The Agent's Daughter

◆OR ÷ SCIENCE ÷ AGAINST ÷ SAVAGE ÷ FORCE

CHAPTER XXV .- Continued.

With a short, sharp jerk of his hand he cast a small ball like a marble on the ground, and a stunning reportfollowed, causing the sav-ages to scatter like sheep, and his mule to dance till the bladders rumbled like a thunderstorm in the Alps. The savages looked upon him with wonder, and waited in awe the next

opening of his lips.
"Let the King Medicine speak!" stammer ed Black Bear, who felt anything but comfort-"This," said Pumpkin Head, "is my ser

vant, Flipfiap, This is the fellow that walks along the sky, head downward, and sweeps the clouds off the moon. He's as limber as the clouds off the moon. He's as himoer as an eel, and as quick as a water-bug. Give them a spice of your quality, Flipflap."

And behold you. Flipflap, at the word turned a flying somersault over his mule's ears, and, scarcely touching the ground, whirled like a coloured ring the whole length whirled like a coloured ring use white of the inclosure and back, until he hauled up with his nose in Black Bear's open mouth, and in the next bound had balanced himself with his nose in Black Bear's open mouth, and in the next bound had balanced himself like a monkey on the shoulders of the most dignified chief in the assemblage; but the warrior, who would have attacked Goliah, dropped his rifle and ran, roaring until, missing the weight from his shoulders, he looked around and saw the impudent Flipflap standing on his head on the stake to which Kansas Kit was tied, working his legs like the fans of a windmill.

The savages were filled with wonder. They were, at the same time, delighted and frightened.
"How's this for high, Kit?" asked the demon windmill from the top of the stake.

And Kit, in spite of his bonds and the sur-

And Kit, in spite of his bonds and the surrounding danger, was forced to laugh at the ludicrous question.

"Noble red men," said Dick Nelson or Pumpkin Head, which ever you please, pointing to the revolving legs, "you behold my servant, Flipflap, that's the way he raises the wind—if he went on that way for five min-ntes he'd raise such a tornado as would blow you and your village to the setting sun."
"Stop him! stop him!" roared Black Bear, in consternation. "Me no want to be

"All right old blower. Cease, rude Boreas!" cried Pumpkin Head, with a wave of
the hand: and in an instant Flipflap was
sitting cross-legged in his saddle, picking his
teeth, and the village was filled with murmurs

of awed applause.

Kit was as much astonished as amused at this singular venture of Dormouse and Nelson. It was a daring game—but its boldness and originality were its recommendation. Astonish the Indians and you have them at your mercy. Even Ruth's heart beat lighter tragedy, but for the life of them neither could see how it was to end,
"Now Mr. Bear." said Pumpkin Head;

importantly. "Having shown you that the firm of Pumkin Head and Flipflap is no fraud, but a real live affair. I beg to announce that we have come directly from the mountains of the moon to do honour to the marriage of your high and mighty scoundrelship n an elegant entertainment got up regardl

of expense."
"Um! ah! um!" said the chiefs, as i they understood every word. And at every abusive name applied to him in high sounding phrase, Black Bear became more and more vain and stuck up.
"The King Medicine man is welcom

He is a great fellow, so is his slave, Fly-trap. Let them come and eat from the pot of Black Bear and drink out of his bottle. Bring some mule meat and mescal."

"Mule meat!" cried Flipflap, in horror, irning a somersault in his saddle to keep ten with his stomach. "Mescal!" cried Pumpkin Head.

disgust. "Pah, who the deuce but Apaches can drink mescal. Here, here is the drink used by the people of the moon. This makes a man's body as light as the thistle-down and a man's body as light as the thistle-down and his heart as glad as a flame of fire. Try it," With this he sprang from his saddle, and loosening one of the bladders handed it to the chief. Kit watched with anxiety what this might mean. Black Bear took the bladder in his hand and weighed it. It was very light and the sebble in this might be seen took the bladder in his hand and weighed it. It was very light and the sebble in this might be seen took the seen took light, and the pebbles inside rattled

Ban !" said the savage, casting it disdainfully on the ground, where it bounded to and fro. "Bah! The King Medicine fools and fro. "Bah! The King Medicine fools Black Bear. No rum in that." "Rum!" cried Pumpkin Head, contempt "Do spirits drink rum? Taste this.

It is the air from the moon mountain He picked up the bladder, and uncorking hollow wooden tube in the mouth of it, stuck it into the chief's mouth. Kit thought there was about to be an explosion, and getting himself, cried out:

"Ruth! Ruth! Run out of the way!" Both Dick and Dormouse laughed, and the latter throwing his voice into Kit's "Keep quiet, Kit. No fear, Nitrous oxide -laughing gas, you know. Look out for

But when Kit looked at the Indian chie and saw the big chest heaving rapidly, and the big brown hands clasping the bladder savagely, and the nostrils palpitating like those of a frightened norse, and the fierce brown eyes dilating and flaming, and saw Dormouse handing out bladder after bladder of the intoxicating gas to the other savages, a grave doubt struck him whether the scene to follow would be one of sport or horrrr.

He feared the worst for he knew them CHAPTER XXVI.

LAUGHING GAS AND LUNACY-THE SILENT BULLET-A RESURRECTION. Kansas Kit watched the increasing effect of the laughing gas upon the savages with an interest not unmixed with anxiety, for he had little doubt that the intoxicating influence of the gas would lead them to the ungovernindulgence in liquor.

Dormouse and Dick seemed to have

such fears or scruples. They were busy as busy could be uncorking the mouth tubes in the bladders, and starting the dusky experimentalists inhaling the sweet air. And hav ing once got the taste of it, the savages did

inhale it with a vengeance.

It was certainly a novel sight to see a great crowd of half-naked warriors, who minute before were all gravity and dignity, standing with small balloons to their mouths, sucking away for dear life, their wild eyes gleaming with the new delight experienced,

their nostrils opening and shutting like those of over-run horses, and their dark bosoms neaving like so many blacksmith's bellows.

