TRUE AS STEEL

OR, RUNNING LIFE'S MYSTERY

BY

MRS ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

There was a dreary lapse of silence, but during its reign the gleaming, scintillant eyes of Beatrice Mercer told that their owner was not idle.

She was thinking, plotting, preparing to act. Her quick mind grasped the situation readily, the situation she had anticipated, and which she had come prepared to meet. She held the remedy—gold. To befriend the father of the man she loved in his dire extremity, to save an honored family name from reproach—would it not win the gratitude of the delinquent son, and gratitude pity, and pity love?

She had other final resources in reserve. She had prepared plans calmly, systematically. This was but the first step. Oh! she could not fail.

She arose and stole to the door; she peered in. There sat the stern-faced, implacable lawyer, the fatal documents spread out before him. There, too, wan-faced, wretched, lost, shrank the father of Raymond Marshall.

She stepped boldly across the threshold of the room. Not until she had reached the table and her shadow fell across it did lawyer and victim glance up, with a vivid start.

"Madam!—why——" began the former.

"I have come to purchase those documents."

Her hand pointed to the pile of notes and securities, almost touching them. In profound wonderment the lawyer regarded her. With a gasp of hope, suspense, dread, Colonel Marshall stared at her veiled face.

"You have come——" repeated the lawyer, vaguely.

"To buy those documents!"

"Why—I do not understand—by what right."

"Are they for sale?"

Her voice rang out sharply.

"To Colonel Marshall or his authorized agent, yes, but to a stranger——"

Beatrice Mercer turned to the bewildered Colonel.

"I am no stranger, but a friend," she half-whispered in his dumfounded ear. "I came to save you," and then aloud: "Colonel Marshall, you authorize me to act for you?"

The half-stunned Colonel could only nod like an automaton.

"Ten thousand dollars is the amount, I believe," went on Beatrice, calmly. "There is the money. See that it is right."

She had flashed a heap of bank-notes of large denominations before the lawyer's sight. She took up the papers on the table.

"This is the forged $2,000 note. I believe?" she said, selecting one from the many papers. "Colonel Marshall, it shall never trouble you again."

With two twists of her dainty but supple wrists, she severed the fatal document in twain.

"These other papers I shall keep for a day or two. The amount is correct?" she demanded of the lawyer. "Colonel Marshall, you are free from debt and dread alike. I trust we all know how to keep a secret. I would like to speak a few words to you alone."

The lawyer had witnessed some strange scenes in his professional career, but the denouement of the present inexplicable one left him speechless.

Colonel Marshall, like one in a dream, followed the woman who had mysteriously saved him from ruin and dishonor from the room.

Then, realizing that he had been snatched from the brink of a precipice, he reeled to a table in the outer office for support, and burst into tears.

"Woman, angelic deliverer!" he fairly sobbed. "Who sent you here? You have saved to me all I hold dear on earth. My tears, my prayers shall be yours till my last breath. I shall teach my own to reverence you. I shall repay you dollar for dollar. What can I say, what can I do to acknowledge, to repay this stupendous obligation that crushes, stuns, mystifies me?"

"One single favor."

"Name it—oh! name it."

"Ask no questions, feel no obligations. I only ask that to-morrow evening at dusk you come to the hotel and to the apartments of Miss Leslie, and bring your son Raymond with you."

She was gone like a flash with the words. The Colonel stood staring after her as if she were some wraith. His eyes closed and he swayed like one in a dream. He hastened after her a minute later to demand a more lucid explanation of her strange intercession in his behalf, but when he reached the street, like the fairy in the story-books, she had disappeared utterly.

Beatrice Mercer had hastened back to the hotel. Her face was flushed, her eyes hopeful, exultant, as she laid aside her wraps.

"So far all is well," she murmured, confidently. "Now for the most difficult part of the plot."

When Dr. Simms came, she led him to a sofa, and for over an hour in low, earnest tones she conversed with him.

She told him all her plot, all her desires. She startled him with her boldness and shrewdness, she dazzled him with the promise of munificent rewards.

"What a scheme!" he ejaculated, arising at last, "and all for the love of a man whose heart is buried in the grave of that lost, drowned girl. Beatrice, is the game worth the candle?"

