and the winds are his slaves. I am angry with you. You shall not kill the captive. Matcho Manito will take him as he is!"

The burning knife flashed from his girdle, and at the same moment a series of wild war-whoops rang from the surrounding woods so close and fiercely as to make the savages forget both prisoner and devil and turn to meet their enemy; but of enemy there was no shall feel the yeargence of his fire!" sign; no shot followed; no whoop was re-peated; only the loud, taunting laugh of the Spirit of the Wind rang through the air above heads; and when they turned again ho Manito and the prisoner had both

pot where the luminous spirit had stood, a par of rage sounded from the direction of the dreat Melicine's lodge, and Kitsaw his another than the lately garged, bound, and on the verse or stole the arms and clothes of the, and is in the camp of the red men." CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERED-A STRANGE SHOT-AT THE POINT DEATH-THE BLAZING AXE.

immediately the savages, male and female. ment, and great confusion and grappling of arms followed. If possible the women were more fierce than the men, especially the widows who had been robbed of their revenge.

"Kit is in the camp of the redman!" re-

peated the gasping Apache, excitedly, and Miss Brandon gave a barely suppressed ory of fear and anguish as she saw them begin to scatter from the inside of the railing in search

scatter from the inside of the railing in search of the daring scout.

Kit's own nerves shook somewhat, too, but he was a man of quick resolve. The girl's cry smote his heart. He knew that upon his quickness and determination her life depended, as well as his own. With one word of encouragement to her he cast the rifle he bore upon the ground, and sprang like a wild cat on the snoring Indian that lay at the base of upon the ground, and sprang like a wild cat on the snoring Indian that lay at the base of the mound on which they stood. One fearful slash of the knife and the snoring ceased with a gurgling sound that fell with sickening horror on the girl's ears, and nearly before the first yell of rage at his previous daring trick had died away, Kansas Kit was rebed in the buffalo hide of the slaughtered drunkard, and seizing his rifle sprang back to the girl's side.

turn savages, and join them to search for ourselves. Keep up your courage. It's our only chance. They'll never think of such a thing, and we will get a chance to slip away." With these words, which were spoken very rapidly as they ran, they rushed forward, and in among the scattering groups of yelling savages. Kit brandishing the rifle and yelling as hideously as any big-mouthed scalper of them all.

yelling as indeously as any big-mouthed scalper of them all.

The savages were scattering in every direction with the torches used in the dance and the blazing brands snatched from the fires, and favoured by the wild confusion Kit and his companion struck put across the camping ground in the same direction they had been pursuing before when curiosity unfortunately delayed their progress.

It was a trying moment, and both their hearts palpitated between hope and doubt. The girl's steps were wild and trembling, and Kit felt the necessity of assisting her by catching her arm with one hand to steady her. This was bad—lor passing one of the fires a warrior noticed the unIndianlike action, he sprang in the path of the fugitives with an inquiring grunt.

th an inquiring grunt. It was the last grant but one he ever gave, at that one was his death grunt, for as ansas Kit let go of the girl's arm to seize a sapon he heard a "zip" pass by his ear hich he knew was the sound of a builet, which he knew was the sound of a builet, though no report either preceded or accompanied it, and the savage threw up his hands and fell heavily with scarcely a sound. Astonished at this strange assistance, and connecting it in his mind with the white-robed figure that had announced itself as Matcho Manito, Kansas Kit strode over the corpse and was hurrying on once more, but the fall of the warrior had been noticed by several of his comrades, and they rushed to the spot with loud cries, women and men hemming the fingitives in the centre.

Kansas Kit grasped his weapon more firmly and endeavoured to pass from the circle, but

sindeavoured to pass from the circle, but right of the girl overcame her, and with she clung to his arm. This was noticed to Indians, and the squaws cried aloud astonishment. At the same time wild, still yells arose in full chorus from any part of the woods, and the savages rushing toward the fires in a great body, ging the corpses of the two braves that lad killed, and headed by the squaw he

gleamed with a pale silver light, and threw off a luminous exhalation, as though it were being slowly consumed. A knife was in his girdle and the blade of that was burning too.

No one knew who have he came. His appearance was so sudden that it seemed as if a portion of space had become luminous, as when a gas jet is lit by the electric spark. All st od mute in awe and wonder.

"Mortals! Red-men!" he said, in a voice like smothered thunder, "you have called for Matcho Manito, and he has come! Behold him! Does he look like a brute, that he should wear horns and tails! Matcho Manito is the Morning Star. I am he. You have been deceived and believed bad of me,

hold him! Does he look like a brute, that he should wear horns and tails! Matcho Manito is the Morning Star. I am he. You have been deceived and believed bad of me, and I am angry. You have mocked me with horns, and tails, and stinking smoke. Behold the fate of the mocker!

He raised the black wand in his hand and pointed it at the mock devil. A sound not so loud as the niss of a snake followed, and the mock devil threw up his arms with a wild yell and tumbled to the earth all aheap. The wonder and horror of the spectators were too great for expression, but the general shudder itself was almost andible, and was added to when a loud, triumphant laugh rang through the air above their heads.

"Hark, red-men!" resumed the deep voice; "hark to the voice of the Wind Spirit! He laughs at you because you did not believe and obey him. You want Matcho Manito to be your friend, and you disobey his messenger. Fools! Do you not know that Matcho Manito is the Prince of the Air, and the winds are his slaves. I am angry with you. You shall not kill the cautave.

strange to say the thunder tones of his voice sounded in their very midst.

"Fools with red skins!" he ored, "ye have despised the warning of Matche Manito; now he will set his slaves upon you, and ye shall feel the vengeance of his fire!"

