The cowboy dashed away again as fast as possible, and Polly prepared to obey, but not so promptly as her trusty friend expected. Just for a moment she could not leave the fascination of that expected stampede. It would be delightful to see the whole performance, for it bade fair to be the most interesting thing that had happened since the beginning of her visit to her father's great cattle ranch on the

But she must go. She had promised her father, when he reluctantly gave his consent to this her first visit to the herd, that she would do exactly what Dick Maybew said.

Well, at least she would have the wild delight of a free gallop across the prairie alone. There was rapture in that for a girl whose fifteen years had all been spent in an eastern city. She had learned to ride like an Indian since coming out here and had become almost as fearless and self reliant as the cowboys.

"Dick will need help, sure enough," said Polly, looking after the cowboy. "If it only weren't for that promise to father I'd stay and help him myself. I would, indeed!"

Her blood danced at the thought, but with much firmness she put it to one side and prepared to depart. She made sure that her equipments were all right, even to the umbrella her thoughtful father had slung to the saddle in case of sudden necessity, and reluctantly gave her horse the long delayed signal to go.

The animal obeyed the signal and went; but the manner of his going took his rider's breath away. The horse had grown old in the cattle business, and it now became evident that his interest in that business amounted to enthusiasm.

Under protest he had stood tolerably still until now, notwithstanding things were going on which demanded his active attention. But when he was required to turn and gallop away from a stampeding herd of cattle, he simply refused to obey such a preposterous command. So, instead of going in the direction suggested to him, he bolted and dashed after Dick Mayhew in fine style.

Polly had her wish in spite of herself, but she felt more dismay than exultation in the fact. This was a very different thing from sitting at a safe distance and wishing she could join in the chase. But she had no time for vain regrets now. The terrible predicament into which she was forced demanded all her thoughts and would require all her courage and self possession.

It was a terrible predicament, indeed, and if she managed to keep her seat in the saddle and to keep safely out of the way of all those tossing horns and thundering hoofs, she would have something to be thankful for so long as she might

The crisis had developed with wonder-When Dick's warning was given the herd had been restless and unruly; when Polly's horse bolted with her he raced after a great crowd of panic stricken creatures sweeping like a tornado across the piam. The stampede had fairly begun. And, as is always the case in cattle stampedes, there was no apparent reason whatever for the commotion.

If Polly could have remained quietly in her original position and watched the affair at leisure, she would have enjoyed such an exhibition as she had never dreamed of. All the cattle of the great herd had become solidly massed together and were rushing at headlong speed over the level ground.

From a distance a great dark stream would have been seen pouring onward with the swift undulations of a rapid river. From the nearer point of view that Polly was forced to accept, more details were visible, and some of them were not pleasant to look upon.

Everywhere throughout the mass terrible white horns tossed and rippled like the froth of the angry current. Here and there, as one head after another was reared upward, the red gleam of maddened eyes was visible. Tongues that dripped with foam began to appear.

If a beast was crowded from its feet it never knew what it was to take another step. In an instant it was overthrown, trampled upon by hundreds of hoofs and left dead upon the ground.

And the noise of the living torrent was fearful. The thunder of the galloping hoofs sounded incessantly; there was a perpetual roar from the bellowing throats; the rattling clash of horns as the tossing heads struck together was of the hurrying brutes sounded like the rush of wind.

And close upon the edge of this horned army-so close it seemed sometimes that a pair of waving horns must catch in her habit skirt-the frightened city girl was being hurled along by her unmanageable horse.

But though frightened now in good earnest Polly kept her wits about her. With one hand she held her flying skirt away from those threatening horns and the steady firmness of her hold on the bridle kept the horse from crowding into actual contact with the outside cattle.

It was a fearful race. None of the maddened creatures paid the slightest attention to horse or rider. But the situation was bad enough without that. At any moment her horse might dash into the midst of the herd, and then neither horse nor rider would have another

minute of life to hope for. A misstep at the terrific pace they were going would throw the horse to the ground and cast the helpless girl headlong under the multitude of trampling

hoofs. And it wouldedo no good for Polly to call for help. Dick Maybew was just in front of her now, riding at the same furious rate as herself. But he supposed her well on her way to the ranch, and amid all that tumuit she could not make him hear her loudest screams. There Pittsburg Times.

was nothing for her to do except to keep herself on the back of that runaway horse as long as possible and hope for

Polly had recovered from her first confusion of terror now, and was able to reason about things rather calmly. As a result of this she felt a partial return of confidence in the horse that had played her this trick. She began to suspect that he was not frantic at all, but only in earnest. He seemed to know perfectly what he was about and to be sat-Isfied that it was the right thing exactly. It seemed as though he fully understood what Dick Mayhew was working for, and was trying his best to help him.

