flap who was throwing bimself about like

jumping-jack.
"Well done, Dougherty!" cried Dick.
"Oh! Oh! Oh! You whistle too loud!"

gasped the chief, jumping like a turkey on a hot tin stove. "Oh! whistle him little.

"Nonsense man, you're only warming to it.

on them, and hang them up on your tent-pole for the honour of Old Bingen."

the panniers dasaed toward where the hors

his capering victim's weapons. Dornarmed himself from the abundance

of Buffalo Horn's party were picketed, threw

bout where they were thrown by the si

one look back at the dancing chief, arou

hoofs and seeing the two wonder-workers

workers; but what were mules against mus

tangs as fleet as the wind? Bullets might have overtaken the fugitives in happier times,

but there was not a hand in camp fit to aim

or fire a gun. The medicinally afflicted had

enough to do to take care of themselves, and

whether their trigger fingers were made of

went to the earth on the broad of his back.

party by the side of the nearly fatal cataract

CHAPTER XXXII.

RICE THE LIBERATOR-BETRAYED ONCE MORE

-LASSOED IN THE DARK.

restored to health by the skill of Dr. Dick Nelson, riding eastward with a party of

Mexicans and half-breeds, of whom Interpr

being borne off by the wild and jealous In

dian girl O-wais-sa.

Kit had got separated from his party by

one of the accidents inseparable from the

by the purest chance with thi cavalcade, and

with them, to his joy, he discovered the girl

that the suspected and irrepressible Rice was

iberator from captivity with the Apaches

The story of desperate fight and triumphant

rescue was just the same as before ; but, un-

fortunately, the girl this time believed it, and considered that her everlasting gratitude was

with anything but pleasant looks, and it was

likely that only an occasion was waited for

put an everlasting end to the rivatry.

until either he or one of his cut-throats would

f his love by her possession, and his desire to

and marry her before he could seize the lands.

to the set lements, she was always on his side

and at last absolutely insisted on accepting

Kit's guidance. This was wormwood and gal

uspicion, but saw nothing unusual in his

manner, and he was still more pleasurably

surprised when the line of march was ordered

stickled the night before. He might have

"Yes, the enemy, Captain Kit! This is the

"The gallant Kausas Kit does not fear the

ronged the half breed after all.

due to Rice for her freedom from thraldom

toward whom his heart had gone forth;

cissitudes of life in the wilds and fallen i

ter Rice is ostensibly the leader.

A couple after of weeks our last we find Kit.

who, on her last appearance in-or,

agony and the height of his mental

braves of the astonished paw didn't know

tull flight.

ing sunward.

savages sick.

whom a crowd of almiring invalids had

gathered, looking upon his pitiful yells and

Dormon

Then the two experimentalists bowed in

Me dance well 'nuff now. Oh! Oh!

The Agent's Daughter

OR * SCIENCE * AGAINST * SAVAGE * FORCE

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MAGIC BOWL-A "SHOCKING" TRICK-THE WONDER DANCE.

It was a joyful moment for both Dick and Dormouse when the knife of an obedient warrior severed their bonds and allowed them to shake their benumbed limbs once more. for both, especially the professor, had suffered greatly during the days they had lain in their

The thought of flight was in both their minds, but as they looked around their chances seemed slim enough, for although the majority of the inhabitants were bors d combat, there still remained too many hale and hearty ones to give them the shadow of These must be put on the sick list too, and that before the chief was started on his But how to accomplish this Dick s fertile brain could not at the moment

"Great Chief!" he said, with a deer salaam, "while your preposterous greatness is putting on the never-to-be-prized-to-the-full-extent-of-their-value slippers, I and my slave, Flipflap, of celestial renown, will do some wonder-working for the amusement of your hifalutin highness and the utter astonishment of the rest of mankind. First we'll give you a touch of the airy, by the way of show-ing you that we're all hunk with the spirits. Hark! I hear an angel sing!"

At the hint Dormouse, glad to expand his compressed lungs and stomach by ventrilo quism, sent a singing voice hovering in the air above the heads of the chief and his council, who threw back their heads and gazed upward in wonder and enjoyment. Dick benefitted by this removal of their attention to tumble all his effects back into the panniers from which they had been taken, unnoticed by the Indians. Then bringing his galvanic battery from the place where it had lain since the resurrection of Black Bear. h set it in operating order behind where the

'That's enough of the airy," he said, waving his hand in the direction of the floating yoice, and, of course, the voice instantly stopped, so the great wonder of the savages. "Now." he continued, "I will show the great chief some of the fun of the fiery east. Get me a crock of water and a mat.'

They brought the articles and he placed the crock on the mat before the chief, and having and put the end of the other into the water in the crock, he took a very large Mexican silver soin from his pocket, and held it up to the avaricious eyes of the savages, which glistened at the sight. They would have slaughtered a whole village for such a prize.
"This you see, warriors and chiefe, I throw

into this crock of water." He suited the action to the word, and many a greedy eye followed the plumping coin. Dick glanced to the rear of the chief, and

saw that Dormouse was already at the battery, then he went on in his showman style Now the brave who can put his hand down in this water and pick up this coin as ! do, will be the richest ragamutfin in Apache land-for he can keep it."

H. put his hand down in the water, held up the coin, and then threw it in again. Many a brown hand itched to clutch it, but one important warrior pushed the rest aside, and striding forward with the dignity of Hercules, stepped upon the mat. At that moment Dormouse let on the full power of the battery.

The warrior stooped his stately form,

viewed the coveted prize, and plunged his hand in the water, but with a horrible roar he sprang three feet in the air, and flad from the s ot at a two-forty rate, shaking his paw like a woun ed bear. bursts of laughter

mirgle about equally, and the wonder was increased when Dick stepped forward, and Dormouse having broken the connection, lifted the piece from the water, and held it up, it in again.

