

# Out on the Pampas

By G. A. HENTY

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"It hasn't been our fault we haven't met before," said Rube; which was true enough, for we had only given him a close chase several times. El Zeres only gave an evil smile, but the other Mexican exclaimed savagely, "You dog, do you dare to answer?" and struck Rube across the face with all his force with a heavy whip.

"Rube turned quite white, and then, with a tremendous effort, he broke the cowhide thongs which fastened his hands—not now rope, mind you, but cowhide—just as if it had been so much grass, and went right at the fellow who had struck him. The Mexicans gave a cry of astonishment and threw themselves upon Rube, El Zeres shouting at the top of his voice, "Don't draw a knife! don't draw a knife! I'll hang any man who injures him!"

"Rube had got the fellow by the throat with both hands, and, though the crowd of men who threw themselves upon him pulled him to the ground, he never let go, but brought the man down, too. I knew it was all over with him. I was quite mad to join in and help; but though I tugged and strained at my thongs till they cut right into my wrists I could not succeed. For a while they lay in a struggling mass on the ground, and then Rube shook himself free of them for a moment and got to his feet. A dozen men were upon him in a moment; but he was blind with rage, and would not have minded if it had been a thousand. Those who came front went down as if shot before the blows of his fists; but others leaped on him from behind, and then the struggle began again. It was downright awful. They could not hold his arms. Their weight, over and over again, got him upon the ground, and over and over again he was up on his feet; but his arms, somehow, they could not hold, and the work he did with them was awful. Anything he hit went down, and when he could not hit he gripped. It was like a terrier with rats; he caught 'em by the throat, and when he did it was all up with them. How long this went on I can't say, when a Mexican snatched the lasso from the saddle of El Zeres' horse and dropped the noose over Rube's neck. In another moment he was lying half-strangled upon the ground, and a dozen hands bound his hands behind him and his feet together with cowhide thongs. Seven Mexicans lay dead on the ground and many more were lying, panting and bleeding, around. El Zeres had never moved; and except shouting to his men not to use their knives he had taken no part whatever in it—watching the struggle with that cruel smile, as if it had only been a terrier attacked by rats. When it was over he mounted his horse and said to one of his lieutenants who was standing near: "I must go now. I leave these men in your charge, Pedro. Fasten that one's hands behind him; then take them inside. Put them in the inner room. Clear my things out. Take ten picked men, and don't let anyone in or out till I return. I shall be back before daybreak. I shall amuse myself to-day with thinking how I shall try the nerves of these Americanos. I can promise you all a handsome amusement of some sort, anyhow." And he rode off.

"I have often faced death, and ain't afraid of it; but the unruined face and the cruel smile of that man made my flesh creep on my bones, as I thought of what Rube and I had got to go through the next day.

"Never in my life did I feel that the game was up as I did then.

"In a short time we were both asleep, for we had only been four hours in bed for two nights. I was pretty well accustomed to sleep on the ground, and I slept without waking for nearly seven hours. We did not altogether give up hope, as we agreed that we must try, in the short intervals between the visits of the Mexicans, to untie the knots of each other's cords with our teeth. Suddenly an idea struck me. I squeezed myself back to the wall and leaned against it. "It's all right, Rube," said I; "our cords are as good as off." "How's that?" said Rube. "This wall is made of rough stones, Rube, and there are plenty of sharp edges sticking out through the mud. They will cut through these wet thongs like knives." "Hoorah!" shouted Rube at the top of his voice, with a yell that startled the Mexicans from their seats again, and then he commenced thundering out one of the songs the soldiers used to sing on the march. Several Mexicans came running up from the camp to ask if anything was the matter, Rube's yelling having reached their ears. They were told it was only those mad Americanos amusing themselves, and with many angry threats of the different sort of yells we should give next day, they sauntered off again. I longed for the time when Rube and I should fall upon them. In half an hour I gave the signal. I had picked out a sharp stone in a convenient position, and it was not a minute before I felt the coil of cords loosen with a sudden jerk, and knew that I was free. As I had anticipated, the visits of our guards were rather less frequent now that they believed us to be asleep. In half an hour I heard a snore, which I answered. The moment the next visit was over I crawled to the door, and then, lying pretty high on my stomach, crept round to where the rifles were piled. The fire was burning low, and the guard were sitting so closely round it that the lower part of the room was in black shadow; so that, though I was looking out for Rube, I didn't see him till he was close enough to touch me. It was a delicate job opening all the pans, but we did it without making as much noise as would

