ruffian; but the chuckle of the medicine-man seemed to be echoed by a mocking, gurgling sound from the dark month before them and the savage with an ground before them, and the savage with an exclamation sprang toward the suot, as if to complete his work.

complete his work. Kit felt his movement, and hurled him back, and then stooping down, his hands came in contact with first one wet, warm form and then another, and he thought he weit the heaving of hie in the last.

Lett the neaving of file in the last. Immediately all thoughts of the position of himself and companions flew from his mind, and only the impulses of humanity and generosity filled his heart. "One of these poor children is living," he said. "I only wish to Heaven we had a light."

said. "I only wish to light." "Wouldn't it be risky?" said one of the

men. "The white men are fools to make fire," said Prairie Dog. "Lone Wolf has

eyes like a cat." Professor Dormouse had opened his all-containing knapsack at Kit's first word, and produced a large glass vial field with a dull, shining liquid. "Here," he said, " is a light that will need no fire."

As he spoke he uncorked the bottle, and no sooner had the air touched its contents than

As ne spoke në uncorsted the pottle, and no sooner had the air touched its contents than it was lighted ap with a silver lambency, not very strong or far reaching, indeed, but suf-ficiently bright to display near objects with beautiful effect. And it was a wild tableau-beautiful for Indians-a group to freeze a human heart. An Indian boy and girl, both beautiful, very beantiful for Indians-and both much better clad than Indians generally are, sat at the foot of a tree. They had evidently been sleeping when the marderous knife smote-them. The boy's form was untight, and his head thrown back slightly to one side, show-ing his graceful neck severed from ear to ear. The girl's head lay in his lap as she might have lain in slumber, with her beautiful long hair partly covering her face, and the ugly gash in the side of her neck from which the life stream spurted at every spasmodic heave of the heart. She was still living, but it could not last long. In an instant the poor creature was in Kan-

In an instant the poor creature was in Ka

sas Kit's arms, and Dr. Dick Nelson was on his knees at her side, wildly tearing his shirt into ribbons for bandages to staunch the quick-flowing blood.

Never was seen a more strange or painful Never was seen a more strange or painful sight than that surgical operation in the for-est by the ghastly glimmer of phosphuretted all. Never did life-endangered men more generously forget self and enmity to do a good deed. The murderer was quite unconcerned by the expresent horner of the white men at his

ntain-spur to that at which the camp had situated, and had concequently escaped the cave by the mouth through which nouse. Dick Nclsoh, and the fronters-had entered it. The cold sweeping se, and the unaccountable sound which ells the approach of morning, famed checks and whispered in their ears as followed rapidly and stealthily in the of the Prairie Dog. They bent low as went, lest even the dim starlight should it their moving forms to the sharp eyes



"DOWN WITH THE NAYGUES! DOWN WITH THE BLACK AND TANS!"

patiently, for already the yelling savages were close at hand, and their random bullets were beginning to fly through the trees around them. "If you leave her you leave me, too !" The impulsive young man was about to throw husself from his seat when Cordurey

throw himself from his seat when Cordurey Mike caught the wounded girl up in his powerful arms and laid her across the scont's knees, "Heaven bless yer big heart, Kit," he

said, "and may it presarve the girleen's life. If it does, we'll adopt her. Whist! That was an ear tickler. Bide for yer life!"

They did ride with a will, and the screening of the savages, which had lulied for moment as if they were listening to assure themselves of the number and whereabouts of their foes, broke out at the sound of the hoofstrokes with trebly terrific din, and the bullets guided by the echo of the flight, followed thick and fast.

bullets guided by the scho of the flight, fol-lowed thick and fast. The horsemen had at first but little advan-tage over the hald ins on foot, owing to the remarkable fleetness of the latter and their letter kowledge of the ground over which both parties were flying in the darkness. Added to this the whites were encumbered with the extra horses which they had taken along for their own safety sake and to retard pursuit. Many wished aloud that they had killed them at the tether. But this encum-brance did not last long, for as soon as they had passed the rugged slope and struck on a strip of clear bottom, well known to Kansas Kit, he immediately gave command to let boxe the extra horses. No sooner were the beasts freed, than, alfrighted by the com-bined yells of their former owners and their liberators, they started ahead at pance speed, and being unburdened, soon distanced the others. This was the very object desired. Then the men were able to use their arms, and loaded and fired a-rgar as they dashed on. This some what checked the pursuit of the In-dians, and soon the superiority of horse en-durance over human began to tell. The shots were few and stragging, and the war-whoops became asthmatic and gas py, so noticeably so that Corinroy Mike said :---"Be jabers, boys, they sound more like twoor-ing coughs than war-whoops !' At last the sounds of pursuit died away altogether, escept that the occasional bark of a distant wolf or og, undistingui-hable in their rapid-riding, gave them a rather uncom-