Black Bear proved himself to be as greedy a gas drinker as Sir Humphrey Davy himself, for when he had sucked the first bladder into a state of total collapse, he cast it from him warriors having exhausted their first ose, and soon even the medicine men, dose, and soon even the medicine men, seeing the apparent eagerness and enjoyment with which this new beverage was gulped down by the chiefs, forgot their professional jealousy to 'join in the general dissipation. The aquaws and papooses snatched up the empty bladders thrown away by the lords and fathbladders thrown away by the lords and fathers, and tried to wring a small taste of the heavenly air out of them, and getting that taste, became rabidly hungry for mere.

Soon the enterta inment was in full blast, every variety of individual character coming out in full. It was a wild and ludicrous

en those who had not partaken ating draught roared and scream-ht at the comical actions of the

intoxicated chiefs. The effects upon the latter were very various. Some wept like babes for probably the first time in their lives; some guffawed like hyenas, running around and around in the exhiberance of their mirth; some began to deal forth oratory in the highest style of Indian buncombe, whilst others boasting blatantly of the heroic deeds of their avecestors and therealizes appeared. of their ancestors and themselves, proceeded in exemplification to tomahawk and scalp the

infortunate prisoners.

This was the horrible part of the scene ireaded by Kansas Kit, and it was to be eared now that their evil passions were ex-ited that a general massacre of the captives would be the result. Dormouse and Dick also became uneasy as to the consequences of the storm they had raised. They set their the storm they had raised. They set their brains to work to avert the evil they feared. Black Bear, not to be behind his chiefs in the work of blood, approached Kit with flaming eyes and whirling hatchet, but before he could strike or Kit's friends interfere, the Indian girl, O-wais-sa, sprang between the prisoner and the chief with ready weapon. "Go back, Apache," she cried, "go back, or O-wais-sa strikes, The white brave is the prisoner of O-wais-sa. I have given the white maiden to Black Bear. I want the life of the brave Kit."

The chief raised his tomahawk to hurl it at the interferer—a look of angry astonishment over spreading his face at her audacity; but as his gaze fell upon the queenly figure, the ex-pression of his countenance changed—his wild face softened into a stupid smile, and his big goggle-eyes seemed melting with love. He dropped the threatening hatchet, and stumbling forward with out-spread arms and a fiery tor

rent of love expressions, endeavoured to clasp O-wais-sa to his heart. But the Indian beauty was not a thornless rose, and as he came close; she gave him a vigorous push in the breast with both hands and sent him staggering backward until he anchored un a caldron of scalding mule most soup, which had been brought forward for the regalement of the guests. All Van Amburgh's lions combined could not have surpassed the roar of rage and pain to which the noble wirrior gave vent at this most unexpect-ed hot bath. He sprang up and danced about like a bear howling at the top of his

It was too much for even Indian gravity, the dignity of the sufferer was forgotten and his guests and tribespeople, both intoxicated and sober, bellowed with enjoyment. The and soset, bellowed with enjoyment. The enraged chief seized the caldron in his powerful grasp, and with a mighty effort sent mule meat, soup and vessel flying into the middle of the laughing group. Then pandemonium seemed to break loose in earnest, warriors, squaws, dogs, and papooses shricking from the pain caused by the boiling liquid, and tearing middly at each other to get out of the

way of the infuriated chief.

With a cry-of vengeance Black Bear seized the hatchet he had dropped and rushed toward O-wais-sa and Kit. The girl had already, during the caldron act out the bond of the during the caldron act, cut the bonds of the scout, and now Kit in his turn became the preserver. He sprang in front of his beauti-ful liberator, and snatching the hatchet from her hand, faced the furious chief.

Black Bear whirled his hatchet around hi lead for the deadly blow. Kit's axe circled n the air at the same time and flew from his hand like a lightning bolt. The weapon struck the wrist of the savage with a sound-ing blow, his natchet spun high into the air and fell to the ground with the severed hand

The yell of pain uttered by the chief was followed by a mixed cry from the observers of this singular deed. It expressed wonder of this singular deed. admiration, norror, and revenge. Black Bear pulled a pistol from his girdle with his left hand and rushed upon Kansas Kit, determined to make sure work by a short aim, and the scout, being weaponless, seemed for a mo-ment to be at the mercy of the furious savage; but here the air-gun of the professor, so myssteriously effective on former occasions, came to hisaid. One of his silent bullets sped through the brain of the chief, and he fell headlong

in his tracks. Astonishment and horror seized the gas filled savages. They had heard no report of firearms. They knew from their anatomical experience gained in the torture of prisoner hat the loss of a hand would not cause such sudden death, and the weapon pointed at

their chief by the professor appeared to their eyes but a simple black wand.

"Big Medicine! Ugh! Big Medicine!" they cried, in awed tones, gazing at the professor, who was now turning a succession of somersaults to the delight of the youngsters of the young squaws, who seemed to consider his performance far more interesting than the death of a chief.

But the widows of Black Bear, according to custom, immediately commenced to haggle off their long black hair close to the scalp with as much haste and eagerness as civilized widows use in donning the garb of woe, to let the unmarried male world know of their dis

onsolate condition.

Things began to look very threatening; for such wary old chiefs as had declined partak-ing of the air contained in the bladders, such savages as didn't get a chance, seized their weapons with yells of rage and closed around prisoners and maskers with murderous ge ticulations.

The leader of this party was a stern, white headed old chief called Panther Claw. He had positively refused to partake of the laughing-gas, and watched every movement of Dormouse and Dick with eyes in which wonder and suspicion were blended. Now he approached Dick with threatening looks.

"If Pumpkin Head is a Great Medicine from the Moon," he said, "and comes as a friend to make fun at Black Bear's wedding, why did he let his slave, Flip-Flap kill Black Bear before he was married? Why does he set the young men drinking wind till they get drunk and don't know what they do?" Dick Nelson was puzzled for the minute Dormouse came to his aid by throwing his voice into the dead chief's mouth and making the corpse burst out into a scornful laugh

to the horror of the dusky crowd. "Panther Claw is a jackass!" the corpse seemed to say, "So was Black Bear. He was too much married already. The Good Spirit liked Black Bear and wanted to save him from more trouble. Black Bear happy now. Fine hunting ground—no squaws—good job! Ugh!"

good job! Ugh!" This uncomplimentary speech roused the ire of the grief-stricken widows, and they commenced to beat the corpse, which, thanks to the professor, uttered yells of pain at every

blow, and shouted out vigorous threats and curses at the squaws. "Black Bear not dead," cried an amiable relict. "Black Bear alive—he scold like a squaw—but only one hand—he can't be war-

rior any more—he can't beat squaw again—squaw beat him." quaw beat him."

