

The Rose of Wentworth

It was several days before he came to himself sufficiently to realize anything of what had happened to him, and then he was greatly surprised to hear all about him strange voices speaking an unknown tongue, and to find himself guarded by a stately, grave-visaged red man.

He questioned him regarding his situation, but the Indian could not, or pretended he could not, understand anything that he said.

All his wants and needs, however, were most kindly attended to; he was nourished with delicious broths, made from venison and wild game; cooling drinks, prepared from some kind of fruit, were always on hand, and some one constantly near the tribe paid him daily visits, examining into the state of his injuries, rubbing and anointing him in a most thorough manner, and then departing, uttering a series of grunts, satisfactory or otherwise, as the case might be.

Thus several weeks passed by, and Wil was chained to that couch of skins by weakness and his broken limbs. It was very tedious, very trying, to be thus bound, not only hand and foot, for a weight had been attached to his foot to keep him in a proper position, but to be tongue-tied, also. He was anxious, of course, to communicate with his party, for he knew that they must be in great distress on his account, but it was impossible, for not a word or a gesture which did not point to his bodily comfort was apparently comprehended, and there, in the heart of the wilderness, miles and miles away from any signs of civilization, he was obliged to bear his helplessness with what patience he could.

He was sore and lame from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; the condition of his broken leg would not admit of any but a reclining position, and with nothing to pass away the time, or no one to speak a word to him, it is not to be wondered at that he grew heart sick and almost despondent.

One day he lay in his wigwam alone, thinking sadly of home and his friends, longing for the sound of his father's hearty voice, for the touch of his mother's hand upon his fevered forehead, and a smile of affection from his beloved one, and feeling very rebellious over his hard lot, when he suddenly became conscious that a pair of sharp, black eyes were peering in upon him from between the curtains of his wigwam, and evidently watching him with the keenest interest.

He made a gesture of impatience and turned his face away, but he was in a mood to have the slightest thing irritate him, and it was unpleasant to be thus spied upon and examined as if he were some unwholesome curiosity. But the object of his aversion, instead of disappearing upon being discovered, parted the curtains and stepped boldly within his wigwam.

It was a young Indian, of perhaps twenty-five years, tall, straight as an arrow, and graceful in every movement of his lithe body as a young forest tree.

His face was bright and intelligent, and beamed with a kindly expression as he gazed down upon the young man before him, while the profusion of wampum which he wore proclaimed him to be a person of considerable importance in the tribe.

Will did not attempt to speak to him, for he believed that it would be useless as his previous efforts to make himself understood, but to his surprise the young man addressed him in very good English.

"Is the paleface better? Are his wounds healing?" he asked, and Wil was delighted to hear his mother-tongue once more that his face brightened like magic, and he answered with all the courtesy of which he was master.

"Yes, thank you, I am better, though, of course, I am still helpless on account of my broken bones," he replied, while his keen eyes seemed to be studying the worn, though still handsome countenance of the stranger.

"The paleface may be thankful that he is here, even with broken bones," he said, briefly.

"That is so," Wil answered, contentedly, "for I could talk with none but you people have given me very kind care, and I am very grateful." The young brave's face relaxed a trifle, as if the appreciative words had pleased him.

"I have been very lonely," Wil continued, "for I could talk with none but you people have given me very kind care, and I am very grateful." The young brave's face relaxed a trifle, as if the appreciative words had pleased him.

"How far are we from a white settlement?" Wil inquired, anxious to learn something regarding his situation.

The Indian frowned slightly. "Ten days' march for the red man, fifteen days' march for the paleface," he replied, tersely.

Will sighed heavily. That meant many, many miles from civilization. There was no help for him, except from some such quarter, and he might be in the hands of a band of hostile savages.

"Would one of your braves carry a letter to the nearest postoffice for me?" he asked, after a moment of thought.

"Ugh! Isn't the paleface comfortable?" the Indian demanded, with a quick flash of his eyes, as possible under the circumstances; but my friends will be very anxious about me, and I wish to relieve them of their suspense."

"Paleface use big words; poor Indian no see," was the somewhat scornful rejoinder. "But," pointing to the hand-drawn arrow, "how can he make a letter?"

"Oh, I could manage with my other hand to let them know that I am not dead, as I know they must believe me," Wil said.

The brave shrugged his shoulders. "Ugh, too warm for Indian to go to village," and the chief goes north as the sun gets higher."

"North? Does that mean farther away?" Wil asked, with a sinking heart.

"It means to the heart of the cool forest, where the hot sun does not burn, where the trees are greenest and the wild bird's songs are sweetest," answered the Indian, with kindling eyes; then turning abruptly he left the tent.

Will saw nothing of him again for more than a week, and he began to fear that he had offended him by his request; but one morning he appeared to him as suddenly as before, bearing in his strong hand a quaint little basket, made from the bark of the white birch, and filled with delicious strawberries, which he silently presented to him.