He waved the black wand, and with a wild burst of shricks many balls of fire, projected by uuseen hands, leaped out of the gloom, and sped toward the crowd of Indians. These burst as they fell with loud reports, filling the air and covering the ground with fiery serpents, whirling in fautastic and frightful circles above the heads and around the feet of the panic-stricken savages, who scattered in every direction. At the same time some half-dozen furious-looking figures burst from the direction of the mountain foot and fell upon the disordered savages with axeandsword, and thes of the lette circles of light around his heat. And all still the terrible din of cres in the or con-

tiqued.

The majority of the Indians fled in terro
but Black Bear and Lone Wolf, with a nur ber of their chosen braves, seemed determined to resist and carry off their prisoners. They rushed toward the two, and Rit, casting away the rifle, seized the hatchet which

ing away the rife, seized the hatchet which hung at his girdle, and with one arm around the girl dared the unequal fight.

"Courage! Courage!" he cried aloud to her; "these are friends. It is a rescue!"

That last word broke the spell of fear that had seized upon the Indians, for Lone Wolf, who spoke the English language fluently, caught it and repeated it in angry derision to the braves, who, one and all, were half inclined to fly from the demoniac assault and horrid din.

din.

The assailants, demon or human, had as yet conducted their assault with hand-to-hand weapons, but as the Indians took to the trees and began a covert fire, the sharpcrackling ripple of revolver-firing broke through the yelling and assured Kit that this rescue was not all supernatural. But he was hard pressed himself, for he as well as the girl had been wounded in the whirling style

hard pressed himself, for he as well as the girl had been wounded in the whirling style of combat he was forced to adopt among surrounding fees, but tast and heavy the blows of his hatchet fell, and many a howl of pain or death told the extent of his execution. The escape of himself and Ruth for so long a time from death seemed remarkable, but was owing probably to the desire of the chiefs to save them alive, and the closeness of the assailants, who did more harm to each other than to the intended victims. But he was wearing out, and at last when the resours having cut their way through the outer mass of the savages fell upon the immediate circle by which he and the girl were surrounded, Black Bear and his warriors seized upon the girl and commenced to drag her away, and he himself was striken down. He clung to her and she to him with the desperation of a death clutch, and in that moment of danger when a dozen savages were aiming the death-blow, when weakness and wounds, and the frenzied grasp of the girl were holding him helpless to the earth, he heard a familiar voice cry:

"Kit' Kit' Spake for the lower?"

voice cry :"Kit! Kit! Spake for the love o' Heaven

"Kit! Kit! Spake for the love o' Heaven! Where' are you, if yer livin'? It's me—Mike—Corduroy Mike!"

Inspirited by the sound, the hard-pressed scout made a struggle to raise himself—he parried one savage blow and avoided another—and staggering to his feet cried, waving his hatchet as a signal!"

"Here, Mike, here!"

Hardly had the words passed his lips when another blow with the butt of a gun felled him to the earth.

The principal din of the conflict raged in the railed inclosure, but Kit saw the crowd of savages near him break and scatter, he saw a stalwart frontiersman armed with a common wood-chopper's axe, dealing death right and left, and behind him the bright figure of Matcho Manito with the fast-falling axe of fire, its radiance mostly blackened with blood—he heard the full-toned voice of Corduroy Mike roaring his half-ludicrous battle cries:—

"On thim, ye sons o' glory! Faugh a ballaugh, ye buffi-hided beggars! Down with the naygers! Down with the black-m-tans!"

Kit tried to rise to the assistance of his brave friends, but the half-dead girl was wildly clinging to him, and the whirling wild fight—savages in flight and white men in pursuit—passed pell-mell over them. With the last breath left in his trampled and bleeding hulk he gasped out wildly:—

"Here, Mike, here!" and then the blackness of insensibility closed around him.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CAVEEN—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FOSS.

When he came back to life and nain the

IN THE CAVERN-OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FOES, When he came back to life and pain, the glaring camp fires and the dark forest trees, and the horrid din of the fight were gone. Instead of these a rocky roof canopied the spot where he lay, a soft, mellow light beamed around, and the deepest silence prevailed. He made a movement to look around him,

when a cry of joy broke the silence, and a fine, weather-browned Celtic countenance, surrounded by curly black hair, and lit by gladsome eyes and white teeth, hung above four hours had passed

bis hair. His face became of an ashen bue, and he would have taken to his heels without waiting for the corporate coming of the design with the first of the corporate coming of the design with the first of the composition of the control has not that wortby appeared in reassuring Nick of time from the lodge.

There he was. The real close and all all the process of the Apacha. This was the signal for the protestre girl, and with calculed gurdle of the training corton blowing fiercely out of the instrillance of barraing corton blowing fiercely out of the instrillance of the principal field.

Ferward he came with the time-honoured below and agrow to help with the based to be very long—that is was natively useless for instrant—but Kit knew that it would not be well as seeing their old friend.

Ferward he came with the time-honoured below and agrow to do courage to go on with their mummery, and the hearts of the squaws and warriors was the hearts of the square and warriors and the hearts of the square and the hearts of the square and the heart of the hea

He stepped aside and revealed the form of Matcho Manito in the person of a tail man of rather dignified appearance and preposessing countenance. He was yet attired in the robe in which he personated Satan to the astonisment both of Kit and the Indians; but his visage no longer seemed to flicker with flame, and the luminous robe was clotted

his visage to longer seemed to flicker with flame, and the luminous robe was clotted with gore.

Kit looked at him in wondering enquiry, and had no difficulty in recognizing the features of the apparition. If Kit had wondered at the display of the brilliant deception, which had dazzled himself fully as much as it did the savages, he was still more bewildered now with thoughts of how those miracles had been performed. He looked to his friend, the dootor, for an explanation.

