



CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Upon returning to his senses he told me, with great excitement, that he had again seen Madeline; moreover, this time he had seen a man with her—a man who had placed his hand upon her wrist and kept it there; and so, according to Carriston's wild reasoning, became, on account of the contact, visible to him.

He told me he had watched them for some moments, until the man tightening his grip on the girl's arm, endeavored, he thought, to lead her or induce her to follow him somewhere. At this juncture, unaware that he was gazing at a vision, he had rushed to her assistance in the frantic way I have described—then he awoke.

He also told me he had studied the man's features and general appearance most carefully with a view to future recognition. All these ridiculous statements were made as he made the former ones, with the air of relating simple, undeniable facts—one speaking the plain, unvarnished truth, and expecting full credence to be given to his words.

XII.



It was too absurd! too sad! It was evident to me that the barrier between his hallucinations, dreams, visions, or whatever he chose to call them, and pure insanity, was now a very slight and fragile one.

But before I gave his case up as hopeless I determined to make another strong appeal to his common sense. I told him of his cousin's visit to me—of his intentions and proposition. I begged him to consider what consequences his extraordinary beliefs and extravagant actions must eventually entail. He listened attentively and calmly.

"You see now," he said, "how right I was in attributing all this to Ralph Carriston—how right I was to come to you, a doctor of standing, who can vouch for my sanity."

"Vouch for your sanity! How can I when you sit here and talk such arrant nonsense, and expect me to believe it? When you jump from your chair and rush madly at some visionary foe? Same as you may be in all else, any evidence I could give in your favor must break down in cross-examination if an inkling of these things got about. Come, Carriston, be reasonable, and prove your sanity by setting about this search for Miss Rowan in a proper way."

He made no reply, but walked up and down the room apparently in deep thought. My words seemed to have had no effect upon him. Presently he seated himself; and, as if to avoid returning to the argument, drew a book at hazard from my shelves and began to read. He opened the volume at random, but after reading a few lines seemed struck by something that met his eyes, and in a few minutes was deeply immersed in the contents of the book. I glanced at it to see what had so awakened his interest. By a curious fatality he had chosen a book the very first for him in his present frame of mind—Gilchrist's recently published life of William Blake, that masterly memoir of a man who was on certain points as mad as Carriston himself. I was about to remonstrate, when he laid down the volume and turned to me.

"Varley, the painter," he said, "was a firm believer in Blake's visions."

"Varley was a bigger fool than Blake," I retorted. "Fancy his sitting down and watching his clever but mad friend draw spectral heads, and believing them to be genuine portraits of dead kings whose forms descended to appear to Blake!"

A sudden thought seemed to strike Carriston. "Will you give me some paper and chalk?" he asked. Upon being furnished with these materials, he seated himself at the table and began to draw. At least a dozen times he sketched, with his usual rapidity, some object or another, and a dozen times, after a moment's consideration, threw each sketch aside with an air of disappointment and began a fresh one. At last one of his attempts seemed to come up to his requirements. "I have it now, exactly!" he cried, with joy—even triumph—in his voice. He spent some time in putting finishing touches to the successful sketch, and then he handed me the paper.

"That is the man I saw just now with Madeline," he said. "When I find him I shall find her." He spoke with all sincerity and conviction. I looked at the paper with a faint bound to say, a great amount of curiosity.

No matter from what visionary source Carriston had drawn his inspiration, his sketch was vigorous and natural enough. I have already mentioned his wonderful power of drawing portraits from memory, so was willing to grant that he might have reproduced the outline of some face which had somewhere struck him. Yet why should it have been this one? His drawing represented the three-quarter face of a man—an ordinary man—apparently between forty and fifty years of age. It was a coarse-featured, ill-favored face, with a ragged ruff of hair round the chin. It was not the face of a gentleman, nor even the face of a gently nurtured man; and the artist, by a few sunning strokes, had made it wear a crafty and sullen look. The sketch, as

I write this, lies before me, so that I am not speaking from memory.

Now, there are some portraits of which, without having seen the original, we say, "What splendid likenesses these must be." It was so with Carriston's sketch. Looking at it you felt sure it was exactly like the man whom it was intended to represent. So that, with the certain amount of art knowledge, which I am at least supposed to possess, it was hard for me, after examining the drawing and recognizing the true artist's touch in every line, to bring myself to accept the fact that it was but the outcome of a diseased imagination. As, at this very moment, I glance at that drawing, I scarcely blame myself for the question that faintly frames itself in my innermost heart. "Could it be possible—could there be in certain organizations powers not yet known—not yet properly investigated?"

My thought—supposing such a thought was ever there—was not discouraged by Carriston, who, speaking as if his faith in the bodily existence of the man whose portrait lay in my hand was unassailable, said:

"I noticed that his general appearance was that of a countryman—an English peasant; so in the country I shall find my love. Moreover, it will be easy to identify the man, as the top joint is missing from the middle finger of his right hand. As it lay on Madeline's arm I noticed that."

I argued with him no more. I felt that words would be but wasted.

XIII.



DAY or two after I had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had heard nothing of his proceedings until he now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was, I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his. Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information, Carriston shrugged his shoulders, and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. However, the fellow had called at last, and I hoped, had brought us good news.

He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us, he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue, and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated, and give us his news.

Carriston gave him a careless glance, and stood at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might, indeed, from his looks, have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the questioning.

"Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money."

"I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say, heard his answer with supreme indifference.

"I think I may say I have, sir," continued the detective; "that is, if the gentleman can identify these articles as being the lady's property."

