

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 he 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 thong which fastened his hands—not new 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 thumbs 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 today with thinking how I shall try the nerves of these Americans. 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 unsmiling 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 Americans 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 squeal, 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 rash 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 a while. I promised Rube that I would go and settle down by him after a year, 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 Hardy's 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.)

HER PRIDE WAS TOUCHED.

Plebeian Studies Not Included in School Curriculum.

The principal of the young ladies' seminary, after formally greeting her wealthy patron, waved her hand gracefully in the direction of the other room.

"Madam," she said, with a confident smile, "I am happy to say that your daughter is now ready for you. During the last few years that she has been under my charge she has become accomplished.

A slight shade of curiosity was evident on the face of the visitors.

"You consider, then," she said, with a rising inflection, "that her education is complete?"

"Indeed, yes," replied the principal. "She has a smattering of Greek, Latin, French, Italian and German. She has done something in the higher mathematics, understands the piano, and in history, philosophy and literature she will pass. But in the finer graces—in the art of conversation, in dancing, and that indefinable chic that always distinguishes my pupils from others she is all that could be desired."

A shade of anxiety crowned the mother's brow.

"I had hoped," she said, "that my daughter might have been taught something useful; something that, in the duties which as a wife and a mother may lie before her, might be of some value."

A flush of pride suffused the countenance of the principal.

"Then, madam," she said, haughtily, "you have evidently mistaken the purpose of my establishment. In the first place no woman of true social instinct should be inflicted with children, would ever allow them to interfere with her career, and in the second place I never dreamed, when your daughter was admitted, that you intended her to marry any man who earned a living."

Her guest blushed, and impetuously held out her hand.

"You are right," she said. "Forgive me. Just for a moment I remembered that I, too, was a mother, and forgot all about my social position."—Life.

The "Extra Horse."

A lover of horses recently noticed a custom in France which he thinks ought to be adopted in this country. On every street in France which has a steep grade there is stationed at a point where the rick begins an "extra horse." The law compels draymen and others to make use of this horse until the summit of the hill is reached, and there is a heavy fine for refusing to hire the extra horse at a small fixed rate. Placards by the roadside indicate the point where the extra horse should be taken on, and also where he may be dispensed with.

A Changeless Question.

Casey—Who did Cassidy ever marry that widdy woman wid th' tin children?

Murphy—Shure, O' dunnaw. O' ve alvir dared ask him.

Betting men often queer themselves by offering odds.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



"To the Hills."

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"—I've heard 'em sing the psalm. An' thought of how, close to the skies, the hills rose grand an' calm; How peacefully they raised their heads an' stood serene an' still. A-blaazin' with their greens an' reds—each hope inspirin' hill. I like the sober hush they've got—it's just as if they meant To send to me this gentle thought: "O, poor man, be content."

The hills! God made 'em every one, an' freshens 'em with dew. An' makes 'em golden with the sun to gladden me an' you. Down here there's bitterness an' strife, an' lots o' things seem vain; An' we make our complaint of life here on the noisy plain. But there, the hills lift up their heads, an' we can look an' see Where brooks play in their gleamin' beds an' sparkle in their glee.

I've watched the hills when just at dawn the sun swept up their slope, An' knew my night of doubt had gone an' left a day of hope. I've watched the hills at evenin' time, all silvered by the moon. When from their sides in tones sublime the breezes brought a croon. An' all the world grew good to me—an' all the world was still. O, them's the times a man can see the glory of a hill!

I reckon David must 'a' been a man like me or you, That had his own sore fights to win, just as all humans do; An' he looked to them hills of his that breathed of quiet peace— Just like our hills, where comfort is an' all our troubles cease.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes"—I've heard 'em sing the psalm; An' in each mellow note there lies a blessing pure an' calm. —W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

A Child's Simple Faith.

