

Out on the Pampas

By G. A. HENTY

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Half an hour's riding again brought them up to the Indians, who had stopped within a mile of their former halting place.

"The moon will be up by 1 o'clock, boys, and they mean to remain where they are till then. Do you see that hollow that runs just this side of where they are? No doubt there is a small stream there."

This time the Indians made no move to retreat farther. They knew now that their assailants were only three in number. They were armed, indeed, with weapons which in their terrible rapidity of fire were altogether beyond anything they had hitherto seen; but in the darkness these would be of no avail against a sudden rush.

But if the Indians did not run away, neither did they, as before, attack their assailants. Their horses had been placed in the middle of the cattle, with a few Indians standing by them to keep them quiet. The rest of the Indians were not to be seen, but Mr. Hardy guessed that they were lying down in the long grass, or were concealed among the animals.

"The reveals have got a clever chief among them, boys. Except those half-dozen heads we see over the horses' backs there is nothing to see of them. They know that if we go close they can pick us off with their guns and bows and arrows, without giving us a single fair shot at them. Don't go any nearer, boys; no doubt there are many of their best shots hidden in the grass."

"We could scatter the cattle with a rocket, papa."

"Yes, we could, Hubert, but we should gain nothing by it; they have got men by their horses, and would soon get the herd together again. No; we will keep that for the night. Halloo! to the right, boys, for your lives."

Not a moment too soon did Mr. Hardy perceive the danger. The chief of the Indians, expecting another attack, had ordered twenty of his best mounted men to separate themselves from the main body, and to hide themselves in a dip of the ground near the place where the first attack had taken place. They were to allow the whites to pass, and were then to follow quietly upon them.

Complete success had attended the maneuver, and it was fortunate that the party had no firearms, these having been distributed among the main body with the cattle, for they were within forty yards of Mr. Hardy before they were seen. It was, in fact, a repetition of the maneuver which had proved so successful in their attack upon the cattle.

They were not immediately in the rear of Mr. Hardy, but rather to the left. As Mr. Hardy and his sons turned to fly, a number of Indians sprang upon their feet from among the grass and discharged a volley of guns and arrows at them. Fortunately the distance was considerable. One of their arrows, however, struck Mr. Hardy's horse in the shoulder, while another stuck in the rider's arm. Another went through the calf of Hubert's leg and stuck in the flap of the saddle.

There was no time for word or complaint. They buried their spurs in their horses' sides, and the gallant animals, feeling that the occasion was urgent, seemed almost to fly. In a mile they were able to break into a steady gallop. Mr. Hardy had already pulled the arrow from his arm, and Hubert now extracted his. As he stooped to do so his father, who had not noticed that he was wounded, saw what he was doing.

"Hurt much, old man?"

"Not much," Hubert said; but it did hurt a good deal, nevertheless.

It was perfectly dark before they reached their halting place. The saddles were again loosened, a little Indian corn, moistened with water, given to the horses, and another slight meal taken by themselves. The boys, by Mr. Hardy's orders, though sorely against their own wishes, then lay down to get a couple of hours' sleep; while Mr. Hardy went back about a hundred yards along the trail that they had made on coming, and then turned aside and sat down at a distance of a few yards to watch, in case any Indians should have followed up their trail.

Here he sat for over two hours, and then returned to the boys. Charley he found fast asleep. The pain of Hubert's wound had kept him awake. Mr. Hardy poured some water over the bandage, and then, waking Charley, gave them instructions as to the part they were to play.

Both of them felt rather uncomfortable when they heard that they were to be separated from their father. They raised no objections, however, and promised to obey his instructions to the letter. They then mounted their horses and began to retrace their steps, keeping a hundred yards or so to the west of the track by which they had come.

They rode in single file, and they had taken the precaution of fastening a piece of tape round their horses' nostrils and mouth to prevent their snorting should they approach any of their own species. The night was dark, but the stars shone out clear and bright. At starting Mr. Hardy had opened his watch, and had felt by the hands that it was ten o'clock. After some time he felt again. It was just an hour from the time of their starting.

"Now, boys, we are somewhere close to the place of your fight."

In another minute the boys lost sight of their father and turned their horses, proceeded in the direction he had ordered. Mr. Hardy had ridden on for two miles, so that he was now to the southwest of the enemy; then, turning west, he kept

along for another mile, when he judged that he was a mile in their direct rear. He advanced with the greatest caution, every faculty absorbed in the sense of listening. He was soon rewarded by the sound of the baying of the sheep, and dismounting and leading his horse, he gradually approached the spot. At last, on ascending a slight rise he fancied that he could make out a black mass at a distance of a quarter of a mile.