Kit felt that a crisis was coming and knew not what to do. The odds were very great; his fellow prisoners were unarmed. And then Ruth—in the desperate attempt for life and freedom—what would become of her? and freedom—what would become of her? He felt that it would be far better for the He felt that it would be far better for the captives to be loose, so as to have even the privilege of fighting for their lives, and he taked up the empty the lords and fathers and getting that is all character coming wild and ludicrous or had on the wigwam under cover of the excitement to had not partaken troared and scream-incal actions of the minimum of the same time and the meantime Dick Nelson was getting the captives to be loose, so as to have even the privilege of fighting for their lives, and he had kept his eye enviously on the hatchet of Black Bear where it lay upon the ground, but he feared to move lest his slightest action might hasten the dreaded massacre. What was in full blast, all character coming wild and ludicrous or had one partaken to roared and scream-incal actions of the meantime Dick Nelson was getting the instrument in working order, and soon the faint rippling tick of the connecting wire told that the galvanic current was in operation.

All was hushed as death, the white spectators was been unaimed ballet of the saveges. Soon the muscles of the face twitch-teature that two of the saveges tumbled to the ground. The third had been killed by the the that the working order, and soon the faint rippling tick of the connecting wire told that the galvanic current was in operation.

All was hushed as death, the white spectators was his joyful astonishment at this perplex.

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his heart trembled for her should she be dis-

covered.

But his attention was drawn back to the wondering group around the corpse. For Panther Claw and the other old chiefs had gathered near and gazed down at the talking tabernacle of clay.

"Ugh! Strange!" said Panther Claw, with a grunt. "My brother Black Bear alive and he look dead. He speaks and he don't move his lips. He looks at me and his eyes look like the eyes of a dead ox."

The corpse laughed aloud, and the hilarious sounds coming from the wide grinning mouth, and taken in connection with the wild glare of the fixed eyeballs and the agenizing expression of the features, were simply horrible, and some of the Indians to dissemble their fear laughed in horrible echo. But the sober chiefs rebuked the gas-drinkers with grave frowns, and looked as wise themselves as any puzzled coroner's jury in the land. After a series of grunts Panther Claw, playing very suspiciously with his pistols, said:

"It seems a bad spirit talks in the stomach of Black Bear. If Black Bear was alive he would move his mouth and wink his eyes."

"Pahaw!" said Dick, "Panther Claw is no Medicine. Pumpkin Head is great. He can make Black Bear's spirit talk in the air without either lips or stomach. Listen!"

Immediately the voice began to talk away in the air above their heads, and they all gazed upward with open mouths like children gaping at a rocket. They were puzzled and even frightened, all but Panther Claw, he was a sturdy old doubter. He shook his frosty head gravely.

ven frightened, all but Panther Claw, he was sturdy old doubter. He shook his frosty

a stardy old doubter. He shook his frosty head gravely.

"Panther Claw see the sky," he said wisely. "The sun is bright and the sky is far away. Panther Claw doesn't see the spirit between him and the sky. He hears the voice of Black Bear."

"Why Panther Claw must have a check," eried Dick, contemptuously, "to think that they'd would let him into the happy hunting grounds with such a voice as he had. He'd frighten all the game away the first time he'd

righten all the game away the first time he'd open his mouth. See a spirit! Fiddleatick! Panther Claw talks like a papoose. Ask the young men if they could see the sweet air that made them laugh and feel good, or if they could catch in their hand and hold it. Can Panther Claw see the bullet that kills his name. his enemy. Oh, Panther Claw ought to be ashamed of himself—he talks bosh!"
"Pumpkin Head is a great Medicine, and

has a tongue as long as a spear," said the old chief, in an offended tone. "But Panther Claw thinks while Pumpkin Head talks. If my brother Black Bear is dead how can he speak; it he is alive, why does he not sit up and wink and wag his mouth. The Big Medicine makes Black Bear talk and laugh with the hand in his mouth. Let Pumpkin Head take the hand out of Black Bear's mouth and put it in his own, and see if he can laugh and talk."

This apparently repulsive and impossible talk was nothing to Dick. He caught the bloody hand from the mouth of the dead chief, and throwing it into the enormous orifice of his monster mask burst into a jolly '' You see, Panther Claw, the hand of

Black Bear is to me as a blade of grass to a buffalo," he said; then putting his arm to the elbow down his throat as it were, he pulled up the bloody member and cast it on the body its owner to the amazement of the In-

This feat staggered even the unbelieving Panther Claw, and he winked awhile and ook courage and counsel in the eyes of his ellows before he spoke.

"We all know that Pumpkin Head is a very big Medicine," he said, with rude reverence. "He has a mouth like a cave, and can swal-low an ox with the horns. But we think Black Bear is dead, because he doesn't move his eyes and lips when he speaks, and we must kill all the white prisoners that their spirits may be his hunting dogs in the happy hunting grounds. If Big Medicine can make Black Bear come alive again and mend his name, Panther Claw will give him Kit and the " Is Panther Claw a fool ?" whispered the

airy voice of Professor Dormouse in the old chief's ear. "When Black Bear is dead is not Panther Claw Great Chief of the Apaches.

Does he want the Big Medicine Pumpkin

Head to make him alive again that Panther
Claw may be only a little bit of a captain?"

The ald chief had started with at the first whisper of the mysterious voice and gazed wildly above and around to see form or lips to correspond to the sound. But a new light sprang into his eyes at the

hint of the advantages accruing to himself from Black Bear's death. The insidious words set ambition aflame in his breast, and he saw at once in his grasp the coveted posi-tion in his tribe, which a life of scalping and marauding had not been able to obtain for him. He feit an itch now to insure the ab-solute decease of his "brother" Black Bear with the little hatchet.

Dormouse, who was a practised physignom-

ist, read all these flying thoughts upon his face, and was preparing to add to the effect when Dick, after meditation, cried out in a

"Ho, Flipflap! Hear and obey!"

"I listen!" said the professor, with a profound bow, ending in a back somersault.

