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Muuyon's, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMPRESSION COMPRESS

Irving was playing "Macheth," so runa the story in "Impressions of Henry irving, and he had reached the olace where Macbeth orders Banquo's phost to leave the banquet board.

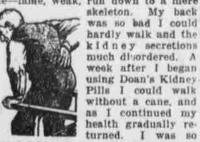
"Hence, horrible shadow-uareal mockery, hence!" said Irving, in his most tragic tones, and with a convulsive shudder he sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face.

On Banquo withdrawing, a voice came from high up in the gallery: "It's all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone."

Glass made into microscopic objectives is more coatly than gold.

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Trouble. David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: " was in the last stage of kidney trou--lame, weak, run down to a mere



grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, and I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers, 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Straight Goods.

Charles A. Dana, for many years the editor of the New York Sun, believed that the work of reporting should be worthy the best there is in a man. A contributor to the American Magazine gives several anecdotes of Mr. Dana's fealings with his reporters, many of whom learned from him lessons by which they profited and rose in their profession. On one occasion a reporter complained because he was kept on police court work.

"Young man," said Dana, "the greatest police court reporter who ever lived was named Charles Dickens."

Another compained that they had "boiled down" his story. "The story of the crucifixion was

told in six hundred words," said He used to come out, continues the contributor, all excitement, and pointing to a mark on the margin of a clipping, say to his managing editor: "A great sentence there, Mr. Lord.



CHAPTER VIIL-(Continued.) n a visit she went to pay at the "Are you Irish? You don't mind my Court.

Some people don't like the asking? She had not gone far when she was Irish; I delight in them. My father's overtaken by George Lumley, who imgreat friend is an old general, a deat mediately began to condole with her old thing-Sir Patrick Desmond; is he on what he was pleased to term her false imprisonment." She talked with any relative of yours?" "I have heard of him, but if he is in im gayly enough, but always with

any way connected with me it is so what he chose to term "a tinge of indistant that I cannot 'call cousins lulgence" in her manner, and then with him." turned homeward sooner than she "If he comes down to the Court would otherwise have done.

while you are here. I will ask you to "I must bld you good-by. I am gomeet him. Then you are Irish? And ng back to my quarters this evening." I am sure you sing and play?" ie said. "But I shall be at the Court "I play a little."

next week. I do hope you'll come and "That is delightful. You can play help us in those duets. Miss Dacre an accompaniment? I can't bear playhas planned no end of practising." ing; and I want to try some ducts "I shall be glad to help you if I with George Lumley to-night." nay.

"I will do my best," said Hope. "How submissive you are! You must "Don't you think George Lumley nave an awfully dull time of it." very good-looking? He is very good "I do not feel dull. Mrs. Saville is

style, too, and so like Lord Everton. I very intelligent woman, and, as we am rather glad he is at Hounslow. differ on every subject, we have abund-This place is too far, and yet too near, ance of interesting conversation." to be amusing." She chattered on till "I should think so. Do you ever conthe gentlemen came to seek them in

ert her?" their fragrant retreat, when Miss Da-"I am afraid not; but I may make cre ceased to bestow attention or a little impression; constant dropping. words on Hope. They soon adjourned you know, effects something. I want to the larger drawing-room, where the to convert her to the belief that man singers discovered that Miss Desmond does not live by bread alone."

had quite a genius for playing accom "I see; that he wants the sugar paniments, and time flew fast till the plums of true love. How tame and carriages were announced. flat live is without them! I think I

"Where in the world did you find understand; that jolly old boy Rawthat nice Miss Desmond, Mrs. Saville?" son has put you here to be Hugh's adexclaimed Miss Dacre. "She is so quiet vocate.' and well bred. Lots to say, too. Do "By no means. He recommended me

bring her over to the Court. She could as a suitable person to act as reader be of infinite use to me in playing acand amanuensis to your aunt, and . companiments." hope to do him credit."

"Very likely; but, you see, I engaged "Do you know you puzzle me imher to be of use to me." nensely?"

