

week on the pretence that Ramona was not yet strong enough to bear the journey home, when in reality his sole motive for staying was his reluctance to deprive her of Aunt Ri's wholesome and cheering companionship.

Aunt Ri was busily at work on a rag carpet for the Indian Agent's wife. She had just begun it, had woven only a few inches, on that dreadful morning when the news of Alessandro's death reached her. It was of her favourite pattern, the "hit-or-miss" pattern, as she called it: no set stripes or regular alternation of colours, but ball after ball of the indiscriminately mixed tints, woven back and forth on a warp of a single colour. The constant variety in it, the unexpectedly harmonious blending of the colours, gave her delight, and afforded her a subject, too, of not unphilosophical reflection.

"Wall," she said, "it's called ther 'hit-er-miss' patten; but it's 'hit' oftener 'n 't is miss.' Thar ain't onny accountin' fur ther way ther breadths 'll come, sometimes; 'pears like 't wuz kind er magio when they air sewed together; 'n I allow that's ther way it's gwine ter be with heaps er things in this life. It's jest a kind er 'hit-er-miss' patten we air all on us livin' on; 't ain't much use tryin' ter reckon how 't 'll come aout; but the breadths does fit heaps better 'n yer 'd think; come ter sew 'em, 't ain't never no sech colours ez yer thought 't wuz gwine ter be, but it's allers pooty, allers; never see a 'hit-er-miss' patten 'n my life yit that wa'n't pooty. 'N' ther wa'n't never nobody fetched me rags, 'n hed 'em all planned aout, 'n, jest ther way they wanted ther warp, 'n' jest haow ther stripes wuz ter come, 'n' all that they wa'n't orfal diserpynted when they cam ter see 't done. It don't never look's they thought 't would never! I larned that le'son airly; 'n I allers make 'em write 't aout on a paper, jest ther wedth er every stripe, 'n' each er ther colours, so 's they kin see it's what they ordered; 'r else they 'd allers say I hedn't wove 't 'a I wuz told ter. I got ketch'd ther way oncet! I allow ennybody's a bawn fool gets ketch'd twice runnin' ther same way. But fur me, I'll take ther 'hit-er-miss' patten every time, sir, straight along."

When the carpet was done Aunt Ri took the roll in her own independont arms and strode with it to the Agent's house. She had been biding the time when she should have this excuse for going there. Her mind was burdened with questions she wished to ask, information she wished to give, and she chose au hour when she knew she would find the Agent himself at home.

"I allow yer heered why I wuz behind timo with this yero carpet," she said; "I was up ter San Jacinto Mounting, whero that Injun wuz murdered. We brung his widder 'n' ther baby daown with us, me 'n' her brother. He's tuk her home ter his house ter live. He's reel well off."

Yes, the Agent had heard this; he had wondered why the widow did not come to see him; he had expected to hear from her.

"Wall, I did hont ter her thet p'raps yer could dow something ef she wuz ter tell yer all about it; but she allowed thar wa'n't enny use in talkin'. Ther jodge, he sed her witnessin' wouldn't be wuth nuthin' to no jury; 'n' that wuz what I wuz a wantin' to ask yeow, ef that wuz so."

"Yes, that is what the lawyers here told me," said the Agent. "I was going to nave the man arrested, but they said it would be folly to bring the case to trial. The woman's testimony would not be believed."

"Yeow've got power ter git a man punished fur sellin' whisky to Injuna. I notice," broke in Aunt Ri; "hain't yer? I see yeour man 'n' the marshal here arrestin' 'em pooty lively last month; they sed 't was yeour doin'; yeow was a gwine ter prossacute every

livin' son o' bell — them wuz thar words— 'bet sold whisky ter Injuna."

"That's so!" said the Agent. "So I am; I am determined to break up this vile business of selling whiskey to Indians. It is no use trying to do anything for them while they are made drunk in this way, it's a sin and a shame."

"That's so, I allow ter yeow," said Aunt Ri. "Thar ain't any gainsayin' thet. But ef yeow've got power ter git a man put in jail fur sellin' whisky t' 'n Injin, 'n' hain't got power to git him punished ef he goes 'n' kills thot Injin, 't seems ter me thar's suthin' cur'us about thet."

"That is just the trouble in my position here, Aunt Ri," he said. "I have no real power over my Indians, as I ought to have."

"What makes yer call 'om yeour Injuns?" broke in Aunt Ri. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dog's Long Journey.

The account of a dog finding its way to its old home, say twenty to forty miles, although not formerly knowing the road, is nothing very unusual, but when the distance reaches some 200 miles, the event is worth notice. The following remarkable return of a fox-terrier is absolutely true:

A minister in a southern parish in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, had a fox-terrier sent him by rail from a friend near Elgin, Morayshire. After being kept captive a few days it was let loose. No sooner did it find itself at liberty than it forthwith disappeared, nor could any trace of it be found. Judge of the surprise of the Morayshire people on seeing it walk in one morning. It was evidently tired out, for it laid down near the fire, and was some time before it was able to taste food. On exchange of letters, it was found that it had been just seven days traversing the distance, which, as the crow flies, is little short of 200 miles. How it made its way to its old home is a mystery, still an indisputable fact.

M. De Blowitz.

Monsieur de Blowitz—who knows his first name?—has for years maintained the reputation of being the greatest interviewer and best informed journalist of the world. Very little is known about the personality and his tory of this typical representative of the highest order of special correspondents whose telegrams have not seldom had more influence in the civilized world than even diplomatic dispatches. An illustrated article written by William Morton Fullerton, a young Harvard graduate, and M. de Blowitz's assistant in the Paris office of the *London Times*, tells a great deal about this famous journalist. This article, with illustrations taken specially in Paris by the art manager of the magazine of M. de Blowitz's homes, his library, etc., and several portraits of himself, will appear in *McClure's Magazine* for July.

"REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPEPSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casoy, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

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