-Another brave bore down on the mysterion crock with a look that seemed to say, "who's afraid," and plunged his arm to the elbow. A pigeon from a spring trap was never shot into the air more beautifully, and no famished tiger ever excelled his roar. He too departed flying leaps like a kargaroo, shaking the benumbed member piteously with a melodious howl at every shake. Dick repeated his exemplification of how

easy it was to be done, and a third lovely brunette in pursuit of riches walked up to the scratch laughing at the cowardice of his pre-decessors, who were "afraid a leetle cold water, ugh!" Did you ever see a dying squirrel trying to evade the pounce of a hawk? Well, that's the way that anxious irer went. Descending from the altitude of his first frightened leap in a slanting line ploughing up the earth with his warlike nose, and travelling off on all fours like a rheumatic rabbit, for his terror had made his legs as useless as his snocked hand. But another followed, and another and

another, until there was hardly a wigwam in the village that hadn't a big idiot sitting sucking his paw like a hibernating animal.

Buffalo Horn had watched this succession of brilliant retreats with great enjoyment, but when there were no more victims his mirth turned to anger that his braves should He advanced to the crock and at a wink

from Dick the professor stopped the current. The chief thrust his hand in gallantly—re moved the coin, and waved it above his head So much was he elated over this success that he immediately demanded the commencement of his dancing lessons in the magic shoes, and his teachers were nothing oth to begin, for the time was very favour able, their being few Indians near them but those that were afflicted. Dick knelt at the chief's feet to adjust the

fastenings of the magic slippers. He tied the stout laces in hard knots so that the victim could by no possibility tear them off, and erceived by the dignified pupil, he attached the wires of the battery to the small wire staples in the heels of the shoes. ow. great chief," he said, "I will whistle the music that the magic slippers are ase to, and Flipflap will show you more steps than thre are in a forty-foot ladder.'

They had proceeded for some distance, the sun was high and bright, and Kit and Ruth With that he went to the battery, and Flip were forgetting suspicions and dangers in the flap sprang out in tront of the astonished small talk that love sick people affect, when chief with a back somersault and a bounce. suddenly from behind a wooded hill, at a short distance to the eastward, dashed a party Dick began to whistle, the professor to dance in a fantastic, leg-dislocating manner, and the chief tried to imitate him with the ease of Indian horsemen. They swept out into the valley and reined in as if they had not exof an elephant. He had common sens enough, however, to know that his imitation "The enemy, as I expected !" exclaimed

was viliainously bad. "Magic slippers no make me dance any better than before," he said, huffishly "They will though," said Dick, putting of the slightest ripple of current. "Wait til

music gets into them."
'I feel him! He in him now!" roared enemy's country," replied the other, flushing; then in a low speering tone : the chief, delightedly, as he felt the pleasant tickling on his goodly soles. enemy, does he?"

It'll be far nicer than that," said Dick, com "Fear!" cried Kit, enraged. "I fear ing to the front. "But I do wouder what is the matter? Half the quantity of such treachery.' All men know the Kiowas and Apaches whistling as that should have been enough to are treacherous," said Rice, with a grim make a pair of empty brogues dance. Ah, I see, Great Chief. You have firearms in your belt. That's it. You must lay them aside or you'll never learn to dance."

The terpsichorean chief readily parted with "A half-and-half knows better than all

men!" cried Kit, savagely.
"Captain Kit," Rice commenced, livid with rage, but his words were cut short by a volley of rifle shots from the Indians, which weapons sooner than remain unaccom-hed in the light fantastic toe, and Dick whistled harmlessly over their heads. " Half the men follow me—the rest protect Miss Brandon!" cried Rice, drawing a pistol; then ook good care to place them at a sate distance anic current was gradually increased, and chief began to ieel the caper-producing to Kansas Kit, hissing the sounds through his clenched teeth : tingle in a very lively degree. At first he tit ered and giggled like a gir., jamping from foot to foot and waving his arms like a mandarin. Then he yelped in breathless ecstasy, and tried to come the fancy touches of Flip-"When we have time to fight, Captain Kit I'll kill you for that word 'half-and-half." Now come if you dare and show who loves As he said these words, with the knuckles

of his bridle-hand he struck Kit a sharp blov across the face, cried aloud to his horse and was away, followed by one-half his men. Kit had intended to stick to Ruth at all hazards, had intended to stick to Ruth at all hazards, but now, with cheek flushed and blood boiling in every vein, he dashed on after the insolent half breed. As the parties appreached each other there were more hardless shots from the Indians answered by a harmless volley from the white men. Then the Indians turned tail and ran. Kansas Kit with all his suspicions confirmed, leveled his rifle and fired. One of the Indians fell dead from his horse, and immediately his fellows returned furiously to the fight. v to the fight. Kansas Kit found himself surrounded by all

bat, and white man and Kiowa whirled before nim like the dancers in the waltz. Then distant shouts assailed his ear-a wild scream pierces the air, and he cate limpse of mounted men bursting from a pas between the hills. Betrayed! behrayed! He sees it all! Fearful are his efforts to cut his way from the melee in which he is entan-gled. He is wounded and confused, and now

the clatter and clash of a hand-to-hand com

The band and the dancing master will take the liberty of retiring for refreshments and before the furious sweep of his clubbed gur fall white and red, all—all—are foes! leaving you to your diversion. Good-day, Great Chief. When you get tired wipe the soles of the slippers if there's any soles leit Nearly free—a crushing blow on the head-with an effort he steadies himself in his stirrups—one blow of his weapon at his as-sailant—then, his dim eyes filling with blood, ake in a picture of a ghastly face turned to the sky-he recognizes the features of Rice-and he thunders along the valley followed by front of the roaring, romping chief, whose every leap was now a yard high, and seizing the riderless horse of his half breed rival.

