

AN HONORABLE PRECEDENT

to Miss Hewitt, "that the end for a moment, and then a look of inteljustifies the means?" She shook her head, "Oh, no," she said; "that's Jesuitical."

"Well, now, here's an example." I suggested. "You are anxious to sell the contents of this stall, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," responded Miss Hewitt. "And you would be delighted if some one were to come and buy it all up? It would be of such use to the chari-

"Certainly," said Miss Hewitt, promptly. "And would vex Miss Chudleigh over

the way?" I added. Miss Hewitt looked at me with sus-

picion, but I'm sure I was very de-

"Ob, it would be nice, of course, to be successful," she assented. "It would pishly. mean £50."

"May I trouble you for another ice?" said I, feeling that I was bound to do something after that. "Thank youstrawberry. Well, as I was saying, if you could find a means of getting rid of all this, and thereby benefiting the charity by so much, you would feel disposed to take it, even if it wasn't quite -well-quite, you know?"

"I wouldn't do anything dishonest." put in Miss Hewitt quickly.

"Oh, I wasn't talking of anything dishonest," I protested. "I was only thinking that there might be other means, not dishonest, you know, but anything." just a little-well, not quite conventional. you know."

"What sort of means?" asked Miss Hewitt, curiously.

"Why, now," said I, "you have sold very little all the day, haven't you?" Miss Hewitt bit her lips, and a disconsolate look came into her face.

"While I've been here," I said, "you looked like a--"

"I know I haven't sold much." in Miss Hewitt hastily, and with a slight accession of color. "You have only bought a few ices."

I looked meditative. "So I have," I said, feeling that another call was cussing calmlymade upon me. "I wonder if I might -no; perhaps better not. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a baby's perambulator, Miss Hewitt?"

Miss Hewitt was not amused; she had only an eye to a bargain. "No," she said, eagerly, "I'm afraid I haven't; but I've got a very nicely dressed cradle, and some rattles and

"Ah," said I, shaking my head, "I'm afraid it's not old enough for those

She sighed and glanced across the way, where Miss Chudleigh was engaged in a roaring trade. "I think I might have one more ice,"

I said, very bravely. It was not so very hard, after all; the heat was very great and they soon melted.

Miss Hewitt was very nice about it. "Are you sure you ought to?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Miss Hewitt," I said, "you are much too scrupulous. That is the reason of your failure. And yet you would have sold me a cradle and rattles with perfect equanimity, knowing that I am a bachelor. The inconsistency of your sex is a puzzle," I remarked, shaking

"Oh, but I didn't think about that," said she, with a blush. "I only thought

"Come, then," I said, "what would you do to get rid of all your articles of commerce?

Miss Hewitt's eyes opened. "Oh, if I could only do that," she exclaimed. "Well, how far would you be prepared to go for it?' said I, insinu-

atingly. She paused. "I'd-I'd give up the ball to-night," she exclaimed, impul-

sively. I shook my head. "I have no means of gauging the value of that renuncia-

tion," I said, thoughtfully, "but possibly it is greater than the one I know which would enable you to sell your stall." "Oh, do you knew a way?" cried she,

breathlessly. "Why, certainly," I said, still reflec-

"Mr. Randall, tell me," she pleaded. clasping her hands and putting her elbows on the stall. She looked eagerly into my face. I really had no notion until that moment, but somehow her tion put it into my head.

"Have you ever heard of the beauti-ful Duchess of Devoushire, Miss Hew-MtP I saked.

UT don't you think," said i | Miss Hewitt leaned, staring at me ligence came into her face. Her color

> started and she moved away. "I don't think you should make that kind of jests," she remarked, disdainfully. "It's not a jest," I answered, reas-

> suringly. "Then you're all the horrider," she returned, feigning to be busy with her commerce.

> "But," I said, in perplexity, "I don't see-I only asked you if you remembered the Duchess of Devonshire-the one that what's his name painted, you

> Miss Hewitt was much embarrassed; her face took on many expressions. 'But you-" she began and stopped. "Do you remember her?" I asked. "Of course," said Miss Hewitt, snap-

> "Well, then," I said, "why am I hor-

rid?" She paid me no attention, but began

shifting the things upon the stand in a reckless way. "Oh," I exclaimed suddenly. "I see what you were thinking of-you

thought I meant-I see now. You thought I was advising you to sell Miss Hewitt got redder than ever 'I didn't think anything of the sort,"

she exclaimed hurriedly, and dusting away at nothing, "and I wish you'd go away if you're not going to buy

"I should like another ice, please," said I.

