

For Blood Will Tell.

It was rapidly growing dusk on the wide prairie, and the stars were just beginning to show like glittering diamond points. Just the suggestion of the autumn was in the cool night air. The stillness as Jim and Miss Waring drove along over the silent plain was broken now and then by a sharp, startling rattle, a sound once heard never to be forgotten, the danger signal of the deadly rattlesnake coiled up in the long, brown grass.

"Hit appears to me," Jim was saying, "that that air wind don't bode any good to the settlers 'round these parts."

"Why so, Jim?"
 "Guess you hadn't ever ben on one of our Dakoty peraries afore, Miss Waring, or you wouldn't have asked such a question. There's two things out hyar that's more feared than the Old Nick himself—one on 'em's a perarie fire and another's a perarie with the wind a-blowin' a forty-mile-an-hour gale."

They rode on again in silence. Agnes Waring had come from the far great city to visit her brother on his Western ranch. Jim, the man-of-all-work, was driving her out from the station, fifteen miles from the ranch.

"By the long-horned spoons!" said Jim suddenly, rising in his seat and stopping the horses with a tremendous jerk. "Look over there, will you? That's bizness for us, sure's you're a foot high! Git up there?" he yelled to the horses, and, giving one of them a stinging blow with his whip, they sprang into a run. Across the level plain came a light, the light at the ranch headquarters nearly a mile away. To the left of it a dull, reddish glow had come up and, now and then, at the horizon line, where the darker part of the sky was lost in the prairie, sharp flames were darting up.

"Don't be skeered," Jim ejaculated, as he whipped the horses into a yet more furious pace; "there ain't no danger—leastwise for us."

Alice was a self-possessed city girl with a generous stock of old-fashioned common sense; but she was startled at Jim's actions and her face had grown pale.

"Everything's all right," said Jim, as reassurances as he could under the circumstances; "don't you be skeered." He had seized the reins between his firm, strong teeth, and now with one hand, now with the other, now with both, he was whipping the horses into still greater speed. "Hate—ter—lick a team—like this"—as the wagon bounced and tumbled and rattled along; "hate ter do hit—but hit—can't be helped—when there's life—depends—on it."

A few moments more and the horses dashed up to the big ranch headquarters house. Jim threw the lines to the ground and seizing Alice by the waist, jumped out with her.

"Sorry to be so imperlite, but there ain't any time to wait—kin you ride hossback?"
 Barely waiting for an affirmative answer from the girl, who was passionately fond of riding, and who modestly owned the gold medal for superior horsemanship in her city riding club, Jim ran to the barn, flung a man's saddle on a beautiful horse, and before Alice had time to recover from her surprise at this novel introduction to her brother's establishment, the horse was before her.

"You say you kin ride; wa'al here's the best chance to show hit you ever had in your life. That's the best hoss in McLeod County—raein' blood for five generations; there ain't nothin' but a perairie fire kin ketch him. Jump him, Miss Waring, ride straight through the fire yonder; that ain't no danger now till you git ter Mule Creek. Jest over the creek a quarter of a mile or so that's a Russian woman an' her six weeks' old baby. She's all alone, for I saw her husband in town when we left. They hadn't backfired an inch, and you've got to git the woman and her baby over the creek. See? I'd go myself, but the wind is shifted and this hull ranch'll be in danger afore long. You'll pass your brother and a parcel o' men backhurlin' along the line; don't stop for any explanations, but ride for the creek an' ride as if Old Harry was on yer track! You been't afeard, be you?"

The blood had come back to the pale cheeks.

"You say there's little danger of my losing my life, Jim?"
 "Not a bit—of you only git that woman across the creek in time; but don't wait—jump quick, for the Lord's sake, or you'll be too late."

With a rude toss he threw her into saddle as if she had been a child, and handed her the reins. As he did so he thrust a short, cruel rawhide into her hand.

"Don't hit him with that unless you have to—he's never been licked in his life; but he can outrun a cyclone. Ef you have ter hit him give it to him red-hot!"

It is long, sometimes, before a horse

and its rider become acquainted with one another; but it seemed but a few seconds to Alice before she and the noble animal were old friends. Jim was right, Prince Hal could run; and after the first few tremendous jumps and Alice had steadied herself in the saddle the thrilling excitement stirred her blood like an intoxicant, and she realized that Jim had told the truth; it promised to be the race of her life.