Thereupon he produced, from a thick lettercase, a ribbon, in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright.

"How did you come by this?" he cried, pointing to the silver ornament.

"I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recognize it?"

"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself."

"Then we are on the right track," I cried, joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

"Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but after all it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when I heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady I began to concoct my own theory. I said to myself, when a young and beautiful—"

"Confound your theories!" cried Carriston, fiercely. "Go on with your tale."

The man gave his interrupter a spiteful glance. "Well, sir," he said, "as you gave me strict instructions to watch a certain gentleman closely, I obeyed those instructions, of course, although I knew I was on a fool's errand."

"Will you go on?" cried Carriston. "If you know where Miss Rowan is, say so; your money will be paid you the moment I find her."

"I don't say I know exactly where to find the lady, but I can soon know if you wish me to."

"Tell your tale your own way, but as shortly as possible," I said, seeing that my exorable friend was preparing for another outburst.

"I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you mentioned, sir, so I went to Scotland and tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from London to Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Boulogne."

I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He was leaning against the mantel-piece, and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Madeline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, "I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewelry belonged to the lady you want, the matter is beyond a doubt."

"Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did you find it?"

"It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulogne, but after that I thought I had learned all you would care to know."

There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept silence.

"Why not have pursued your inquiries past Boulogne?" I asked.

"For this reason, sir, I had learned enough. The theory I had concocted was the right one after all. The lady went to Edinburgh alone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone, nor did she leave London alone, nor she didn't stay at Folkestone—where I found the pin—alone, nor she didn't go to Boulogne alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she was, as they lived like man and wife."

Whether the fellow was right or mistaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was true, farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of woman. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage with Charles Carriston, to fly, whether wed or unwed mattered little, with another man! And yet, she was but a woman, Carriston—or Carr, as she only knew him—was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things have been. Still—

My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharpe dragged bodily out of his chair and thrown on to the floor, whilst Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick—a convenient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement. So Carriston seemed to think for he laid on cheerfully some eight or ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm whilst Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet and, after collecting his hat and his pocket-book, stood glaring vengefully at his assailant, and rubbing the white such of the wales on his back as he could reach. Annoyed as I felt at the unprofessional fracas, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of anyone looking heroic after such a thrashing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hardships of Telegraph Poles. "Yes," said Joseph Donner, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly is this so out west, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between. Now out in Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with generally. There is a sort of woodpecker that picks the posts absolutely to pieces, thinking these may be insects inside the wood. They hear the humming and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine that each pole contains a swarm of bees and they climb to the top and chew the glass insulators to pieces; but the sand storms are the things that create the most havoc. When the wind blows strongly the sand is drifted at a rapid rate and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles just ground in the surface of the earth during a single storm. Things are so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore away the metal on each side of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the Indians used to shave themselves on the edge. We finally managed to fix things. Just painted the poles with soft pitch. The pitch caught the sand, and now every pole is about two feet thick and as solid as a rock."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Great Tobacco Users. Less tobacco is consumed in Great Britain in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other civilized country.

Husband—There's one thing I can say for myself, anyway. I have risen by my own efforts. Wife—Never in the morning, John. I notice that it takes two alarm clocks and all the members of the household to get you up then.—Boston Courier.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WINGS OF SERAPHIM" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly"—Isaiah 6:2.



A hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overwhelming splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many missteps they have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eloquence. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved," "thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge: "Keep thy foot when

thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardener, Wilfrim Von Kyslom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morris be the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarch of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by; and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however learned, reverence for incapacity however flatteringly inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master orator's. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghibertinos. You study it in the architecture of the Abolians and Christophers Wrens. You do not flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and

mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face." * * *

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand-breadsths, or it is ten hand-breadsths. So indicates the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that way what a vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appenines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevada. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds, the millegrammes—just how much they weighed then, and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged-feathered, so worn-out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the moulting season with that bird. Not dying, but moulting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn-out and seeming about to expire on what is called his death-bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the moulting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but moulting. Moulting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the varnish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphire domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly down, or will you fly upward? Ever, then, on the wing this day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the New Covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead, people standing by your lifeless body will not sorrow, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalis, the moulting of the faded and the useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain-tops, and he led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

Brave Children.

The Denver Republican quotes an interesting story of childish heroism, related by Mr. Spearman, attorney for the department of justice at Washington. He has been taking testimony concerning some Indian depredation claims. In taking such testimony, he says, I frequently hear interesting stories concerning early frontier life. I remember one case in particular, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in an eight-year-old boy that I have ever heard of. It occurred near the town of Beaver, in Utah. A ranch was attacked by Indians, and a man who was visiting the ranchman was killed, and for a while it seemed as if the whole party, wife and children, would fall a prey to the savages. The house was surrounded by the Indians, and the people within defended themselves as best they could; but the ranchman, watching his opportunity, lowered his little boy and his daughter, who was but twelve years of age, from the back window and told them to try and make their way to the canon and follow it down to Beaver, where they could obtain help. The children succeeded in reaching the canon unobserved, and with presence of mind and bravery which I think remarkable for a child of that age, the boy told his sister to follow one side of the canon and he would follow the other, so that in case the Indians should find one of them the other might not be observed. The children got safely to Beaver, where a party was organized which hastened to the rescue of the besieged. At the beginning of the siege the Indians had heard the children in the house, and missing their voices, the alert savages discovered that they had gone and endeavored to overtake them; but being unsuccessful, and knowing that help would soon arrive, they withdrew before the rescuers could reach the ranch.

A day's work has been steadily decreasing for the last hundred years.