At last the sounds of pursuit died away altogether, except that the occasional bark of a distant wolf or cog, undistinguishable in their rapid riding, gave them a rather uncom-fortable feeling that the savages might have set dogs upon their track. This kept them from venturing to stop for breath, or even to see how the wonneed girl was, but Kansas Kit p aced his hand upon her heart and was ensible of a fluttering throb, and he made her position as easy as possible, and he'ld on. The first gray tint of dawn was paling the morning star and the reveille was sounding heerily from the fort, when they reined in their foaming horses in sight of its walls. CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XI.

RED SEINS, RED BLOOD, AND RED. TAPE-O-WAIS-SA, THE BLUE BIRD.

They were received with astonishment and They were received with astonishment and ongratulation by the officers and soldiers, who had been asther puzzled and alarmed by the panic-stricken horses that had preceded them. Kansas Kit's first action was to place O wais-sa, his strangely adopted protege, in comfortable quarters, hamsnely provided by the major in command, where he left her under the cars of the military surgeon and the deeply-interested Dr. Dick Nelson. Kansas Kit told the story of his late ad-venture to the major, including Lone Wolf's complicity in the marder of the Quaker's family, and the burning of his house, and the

"Do you show no respect for my pos "No more'n I do for his," said Kit, scorn fally pointing to the most miserable, shabby looking wretch of all the surrounding In-

"Are you not afraid of the consequences of

dians.

dians. "Are you not afraid of the consequences of this behaviour toward me?" "Afraid of you!" reared Kit, in a tone of savage score. "Why should be afraid of you? I never was afraid of man or beast yet, no matter how big they were, and I've taken your measure small I tell you. Why, I've backed it, that would make the heart of a lamb as strong as a lion's. Why, there's no ta man's bair in the barracks. But your over that didn't stand on end, and you lis-tened to it as if your heart had been carved out of a squash. It's a way we have West of peaking what we thint, and if you don't re-lish it, stranger, you'd better get back to pointe company mighty quick, for there's no as the bloeded catawampa." This was more than official dignity could bear, for not only the white frontiersmen and onliners, but even the wretched Indians, were griming at him. The agent slapped his hand nervonsly behind him, as if he would have divan a revolver, but Kit, who wore his, frontier fashioo, in his belt, slapped one hand on a butt and waved the other contemptu-outy. "Keep still, now, old man." he said.

on a butt and waved the other contemptu-ously. "Keep still, now, 'old man." he said. "I'm not a child to be skeared. You'd best not tackle me. You /--you haven't got the pluck to tackle the meanest coyote of an Injun standing round. You...." The major here feared things were going too far, and interposed with softening words, and immediately the agent took courage and demanded the sourt's trest. "Yes, you can try to' arrest me, but you can't think of arresting Lone Wolf. But I'm not one of the arresting hind. If you don't want to protect the whites leave them to help themselves. For me, I'm going slone to do

not obstructed me in the pursuance of my duty ?"

Ha! ha!" With these mocking words Kit was walk-ing away again toward the horses when Dick Nelson came out and beckoned him. The sout walked across the little square and fol-lowed the young doctor into the house, where the Indian girl, O-wais-sa lay.

"She's doing nicely-she's all safe," wild Dick, with a sort of professional rejoicing, "Pulse as regular as a pendilum-heart pumping sway strong and steady as a steam engine-rather weaker than it used to, no

"You know well who I am," answered Kit angrily—" that is, if you know anything at all. If you don't know you can ask the Klowas, who Kansas Kit is, and I'll bet you five dollars they don't laugh at his nome like they do at the iellow that a ks it." "Yes; that it i" cried Dick, with a clap of

"You had at least one good audience!" said Kit, with a laugh. "Yes; thats it !" cried Dick, with a clap of his hands. "So highly delighted were we with the eminent success which attended that memorable performance, and the extravagant expressions of appreciation and delight be-stowed on our humble endeavours, that we intend extending our season indefinitely in the same districts. In serious briefness, my dear fellow, the professor and I have deter-mined that you shall not go on this scont alone. We will accompany you." Kit stood back and stared in surprise at the speaker and at the professor, who had en-tered unheard. "What," he exclaimed, "you can't be serious? What would become of your busi-

serious ? What would become of your business, your professions ?" "Pooh ! business isn't worth shucks ! Pro-

From 1 business is t worth student i from fession be blowed I There's a blamed sight more professing than making a living. Dor-mouse has got disgusted and longs to waste his fireworks on the desert air in pursui#of material for some more taking show than the segentific."