scare a deer, and then, each taking a rifle by the barrel, we were ready. Pedro was just telling a story of how he had forced an old man to say where his money was hid, by torturing his daughters before his eyes, and how, when he had told his secret, and the money was obtained, he had fastened them up, and set the house alight—a story which was received with shouts of approving laughter. As he finished down came the butt of Rube's rifle on his head with a squelch, while mine did the same on the head of the next man. For an instant there was a pause of astonishment, for no one knew exactly what had happened; then there was a wild yell of surprise and fear, as our rifles came down again with a crashing thud. All leaped to their feet, the man I aimed my next blow at rolling over, and just escaping it. Rube was more lucky, and just got his man as he was rising. "Hoorah! Seth," he shouted, "five down out of eleven." We drew back now to our posts as agreed on, and the Mexicans, drawing their knives, made a rush forward. They ain't cowards, the Mexicans—I will say that for them; and when these fellows found they were caught like rats in a trap, they fought desperately. They knew there was no mercy to expect from Rube and me. They divided, and three came at each of us. Two went down as if they were shot, and I was just whirling my rifle for another blow, when I heard a crash, and then a shout from Rube, "Help, Seth!" I saw at once what had happened. Rube's rifle, as he was making a blow at a man, had struck a beam over his head, and the shock had made it fly from his hands across the room. In another moment the two Mexicans were upon him with their knives. He hit out wildly, but he got a gash across the forehead and another on the arm in a moment. I made two strides across the hut, and the Mexicans who were attacking me, instead of trying to prevent me, made a rush to the corner where their rifles were, which I had left unguarded. It was a fatal mistake. My gun came down crash upon the head of one of Rube's assailants before he knew of my approach, and another minute did for the second. As I turned from him the remaining two Mexicans leveled at Rube, who had rushed across to pick up his gun, and myself, and gave a cry as the flints fell and there was no report. For a minute or two they fought desperately with the guns; but it was no use, and it was soon over, and we stood the masters of the hut, with eleven dead men round us. An hour later saw us safely on our way to headquarters.

"Oh, thank you very much, Seth. It is a most exciting story. And what became of Rube?" asked Maud.

"Rube married a year after we got back to the States, and took up a clearing and settled down. It was then I felt lonesome, and made up my mind to go south for awhile. I promised Rube that I would go and settle down by him after a bit, and I've concluded that it's about time to do so. I've saved a few hundred dollars out here, and I am going to start to-morrow morning at daybreak to catch the steamer at Rosario. I shall go up straight from Buenos Ayres to New Orleans, and a steamer will take me up the river in three days to Rube's location. Good-by, all of you. I told your father this afternoon."

There was a hearty leave-taking, and many expressions of regret at his leaving; and after a shake of the hand and many good wishes, the young Hardys went up to the house, really sorry to part with their Yankee friend.

## CHAPTER VII.

As soon as Mrs. Hardy had arrived all their neighbors came over to call, and very friendly intercourse was quickly established between them. As there was no spare bedroom at Mount Pleasant, some hammocks were made, and hooks were put into the sitting room walls, so that the hammocks could be slung at night and taken down in the morning. The English party always rode back to Canterbury, as the distance was so short, and the Jamiesons generally did the same; but Messrs. Percy, Williams and Markham usually came over in the afternoon and rode back again next morning.

Upon Sunday morning Mr. Hardy had service, and to this the whole of their friends generally came. It was held early, so that the Jamiesons and the Englishmen could ride back to their homes before the heat of the day, the other three remaining to dine, and returning in the cold of the evening. Canterbury was entirely a sheep and cattle farm. The owners had five thousand sheep, and some hundreds of cattle; but they had comparatively a good deal of time upon their hands, as stock and sheep farming does not require so much personal care and supervision as must be bestowed upon agricultural farms. The Jamiesons, on the contrary, were entirely occupied in tillage; they had no sheep and only a few head of cattle.

Mrs. Hardy was remarking upon this one day to Mrs. Percy, who replied, "Ah, the poor fellows are very unfortunate. They brought out a fair capital, and had as large a stock of sheep and cattle as the Canterbury party have. About six months, however, before you arrived the Indians swept down upon them and carried off every animal they had. That puts one in mind, Hardy, of a matter upon which I had intended to speak to you. We are just getting now to the time of the year when Indian attacks are most likely to take place. Sometimes they are quiet for a year or two, then they are very troublesome again. Five or six years ago, just after I first came out, we had terrible times with them. Vast

numbers of cattle were driven off; the sheep they less seldom take, because they cannot travel so fast, but they do drive them off sometimes. You are now the furthest settler, and consequently the most exposed. Your estancia is strong and well built, and you are all well armed and good shots. You are, I think, in that respect, safe, except from sudden surprise. The dogs are sure to give an alarm; still I should sleep with everything in readiness."

