ROYAL RANGER RALPH;

—:OR:—

The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I will defeat the purpose of these wreckers, or will sell my life dearly," he murmured, grimly. "Caution and vigilance, Darrel Grey, and you may become a hero in spite of yourself."

He paused as he had proceeded only a short distance down the tracks.

Far to the south he heard the dim echo of advancing sound, like the distant noise of a horse's hoofs on the hard, rocky road that led toward Miner's Gulch.

"The depot agent," soliloquized Grey. "He is returning. Had I better wait and secure his aid? Hark!"

A sound that thrilled him keenly broke the stillness of the scene.

Far down the canyon echoed the muffled whistle of an engine.

"The train is coming!" he cried excitedly. "There is no time to lose."

He diverged from the track and struck off toward the curve. Through the trees at one point he saw the obstructions on the track and the forms of men near it, and, making a wide detour, reached the tracks farther on.

Two shadowy forms dashed past him as he did so, but he noticed that they were horses, and then heedless of the discovery as he realized that the train must soon reach the place, began to run up the ascending roadway of the trestle grade.

At that moment a wild shout rang behind him.

"Discovered!" he muttered. "If I can reach the trestle crossing the canyon I can defy pursuit."

Half a dozen shots rang out on the still night air, but Darrel Grey sped on his mission of peril undaunted.

He reached the level roadway that curved to the trestle and started across it. Half way over the yawning chasm below he paused appalled.

A glaring headlight, the advance guard of the oncoming train, had just turned a point of rocks directly beyond the trestle.

It was so sunden, so near, that he was bewildered—horrified.

"The lantern!" he gasped, wildly. "Oh, can I signal them before it is too late?"

With trembling hands he opened the lantern, groped in his pockets for a match, ignited it, and applied it to the lantern.

A steady flame shot upward. He braced himself on the iron girders of the frail trestle, and swung the lantern up and down.

Too late!

Shrieking notes of warning, the train came thundering over the rails and dashed upon the trestle.

It quivered and throbbed to the noisy jangle of iron tones.

Darriel Grey saw his own peril and the futility of the warning he had attempted to give at a single glance.

Death—awful, sudden, apparently inevitable—stared him in the face.

The red eye of flame, lurid, menacing, the glowing headlight of the engine came bearing down upon him.

He turned sick at heart; the lantern dropped from his hand, and he fell mechanically as he imagined he could feel the hot, hissing steam of the approaching iron monster upon his face.

The pilot struck the lantern, and tearing it to pieces sent it over the trestle to the abyss below.

Darrel Grey felt it just graze his head. Then he was swinging in space, his feet dangling, his hands alone grasping a tie.

And over his head, thundering on to disaster and death, dashed the midnight express.

CHAPTER III.

FLIGHT.

Crash!

A mingled jangle of sound, terrible and ominous, broke upon the still night air a few moments after the thrilling experience of Darrel Grey at the trestle.

If the engineer had seen the signal lantern it had seemed like a fire-fly on the fast sweeping landscape, or it had been given too late to enable him to stop the train on its mad rush down the steep incline of the depot grade.

He had applied the brakes to slow up at the station, but this did not prevent a terrible collision as the engine met the obstruction on the tracks.

There was an awful plunge, a shuddering halt, and then, amid the sounds of splintered wood, iron and glass, there echoed the shrieks of the terrified passengers.

Dyke Despard's murderous plans to enrich his associates in crime and carry out his own schemes had been successful.

Scarcely had the crash come than these men, cool and expert from long experience in such scenes, surrounded the passenger coaches.

Four of them sprang to the doors of the two coaches, while two others reached the baggage-car, and with leveled revolvers held the frightened trainmen at bay.

Dyke Despard passed by the injured passengers with scarcely a glance, as he entered the forward coach.

Danton was by his side. The former uttered a satisfied cry as he observed a young girl, pale but composed, extricating herself from a broken seat.

"The girl!" he spoke hurriedly to his companion; "we must get her from the car at once."

"To the horses?"

"Yes. You attend so that."

"But if she refuse?"

"Employ force. Quick, while these terrified wretches are too excited to notice what we are about!"

Danton hurried toward the young girl his accomplice had pointed out.

She was one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen, but neither her beauty nor apparent innocence and loneliness had any effect on the evil-hearted Danton.

He crowded close to her, and to where the frightened passengers were hastening toward the door of the coach, and saw her reach the platform and then the ground.

"What has happened? Is any one injured?" she inquired, in a tremulous, silvery tone of voice.

"This way, Miss Tracey."

Danton had spoken and seized her arm as he gently led her away from the spot.

She was too much excited at the episode of the moment to notice his familiarity.

"You know my name!" she exclaimed, in surprised tones.

"Yes; you have friends awaiting you."

Almost mechanically she followed him, until she noticed that they were some distance from the track.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, in a tone of sudden alarm.