Miss Hewitt was somewhat taken aback, and looked as if she would like to speak, but she only frowned and dumped another ice upon the counter. "But now you have suggested it." I went on, considering, "it's not at all a bad idea." Miss Hewitt moved to the have only disposed of two pairs of other end of the stall, and sold anstockings, one woolen comforter for the other pair of stockings. "It's quite hot weather, and a sort of-a kind of- worth thinking of," I said, when she I didn't quite see, but I thought it was within hearing again. "I'm glad you mentioned it."

retorted, hotly. "No, of course you didn't mention it," I agreed, "but I don't see why you should be angry, because we are dis-

"I'm not discussing anything," she

observed, tartly. "No," said I, "but if the Duchess of Devonshire thought it a good deed to purchase what she considered the welfare of her country by allowing voters to kiss her, I don't think you should be offended if for the sake of an excellent charity-

"I'm not the Duchess of Devonshire," said Miss Hewitt shortly.

"I don't suppose," said I, "that it was was much of a kiss "

Miss Hewitt's nostrils curled with "Good people are always so particu-

lar." I said philosophically. Miss Hewitt's indignation broke

"Do you suppose, Mr. Randall," said she, sarcastically, "that one would al low any one that wished to-" "Oh, I never said any one," I inter-

rupted, hastily. "No, certainly not any one." She looked at me with undisguised hauteur. I glanced about the stall. "I should like to have a lot of those

things," I said. "I could send them to a children's hospital, you know."

Miss Hewitt's face relaxed slightly. "They would be very useful," she said. "It would be £50 wouldn't it?" I ask-

ed, as if entering on a calculation. "Yes," said Miss Hewitt, with a little show of excitement, "forty-five if one took the lot."

I fingered my pocketbook and hest

tated. "I am afraid - " said I. ") ou see forgot I had promised to buy a quantity of flowers for the infirmary," I remarked, glancing at Miss Chudleigh's stall. Miss Hewitt's face fell, but she said nothing. I took out my pocketbook and extracted some notes, dividing my looks between the two stalls in

a hesitating way. "I think the children in the hospital would like the toys very much," said Miss Hewitt, nervously. "Yes, they could play with the stock-

ings nicely, couldn't they?' said I. She paid no heed to this remark. "I wonder if Miss Chudleigh would do what the Duchess did," I observed

"Perhaps you had better ask her," said Miss Hewitt, sarcastically. "Oh, ne," I said, hurriedly, "I was only wondering. For the sake of the

poor, people do make meridoss, I sup

"I don't believe she did let them let them kiss her," remarked Miss Hewitt after a pause, and contemplating a wooden horse.

"Don't you?" I asked, looking up. What did they do, do you think?" Miss Hewitt examined the toy carefully. "Oh," she said indifferently, "I should think she merely pretended." "Pretended?" I echoed.

Yes, they only kissed-just-not quite-I mean they didn't really touch her," she explained with more interest in the horse.

I considered this. "But some of them." I objected, "would not have been content to be put off in that way. They must have really-"Oh, if any one liked to be rude and

take advantage like that," she said. disdainfully, "she couldn't help it, poor thing." "No," I assented, "I suppose she

couldn't, and she must have hated it all the time." "Of course she did," said Miss Hew

itt, now inspecting a doll. "But she did it out of a sense of duty to benefit her country," I concluded. "A man would never have been so

unselfish," said Miss Hewitt. "Never," I said emphatically. "But do you think that women are capable of such an act of self-sacrifice in these

days?" I asked. "Of course," said Miss Hewitt, watching some people go by with great interest, "if-if they only-only pretended to."

"But if there was an accident?" ventured. Miss Hewitt apparently did not hear this. "Do you really think," I persisted, "that a woman-a girl, would do a thing like that?"

"She wouldn't-she couldn't-of course, the Duchess did not let it pretend to be done in before any one

"Not, for example, in a room like this," I said, looking around the bazar 'How then?"