"I will have it so!" she cried, wildly. "Without Raymond Marshall, what is wealth to me! You will help me?"

"To the last!"

"You can give me the medicine to produce the effect I desire. You will help me carry out the imposition?"

"Yes. Wait till I go to my office."

In an hour he returned. Deep and subtle must have been the plots of the fair and false siren, for, as he handed her a tiny phial, he said:

"You can rely upon it. When Raymond Marshall comes to see you to-morrow, it will be as you desire. All the pity of his heart cannot fail to go out to the woman who has saved his family from penury and disgrace, for, to all seeming, through the agency of that potent drug, you will be a dying woman!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUBTLE PLOT.

"All is ready?"

"Everything. My housekeeper, whom we can trust, will act as nurse and is in the next room. I will receive the Marshalls when they arrive and pave the way for you."

"Make no mistake!"

It was the afternoon of the day succeeding that which had witnessed Beatrice Mercer's strange act of generosity. Beatrice herself, in propria persona, the disguise she had hitherto adopted now abandoned, lay upon a couch in one corner of her sleeping apartment.

She was no longer disguised, but there was a change in her from her ordinary appearance that was most remarkable.

Her face looked thin and wretchedly white, her eyes heavy. As she lay back on the pillow, her labored breathing and hectic cheeks seemed to indicate a hot, burning fever.

A hot, burning fever she had, but produced by artificial means. This ruthless schemer had paused at nothing to accomplish her ends. To further her schemes an assumption of mortal illness had been necessary, and her worthy coadjutor, Dr. Simms, had not prevaricated when he told her that the contents of the little phial he had given her th day previous would bring about the result she desired.

These two had plotted well in unison, and as he entered the outer room of the suite he assumed that grave, serious expression of face that the average physician wears while attending a patient in the last extremity.

He opened the door with warning noiselessness as there came a tap finally. A servant stood there, two persons at his side.

"Gentleman to see Miss Leslie, sir," he announced, withdrew, and Doctor Simms ushered his two visitors into the room and pointed to chairs, his serious manner evidently surprising them.

Colonel Marshall was the one, his son Raymond the other. The former was all curiosity and excitement. As to Raymond, as he sat gazing vacantly at the floor, his hollow cheeks, haunted eyes and dejected bearing generally told that the present visit had no interest for him.

"Doctor Simms!" ejaculated the Colonel. "Why! I came to see——"

"Miss Leslie?"

"Yes."

"Miss Leslie is a dying woman, Colonel Marshall.

"What!"

With an incredulous gasp the Colonel started to his feet.

"Yes, she has been ill for some time. I was summoned yesterday afternoon. I found her fevered, almost delirious. She asked me to receive you,"

"Doctor, you amaze me! This strange lady——"

"Has an iron will even in death. She has explained everything to me. She insists upon seeing yourself and your son, even in her dangerous condition. I told her that the shock might kill her, but she insists."

"Doctor! I am at a perfect loss to understand this lady's remarkable generosity in my behalf—the mystery surrounding her——"

"Here are the notes she took yesterday. She bade me destroy them in your presence."

"Wait! Don't! I really cannot accept all these favors from a stranger."

The Colonel spoke too late. The documents were blazing on the hearth. He was a free man! A stranger had liberated him from all the financial entanglements of the hour.

"Doctor!" he panted, "this mystery is maddening. Who is this lady?"

"You will be surprised when you know. Come; you, too, Mr. Marshall," to Raymond.

He advanced to the door of the sleeping-room and tapped lightly. The nurse opened it. Awed, startled, Col. Marshall stood in the center of the apartment, gazing dubiously at the figure lying on the couch, its face turned from him.

Quite as curious and interested for the moment, Raymond Marshall looked up, too.

"Miss Leslie has asked me to explain to you why she has interested herself in your behalf," spoke the Doctor, in calm, measured accents. "Her act has been one in a measure of atonement, of compensation for a wrong done a member of your family."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Colonel with a start, "she must be, then, some relative of the wretch who robbed me—who encompassed me in all this trouble, my former partner!"