"To be sure," laughed the thought-"A little mental exercise will do you less girl. "How frightfully sharp you " hoos ' And she blew her hostess a are!' "Mental exercise! you give my mind

kiss as she left the room. plenty to do. You are never out of "What a glorious night!" said Lummy thoughts." ley, with a sigh of relief, sinking on "Good-morning, Captain Lumley,"

an ettoman beside Hope. "Couldn't said Miss Desmond, with great comyou manage to come out for a stroll posure. "I shall go in by the side before saying good-night finally?"

And she turned down a nardoor." Hope looked at him for a moment row path which led to a private engravely, then a smile began in her trance at the foot of the stair comeyes and sparkled on "lip and cheek." municating with a wing which con "Yes, it could be easily managed, actained Mrs. Saville's rooms. cording to novel-regulations," she said.

Lumley stood for a moment uncer "I escort my kind patroness to her tain what to do. He dared not follow room, receive her blessing, and return her, and he was reluctant to confess to my own, then I throw a mantilla himself checkmated. His generally over my beautiful locks, steal down to placid face grew set and stormy. the garden door, which is of course left "What a provoking woman! She open, and join you in the moonlit treats me as if I were a mere schoolshrubbery." boy, whom she could play with in safe-"Precisely," said Lumley, laughing ty. It is no longer play to me; it "It's a lovely picture. I earnestly hope shall not be play to her. I never was you will realize it." treated in this way before; and there "A moonlight stroll is a harmless is an odd sort of liking for me under it amusement under certain conditions. all. What speaking eyes she has! which do not exist at present for me." have seen dozens of handsomer womand she went away to bid good-night to en, but there's a sort of fascination the vicaress and see that she was about her. I will not let her foll me." wrapped up. Then, meeting Mrs. Sa-He walked rapidly away to the lonely ville on her way up-stairs, she accomrecesses of the wood, more disturbed panied her to her bedroom, rang for and resolute than he had ever felt in her maid, and exchanged a few words his self-indulged life. with her until that functionary ap-The Sunday but one after this interpeared. view, Mr. Rawson came down in time "I am woefully tired," said Mrs. Safor church. Mrs. Saville chose to stay ville, throwing herself into a low chair. at home. The service was short, for "Really, life is too wearisome in its the vicar did not think it necessary to disappointing sameness. If Richard give a sermon every week. When it will invite these stupid chattering was over, there was a gathering of boys, I shall dine in my own room. neighbors, and greetings outside the Mary Dacre is sillier than she used to porch. be, and Mr. Rawson writes that he "I wish you would come back to cannot come down till the Sunday luncheon, Miss Desmond," said Miss after next. We must begin 'Froment Dacre. "You might, as Mrs. Saville is Jeune' to-morrow, Miss Desmond, and not here. Lord Everton came rather get away as much as we can from the unexpectedly last night, and I am sure present." you would like him. He has been ask-"I shall be very pleased. It is con-

ville. I thought you would." "Yes, better than I expected. It was terribly nervous work at first. Firmness and courage are indispensable; the slightest appearance of the white feather, and she would almost unconsclously crush you. It is not easy to impress her gently and politely with a sense of one's complete independance; but this is ascential. The tyrannical tendencies in her have been tremendously developed by circumstances and training: but I really believe it is a relief to her to find a companiou who neither quarrels nor cringes; she breathes a freer air, her mind is more healthly exercised. I never conceal an opinion, and I try to be as true as possible, and to defend my views as temperately as I can. I also try to -Eliza Cook. give her the impression that she is on trial as well as myself."

"That is a dangerous game; but you may succeed. The day after to-morrow completes your two months. I suspect she would be sorry if you left. Tell me, have you had a chance of putting in a word for the poor prodigal?"

Hope shook her head. "It is too soon to attempt it," she said.

"Now sit down here on this fallen tree; for I have a long story to tell you.'

(To be continued.)

FIGHT FOR ZULU CHIEFTAIN.