This conversation caused Mr. Hardy great uneasiness. It was a possibility he had been quite prepared for; but he could not feel that the danger was really at hand without an anxious feeling. His thousand sheep had cost him twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and his cattle as much more. The lambing season had come and gone, and the flock of sheep had doubled in number. The cattle, too, had greatly increased, and the sheep were nearly ready for shearing. Altogether the value of the stock was over five thousand dollars. The loss would not be absolute ruin, as he had still three thousand dollars of his original capital in the bank at Buenos Ayres; but it would be a very serious loss.

Mr. Hardy told the boys as much as he thought proper of the state of things, and gave them their instructions. The girls, who had no idea there was any real danger, and who had besides an unlimited confidence in their father and brothers, were disposed to look upon it as fun, and Mr. Hardy had to speak quite seriously to be sure that his orders would be strictly attended to. A box had been placed in the storeroom on the upper floor of the tower, and the boys were given screwdrivers and hammers to open it. The astonishment of all was unbounded to find that it contained four dozen large rockets and a dozen blue lights. One dozen of these rockets were ordinary signal rockets, but the rest were covered with strong tin cases.

"Fireworks!" they all exclaimed in intense surprise. "What have you brought fireworks all this way for, papa?"

"I will tell you, my dears. I knew that the Indians of the pampas were horse Indians, and the idea struck me that as they could never have seen rockets, they would be horribly scared at night by them. Rockets, you know, are used in war; and even if the riders are not frightened, it is quite certain that the horses would be horribly alarmed by one or two of these rushing, fiery things charging into their midst. I therefore had them specially made for me by a pyrotechnist in London. One dozen, as you see, are ordinary rockets of the largest size; they contain colored balls, which will give out a most brilliant light. One of them thrown into the air, even where we believe any Indians to be, will light up the plain, and give us a fair view of them. The other three dozen are loaded with crackers. As you see, I have had a strong case of tin placed over the ordinary case; and one of them striking a man will certainly knock him off his horse, and probably kill him. The roar, the rush, the train of fire, and finally the explosion and the volley of crackers in their midst would be enough to frighten their horses altogether beyond control. What do you think of my idea?"

"Capital, capital!" they all cried.

"But how, papa," Hubert asked, "will you manage to make your rockets go straight at the Indians? All the rockets I ever saw went straight up into the air."

"Yes, Hubert, because they were pointed up. A rocket goes whichever way it is pointed. Rockets in war are fired through a tube, or from a trough. We will use the trough. Set to at once, boys, and make a trough about four feet long, without ends. It must stand on legs high enough to raise it above the level of the wall round the top of the tower. Let there be two legs on the front end, and one leg behind; and this leg behind must have a hinge, so that, when it stands upright, it will be six or eight inches higher than the front, in case we want to fire at anything close at hand. When we want to elevate the head of the rocket to fire at anything at a distance, we pull the hind leg back, so that that end is lower than the front. Put a spike at the end of the leg, to let it have a firm hold on the floor."

(To be continued.)

## Against Fooling with a Revolver.

There are a few lines in "The Art of Revolver-Shooting," a recent book by Walter Winans, the noted revolver shot of Great Britain, which were specially penned for a small but dangerous class of people.

Mr. Winans once left a revolver lying on a table in his tent at Bisley during a competition. Some visitors dropped in, one by one, to lunch. First came an elderly lady. She sat down near the table, and her eye immediately fell on the revolver. She snatched it up with a laugh, and pointing it at Mr. Winans, said:

"I'll shoot you!"

"Put it down!" said Mr. Winans, speaking as peremptorily as a host may. The lady obeyed, and Mr. Winans explained to her how injudicious it was to point a revolver at any one, how it might have been loaded, and so on.

While he was speaking in came a clergyman. He sat down and began talking pleasantly. All at once his eye caught the revolver. Seizing it and roaring with laughter, he pointed it at Mr. Winans, saying:

"Now I'll shoot you!"