"Not at all. She simply deceived a member of your family. She is familiar with the troubles of your son, as well as yourself, and she desires me to impart some mournful information to him. Mr. Marshall, will you kindly read that article?"

The Doctor had handed to Raymond Marshall the newspaper which had first set Beatrice on the trail of Edna Deane. It chronicled her death at the snow-laden bridge. So accurately did it describe Edna and her attire, that, as Raymond Marshall perused it, with distended eyes and ashen face, he could not mistake the truth. With a wild cry he sank to a chair, the paper fluttering to the floor.

"Dead! dead!" he wailed. "All hope, then, is lost!"

"What may all this have to do with the lady here?" began the astounded and mystified Colonel Marshall.

"Much. This ordeal is trying, fatal to her, but she insists. Nurse, turn up the lamp. Colonel—Mr. Marshall, your benefactress, the lady who makes an atonement for a great wrong, is——"

"Beatrice Mercer!"

In surprised accents from the Colonel's lips, in a gasp of incredulity from those of Raymond Marshall, rang the name simultaneously, as the pretended invalid turned her wan features toward them.

Dying features they were, to all semblance. The Doctor's art and her own deft acting carried out the intended effect completely.

"Raymond!" she fluttered, in a weak, wailing voice. "Say that you forgive me. I did wrong in deluding you. I even sought to find Edna and restore her to you after my cruel deception, but she is dead. A distant relative left me a fortune. The only restitution I could make was to aid your father. I am dying. The only reward I ask is that you take my hand and forgive me for it all."

Raymond Marshall stood like one in a dream. All the past flashed over his mind. This woman had, indeed, wronged him, but still she was not accountable for Edna's death. As he thought of all she had done for his father, as he fancied he read a noble remorse in her words and deeds, a generous impulse drove him forward.

He felt her burning hand twitch in his own. He did not doubt, after all the Doctor had said, that she was a dying woman.

"You did me no wrong except to torture me with a passing belief in the faithlessness of the woman I loved," he said.

"For love of you!" murmured Beatrice, fervently. "Raymond, I can tell you now, for I shall soon die. I was not to blame for my love, and I had not Edna's gentle nature to endure in silence. I loved you so hopelessly, yet so fondly!"

His eyes dimmed with tears. Love was surely no sin, even when hopeless. His great heart stirred with honest pity.

"I can die in peace, now," she said, "for your eyes tell me that I am forgiven. Raymond, good-by—good-by!"

Her eyes were raining tears. Oh, actress deft and subtle! oh, hypocrite strong and confident! pitting all the issues of life upon the frail cast of a die.

She turned her face to the wall, her sobs causing the sympathetic Colonel to wince with honest pity. Raymond looked concerned, grieved.

"Can we do nothing to make her happier?" spoke the Colonel, deeply affected. "Can I not tell her how grateful I am—how some arrangement must be made for the repayment of the money advanced?"

"She would refuse to consider it," responded the Doctor. "But—no! I had better not mention it."

"Speak, Doctor!" urged the Colonel, eagerly. "You were about to make some suggestion?"

"It concerns your son. This morning this poor creature wailed her heart-sickness over her love for him. She cannot survive the night, and yet I think she would be infinitely happy for that brief period of time if she knew that you—— Forgive me, gentlemen, my task is too difficult to complete."

"If she knew what?" demanded Raymond, softly.

"If you would consent to wed her. Nay, sir, do not start. A dying child's wish; you need not gratify it, only she has left all her fortune to you."

"I will never accept it!" dissented Raymond, indignantly.

"The law will make you. This poor girl's devotion is pitiable. Give her your name, render her dying moments happy. It is not much to do, for before morning you will be a widower."

The plot was out. This was the deft design two clever schemers had planned. The unsuspecting Raymond Marshall never dreamed of a new deception.

"Raymond, do it; it will quiet talk when her will is read. Poor creature! her devotion is indeed pitiable," spoke the Colonel.

Raymond Marshall thought of the woman dead and of all his love for her; of the woman dying and his pity for her forlorn helplessness.

"What does it matter!" he murmured, dejectedly. "My life is gloom—the future aimless. If that small ceremony can brighten this dying girl's moments, Doctor, I will marry her!"