"You see, Kit," said that young gentleman, in answer to his enquiring look, "that my friend, Professor Dormouse, is a peripatetic wonder-worker, commonly called an itinerant showman—"

"On, millia murther!" roared Cordurey Mike, "doesn't he explain it beautiful?"

"In short," continued Dick Nelson, "Professor Dormouse is a magician—a necromancer—a conservator of the lost and black arts—"

"How in the name o' thunder can any man

"How in the name o' thunder can any man

"How in the name o' thunder can any man conserve what a lost? and who, for the sake o' wild cats, would care about consarving a backguard?" asked Corduroy Mike.

"He's a lineal descendant of the Witch of Endor, and a disciple of Cornelius Agrippa," continued Dick.

"He's a discindint an' disciple o' the ould fellow hisself, an' a tip-top fellow for all that!" said Mike, energetically.

"Well," said Nelson, "as our brave friend won't let me talk in my own way, I will be brief as a fire cracker. You must understand, Kit, that my friend is a travelling showman of varied accomplishments; and I, becoming disgusted with the disgustingly healthy state of my patients in Kansas, have joined fortunes with him to lecture on scientific subjects and exhibit chemical experiments. We were making our way to places where audiences were likely to be found and ready to be astonished when the amiable reds beat us from the trail, and after killing most of our escort, we were forced to take refuge, and glad to get it, in this cave, which opens on the other side of the mountain spur and runs clean through to the place where we rescued you. The open air exhibition which we gave to the Kinney

Dick Nellon.

"Don't mention it," repeated the professor. "If it hadn't been for your own brave friends, and principally Cordinov Mike, I am afraid your benefit would have been very lim. as we say in the profession."

Kan as Kit turned to thank Mike and ask him how he came there so opportunely, when the thought of Ruth Brandon struck like a

flash."

"But she, the girl, the young lady, Miss Brandon, where is she—is she safe?"

"Ruth Brandon!" the frontiersmen all cried in astonishment. "Why, she is

"Dead?" exclaimed Kit, passionately "Dead?" exclaimed Kit, passionately, springing up in spite of the stiffness caused by his wounds. "Great Heaven! how? Did she live until the very moment of deliverance to be killed by the savages at last?"

"Why," several of the frontiersman cried, in astonishment, "she was supposed to have been killed at the same time as her father and burnt in the house!"

Kansas Kit guoaned with grief and pain, and turning to the young doctor he said, bitterly:

bitterly :"You knew Ruth Branden, Dick? Didn't

"You knew Ruth Branden, Dick? Didn't you see her in the camp when you or your triends warned the Indians and encouraged me—however, you did so?"

"It was my friend," said Dick, "I had flown for help to the nearest settlement. "Twas I brought Mike and his friends. I did not see her, or I should not have left the camp without a search for her."

"Why." cried Kansas Kit, in passionate tone, "she was with me to the last. It was her I came to save. She was clinging to me and I to her when I was struck down, when I heard your voice, Mike, and answered you.

I heard your voice, Mike, and answered you. You could not help but see her." "Then bad scran to the white-face did I "Then bad scran to the white-face did I see at all, barrin' yer own, and there was no one clinging to you but a squaw and a lot of Injuns that I soon made short work of, "said Corduroy Mike, rapidly pointing to the blood-covered chopping-axe with a coolness of manner that, under the circumstances, was horrible to Kit.

"That was she!" cried the scout, excited-

ly. "The woman you took for a squaw was Miss Brandon. I darkened her face to save her from them."

"Oh, Mother o' Methuselah! why didn't

"Speak! speak! Did you kill her?" cried the soot, catching him by the arm.

The Irishman looked him in the eyes representilly and his face flushed.

proachfully and his face flushed.

"Awh, thin, Kit, is that what ye think, o' me? Is it Mike Kernan that would raise his hand to kill a woman, even if she was a nayger? I threw her oif from her howit o' you—forgive me for that same—but how could I know her? and the Injuns seized her in a moment. I thought she was one o' their wives that was helpin' them to kill you."

"Did they sill her?"

"No. I chased them some ways afther, and laid one or two o' thim out. The fellow that carried her could run like a hare; how-somever, I could have killed him too, but I didn's want to hart the woman. I would have liked to have given him an overhaulin', for he was a chief of the rap callions."

"A chief" cried Kit, impatiently. "Was it Lone Wolf—you have seen him at the station?"

"No it was some other bleaver."

"No, it was some other blaggard, with

"No, it was some other blaggard, with a far caubeen, and a bunch of feathers in it as big as a wheat sheaf."

"Black Bear—the Apache!" cried Kit, in an excited tone. "Then the poor girl is gone forever if not followed immediately. The Apaches are starting for their home."

The excitement of the moment made him forget his wounds, and every one present joined in his feelings as he paced to and fro excitedly. He was meditating what plan to pursue. The force present was so small even if he could expect them to leave their own homes and businesses to go along with him.

threw him into the greate-t astonishment by informing him that the greater part of twenty-four hours had passed since the conflict in which he had received his wounds. They feared to move him in his dangerous state, and, besides, when some of them had ventured to go out during the day, large bodies of Indians had been seen scouring about as if in search of somethin to devour. He needed a great deal of rest and quiet, the young doctor said, before going on fatiguing or exciting adventures. These words, intended to be quieting, only chafed him. He declared that he must go on the trail at once, that the safety of his own life should not cause him to leave the girl in the power of the savages.

"Go alone!" cried Mike, with a laugh.
"I'll be born and christened agin if you do, May I niver west corduroy again if I don't go wheriver you go."