"Haste! bring me the life-box out of the pannier on my mule. The Black Bear shall

live again."
"Oh!" gasped the professor to himself, and then to Dick he whispered ventriloquially:
"Don't spoil my game. Old codger wants to be chief. Let the dead dog lie."

"Dead dog'll want live dog in the hunting grounds. Bring the life-box," said Dick, as if addressing the air; and the professor perforce went to Dick's mule, followed by a curious crowd of the younger Indians, and brought from one of the wicker panniers a small calvanic battery. small galvanic battery.

When the would-be chief Panther Claw

When the would-be chief Fanther Claw saw the mahogany box, which in his opinion held any amount of life to be disposed of by wholesale or retail, he became frightened for his chance of command, and roared out with rigorous actions:
"No, no! Black Bear is good—he's happy

—let him keep dead—me bury him nice—me give him all—every one of the white people or hunting dogs. He's well off-let

But all of the Apaches were not of the same opinion, and just as earnest cries assail-ed the ears of the Big Medicine to make him "We have no chief," they cried. "Give us back our chief—make him live again and speak."

"Panther Claw is the chief," exclaimed the ambitious grayhead, but the other war-riors, probably as ambitious for the honour of command as himself, cried out in angry dis-sent and demanded that their former chief be

In this dilemma when there was likely to be a formation of two parties and a bloody com-bat in which the whites could not hope to escape, the professor whispered in the ear of the

"Let the Big Medicine bring Black Bear to life till he tells the Apaches that you must be chief and then let him die again. The eyes of the old chief sparkled with

The eyes of the old chief sparkled with cunning wisdom, and he approached Dick, saying alond:

"Good—good! Let the Big Medicine make Black Bear live—till he tells who is chief." Then in a low tone, meant for Dick's ear alone:
"But make him live only a little, and don't fix his hand so he can hold the

Prudent Panther Claw. Dormouse set the galvanic battery on the ground and fastened one of the wires to the feet of the dead chief and the other to the crown of his head. In the meantime Dick Nelson was getting the instrument in working order, and soon the

lids quivered painfully, and the lips were

stacle, which resembled, in its unnatural, a demon from the bettomless pit more anything human, dead or alive.

Apaches !" yelled the vivified corpse, in a defining tones, "Black Bear was happy aing antelopes in the sunset hunting ands, when he heard the voice of the King Medicine Men. Why did yau call him to the sunset hunting ands, when he heard the voice of the King Medicine Men.

"We want Black Bear to say he's dead, and tell who will be chief of the Apaches."
"Black Bear is as dead as a piece of punk," answered Dormouse through the lips of the corpse, "Panther Claw shall be chief of the Anaches. corpse. "Panther Claw shall be chief of the Apaches. Let him free the white prisoners and send them to their people."

"What will Black Bear do for hunting dogs?" asked the newly dignified Panther Claw, who wished to do all honour to his to his illustrious predecessor.

his illustrious predecessor.

"Got plenty," was the answer. No white dogs allowed in the happy hunting ground—only red enes. Kill Indians when you want to make dogs. Ugh,! "nuff said. Let me die. If you wake me again, I'll scalp you!"

"Let him die! let him die!" cried Panther Claw Dick Nelson moved the connection

Dick Nelson moved the connection on the battery, and the talkative corpse died instantly, dropping back heavily at full length on the ground, with a sigh of relief at being rid of the world and all things thereof; and the Indians, recovering from their affright, rushed up to the centre in adoration of the Big Medicine probably, but more likely out of curiosity to see the contents of his wonderful life-box.

Dick immediately demanded the release of the white prisoners, in obedience to the order of the dead chieftain, and announced his intention of departing to the mountains of the moon after seeing the white people on their way to the east.

way to the east.

To his astonishment the noble red man refused to comply with the request of the dead, gi ing as a reason that he must have the prisoners to torture, both at the burial of Black Bear and at the feast he meant to give

on his inauguration as chief.

Dormouse and Dick looked at each other.

They did not wait to argue the point—the one cleared his throat for ventriloquism, and the other set set the galvanic battery in operation. The body began to move, and a hollow secund began to growl in the mouth. Panthes Claw softened somewhat. "Take Kit and the white squaw," he said.

"Leave Panther Claw the rest."
"No!" cried Dick: all or none. Say the word or back he comes. Reach me that hand "Take them all," cried Panther Claw,

milting completely, as he saw the corpse move and the hand about to be replaced.

Back dropped Black Bear limp and lifeless, and the prisoners, already unbound, walked out from their stakes toward their fantastical preservers. The savages looked upon this in anger and astonishment. It seemed as in they had been tricked, and, from the scowling brows and uneasily held weapons, Kit and his friends became doubtful whether either obedience to the living chief or tear of the dead would be sufficient to keep them from making an attack on the coptives about to

slip from their bloody hands.

Kansas Kit had been a passive yet anxious apectator of the scene, which looked like so much idle mummery, and yet was so important in its effects; but on noticing these new indications of dangeer, he thought there was ittle bope of anymore trickery aiding them, and, possessing himself of the dead chief's hatchet, he looked for Ruth. Both she and O-wais-sa had disappeared!

CHAPTER XXVII. BUNNING FIGHT-SHOOTING THE BAPIDS-THE DUEL OF DEATH.

As Kansas Kit cast his anxious eyes around As names and cast in anxious eyes around in every directions in search of the one loved figure, the angre threatenings of the savages grew louder, for not only had they noticed him picking up the hatchet of the dead chief but they also had missed the female captive

and the Indian girl

He hardly beeded them, for his eye had caught on a rising slope beyond the lodges a fast-flying horse, and he recognized the flaunting plumes of the Indian girl and the gray floating robes of Euth Brandon whom she held in her arms. There was evidently a struggle going on between the two wome as they were borne rapidly away, hands of the white girl were waving wildly as

if for assistance. The Indians noticed this, too, and several of the younger braves, labouring under the intoxication of either liquor or gas, started in pursuit with wild yells. This was too much for Kansas Kit, for he well knew the horrid consequences of recapture. He was very loth to leave his friends, but he had no houbt of to leave his friends, out he had no nount of the ability of Dormouse and Dick to protect themselves by their trickery and mystifica-tion, and besides the interests of the fair girl who had of late assumed so prominent a place in his heart was paramount. Several young warriors were already speeding away after the fugitives, and as Kit bolted around one the logisties, and as his bolted around one the lodges another young buck, pretty full or some intoxicating element, was just spring-ing on the back of his horse, rifle in hand. He had hardly gained his seat, however, when, with a bound like an acrobat, Kansas Kit straddled the horse behind him. To seize the rifle from the grasp of the surprised Indian, and hurl him from his saddle, was an

instantaneous job, and the next moment the frightened animal was away in the track of the other pursuers like the wind.
Luckily the rifle thus obtained by Kit was one of the Spencer revolvers, and with equa good fortune in his night capture the savages had forgotten to deprive him of his cartridge-pouch, so he was on a war footing once more, as in addition to these he still retained Black

Bear's hatchet.