A stealthy footfall, followed immediately A scentry toottail, followed immediately by a heavy one, broke in upon this harague, and the party turning, saw the interpreter, Rice, his supple, graceful form showing in contrast with the rugged muscularity of Cor-duroy Mike, who stood in the door behind

duroy Mike, who stood in the door behind him. Kanasa Kit knew the interpreter well, having met him very frequently at the coun-cies and pow-wows so common at the agen-cies, and he returned his greeting with the blant courtesy of his nature. "I was glad to hear that Mile Brandon's alive," said Rice, assuming a candoor of speech timat his oily tones belied. "The agent is wrong to refuse pursuit. I will go with you. I know all the country." Kit caught sight of Corduroy Mike's arm shaking in warning above the half-breed's head, but his sitention was called from the signal by a stranger occurrence. "Be had spoken in a smooth, silken tone, much lower than any of the others had done during the conversation I have recorded, and was also farther from the bed, but, at the sound of his voice the wounded girl opened her large, lustrous eyes with a painful start, rolled them around searchingly until they rested with a shuddering look on the inter-preter's face.

rolled them around searchingly until they rested with a shuddering look on the inter-preter's face. His dark orbs gleamed for an instant as they met those of the girl, and then dropped. O-wais-sa put out her hand in a feeble en-dearour to catch Kit's sleave as he stood near her; but the weak arm dropped, and the scout, noticing the action, bent his ear to her lips, and heard, in the very faintest of whis-pers, the repeated word :--

"Shejah I shejah !" "Shejah I shejah !" These words meant "bad, evil." Then the eyelids closed again with a quivering

"Oh, no, no !" laughed Kit. "No fear of anyone doing that. You won't give them the change. Far from obstructing you here, I'll give you a horse and help you. Your duty ! Ha ! ha !"

"She raves," said Kaneas Kit, turning to Dick Nelson; and at the words the interpre-ter stepped forward and stood at the bed-side, gazing down upon the girl, like an evil spirit waiting to seize a parting soul.

THE HALF-BREED'S ATTEMPT AT MURDER-

She opened her eyes with a start and a cry p of affright, and seemed to endeavour to get away from him, but he clutched her by the breast and held her, trembling like a dove in the series a knew,

"Ne-gush-ta-waw - and that manes

killin'.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> lay began to assume clearness and solidity. It was the desire of Kit's heart to cut him off

from reaching this rendezvous, and he and his companion strained every nerve for the pur-pose, but had the chagrin to see him become more and more indistinct in the bauk of aha-dow caused by the woodland until he was lost

strangle her because he had heard her warn her preservers of his treachery. In answer to the question what he had to say to this charge, Rice denied knowing any-thing at all about it. He went to speak to the little girl in kindness, because he knew her a diah of siop in his face, then threw himself out into the yard. "What did he say to the girl?" they asked of Mike. He spoke in Injin gibberish. I only made out one w rd; I've heard the dirty ragamaf. "What was it?" "Ne-gush-ta-waw — and that manes "To be continued. In answer to the question what he had to say to this charge, Rice denied knowing any-thing at all about it. He went to speak to the little girl in kiudness, because he knew her and her people, when the big Irishman threw a dish of slop in his face, then threw himself or inter the ward He spoke in Injin gibberish. I only made out one w rd; 1've heard the dirty ragamaf-fins use it so often I knew its maning."

To be continued.

The Canada Pacific railroad expect to be had able to store grain in their elevator at P Arthur free of charge to all farmers designed of shipping by that route.

There was indeed a look of surprise upon the interpreter's face, but he quickly quelled it. "It is O-wais-sa—the Blue Bird, "he said, in a tone of pity. "How was she hurt?

CHAPTER XII.

CORDUBOY MIKE ON HAND.