"To some friends, I told you, Miss Tracey."

"Where are they—who are you? I go no farther unless I know."

"We will wait here. The accident has made some confusion. Ha! there is trouble, it seems."

Just then several shots were fired in the vicinity of the train.

They evidenced a resistance on the part of the trainmen.

Danton glanced anxiously toward the train, and then at a little thicket where their horses were tethered, as if impatient to get away.

The sounds of firing increased in the neighborhood of the train.

Then a man's figure came flying toward the spot. Danton advanced to meet it.

"Despard?" he called.

"Yes."

"Our men!"

"The trainmen have resisted, and we are beaten badly. There is no time to lose; to the horses!"

"And the girl?"

"We must get her away at once."

"Despard! You here?"

Unawares the girl had come upon them. They could see her shrink in amazement and alarm, as she viewed the evil face of the leader of the band.

He uttered a cry of dissatisfaction and annoyance at the incident.

"Yes," he said; "it is I."

"You are the friend who sent yonder man to me?" demanded Inez Tracey.

"Yes. You are not safe here. You must go with me."

"Never!"

Inez drew back with indignant face and flashing eyes. Despard abandoned all gentleness of manner, as he realized the peril of delay. He sprang forward and clutched her wrist in an iron grasp.

"Girl," he hissed, "there need be no deception between you and me!"

"Coward! release my hand. I will call for help. I wish to return to the train."

"Bring the horses, quick!" commanded Despard to Danton.

Inez Tracey struggled vainly in the powerful grasp of the outlaw.

"You are in my power at last," he hissed. "I told you we should meet again when you last rejected me with scorn. To secure you, Inez Tracey, we wrecked yonder train."

"Assassin! Villain!"

"You will come with me whether you choose or not. Quick, Danton!" he shouted excitedly to his companion, as the firing was repeated in the vicinity of the train.

"You coward, take that!"

As Inez Tracey uttered a loud cry for help a form sprang from the thicket.

Dyke Despard released his grasp of the girl and turned to meet a new foe.

It was Darrel Grey.

He had managed to retain his hold on the tie to which he had fallen on the trestle, and the train had passed over him, leaving him unharmed.

Hastening towards the scene of the accident, he happened to come to the very spot where Inez Tracey was struggling in the grasp of Dyke Darrel.

The outlaw's words revealed his complicity in the crime of train-wrecking, and the fact that a helpless girl was in his power awakened all the chivalry of Darrel Grey's generous nature.

It was he who, acting on a quick impulse, had stepped forward, and with a single blow of his fist sent Despard reeling to the ground.

Inez, horrified and bewildered at all the fast-occurring episodes of the night, had sought safety in immediate flight.

She had started to hurry back to the train when she saw that a desperate encounter between the wreckers and the trainmen was in progress, and darted off in an opposite direction.

Danton observed her flight. He sprang from the thicket where the horses were to intercept her.

Darrel Grey did not wait to meet the baffled Despard, but as he discovered the girl's dilemma, dashed after her.

He caught Danton by the throat and flung him to the ground.

Inez recognized him as a protector.

"Quick!" she said, wildly; "let us fly!"

"Why should we fly? Do not be alarmed; these men shall not injure you."

"You do not know," cried Inez, excitedly; "these men have associates. See! They will pursue us. Do not put yourself in peril for my sake."

He heeded her frantic pleadings and allowed her to lead him beyond the thicket. Two shots fired by Despard caused him to hasten his flight for the imperiled girl's sake.

He started as he heard a quick, shrill whistle. Undoubtedly it was a signal from Despard to his band.

They crossed the thicket and gained the open plain beyond.

Darrel Grey was a rapid thinker and acted quite as rapidly. There was no safety guaranteed at the depot, for the bandits might go thither.

They could not regain the train without meeting the outlaws.

Dyke Despard seemed determined to secure the girl at all hazards. Only in immediate and rapid flight was there safety.

Glancing back, Darrel saw Despard and Danton securing horses to pursue them. The girl had kept close to his side, and kept urging him to hasten his flight.

Darrel paused as he saw, plainly revealed in the moonlight, the two horses which belonged to Ranger Ralph. Despard's man Vance had cut them loose, and neither had saddle or bridle. From the neck of one of them, however, a long lariat trailed on the ground. Darrel stole cautiously forward. The horses, mettled steeds and easily startled, sprang away. Darrel Grey seized the trailing lariat in time to prevent one of the horses from escaping.

He brought the animal to its haunches, and then, reaching for its mane, sprang upon its back.

"Follow me! Keep close to me!" he shouted excitedly to the girl.

Darrel Grey was an expert horseman. As the steed beneath him dashed forward he unloosed the lariat.

Quickly forming a loop he urged forward the horse until it nearly overtook the free steed. Then he flung the lasso with unerring accuracy. It fell over the head of the flying horse. Both came to a halt and stood trembling in every limb, owning tacitly, mutely, the supremacy of a master.