"I locked up that revolver!" Is Mr. Winans' grim comment. And he would have been glad, we may be sure, to have made the same disposal, temporarily at least, of his silly guests. Had the jocularity of the lady or the clergyman resulted fatally, as similar conduct has often done, the plea at the coroner's inquest would have been the old, weak one: "Didn't-know-it-was-loaded!"



## German Potato Salad.

Peel twelve potatoes boiled in their skins and cut into small dice; the whites of three hard-boiled eggs; six very young onions chopped very fine; salt and pepper to taste. Make a dressing of two well-beaten eggs, a scant half-cup of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and butter the size of a walnut, boiling all together until thick. When cold thin with cream and stir well into the potatoes. Line a salad dish with lettuce leaves, pour into it the salad and garnish with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs cut into slices and a few leaves of parsley.

## Ginger Pudding.

Take six ounces of finely chopped suet, half a pound of flour, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, half a pound of treacle, a little grated lemon rind, half a pint of milk in which half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda is dissolved, and one beaten egg. Mix all these ingredients into a light batter, pour into a greased mould and boil for two hours and a half. Tie on the cloth securely, as the pudding swells much in cooking. Serve with any nice sweet sauce.

## To Take Spots Out of Boards.

Make some lye of wood ashes and mix it with a few galls, then put it on the spots the evening before you intend to clean them. In the morning rub the boards over with a brush. Let it be the way of the grain, and take some fine sand in the second scouring. When the boards have come to the right color and you can see the grain, wash in cold water and sand. Hot water will turn the best of boards or tables a bad color.

## Dinah's Corn Pone.

Sift a teaspoonful of salt into a quart of southern cornmeal, add a tablespoonful of melted shortening and enough cold water to make a soft dough. Mold with the hands into thin, oblong cakes and make upon the griddle, turning once. Eat while hot, splitting, not cutting, the pone open to butter it. This bread must be made with genuine "water ground" cornmeal. Northern meal will not do.

## Stewed Cabbage and Celery.

If one has on hand but little stewing celery—not enough for the family—a nice dish may be made by adding parboiled cabbage cut up into inch pieces and letting the cabbage cook about twenty-five minutes—not longer—in the celery. It will be found that the cabbage will partake of the flavor of the celery. The dressing should be the same as for stewed celery.

## For Rice Pancakes.

Boil some rice till perfectly cooked in water, then drain and set it in a clean saucepan with sufficient new milk to cover. Sweeten to taste, add half an ounce of dissolved butter for each pint of milk used. Add an egg also to each pint of milk. Beat in enough flour to make the mixture stiff enough to just form a batter. Fry till a golden brown on both sides.

## Canned Corn and Tomatoes.

Boil the corn on the cob for twenty minutes and cut off while hot. Scald the skin from your tomatoes and rub to a pulp. To every one part of cut corn add two of tomatoes. Salt to taste, boil hard for a moment and can. Keep in a cool, dark place.

## Suggestions.

When a window is difficult to open rub the sash cords with soft soap and the difficulty will cease.

When polishing grates add a little powdered alum to the black lead and you will find it does its work better.

Before polishing knives warm the board by the fire, for knives polish much better on a warm board than on a cold one.

When cleaning windows don't forget to add a few drops of ammonia to the water. It will make your work easier and the effect will be better.

Tarnished stair rods are easily cleaned. Wash them with soap and water and then polish with a slightly oiled cloth dusted over with finely powdered rotten stone.

Never tolerate a dirty sink. To insure cleanliness dissolve a little soda every night in hot water and pour it down the sink. This will remove any grease, etc., which may adhere to the waste pipe and thus prevent its getting clogged.

At housecleaning time to brighten tins and other cooking utensils put them all in the wash boiler and place on the fire with plenty of water and a liberal amount of washing soda. Let them boil for twenty minutes, remove the wash boiler from the fire, but do not take the tins out for three hours. At the end of that time they will be, when washed, bright and new looking.



Many women and doctors do not recognize the real symptoms of derangement of the female organs until too late.

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—Mrs. LAURA L. BREMER, Crown Point, Indiana, Secretary Ladies Relief Corps. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Every sick woman who does not understand her ailment should write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

## A Natural Inquiry.

Little Nellie was out riding one day with her mother and as they passed a cemetery she asked: "Mamma, how long does it take for the tombstones to come up after they plant people?"

## \$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Barber (testing razor)—Do I hurt you, sir?  
Baird—No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair.  
Barber (highly gratified)—Who was that?  
Baird—The dentist.—Tid Bits.

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