"Je-ho-sa-phat!" exclaimed a man who was plowing a fire furrow along the edge of the ranch where the men were at work. "Mr. Waring, look, will you! Look at Prince Hal!"

Mr. Waring had not more than time to look up before he saw his choicest mount pass by him like the wind, a girl with hair flying behind her on his back, the horse going at a pace that not his fastest Kentucky ancestor ever matched.

On the horse went as if he, too, knew of the life-saving mission of the hour. The foam came from his teeth, and his flanks were white. Alice leaned forward in the saddle, as she urged him on, and stroked his neck.

A moment more and they were at the creek, a shallow stream. Beyond, Alice could see a low house silhouetted against a great red bank of flame. The fire was coming. Already she could feel the intense heat. A leap and a bound; they were over the stream and on again with still swifter flight. It was a matter of seconds now until the low sod house was reached. In front



ON A LIFE-SAVING MISSION.

of it was the Russian peasant woman, frantically trying to save some of her household goods by dragging them with one hand further from the course of the fire, while in one arm she clutched the baby, around which she had thrown a wet shawl to protect it from the heat.

"Why didn't you run?" cried Alice, as she jumped from the horse; "don't you see, the fire is almost on you? You can't save your things; run for the creek! Run, I say, or you'll be burned to death!"

Alice caught the child from the woman's arms and sprang up into the saddle as best she could. The woman stood as if stupefied, the red glow from the coming flames lighting up her stolid face. The fire was coming on faster now; they could hear the roar and crackle as it swept through the long, man-high grass of the swale beyond the fence.

"Quick! quick, I say! no, you can't run fast enough now to get to the creek; jump behind me, quick! quick! or we shall all be burned. I can't leave you here to die!"

The woman's stolid nature was aroused at last by the animal fear of danger, and while the heat grew more intense every minute, she clambered up behind Alice.

Prince Hal's face was toward the fire. He had not moved since he reached the spot; he seemed like some beautiful statue, his body motionless, his ears sharp erect, his nostrils distended; the awful fascination of the fire was upon him.

Alice pulled at the bit to turn him. He paid no attention. She spoke sharply, but he only moved uneasily; he would not stir from the spot. Swifter than an electric shock came the thought to her mind that horses in burning buildings would stay and die in the flames before they would be led out. It would be impossible to reach the creek on foot; in half a minute more the flames would be on them. Snatching the wet shawl from the baby with one hand, and swinging the child backward to its mother with the other, she threw the shawl over the horse's head. With the sight of the fire shut out he quivered, turned as the bit gave him a sharp twist, and, just as the flames were leaping over the sheds hard by the house, he sprang away.

It was a race for life now—for three lives; for the wind had increased to a gale, and there is nothing more terrible in this world than such a relentless ocean of flame as was rolling over the grass-grown plain.

Alice thought of Jim's parting advice:

"He's never been licked in his life; but if you have ter, give it to him red-hot!"

With a sharp cry, urging the horse on under his heavy burden, she struck

him with all her strength on the quivering flank, not once, but many times. He jumped as if stung by a rattlesnake, and seizing the bit in his teeth, sprang away as if shot from some mighty catapult.

Alice had lost all control of him now. She could neither guide nor check nor urge him. The blood of a noble ancestry, the blood of a racer was on fire in his veins. Down the short hill, over the brook, up the further side, on over the plain like some wild spirit of the night he ran. A cheer that you could have heard a mile, and that, mayhap, was heard clear up to the stars of heaven, rang out as Prince Hal, white with foam, flew by the crowd of men.

"Wa'al, ef you ain't the pluckiest gal!" said Jim, as he helped Alice from the saddle; "an' you ain't agoin' ter faint, nuther; I kin tell it by your eye. Didn't I tell you he could outrun a cyclone? But there had ter be somebody a-top o' him who knew how ter ride."—Independent.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Preference of usurious debts is held, in Hiller vs. Ellis (Miss.), 41 L. R. A. 707, to make an assignment for the benefit of creditors void. This is a subject on which there are not many authorities and these are not agreed, but their effect is shown in a note to this case.

A revocation of the license of a foreign insurance company because of its failure to pay the license fees required for former years during which it had done business in the State is sustained in Travelers' Ins. Co. vs. Fricke (Wis.), 41 L. R. A. 557, as the failure to comply with the law is a present, existing failure.