Inez had watched these maneuvers with mingled admiration and suspense."

"Can you ride on horseback?" asked Darrel quickly as she gained his side.

"Oh, yes."

"There is no saddle."

"I have ridden ten miles on an Indian pony, horseback," replied Inez.

Darrel cut the lasso so as to form two bridles. Inez Tracey had been too long in the West and was too familiar with its nomadic life to require any prompting as to what was required of her in the present emergency.

Lithe as a fawn she seized the horse's mane and was on its back in a flash.

Darrel had arranged the lariat so that it held both horses together in case Inez should lose control of the steed she rode.

"Look!" The young girl pointed backward as she spoke. Darrel flashed a swift glance in the direction.

A pistol-shot whizzed over his head as the horses started.

"They are in pursuit," he said; "four of them. It is a race for liberty. Courage, miss, and Darrel Grey will see you safely in the hands of your friends, or die in your service."

And then, across the broad level plain, began the exciting race between Dyke Despard with his villainous associates and Darrel Grey and his beautiful companion, which was destined to terminate in a startling and tragic manner. For, involved in the renegade's interest in Inez Tracey, was a plot that menaced the future happiness, fortune, and love of that orphan waif of the Western prairies.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PURSUIT.

On and on with the speed of the wind dashed the two horses, bearing in flight to safety the intrepid Darrel Grey and the courageous and lovely Inez Tracey.

Before them, mile after mile, spread the broad, level prairie, in places like an emerald carpet dotted with spangles of flowers of the rarest hue and beauty, and again grown high with rank, heavy grass.

The horses they rode were rapid travelers, and within an hour, as they glanced backward, they saw no sign of their pursuers.

"Your enemies have either abandoned the chase, or the long grass hides them," remarked Darrel, as he allowed the horses to proceed more slowly and glanced over the fair moonlit picture spread before them, and then at the girl at his side.

Darrel Grey had led an adventurous life and had seen many fair women in many climes, but, he confessed, as he gazed at the lovely creature who was his companion in flight, none so beautiful as Inez Tracey.

Perhaps it was the novelty and excitement of their situation; perhaps it was because two earnest, ingenuous spirits had met and recognized a magnetic congeniality in youth and beauty; but at all events, as their eyes met, love became mutual though unexpressed.

Inez Tracey found an interested listener in Darrel Grey, when she briefly related her past and the events that had culminated in the adventure of the night.

In return, Darrel told her who he was—a surveyor sent West on business. He had become fascinated with a wild Western life, and had for some years been engaged in the law and mining business in California.

He was about to return East in a few weeks, and quite by accident had come to the little station at Ten Spot, crossing thither in a stage coach from a mining settlement located in the mountains that day.

Darrel briefly related the episode of the wounded messenger, and modestly referred to his adventure at the trestle.

The deep blue eyes of Inez Tracey looked into his own, as she listened breathlessly to his story of the attempted signal to the train.

"We have been proceeding aimlessly, thinking only of evading our foes," said Darrel, finally. "I am, in a measure, unacquainted in this locality except at the mining camps in the hills."

"I wished to reach Miner's Gulch, if possible," said Inez, "but I am at a loss to locate it."

"Then you have been here before?" asked Darrel.

"Yes; I came to see my father about five years ago. Since then I have been at school in California, which I left last week when I received a letter directing me to come here, and that a friend of my dead father would meet and care for me."

"And this man whom you call Despard—he is a relative, you say?" inquired Darrel, curiously.

"A very distant one of my father, who never liked him and warned me against him. Last summer he met me at a summer resort, whither our teachers had taken us for a week's vacation. I had met him at my father's ranch, beyond Miner's Gulch, and I never liked him. He annoyed me with his attentions, and left me very angry when I avoided him, and told him finally that I did not wish to continue the acquaintance, for I received a letter from my father warning me against him, and telling me that Dyke Despard was plotting against him and myself, and that he was a renegade and an outlaw.

"And since than?" asked Darrel.

"I have never met him until to-night, when you heard what he said, and know that he must have some deep object in preventing my going to the Gulch."

"Then he will be disappointed for once, Miss Tracey," said Darrel; "for we can find the place by morning. Oh, it just occurred to me! You say you expected a friend to meet you at the depot?"

"Yes; an old friend of my father; a man who has been known in this region for years as a scout. His name is Ranger Ralph."

"I have heard of him. Do you know him—that is, well enough to recognize him from description?"

"I have not seen him since I was a child. I do not think I would. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have an idea that these horses belong to him, and that he is the man who told me first of the train-wreckers. If this is so, the horses probably came from Miner's Gulch, and we will allow them to proceed their own way. They may lead us to the very place to which you desire to go."