"And I!" And I!" repeated several of the men.

"Hush! Mart!" aried Professor. Dan

"And I!" And I!" repeated several of the men.

"Hush! Hark!" cried Professor Dormouse, with his pollowed hands to his ears.

"What sound was that?"

All listened in breathless silence, and in a few seconds they could faintly hear a low, whining sound creeping through the vanited avern. They could not class it. It might e the wind in the mouth of the cave or the mouning of the trees and river without.

Kansas Kit had thrown himself flat, hunter fashion, with his ear to the ground, and after a moment's pames he raised his head and looked at the others in a bewildered manner.

"It can't be Indians," he said, "for the footfall of moccasins don't give a noise like that"

Even as he spoke the sounds he had heard ecame audible to those standing up—slight oncussions at about the intervals of quick potsteps—but very dissimilar—and Corduroy like, slapping his hand on his thigh, said,

"" What's to be done?"

"They are two enterpoose to the care."

Kit.

"There are two entrances to the cave."
"Yes, but be my word," cried Mike,
they're coming like mad in both direc-

"Arm, all of you! We mu "Get your arms and get into this recess," said Dormouse, quietly. "Leave the brutes to me."

They did as he bid them, and huddled away into a hollow recess at one side of the cave with ready firearms. The coolness of the magician ought to have been reassuring, but as they saw him take the two torches which had lit the place and crush them beneath his heel, their misgivings were very great. It seemed doubly horrible to have to fight the savage animals in the dark.

"Nelson!" said the magician in a low, calm voice, "we will have to call up all our powers; the brutes are coming in hundreds."

And in corroboration of his words the panting of some of the beasts and the barking of others, accompanied by whispering sounds that seemed like the footfall of the stealthy moccasin, echoed through the vault.

CHAPTER VIL

Dogs, Danger, and Drugs—spoiling a scent The cavern was long and narrow, with no apparent branches save indentations in the sides similar to that into which Dormouse had packed Kansas Kit and his friends. The Indians had known of its existence long before, but their Great Medicine, for his own proper purposes, had made young and old afraid to approach it by representing that the devil and all his legions held their home and orgies there. At the same time he himself showed his courage and his appreciation of Satanic proximity by building his lodge before the mouth of the cavern which opened into the camping-ground.

This cave he found very convenient and serviceable for the working out of the

for your benefit was the joint performance of my friend, the professor, and myself."

"I am sure I don't knew how I can ever repay you," said Kit, gratefully.

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow," said his rage at the indignity heaped upon him before his believed. im before his believers made him sacr

him before his believers made him sacrifice his secret to his revenge. Hence the appearance of the Indians and the hounds.

There was now no light in the cave except the very dusky glars cast by the embers of the small fire at which the men had prepared what meat they had. By this doubtful gimmer Kit and his companions could see the figures of Dormouse and Dick Nelson in hurried consultation. As the danger approached they seemed to be in doubt what course to pursue. Suddenly they called him and he sprang eagerly forward, ritle in hand.

"Kit," said Nelson, "you are better up to these things than either Dormouse or myself. What's best to do?"

"The dogs must be turned bick, if possi-

the hell bore fetched him. That's the stuff for my pocket when I get a box to put it in."

The Indian must indeed have been a gintton, for he sneezed and coughed most painfully, the tears rolling freely down his dusky cheeks, and his forehead striking the ground, as he supported himself on his hands at each convulsion.

"This means danger," said Kit, quickly. "The dogs must be turned back, if possible," said Kit, hurriedly; "it would be useless to try to fight such numbers with bullets. The savages expect that we will waste our ammunition on the brutes and leave our-selves at their mercy."
"We can drive them back by fire; we have

"This means danger," said Kit, quickly. "Seeing the retreat of the dogs they have sent men. Dick, if you can relieve this fellow's snorting any way do so, for we must pump their intentions out of him."

Dick undertook the task, and in a few moments the Indian's spasmodic sneezing and coughing eased off, and he, wiped his eyes and nodded and grinned his gratitude to his reliever. The light was not very good, although they had kicked tegether the embers of the fire, and caused them to blaze a little. In this uncertain light he gazed around upon the party, and no sooner did his eyes fall upon the face and figure of Professor Dormouse than he threw himself flat at his feet with a cry of fear, and began muttering phrases of adoration. Dormouse immediately saw his power over this savage, and determined to benefit by it.

"Listen, Kiowa," he exclaimed in a deep, plenty of serpents left." "The sound and light would tell ou "The sound and light would tell our whereabouts, and they would besiege and starve us out—if not something worse. If we could only break the sceat and send them back, the reds might think we were gone and turn their search some other way."

"I have it!" cried Mike, who had joined them unperceived. "I have it, as sure as my clothes is cordured. Docther, give the bastes a snifter of that stuff you put to Kit's nose to bring him out of his faintin' fit."

"That's it, Mike—assafætida. I have plenty in my medicine chest. Come, Dor-

"That's it, Mike—assaicetida. I have plenty in my medicine chest. Come, Dormouse, assaicetida and hellebore—if the one don't break the scent the other'll put them that there'll be no scent in their noses."

Very rapidly, to the astonishment of Kit, the two scientific tricksters disappeared for an instant into a dark arch in the rock and re-appeared with some bottles and packages. These they divided, and one running in each direction until they came to a narrow part of the passage, they each drew one line of solution of assaictida and another of powdered white hellebore across the floor of the cell and ran back rapidly to cover.