The clever actress on the couch thrilled wildly. At last, reward; at last, success! Her hour of triumph had come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Bank of England contains ingots of silver which have lain in its vaults for 200 years.

In every school in Paris there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

A well seasoned old colored woman is Mary Marks, who resides in Brenham, Texas. She was born in the West Indies in 1776, and is therefore 120 years of age.

Paper coffins are the latest novelty in mortuary furniture. They are pressed into shape from a mass of pulp, and, when stained and varnished, look just like wood.

In Deerfield Township, Kansas, a swarm of bees settled on the neck of a horse belonging to D. L. Palmer. Afterward Mr. Palmer picked 300 or 400 stings from the animal.

A willow tree in front of Mr. Barker's house in East Sullivan, N. H., spreads ninety feet and is sixty-five feet high, and its circumference one foot above the ground is sixteen feet.

The sense of smell is keen with cats, even when they are asleep. A piece of meat placed before the nose of a sleeping cat causes the nostrils to dilate, and in a few moments the animal awakes.

The largest bell in France has been hung in the belfry of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in Paris. It weighs twenty-eight tons, can be heard a distance of twenty-five miles and its vibrations last six minutes.

A useful charity called the London Spectacle Mission provides spectacles for poor needlewomen and other deserving persons dependent on their eyesight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

A two-year-old child of the Rev. Arch Lucas, who preaches in the Kentucky mountains, near Lucasville, has never used its fingers, but does everything with its toes. The toes are as flexible as the fingers of the ordinary child, and about as useful.

Orvingsville, Ky., feels itself entitled to claim the weather record for the year, inasmuch as a lemon in a drug store sprouted under the heat, shoots springing from eight of the seeds. One of the sprouts protruded through the skin and led to the discovery.

That a candle made from human fat bestows invisibility upon the one who carries the light is a Russian superstition of which two thieves took advantage recently. They killed a handsome boy of eighteen, whose body, with the fatty layers surrounding the kidneys extracted, was discovered.

A Portland (Oregon) man has been exhibiting some rabbits of a peculiar breed. Their ears are described as more than a foot long and covered with unusually long hair. He got them to turn loose for breeding in the thick Nehalem forests and thinks there is no danger of their becoming pests, as English rabbits sometimes do.

The Largest Kitchen.

The largest kitchen in the world is in that great Parisian store, the Bon Marche, which has 4000 employes. The smallest kettle contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of the fifty roasting pans is big enough for 300 cutlets. Each dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare 7800 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone sixty cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

Physical Inequalities.

By actual measurement of fifty skeletons the right arm and left leg have been found to be longer in twenty-three, the left arm and right leg, in six, the limbs on the right longer than those on the left in four, and in the remainder the inequality of the limbs are varied. Only seven out of the seventy skeletons measured, or ten per cent., had limbs of equal length.—Lancet.

A Pinching Boot.

A boot or shoe that is uncomfortable from pinching may be eased by laying a cloth moistened in hot water across the place where the pressure comes, changing it several times as it grows cooler. This simple method causes the leather to shape itself to the foot.

FOOD VALUE OF STRAWS.

Buckwheat straw is never fed or, indeed, used in any way, on account of a common prejudice against it, to the effect that it causes diseases of the skin. Its value as given in the scientific tables is forty cents for 100 pounds, oat straw being worth forty-five cents.—New York Times.

PRUNING RASPBERRY CANES.

Prune raspberry canes in the fall. Then the patch can be cultivated, or what is better, plowed out with a one horse plow, turning a furrow against the plant. This brings to the surface many insect larvæ, and thus cuts short their career, to the advantage of the fruit grower. A furrow is left between the rows which facilitates drainage and puts the ground in better condition for early cultivating than if treated otherwise.—American Agriculturist.

CORN AND SUNFLOWERS FOR SILAGE.

These two may be put into the silo together and used as food for cows with much advantage. The leaves and heads of the sunflowers alone are used. The stalks are only fit for fuel, for which they are excellent, and in places it pays to grow these flowers especially for the fuel value of the stalk. The seeds in the heads contain fifty per cent. of their weight of a fine oil excellent for cows. The leaves are somewhat more nutritious than those of corn.