Battle of Women Mission Workers Against British Land Grabbers. Two women in Natal are at present engaged in fighting the whole force of the British government. The battle waged by the Misses Colenso-two sisis a struggle as daring, as strenuous, and as adventurous as any real ensagement. Embarking on a quixotic attempt to rescue the native chief Dinizulu from the coils of British diplomacy, they have spent almost every

cent they had in the world, a London letter says. For the last five years the eldest sister-Harriet-has been the guide, philosopher and friend of the native chief, even going to St. Helena and staying there near him while he walted in prison until ber efforts got him out, only to be tried and reconvicted on another count. The devotion of the Colenso sisters to the cause of the black chief has won the respect of even their inveterate enemies, the English foreign wire-pullers who wish to turn the land of Dinizulu over to white exploiters.

In many quarters of the globe the fight waged by the Colenso sisters has evoked the sympathy of thousands of people who have not even stopped to consider the actual merits of Dinizulu's cause. Many influential English people, including Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Northbourne and Lady Schwann, have recently taken up the cudgels on behalf of the two brave women; and in London an organization has recently been formed to raise funds to restore to them some of the actual money they have spent in defending Dinizulu at his recent trial for alleged high treason.

As a matter of fact, the only charge

HOME IN THE HEART.

O ask not a home in the mansions of pride, Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls; Though the roof he of sold it is brilliantly cold. And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls. But seek for a bosom, all honest and true, Where love once awakened will never depart; Turn, turn to that breast like a dove to its nest, And you'll find there's no home like the home in the heart. O link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,

That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care; Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just, And he sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare. Then the frowns of misfertune may shadow our lot, The cheek-searing leardrops of sorrow may start, But a star never dim sheds a halo for him

Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.



to pass beneath our horses' feet be-

fore we reached our destination. We

were traveling fast, loping or quick

trotting over the prairie, walking only

when we came to unexpected coulees.

of the line of fire. I, a novice in the

we caught up with the leaders

we crossed the creek.

shipwrecks, but if there is a shipwreck, let it be in Templemore Bay.

Such was the prayer of some ingenuous wouths, full of faith, who were at school on the south coast of England. Much akin to this was the wish of my heart. I didn't want a prairie fire to ters-is carried on without visible happen for my benefit, but if there making straight for the western point signs of outward warfare; and yet it was one, I longed to see it and help fight it.

> I had ement the summer in Myles Bolton's ranch, thirty-seven miles southeast of Maple Creek, in Saskat chewan. Several times at night I had seen the glow of conflagrations and sniffed the smoky air of fires far

> away. Once in a heavy thunderstorm the lightning struck in five different places around the ranch. But I was within doors' and guite unconscious of it. In a few minutes the rain descended in torrents and all was over One hot August day I thought I real ly was to have the experience I longed for. Columns of smoke were seen rising just in a line with where our outfit was haying on the bench. I saddled up, took four wet sacks, and rode out only to find that the fire was

ceived was that of an extravagantly miles further on. So I had dinner well lighted city in a smoky fog. For with my friends and rode back again. the edges of the fire were running in Not until the fall was my wish gratlong lines in every possible direction, ified. On the first of October I was and at different heights according to riding on the bench with two friends, the rise and fall of the ground. Smoke when we saw the smoke of a fire to tempered all and at one place we the north. The sight is not unusual. seemed to pass under a huge verandah and as the fires had usually proved

to be far out of our range, it made no of it. We rode along the line for about a particular impression upon us. But as we were sitting down to supper couple of miles seeking for the fightat 7 o'clock, Bettington, a neighborers. Suddenly Bolton's horse put its ing rancher arrived with the news foot into a badger hole, stumbled to that he was hunding up men to go and its knees and then rose again like a fight the fire. As Bolton and Bettingcamel. I didn't like the look of that on are both fire guardians, and can much. The prairie was full of badger by law commandeer the the services holes, but in my daylight rides I had of all males over sixteen, we were in never yet had a mishap. A prairie for it, though not unwillingly. One horse can be trusted for that. But at

man being left behind to look after night it is different.

that morning or Armstrong would come!"