He finds, with dismay, that Ruth and her captors have vanished. No sign of them anywhere is visible. Reeling in his seat, sick and faint from loss of blood, he urges his horse toward the pass in the hills from which he had seen the ambush issue. They are lost in the winding hills, but his blood-blinded the baskets over the best looking horse in the party, which Dick mounted, armed with Indians, and having cut the tethers of the other norses he stampeded all but one, then he also mounted and they dashed off, casting eyes are too dim to follow a quick flying trail and he is forced to seek for water to bath his wound and dress it in the best style in his

This causes great delay, and the day is far

wild contortions as demonstrations of the highest enjoyment. The defeated braves advanced when again he takes up the nearly hopeless pursuit. He knows well that Rice rushed forth from the wigwams with their has been in league with the Indians, and that galvanized paws in their mouths to see the now despairing of gaining the love of The first indications they got of how Brandon, he has in all likelihood had her the land lay were hearing the thunder of borne off to some of the Kiowa strongholds where no hand could save her. But he re nembered the pale, upturned face of the "Kill him! Catch him!" shricked the illain, and had every hope that his blow had chief, and the warriors and chiefs rushed as been fatal. He was almost tempted to ride back to the spot and make sure of this, but one man to do his bidding.

But the killing depended upon the catching. thought of the delay it would cause in his pursuit hindered him from doing so. and there wasn't a four-footed animal in the ranch but the two mules of the wonder

Toward nightfall the trail, which was vell marked one, led in among wooded hills, nd great care became necessary in advancing. At last the daylight died out and gave pla o a calm night, with a bright starry sky, and became wise for him to seek a convenient place to pass the night.

Approaching the base of a rather precipi

tous height for this purpose, he thought he heard a no se before him differing from the chalk or cheese.

The chief, in the intensity of his physical slight rustle of the leaves, and he leaned for ward listening intently.

With the instantaneous effect of a flash of as magic-slipper dancers invariably do, and ightning a blaze sprung up on the hillside, lay howling, with his galvanized legs quivers if caused by the ignition of loose gunpow

ler on a stone. That night Dormouse and Dick were rough-r challenged as they rode chattingly along ne edge of a foam-flecked rapid, and a mo-He knew the object of this immediately nd turned his horse's head for flight. The nickness of his action defeated, or at least ment after after they were in the midst of friends, and Dick was putting his medical elayed a catastrophe, for as he dashed off rapidly on the route he had come, something skill to a more legitimate use than making passed behind his head with a whirring snap They had fallen in with Kansas Kit and his and struck upon the crupper of his horse. I

> On he thundered as swiftly as his horse could bear him, but others were thundering just as swiftly in his rear, He looked back but ould not see them owing to the feeble light the stars afforded between the hills.

He could only judge their whereabouts by the sounds, and leveling his revolver in that irection he opened fire. A wild cry and a hundering fall told the luck of his shot But just as he was firing a second he heard Strange company for him, the reader will think; but it is explained by the presence of yonder gray-robed female figure. It is Ruth he hiss of the lariat above his head-felt i ighten crushingly around his arms and body was plucked from his saddle and dragged so swiftly along the ground that the bright star-looked like white streaks upon the sky, rather, disappearance from—these pages, was

CHAPTER XXXIII COMPANY IN DEATH-NO HOPE-O-WAIS-SA'S

ng lasso, the heavy fail from his horse, and he rapid start, took the breath from Kansas joy was considerably damped at finding Kit, as well it might, but in a few seconds h off the dizziness that was seizing uron him Luckily the ground was smooth and grassyhad it been rough or stony, at the frightful peed he was dragged, he would have been torn to pieces.

By a chance as fortunate as it was wonder ul his pistol hand had escaped the lariat, and Rice had tolerated the presence of his rival still clutched the revolver he was in the act of firing when he was noosed. He ran the thumb of this hand along the lasso, pointed the pistol in the direction of the tightened

Gloria! The thunder of the horses' feet must not, for the sake of Rice's plans, be made known to the girl herself.

Those objects of Rice's were the satisfying went on, but the line loosened and a heavy fall told the tale. To loosen the lasso and spring to his feet was short work, but be rich. The girl was the only child of the little room had he to run, for, as if he had murdered Quaker agent, and of course the heir of the large land grants which her father had received for government services. True sprung from the bosom of the earth, he was surrounded and set upon by both dogs and men, and in an instant was being borne through the dark pass on the shoulders of the girl was bodily in his power, but too many knew that: he must gain her good will running savages, while the patter of dogs' ieet behind them, and their howling for his This gratitude of hers towards him gave him blood sounded horribly in his ear.

opes. But Kit's influence had outweighed By the speed at which his captors ran he his, and in the objections of the scout to the track taken as leading out of the direct way judged they could not have far to go and he was right, for being borne face up he soon saw dusky glare on the trees before him and heard the asual velping of curs, lowing of cattle, and human chattering belonging to to Mr. Rice, and he took no pains to hide large Indian encampment.

That night Kit felt very unneasy, as if from him heavily to the ground in the light of a large camp fire. A wild chorus of derisive presentiment of evil, and after they had en in camp some time, he got up and walked and triumphant cheers greeted his appearance around among the group of sleeping men, but and a circle of grinning, mocking faces and the light of the fire did not show him the face wild, inquisitive eyes gathered around him. of Rice. This deepened his fear of treachery and betrayal—but what could he do single-He tried to sit up, but was pushed back again by the mocassined foot of one of the Inhanded against a score? He did not tell his fears to Ruth—it was useless to torture her dians, and the usual idiotic laughter followed this fine Indian joke: then the regular tauntwith more anxiety—but he passed a restless ing of the squaws and the mud pellets of the night. The morning dawned and Rice was in the usual place ordering the preparations for children were taken up to make the time pass pleasantly, as it did, to the savages at least Kit watched all his rival's movements with

for the space of half an hour.