He now left his horse, taking the precaution of tying all four legs. He next set to work to cut some turf, with which he formed a narrow sloping bank, with a hollow for the rocket to rest in—calculated the exact distance and the angle required. All being prepared Mr. Hardy took the signal rocket, and placing it at a much higher angle than that intended for the others, struck a match and applied it to the touch paper. In a moment afterward there was a loud roar, and the rocket soared up, with its train of brilliant sparks behind it, and burst almost over the Indian camp. Five or six balls of an intense white light broke from it, and gradually fell toward the ground, lighting up the whole surrounding plain. A yell of astonishment and fear broke from the Indians, and in a moment another rocket rushed out.

Mr. Hardy watched its fiery way with anxiety, and saw with delight that its direction was true. Describing a slight curve, it rushed full at the black mass, struck something, turned abruptly, and then exploded with a loud report, followed instantly by a cracking noise, like a straggling fusillade of musketry. It had scarcely ceased before the third followed it, greeted, like its predecessors, with a yell from the Indians. Its success was equal to that of its predecessors and Mr. Hardy was delighted by the sound of a dull, heavy noise, like distant thunder, and knew that the success was complete, and that he had stamped the cattle.

He now ran to his horse, which was trembling in every limb and struggling wildly to escape, soothed it by patting it, loosed its bonds, sprang into the saddle, and went off at full gallop in the direction by which he had come. He had not ridden very far before he heard in the still night air, the repeated sound of firearms, and knew that the boys were upon the trail of the cattle. Mr. Hardy had little fear of the Indians pursuing them; he felt sure that the slaughter of the day by the new and mysterious firearms, together with the effect of the rockets, would have too much terrified and cowed them for them to think of anything but flight.

"Hurrah! papa," the boys said as he rode up to them. "They have gone by at a tremendous rush—sheep and cattle and all. We started the moment we saw your first rocket, and got up just as they rushed past, and we joined in behind and fired, and yelled till we were hoarse. I don't think they will stop again to-night."

"Did you see or hear anything of the Indians, boys?"

"Nothing, papa. When the first rocket burst we saw several dark figures leap up from the grass—where they had been, no doubt, scouting—and run toward the camp; but that was all. What are we to do now?"

"Ride on straight for home. We need not trouble about the animals; they won't stop till they are back. We must go easily, for our horses have done a very long day's work already. They have been between fifty and sixty miles. I think that we had better ride on for another hour. By that time the moon will be up, and we shall be able to see for miles across the plain. Then we will halt till daybreak—it will only be three hours—and the horses will be able to carry us in at a canter afterward."

And so it was done. In an hour the moon was fairly up, and, choosing a rise whence a clear view could be obtained, the horses were allowed to feed, and Mr. Hardy and Hubert lay down to sleep, Charley taking the post of sentry with orders to wake the others at daybreak. The day was just dawning when he aroused them. "Wake up, papa. There are some figures coming over the plain."

Mr. Hardy and Hubert were on their feet in an instant. "Where, Charley?"

"From the north, papa. They must have passed us in their pursuit of the cattle, and are now returning—empty handed, anyhow; for there are only seven or eight of them, and they are driving nothing before them."

By this time all three were in the saddle again.

"Shall we attack them, papa?"

"No, boys; we have given them quite a severe lesson enough. At the same time, we will move a little across, so that we can get a good sight of them as they pass, and make sure that they have got nothing with them."

"I don't think they are Indians at all," Hubert said, as the figures rapidly approached. "Halloo!"

"Halloo! hurrah!" came back to them; and in another five minutes they were shaking hands heartily with their three friends from Canterbury, the Jamesons, and two or three other neighboring settlers.

They told them that Farquhar, as soon as Lopez brought news of the attack, had sent mounted men off to all the other settlements, begging them to meet that night at Mount Pleasant. By nine o'clock they had assembled, and, after consultation, had agreed that the Indians would be satisfied with their present booty, and that therefore no guard would be necessary at their own estancias. A good feed and four hours' rest had been

given to their horses and when the moon rose they had started. Two hours after leaving they had seen a dark mass approaching and had prepared for an encounter; but it had turned out to be the animals, who were going toward home at a steady pace. There seemed, they said, to be a good many horses among them, and when an inspection was made of returned animals it was found that nearly all of the Indians' horses had been carried along by the cattle and sheep in the stampede.