Darrel loosened the rudely improvised bridle and allowed the steeds to take their own course. They now began to leave the prairie and finally entered a canyon, following the course of a little stream.

"There seems to be a regular trail here," said Darrel. "I believe we are on the right road at last, Miss Tracey."

"You are taking a great deal of trouble for me," murmured Inez, gratefully.

"What! in running away from the outlaw myself to a place of safety?" laughed Darrel, banteringly. "No, no; we were partners in peril at the railroad train, and but for you I might have remained and been killed. As it is, as soon as I have placed you out of danger, I will return and learn the fate of those who were attacked by the train wreckers."

As they rode on, however, Darrel wished that such charming companionship could last always.

The dawn had come while they were riding through the canyon. It was scarcely distinguishable from the moonlight as yet, but soon they knew the full day would break, enabling them more accurately to determine their whereabouts.

That the horses were leading them direct to Miners' Gulch Darrel did not doubt; but a new discovery soon caused the faithful animals to come under the guidance of Darrel again. For at a point where the canyon divided into several minor branches, the girl startled him with a low cry of alarm.

"What is it?" asked Darrel quickly.

"Look!"

He repeated her own ejaculation of concern, as the advancing daylight showed an obstacle to their onward progress down the main canyon.

Coming rapidly toward them from the direction in which they were going were four horsemen.

They were some distance away, but as Inez shuddered and paled, her escort knew that, like himself, she had recognized the leader of the quartette.

"It is Despard and his men!" she gasped, in tones of horror and alarm.

"I fear so, Miss Tracey."

"And they are coming straight toward us. Oh, what shall we do!"

Darrel Grey had taken a revolver from his belt and a determined look came into his face.

"Drive the horses around the rocks yonder so you will be sheltered," he said, as he prepared to dismount.

A trembling hand detained his own.

"No, no! Mr Grey, you must not meet these men, they are armed and desperate, and four to one."

"I see no way except to meet and repel them," said Darrel, stanchly; "these men have not come across us again by accident."

"By design?"

"Evidently. They know the country and knew we would probably come this way, and have intercepted us by reaching the canyon here in advance of us."

"Are we discovered?"

"They cannot but have seen us. Miss Tracey, I beg of you to obey me, and leave me here alone."

"But your peril—for my sake!"

"I will not invite any unnecessary risk. Ride as rapidly as you can down one of the side canyons, and do not wait for me nor delay on my account. I will cover your escape and, once satisfied you are out of danger of recapture, will rejoin you unless you reach the gulch before I do so."

Darrel cut loose the connecting strip of lasso as he spoke.

Inez cast an anxious, longing glance at her brave protector.

"Heaven grant you may not be forced to meet Despard and his men!" she breathed fervently.

"Fly!" spoke Darrel, excitedly.

He could see that the horsemen down the canyon were winding in and out the rocks as rapidly as they could, and would soon reach the spot where he was.

Darrel dismounted and led the horse toward the shelter of a small clump of high, thick bushes.

Then he himself selected a place of espionage and defense behind some rocks.

The four riders came into view as he cast a quick glance down the canyon where Inez had gone.

To his surprise he could observe no trace of her.

"She must have reached some diverging gulch and have pursued a new course," he decided. "At all events, she is not in sight for the bandits to discover."

Darrel resolved to force no encounter with the latter unless necessity demanded it; for his single revolver would be a poor match for the full accouterments of his enemies.

The hoofs of horses rang out sharply on the clear morning air, and the quartette rounded the last of the rocks which had temporarily shut out a view of the persons they sought.

"Nowhere in sight, Despard," spoke one of the men.

"We certainly saw them here," remarked Danton.

"Then they have taken the side canyons," spoke Despard.

Danton laughed triumphantly. "They are our game if they have," he said.

"Why so?" asked one of the men.

"Because every last one of them ends in a blank wall."

Darrel Grey, from his place of concealment, started violently.

"What shall we do, Captain?" asked one of the men of Despard.

"Divide. Here are four of these side canyons Down one of them our people have certainly gone."

"They are nowhere in sight."

"They could have gone nowhere else. Let each man follow one of these side branches, and signal when he discovers them."

"They will be found, never fear," said Danton. "They thought to escape, but they are in a trap this time. Hold on, Vance."

The man he had addressed had started his horse toward the side canyon down which Inez had disappeared a few moments before.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You needn't search that pass."

"Not search it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It would be no use, and dangerous to yourself. That is Quicksand Gully."

"I never heard of it before," said Vance.

"That's because you don't know the country as I do. The man who rides into the shifting sands at the end of that gully never comes out again."

The heart of the horrified watcher behind the rocks stood still. An appalled sense of peril overwhelmed the startled Darrel Grey.

"Quicksand Gully! Great heavens!" he gasped wildly. "Can this be true? The quicksands! Is that the meaning of the sudden disappearance of Inez Tracey?"

CHAPTER V.

THE QUICKSANDS.