But why Dick Mayhew or anybody else should risk his neck in a race with that herd of cattle was a thing that puzzled the girl. Nothing could stop them. An army of horsemen could not make them turn back. Yet all the time her cowboy friend rode close beside the leaders of the herd, now firing a pistol in the air, now waving his arms frantically, now uttering sudden wild shouts.

And at every fresh surprise the leaders nearest the cowboy edged a little away from him and shoved the inside cattle in the same direction. So, little by little, the man was forcing the head of the mad procession farther and farther from the straight line of march

All at once Polly understood the whole thing. She had heard her father and his men talk about "winding up" a stampeding herd. The thing to do was to push the leaders gradually around in a circle. The others would follow, and as the circle grew smaller and smaller the front of the column would overtake the rear, and finally the cattle would be so helplessly wound up that they would asked. stop in sheer bewilderment. This was what she was helping Dick Mayhew to do.

Suddenly her horse swerved a little and thrust his head fairly against the side of one of the maddened cattle. A pair of red, angry eyes were turned in Polly's direction, and they seemed to see for the first time this meddlesome outrider. With a bellow of rage the creature lowered its wide spreading horns. and without further warning straightway charged upon the horse and its help-

Polly did not scream. A tightening at her throat made her voiceless. Her danger was fearfully great and she knew it. In an instant the terrible enemy was upon her. He had dashed away from the herd beyond her horse, and then turning with lowered head was making at the office." his onslaught. The girl saw that even if she escaped death on the points of those dreadful horns she was likely to be cast headlong upon the bristling horns of the galloping herd.

But the wise old horse saw the danger as quickly as she, and knew far better how to manage it. Just as the lowered horns almost touched him he swerved suddenly, turned sharply about and galloped to the rear. So the horns aimed at the horse struck a member of the herd and aroused great anger in him.

In a moment the horse had turned again and was in full career toward the time. front once more. With difficulty Polly and surprising evolutions. Now, when she faced about, she saw two furious members of the herd detached and in hot pursuit, not of her, but of Dick Mayhew. If one horse could not be overthrown another would serve!

In one awful second the girl realized both the peril of her faithful friend and her own inability to even warn him. In another instant the shock would be upon him and he would be killed before her eyes. If only he could be made to know of his danger! If only she could attract tween them, but took the corkscrew away. those furious creatures to herself once

With a flash of inspiration Polly saw a faint possibility of rescue. With cries and with blows from her small fists she urged the horse to a swifter run, so that the distance between her and Dick became less and less. And then, laughing aloud at the absurdity of her device, she bent down and unslung her umbrella from the saddle.

As she grasped the handle she was close behind the cowboy. But so were the pursuers she strove to rescue him from. Before she could cry out both the enraged creatures had struck Dick Mayhew's horse, and the poor animal lay bleeding and disabled on the ground, while his stunned rider struggled to free himself from the entanglement which held him.

The force of the collision threw both the assailants backward toward the herd. Before they could recover from the recoil and renew their charge the horse which had begun the disturbance swept, with his plucky young rider, between them and their victim.

As Dick Mayhew struggled to his feet he saw the amazing apparition of Polly like the beating of bail and the panting | Danvers flying past him like the wind. She had something in her hands, and as she passed the two brutes, which were about to charge upon him for the second time, he saw them both dash backward in affright. In the sudden rebound they were caught beneath the hoofs of their companions and in a twinkling the life was trampled out of them.

Polly had found her weapon at last, and it had done good service; for it had enabled her to save the life of the friend who, in another moment, would have been a mangled corpse beside his horse.

As she rode forward she had grasped the handle of her umbrella with one hand, while the other hand was on the spring of this extraordinary implement of warfare. In dashing past the two threatening creatures she had suddenly, and with a wild scream, spread the umbrella in their astonished faces, with the

result already described. And as he looked, Dick Mayhew saw the umbrella at the head of the stampeding herd, still opening and shutting like the flapping of a great black wing.

That evening, when at last Dick Mayhew had got her safely back to the ranch, and when everybody was making a tremendous ado over her, Polly produced great consternation by suddenly declar-

ing with much emphasis: "I'm going back home to-morrow! I'm afraid of cows!"-James C. Purdy in DEFENDING HIMSELF.

Or the Story of a Subterforeous Was Who Sinde a Failure.

A man who had not been conducting him-

self very well, a | who was endeavoring to make himself agreeable to his wife, remarked after a long silence: "Speaking of cyclones"-'We have not been speaking of cyclones,'

she reproachfully broke in. "Weren't we speaking of cyclones this morning!" be meekly asked.

"When was it we were speaking about cyclones e "I don't know."

Wasn't it last week?" "I tell you I don't know."

"We must have been speaking about cyclones some time. "I don't remember that we have."

"Well, now, you may not remember it. Memory, you know, is a very treacherous thing. "It seems to be," she answered. "I told you to send some coal up this morning, but you didn't do it."