"New field for the acquirement of medical distinction—practice rapidly increasing," oried Dick Nelson, as he took his place with the rest,

No one else spoke, for the dreaded brute No one else spoke, for the dreaded brutes were now approaching so hotly on the scent that their snuffing and the patter of their soft feet were plainly heard in the echoing corridor, whilst every time that one gave vouce the sound re-echoed like thunder from the vaulted root. They were coming from both directions. "Steady, men." cried Kit, "and be ready to fire if they jump over the lines."

"We are ready," the men replied.
"And so are we," said Nelson and Dormouse; and Kit noticed that each had a blue parcel in one hand and a lighted fuse in the

end.
"Whence comest thou, Paatah Manito, and wherefore?" continued the magician in his deep tone.
"From the Lake of Fire at thy bidding other. "Oh, thin, be gob," said Mike, "if they pass them lines their nostrils must be copper-plated. Listen to the bastes. I'm ateard they seent it far off and won't wait to get s they access to the control of the said and the patter of many feet became slower, while the spuffling of the animals was plainly

"From the Lake of Fire at thy bidding master, to burn to destroy!" answered the woice from the flame.

"You hear, Indian," said the magician, in a severe tone. "My slave, the fire fiend, is ready, and he shall first eat up the medicine men of the Kiowas."

"Talk about smellin' a rat," cried Mike, trying to keep in his laughter; "it's nothin' at all to smellin' a skunk. They've got it, by George! Ha! ha!

Suddenly a loud and varied collection of belching sounds, expressive of canine disgust, burst forth, resembling more than anything else the concert of a very large pond full of bass-toned frogs; then followed a succession of explosive and agonizing sneezes that made the place ring again, interspersed with painful yo ps and pitiful whines, and finally took place a grand retrograde movement in each light said retrograde movement in each irection, with a yelping, and sneezing, and oughing, and wild pattering of feet which

to'd the sad story of sick stomachs, and hanging tails, and general dog demoralization.

"Hurrah!" roared Corduroy Mike, rushing out, roaring with laughter, which the rest joined in heaftily. "More power to assafætida. May its smell never grow weak, as long as it keeps from my nose. What do you think of that, Kit! Is it hay wonder at all that the docthers can kill human oratures when the very brute bastes that wouldn't wink at a bullet 'll turn tale on their medicines?"

"It's true," said Kit, "that all the firearms we have wouldn't have sent them back so quickly."

"Oh, bad luck to the firearms when bloodhounds are in the way. I'd carry a bottle of

arms we have wouldn't have sent them back so quickly."

"Oh, bad luck to the firearms when bloodhounds are in the way. I'd carry a bottle of assa@cdity myself, but I'm afeard o'scentin' my corduroys too highly for dacint company. Wouldn't it be an illegant thing to carry in yer snuff-box to give creditors and other bothersome visitors?"

They all laughed at this, and Kansas Kit's admiration of the readiness with which Dick and the professor applied medicines in such unheard-of manners of preserving life brought back his wonder at the mysteries of the night before.

"I must ask you, Dick, and our good friend the professor, how you gave me the

unheard-of manners of the back his wonder at the mysteries of the night before.

"I must ask you. Dick, and our good friend the professor, how you gave me the encouraging words in the Indian camp and produced the screams and voices in the air.

I, as well as the Indians, thought them supernatural."

Dick Nelson and Dormouse both laughed, and the former shook his head with mock er. seriousness as he said:

"Now, my dear Kit, you ask too much."

"Come," said the ladian, quickly and excitedly. "No one know the cave but me and Big Medicine. Come, I show you where to hide till Lone Wolf go away. Big Medicine got cut bad in the fight by the merry-tongued brave," he said, pointing to Mike, "he no come to show Lone Wolf the way."

Come."

Come."

I, as well as the Indians, thought them supernatural."

Dick Nelson and Dormouse both laughed, and the former shook his head with mock seriousness as he said:

"Now, my dear Kit, you ask too much. Tricks of the craft must not be exposed, the secrets of science must be preserved, professional trust must not be broken. Signor Blitz did it, and he went down, Barnum did it, and he busted up. Eh, Dormouse?"

"Oh," said the professor, laughing, "I think we may trust our friend. No fear of him stealing our trade in this part; business is not encouraging enough."

"As you wil," said Dick, pomponsly. "Ask, Kansas Kitten, ask and be made wise."

"Well, first, the voices in the air?" said Kit.

Kit.

"Ventriloquism," answered the protessor, giving an exemplification by sending his voice floating around the ceiling of the cave.

"And the burning appearance of your face, and robe, and the blazing of the axe?" asked the enquirer after knowledge.

"Phosphorus and oil," was the answer.

"But the black wand, and the killing of the mock devil, and of the red that stopped me?"

In vain the chief roared and bellowed to bring his braves back to the combat, in vain he struck down his own people in punishment of their cowardice. Panic was unconquerable. Superstitions and bodily fear combined were more powerful than his tureats; he soon saw that he was going to be left alone in the conflict, and as an Indian chief has the natural amount of discretion, Lone Wolf turned his back on the din of arms and took leg road for the corral, lest all the horses should be gobbled up before he got there.

All was in wild confusion at the corral the mock devil, and of the red that stopped me?"

"Remington air cane," answered Dormouse, laughing. "The blue light and the fiery serpents, of course, you recognized; you have used them often on the fourth of July."

"But how do you carry a supply sufficient with you?" said Kit, laughing.

"Must carry large stock and great variety, because we are far fr. in base of supplies, said the professor. "Eligible places for exhibition are so confoundedly few and far between that the decrease of the stock has been as small as the increase of the returns. The display accompanying your rescue has been as small as the increase of the returns. The display accompanying your rescue has been the nearest approach to a successful performance and a decent sized andience we have had since we left civilization."

"Not a very 'paying' audience," said Kit. The professor shrugged his shoulders, and they all laughed.