He heard cries from the village, and indeed a few shots were fired after him, but without effect. If the other pursuers of the girls heard them they must have thought that the massacre of the whites had commenced, and did not think so insignificant a matter worth the turning of their heads. So on they went, such agger to be the one to make the covered. each eager to be the one to make the covete each eager to be the one to make the coveted white girl his prisoner. Soon the fugitives disappeared behind the first range of hills, then the first line of pulsuers dashed up the slope and dropped from view also, then others vanished and Kansas Kit was left scaling the acclivity with only four of the Indians in sight.

War arose in his blood, and he determi to open the running fight upon which he had decided the moment he had obtained his rifle. four to one was great odds to be sure, with the chance of being increased by some of those from the other side of the ridge, but the

self-dependence of Kansas Kit ever laughed at odds.

The savages rode at a short distance ahead The savages rode at a short distance ahead of him one after another, in a straggling zig-zag manner. He prepared for opening the unequal fight. He knew that after the firing of the first shot there was no drawing back; it must be death or victory. He knew also that a quick eye and a steady hand were needed to insure the latter.

He rode slightly to one side so as to get two of them nearly in a line. Even the second

two of them nearly in a line. Even the mo-ment needed for a wide change of aim might be fatal. Throwing the hair rein on the neck of the panting horse he levelled his rifle and of the panting noise as revented his rine and fired. Almost with the report the hindmost Indian threw up his arms and fell from his

Indian threw up his arms and fell from his horse with a shriek.

At the sound, the next savage, with all an Apache's readiness, whirled around in his seat in the act of levelling his piece, but Kansas Kit's second bullet was a ready on its errand of death. To Kit's astonishment another report sounded at the same time as another report sounded at the same time as his own, and two of the savages tumbled to the ground. The third had been killed by the unaimed bullet of the second.

e off before gaining the cover of the ridge, e scout had the chagrin of seeing him mount to brow and pass from sight on the other

Kansas Kit knew there was great danger in his following immediately over the hill-top, as the Apache would most likely lie in wait for his appearance and pop him off like a

The horse of the last Indian who had fallen stood beside his dead master, in whose hand the hair-rain was held in the clutch of unexpected death. Kansas Kit dashed up to the spot and dismounted. He raised the dead Indian in his arms, and set him once more in his saddle, and tied his feet underneath the horse with the severed bridle. Then mounting himself, he started the other horse forward to the hill. The animal seemed glad to feel his dead master on his back once more. feel his dead master on his back once more, and dashed spiritedly up to the brow of the hill, Kansas Kit following at no great distance behind.

Just as the scout expected, as soon as the Just as the scout expected, as soon as the horse and his rigid rider appeared at the summit, there were two sharp reports in quick succession, and the dead man and horse rolled down ou the hillside. The instant afterward the Apache burst over the height with a triumphant shout and rushed to scalp his imagined enemy. He had left his rifle where he had fired, and, when he saw Kansas Kit still alive and "drawing head" on him his still alive and "drawing a bead" on him, his triumphant shout turned into a howl of rage, and he darted back toward cover.

Kit pulled his trigger, but there was no following explosion, and the savage bounded out of sight. The truth struck Kit in a minute—the remainder of the herrels in the

out or sight. The truth struck Kit in a minute—the remainder of the barrels in the
chamber of his rifle were empty. There was
no time to stop to load, to retreat, or even
think. On, on, and instantly, was an impulse
rather than a determination. Up the ridge
to the top at a couple of bounds.

The Apache was already mounted and endeavouring hastily to reload a single-barreled
old fashioned rifle, but dropped his ramrod
and took to flight when the scout burst into
view.

Kit rushed after him like a thunder bolt.

He did not wait to load. He never thought of it. His only idea was to get near enough to strike. He saw far beyond that the Indians were gaining on the fugitive girls, and impatient fury filled him. Every stride gained on the flying Apache brought him nearer to them, though Heaven only knew what use his single arm would be against a crowd when he should get there.

The Indian found that he was losing ground.

and dashed from the straight trail toward a deep, rapid stream that ran parallel with it at a short distane. Kit was trying to keep on but the thought struck him of the danger of saving an enemy in his rear, and he turned also toward the torrent.

The Apache without a pause jumped his

norse into the rushing water. The next mo-ment Kit dashed on the high bank just as the fugitive rider was rising from the deep plunge to the surface. The scout had no time to pause—to think of weapon or draw one—his headlong impetus carried him on. One loud, urging cry to the horse, and, with a great lean, rider and horse descended on the other rider and horse struggling beneath.

The shock was fearful, and the black-looking water dashed high in the air. Kit is sure

his fee is annihilated, and, reeling in his sad-dle, he tries to urge the frightened beast toward a low portion of the shore, and has almost reached it, when a dark object whirls down the stream, and he finds his leg caught in a grasp there is no mistaking. In an in-stant he is plucked from his seat, and swept away down the torrent in the deadly embrace of the Indian he had risked his own life to de-

Between the desperate embrace of his enemy and the dashing of the water his breath comes short, his brain reels, and a suffocating feeling oppresses his breast. The water whirls more noisily and rapidly, and the surface dances noisily and rapidly, and the surface dances whiter in the sunshine. Then a heavy thundering sound grows gradually in his ears—there is no mistaking it—horrible as the thought is they are being whitled through boiling rapids toward a waterfall. He sees the wild fixed look of terror on the face of savage who is clasping him in his vengeful embrace, and he tries to shake him off, but as wall might he try to head have for the same of the well might he try to break bars of triple

brass.