At that time these civilties suddenly ceased and the crowd made way to let some important personage pass, and it must be acknowledged that the brave Kit's heart jumped as h the direction for which he himself had saw the lofty figure and stern face of his enemy Lone Wolf, towering above him. He had les hope of mercy or escape from this accom-plished and half-civilized pet of the whites than he had from the most untamable red skin that ever turned up his nose at a govern-

ment invitation.
"Ugh, Kit. Ha! ha! The Apaches couldn't kill you. They left that for Lone Wolf. Good. I'm glad, I'll kill you nice, Kit, the dog, will not die alone, he will have some one to talk to. He will burn side by side with the big fellow in the clothes made of ropes, that laughs when he talks and fights Kit, in an angry, bitter tone, accompanied by with his fists. Bring the other, and let them a glance at the half breed which there was no

howl together like two wolves. At the order several Indians came toward them dragging a kicking, struggling figure, and with a feeling of pain Kansas Kit recog-nized Corduroy Mike. They threw him down in front of the second stake, and as he sprang o his feet again he recognized Kit, and cried al ud, in a tone of grief :

"Oh, Kit, have they grabbed you, too? Too bad! too bad! I was in hopes that you were free." "I am sad and sorry to see you here. Mike." said Kit; "and to think that it is in a manner

my fault. I cannot hope myself, and cannot hold out any hope to you, of getting out of this. This fellow is too knowing—too vindictive-to give us a chance to escape. He i too well acquainted with the movements of the military to encamp so securely within reaching distance of them."

"Whist, man dear," never throw up your hand," cried Mike, in a hoarse whisper.
"The Wolf seems to have it all his own way
has there's money bid for us yet. We

now, but there's money bid for us yet. We heard before I parted from the rest, and

allowed myself to be gobbled up like a frog,

were afther Misther Lone Wolf, with the longest sabers the regulations allow."
"I hope it is true," said Kit. "But it can be of little advantage to us as he threatens immediate execution. How did they catch you—where are the rest?"

I was reconnoitering-on a trail." What trail?" "Her's—Miss Brandon's."
"Miss Brandon! Why, I am not parted irom her many hours—we were betrayed— "I know it all. We attacked the party

that seized her, but they were too many for us. So all we could do was to follow and oberve where they took her. And where is she?" 'Here! in one of the wigwams beyant."

"Thank Heaven, then," cried Kit, fervent-Killed who?" Rice— the villain from whom all her

ubles and ours have come.' Then by my word, he's the worst killed man I iver clapped eyes on. I saw him making love like a drunken sojer not half an hour Not dead ?" cried Kit, in astonishment,

"There isn't a dead bone in his body. Though to be sure his face is artistically ornamented." At this moment Indians came bearing arms all of sticks and twigs, and threw them down in a heap near where the others were erecting the stakes. This ominous action silenced both men for a minute, but Kit when asked where the others of his party were. It was evident that his knowledge of the

proximity of the girl in the power of his rillamous rival shook his fortitude in this The professor and the rest are near at hand. Dick is off like the wind toward where the military were last seen. Never drop your head, Kit, my man. It'll be hard if they on't do something among them to help us out

of this scrape, by either trick or force. "This savage knows too much for trickery—and force will come too late." said Kit, espondently, and as he spoke the last earth was tramped around the posts and they were

dragged forward to be bound.

At suffered this process in silent thoughtfuluess—he had no hope—and a hero hopeless and in love is the dul est of imaginable things. But Corduroy Mike made up for the silence of his companion by his voluble abuse of the Indian executives, giving them the nost ridiculous directions and suggestions in the performance of their duty.

The savages piled the sticks and the brush up about their feet, and while this was going on. Lone Wolf came forward, and with him

"Jaw back to them, Kit," whispered Mike, as he saw them coming. "Gain time. Talk like a major, and so will I." The half-breed's head was bandaged and swollen, and the lower portion of his face was sallowly pale. He paused before Kit with a sickly smile of spite and triumph, and chuckled audibly.
"Captain Kit," he said, "I told you l

would have your life. You tried to beat me in the love race, but you have failed; you tried to take my life, but the 'half-and-half has the best of it, great a name as you have. The lips and tongue that slurred at the Indian blood will be trampled in ashes under he feet of Indians." "You contemptible cur!" cried Kit, "who ave lived all your miserable life licking the white men's feet and grabbing the crumbs

hat fell from their tables, leave me! The ounishment of listening to your snake-like hiss is worse than fire." The eyes of Rice glowed like coals, for alhough the Indians rejoice to hear a brave colder at the stake, the white man in his ature, and his different education, made hi

eel the cut of the insult conveyed in Kit's words to the very core.
"Wait!" he cried, striving to control the assion that was making him tremble like a oplar leaf— wast till the fire is lit before you brag wait til you see Ruth Brandon in my arms, listening to you cowardly screams! That will wring you more than my words or ny snake-like hiss-ha-ha-ha !"

With a low rippling chuckle, somewhat re-sembling the noise of the rattlesnake, he passed on toward where Cordurov was tied at a few feet distant. He needed to say no more to poor Kit; his fiendish words had struck cout's eyes filled with tears, and his head dropped heavily forward on his breast, to the great disappointment of the savages, who had expected quite a "keen encounter of the

You," said Rice to Corduroy Mikeyou have crossed my path, too."
"Oh, thin! and who in the world mad ou path-master in this quarter?"
"You, too, have thwarted me—" "Start me in business again, and I'll put

many thwarts in you as there are in a hip's long-boat. "Silence, you dog!" cried Rice, savagely.
"Thank Heaven, it's not a mongrel I am myhow!" roared Mike, with a laugh that he Indians echoed from mere infection Rice looked anything but inviting at that mo-

"Listen, Irishman!" he said; but the in rruptive Mike broke out again : That's my name—the proudest one

