

OUR STORY OF AMERICAN FRONTIER LIFE.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U.S.A. Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Hills," "The Doctor's" Etc.

CHAPTER V. "Good evening, Striker," said the colonel cheerily. "Come in and have a seat. The doctor and I were just wondering if we could not get you to take a hand at what is to-night."

"I shall be glad to join you, sir, after parade. I have come in to ask permission to send a sergeant and a couple of men, mounted, down to the Monee. One of my best riders is a fine fellow."

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in front of the entrance a few seconds looking irresolutely at the soldier who stood at full length in his reclining chair, with his feet on a stool, and his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed on the paratrooper's clearing of his throat as though about to speak, and then, suddenly and unexpectedly, he turned and disappeared around the corner of the building in the direction of the hospital. Immersed in his paper, the paratrooper did not notice that he had gone; neither did he note the fact that two ladies were coming down the stairs.

The soft swish of trailing skirt being insufficient to attract his attention as they arrived nearly opposite the shaded doorway a silver peal of laughter broke the stillness of the evening. Mrs. Belknap's laugh was delicious—soft, melodious, rippling as a cataract, and just as spontaneous. Neither lady had said a word since the moment that Mrs. Lawrence had given utterance to the quaint, somewhat whimsical conceit which she had just uttered. Mrs. Lawrence had been more ready, and her great, dark eyes shot a sidelong glance to note the effect of her own remark.

"Down went the paper, and the paratrooper, with a gasp, started back, his muscular arms, came the burly form of the post commander. Two sweet, smiling faces looked upon him through an aperture in the rear of the building. Mrs. Belknap's silver voice hailed him in laughing salutation:

"Did you spill your steers, colonel?" "How can I spill my steers, colonel? They were so hidden by the vines that no one would dream of your being there in numbers."

"Oh, indeed, I assure you I meant to spill them," answered the colonel, hastily. "You've come in, ladies, and sit here in the shade awhile."

"We thought we would stroll around until parade," said Mrs. Lawrence, hesitatingly, "and then sit down and watch the show."

"Where is the doctor?" "The doctor is here," answered the colonel, "and you can see him on that side and see, or what we would infinitely prefer, sit here and see him."

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CAPT. HAMILTON MURRELL, The Rescuer of Seven Hundred Lives from the Danmark.

TO BE GIVEN IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREAT FRESH WATER EXHIBITION, FRIDAY MARCH 7 1886.

Capt. Hamilton Murrell, rescuer of seven hundred lives from the wrecked steamship Danmark, is now visiting in Victoria.

A June evening; one of those lovely summer evenings when all Nature seems to be in a state of peace and rest, and the rising moon peeps over the trees top.

A GOOD DEACON'S TROUBLE. An amusing incident occurred in one of our fine churches a few months ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn:

I love to steal a white away, I love to steal a white away, I love to steal a white away, I love to steal a white away.

LORD NAPIER'S WOUNDS. It has occurred to an obituary writer to notice the case of Lord Napier, and his indifference to wounds, and the wonderful celebrity of his recovery from them.

It was dark in the timber, however, as they rode through and reined up at the camp. The doctor, however, was not to be deterred, and he went on.

Dismissing to examine the game while the rest of the party were engaged in their usual occupations, he went on.

CRANK ON MONOGRAMS. "You sir, was a crank on monograms," said the Rev. Ernest Outley as he accepted a cigar and struck a match on the long, narrow sole of his patent leather shoes.

Then Harry would say, "I'm thinking all the time," and the man would say, "Don't think so hard, but if you do hit on some idea to reduce the surplus, let me know."

CHAPTER VI. Mind-cure doctor. The prisoner, your honor, ordered me out of the house, and I was obliged to go.

WILIGHT still hovered over the broad expanse of prairie when Lieut. Perry and his little party.

initial combinations and to cap the climax a large wild bull dog belonging to Val...

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nervously at the tall young lady in the white morning gown, who regarded her with such stony bright eyes.

"No," returned Blanche, in a tone that conveyed to the startled Miss Burton that her room was better than her company.

"The night of her companion's timid, half-finished face had brought back all her old associations. Throwing herself on a lounge, she burst into a passion of tears.

"I will get my letter in a little while, what will I think when I read it," she wondered. "Ah! and as she remembered her last cruel words to him, she shivered a fearful shiver, and her eyes were dim with tears."

"A fully sorry to be so long, Miss Vernon," he began, and then he noticed how grave his face had become.

"I've just heard something awfully sad," he replied, gravely. "News has just arrived of the loss of the 'Victory,' which was a fine ship, and which was on board when she was wrecked."

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sent with a start, to hear the clapping of gloved hands, the murmur of congratulatory words which rewarded the actor. The young man, whose conversation had been as though with cold, a few minutes before, a Mr. Wilcox, was startled by the sudden change, and offered to conduct her to the conservatory where he had a seat.

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