Now we came to a mile or so of extinguished grass put out earlier in the evening. Some mounted and rode back to see all safe behind, while the rest# of us went forward. Shall I ever forget my joy when we saw silhouetted against the sky the outline of a log shack- There at any rate was water, and, perhaps, food.

Our hopes were more than realized A nice supper with hot tea was soon ready for us, accompanied by a genial prairie welcome. The shack was that of a new settler, Ingram, who had come in during the summer, and had a few hours before lost three hay stacks, after he had considered that all was safe. Poor Mrs. Ingram had been up for two nights and days, but yet catered cheerfully for our wants. We learned that the fire had nearly reached the head of Frenchman Creek. and was fast traveling down Farwell Creek, on which Bolton's and Gibson's ranches were situated. So it did not take us long to decide that we must

go back and protect our own houses. But it was useless to ride before the dawn. Coming up with the fire to guide us was one thing. Riding from It into the gloom was another. So after a soothing pipe we stretched ourselves on the floor to sleep. I don't see what prisoners have to complain of in a plank bed. I'm sure I found mine comfortable enough. I pillowed my head on my coat and stretched my legs beneath the stove. Bettington's head lay on my stomach, and his long legs reached far out towards the center of the room. Howland, I believe, cn structed a pillow out of the coal scuttle. All of us slept the sleep of the Just.

art of riding, began to feel pretty A little before five Barrow opened sore. Occasionally I lagged behind, the door leading outside to prospect. but Howland and Barrow were very He startled us with the exclamation: good, and falling behind too, would "It's snowing hard!" We were all urge my horse at a quick lope until awake in an instant. The news seemed too good to be true. We went When we started It was generally out to verify the statement, and found supposed that the fire was about ten not indeed snow, but a heavy Scotch miles distant. But it proved to be mist, the ground perfectly wet and no fifteen. As we neared it the darkness glow of a fire visible. It was all was dispelled and the night grew over! What would probably have been light, except in the deep shadow of the biggest and most destructive fire of the coulees. My trouser legs and for years, and would have taken many under garments had crawled up to my men many days to extinguish had knees, and the calves of my legs got a been swamped in an hour. Our spirits fine scratching in the bush just before rose to summer heat. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in Half a mile beyond we got our first the morning."

sight of the fire. It was a magnificent At Armstrong's ranch we were corspectacle. The first impression I redially invited to breakfast, and spent a couple of hours in discussing the events of the fire. The six men there had had their work cut out to save the place in addition to fighting the flames in general.

> Hot soup goes well after a long ride, and the ladies at the ranch had prepared us an excellent one to commence our meal. But it had a soporific effect and most of us retired immediately afterwards to the lunch house, there to spend the afternoon In deep slumbers. Something prompted us to wake at supper time, and a musical evening followed.

The expedition will ever remain a memorable one for me. The midnight ride, the glowing sky, the illuminated city, are imprinted on my mind: and At nny rat above all two of the pleasantest sur prises of my life-the welcome shack found myself looking through Banjo's and the heaven-sent mist. Well might Sir Walter Scott sing: Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife, To all the sensual world proclaim, One crowded hour of glorious life If worth an age without a name."

Who wrote it?"

"Who did that football story?" he asked once.

When Dana put such a question, his interlocutor used to tremble; there was no telling from his tone whether he mean to praise or to blame. Mr. Lord named the man.

"It's Homer, that's what it is," said Dana.

"The reporter," he said again, "wields the real power of the press." This, with all that it implies, was the thing which Dana left to his world.

Looking Ahead.

"Old chap, what are you growing those umbrageous side whiskers for?" "I'll tell you if you won't say anything about it. I know of a big department store where there's going to be a vacancy in the floorwalker's job In a few weeks, and I'm going to apply for it."--Chicago Tribune.

Color and Lies.

"But sometimes it's right to tell white lie, isn't It?" "Perhaps. But I notice that when a

man gets that idea once, it isn't long till he becomes color blind."-Cleveland Leader.

THREE REASONS.

Each with Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys. Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given can-

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts a neighbor whose 3-year-old child war a weazened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts.

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a hand ful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is toon shown in greatly increased health, strength and montal activity.