"Afterward," murmured Miss Hew itt, bending down to pick up a pin, I "Oh," I said, "she would only prom

se then?" Miss Hewitt said nothing. I rose "Well, I am afraid I must be really

going," I said, holding out my hand. "I think if she were really honest she would have to keep her promise," said

Miss Hewitt in a low voice. I looked at her, but she was not look ing at me. "I think you have given me two waltzes to-night," I observed. "It isn't very generous usage."

"I'm sure it's quite enough," said Miss Hewitt, firmly. "Well, at any rate, let us sit out the

econd," I suggested. Miss Hewitt looked at me in sur prise. "I thought you liked dancing?" she said, innocently.

"Oh, sometimes," I said. "But we might have a talk in the conservatory. It's sure to be very hot."

"Do you think it is?" said she. "Certain." "Oh, we'll see," said she nonchal

I turned to go. "By the way," said I, leaning on the stall confidentially, "shall I leave you the £50 now? And then you can send

antly.

the things to the hospital at once, you Miss Hewitt avoided my eyes. "I didn't know-" she began, a broke off. "Perhaps it would be bet

ter," she murmured. I offered my hand. "To-night then," I said. She did look at me at last, but it was quite by accident-just the sort of accident that happened in the conservatory.-Black and White.

Excellent Advice.

A young man just starting upon his work in the ministry was one day talking to an aged minister in London, who had spent a lifetime in the service. The

young man said: "You have had a great deal of experi ence; you know many things that I ought to learn. Can't you give me some advice to carry with me in my new du-

"Yes, I can," was the response. will give you a piece of advice. You know that in every town in England, no matter how small, in every village or hamlet, though it be hidden in the folds of the mountain or wrapped round by the far-off sea, in every clump of farm houses, you can find a road which, if you follow it, will take you to London. Just so every text which you shall choose to preach from in the Bible will have a road that leads to Jesus. Be sure you find that road and follow it: be careful not to miss it once. This is my advice to you."

Highly Honored Women. Two Illustrious English women who elebrated this year the seventy-fifth anniversary of their birth are Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow The heroine of the Crimes is a tall, gray-haired woman, with fine, open face that has a nun-like serenity. She is inclined to be atout, while Miss Ingelow, the poetess and novelist, is smaller and less robust of physique. Each is the object of much attention, though from the nature of her career Miss Nightingale has been the recipient of more public honors. Perhaps the most remarkable event of her life, to regard it from a worldly point of view, was her heavy purse and a potent will." refusal of the testimonial of £50,000 "And all's well that ends well," rerefusal of the testimonial of £50,000 offered her after the Crimes war.

Adirondack Forests Disappearing. The Adirondack forests are being slaughtered for the raw material for producing wood pulp of spruce. About 1,250,000 cords of spruce wood, the equivalent of 125,000,000 feet of lumer, will find their way into the wood pulp mills of northern New York in the ourse of the current year. This is absorbing the forest growth of many thousand acres each season.

When a physician hits a man's @ ase on the third guess, the people for hat he is the swartest men alive.



CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.) Mrs. Ruthven was successful along the whole line she had marked out for herself. If she was a little sore respecting the feelings Marsden so frankly avowed toward Miss L'Estrange she had the con-solution of believing that she was inflict-ing the cruelest disappointment on that detested rival. Then, she had the man she loved so utterly at her mercy; and this, which would have been pain and humiliation to a woman of real heart and delicacy, gratified her crude love of power, while the certainty of accomplishing the marriage on which she had set her soul, of faisifying Shirley's spiteful prophecies of defeat, filled her with exultation. There was a very ugly reverse to the medal, but, for the moment, she was able to put it aside, if not to forget it. With her wealth, and Marsden's position and popularity, the world was at her feet. As to his craze about Nora L'Estrange, that would pass over. He would find that an experienced woman of the world must be a more suitable wife for him than a mere school

For several days after she had come to a distinct understanding with Marsden, Mrs. Ruthven denied berself to every one—even to her faithful Shirley, who was by no means pleased with the aspect of

He had not been accustomed to be thus debarred admittance, and he scented mis chief. Though the day was gone when he hoped to rekindle Mrs. Ruthven's passing caprice for himself, he objected very strongly to her marrying Marsden, who had unconsciously wounded his amour propre, and insulted him by his oppressive superiority. When, at last, Mrs. Ruthven, was at home to him, he was in a very bad temper, indeed, which was not improved by the careless triumph of her manner. "I thought you were going to cut me completely," he said, when they had exchanged greetings. "Why, it is more than a week since I was admitted?" "You have no right to complain; I have

not seen any one."
"You have not been unwell, I hope? "No: I have felt remarkably well; but have been busy with these tiresome papers;" and she waved her left hand to-ward them. Shirley started, for on her finger sparkled the double-heart device, of rubles and diamonds, he had seen on

Nora's. exclaimed. "Am I to conclude that Mare-den has transferred his alliance, with the betrothal ring, from Miss L'Estrange to

you?"
"He has," she returned, twirling the ring round and round, and smiling softly. "And how-how did Marsden contrive to break off with Miss L'Estrange?"