REARING FALL PIGS.

It depends on circumstances whether or not it will pay to feed young pigs over the winter. It depends, for one thing, on how they are fed. Certainly it won't pay to keep them, if they do not grow; and, as the summer growth is made at a very small cost on pasture, and the most growth is then made for the food used, it pays better, we may be sure, to feed spring pigs; but a skillful feeder, having some roots or potatoes to spare for this use, with waste milk and bran or oatmeal, may make the feeding pay a good profit, but it surely will not pay to half feed them.

AIM FOR THE TOP.

As long as the highest prices are paid for the best, the most enterprising farmers will spare neither pains nor expense to produce the best, and if their neighbors do not exert themselves to keep up they soon will find themselves in the background. Our farmers must keep abreast of the times. They must think; they must read; they must study; they must experient; they must exert their minds to the fullest extent to drag out from Mother Earth her secrets of fertility. Let them do it and she will reward them with fertile fields and good crops in abundance, and they will enjoy the richest blessings of the most satisfying and noblest occupation on earth. The wide-awake farmer who has studied up agriculture can always live as good as any other professional man, very often much better. For pure and fresh fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, and meat there is no one to compete with the farmer.—Practical Farmer.

COWS IN THE BARN.

A cow is nothing more nor less than a machine used to manufacture the rough products of our farms into a condensed and finished product, and her ability to do this at a profit or loss depends almost entirely upon us. None of us would expect a piece of machinery to do the best it was capable of doing unless we did all we could to keep it in running order, then why should we expect our cows to give us the best returns unless we do everything we can to have all the conditions right?

Cows should always stand with backs to the light, and have plenty of room, and be so fastened that they can move about easily. I do not believe a cow will begin to do her best if crowded and her head fastened with a rigid stanchion. If any think this position is comfortable, let them place their own necks between two boards and see whether or not it is comfortable, and whether the position tends towards making one feel good natured.—James H. Brown, in Massachusetts Ploughman.

EXPERT LABOR.

Professor Canfield, President of the Ohio State University, tells the story of going into a great steel foundry and seeing a certain man whose simple duty it was to watch intently the heated metal, and when the refuse came to the surface to skim it off quickly. That was his sole occupation. "And so," he continues, "I have been again and again in great machine shops and found men who were called expert workmen assigned to do a single thing; and while it did require a large amount of experience and a large amount of special training in that special direction, there was no demand for general intelligence, and the workman was himself constantly narrowed and shrivelled and weakened by the very condition under which he was obliged to labor."

He was simply a cog in the vast machinery. That was all. There was hardly a similtude left there, if we regard the free play of the faculties of the mind, of that which makes a human being to-day.

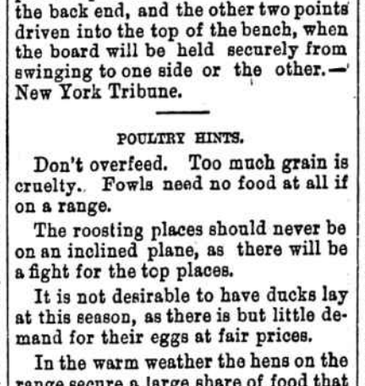
In connection with this work of agriculture more than anywhere else is this demand for the free play of all the faculties and powers of the mind and body. I can only mention three or four lines. If you believe in the mastery of all the conditions of production, see how absolutely essential it is that the man have that large intelligence and very quick mind. There is a certain kind of alertness that would be found absolutely necessary in any other trade or calling—in the learned professions.

See how necessary it is that he should be able to understand and read signs and indications, that he should be able to catch quickly what nature has to tell him. Finding yourself face to face with the question of production to-day in all lines, think what it means, the mastery of the conditions of the soil, the wisest and best conditions of fertilization of the ground. Every one can multiply it by almost thousands, and certainly by hundreds, and still find its ramifications and different lines of thought and activity.

How much more is required to-day than was required forty or fifty years ago? What is the market to-day, in which you buy and sell? There may no longer be any question that it is the market of the world.—New England Farmer.

