

relief, when cruelly distinct and clear, from an opposite direction, a reply came. For the first and last time in his life the boy realized what the expression "nearly dying with fright" meant. He could not move hand or foot; he seemed to hear his merciless foes creeping steadily from every direction toward the hut; he gasped convulsively for the breath that would not come. Every detail of the horrible tortures practiced by the Indians upon their unfortunate captives—summarized roughly by Luke as "a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire"—came back with terrible vividness to his memory. If he could only have strength to kill himself! Where was the knife? He contrived to move his right hand feebly about, endeavoring to lay hold of it. At last the back of his hand struck against something hard and smooth. The knife? No; the handle of his revolver. His fingers mechanically closed round it, and with the touch of the familiar weapon returned the sense of life and power—numbed for the time by the terror caused by the proximity of a deadly yet unseen enemy.

With a defiant, desperate cry he leaped from his bed, and rushing outside fired his pistol right and left. Every shot seemed to add to his excitement. He emptied the pistol, reloaded it, and fired in every direction. By this time the reaction, after the paralyzing fright, was so strong that he might well have been taken by any one for a madman. He stamped, foamed at the mouth, and shrieked defiance at the Indians, who, discovering again that the garrison was dangerously on the watch, were probably creeping away as silently as they had come. But to Jack's overwrought fancy they were still crouching around, just waiting until he was off his guard to steal in, scalp and torture him to death.

However, getting no answer to his challenge, and his fevered blood beginning to cool a little, Jack at last returned to his cabin. But he never closed his eyes again that night. Hour after hour he sat watching, with clenched teeth and distended eyes, starting at every sound, and half expecting, against his cooler judgment, that the Indians would come after all.

Morning at last appeared, and, to his great surprise, he found himself alive and unscalped. But—though after a good breakfast and a stretching five-mile race after the sheep his courage returned—he did not feel, this time, that the ugly experience of the preceding nine hours was a dream. What was most surprising, however, was that he had lost all fear of the Indians' coming again. When he thought of the darkness and silence, the weird, ghostly signals drawing nearer and nearer, instead of the shiver of apprehension experienced before, there came a hard, callous feeling that seemed to say, "Let them do their worst, I don't care."

As day after day went by, and every night, when he lay down to sleep, he was never sure of waking alive the next morning, youthful enthusiasm and the pleasure in life, for its own sake, died away. He was never molested by Indians, it was true, nor did he ever see them, but time after time he had to face the idea that alone and helpless he was surrounded by treacherous foes. Let

him once oversleep himself, and there would be nothing for it but suicide, or torture and a lingering death.

After a few months of camp life he returned again to the ranch, and rough as it was, it seemed almost heavenly after camp. Jack Halliday was, in fact, never alone for any length of time in camp again, and the chances of life took him back to New England in two years from that time. But though he is now settled at home, with small chance of ever trying Western life again, the impression stamped on his character by the experiences I have here described is too deep ever to be quite effaced.

ARTHUR H. PATERSON.

SAW MILL WASTE.

IF the reports that have for some time been current of terra cotta lumber are true, it seems almost a mystery that it is not manufactured on a more extensive scale. We are told that sawdust mixed with common clay, pressed and baked, gives the desired product, which admits of nearly all the uses to which true lumber may be put, besides being fireproof. Would sawdust, now too often looked upon as a nuisance, not form an important item in the market if it could be utilized in this way? Or is lumber so plentiful yet that we can ignore the utilization of the waste incident to its manufacture? When statistics tell us that the Northwestern lumber region alone produced during the past year the tremendous quantity of about 2,534,300,000 feet of lumber, 1,059,000,000 shingles and about 630,100,000 lath, we may well pause and ask how long will the supply be able to meet the constantly increasing demands. The utilization of the waste products has always been one of the most important sources of income to any industry, and the near future may demonstrate conclusively that lumbering will no longer be an exception to this rule; that attention must be paid to the enormous waste in its production, and that some means will have to be devised to either prevent or utilize it. Gas making from sawdust awaits further development, terra cotta lumber may serve in this connection a two-fold purpose, and many other inventions will be made as soon as the necessity for such a thing is felt throughout the country. Perhaps lumber is too cheap at present in its original cost, but it will not be like that forever; as the most available portions of woods are cut down, the more inaccessible parts will necessitate larger expenses to bring them to market, and the question of "waste" will assume prominence in proportion to this increased cost, and sawdust may yet prove one of the most important items of profit to the lumber industry, in a similar way as the "gas liquor" of gas works, which the manufacturers did not know how to dispose of thirty years ago, now pays them larger profits than any of their other products.—*Lumber World*.

THE eucalyptus, or Australian blue-gum tree, is now grown in every civilized country almost where frosts do not occur, but being by Nature adapted to act as an evaporating machine, it will not destroy malaria or keep off mosquitoes if planted in a dry and not in a marshy soil.