Several years ago, when our youngest child was a little tot still in kilts, a fire broke out in our town, and, as is the custom in small places, I started to the fire, taking my little boy with me. When we were almost there I noticed sparks and cinders were flying in the direction of our home. Although a number of squares away, I felt uneasy, knowing at that time of the year the gutters of the house were filled with dead leaves. I said I was uneasy, so he urged me to go back. When we reached home we found some of the charred shingles in our yard. We went up stairs and looked out on the roof to see that all was safe, the little fellow holding tightly to my hand all the while. Presently he said: "Mamma, why don't you pray?" I replied: "I am, darling."

"But why don't you kneel down and pray?" So we both knelt down by the bedside, and I prayed aloud in simple language that he could understand, asking God to have the homes that were in danger, and to change the course of the wind. We then went downstairs, and I told him to go sit by the grate and play, and I would go out on the veranda and watch that the sparks from the fire did not come near our house. He looked out of the door and saw the wind was blowing in another direction. He clapped his little hands for joy, and said: "Mamma, you don't have to watch the fire; you asked Jesus not to let our house catch fire and you know He won't, for He has changed the wind another way."

My eyes filled with tears as I pressed the little fellow to my heart, and I prayed, "Oh, for the faith of a little child."—Ram's Horn.

"Lay My Crown at His Feet."

The late Dean Farrar once related with much interest a story showing the deep religious feeling of Queen Victoria. On one occasion, as one of her majesty's chaplains, while preaching before her at Windsor, he made the Second Advent of Christ the subject of his discourse. After the service, the Queen, always a most attentive listener, spoke to him on the topic which he had chosen, and said: "Oh, how I wish that the Lord might come during my lifetime." "Why," asked Dr. Farrar, "does your majesty feel this very earnest desire?" The Queen replied with quivering lips, and her whole countenance lighted by deep emotion, "I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."

Subjects of Thought.

All men are fools, but only the wise stop being so.

Truth is with ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things, whatever you may believe.

Intellect may give keenness of discernment; Love alone gives largeness

to the nature, some share in the comprehensiveness of God.

The mother who sees all the virtues in her own child is blind to those in other children.

The thoughts will turn to the future when one comes to reckon the rapidity of Time's flight.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.

There is any quantity of gold in the land, but we enjoy it most when the other fellow digs for it.

Few men are wise enough to prefer the blame that is useful for them to the praise that betrays them.

Be not disturbed about the future, for if ever you come to it you will have the same reason for your guide which preserves you at present.

Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.

Were we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.

Of all paths a man could strike into, says Carlyle, there is, at any given moment, a best path for every man, a thing which, here and now, it were of all things wisest for him to do, which, could he but be led or driven to do, he were then doing like a man, as we phrase it. His success, in such case, were complete, his felicity a maximum. To find this path and walk in it is the one thing needful for him.

SNAKE'S POWER TO FASCINATE.

How Black Gopher Hypnotized the Ground Squirrel to Its Death.

Graham Peck, an authority on snakes, was asked his opinion regarding a snake's hypnotic powers, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. His reply was as follows:

"There is a certain power to fascinate in a snake's eyes and movements. I saw only the other day a typical illustration of the power of a snake to fascinate.

"Over in the pine woods I saw a ground squirrel fascinated by a black gopher snake. The forked tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls. The squirrel seemed to watch it spell-bound. The snake crept slowly nearer. "When the gopher snake was within two or three inches from the squirrel it gave a leap and threw three coils about the squirrel. Instantly the spell was gone. The fascination or charm there had been over the little animal was no-doubt broken the very moment the serpent's coils were about the squirrel, for the animal gave three convulsive, terrified chirps and realized that its death moment had come.

"I believe implicitly that all snakes have a certain degree of power to fascinate their victims to death. Black-snakes, gopher snakes and racers have the power to a large degree. Rattlesnakes have the most fascinating power among all the poisonous serpents in the Southwest.

"The indications of charming among poisonous snakes are deceiving sometimes. Poisonous snakes fang their prey once only. The poison does not kill at once.

"The victim flutters to a branch, it may be, or runs a short distance and stops. The snake watches it. The poison does its deadly work and the bird falls.