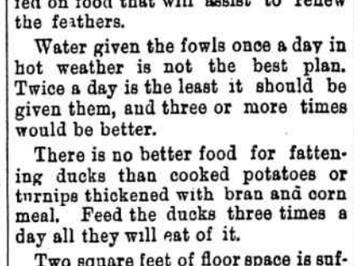
DEVICES FOR A FARM WORK BENCH.

The illustrations show two devices for making the work bench "handy."



The strip of board has two pegs set into it at an angle. In the side of the bench are a series of holes bored, not horizontally through the side of the bench, but downward through the side. The strip with the pegs can then be slipped into any set of holes, according as the board to be planed upon the edge is wide or narrow.

The other device is made by a



blacksmith from an old flat file or strip of iron. When a board is to be planed upon the face this is driven into the back end, and the other two points driven into the top of the bench, when the board will be held securely from swinging to one side or the other.—New York Tribune.

POULTRY HINTS.

Don't overfeed. Too much grain is cruelty. Fowls need no food at all if on a range.

The roosting places should never be on an inclined plane, as there will be a fight for the top places.

It is not desirable to have ducks lay at this season, as there is but little demand for their eggs at fair prices.

In the warm weather the hens on the range secure a large share of food that cannot be utilized in any other manner.

The production of eggs is continually falling behind in this country. It is a source of possible profit lost sight of.

The best food for moulting hens is lean meat. To have hens lay in winter, the early moulting hens must be fed on food that will assist to renew the feathers.

Water given the fowls once a day in hot weather is not the best plan. Twice a day is the least it should be given them, and three or more times would be better.

There is no better food for fattening ducks than cooked potatoes or turnips thickened with bran and corn meal. Feed the ducks three times a day all they will eat of it.

Two square feet of floor space is sufficient room for ducks. A floor ten by ten will accommodate fifty ducks. Have the floor covered with chaff, cut straw or some similar stuff.

Foods rich in nitrogen and the phosphates are in demand by moulting hens, and of the grain foods, bran is the best. The bran should be scalded and to a pint of bran should be added half a pint of corn meal and a gill of linseed meal, mixed to a stiff dough with milk.

One of the best uses for wheat chaff is to use it on the floor of the poultry house. It may be three or four inches thick, and serves several purposes, the first being to keep the floor always dry and clean, and the next is that if a few millet seeds be scattered in the chaff, the hens will work and search industriously for the seeds.

A limited quantity of silage for poultry can be preserved in tight barrels. Green clover and finely cut sweet corn are most desirable. Put in a layer of clover, then a layer of corn, alternating until the barrel is full. Pack well, put in the head, and cover with earth or coarse horse manure. The ensilage will come out in good shape and make an excellent succulent feed for winter.

It will do to pick geese two or three times a year, whenever the feather is ripe, which will be known by examining. If it is bloodless and pulls easily, is ready to pluck, but if filled with blood, is "green" and not mature. Commonly, when ready to pluck, the feathers drop more or less. It is a simple and sure protection to draw an old stocking over a goose's head, during the operation.

There is no sure remedy for feather pulling. The first hen caught at it should be killed. Some smear the bare places with tar, and others trim the edges of the upper and lower mandibles so that the hens cannot hold a feather. Others separate them, confining them for two weeks. The cheapest preventative is to keep the hens at work, but as a cure is difficult, it is best to send them to market and begin anew.

THE WILD BULL.

THRILLING FIGHT BETWEEN BUFFALO AND SIOUX.

Two Daring Indians With Bows and Arrows Bring to the Dust the King of the Herd—The Last Charge.

"I WAS on the plains in the sixties," said the short man. He did not look over forty, but he must have been more than fifty, for the tales he told carried so much of the color of the country that one found it difficult to disbelieve them. He was an ex-member of the Colorado Legislature, and had come to Washington to work for the passage of a bill to relieve railway employes, and was now seated with a party of friends at one of the small tables in the House restaurant. His life had been varied and interesting. He had been a cowboy, an engineman, a railway postal clerk and politician. The Spanish gentleman had just finished an interesting account of a bull fight which had taken place at Barcelona, in which, by some accident, the bull had the best of it.

"I saw a bull fight on the plains once," said the short man, laying his tools down, "right out in the open, with nothing to hide behind, 'nowhere to stand but on, and nowhere to fall but off,' as the deceased bard of St. Jo would say.