"But we will have to remedy that as soon as we can," e.ntinned Kit. "I should think that a few such displays would soon run out your stook of fireworks."

"Oh, no," cried Dick Nelson. "A little of them goes a long way. When we were-nit and of the behind that made them afraid to follow."

"It's quite a new and original mode of fighting Indians," said Kit, "and should be adopted by the government for I'm sure by what I have seen it would be better than their present plan."

Cordurcy Mike in his admiration of assafering and hellebore had strayed down or of shore the cornal when he arrived there, but Lone Wolf was a run of short measures, and knocking down the first fellow he met in possession of a horse he institute and they all laughed.

The chief rode straig t to the door, and at the would be developed to the coor and at the sound of the sound of the coor and the sound of the sound of the coor and the sound of the sound of the coor and the coor and the sound of the sound of the coor and the coor and the sound of the coor and the sound of the coor and the coor

der at the last expression, and he did actually do as he was bid and put his hand on the bloed-sprinkled cloak, and gazed at the crimson witness in a curious way.

"Why," said Lone Wolf, "that's Indian blood. Most of it—most all!" he cried, savagely. Then, in answer to the inquiring look of the other, he continue i rapidly and fiercely. "The white men came into our camp as few—not many. They killed our young men and chased them like prairie dogs. They all ran away like squaws and left me alone, so I come too."

"And—and—" cried Rice, excitedly, "was she in the camp—was she rescued—did they get her?"

was she in the camp-was she rescued-

they get her ??

A sudden change came over the expressive face of Lone Wolf, and eareful cunning took the place of the blind ferocity which had led the place of the blind ferocity which had led him to speak with such unusual candour.

"No. ho, they didn't rescue her, I guess not," he said, with a saucy toss of the head.

"Lone Wolf never lets his prisoners be rescued—he kills them first. The Quaker squaw is in the camp, all safe."

"If you have the girl safe," said Rice, suspiciously, "why did you come without her?"

"Because afraid some of the escaped white might be hiding and see her; and you would.

might be hiding and see her; and you wouldn't like that, just yet."

"No, no, not yet," said Rice flurriedly.
"Time enough for that. They think she is dead. I told them so. I will go to the camp. But was't the cavalry?"

"No; settler men."

"Listen, Kiowa," he exclaimed in a deep,

threatening tone, "Matcho Manito is angry with the redmen, and these white people are his friends. If the Kiowas hurt these people, his friends, he will send out his fires to de-

"Master, I am here!" answered a wild.

"No; settler men."
"How did so few beat you?" "The young men were frightened," said Lone Wolf, with a touch of his old ferocity. "They had the Pawpaw—the Black Dance and when the medicine man's devil came in, another devil—a white one—came and killed him, and talked in the air and scared them, and then the whites came and they ran

Rice had listened with some attention to this.

"It is all some trick—some humbug," he said. "But the Pawpaw—they only have that at great times when there is some big prisoner."

"Yes: yes," grunted Lona Wolf, revenge-fully; "great big prisoner; he worse than the devil. He get away no how you fix him—he quick as a snake and greasy as an eel."

"Who?" asked Rice.

"Kansas Kit, the scout."

At these words the magician, seeing the trembling of the Indian, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a paper containing a brown powder, and stretching his arm out over the head of the prostrate savage he sprinkled it on the fire, which immediately shot up in a blood-red flame, filling the whole place with a flood of angry light that nearly himded the bystanders. Even the prostrate Indian saw the glare, and started up only to shade his wild-looking eyes from its intensity. "Behold!" exclaimed the magician. "You have already heard my servant, the Spirit of the Wind, speak—now my slave, the Spirit of Fire, is hers. Speak, Paatah Manito, art thou here?" "Kansas Kit," almost loared the other, jumping off the floor. "You had him and you let him go. Lone Woli, you are a foo! I have great reasons why this scout should be put out of the way. You were a fool to let him go. A stroke of a hatchet would have stilled all tales; now all is danger. He must die, Lone Wolf. He should never reach the fort. Where can you seek him?" "Master, I am here!" answered a wild, fierce voice out of the very centre of the crimson flame, and even those in the secret recoiled, startled by the sound.

But the effect upon the Indian was wonderful. He started up and back from the fire with a look of horror, his face resembled that of a man stark mad, and his long, greasy hair seemed to swell out and try to stand on end. "He was wounded. He is in the moun

tains or with the settlers on the other side."
"Kill him! kill him! It will be more in your hands than the girl job!"

This remark brought back the thoughts of the noble red man to business.

"I will trap him," he said, "if you pay for his skin. But did you bring the price of the girl?"

"From the Lake of Fire at thy bidding master, to burn to destroy!" answered the voice from the flame.

"You hear, Indian," said the magician, in a severe tone. "My siave, the fire fiend, is ready, and he shall first eat up the medicine men of the Kiowas."

The savage trembled with terror and fell in an attitude of abject supplication. This threat struck home to him, for Kansas Kit had noticed by such clothes as he had on and the symbol tattooed upon his breast, that he was one of their medicine men, and had whispered the fact to Dormouse.

Dick Nelson saw with anxiety that the red fire was beginning to wane, and fearful of losing the effect they had gained on the mind of the Indian, he cried out with an impatient wave of the hand:

"Go 'wav, blackman! Go to your people, and tell them to vamoose the ranch, to akedaddle in peace, to mizzle, to chivey, to

the possession of the girl he had already bar-tered off to Black Bear, the Apache. Rice seemed very ill at ease, and walked back and forward impatiently. At length he said —

said :- "Did Kansas Kit see the girl?" "Yes, he tried to carry her off; only for that he could have run himself."
"Then," said Rice, in a low, decided tone, "we must kill him. You seek him in the mountains. I will see that he never reaches the fort."