"Anyone who comes up, not having seen the attack, might be readily deceived into imagining that it was the glance of the snake and not the poison that caused the victim to fall."

THRIFTY YANKEE USES

AUTOMOBILE AS A PUMP

That the typical "down east" Yankee is a hard man to down has long been generally understood, but was perhaps never better demonstrated than by the manner in which Andrew Waters, of Hartford, Conn., turned his auto into a pump.

Mr. Waters' stationary engine attached to the water supply was broken



AUTO DOING DUTY AS A PUMP.

mysteriously just at a time of day when a large quantity of water was required to satisfy the thirst of his cattle. To repair the engine would take several days, and Mr. Waters needed a substitute at once.

In his emergency he backed his automobile up to the well-house, elevated the rear wheels clear of the ground, affixed a belt, and applied the juice.

Answer: Plenty of water, satisfied cattle, and a contented farmer.

And yet some people think an auto has no good use.

All dogs are lap-dogs—at least, they drink that way.

ONCE A SLAVE.

He Is Now a Respected Judge of the State of Wisconsin.

The current discussion over measure of political rights should be accorded to the negro a special



J. C. PERKINS.

training, but a highly important nevertheless, for justices' court nearer to the people than any judicial bodies, and where over by the right kind of men, tremendous influence for law order. The chief requirements for siding magistrate in one of courts are good common sense, a balanced judgment, and an open mind. Such are said to be the qualifications of J. C. Perkins, who a few weeks ago was elected judge of local court in the town of Shelby, the city of La Crosse, Wis. Perkins was born in slavery in a five miles from Holly, Miss., at the outbreak of the war went into Confederate army as the sergeant Maj. Perkins, whose name he assumed. In 1863 he joined the Union and was in the battles of Shiloh, Guntown and Nashville, besides minor skirmishes. Judge Perkins came to Chicago at the close of the war later opened a barber shop in Cal. Ill. Later he removed to Milwaukee and entered the Turkish bath, and met Gen. Grant during war, and when President Roosevelt visited La Crosse, April 4, he was only colored man to shake his hand, presenting him also with a bouquet American beauty roses on behalf of the colored population of Westernconsin.

OYSTER BAY'S WHITE HOUSE.

Suite of Rooms Over a Grocery Store Cured for President Roosevelt.

It is surprising how many people want to live in Oyster Bay, L. I. Place President Roosevelt calls it. It is impossible practically to rent a house in the village at the present time. Realty prices have soared and lots which would have been at \$300 two years ago are now \$1,000. One piece of property just from \$10,000 to \$20,000 while a New Yorker was thinking of taking option on it.

During the past two years the village has grown greatly. Five business blocks have been built, others are in process of erection. The most interesting building in the place is the Moore Block, which during President's summer vacation will be the real "white house" of the coast.

For executive offices the President secured the entire second floor and quarters are now being placed in business for him. Part of the ground floor space is used as a grocery, where the villagers drop in from time to time to swap yarns. That the store is so much frequented while the Presidential offices are being occupied, very certain.

An Air-Tight Fit.

Mrs. Jennings and her city friends were exchanging news of their school friends. "How about Lucy Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has kept on growing fatter and fatter?" "Well, all I'll say is this," said Jennings. "Annie Fall told me a year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing uncle, to have a silk waist made, she realized she hadn't got any more; and then she remembered the last time Lucy was there she was up by the big air-tight stove, and she remarked (to herself) the resemblance between 'em. And she's the measure of that air-tight, and in a mite for the waist line—'bout much as a knife marks warm molasses candy—and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Lucy wrote back was an elegant fit."

At the Society Function.

Butman—I beg your pardon, sir, can you tell me whether the young lady at the piano is playing or shall not hear what the others are saying about or whether the conversation is indulged in to drown the prevailing music?

Wittier—I don't think the young lady at the piano would like to hear the others are saying about her playing, so I must infer that she purposely to prevent her hearing the conversation.—Boston Transcript.

We have an idea that if you could find them stored with as useless articles as there are in the top bureau drawer.