

a huge Newfoundland, that with gleaming eyes and frothing jaws came tearing on towards him. As the frantic animal dashed blindly upon him, in a twinkling, by a dexterous movement, he enveloped its head tightly in the coat, and bearing the struggling brute to the earth with sheer strength of wrist, held it down with his knees while desperately clutching its throat.

The contest was frightful; the animal with the strength of madness struggling to be free; the young man, well-nigh beaten at times, but with desperate energy still holding on, with unrelaxing, ever-tightening grip.

For a time the result seemed dubious. Shrieks from the terrified women in the hotel filled the air. Two men armed with pistols, came ostentatiously running down to the rescue, but ere they reached the road the animal was stretched motionless, with the dusty, torn coat still wrapped about its head.

"That was a brave deed," said one of the men.

"We'll make sure he's dead, though," said the other, firing two shots through the coat into the animal's head.

The young man rose slowly, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and walked gravely up to the hotel, where he was surrounded by the proprietor, guests, and servants, all loud in praise of his bravery.

"What will you have, wine or brandy?" asked the proprietor.

"Neither, thank you; but I'll take a glass of water, if you please," replied he, somewhat faintly.

Instantly a pretty barmaid, who, with the others, had crowded to see the hero, darted off and returned with a glass of clear, cool water.

He smiled as he took it from her hand, and said—