It is but a minute, and yet it seems an of torture, until in the deafening roar he feels a tremendous shoek and is con scious that the Indian's hold of him has part ed, at the same time his grasping hands clutch some kind of plant growing from the very water, and his frightful velocity is stopped. One gasp of relief burst from him involuntarily as he drags his bruised and weary limbs from the rushing waters on to the flat surface of a small spray sprinkled rock on the very edge of the fall, which thundered down to a great distance below. As he sat or knelt here in self gratulation and thankfulness at his narrow escape, he saw something moving at the farther side of another free of rock of about the same dimensions which projected from the water at a few feet distant, and

what was his astonishment to see the Apache in whose embrace he had shot the rapids, clambering up to his slimy perch in the same manner as he himself had done.

The blood was flowing rapidly from a cut in the Indian's head, and his dusky face looked chastly in contrast with the wed looked chastly in contrast with the set looked.

in the Indian's head, and his dusky face looked ghastly in contrast with the red life stream, but his eyes gleamed with a strange look of trumph and satisfaction as they fell upon his enemy, and his struggles to gain a precarious footing became quicker and more determined, now that the desire of life was strenghtened by the hope of revenge.

There was no mistaking his look as he gained a footing. It was one of hate, deep and unalterable. He knew of no escape for himself from this standing spot in the mist of the cataract. The fierce water boiled for a hundred yards between them and the nearest shore and leaped in thunder to the deadly shore and leaped in thunder to the deadly gulf below. He had to die himself, and it was a pride and a joy to send his enemy before him to feed the hungry wolves upon the spirit path. Kit read the situation at a glance. It was to be a duel of death on their slippery pedestal-like rock, with nothing but destruction for victor and vanquished, and the roar of the waters for battle music and

dirge.

The Apache laughed hollowly and horridly as he stretched his dripping figure upright, like some dark merman risen from the turmoil of waters, and he cooly drew his hatchet from its sling. This ominous action brought Kansas Kit to his feet also, although from the narrow space and sliminess there was scarcely footing for a goat, and the mustles of his legs trembled, and the soles of his feet had a hot and painful itchiness as he stood erect on the treacherous rock and drew his ax also.

"The white brave is as pale as the young snow the Avacles have caught in the hills." squaw the Apaches have caught in the hills His heart is as small as a nut, and as white as the bouncing waters. He thought to kill the Apache and laugh about it to his people. The Water Spirit will kill me anyhow, and I will kill the white man to be my dog in the hunting grounds, "said the Indian, in a taunt-

Kit knew that this was to invite attach from him, and that the wily savage did not feel half so airy as he looked, but was quite alive to his danger and ready to dodge any blow aim-

ed at him.

Kit had no weapon that could be used as a missile except the hatchet—the other had a heavy scalping knife besides, and they are very dexterous in throwing these. If Kit missed his blow and lost the hatchet his only chance was gone, and he would be totally at the mercy of the savage. So he kept his eye steadily on the Indian's motions and was

silent.
"Ugh! Fear has made the big Kit dumb,"
he said. "Why don't he scold? Indian like
to-hear him talk. He should talk plenty now. In the hunting grounds he can only say 'bow-wow.'"
"In the hunting grounds," said Kit. "the Apache will be a pig, and grunt and fight with rattlesnakes all the time and Kit will be

with rattlesnakes all the time and Kit will be a white eagle and pick his eyes out."

The Apaches have a horror of pigs, and dread rattlesnakes, and the white eagle is their sacred bird; and all these things being combined in Kit's tount threw the Indian off his guard, and he became too much excited for safety in the position he was in at that moment. So the savage launched out into a parting salute of abuse, introducing refer-

ences to Ruth Brandon and her pursuers, and the upshot of it was that Kansas Kit hurled the heavy hatchet at the broad, dark bosom with such ferce as to send his writhing corpse into the steaming gulf below. But the vigeur of his action and the dizzi-ness produced by the sight of the falling body, caused Kansas Kit to reel on his slimy foot-bald.

told. He stretched his arms to balance him-telf, but his feet slipped and he was thrown headlong into the torrent.

To be continued WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Twas moonlight, and the world was white;
We were a merry party;
We skimmed the glassy field that night,
Young blood, and spirits hearty;
We scored the ice in fancy whirls.
Each did his share of prating—
Warm hearted men and benny girls—
The night we went a-skating. Rosa was there and that was why
My heart was like a feather;
I crossed her oft, but she slid shy,
We could not come together.
Fortune at last was kind and free—
I had or months been waiting
For just that chance that came to me
The night we went a skating. I could not tell you all the game For love had made me stupid

Skating and Courtin

But plump into my arms she came— A living, breathing Cupid. She did not fall, she did not scream, She did not start berating. We simply both slid with the stream That night we went a-skating. Since then we've gone through life as one In every kind of weather— In story, or calm, in rain or sun,
Still keeping pace together.
And though there's winter on our brows
Love's power is still elating—
We'll ne'er forget the hurried vows
That night we went a-akating.

Fashion Notes. Twenty buttons is the correct length for ves for full evening dress. Portia fans, suspended at the side by a ribon, are worn for evening dresses.

Handsome butterflies ornament ball dress and are used to hold the drapery in place. English girls are wearing patent leather shoes, with uppers made of pale yellow kid. A novel apron drapery for a costume of silk and velvet is composed of velvet and rib-bons woven together, over and under, in checker-board pattern.

Trimming of soutache braid, black or the colour of the dress, is placed in many successive rows on woollen costumes to form panels, vests, collars, and cuffs. Full paniers are seen on the newest im-ported French dresses, and in spite of all pre-dictions to the contrary they will be exten-

sively worn this season. Stylish vests are made of the wide sash ribbons that have had their day as sashes; but they are very pretty when used to form vests, collars, and cuffs to handsome wool

Large hats are seldom seen. The Henry II. is losing its popularity, and is now worn only by very young girls. Bonnets of the Princesse shape and hats in the crescent style are still extensively worn.