"I ordered it. Are you sure it didn't "Ordered it," she contemptuously repeated. "Yes, ordered it. Wasn't my fault that it

didn't come. Did my part." "Why, you told me not more than an hour ago that you had forgotten it, and now you

say that you ordered it." They were sitting in front of the grate. He passed his hand over his brow in a helpless way, looked at the clock, shook his head sadly and said:

'I cannot help what my former declaration was; I may have uttered numerous ab surdities, while worried with a troublesome deal that I have had on my hands for some time, but I know I ordered that coal early this morning."

"Yes, I suppose so." "Louise, you are cruel,"

"Do you think sof" she exasperatingly "Yes, I do. You are not only cruel, but

are actually heartless," "Did you bring that lamb's wool?" "I stopped in the store and they said that

they were out of the best quality. 'Why didn't you go to another store?" "Well, I wanted to catch a car and-well, I wanted to get here in time for dinner, and I thought that another time would do for the lamb's wool, so when they told me that they didn't have the best quality I hurried away

so I could eat dinner with you." "But you didn't get here in time. You were nearly two hours late."

Again he passed his hand helplessly over his brow. "I started all right," be said, "but the car stopped just as we were going into the tunnel. I asked the conductor what was the matter, and he said the cable was broken."

"Why, you told me that you were detained "Oh, that was vesterday evening,"

"No, it was this evening. "That's so. It was vesterday evening that the cable broke."

"Why, you were at home on time then." He leaned over and propped up his chin. He was the picture of ill used sadness, of cruel neglect. She spoke again and he moved uneasily

"Well, Louise, we won't talk about it. I have done my best, and if I have failed, why, I cannot help it."

"You have done your best to prove that you have not failed," she answered. Silence followed. "What were you going

to say about cyclones?" she asked, after a

"Oh, ves. I was thinking of something had kept her seat through these swift that took place out on a Kansas prairie. A terrible cyclone about ten feet wide came most forcible cyclone the people had ever known. When it struck a building it simply cut a hole through it and went on. Struck a hill after it crossed the prairie. Bored a hole through. Railroad is going to use the hole for a tunnel. Went on and struck another prairie. There it encountered two men walking along. They were about ten feet apart. They didn't hear the cyclone, and one of them had just taken out a corkscrew, and was about to hand it over to the other one, when here came the cyclone. It passed be-Terrific wind. Why, when they found the corkscrew, about a mile further on, it was

straightened out like a darning needle." "James, you actually tire me. You'd just as well stop trying to talk. Did you bring

an evening paper? "One in my overcoat pocket, I believe." She went to his overcoat and took out a small bundle, unrolled it, and then laughed. "What's the matter, Louise?"

"Nothing, only here is the lamb's wool," He arose, put his arms about her, and tenderly said: "Darling, I have been a villain. I tried to defend myself for"

"No, James," she answered, putting her arms around his neck, "you are the most lovable man in the world when-when-you don't try to deceive me. But you won't do it again, will you!" No.

"Never in the world?"

"Never so long as I live." She was satisfied, was happy, and James really meant what he said. Man-well, ah !-Opie P. Read in Arkansaw Traveller.

"Mamma," said Freddy, whose duty it was to run a great many errands, "I wish I was only as big as a dollar."

A Little Boy's Idea.

"Why, do you wish that, my son?" "Because then I could put myself in my pocket and ride myself around."-Drake's

Awfully Disobliging. Mrs. Stayathome-No, I don't get along at

all well with John. He is so slovenly! Mrs. Goabroad-Indeed? "Yes; why I can't even pull his hair with-out getting my nails full of dandruff."-Law-

'ence American.



Visitor (to prisoner)-I noticed the warden called you "Procrastination." Isn't that a

queer name! Prisoner-Y'see, sir, I was sent up fur liftin' a lot of watches. - Munsey's Weekly. SERIOUS DANGER

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man. Yours respectfully, JAMES H. HYSOM.

East Sound, Wash., Aug. 13, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Scattle, Worsh—Dear Sin.

It has been some time since I have written to you, but I have been getting along so well that I did not think it necessary. I have stopped taking the treatment now, and I believe I am entirely well. Your medicines have done what you told us they would do—they have made a new woman of me. I now feel like myself again, after suffering for eight years with catarrh of the head and brench, and that very painful thing—neuralgis of the stomach. I took three months medicine. Both my husband and myself feel as though we cannot be thankful enough to you for what you have done for me. I hope that every one who is suffering as I was will hear of Dr. Jordan and his most valuable medicines. Yours most respectfully, Mas. C. Armstrong. nost respectfully, MRS. C. ARMSTRONG.

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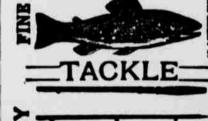
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