"There's a Reason.

Lock in phys. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

sidered one of Daudet's best; and I have never read it."

When Hope Desmond reached her own room she undressed rapidly, and putting out the candles, brushed her long hair by the moonlight, while she thought earnestly, "How disappointing of Mr. Rawson! I hoped he would be here next Sunday; and I have so much to say to him. True, I can write; but a few spoken words face to face are worth a dozen letters. It will not be easy to get him to myself, but as my own especial friend I have a right to demand an interview. How weary that poor woman is!--and far from well. Poor and nearly friendless as I am, I would not change with her. No. no; I understand life better than she does, though she has lived so much longer. How her heart must ache when she thinks of her son! Under all her hardness and pride she yearns for the love she does not know how to win.

If she will only love me!" Then she twisted up her hair, and, throwing herself on her knees, prayed long and fervently, with tightly-clasped hands. while tears streamed unheeded from the eyes that less than an hour ago had smilled so saucily on Captain Lum Tey

"The two months have nearly expired," she mused, when, having risen. she leaned against the window-frame and looked cut on the moonlit lawn. "But I am quite sure she will not send me away. I do not want to go an strangers again. It is awful to have

no home. But with practice, with the effort to seem brave, courage comes." Taking some relic sewn up in a lit tie allk hag and hung round her neck by a thin chain of Indian gold, she kissed it lovingly and lay down to

rent. For the next couple of days Mrs. Saa vering. ville instituted a severe headache and shut herself up with Miss Desmond in her son and his guest to entertain | ined."

each other. The third day Hope went

ing if you are still alive." "I am very sorry I cannot assure him personally of my safety; but 1 cannot absent myself in this unceremonious manner. Then I have my friend Mr. Rawson here."

"What a nuisance! I am coming over after luncheon to ask for assistance in getting up a concert to collect funds for a new school-house; so, till this afternoon, adleu." She stepped into her pony-carriage, attended by Richard Saville, and drove away. "As we have plenty of time, I will

take you by a little longer way back. Mr. Rawson," sald Hope. "I place myself in your hands, my

dear young lady." As they started Lumley, who had stood aside till Miss Dacre drove off, joined them, and for a short way the conversation was all necessary." chiefly between him and the family lawyer.

Lumley had been exceedingly nice and respectful whenever he had met Hope Desmond during the last week onsequently they had been the best of friends, and the captain flattered himself he was making prodigious strides. Arriving at a bend of the road where a turnstile admitted to a pathway leading across a field and into Mrs. Saville's woods, Miss Desmond paused, and said "Good morning" very

decidedly. "Mr. Rawson is good enough to be my guardian, and I claim the right to here him with my affairs whenever I can.

"I understand," said the gallant hus zar, good-humoredly, and stopped with a tow "That stroke was well played," said

Mr. Rawson when they had got clear of the gate. "I want to say and to hear a good deal, and the youth is per-

"Is he so young?" asked Hopeher own special morning room, leaving gin to see he is older than I imag "He will never sea twanty-seven you, Japunie?"

out for a short stroll, as Mrs. Saville again. But to business. I am glad to i evidently did not want her company | see you get on so well with Mrn. So | dere's ti ues I'm skeered of myssift" ing the next rise. But many rises were | weary hours before the dawn. "Oh. tune and hopes on.

of which the black chief has been found guilty is harboring a few wretched natives fleeing from British rifies in a faked-up rebellion deliberately planned for the purpose of break-

ing down the influence of Dinizulu casionally being required to distinamong the natives. The entire movement against Dinizulu is but an at- from Dick. Everybody was busy with tempt on the part of the British to bridles and bits, blankets and sadgrab the countries belonging to the Zulu nation.