A council was held, and it was agreed that there was no chance whatever of the Indians returning to renew the contest, as they would be helpless on foot; but that if by a spy they found out that their horses were there, they might endeavor to recover them. It was therefore agreed that they should be driven over at once to Mr. Percy's, there to remain until a purchaser was obtained for them. In the afternoon the party dispersed, with many thanks from the Hardys for their prompt assistance.

CHAPTER X.

"After a storm comes a calm," a saying true in the case of the Hardys, as in that of most others. The settlers were now, therefore, able to give their whole attention to the farm. The first operation was the sheep-shearing. It was an amusing sight to see 300 or 400 sheep driven into an inclosure, and then dragged out by the shearers. Men were paid according to the number shorn, and were very expert, a good hand getting through 100 a day. They were rather rough, though, in their work, and the girls soon went away from the shearing place with a feeling of pity and disgust, for the shearers often cut the sheep badly. Each man had a pot of tar by his side, with which he smeared over any wound. A certain sum was stopped from their pay for each sheep upon which they made a cut of over a certain length; but although this made them careful to a certain extent, they still wounded a great many of the poor creatures.

A much more exciting amusement was seeing the branding of the cattle, which took place after the shearing was over. The animals were let out one by one from their inclosure, and, as they passed along a sort of lane formed of hurdles, they were lassoed and thrown on to the ground. The hot branding iron was then clapped against their shoulder, and was received by a roar of rage and pain. The lasso was then loosened, and the animal went off at a gallop to join his companions on the plain. Some caution was required in this process, for sometimes the animals, upon being released, would charge their tormentors who then had to make a hasty leap over the hurdles; Terence, who stood behind them, being in readiness to thrust a goad against the animals' rear, and this always had the effect of turning them. For a few days after this the cattle were rather wild, but they soon forgot their fright and pain, and returned to their usual ways.

Mr. Hardy had by this time been long enough in the country to feel sure of his position. He therefore determined to embark the rest of his capital in agricultural operations. He engaged ten native peons, and set to to extend the land under tillage. The water courses from the dam were deepened and lengthened, and side channels cut, so that the work of irrigation could be effectually carried on over the whole of the low-lying land, the water being sufficient for the purpose for nearly ten months in the year. Four plows were kept steadily at work and the ground was sown with alfalfa or lucern as fast as it was got into condition. Patches of Indian corn, pumpkins and other vegetables were also planted. Mr. Hardy resolved that until the country beyond him became so settled that there could be little danger from Indian incursions, he would not increase his stock of sheep and cattle, but would each year sell off the increase.

He also decided upon entering extensively upon dairy operations. He had already ascertained that a ready sale could be obtained, among the European residents of Rosario and Buenos Ayres, of any amount of butter and fresh cheese that he could produce, and that European prices would be readily given for them.

Their household had received an increase. A young Englishman named Fitzgerald, the son of some very old friend of the Hardys, had written expressing a very strong desire to come out, and asking their advice in the matter. Several letters had been exchanged, and at length, at Mr. Fitzgerald's earnest request, Mr. Hardy agreed to receive his son for a year to learn the business of a pampas farmer, before he embarked upon his own account. A small room was accordingly cleared out for him, and Mr. Hardy never had any reason to regret having received him. He was a pleasant, light-hearted young fellow of about 20 years of age.

Terence and Sarah had two days' holiday, and went down to Buenos Ayres, where there was an English church, and came back again man and wife. After that each went back to work as usual, and the only change was that Terence now took his meals and lived in the house instead of down in the men's huts. (To be continued.)

He Had Few.

Snappy—So you're thinking of going in for politics?

Sappy—Yaas, but the thing that worries me is that I'll have to mingle with such common people. It's pretty hard for one to know just how to treat his inferiors.

Snappy—Oh, but you won't meet many of them.—Philadelphia Press.

The Flek Man.

"There'll be the deuce to pay!" said the grand vizier, as he looked over the latest batch of ultimatums.

"And that is not the worst of it," groaned the sultan, "there will be a few kings and queens to pay."

FAMOUS LARGE FAMILY.