"Help!"

The cry rang out wild and alarmed, but it met no responsive echo from the gloomy depths of Quicksand Gully.

It emanated from the lips of Inez Tracey, and announced precisely the peril to which Danton had alluded—the quicksands!

When Inez had left Darrel Grey she started down the side canyon, satisfied that to delay or disobey her brave protector would be only to enhance her own peril and to obstruct his movements against their enemies.

"When he sees I am at a safe distance he will follow me, and a conflict with Despard and his men may be avoided," murmured Inez hopefully.

The horse she rode made rapid progress, but when she came to a point where the road-bed of the gully narrowed and descended, the animal seemed loath to proceed.

It was with difficulty that she induced the steed to proceed, and, when he did so, she noticed that his footing was insecure and that there seemed no outlet beyond the narrow cut she had entered.

A little stream seemed to lose its way by a sinuous course around a sharp curve in her path, and, hopeful that beyond that the canyon might widen again, Inez urged the horse over a sandy stretch of soil.

Above her the ledges of rocks frowned down ominously, and she felt a vague sense of uneasiness, as once or twice the horse came to a dead stop and quivered and trembled with a strange terror she could not comprehend.

At last his fore feet sank deep in the sand; he made a desperate effort to lift his hoofs, and then, stumbling, came to a second stop, panting with fright and inability to proceed.

"This is strange," murmured Inez, concernedly. "The horse must be exhausted with the long drive."

Her face became white as marble the next moment, however. She had made a sudden discovery, so startling and appalling that a low cry of dread escaped her lips.

"The horse is sinking!" Merciful heavens! I understand now!" she gasped. "We are in the quicksands!"

For a single moment the thought paralyzed every energy. She saw the horse flounder and try to free himself vainly, she felt the shifting sands incase her own feet, and then she made a desperate effort at escape.

A blank despair settled down over her mind as she did so. Behind and on all sides of her the dawning day showed plainly the full extent of her awful peril.

A sickening dread possessed her, and her eyes closed in prayer as they fell upon the changing mass of sand, to step upon which meant to ensnare herself more deeply in its grasp.

"Help!"

One single cry for aid, one last prayer to heaven, and Inez Tracey resigned herself to a fate that seemed inevitable.

Meanwhile, in the main canyon, Despard and his men were searching every nook and corner in the branch gullies for the missing girl and her companion.

The latter, Darrel Grey, knew but one impulse as he recalled the terrible words of Vance.

Inez Tracey had rode on to peril, perhaps to death itself, and he knew that every moment of delay might be fatal to the devoted life of the girl he was fast learning to love.

He could not secure the horse and leave the spot unperceived, however, for Despard and his men were in the vicinity.

There was only one way to gain the side gully, down which Inez Tracey had disappeared.

This was to crawl along the ground, and, reaching the dense undergrowth which abounded in the place, reach the edge of the roadway, ascend the deep side of the canyon which was not high at this point, and drop down on the other side.

This Darrel started to do at once, and succeeded so far that five minutes later, with some few bruises, he dropped into Quicksand Gully.

His gait was a rapid one as he sped down the gully, taking the same course followed by Inez a few moments previously.

A cry of mingled hope and suspense broke from his lips as he turned a point in the gully which enabled a view of the stream.

Across the treacherous sandy bottom of the gully he saw the missing girl.

The horse had sunk deep into the shifting sands, and held the animal and its rider secure prisoners.

"Inez! Miss Tracey!" cried Darrel, in agitated tones.

A glad cry broke from the lips of the imperiled girl.

Darrel comprehended the situation at a glance. He knew that to rush towards her over the sands would only be to involve himself in similar peril.

He therefore began to climb the ledge of rocks by the side of the place, eagerly scanning the ground as he did so.

Then, with his hunting knife, he cut a long length of heavy trailing vine.

"Do not despair," he cried down to Inez, as he leaned over the edge of the rocks. "I am about to lower a vine to you, seize it, and hold firmly to it."

The girl grasped the extended means of escape a minute later. With prodigious strength, nerved by love and courage, Darrel Grey pulled at the other end.

He thrilled with wild delight as he observed that the effort freed Inez from the encroaching sand. She clutched at the shrubs on the rocky wall as she began to ascend.

"Thank heaven, you are safe!"

It was a wild, grateful aspiration that escaped Darrel's lips, as he lifted Inez over the ledge, and felt her soft, clinging touch, and saw the light of love and devotion in her grateful eyes. The horse, relieved of the weight of its rider, made one last effort to free himself, floundered and turned. Then, with a wild neigh of delight at escape, the steed dashed down the canyon road in the direction whence it had come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Foreigner in Japan.

There are sixteen nations having treaties with Japan, and they present, in the foreign concessions, the singular spectacle of sixteen little governments all independent of each other, dispensing justice and administering as many different forms of law within the same territory.

Each foreigner is registered in the consulate of his country. All legal processes and suits against him, brought by other foreigners or by Japanese, are entered with and tried before his consul, except in the case of Great Britain, which maintains a court separate from its consulate. If the alien commits an offence against Japanese law or regulation outside the treaty limits, he can be arrested by the native police, but he must be tried and punished, if guilty, by his consul, the Japanese Government prosecuting the case, and it is also bound, on the request of a consul, to arrest deserters and fugitives from justice who have fled outside treaty limits. Certain customs fees and regulations are provided for, but failure to pay the former or any dispute about the latter can be settled only by a consul.

On the other hand, the land in the foreign concessions is the property of the Japanese Government, and is leased in perpetuity to the foreigner at a rate per tsubo (six feet square) which varies according to the location of the land, is payable annually and is the only tax levied. The lease may be bought and sold, but always subject to the ground rent.

In the Kencho (the office of the municipal authorities) is vested all police and sanitary control, and the care of all streets and roads, but the police cannot enter the premises of a foreigner without the written permission of his consul. In Kobe, the foreign settlement of Hiogo, the residents own the land they occupy.—Harper's Weekly.

Seeing by Telegraph.

From time to time during the last few years there have been various systems advanced and given a practical trial for "telegraphing" portraits, diagrams, specimens of handwriting, etc., and an American electrical engineer claims to have discovered a remarkably simple method by which pictures, etc., can be transmitted long distances through the medium of only a single wire. In theory the idea is excellent. "A crime is committed in Paris and the assassin flees to America; a photograph of the culprit is found in France; you throw a bright light upon it, place it in front of the transmitter, which you connect with the Atlantic cable, set up a receiver in New York and in a few minutes the chief of the New York police is in possession of a photographic representation, which is far better than any description." In other words, if the predictions of a learned French professor prove correct, we must not be surprised if we are some day enabled to see what is passing in another part of the world without leaving our chairs.—Chambers's Journal.

Amputated a Lion's Tail.

At Madras, some time ago, a valuable lion, having incautiously allowed his tail to stray into an adjoining cage, the tail was seized by an evil-disposed leopard close to the lion's body, when, as the lion attempted to escape, almost the whole of the skin of his tail was stripped off. This was followed by such an amount of inflammation that the lion's life was in danger.

Surgeon-Major Miller, brother of the late Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, the surgeon to the Governor of Madras, volunteered to perform amputation. The lion was seized in his cage and his head covered with a cap containing a considerable quantity of chloroform. He was then dragged to the edge of the cage and the tail passed through the bars, where Dr. Miller cleverly performed his operation. The lion made a good recovery. —San Francisco Chronicle.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 28.

Lesson Text: "A Paralytic Healed," Mark ii., 1-12—Golden Text: Mark ii., 10—Commentary.

1. "And again He entered into Capernaum after some days, and it was noised that He was in the house." The leper who had been healed blazed the fact abroad so much that Jesus could no more dwell in the city, but had to find a resting place without (chapter i., 45), but wherever He went the crowds flocked to Him. Does not that leper and the lepers of II Kings vii., 9, put us to shame, for surely we have good tidings, and yet how many hold their peace? When Jesus came into Capernaum, it soon became known. In chapter vii., 24, it says, "He could not be hid." How is it that many who bear the name of Christian can so hide Him that no one would know from their conduct or conversation that Christ is in them?

2. "And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them—no, not so much as about the door—and He preached the word unto them." One would think from the many devices resorted to nowadays to draw the people to church that there was no longer power in Jesus nor in His gospel. Were it not for Heb. xiii., 8, one might think He had greatly changed. But knowing that with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, we were compelled to conclude that many preachers do not preach the word; hence the need of such exhortations as Jonah iii., 2; II Tim. iv., 2, "Preach the preaching I bid thee, "Preach the word."

3. "And they come unto Him bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four." When those know Jesus thus earnestly labor to bring their friends to Him, it is good evidence of their faith in Him, but what shall we say of think of those who profess to know Him, yet never put forth an effort or say a word to bring another soul to Him? Can it be that they have a name to live, but are dead or lukewarm and ready to be spewed out of His mouth (Rev. iii., 1, 16).

4. "And when they could not come nigh unto Him for the press they uncovered the roof where He was, and when they had broken it up they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay." In Luke v., 19, it says, "Into the midst before Jesus." Like the poor woman whom no physician could help, they felt if they could only get to Him He would surely do it for them. What blessed confidence in Jesus! Such trust is never put to shame. We must ask without wavering. Have faith and doubt not (Jas. i., 6, 7; Mark xi., 23, 24).

5. "When Jesus saw their faith, He said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." How such faith does please Him! Hear Him concerning the centurian, "I have not found so great faith—no, not in Israel." And to the woman of Tyre and Sidon: "O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt" (Math. viii., 10; xv., 28). See how the Great Physician goes right to the root of the matter and attends to the soul before the body. A sick body is often, but not always, the result of a sick soul (III John, 2).