Will thanked him with his brightest smile, then with tact lured him to talk for half an hour or more, while he ate the fruit.

He said not a word this time about sending letters to his friends, for he feared to drive him away as before, but he indicated feelingly that it was a subject which would have to be handled with great delicacy.

[To be Continued.]

The Medical Press and Circular has learned that, so long as skit bands helplessly, a victim of nervous disorders, consists of stiff material should be worn.

Though apparently sudden and frequently unexpected, nervous prostration or exhaustion is in reality months in developing, and can always be prevented by one who is keen in detecting the symptoms.

Nervous Prostration

The one feature of nervous prostration which is universal and unmistakable is the indisposition on the part of the patient to attend to the duties of the day. All energy, all ambition seems to be gone and you are unable to throw off the feelings of fatigue and depression.

You are nervous and irritable, cannot rest or sleep, are sensitive to noise and light, suffer from headache and indigestion, find your memory failing and cannot concentrate your mind, are troubled by weaknesses and irregularities of the vital organs, and live in constant dread of paralysis, locomotor ataxia or insanity.

Nervous diseases do not get well of themselves, and hence the necessity of using some such preparation as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to enrich the blood and revitalize the wasted nerve cells.

Opiates may bring temporary relief and stimulants whip the tired nerves to over-exertion, but to make thorough and lasting cures there is no medicine comparable to this great discovery of Dr. Chase.

The extraordinary restorative power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is well illustrated in the case of Mrs. Myles, which is recorded below. Gradually and naturally it forms new tissues and builds up the system until health, strength and vigor replace weakness and disease. You can test this great food cure by noting your increase in weight while using it.



MRS. JOHN MYLES, SEN.

am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself, to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Is sold by all dealers at the advertised price of 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price by Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of his remedies.

PITTSBURG WON THE FOURTH OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES

Defeated Boston by a Score of 5 to 4—The 2:10 Horse—Results of the Races.

BASEBALL.

PITTSBURG BEAT BOSTON.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 6.—The first game on the home grounds of the world's championship series between Pittsburg and Boston was played today, resulting in a victory for the local team by 5 to 4. Philippi again pitched for Pittsburg, and again was his great work mainly responsible for the downfall of the American champions. For Boston Dineen was hit rather hard at times. Boston did not score until the fifth, when singles gave them one run. In the ninth a series of hits netted them three runs. The series now stands three to one in favor of Pittsburg Score:

Pittsburg.....10 0 0 0 1 3 0—5 12 1
Boston.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 3—4 9 1
He replied, tersely.

Batteries—Philippi and Phelps; Dineen and Origer. Umpires, O'Day and Connolly. Attendance, 7,600.

INTER-LEAGUE GAMES.

At Philadelphia—Philadelphia (American) 14, Philadelphia (National) 11. At Chicago—Chicago (National) 5, Chicago (American) 2.

At Cincinnati—The Cincinnati Nationals defeated the Cleveland Americans 2 to 1, being the third game of the series, here today.

At St. Louis—St. Louis (American) 10, St. Louis (National) 2.

YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.

At Morris Park—Prince Ching (Cochran), 6 to 5 and 3 to 5; Almazon (Hendry), 6 to 1 and 2 to 1; Green Crest (Burns), 6 to 5 and 3 to 5; Grenade (Neil), 6 to 5 and 2 to 5; Conundrum (Fuller), Coughnawaga (Odom), even and 1 to 2.

At St. Louis—The Four Hundred, 6 to 2; Lamay, 10 to 1; Sting, 5 to 1; Two Lick, 9 to 2; Mendon, 9 to 5; Last Star, 11 to 1.

At Worth—Alma Dufoer, 7 to 5; Domagala, 11 to 1; Byways, 3 to 1; Delagosa, even; Lampton, 2 to 1; Dunganon, 2 to 1.

At Highland Park—Never Pret (Adams), 7 to 10; Cheberigan (Munro), 2 to 1; Queen of Dixiana (Adams), 4 to 1; Baffled (Donovan), 7 to 1; Drummond (Mountain), 8 to 5; Tremis (Feicht), 19 to 1.

At Napanee (trotting)—Von Sirins, Red Pat, Rob Roy.

PASTEST TWO-YEAR-OLD.

Totara, 2:17½, by Blingen, 2:06½, dam Nowaday, 2:14½, by Lookaway, 2:22½. Son of Look, he by Nutwood, 2:18½, is the fastest 2-year-old trotter of the year, and an analysis of her pedigree shows that she is bred in her top crosses to both Electioneer and George Wilkes, in the male line, with a line to Nutwood through the sire of her dam, this making her dam Totara gets the old-fashioned Morgan cross found in many of our good trotters for that name was by Herod, 2:24½, by King Herod, by Sherman Black, Hawley.

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REDUCTION OF THE RECORDS.

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DEVELOPMENT IN SPEED.