Berlin Mother of 45 Has Twenty-eight Children.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our everyday philosophy, and one of the most curious among them is the mysterious way in which the birth rate of a country goes up and down in accordance with political or even social requirements. This strange phenomenon greatly exercised the ingenuity of Roman statisticians recently when his holiness the Pope, desiring to commemorate the celebration of his jubilee, gave orders that every child born in the Eternal City on that memorable day—or night—should receive a gift of baby linen and a small sum of money. The head of the Papal treasury duly made his preparations accordingly and based his calculations of the cost on the averages as reckoned by the statistical tables. According to these documents, the average number of children who come into the world daily in the Italian capital is thirty-five, and for so many innocents did the treasury of the vatican make provision. But the Roman mothers, having heard of the windfall in store for their darlings, upset these prosaic calculations by giving birth to exactly ninety-three olive branches, the number of the Pope's years in this vale of tears. "Worldly wisdom is justified of her children," murmured one puzzled Papal official.

"Fools and children cannot lie," replied one of the happy parents, and as the certificates were all in order, the Pope's officials thought that they had better believe than insist upon further proof, although some of the new-born babes looked like "children of a larger growth." Among them were triplets, consisting of two boys and one girl. To the former were given the names of Romulus and Remus, while their unconscious sister was honored by the application Roma. The baptism took place in the Church of St. Peter's.

It would be dangerous to try in Berlin benevolent experiments like that of the sovereign pontiff of Rome. For in the German capital a record has been established in every detail. Thus one healthy, active hausfrau has been filling her quiver so rapidly that, although still but 45 years old, she has already twenty-eight olive branches round her table. Another, who is four years her junior, ushered twenty-three into the world, while three other women, between the ages of 40 and 43, present their husbands with twenty-one descendants each. Two hundred and forty Berlin women are the mothers of from thirteen to twenty children apiece.—London Telegraph.

PNEUMATIC LIFE PRESERVER.

The steamship companies which did not provide life preservers in number equalling or exceeding its passenger-carrying capacity would be summarily dealt with by the government, and yet every one knows that when the time arrives for their use the passengers and crew may be too much excited to profit by the provision thus made for their safety. The passenger crossing



CONSTANT WEAR OCCASIONS NO DISCOMFORT.

the ocean would certainly feel no small degree of added security were he provided with the apparatus shown in the illustration. No one would think of wearing one of the bulky life preservers usually provided on shipboard all the time, but here is an apparatus which will answer the same purpose, and yet without discomfort when constantly worn. The spiral form which the tube is given enable the wearer to suspend it around his body by means of the supporting jacket, beneath the outer clothing, and it takes but a short time to inflate the reservoir through the mouthpiece, which is provided with a valve to check the outward flow of the air. The spiral coils lie flat when deflated, and are scarcely perceptible to the wearer, who, even if the device rendered him slightly uncomfortable, would have the feeling of safety to counterbalance the annoyance.

Wiley P. Tibbets, of Toledo, Ohio, is the inventor.

If most of us could have the gold That Morgan's got we'd yell And kick because we could not hold His stocks and bonds as well.—Philadelphia Press.

The average man is never patient except when he is biding his time to get even.

An Ideal Woman's Medicine.



So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

Civic Pride.

"I don't know what we're goin' to do about them two leadin' citizens," said Broncho Bob. "They're lookin' for one another with six shooters from mornin' till night." "Has an insult passed?" "No, it wasn't an insult, but some doubt ariz as to which was the oldest inhabitant, an' they're both determined to settle the question fur good an' all."

A Hard Life.

Boyle—The Korneris live very frugal indeed. They have cast iron rules for the spending of their money.

Hoyle—That is what I should call rigid economy.—Kansas City Journal

Continuous Performance.

"Kisses and drinks are alike in one way," remarked the breakfast cynic. "When a young man says 'Just one more,' he generally takes a dozen."

Preparations.

"Is you got a razor you could lend me to shave merse'?" asked Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "I've gwine to de patry tonight."

"What's de matter wif yoh own razor?"

"Well, you see, I jes got it stropped up fine this aftubnoon, an' I hates to dull de edge."

Trains at Drowsyville.

"We used to miss that accommodation train every morning."

"What do you do now that they have taken it off?"

"Why, we miss it more than ever."—Chicago News.

Geneva.

Only 32 per cent of the inhabitants of Geneva are natives of the city; 21 per cent are from other Swiss places, and 47 per cent are foreigners.

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION