

pallor overspreads his countenance, his hands tremble and cold sweat covers him as he sees chances of loss. Cheers. May Queen is indeed a queen; the fine mare is once more in hand. How she goes! She is gaining ground. Nearer the goal they come. The first heat is over, and May Queen wins.

Joe Broggs is nearly wild; fear and hope strangely mingling to produce the state of mind when all judgment is gone. He bets another hundred on his favorite. Soon after they start on the second heat Roberval gets the inside track. At the last quarter May Queen is up. What a race! She gains (tremendous excitement). Both drivers push their horses to the utmost. May Queen again breaks, and loses the race by half a length.

Broggs, who is now literally beside himself, puts the rest of his money on May Queen at great odds and waits.

His soul seemed to be on the horses. They seemed to become a part of his being, and he feels as if he himself were in the race.

What an agony those moments of waiting were to many who had risked their all with the fortunes of either horse.

But see the signal! Away they go! Men scarcely breathe. Each one is bent forward with strained eyes. Abreast at first quarter. Roberval gains a little. How well he holds his ground! May Queen comes up bravely, but seems at the limit of her speed. "Go it, Queen!" "She can do it yet!" "See, she gains," cries Joe. Yes, she is gaining—but the mark is crossed. Roberval is victorious. Joe is a beggar once more.

He turns and with a stroke of the stick in his hand, strikes the "sport" who has won his hard earned savings. The "sport" falls heavily to the ground.

Poor Broggs again ruined. His chances of happiness gone. Poverty and disgrace staring him in the face. Justice, perhaps for murder, follows in his rear. He flies into the prairies and is seen no more.

When evening came, Mrs. Broggs became very anxious about the return of her husband. Going to the door to look, she met Milly, who asked, "Where is father?" "He hasn't come yet. I wonder what keeps him," answered her mother.

Milly was flushed and happy. She had good news for her father. She sat down to think of her future—of her lover. To dream of pleasant days and happy years—never thinking how near she was to sorrow.

Being thus engaged, she neither noticed the passing of the time nor her mother's anxious look, until a step was heard at the door.

Mrs. Broggs opened it, but instead of her husband, an officer walked in and asked, "Is your husband here?" She could not answer, but Milly tremblingly said that he had not come home yet. "He must be found. It is a bad business—perhaps murder," he said, as he turned away.

How joy was turned to sorrow by these few words. The Broggs' family found how changeable a world this is. A happy, hopeful, bright morning—a sad, dismal, dark night. The father a fugitive from justice—the wife and children wringing their hands in hopeless despair.

Shortly after, Alex. McKinnon came, and saw by the sad faces that they had already heard the news. He gave them the particulars just related, and then bade them be hopeful. Told them that the death of the "sport" would be a blessing to the town—that the doctor did not say death was *sure* to follow, and that before long his friend might come

back to Winnipeg without being molested. To Milly he spoke no words of endearment, but their looks, their actions, the tone of voice with which they addressed each other, told the tale of mutual affection better than words. When he left, they were more hopeful and felt the truth that "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

Day after day passed and no news came from Broggs until near winter, when his wife received a letter containing money. By the postmark, they knew it came from Kamloops, B.C., but that was all they knew of him.

Broggs meanwhile went to British Columbia, where, for fear of detection, he went to work in the gold mines under the name of Simpson. Among these rough men he was not asked anything of his home, nor why he came there, for many of them had their own reasons for being secret.

He worked like a slave for some months, but scarcely made enough to support himself. Near spring, he and another miner, named Birch, went farther back and staked out a claim. Day after day they dug and delved until at last Broggs was fain to give up, but the hardy Birch would not hear of it and threatened to shoot Joe if he deserted.

At last when they had concluded to give up, Broggs struck a "pocket." Their excitement knew no bounds. They worked like madmen until at last their little mine was exhausted, and they determined to go to civilization, at least for a time.