The constitutional right of minor children to the rents and profits of a homestead during minority and to an estate in fee after the widow's death is held, in Merrill vs. Harris (Ark.), 41 L. R. A. 714, not to be violated by a sale of the property under an order of the Probate court for the benefit of the children.

A Bible containing names and dates of birth of members of the family is held, in Supreme council of the Golden Star Fraternity vs. Conklin (N. J.), 41 L. R. A. 449, to be inadmissible as evidence of the age of a person, when there is no proof when or by whom the entries were made, or of the writer's knowledge of the facts, or that the persons named therein had ever acknowledged the authenticity of the record.

The rule that a presumption of negligence does not arise from the fact of an injury is applied in Benedick vs. Potts (Md.), 41 R. R. A. 478, where a person on a mimic railway was on a car when it entered a tunnel but was not on it when it emerged and was found unconscious in the tunnel, while other persons passed through safely, and there was no defect in or abnormal condition affecting the means of transportation.

An Egg Trick.

Mr. Wardner exhibited a paper in which was an article on the Klondiker and a portrait showing a Frenchy looking man with a big diamond in his shirt front, swell cut of clothes and a stovepipe hat the Prince of Wales would have been proud to wear. Mr. Wardner laughed as he looked at the picture again and related some anecdotes of "Swiftwater Bill," the man who had struck "\$5,000 to the square foot on bed-rock." "Bill" had the second best claim on the Yukon, and was so self-important on his return that he kept a private secretary through whom the reporters had to interview him. He married the sister of Guslie La More, a vaudeville dancer who danced in a tent in Dawson. "Swiftwater Bill" paid her attention, but got mad at the dancer and married her sister. The dancer was very fond of eggs while in Dawson, and after their quarrel "Bill" bought up every egg there was in the place, paying \$1 apiece for them to the number of about 400, and then ate his meals near her so as to enjoy her annoyance at not being able to have her egg orders filled. While he was eating his fill of eggs in a tantalizing way she had to be content with bacon at \$25 an order.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Humor of a Prince.

The following anecdote illustrates the Prince of Wales' sense of humor as well as his preference for short sermons when at church. A Scotch parson went to Balmoral by special command to preach before her majesty. Naturally he was overcome with nervousness. He was waiting for luncheon after service, when, greatly to his surprise, he was informed the Prince wished to see him. Shaking hands with him warmly, his royal highness thanked him heartily for his sermon, especially for the brevity of it, adding: "My dear sir, you can't think what a relief it was. I have known sermons so long here that the very collied dogs have gone up the pulpit stairs and yawned in the preacher's face."

Nutrition in Oysters.

A quart of oysters contain, on the average, about the same quantity of nutritive substance as a quart of milk or a pound of very lean beef.

A certain amount of ignorance is necessary to the enjoyment of our existence.

MICHIGAN'S BEE WIZARD.

"Uncle Bill" McMurphy, One of the Quaint Characters of the State.

One of the quaint characters of Saginaw, Mich., is "Uncle Bill" McMurphy, the bee wizard, who has netted a snug little fortune gathering wild honey from the woods of Saginaw County. For upward of forty years this strange old man has roamed the forests and wild lands of the valley, spending the golden autumn days in the solitude of the woods and wild flowers spying upon the secret hiding place of the bees' hard-earned treasure. The trade of a bee hunter seems a very peculiar one, almost an irksome task, but Mr. McMurphy has plied it until he has reduced it to a science, and each season's work generally averages him from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds of strained honey. Some years he has done even better than this and prepared for market over a ton of the saccharine product. By an actual record of each year's yield for the past forty years, which ended on Nov. 15 last, Mr. McMurphy had gathered a trifle over twenty-six tons of wild honey.

When the bee-hunting operations begin in the fall it is with great difficulty that the hunter succeeds in attracting the busy insects from the rich wild flowers to the bee box, a small wooden structure arranged in compartments, with tiny glass windows—which is in truth a snare or trap. This trap is baited with a sweet, highly scented mixture, which contains a drug that partially stupefies the bees and renders the labor of following them to the "bee tree" less difficult. After the insects have once tasted the alluring mixture in the box they lose all appetite for



"UNCLE BILL" McMURPHY.

the sweets of the wild flowers, and after loading up on the mixture in the box fly sluggishly to their tree, where they discharge their load and return directly to the box, bringing other bees with them. When the hunter has the bees working on the box it takes but a short time to locate the tree where the honey is being stored up. As a bee leaves the box he watches the direction of his flight. If the bee tree is a mile or so away upon leaving the box the bee rises perpendicularly to a height of forty feet, then heads directly for his tree, but if the tree is but a few rods away from the box the bee leaves the snare leisurely, in a diagonal manner, but directly toward his tree, for invariably the bees fly to the storehouse of their money "as the crow flies." The hunter watches their flight, then takes his box and follows upon their trail from forty to eighty rods. The box is again uncovered and the process is repeated, and so on until the line takes him to the base of the honeybee tree.