'You kicked me." resumed Rice. "I did, and I never made such a botch ny job in my life. I had to throw away the oot I dirtied on you, and the foot would have gone along with it if I could have spared it at all—at all. Bad manners to that same oot for not doing its work betther; its the nly portion of my body I have no pity for on the present occasion. But just give it nother chance and I bet you a quart o' rum t drives your dirty sowl through the crown

Lone Wolf roared aloud at this, and the Indians chorused his laugh. This set Rice flaming, and he rushed up close to Mike with his "You Irish dog," he roared, "here's a blow

or your kick.' Corduroy Mike was well developed in the natter of mouth, and as the small hand struck his face he seized the back of it between hi teeth as a dog would a bone. Such a wild wailing shriek of pain as burst from the halflips had probably never wakened the echoes of these hills. Mike ctually shook his head to aid the pressure of is jaws in lacerating it, when he did let go of it he spat a portion of the flesh and blood

out on the faggots at his feet. During all this the savages danced and reamed with the greatest delight, and when Rice, who was unarmed, rushed toward everal of them to snatch a weapon for the vengeful execution of Mike they ran away

rom him laughing.
"Let that be a lesson to you, Mister Mongrel," cried Mike, "that krish dogs have a tashion of biting when curs meddle with them. Get me some water, some o'you, quick wash my mouth, or I'll save you the hrouble o' roastin' me by dyin' o' poison. "Light the fires!" reared Rice, in a frenzy f rage. "Light the fires at once."

He rushed to the camp fire himself and plucked from it a blazing brand, and a dozen willing hands followed his example and rushed to ignite the brush heaps around the prisoners. But Lone Wolf wanted to have hi ttie scold too, and ordered them back. Rice, foiled in this for the time, did the

next most fiendish thing, and ru hing to the wigwam where Ruth Brandon was imprisigwam where Ruen bricking girl brutally ned, he dragged the sbricking girl brutally as the forth to the scene of torture. very refinement of cruelty. Every cry she uttered seemed a hot iron plunged into Kit's heart, and his rough companion, with a great hoking heave of the chest, cried aloud:
"Oh, Dick! Dick! why don't you come!"

As soon as Ruth saw Kit she tried to rush toward him, but Rice held her back and shook his bitten hand at the prisoners. Lone Wolf tarted an abusive harangue, piling on the oratorical agony heavily, but in the truer agony of the parties concerned he was annoticed and forgotten. Seeing this he eized a torch from the hand of one of the savages and cast it into the pile at Kit's feet. Rice did the same for Corduroy Mike, and the gleeful savages were preparing to follow up the cue and hasten the conflagration, when a light, youthful figure, flourishing a knife,

seizing the two torches already in the death piles, hurled them far over the heads of the

It was O-wais-sa—the Blue Bird.
"Back! Stop, Kiowas!" she cried, breath-lessly. "You shall not kill them! Back, till "Get away, squaw, get away !" roared Lone Wolf, angrily, trying to throw her aside, but she struck a savage blow at him with a knife and he started back more in astonish

ment than fear.
"Listen, chief—listen, Kiowas!" she cried. "You know the laws the Great Spirit has made for us, and the Great Medicine—Prairie Dog-my father is here to make them plain to you, and tell you what the Great Spirit

Prairie Dog walked forward in all the mys tical trappings of his office, and a murmur from the Indians greeted his magnificent appearance, for he was robed in a manner that only the greatest occasions called for.
"Kiowas!" he said, in a loud, solemn tone listen to the words of Manito through the

nouth of the Great Medicine. O-wais-sa, the daughter of Prairie Dog, 18 a Kiowa maiden who has never smiled upon a warrior to love him or admitted a man to her wigwam. By the laws of the Kiowas, from the finger of lanito a pure maiden can save a prisoner from the fire of death. O-wais-sa claims the white brave of Kansas for her husband. A murmur ran like rumbling thunder over the encampment, and a joyful cry rose from the lips of the stricken Ruth. Lone Wolf

filled him, but when he spoke it was with a roar like a lion,
"It is a cheat to rob me of my vengeance! he cried. "O-wais-sa is an enemy of her people, and has cried her father's heart away so that he makes the law false!"
"The chief lies like a snake!" cried the girl fearlessly. "He makes the law false be-cause his heart creeps into a little corner of his body when he hears the name of the Kan-

was silent for the moment with the rage that

"It is false—a trick! Let the fires be lit!" eried Rice, rushing up beside the furious

"Rice is no Medicine—what does he know of the laws? He is no Kiowa—only a half-breed. Let him stand back," said O-wais-sa, with a contemptuous wave of her hand. "Prairie Dog has spoken truth. Obey the law," said the Great Medicine, with dignity, and his voice was echoed in thunder tones from the dark vault above their heads. 'Kiowas believe the words of the Great

Medicine. Obey the words of Manito !" A murmur of awed assent swept over the throng, and Lone Wolf was silent, and)-wais-sa approached the stake of Kit, knife in hand. She met his eyes, and they were full of angry reproach that made her pause and drop her head. Then crossing her hands pon her bosom, and bending her graceful body forward, she said, in low tones : "The Kansas brave saved the life of O-wais-sa. O-wais-sa loves him more than she loves the sunlight. Be the husband of

)-wais-sa. Let her knife free you." "O-wais-sa," said Kit, with an angry remour in his voice, for he could not cle his ears to the agonized sobbing of Ruth "O-wais-sa, I thought you true as an arrow, and you have been as ungrateful as wolf. You were treacherous, and betrayed he woman I loved to the half-breed dogyou can hear the cries of her heart. You see my friend who helped to save your life with fire at his feet; I will not leave him; I will ot take my life from the hand of O-wais-sa.