"That I do not know; but he has done o, and as I have always found you capathere was an awkward pause, while Nora, ble of keeping silence when necessary, I do not mind telling you, that Mr. Marsden has made some rather curious discoveries which, in short, render his marriage with Miss L'Estrange impossible."

"Discoveries, ch?" in a peculiar tone; "and will you not trust me completely?" "No, my good friend; I-in short, I do not exactly know myself."

"It is all very mysterious, and deucedly hard for Miss L'Estrange." "I don't suppose she is in a very en-visible state of mind," returned Mrs. Ruthven, with an air of quiet enjoyment.

Shirley looked at her curiously. "And have you given up all hopes of tracing your rubles?" he asked. "Yes," she said, sharply; "what suggest-

"I don't know; perhaps an idea that Maraden has not hitherto brought you

"He will replace my rubies by the Mars-den diamonds. Now, Captain Shirley, you said you thought I was going to cut you completely; you are mistaken; I am not going to cut you, but I am going to drop you as an intimate friend. Marsden, for some reason or other, would not be pleased, I know, if I continued on the same terms with you, and he is naturally my first consideration. You have always been friendly and useful, and I may add, prudent; for you have wisely agreed with me in letting by-gones be by-gones. But before entering into a new phase of my existence, I should like to look through a few acknowledgments of yours, which you have given me from time to time," and she drew from a Russian leather dispatch box several slips of paper neatly

fastened together. "Mrs. Ruthven!" cried Shirley, coloring crimson, "if you mean that I am to clear up with you, previous to your entering on your 'new phase,' you intend to reward my prudence by ruining me."

She looked at him a moment in ar aflence. "I am not quite so hard a creditor, Shirley: partly, perhaps, because I do not for-get by-gones, quite. No; I inaugurate this new phase of my existence by returning you all these promissory notes. I wish to hear no more of them-let us part

friends. I wish you good luck in what-ever way you would best like it." Shirley's dark face changed. "You are kind, and—and most liberal," he said. "I wish our old-let me say friendship-was not to be ended." He took the papers not to be ended. Is them up, thrust she held out, and twisting them up, thrust she held out, and twisting them up, thrust never meet your match again; you have shown me what can be dared and done by a woman, blessed as you are with a

turned Mrs. Ruthren. She gave him hand with a slight inclination of the head. and he felt himself dismissed.

The days flew fast, and that uxed to:
Winton's departure had dawned.

Nors dared not hope that she still held
the same place in his regard. Of course,
she thought, her sudden change, her apparent readiness first to accept Maraden
and then to break with him, had lowered
in the artimation of so high-minded a

her in the estimation of so high-s man as Mark Winston. He had called as he promised, i

she began to understand matters out questioning, and grew anxious spoil each other's lives for a punctilio. "I must write and ask him to luncheon or

"No, no, dear Helen! Promise me, promise me faithfully you will not," im-plored Nora, with such a distressed expression of countenance that Mrs. L'Estrange promised.

This last day was bright and crisp, there had been a light fall of snow and the grass in the park was prettily pow-

No exterior brightness, however, could cheer Nora. She kept a brave face, but her heart felt as if it must break; for the moment life was to her like one of those wretched dreams, where the dreamer, all burning to attain some joy almost with-in touch, is kept back by impapable bar-riers, vague obstacles, gossamer to the eye, impregnable to the starving spirit.