"It was while we were locating the line of the Union Pacific—simply driving across the country and making observations. A couple of Sioux fell in with our party and were riding along looking for a chance to steal something, when we came suddenly upon a small herd of buffalo. The rear guard, a sturdy old bull, was feeding along in a sag between the sand hills, and, the wind blowing from him to us, prevented him from scenting our party until the two Indians dashed by, cutting him off from the main herd. Lowering his head the great brute bounded away up the little hill, at the top of which the two Sioux sat waiting to receive him. Each of the Indians carried a rifle, but to our surprise they were left hanging at the saddles. The bull made straight for one of the horses, but just as he seemed about to collide the broncho sprang to one side and an arrow from the Indian's bow was driven deep into the back of the bull. We expected the animal to bolt now, but he was enraged and scorned to escape. Turning, he came straight for the other Sioux, only to plow the air close—alarmingly close—to the agile horse, which carried his rider safely to the rear. The first Indian had by this time fixed another arrow, and when the charge was made planted it deep behind the bull's left shoulder. The fight had by this time become so exciting that our driver, forgetting the danger, had driven up to within a hundred yards of the scene of the battle. Having bounded by one of the Indians, carrying another arrow away with him, the infuriated animal caught sight of our wagon and drove straight for us. It was like standing on the track in front of a locomotive, and every man of us, realizing the great danger, was seized with a fear that almost froze his blood. The driver was so filled with terror that he made no attempt to avoid the collision, which, from the moment the bull passed the Indian, seemed inevitable. On he came, snorting like a snowplow and looking as formidable, and not one of us had presence of mind enough to reach for a rifle. We were too badly scared to move, but not so with the Sioux. Seeing our danger the brave fellows turned their horses and came galloping past the bull, one on either side, and as they passed him each drove an arrow into the mad brute. These new wounds seemed only to increase his rage, and on he came, tearing toward us, but before they reached our wagon, the Indians whirled their horses, and with arrows drawn stood between us and the approaching buffalo. The horses had barely time to turn before the bull was upon them. One of the broncos sprang away, his rider emitting a wild yell as he sent another arrow into the bleeding buffalo. The other Indian was not so fortunate. His horse failed to clear and one of the bull's horns caught in its side just behind the girth and plowed a great furrow back to the flank.

"The buffalo appeared to appreciate the advantage of this thrust, and at once turned and charged the unhorsed Sioux. The Indian might have ended the fight by taking up his rifle, but he did not. Standing erect at the side of his dead horse he faced the rapidly advancing foe and sent an arrow deep under the shoulder blade. As the arrow left the string the Indian dropped beside the body of his horse and the buffalo passed over him without doing any damage. Now the mounted Sioux claimed the attention of the wounded bull, and again the Sioux on foot. By this time the buffalo fairly bristled with arrows and resembled a huge porcupine. We could see that the animal was getting groggy, as they say of prize fighters, but his sand seemed never to leave him. With a roar that would send a chill down your spine, with blood spurting from his nostrils, he would drive like a hurricane at his tormentors, who, with the exception noted, seemed to avoid him by about the breadth of two hairs. When they had fought five minutes the earth for the space of fifty feet about resembled a plowed field. The one living horse was flecked with the froth of battle and, like the buffalo, showed unmistakable signs of exhaustion. As the action of the bull grew slower, the horseless Sioux fought further from cover. At times he would stand forth in the very face of his furious adversary and after discharging his arrow leap to one side while the monster brushed by.

"We were surprised at the beginning of the fight to see the Indians using their bows, allowing their rifles to remain at the saddle, but our surprise was still greater now, when the mounted Sioux turned his horse about and left the field, leaving his companion to fight it out single-handed. The bull seemed to take new courage, finding but one of his assailants, and for a time fought desperately. Of a sudden he stopped, facing the Indian. With his front feet far apart he appeared to rest, perhaps to collect his fast failing strength. He was an object now to excite one's pity, and, although it may seem unchristian, I almost wished he could win, for in those days there were nearly as many Indians as buffaloes and they were infinitely more dangerous.