A mingled cry. in which were expresse oy and anger, astonishment and admiration rose from the Indians. O-wais-sa dropped her head on her breast with a long, mournful wail, and stood like a statue. sounds were suddenly hushed as Prairie Dog "Listen to the law !" he said, solemnly,

The white man has made light of a daugh ter of the Kiowas in sight of her peop nust die by the hand of the maiden he has The Indian girl did not start. She knew

what was to come. She raised her head slowly and wiped the tears from her face Then she slowly approached Kit with the glittering knife 1 hand. There was an awful pause over the whole assembly as she took a torch from the hand of one of the savages, and Mike cried, "Oh, Dick! Dick! Ye ruffian! if I had you by the throat!"

*Oh, white brave, no pale-faced woman ver loved you as O-wais-sa does," said the Indian girl, placing the torch among the brush, which burst aflame. "She cannot ive with the blackness of your anger upon her. She cannot see you die. If the Snow Flower loves you as well let her come and throw herself in the fire as O-wais-sa does. At the word, with motion like a lightning ash, she buried the knife in her be ell across the death pyre clasping Kit's body

n her dying embrace. The fire seized her garments, and in an instant the flames were wafting up around the prisoners, for Mike's pyre had been set aflame also. Both prisoners raised their eyes heavenward, and tried to think of other things

At that terrible moment a sound like the knows her oaring of the sea on the rocky coast burst on the ear from all directions, and Mike forgo Hooray for Dick. It's the navger cay alry, Kit. It's the treble quick of the boys

blue, Hooray! Hooray! More power to the naygers! Americus go bragh!"

The wild scene that followed defies my en. It was an indescribable whirl of blue horsemen and flashing sabers and charging bayonets scattering the shrieking foe-like storm wrack to the four winds, with din more hideous than the fiercest elemental

In short space Kansas Kit and Ruth Brandon were clasped in each other's arms, and Corduroy Mike had performed his first piece of hangmanship by trussing Interpreter up to a tree limb with a lasso, and Dick and Professor Dormouse were letting off the re nains of their stock of fireworks to the great lelight of the "nayger cavalry" who had

done their work so well.

Owing to the lateness and darkness, and the fatigue of the party, it was concluded best to camp on the scene of their victory until daylight before starting for the settle A merry, joyous night it was, for the Indians were well provided with eatable and drinkables, and the soldiers were no way ackward in enjoying the fruits of their

The reaction of feeling on Corduroy Mike was very great, and in the height of his hilarity he hobnobbed with the "nayger cavalry" like a man and a brother, putting orth his hand to the spoils of the enemy, and fraining many bottles.

Professor Dormouse and Doctor Dick Nelson were perfect hons, and gave full fling to their mischief-making propensities, causing he dark-skinned soldiers to be very lavish in their display of ivory. But Kansas Kit was oo much immersed in happiness to spare a single smile to his comical allies. His affer ions seemed to have suddenly centred on one particular wigwam; he was struck with a overpowering admiration of the stars, and the soft sigh of the night wind was more pleasant to his ear than the laughter of the gay circles around the camp-fires.

And now it only remains for us to light the hymeneal torch, and join the bold scout to the lady whose heart he had gained during uch wild vicissitudes. They were married with all the "pomp and circumstance" at tributable in a border settlement, and Corduroy Mike taking unto himself at the sam time an armful of beauty from his own dear native isle, the occasion was doubly Never was such a jubilee. Never did appier heart beat within a bran new suit of cordinoy. So I leave them to the happiness of love and the repose that follows danger. THE END.

"Vigilant," in the London Sportsman, ays:—"Aquatic matters are decidedly look ing up, and they could not possibly betray symptoms of revival at a more opportune mo-ment. Excitement is badiy needed, and venture to predict that the gathering of those whom the Yankees term 'sports' at the first great rowing contest of the year will be both large and influential." WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

The Prescription. They were parting at the gate—
Man and maid—
Still he tarried, although late,
Longing much to hear his fate,
Yet to ask it half afraid.

"If I only knew," said he-"Let me give advice," said she,
"Make a confidant of me,
I can be of help to you."

"Ah! I know that," answered he, With a sigh.
"Now I guess it all," cried she,
"You're in love, I plainly see,
"And afraid to tell her—fie!"

"You're a witch to guess so well," Answered he.

"I would like to have you tell
How to make a sick heart well;
Kindly now prescribe for me."

Every heart will cure a heart," Low laughed sne; You must find another heart, Then your own will lose its smart— Try this olden remedy."

"Let me have your heart," he pled.
"Nay!"said she;
"I have none." "No heart!" he said;
"Then I go uncomforted—
Mine a broken heart must be." "It is yours!" and she laughed low; "Don't you see?

I prescribed it long ago,
Seeing that you suffered so.
What so blind as men can be !"

'Had I only known before," Whispered he, What a cure you had in store!" You'd have suffered all the more: Men are foolish things," said she.

Fashion Notes Indian silks are worn. Bracelets are worn over the gloves. Children's stockings match the dress. Spring bonnets will be of medium size Puffed shoulders are seen on all dresses. Cuffs are again worn with all street dresses. Collars still fit closely and fasten with a

Long silk mittens are very fashionable for street wear. Grey brown is a popular shade in the new The capote of medium size is the bonnet of

the near future. Some of the newest handkerchiefs are ruffled and tucked. Pearl bead necklaces are pretty to wear

with square cut dresses. Characters at fancy balls have their name scribed upon the fan. Boys wear the Russian blouse until they are six or eight years of age. Bows of bright ribbon are worn by young adies at the belt over dark silk dresses

Round velvet caps and bonnets, the colour of the dress, are fashionable for the street. Parisians are combining English crape with tin for effective dinner and reception toilets. Velvet leggings, the colour of the dress, and fastened by buttons, are the fashion for

A little pelerine cape, just covering the shoulders, is pretty and fashionable with the tailets of children. A little gathered capote of two shades due, pink, or yellow is the proper bonnet for the three-year-olds.

Velveteen dresses are popular among young dies. Blue, dark brown, and garnet are the shades most worn. For the overcoats and dresses of little girls and boys taking their first steps, ribbed velvet is quite popular.