CHAPTER IX. IN THE BOCKS-AN INDIAN QUARREL-A DANGEROUS PALL

"A lead pill or a dose o' hemp'd be the right medicine for him," said Mike.

"Lone Wolf won't go away antil he kills the white men," continued the Indian, "He think if he let them go they will go to the fort and bring the soldiers to kill his people; if he kill them they can't tell the soldier."

"Be me word he's a very smisble Wolf."

"Liaten to the red man," cried the doctor. "We must be getting ready another entertainment for Mr. Wolf and his dogs."

It was full time to think of something, for again a yeiping and marmuring sound came distantly along the cavern.

"Oome," said the Indian, quickly and excitedly. "No one know the cave but me and Big Medicine. Come, I show you where to hide till Lone Wolf go sway, Big Medicine got out bad in the fight by the merry tongued brave," he said, pointing to Mike, "he no come to show Lone Wolf the way. Come."

"Is it safe? Can we trust him?" were the questions of several of the men, and for a moment sil atood in doubt. But at Kit's word they decided to follow him. No place, could be more unsafe than the one they were in.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AROADEN ANBO, WHICH BRING INTERPETED MEANS 'SCOUNDELES BOTH."

Leaving Kansas Kit and his companions to their adventures, under the guidance of the Kiowa, whose faith or falsity time was to prove, we must lead the attention of the reader to the movement of Lone Wolf after the night fight. The Indians deserted their camping ground with the speed of utterpanc, thinking that all the soldiers on the fight by the merty has been partly formed by the merty has been partly into a notch in the sone do their camping ground with the speed of utterpanc, thinking that all the soldiers on the fight by time was to prove, we must lead the attention of the reader to the movement of Lone Wolf after the night fight. The Indians deserted their camping ground with the speed of utterpanc, thinking that all the soldiers on the fight by the merty has a store of a store, more than the others hastily followed their camping ground with the speed of utterpanc, thin

a sort of altar covered with sahes, and backed by a charred stake that looked ominous to Christian eyes. Around it were hung instruments undoubtedly meant for torture, and at sight of them the quick suspicions of the

scout arose.
Could this be some infernal forture-room or place of sacrifice into which the Indian had entrapped them?

At the same time he heard a confused mur

At the same time he heard a confused murmur of the yelping dogs and the angry cries of men, that echoed in a grim, threatening manner throughout the crypt in which they stood. Treachery and betrayal were the words that came to the lips of himself and companions, and drawing his kmife he seized the Kiowa by the throat.

"You traitorous rascal!" he cried, as he shook him angrily and raised the glittering blade above his breast, "if you have betrayed us I'll cut you into mince-meat and leave you to feed your hungry dogs."

The Kiowa dropped the torch in his affright, and one of the frontiersmen caught it up.

"Kill him! Kill him!" several cried, savagely, for the reverberation of the sounds grew louder, and seemed to be advancing from the impenetrable darkness of the sides of the caveru.

when the second of the cavery of the string and the second of the cavery of the second of the second of the cavery With doubt and curiosity struggling within them, and Kit still grasping the guide,
knife in hand, they followed his guidance
past the altar before mentioned, and the rude
implements and wild paraphernalia of the
torture and mummery and cruel initiations of
this friendly Society of the Spirit, up the
gradually slanting floor of the vault. The
sounds seemed nearer and more angry at
every step, and it was only the fascination of
curio-ity that led them on until at least in every step, and it was only the tascination of curio-ity that led them on, until at length, when the hubbub seemed to come from below and to shake the rock floor beneath their feet, the Kiewa turned and said, cautiously t "Keep back the torch!"

The man that held it obeyed, and in the the man that held it obeyed, and in the deeper darkness, thus secured, they saw a twinkle penetrating upward through the floor. Steeping forward a couple of steps. Kit saw a fong crevice in the rock, through which the hupbub and light came up distinctly, and the truth flashed upon him at once. They were in a cave above the one they had just left. "Put down your eye and see," said the In-

The direction was not necessary, for the The direction was not necessary, for the party were already disposing themselves in positions of observation. Gathered around the fire, which had been brightened by the addition of fuel, were Lone Wolf and his principal men engaged in the most approved Indian snap and gag. General bad humour prevailed, and everybody seemed to be desirous of biting every other body's nose off. Every word could be heard distinctly. The main argument was between low Wolf and Every word could be heard distinctly. The main argument was between Lone Wolf and one of his leutenant-chiefs, Buck-Tooth, who had been sent to seize the further en-

trance of the cave, as to which of them was to be ame for the escape of the white prisoners. Each was positive that they had not passed his way, and hence the loudness and heat of the discussion.

The altercation was in all conscience sufficiently ludicrous to the listeners without the assistance of Professor Dormouse. But Dick Nelson whispered:

"Lone Wolf is the best jawer. Buck-Tooth can't talk enough. Sling him a few words, professor, and get up a rumpus."

To be continued:

To be continued:

"Old Fritz."

The vitality of the German Emperor is a source of unceasing astonishment and admiration. He is now well on his way to 87—thirteen years older than his great ancestor, "Old Fritz," when that monarch's tough constitution broke down under the weight of years and the cares of Government—and his life has been one of the most wearing activity. Yet he was on horseback last Saturday, despite the weather, for three hours, and the next day he was busy all day in discharging various formal functions of royalty. In face of this marvelous and strained vigor it needs the Emperor's own words in his touching address to the Fourth Army Corps to remind the world how close he necessarily is to the end of his extraordinary career: "It was a joy and honour to me," he says, "to see the army corps once more. Probably it is the last time. At my age one makes no plans." Yet the event which the Emperor looks so steadfastly in the face will make the greatest changes, perhaps, in the foreign and certainly in the domestic relations of his empire. By no career of our time has the immense im-

no career of our time has the immense is portance of the personal element in politibeen more clearly illustrated.