Legends of Falling Stars.

In olden times it was thought that falling stars were the souls of the dead whose thread of life had been cut short by fate. This was in Europe, for the Arabs believed that they were flaming stones thrown by the angels at the heads of devils when the latter approached too near to heaven. The Koran reproduces this opinion, which is found scattered through all the regions lying under the influence of Islamism, and consecrates it to a certain extent. Savage tribes possess coarse conceptions of the phenomenon. Other peoples are more poetical. In Galicia there is a legend which sees in each falling star a sprite. If the star falls to earth it becomes a lady of the rarest beauty, with tresses long, blond and scintillating. This beautiful creature exercises a magical charm on all who behold her. In the silence of the night she embraces them, until she stifles them in her embrace. But a certain formula conjures the peril if murmured at the moment when the star blazes out.

Encouraging.

"Do you think you have any chance with her, Reggy?"
 "Of course I do. She says herself that I'm one of her chance acquaintances."

A Social Outcast.

Dempsey—O! hear that th' boys hev ostraycized young Clancy.
 Carol—Ostraycized, is it?
 Dempsey—Yis! They won't fight wid him!—New York Evening Journal.

Mrs. Murphy—The swate little babies! Mrs. Dugan—They do be that, an' ut's twins they are. Mrs. Murphy—Yez don't say! An' are the both av thim yours?—Judge

Waiting to Take Hold.

You know the misery of Sciatica is awful. Well, if you love misery better than cure, let it go on, but St. Jacobs Oil is waiting to take hold, subdue the pain, and set you all right.

Big Sewing Machine.

The largest sewing machine in the world is said to be in operation in Leeds. It weighs 6,500 pounds, and sews cotton belting.

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—"Three years ago our son now eleven, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it."—Mrs. DAVID LAIRD, Ottawa, Kas.

Nausea—"Vomiting spells, dizziness and prostration troubled me for years. Had neuralgia, grew weak and could not sleep. My age was against me, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly. My weight increased from 125 to 143 pounds. I am the mother of nine children. Never felt so well and strong since I was married as I do now."—Mrs. M. A. Waters, 1529 33d street, Washington, D. C.

Eczema—"We had to tie the hands of our two-year-old son on account of eczema on face and limbs. No medicine even helped until we used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which soon cured."—Mrs. A. VAN WYCK, 123 Montgomery St., Paterson, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Invented the Musical Scale.

The musical scale is said to have been invented by Guy Aretino, a monk of Arezzo, about 1025. His scale, with material differences in naming some of the notes, was substantially the same as now in use.

Electrocution of Bed Bugs.

Bedbugs are electrocuted by a new attachment, the side rails of the bed being cut in half, with two plates inserted at the break, which form the poles of an electric circuit, lying out of connection, the pest closing the circuit as he crawls from one plate to another.

Dogskin Dresses in China.

In northern China many of the natives are dressed in dogskin. There are many establishments where dogs of a peculiar breed are raised in large numbers for their shaggy pelts. They are killed when eight months old.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rare.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It's the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Roundtree (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only as a curiosity.—Illustrated American.

In an article on Peking, Dr. Goldbaum declares that a pawnshop where he can put up his wardrobe, seems to be an indispensable institution to the Chinese merchant.

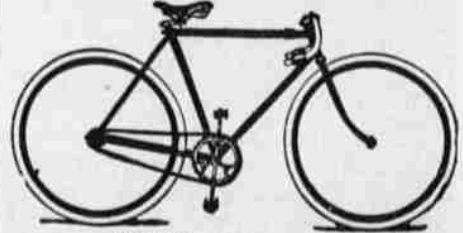
Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

Nine-tenths of all the sewing machines used throughout the world are made in the United States.

The Modern Method.

"It's an awful thing not to know where one's next meal is coming from." "Yes, but a good many of us married men are experiencing it since the grocery stores got advertising bargain sales."—Indianapolis Journal.

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