No whits people in the whole of length all were ready, and off we went South Africa have greater knowledge into the night. Whither I knew not! and experience of the Natal natives All was in the dark to me. Trails, than the two sisters. They are the familiar enough in the daytime, had daughters of the famous Bishop Colen- absolutely vanished. The derrick so, the first and last bishop of Natal,

needs and ministering to the spiritual But the responsibility of direction did wants of the black men. Dinizulu's influence in the country the crowd, secretly grabbing the horn

British land-grabbing, and it has been moments, with an uncomfortable feelessential to remove him from the ing of insecurity, and not knowing scene of his activities. After his lib. what was going to happen next. eration from St. Helena, Miss Colenso A night ride of this description was undertook his defense against the nu- altogether a new experience for me.

life of the native leader. The devoted callous to hidden dangers. "Up the women have spent more than \$20,000 in defense of the black chief.

Of Course Not. An over-dressed woman was talking to an acquaintance.

"Yes," she said, "since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs and hens."

ed the other; "you can have all the fresh eggs you want." "Oh, well," replied the first lady, 'of course, the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at

One More Question. "I say, pa, what----

"Ask your mother!"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time.

"All right, this once, what is it?" "Well, if the end of the world was to come and the earth be destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down!"-The Housekeeper.

Not Too Much.

"After all," said the optimist, "you must admit that this is the best world you have even been in." "Yes" replied the pessimist; "but

hang it, my wife is the best wife I've ever had, and that's not saying much for her."-Judy.

Honeymoon Names.

"What are the Christian names of that young couple next door?" "We won't he able to find out till next week. They've just been married and he calls her Birdle and sha hought him an amusing boy, but I be | cnlls him Pettle."-Cleveland Leader. A Tough One.

"Y you are a w wful tough, ain't

"Why, say, kid, I'm so tough dat

the ranch, a party of six proceeded to my turn came next, for I suddenly the stables to saddle up.

It was rather a weird sight, the two front legs, with a complete view catching of our horses in the corral. of left stirrup. I can't explain how it the fitful rays of a single lantern, ocwas. Banjo righted himself quickly and so did I, though I got a bit of a guish Nigger from Coon, or Ginger strain.

At length we found a group of men. nearly all unknown to us, who had dles, and the sacks being served out been fighting the fire since daylight.

whither, Armstrong's ranch

and strapped behind the cantles, at At first I thought they were Indians, so black were their faces with the smoke. I could see, too, that their eyes were blood-shot. A wagon containing a water barrel was being driven slowly along the line, and at ineven, as we swept past it, showed only tervals the fighters retired to it to who devoted his life to studying the for a moment against the sky line. wet their sacks, and then returned to beat the flames. These are astonishnot rest with me. I simply kept with ingly easy to put out, though they are sometimes fanned into life again by has always been a stumbling block to of my saddle during those first few the breeze. This necessitates at least one man following behind about half a mile or so. His work is easy, but responsible, and must be thorough, or the fire will get away again. Most

sacks were tied at the end of a stick merous other charges brought against But the feeling passed off, as graduand some were lightly stuffed with him. She mastered all the native dia- ally the outlines of my companions willow boughs. This seemed, so far lects in order to confront opposing wit- and their horses became more clear, as I could gather, a new idea. It is nesses, and her able cross examination and the ground proved not to be full certainly an excellent one, for the on many occasions utterly put to rout of bottomiess chasms, as was my first sacks thus stuffed did notably good the emissaries of the government who impression. The timidity of uncerservice. had come prepared to swear away the tainty passed away and I became I gained a peculiar impression of the vastness and the landmarklessness

creek! Up the creek!" was the cry, and up the creek we went. Though if we had gone down the creek I shouldn't have known any difference. Crossing it near the old, and now deserted, Police Detachment, I got left behind a bit. My horse took me somewhere through the bush, and eventually emerged into the open. Here I dashed straight ahead to find that I "That must be charming," remark- was alone. My comrades had missed me and a few reciprocating shouts enabled me to find them again. They

had turned sharp to the right outside the bush. In relating my experiences afterwards I declared that my horse had shied at a haystack, which had suddenly loomed up before me; but it appears there is no haystack there! I hope, however, that my readers will not distrust this account of my adventures. "Things that are seen by can-

dlelight are not the same by day." Our horses began to enjoy the fun Bolton was on a fine animal, Latigo and set the pace. All our horses were good. I was riding Banjo, endeared to