Young ladies tie their watches to their vaists by broad ribbons, instead of suspending them by chatelaines. Large flower designs on the new silk fabbe outlined with narrow lace, emproidered in jet or beads. The new sateens, with a crescent and star

design on grounds of various colours, are destined to great popularity. Almost the only trimming employed on children is the large, full sash. India silks of firm texture, and occasionally with a satin surface, are printed in patterns

similar to those of cotton sateens. Gendarme blue is so becoming that English women have revived it, and are toning t with brown marabout trimmings. Pretty foreign-looking capotes, covered with uprignt cock's feathers, accompany dark green and black walking costumes.

Black jet beads are even more popular than formerly. They trim all kinds of garnents, from jersies and stockings to wraps

For and About Woman, Susan B. Anthony denies that she is a eauty. A true woman is never homely to one who

Queen Victoria's new book will say a great deal about Queen Victoria. Miss Christine Nilsson is one of the queens of diamonds. She has a royal collection of gems.

Tight boots are said to cause the blood to ount to the face. That's why society girls are all the time blushing Miss Elizabeth Richards, of Wilmington, has taught school for nearly eighty years. It

takes a mighty smart scholar to fool the good old lady. "Every woman has her mission," says a writer, but he doesn't state whether that is to give employment to the dressmaker or to wear big hats to the theatres.

An exchange says: "What will the bachelors do to escape the awful girls?" about the easiest way is to marry a handsome one at once. The awful ones won't trouble Mrs. Platt has written a poem to show that

the only happy woman is a dead woman. We don't know about that. We never saw a dead

woman who appeared to be so tickled as a Woman is so built that she but seldom can throw straight. Providence, it is truly said, orders everything for the best, and after a usband has seen one tin cup sail harmless by his head he can run before she can snatch

If girls spent as much time at the cooking school as they do at the Normal school there would be some hope for the future of this country. There would be fewer dyspeptic fathers and mothers of puny and precocious children in the sweet by-and-bye Prof. W. C. Hutson, of the University of Mississippi, says that in the majority of cases

the girl student is sooner and better able to acquire knowledge than the boy student that her mind is, generally speaking, quicker. brighter, more alert than that of man at the same age-between 12 and 20. Under Mississippi law a women is liable to indictment for assault if she strikes her usband; but the man is not liable for assaulting the woman if he uses a switch

arger than his little finger in doing so. It

is now proposed to so amend the statute

o give the wife the same immunity that her husband enjoys. In Arabia the girls have little to do with selecting their husbands. When a bold war-rior sees a girl whom he loves in another tribe, he rides up at night, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on his horse, and sweeps away like the wind. If he happens to be caught he is shot-and a year or so later, when he is skirmishing around at midnight after the paregoric bottle, he regrets exceedingly that he was not

An unusually interesting funeral occurred An unusually interesting times occurred lately in England, when the body of Mrs. Healy, the eccentric keeper of a fruit stell, was laid away to rest in the quiet mould of Finchley cemetery. She had been a miser, and died the possessor of a considerable sum of money. In her will she expressed a wish to be buried in white satin, and to be carried

to the grave from the house by four men in clean white smocks. She also directed that £10 should be spent in refreshments by the mourners after the ceremony. A further sum of 10s. was to be spent in long clay pipes and tobacco. The wishes of the deceased were carried out in every particular.

A Salad Without Dressing. Everybody has heard of Mr. Tom Apple-Boston society woman who was arrayed in a dress astonishingly decolette:—"Who urdressed you, Mrs. G.?" And the viellow to his cool remark was uttered at a fancy dress party on New Year's night. A young lady was dressed in a marvellous dress of green and red, in which imaginative eyes were supposed to discover some more or less remote resemblance to lettuce and lobster. "What do blance to lettuce and looster. What do you represent, Miss M.?" a gentleman enquired, as they took their places in a set. "Don't you see?" she returned, laughing; "I'm a salad." "Oh!" was her partner's retort, while he flashed a quick eye over the very liberal exposure of her person; "but haven't you forgotten to put on the dressing?

The Ladies' Afternoon Teas. As an institution afternoon tea is no more, No lady now puts on her card, "Tea at 4 when she expects her dear 500 friends. The absurdity has become too flagrant, and, although the tea is there, the means of assembling one's guests is by the simple date: thus a card engraved, "Mrs. Dudley Seymour, 17 Chestnut street, Tuesdays, February 12 and 19, from 4 to 7." not to be believed that the Chinese herb has gone out of fashion, or that the light under the kettle burus less brightly than it did. It is only that a sense of the ridiculous occasionally strikes the average society per-son, and a card bearing this simple announce-ment, which has grown to be really an invitation to a large party, with a table spread with every luxury of the season—sometimes to a dancing party—has become tiresome and

How Washington Belles are Amused, A young lady, high in society here, said to me an evening or so ago: "Dear me, Lent will be here shortly, and, for one, I am not sorry. The demands upon those who attend receptions, teas, parties, dinners and germans are so great that a season of rest is all the sweeter, because the contrast is so striking. Then our German Club will begin to play "commerce.' Of course, you understand the game?" Upon being told that I never had had the pleasure of participating in such an amusement, she looked nervously about for a moment, and then whispered in my ear: "Commerce is a new name for whisky poker,' but we don't play for money, that would be dreadful. We have nice favours, and we play for them, and it's real exciting.

Women With False Gems I have been in stores and seen some ladies ome in and order \$5,000 worth of clothes without winking and as if it were an every-day affair with them. They do, how-ever, leave their husbands to buy their jewels is presents. Some of them buy them for safe investments, and then again I discovered ecently that fully one-half of the diamonds worn by the magnificent ladies of high society are Parisian diamonds. They are absolutely undetectable, even when placed beside the real gems, and, besides, no one would suspect the wives of millionaires of wearing false stones. A fashionable jeweller confided to me recently that very often he has demands from gentlemen for sets of ewels of which three-fourths of the stones are false. But, though women can cheat each other on the jewel question, they can't on clothing.