Walking boots of black or bronze kid have very small buttons, and are fastened higher on the ankle. Shoes and slippers for evening dress must match the dress in colour, or they are embroidered on the toe. Some of the prettiest fans exhibited this season are oval shape and made of tinted

In the centre of the fan and nestling amid the lace is a cluster of lilies. From Paris the short waists of the first em pire are announced; certainly an anachronis to the wide plaited skirts and volumino drapery of the latest fashion. We wait to see how the famous modistes can solve the enigma

satin, which is covered with rows of elegan

Walking boots of black or bronze kid are made with from seventeen to twenty-four very small buttons for dressy toilets; of patent leather, with cloth gaiters buttoned half way up the leg, for more neglige dress and for travelling. Plain Jerseys are passée; only those cut to fit the figure with added collar and cuffs are now thought desirable; dealers say the Jersey cloth ruined the Jersey trade, as much more

ning waists can be made from the cloth than those that are regularly knitted. For and About Women Says an experienced bachelor:— "The best thing to take when you go to kiss a pretty girl—take time. The more you take the better she likes it."

A London journal asserts the truth of the story that a lady of wealth, well known in New York, sent for Italian artists to paint pictures to match her carpets. Mrs. George Bancroft, the wife of the his torian, although 80 years old, still preserve much of her beauty and all of her intellec and her manners of patrician elegance. A country girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't fail to be at the singing school to-night." George wrote back, that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as "fale."

The newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed "Horrors of 1883," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only \$7 a week he said that it had better remain under that

A young lady writing from Peterboro' says

—I wish to say that I am at present working at a log-cabin quilt which now contains 90 blocks of 84 pieces each, which makes 7,560 pieces. When finished it will contain 110 blocks or 9,240 pieces. My sister has a pincushion six inches square which is composed of 1,908 pieces of silk.

Where the Homely Girls Get Left." ' Probably you haven't any notion, unless you have bestowed some thought on it," said my sleigh companion, after she had acrutinized the visages of many of her own sax on the road, "how disproportionately large is the amount of beauty shown in places of pleasure; amount of beauty shown in places of pleasure; and it gets more so as the cost of the diversion increases. Go to church, and you will strike the true average. Go to the theatre, and you will find a considerable bigger proportion of pretty girls. Go to the more expensive opera, and the percentage of beauties goes up. Here on the road, ugliness is rare, and loveliness common. The reason is that men let good looks deade them in choosing a girl to take out; and the more alluring the sport the likiler it is to fetch the prize beauties. It is really too bad on the homely beauties. It is really too bad on the homely girls, for only wealth or unusual mental quali ties can command for them such jolly amuse-ment as this. I'm the exception that proves the rule.

Women And Decoration. A woman looks first to decoration : a man to comfort. It is a woman's privilege to adorn herself in a fantastic garb to please the adorn herself in a fantastic garb to please the eye of man—and outrage the eye of woman. I can fancy Adam when he was turned out of the garden of Eden looking for a cabbage leaf to lay awkwardly on his head to keep the sun off. I can picture Eve making a wreath of flowers to ornament her hair and leaving the necessary comfortable leaf-covering for her comely shoulders until the last. Adam with his cabbage leaf probably went to sleep, until Eve woke him up to ask if "that wasn't pretty." The taste for adornment is as deep as nature and as ineradicable. But why should as nature and as ineradicable. But why should as nature and as ineradicable. But why should the ladies of San Francisco fix themselves up in such variety of colours and in such a mix-ture of dress arrangements that one wonders whether God made the woman or she made herself? No man is ever respected who wears anything loud in colour or garish. Simpli-city is the feature of wan's dress. city is the feature of man's dress; but complicity describes the woman's. She is merely an accomplice in the matter.

According to the Moslem creed the reason why every Mahometan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings is attributable to the following curious legend:—Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham to Hagar that she took a solemn yow that she would give herself no

rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention Abraham, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfil the revenge. But how was said to fulfil the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the levely features of her bondmaid, she contented her. self with boring a hole in each of the rosy labor of her care. The logged does not inform lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of ear-rings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, how-ever, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear ear-rings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

Men in Petticoate

Men appeared in Elizabeth's time in ruffs, pleated and platted as daintily as any dame; they carried tans and pocket glasses by which to arrange any occasional disorder in their dress. Then, too, they carried muffs, and revived a fashion of wearing earrings. But lest it should seem that this arraignment of men is, piece by piece, taking from our forefathers all titles to our respect, it should be mentioned that to men originally belonged be mentioned that to men originally belonged the right to wear ruffs by virtue of original ownership. It was only when ladies invaded ownership. It was only when ladies invaded masculine privileges, and took to ruffs, that a keen competition began, in which each sex strove to outdo the other in extravagance, and the heads of people appeared as if borne on linen trenchers. Earrings, too, were worn by men before the Conquest. This cannot be held to exonerate men from blame, nor divert us from the conclusion that blame, nor divert us from the conclusion that at certain periods men have generally adopted an unseemly display and been guilty of an effeminate refinement in dress.

It is not so much to the discredit of Eng dishmen that they wore petticoats and stomachers in early days, when those were recognized parts of male costume, as it is to the disgrace of their descendants who took up the wearing of fripperies and fineries proper to women—the dissolute cavaliers who, after the restoration, pranked themselves out in laces and ribbons and feathers and flowing in laces and ribbons and learners and nowing curls, or the cravated and bewigged dandies and macaronies of the succeeding reigns, who with their garish coats, laced cuffs, silk breeches, clocked stockings, and buckled shoes, were at least as fine, and certainly no less deprayed, than their fathers. It is well that masculine dress has now distinct lines of demarcation, and has become generally dark and sombre in colour; so that, although "mashers" and "dudes" perpetuate ef-"mashers" and "dudes" perpetnate ef-eminacy in men, they have not at least the advantages which gaudy apparel and common garments might give them in parading the degenerate daintiness of which they seem so unworthily vain.

A clergyman in Amesburg, Mass., stopped the service last Sunday with the remark that God loves mercy as well as sacrifice, and advised the shivering congregation to gather about the furnace register. The suggestion was acted upon with alacrity.

They had to saw the pipe off from a hy-drant in Allentown, Pa., the other day to lib-erate a man who had tried to drink from the nozzle when the thermometer was near zero. With the piece of pipe sticking to his lips he was taken to a fire, and there the piece fell.

A single mahogany tree has been known to bring \$5,000 when cut up into veneers. The tree takes 200 years to mature to full height, and is generally sound in every inch. Raleigh mended his ship with mahogany at Trinidad, just 286 years ago, and was the first to introduce the wood into England. That country now imports \$2,000,000 of mahogany every year.