The following list shows what remarkable development in speed has been attained during the last few years:

TROTTERS.
Lou Dillon, ch. m., by Sidney Dillon, 2:00.
Billy Buck, b. g., by St. Clair, 2:00½.
Almazon, b. g., by George St. Clair, 2:00½.
Kinney Lou, b. h., by McKimney, 2:00½.
Gillon, b. m., by Cyl. Kuser's, 2:00½.
Jay McGregor, b. h., by Jay Hawker, 2:00½.
Swift, b. g., by Antonio, 2:00½.
Lewthorpe, b. m., by Jay Bird, 2:00½.
Massetto, blk. g., by Constantine, 2:00½.
Autheors, blk. m., by Autograph, 2:00½.
O'Day, b. m., by Baid Dillon, 2:00½.
Alie Wood, b. h., by Alie Wilkes, 2:00½.
George Muscovite, b. h., by Muscovite, 2:00½.
Prancer Greenlander, br. g., by Greenlander, 2:00½.
Rowell, br. g., by Brown Hal, 2:00½.

PACERS.
Major C. b. g., by Coastman, 2:04.
Tom Keene, ch. g., by West Egbert, 2:04½.
Frank Wilson, b. g., by Gambrell, 2:05½.
Beausant, b. h., by Bow Bells, 2:05½.
Clayton, b. m., by Clay King, 2:05½.
Star Hal, br. h., by Brown Hal, 2:05½.
Merry Master, b. m., by Quartermaster, 2:05½.
Pauline G. b. m., by Commoher, 2:07½.
Miss Willamont, b. m., by Bostick's, 2:07½.
Onota, b. m., by Online, 2:07½.
Strathline, b. g., by Online, 2:07½.
Clayton, br. m., by Clay King, 2:07½.
Pan Michael, ch. h., by Boreal, 2:07½.
Armored, b. m., by Barney Wilkes, 2:07½.
Clayton, br. m., by Clay King, 2:07½.
Madara, ch. g., by Simmons, 2:08.
Al Bock, blk. h., by Nutwood, 2:08½.
Dirt, b. g., by John R. Galt, 2:08½.
Donna McGregor, br. m., by Roddy McGregor, 2:08½.
Dirt, b. g., by John R. Galt, 2:08½.
Trilly Direct, blk. m., by Direct, 2:08½.
Mush, b. g., by Lottery Ticket, 2:08½.
Clayton, br. m., by Clay King, 2:08½.
Hal Chaffin, mr. c., by Brown Hal, 2:08½.
Olive Wood, br. g., by Norwood, 2:08½.
Kling Direct, blk. c., by Barney Wilkes, 2:08½.
Sue Baron, ch. m., by Baron Bel, 2:09½.
Geary, ch. h., by Five Points, 2:09½.
John, b. m., by Nelson, 2:09½.
Theron Powers, b. h., by H. Hall, 2:10.
Wilkes, b. m., by Barney Wilkes, 2:10.

THE INVITATION TOURNAMENT.
The invitation tournament, to be held at Morris Park, Oct. 10, will be the first of the season. It is a tournament of the year, and an analysis of her pedigree shows that she is bred in her top crosses to both Electioneer and George Wilkes, in the male line, with a line to Nutwood through the sire of her dam, this making her dam Totara gets the old-fashioned Morgan cross found in many of our good trotters for that name was by Herod, 2:24½, by King Herod, by Sherman Black, Hawley.

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Mush, b. g., by Lottery Ticket, 2:08½.
Clayton, br. m., by Clay King, 2:08½.
Hal Chaffin, mr. c., by Brown Hal, 2:08½.
Olive Wood, br. g., by Norwood, 2:08½.
Kling Direct, blk. c., by Barney Wilkes, 2:08½.
Sue Baron, ch. m., by Baron Bel, 2:09½.
Geary, ch. h., by Five Points, 2:09½.
John, b. m., by Nelson, 2:09½.
Theron Powers, b. h., by H. Hall, 2:10.
Wilkes, b. m., by Barney Wilkes, 2:10.

THE INVITATION TOURNAMENT.
The invitation tournament, to be held at Morris Park, Oct. 10, will be the first of the season. It is a tournament of the year, and an analysis of her pedigree shows that she is bred in her top crosses to both Electioneer and George Wilkes, in the male line, with a line to Nutwood through the sire of her dam, this making her dam Totara gets the old-fashioned Morgan cross found in many of our good trotters for that name was by Herod, 2:24½, by King Herod, by Sherman Black, Hawley.

Totara has no near infusions of thoroughbred blood, but she is to all appearances a victim of nervous disorders, and the turf has known. She got her record in her first race and trotted

to it so easily that she seems almost sure to beat 2:15 later on.

In the aged division of trotters and pacers about the only world's record that still remains untouched is that for trotting stallions. Lou Dillon has reduced the record for trotting mares from 2:03½ to 2:00. Major Delmar has reduced the record for trotting geldings to 2:00. Dan Patch has reduced the record for pacing stallions from 1:53