The Dress of Royal Maidens, The walking pelisses of the daughters of the Prince of Wales are distinguished for their serviceable appearance. One is of rough Scotch cheviot of rather dark fawn colour. with lines of black, gold, brown, and red in broken and undecided checks, and trimmed with narrow bands of dyed raccoon round the cape and sleeves. The back was arranged with three box plaits, the centre one almo hidden by a broad perpendic similar fur. The second is o faced beaver cloth of a new shade of brick ed, which is very bright and effective, bordered with bands of shaded marabout to match. The third daughter wears a beaver cloth pelisse of an extremely pretty shade of grey trimmed with black marabout. This is rried round the skirt as far as the centre seam at the back, which is filled by a group of narrow folded plaits.

Green for Spring Wear.

Green is going to be a most popular colour for spring wear, many of the new cloths, vel-vets, and other fabrics being in the various shades of that hue. An elegant imported visiting toilet is composed of a rich, deep shade of green velvet, combined with a new light tone of green and trimmed with golden-tinted fox fur. The front of the skirt consists of a very deep flounce of the velvet, arranged in wide, graduated box-pleats, resting on a narrow-pleated flounce of the velvet, while the back of the skirt is of the light green cashmere, put on in broad folds. Above the lounce is a tunic of cashmere, with drooping and puffed front and double high, short puffe at the back. Over this is another tunic of relvet, slanting off at each side from the front and ending in a point, and the pleated short back rests on the puff of the under tunic. The long-waisted bodice is pointed back and front and cut out over the hips; a border of golden fox fur gives handsome finish to the garment, the front of the basque being garnished with a full chemisette of the light green cashmere, box-pleated into the front of the fur band, which forms the round and fashionable collar as well as the broad cuffs.

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TESTIMONIAL-I have ben treated at the therland Institute and am perfectly cur ed. THOMAS CHARLTON, Pickering P.O., Ont.

AGRICULTU

We will always be pleased of enquiry from farmers on a ing agricultural interests, an given as soon as practicable. CANADIAN PRO

It is pleasing to note the ducts are rapidly rising in t people of other countries, a our climate and soil are not while it also speaks loudly i whose energy and enterpris the advancement of the Do ing over a seed catalogue from the United States, we f prominence was given to ti publisher had secured the ri Jessica grape vines in certain reminded us that this variety ly introduced, and was of origin. In the Canadian February, which we might parenthetically is an except r, some details are N. Readouot Anno from seed. It has proved i feetly hardy in our climate, and enormously productive early, is sweet, free from fand aromatic. In colour it green, some of the berrie amber. Several American have tasted the fruit speak predict for the Jessica a career.

In apples we have the

so, as the flesh is very grained, and juicy, acid flavour. The H lieved that this frun originat of Alexis Dery, St. Hilaire, Quebec. Some persons incli that it is of the Fameuse type the Baldwin have proved hardy and productive, and soils. One advantage conn variety is that it begins to and produces alternate heavy The fruit is not noted for its medium, obiate in form who lieved that this fro medium, oblate in form, wh striped with red and splash This variety is undoubtedly Canada, being hardy and the one authority saving it is January until April.

It is not alone in the orcha are making for themselve many other branches of as Tuesday two gentlemen fro largely interested in grazing William Repnie seeds Villiam Rennie, seedsman, tain his views on permanen ject that he thoroughly und gentlemen had, by means of judicious advertising been n fact that Mr. Rennie devote tention to pastures, and in o ly understand the compositi grasses they decided upon view and an inspection of t from the mixtures. It is no the gentlemen left thorough pressing their belief that Ca in advance of their own peop question, and as a proof of their statements Mr. Renni large order.

on an average, you need not non-receipt of seeds. All CORDS SPRAI HIBBERT.-"I have a sprained the cords of the The cords are swollen and ti

SEED DISTRIBI

In reply to a letter from

of the Rural New Yorker say

are being sent out now and wuntil March or April. We

until March or April.

Bathe the parts with luke a day, and continue for f which apply a cantharidine

COLT WITH W NEBRASKA. - " I have a co worms ; please prescribe a cu Give the colt half a d emetic and one drachm po daily for six days, after w pint to a pint of raw linseed

the size of the colt. FETLOCK JOINT I BANFORD.—"Can you give colt that knuckles up in the

It is one year old."

box, and also allow him to ru or two daily. Apply to the liniment composed of equal of arnica and tincture of cam A CURE FOR C

Place the colt in a large

APTO.—" Please let me kn columns of THE WEEKLY M. best remedy for curb; or wo of biniodide of mercury as a A blister of biniode of n once a week, is a good reme but before applying the blis hair in the vicinity of the sw cannot be affected unless the

PIN-WORMS IN DAVENPORT. - "I have a h bled with pin-worms and scoured. Am feeding him of thy hay. He eats his be through your valuable paper Give raw linseed oil twelve tine two ounces, in one at least twelve hours. If no

lute rest for a season.

GRAIN CROPS IN R INQUIRER .- " Name in kinds of grain best to be sov pasture, cleared 15 years, but Proposed to plough in sprin Three years' successive gra an exploded idea among our

five days, consult a veterinar

been found that such rotati the soil. However, in reply those authorities who refer grain system suggest:—ls barley or oats; 3rd, oats or FENELON FALLS--" Would

THE MAIL a remedy which w from eating their eggs? I! them on lime and all kinds o thick shells but without any Give them baths of l wood or coal ashes, well sifte some sand. Use nests with that the eggs will readily fall proper receptacle. If the he depredations in other nests would be to cut off their hea

AFFECTION OF THE

DUNGANNON .- " Can you for a horse troubled in the f -The greater part of the fo stomach comes through the state, together with a goo matter. The animal has bee