It was, she told herself, useless, unmaidenly, to grieve so about a man who was evidently resolved not to renew his proposal to her. She had begged to join Bea and her governess in their early walk; anything was better than sitting

She talked kindly and cheerfully in German to the little fraulein about her home and her people, every now and then falling into silence and bitter thought, and then with the restlessness of pain, she wanted to go home and read, a tough book of some kind would draw her out of herself. She complained of fatigue, and they returned to the house. Nora went listlessly upstairs, opened the drawing room door and stopped for a

moment. Helen was speaking to some one, another step, and she saw her step-mother seated on a low chair looking up to Mr. Winton, who stood on the hearth-rug leaning his shoulder against the chimsey-place. She instinctively turned her face from the light, and assuming by an effort an air of composure, advanced to shake hands with him—a charming figure, as the reflection of the fire played on her dark-green, close-fitting cloth coat, edged with sable, and a pretty cap of the same fur crowning her golden brown curis. In spite of her will and firmly exerted selfcontrol, a vivid blush rose to her cheeks, which left color enough even when it had partially faded,

Where is Bea?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange when the others had bid each other good-day,
"Gone to take off her things."

"I must bring her to see you," said Mrs. L'Estrange, with rather a signifi-cant look to Winton. "He is going then," thought Nora.

much taken up with the idea to heed her step-mother leaving the room.

"I thought you were to sail to-day?" she said, taking off her cap and parting the fringe on her brow; the room was quite too warm, after the cold air, and she drew a chair forward, still keeping her heek to the windows. her back to the windows. "I have postponed my departure for a week or two," returned Winton; and

with unsteady fingers, drew off her gloves and rubbed her hands gently together. "You seem tired of your holiday?"
"No," said Winton, taking a step nearer to her, and looking straight into her eyes. "I must tell you the truth, even though it soon. I am not tired of my holiday, but I wanted to throw myself into engrossing work, to deaden the pain of disappointed hope hope that probably I had no right to entertain, yet which I could not resist!" Nora was silent. "I may seem a tiresome, persevering blockhead-but, once more Nora, I offer you my future life! And I promise, with all my soul, to be your truest friend, as well as your true lover!

Shall I go, or stay?"
And Nora—the tears welling over and hanging on her lashes said softly, but most distinctly: "Stay!" Then she lost hold on herself and burst into a fit of

"Good heavens, Nora!" cried Winton, dismayed, "you do not accept me against your will?" "No, no," she returned, recovering her-

self a little, "but I have been so miserable and so foolish. "Tell me," said Winton, bending one here on a footstool beside her, and taking her hand gently in his, "why did you ac-cept Marsden?"

"Because I thought he loved me very much; and—" with a quick glance from

per sweet wet eyes, and a frank pressure the hand, "that no one else did."
"How was that?" cried Winton, his beart beating fast. "You must have felt now soon you grew dear to mel-dearer

than anything else on earth or in heaven. "Why did you not tell me so before?" asked Nora, smiling, though her lips still

"Because, my love, my life, I was afraid! Do you remember, one day, you bid me good-by at the door, at Brookdale, and I dared to hold your hand closer and longer than I ought? The words, 'I love you,' were on my lips at that moment, but it was no time or place to speak them; and ever after, in some nameless way, you put me from you, and virtually told me you would have nothing to do with me."

"Yes, I remember it, and I was told that—that you had been engaged to Helen, and were now hoping to marry her!" "Who told you this? Marsden?" he asked, sternly, catching her other hand and holding both right.

"Yes," faltered Nora. "Then he is an infernal liar! Why did you believe him?" "Why should I doubt him?"

"Then you should not have doubted

to fancy a man must be very, very fond of me when he never told me so?"

"While I thought every one must see I was making a fool of myself." 'Oh, if you wish to keep up a character "I don't suppose you believe much in my wisdom! But, Nora, will you really come with me to India?—to a wild, remote sta-

"I am not wise enough to refuse! But I can't start next week!"
"I should think not. You will believe ma, when I tell you, I never loved any woman but petrooid, and give me a place

steadily, with a tender solemnity.

So when Mrs. L'Estrange was called back it was all settled; a very happy party met at dinner that evening—at which repast Miss Beatrice, to her great delight, was allowed to be present, and did good service by promoting general and very

discursive conversation.

The society papers soon added to their usual paragraphs mysterious hints as to broken engagements, and the faise in-formation disseminated by their contem-poraries respecting the approaching nup-tials of a certain popular member of so-clety, whose domains lay not a hundred miles from a well-known cathedral town

in the Midlands, etc. Nora L'Estrange and Winton were too of London to share the attention be-stowed on Mrs. Ruthven and Marsden. The noise made by the extraordinary theft of her jewels had given the pretty widow a certain standing in the estimation of society, and her marriage with so well-known a man as Marsden made her position secure.