Their gold was concealed in bags tied under their clothing, and with fire-arms primed, they turned southward for the railroad. As they wearily toiled to the top of one of the many hills of that land, suddenly Birch dropped flat on the ground and called to Broggs to follow his example. Without knowing why, Broggs did the same, and his companion said, "Simpson, them is Indians; if they see us, we are done for." "Where?" asked Broggs. "To the so'-ward of ye—thar." "But they haven't seen us—" "Can't say, pard, we'll know soon enough."

As they crept nearer the summit, a party of Indians were seen, encamped in the valley by the edge of the stream.

"Simpson," said Birch, "we'll have to wait for night, and if their dogs do not scent us we may escape them."

Night came slowly on, and the two started warily on their march. They took much longer than they otherwise would, for they feared arousing the dogs. Just as they came to the edge of the stream, the loud baying of the dogs told them that they were discovered. They hastily dashed into the water and Broggs was making for the opposite shore, when his companion took hold of him and said, "Is your wits gone, pard? I tell you, we must follow the stream."

Hastily rolling a log into the river, the miner put his arm around it, keeping his body on the opposite side to the bank on which the Indians were encamped. The Indians were astir and their quick eyes soon told them that their prey was human. With a whoop they came to the place our heroes embarked, and began examining the ground to see which way they went. One brave seeing the log floating down stream, shot at it. Then they listened, but no sound was heard. Birch whispered to his companion that his hand was shot through, but he could still hold on.

On rounding the curve, they could hear the noise of rapids, but they determined to risk them rather than the savages who were after them. The Indians seeing the log approach the rapids and no stir

about it, went to search up the stream, while our two friends went silently on to their death should they go over the falls. The raft was in the swift current and whirled round and round. Down—down they go. But they now arise to the situation. They climb one on each side of the log, waiting until some chance brought them near shore—a slender hope indeed. Broggs, at last, lost his hold, and in his efforts to regain it, felt the bottom. "Birch, old fellow, let go the log and walk out," said he in joy.

They were soon wading against a strong current to shore. Safe—with another lease of life.

Nothing more happened to interrupt them on the way and they soon reached civilization. With a grasp of the hand and a fervent "good luck to ye," from Birch, they parted, never to meet again.

Broggs made his way to Winnipeg, where he found the "sport" sporting as gayly as ever. With joy and thankfulness, he made his way to his little home of the past. How changed. Signs of poverty about but not in his cottage. Who lived there? He rapped and an old man came to the door. To his question, he answered, "Mrs. Broggs lives with her son-in-law in yon fine house."

We will only say that Broggs prospered. He bought and sold property—became wealthy and respected—a good citizen and a loving husband.

About the happy days that followed, we will say nothing, but leave the reader to imagine a fine house surrounded by trees and lawns, an elderly lady and gentleman going out for a drive, a young girl of sixteen waving her handkerchief after them. The young lady is Em—little Em, who fell some years ago on the floor of the House of Refuge.

Alex. and Milly are happy. Long may they remain so, and may their little chubby son, Joseph, try to lead an evener life than his grandfather, Joe Broggs.

Visiting the old home some time after this, Mr. Broggs showed me a large frame, in which were worked in threads of gold the words, "Never Too Late to Mend." Said Joe, "That is my motto," and, say we, may Providence whisper into the ears of the many Joe Broggs of our land, "Turn to the path of right, for it is NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

THE END.



A Thanksgiving Story.

It was in the flush and glow of a gorgeous sunset that you might have seen the dark form of the Pitkin farm-house rising on a green hill against the orangesky.

The red house, with its overhanging canopy of elm, stood out like an old missal picture done on a gold ground.

Through the glimmer of the yellow twilight might be seen the stacks of dry corn-stalks and heaps of golden pumpkins in the neighboring fields, from which the slow oxen were bringing home a cart well laden with farm produce.

It was the hour before supper time, and Biah Carter, the deacon's hired man, was leaning against a fence, waiting for his evening meal; indulging the while in a stream of conversational wisdom which seemed to flow all the more freely from having been dammed up through the labors of the day. Biah was, in those far distant times of simplicity