A resident of Bartholomew county, A resident of Bartholomew county, Indiana, captured an animal that beats the oldest hunters. It's head resembled that of a man, only it had one sharp horn on the top of it's head that bent back over its body about a foot long. It's body sloped off, and left it's tail like a blacksnake. It length was four and one-half feet; its weight 145 pounds.

PERILS IN ASIA A Caravan Pillaged by Kurdie ers—American Missionaries

TREBIZOND, Nov. 9.—The mreceived from Erzeroum, to the a whole caravan had been stopp laged just outside that town, ha great excitement in this place among the commercial classes. trade is with the Persian frontie ble consignments of merchand continually despatched via Er hough packages are occasiona len, nothing like such a wholesa this affair has occurred for man and the merchants are very anxi

BOBBERY PLANNED AT ERAP The worst feature about it grave suspicion that exists as to having been planued at Erzeroum Mollah, attached to one of the man of considerable influence an hammedans of that place, is th the head of an association for the plunder, in close league with chiefs of that neighbourhood. posed to give the information the redoubtable marauders out on and with his friends to receive such portions of the spoils as d of coin or jewellery. His conn the present affair is proved by t some of the stolen property was on his premises. His arrest, he delicate matter, and while the l ties are besitating about it he w move off at a distance. Accord particulars which I have receisman who has just come from Er evident that the caravan was led guide into a regular ambush, for was it surrounded by the briga joined their ranks and shared in plundering.

The caravan consisted of so sons, chiefly Armeniaus of a pool a few traders, the whole travelli for mutual protection. Most of men who, having passed four or f service at Constantinople and ou as porters and labourers, were as porters and labourers, were a custom returning to their home hard-won earnings to settle down tors of the soil. While passin narrow gorge between two of spurs, almost within hail of twhich they were making, some six looking Kurds suddenly rose a ground on all sides, and the caground on all sides, and the car found themseives completely suri was useless to think of defen one or two of the tra armed with revolvers, and r "hammals" had their knives. of the band, as his men brought the shoulder, shouted out for a mans present with the caravan to and all others to throw away the he would give the order to fire. done, at a given signal the briga in, and so completely despoiled t that the latter were left with but

or so in the way of clothing.

The poor "hammals" were fi down with the butt end of a them quiet, and then beaten aborto make them lively, and w slightest hesitation was manife plying with the demands of their prick of a yataghan was admin IMMUNITY FROM PUNISHM

A great deal of indignation he sited at Erzeroum and this pl thought of a new feature have ported into the brigandage of A that of the Mussulmans being spa Christians alone attacked. His presents importality has been Christians alone attacked. He greatest impartiality has been enthese gentlemen of the road, and medan has suffered equally with tian. Even in the present case the reason to believe that the immune by the few Turks in the carava not to the fazt of their being the Prophet," but allies of the his friends, who had purposely Armenians to assist the guide in Armenians to assist the guide in ... into the ambush. Recently an ... two American missionaries put the on their mettle, and cavairy pa weeks, compelling these Asiati see the necessity of lying close quiry into that affair had reache when it would be found conve sides to torget it. Needless to a petrators of the outrage upon Me and Reynolds have remained Officially they have not yet been although everyone about Erzer pretty well who was at the botter one, however, it would seem, is belp the aut. ) ities in the matter afraid of the consequences that w

from giving information against t Kurdish chief implicated The authorities are hardly to be not making arrests when witness come forward to identify and brit charges. Even Messrs Revno would prefer to forego their de ent of those by whom t ll-treated rather than it should co any direct action of theirs at the The readers of the Herald will The readers of the Herald will a collect their story. These two were making a round of visits scattered members of their flock proceeding from Moorh to Bitlis denly assailed by a party of Kn were stripped pretty well of all til ed, beaten most severely with stee about a bit with yataghans, and together and left to live or dis together and left to live or might decide.

A FEROCIOUS BEY. The author of the outrage, as the men well know, although they chosen to formulate any complhim, is a certain Mirza Bey, son Bey, the chief of the Ghuvné. He lent individual of forbidding apper Prophet," is very fanatical in his Christian and stranger. Hen feared by all the people about Me quite the Lord of the Bingholds himself in a vary rear Bingholds himself in a very proud fashion a a show of submission from all wi ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A

He took offence, it would se manner in which Messrs. Knapp nolds made themselves at ho presence at the "khan," where to spending the night. When those had made their coffee, so far in him the first cup, they never offering him any at all. His disp soon made known to them, and he was they tried their best to resentment of the fancied elight to him a special brew. It was rea ever, and they have no doubt that to punish their presumption his followers was sent over night them in the morning.

them in the morning, There is no doubt that the centre ment is auxious to put a stop to doings of these beys, and by way ing the local authorities to more hions, and as some satisfaction Wallace and the aggrieved m pertain of the Turkish function parts are going to be removed from

Lord Beaconsfield's Younge Disraeli was essentially warmgenerous, and when he took his into public life he went with the st then carrying most youn ned at public schools and the toward humanitarian theories but from the first he showed ich would have made him with parliamentary Liberals. In speeches and writings his satire at aightest when levelled at the p of place-nunting, at political hyposhams, and dull arrogance. To pettine a in him; he had a poet's a took grand sweeping view of the ook grand sweeping views of this ured up gorgeous visions of hum and natural trumphs. He mig come the most dangerous of R.