6. "But there were certain of the scribes sitting there and reasoning in their hearts." This mode of treating His words or His doings will never bring light or peace. All reasonings must be cast down (II Cor. x., 5). It is only the entrance of His words that giveth light. His word must be received with meekness and received, as it is indeed, as the word of God (Ps. cxix., 130; Jas. i., 21; I Thess. ii., 13).

7. "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?" If they had not been so hardened against Him, they might have said to His glory and to their soul's good, "This must be God, for only God can forgive sins." They might have thought of Isa. xliii, 25, and said, "This must be the Lord God of the holy prophets, even our Messiah."

8. "And immediately, when Jesus perceived in His Spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, He said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts?" The fact that He could read their thoughts and tell them what was passing in their minds should have convinced them that He was none other than the one who said long before, "I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them" (Ezek. xi., 5), even the great searcher of reins and hearts (I Chron. xxviii., 9; Jer. xvii., 10).

9. "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and take up thy bed and walk." The last would seem to many to be the greatest, for bodily infirmity is to many a more grievous thing than unforgiven sin. What numbers there are who would give all they have for health of body who are not at all concerned about the forgiveness of sins! They are blind and dead to spiritual things and to the unseen and eternal realities of heaven and hell.

10. "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy)." Here is the truth to be proclaimed around the world, "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." He receiveth sinners: He casts out none who come to Him; He blots out all sin and will remember it no more. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin (Luke xv., 2; John vi., 37; Isa. xliii., 25; John i., 7). Many in China have received the glad tidings the first time they heard them, and multitudes in all countries are vainly seeking rest of soul concerning this because they know not of Him. Where is the faith and seal of these four friends?

11. "I say unto thee, Arise and take up thy bed and go thy way into thine house." This is the word that has all power in it, the word that at creation spake and it was done, commanded and it stood fast (Ps. xxxiii., 9), the word that said, "Let there be light," and there was light. It is the "thus saith the Lord" of the Old Testament. The same voice is saying to many to-day, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v., 4), and will ere long say to Israel, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" (Isa. lx., 1).

12. "And immediately he arose, took up the bed and went forth before them all, insomuch that they were all amazed and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion." A clean soul and a whole body—how suggestive of the resurrection morning, when, having been preserved blameless, we shall be presented faultless. We shall be like Him, even our bodies like His glorious body (I Thess. v., 23; Jude 24; I John iii., 2; Phil. iii., 21). More confidence in Him and more yieldedness to Him would bring more of His power even in these mortal bodies, to His great glory and our great joy.—Lesson Helper.

More Money for the World's Fair.

The stockholders of the late World's Fair find themselves $40,000 richer than they thought they were. After the novelty of the souvenir half dollars, given by the Government to the fair, was worn off, and the people quit buying them at $1 apiece, the Directors had a large surplus of them on hand, and deciding that it would be unfair to the buyers of the souvenirs to issue the coins at anything less than the original price, they shipped the balance back to the mint and had it recoined. For this service the Government charged $40,000, which was paid and forgotten. Lately Director Ellsworth undertook to get that $40,000 back, and he has prevailed on Secretary Carlisle to order it refunded to the fair officials. There is a large sum of money still in the treasury of the fair to be divided ultimately among its stockholders.

For a Free Electrical School.

Dr. J. Allan Hornsby, the engineer and inventor who won a National reputation as chief electrical engineer at the World's Fair in Chicago, is in New York City to look after the organization of a National school of electricity. Temporary offices have been secured at the Decker Building, Union Square. The officers of the school are: Thomas A. Edison, Dean; Professor J. P. Barrett, chief of the electrical department at the World's Fair, President, and Dr. Hornsby, Secretary. The object of the school is purely philanthropic. There are no salaries for either officers or faculty. It is organized to teach electricity to mechanics and schoolboys who have no other way of fitting themselves for the battle of life.

RELIGIOUS READING.

HOW TO TREAT BARREN SOILS.

In glancing over the agricultural department of a newspaper, recently, my eye fell on the above heading to an article. It struck me as no less appropriate for the religious department. "Ye are God's husbandry," says the Apostle. And in this husbandry is a great variety of soils. Some are so excessively forced, with artificial appliances, that they produce only a rank growth of stalks and leaves; some are cultivated with such diligence and care, as to bring out their resources in a substantial harvest; other soils are scant, sandy, or hard and stony, poor and unproductive; and others still are quite barren. And many of these are barren, unproductive soils. There are different modes of treating them. Sometimes they are left for a time, to lie waste. And such is often the discipline which God exercises over the barren soils in his husbandry. He lets them lie fallow—barren of comfort, with scarce any appearance of growth or vegetation.