Little remains to tell of this ill-balanced tale, where, though virtue is fairly rewarded, vice is by no means chastised as it ought to be. Justice, complete jus-tice, is, however, rarely visible to the naked eye; let us believe there is a secret award which brings unerring punishment to the evil-doer, even though he "flourishes as a green bay tree" in the eyes of his

A couple of years after what Nors considered her great deliverance, Mrs. L'Es trange, in her tranquil home at Brookdale, which it was arranged was to be her resi-dence so long as Mr. and Mrs. Winton remained in India, wrote as follows, in one of her monthly letters to her step-daugh-

"You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that Clifford Marsden had a bad fall, out hunting, last week. They tell me he rides most recklessly; indeed, he is much changed since his marriage. Mrs. Marsden, I must say, makes a capital lady of the manor, and is decidedly popular, though somewhat exacting; but Mr. Marsden is either silent and moody, or in flerce high spirits. He is very thin, and not nearly so handsome as he was. There is a curious, glazed, staring look in his eyes, that distresses me, for I always liked him; and he always shows the utmost friendliness to Bea and to myself. I never heard that he drinks too much, but it is whispered that he eats opium. He is often away, and when at home seems to take no interest in anything.

Madame is master and mistress, and people appear to consider her rather neglected by her husband. Mrs. Marsden shows me all proper civility, but I feel she does not like me; and I dare not encourage Clifford to come here as often as he would like. It is reported that Mrs. Mars-den is trying to bribe Colonel Marsden, the next heir who is a bachelor, and rather out at elbows, to join her husband in breaking the entail, and then the estate is to be settled on her. This may be mere gossip: I cannot help feeling grieved for Clifford; he seems so broken and hopeless.

'The mail has not come in yet, so I shall send this off. I cannot tell you what pleasure your descriptions of your delightful life up-country give me, and Bea, too, looks eagerly for your letters. My kind love to Mark, who, I am sure, is a pattern husband. What a narrow escape you had of losing each other!"

(The end.) BATTLE WITH A COLONY OF RATS

It was a hard-earned victory that Walter Carter won over an army of rats in Camden, says the Baltimore American It was a case of fight or perish, and Carter fought. When the flerce battle was finished he counted the heaps of fallen enemics. There were 102 of them. Carter is a member vision dealers, on Second street, above Pearl. For a long time the firm suffered severely from the depredation of rats, which seemed to grow in boldness as they increased in numbers. They were into everything, climbing all over the store and gnawing into boxes, barrels and bins to such an extent that the owners were appalled.

It was the junior partner's habit to

open the store in the morning, and he invariably heard a great scampering over the place as he entered by the dim light. He concluded at last to have it out with the little beasts, and began an investigation to locate their rendesvous. This he had no difficulty in finding. As he opened the door of a small brick smoke-house in the rear of the store, now little used, he saw fully a dosen rats run into holes in the floor and walls. They quickly recovered from their fright, however, and emerged to glare viciously at him out of their wicked little black eyes. Carter walked out, got a short, thick club and a lantern, and re-entered the smokehouse. This time he closed the door behind him. The dim light of the lantern served to half daze the rats, and Carter had no difficulty in killing three big fellows. As they gave vent to dying squeaks, however, scores of other rate emerged from seemingly nowhere, surrounding the young man with the fear meant probable death for the invader of the rats' domain. It must be a fight to a finish. Carter's retreat was cut off, and he started in to fight. The rats leaped at his hands and face.

and crawled over his feet, all the while keeping up a horrible din of squealing that nerved Carter to his task. One after another of the soft, ugly things struck him as he stood dealing blows right and left, and felling a rat at almost every blow. Still the numbers multiplied, and the courageous fighter began to fear that he would have to fall before the horrid foe. He had been bitten several times on the hand but had managed to keep the fangs of the vicious beasts from his head and face. Thus the fight kept on for fully fifteen minutes, and Carter was grov ing weak from the violent exert At last, however, he felt that the rate were gradually thinning out, and he had less trouble in keepin off him. This gave him fresh o and at length he realised that he

Almostoversome by the exer-excitement, Curter staggered the open air and gathered in gother. In a few minutes he s