"An arrow had destroyed one of the bull's eyes, blood was rushing from his mouth and nostrils and trickling from a score of wounds along his spine. His life blood was ebbing away, and now, seeing his tormentor standing before him, he made a last desperate effort to reach him. With a mighty roar the bleeding brute bounded forward, and it seemed to us that he had regained all his lost strength, for he went with the speed and force of an express train. The daring Sioux drew another arrow and let it drive into the buffalo, made a feint of dodging to the right, and then, leaping far to the left, let fly another arrow as the baffled bull went by.

"The buffalo was by this time acquainted with the Sioux's tricks, and the moment he passed the Indian, whirled and came back at his adversary with renewed vigor. The Sioux, surprised perhaps by the suddenness of the charge, leaned back, stumbled, and nearly fell backward over the body of his dead horse. Before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him. It seemed that in another moment the Indian would be tossed high in the air, but the new lease of life the bull had was out, and in that moment in which we had looked to see him triumph, the great beast stumbled and fell in a heap at the Sioux's feet."—Cy Warman, in New York Sun.

In Which Teeth Figure.

Hippocrates, 450 B. C., was the first dentist on record.

Gold-filled teeth are found in the jaws of skeletons exhumed at Pompeii.

Wetting a brush and dipping it in salt will be found efficacious in removing tartar.

Dental science was utterly lost to the world during the dark ages, or for about 1000 years, and was only restored in 1700.

Out of 100 teeth of adults that twenty-five years ago would have been ruthlessly drawn at least ninety-nine are saved to-day by the progress of dental science.

In China while the dentist pulls a tooth an assistant stands by and drowns the lamentations of the victim by beating a large gong.

The ancient Greeks used false teeth of sycamore wood fastened to the adjacent sound teeth by ligatures of silver or gold in the way bridge work is done to-day.

In ancient Egypt the art of surgery and medicine was confined to the priesthood and every priest adopted a specialty. His proficiency was attained in the dental art.

Under the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth the regime was practically carried out and the lord high executioner numbered forceps among his instruments of penalty and torture.

Weight Before and After Meals.

Why is it that a man does not weigh a pound more after eating a pound of food than he did before? A little reflection will readily explain this apparent mystery. During the process of mastication, deglutation, etc., certain muscles are brought into active play. Now, it is a well-established fact in physiology that the exercise of any muscle or set of muscles necessitates a temporary waste of tissue, and that a certain amount of carbon is eliminated and passed off in the course of a meal. This loss, however, is trifling as compared with that of respiration and perspiration, both of which functions are increased during the operation of making a meal.

The length of time one may take to consume a pound of food makes but little difference in the losses. If it be eaten very leisurely, there is but slight increase of respiration or perspiration. Whereas, if it be hurried through both are abnormally accelerated. Hence by the time the meal is finished the consumer has lost appreciably in both moisture and carbonic acid.

The above explains, in a rough but clear manner, why it is that a man may eat a pound of food and yet not weigh but from one-third to five-eighths of a pound more than he did before the meal.

Odd Things in Animal Life.

The horn of the rhinoceros is not joined to the bone of the head, but grows on the skin like a wort or corn.

The colors of a chamelion do not change instantly, as is popularly supposed, but require a considerable length of time.

The idea that the toad is poisonous has a foundation in fact. Their skins secret an acrid fluid, which is very irritating to human flesh.

Condors have been seen to circle to and fro in the skies for half a day at a time, rising and descending without once flapping wing. There is a mystery about their method of motion that has never been explained.

A rat's teeth have a very hard anterior edge, while the hinder part are comparatively soft. By continual gnawing the rat manages to wear away the softer parts of his tooth substance, keeping the harder parts at a razor edge all the time.

There are several species of lizards which, when frightened, will amputate their own tails by a quick jerk. The discarded member flounces around and attracts the enemy while the body is effecting its escape. Within a few weeks the tail grows out full length, and the lizard is again ready to work a trick on an enemy.

What Dreams Indicate.

Professor Pheltshu says that lively dreams are in general a sign of nervous action. Soft dreams a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often in nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a determination of blood to the head. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstructions and disorder of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering indicate disease in that part. The nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest.—Hall's Journal of Health.