But the husbandman, after he has suffered a barren field to lie waste for a while, puts in the heavy sub-soil plough, and turns up the deep furrows, breaking up the hard surface, and with the harrow thoroughly mixing the whole together. And thus does God thrust in the deep furrows of affliction, and the harrow of repentance, till the hard, stony, barren soil is thoroughly broken up and shaken together.—And, in our efforts to recover a barren soil, we are to use means tending to this end. No good can come of it while it lies waste and barren.—But, when thoroughly broken up, there may be a crop again.

One of the means recommended in the article alluded to is, to plant the soil with a certain description of trees, whose growth restores the productiveness of the soil. There is one tree that is sure to produce this effect upon the most barren soil; it is the Tree of Charity, of universal love to the souls and bodies of men. And wherever this tree is planted, and brings forth the choice fruit of Love for Souls, it will recover the most barren spot, and turn it into the garden of the Lord. Let the Christian heart be throughly and deeply imbued with this spirit, and he will be no longer barren nor unfruitful in the Vinyard of the Lord; but "plants of renown," and "trees of righteousness" will spring up on every side of him. This tree will root out the weeds of self-righteousness, the shrubs of worldliness, gnarled oaks of selfishness, and cover the ground with green herbage. It will do a hundred fold more to recover a barren soil than all the labor and culture that can be bestowed upon it.—N.Y. Obs.

THE DYING BED.

Young says: "In life and health we think with men, but on a dying bed with God." How often do we see this illustrated! What a change comes over the views of those who are brought to the verge of eternity! How differently do they admit they would have acted, had they but always viewed things in the light which is cast upon them in the valley and shadow of death! A ministerial friend writes us of one of his parishioners, just deceased: "His protracted illness prepared us all for the change. He died on the —— with his family and friends around him. He expressed regret, just before his death, that he had not united with the church, and made an open profession of religion. I have no doubt but what he was a good man, although in error as to his duty. His life would have done honor to a Christian, except in one respect—his neglect of a public profession of religion. He assured me no other reason had deterred him, but a deep sense of his utter unworthiness of the privilege, and of his unfitness to perform the duties of a member of the church. This was an error of judgment, to say the least, and his course, in this respect, he regretted the night before he died."

Here is a lesson for us all, viz: notto neglect obedience to the plain commands of Christ, lest we plant thorns in our dying pillow; but especially is there warning and instruction for those who secretly indulge the hope that they are Christians, and yet hesitate and delay to confess Christ before men, by identifying themselves in a public profession of religion with the cause and people of God. It is not a case of worthiness, but of faith and obedience; and he who neglects so plain a duty, may be sure that he will deeply regret it in a dying hour. We have known the individual above referred to for many years, and have often urged this duty upon him, and felt that he needed nothing else to afford the most cheering evidence of his discipleship. We would that all who occupy the position he he did, might but for a moment in imagination, throw themselves forward upon a dying bed, and obtain the views of duty which he then had, and which will then assuredly flash upon them in the near prospect of an exchange of worlds.

CHRIST GLORIOUS IN HIS INCARNATION.

Whatever influences are necessary for the accomplishment of his gracious purpose for men and in men, whether they be of Providence or of grace, are at his command. The "Father giveth not the spirit by measure unto him," because it hath pleased him "that in him all fulness should dwell." The fulness is complete. Whatever the sinner wants he shall find in Christ. Be it life, light, power, pardon, sympathy, hope, righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; they are all wrapped up in the union of his two natures. This mystery is the envelope which contains wisdom, sanctification and redemption. He is able and willing to suffer, to endure and to bestow. He is a storehouse that can never be exhausted; full of grace and truth, full of promises and full of authority to fulfil them; full of glory and majesty, and full of heaven. He is Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God. No burden of sin is so heavy but he removes it; no fears are so agitating but he gives them relief; no weakness so depressing but it makes his strength perfect. Hope and exception are never defeated that centre in him. He is filled to overflowing with all that man can enjoy and God impart. Blessing and glory and honor and power are his. Expand as the faculties of the human soul may, they can never become so enlarged and never drink so freely of his usefulness but the streams will still flow and the fountain still be full. Augment man's unworthiness and ill desert to an unmeasured infinity; multiply his wants to countless ages; and there is yet room in the mansion he has prepared and bread enough and to spare.—Dr. Springs Glory of Christ.

CLOUD OF MERCY.

How vast the range of blessings your prayers may take. Who can tell the history or trace the wanderings of yon cloud that sails in light and glory across the sky, or indicate from what source its bosom was filled with vapors it is to shed back upon the earth? Perhaps, though now wandering over the tilled field and peopled village, its stores were drawn from some shaded fountain in the deep forest, where the eye of man has scarce ever penetrated. In silent obscurity that fountain yielded its pittance, and did its work of preparing to bless the far-off lands that shall yet be glad for it. And even thus it is with the descending