flameless waste behind us. me by occasional acquaintance of his good qualities, though I once or twice, in the early part of the ride, gloomily reflected that he had, a few days previously, tried to buck an experienced rider off. He is, perhaps, a little inclined to be lazy, but once he took the hit between his teeth and dashed on beyond the rest-quite distastefully to up behind Bolton just as he was reme. When I managed to rein him in marking to Bettington, "Well, I hope and walt for the others. Bolton's remark to me that I had better not try pray for any more prairie fires." to race as the ground was very uncer-

he had but known it. drink; hungry and no prospect of About four miles on we left the food; shivering in a biting blast; sore creek and wended our way through from my hard ride; a bit crippled a coulce . up on to the bench. from my stumble; sleepy and nowhere There we could see that the fire was to sleep; and with the chance of the

HE CALLS THIS SPORT.

But to Some of Us the Story Smacks, of Brutality,

In each of us is the germ of savagery. The old instinct for cruelty and slaughter manifests itself most readily in our hunting and fishing sports. Under the spell of the chase we are guilty of things which, some how, tend to shock us when we consider them in cold blood. Take the following recital of how a hunter got a moose in Nova Scotia, for example. The man who tells the story, not yet free from the thrall of the "sport," probably sees nothing but glory in his achievement, but to us who sit in our easy chairs and read there is something cruel and repellent in the tale. The extract is from an article in the National Sportsman:

The sun had set, and we were going only a short distance further before camping, when Len's sharp eyes detected a moose standing partly behind a rock with a background of pines at of the prairie by the fact that nobody what we afterwards found was 130 present could tell exactly where we yards. His "Look at the big bull" inwere, A trail nearby led, nobody knew stantly drew my attention, and my 40's Was began to roar, but ill fared it that known to be somewhere about four on account of the perspiration dropmiles distant, but in what direction ping on my glasses earlier in the day. nobody could point out. The majority I had taken them off, and now in the of men we found there were just failing light could scarcely distinguish about to depart, for there was no food either moose or near sight when my or drinking water left, and by followleft eye closed, although the bright ing the line of burnt ground back they front sight showed plainly. My first expected to strike some shack within three shots were misses, and I might the course of a few hours. So, besides have become rattled had not Len's our own party, there were only two voice, as calm as though nothing was

men left, and the water wagon. happening, came to me, "You are Our task seemed hopeless. The line shooting high." Drawing down the of fire from west to east extended foresight until I could scarcely see, I about twelve miles, and it was travpulled once more and hit the fore leg eling southwards at an enormous rate just above the elbow, but without under a strong north wind. Of course, touching any bones, and the moose we knew that other groups of workers started, although very lamely, over the must be operating at other points, but open. Four more shots and he was we seemed to have miles of it under down, over 200 yards away, and we our own special charge. We worked started to run, but before we got half along steadily and it was some satisway he started down again, and we faction to leave a black, charred, were able to get within a distance that made it certain he was ours; but Part of the time I held the horses once more he got on his feet and al-First, with all their lines in one hand, though unable to take a step, glared at and then later with each horse's lines us until another shot, the only one in attached to the saddle horn of anotha vital spot, nut him down for good. er, I let them all graze a bit as we We found that all six shots after worked slowly along. On returning to

he had started had touched him; one the fire line with my sacks, I came had broken his fore leg just above his boof; another touched his ear, another chipped a horn; another, probably the Newton is satisfied. I doubt if he'll one that put him down first, struck the center of his back just an inch

He was right. I had had quite too high to affect the backbone, and another struck behind, passing through one quarter and breaking the hipbone on the other, disabled him completely, the last, fired close, struck behind the shoulder, as intended.

> That which people call hope is really conceit; a man believes that his

tain, was a little wide of the mark, if enough of it. Thirsty and nothing to

a big one. Its glow lighted up the sky fire lasting for days, I almost felt that for milles. I confidently expected to life offered no further attractions. It see the actual flames after surmount- was but two o'clock. More than three dollar talent will finally bring a for-