Sanford's Radical Cure. Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Neises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved. Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste, and hearing restored, and ravages checked.

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One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one packrage, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for Sandprord's Radical Cure, a pure distillation of Witch Hazel, Am. Pine, Ca. Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossems, etc. Potter Drug and Chemical Co.

Collin's Voltaic Electric Plaster instantly affects the Nervous System and banishes Pain. A perfect Ricctric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents, It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

A WONDERFUL PLAN. Of the Greatest Interest to Bible Students, Perhaps some of Our Readers Would Like to Try Their Skill,

Their skill.

There is a very well gotten up monthly paper called the Ladies' Journal, published at Toronto. Each issue consists of 20 pages of very interesting information for ladies; two pages of full-size music; large illustrations of latest English and American fashions; one or two short stories; household hints, &c.; altogether one of the best publications for the money (being only fifty cents for one year's subscription) that we know of. We did not intend to describe the paper so fully, but what we started out to say was that they are offering as a grand first prize a offering as a grand first prize a SILVER TEA SET OF SIX PIECES; econd, a VALUABLE GOLD HUNTING CASE GENTLEMAN'S WATCH; third, an EXTRA FINE GOLD HUNTING CASE LADIES' WATCH; fourth, a LADIES' COIN SILVER BUNTING CASE WATCH; fifth, a GENTLEMAN'S COIN SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCH. Including the beau-

TUNTING CASE WATCH. Including the beautiful articles just mentioned, they give THIRTY-THREE very valuable prizes, consisting of watches, varying in value from \$90 down to \$7, Silver-plated Dinner and Tea Knives, Teaspoons, Rings, Books, &c., to the first thirty-three persons who send correct answers to the following Bible problems:— I. Who is the first Prophet named in the II. Who is the first King named in the Bible? III. Who is the first Judge named in the

Each person competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the Ladies' Journal will be sent to any desired address for one year. Each question must be answered correctly in order to secure a prize.
The competition will only remain open till
20th February. The names and addresses of prize-winners, together with the correct answers, will be published in the March issue answers, will be published in the march issue of the Ladies' Journal. The publisher says the prizes will be awarded without favour or partiality. If any of our readers think of competing, the address is Editor Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. A large sum of Journal, Toronto, Canada. A large sum of meney must have been spent in obtaining these prizes, and the publisher says:—"It is only in order to get the Journal talked about, and to interest people in the study of the Bible that these prizes are ohered." These questions are submitted by the Rev. E. B. Harper, D.D., a leading minister of the Canada Methodist Church. Names and address of prize winners in former competition are given in the February number of the Journal. Remittances had better be made by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. AGRICULTU

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

KNEE-SPRU

KEMPTVILLE .- "I have knee-sprung and is inclined is a valuable single driver. Knee-sprung may be relieve horse when in the stable sta

rather lower in front than be spring comes, would advise of a blister to the back sine ceases to act allow a run in months.

RINGBON

ERAYOSA.—"Can you infeceipt or cure for ringbon have a colt which I have 'fired' repeatedly, and stil if you will please observe th

by oblige."

Firing and blistering are remedies for ringbone. It is at the foot should be brought. position as possible. It is that your colt may gradually mediate results are not alw

POULTRY AND INC INQUIRER.—"Kindly giveson who would sell me eggs f poultry. One upon who kind of breed."

PAISLEY .-- " Please favor address of the manufacture These enquiries will affor terprising poultry breeders patronizing our advertish naking known to the reader Mail where the goods sour obtained. We frequently i

BURSAL ENLAR

Young Farmer,—"I ha two years old. He has an his fore leg right in front of about half the size of a then sthere about a year. able paper how to remove i The enlargement describ largement of the same chara gall, and will be difficult to great deal of care, but it wil colt in any way for work. the effect of a cantharidine hair off and apply the blist

TOO VAGUE TO

"I had a ewe in fine con an occasional sneeze and co in the nostrils. In the ma weak in the legs, refused few hours it suddenly die in lamb, and all the rest since, as before, doing well brought in from the pas shelter for two works. W shelter for two weeks. ter or how prevented ?"

The symptoms described

to enable us to arrive at a the cause of death, and co not say how it might have I SHOEING HORSES BATEAU.— Please give in your valuable paper, The about keeping horses shoot think it is a very wrong draws the frost. I think

cold to the animals legs? opinion? The hoof, in its natural only to a grassy surface; wish to bring the horse i upon our hard, stoney or f comes necessary to prote shoeing, from the unnatura which it is subjected to. well without shoes in winte is deep and the pulling mod feet, in many cases, impression is light and the grou

it is absolutely necessary without them the horses wo

BREATHING ORGANS PENSE .- "I have a valu has been ailing for about symptoms at first being a co eze in the lower part the first month he was unless when driven, when h heavy. About a month weak and stiff, when the creased, and when confir the hind legs began to He eats fairly unless when won't eat. He seems tired s miles. His eyes look a l not a bad colour nor are Does not run at nose. See cough, a wheeze in throa

to be all right when in the s stand any work. Please in treatment and disease from Your horse is evidently s disease of the respiratory very great care and the be should consist of good oats a hav. Give one drachm iod every night mixed with his : for 15 days.

THE FAR Apples may be pruned n ther, and perhaps better the when time presses more. In limbs, the cut should be mon paint to preserve it fro Orchard-grass will not alv seed the first year it is sow is sown thickly or is crowd

other grass. But we know orchard grass should not her The writer's orchard-grass bead out every year after it Market gardeners find it nate stable with other m use the same kind continuous land. Farmers can take Perhaps one reason why been so largely successful the stable manures previous deficient in phosphoric acid. Unless the crop can be go

safer than barley. Barley usually below standard w is almost unsaleable except weight oats, on the contrar sell for as much per bushel those that are heavier. when measured out by the goes farther. - American C It is not difficult to mo apple or cherry tree. It is the spring. Proceed as is branches back to about length, and prune back all dig up the tree carefully, smooth when it is necessary remove the tree at once to i replant it carefully; tie it fi to prevent disturbance, and ound it well. If n oroughly.

J. A. Foote has been ex potatoes, and gives the resisue of the Indiana Farmer, the yield in bushels per act named :—Early Sunrise,