

THE FAIREST GIFT.

If I might give the world one gift, And choose it as I pleased, if through Some miracle I were mine to lift...

FOILED BY A VIOLIN.

H. J. TEMPLE HILL (NELHAR.)

We were rushing along in a Pullman on one of the Indian railways, Bob Stevens, Jack Trelawney and myself, going home on furlough, and jolly glad to escape the baking hot and tiresome climate of India.

Bob Stevens shuddered and said: "I can never look at that temple without shuddering, as I had an experience there that deepened my first bad impression of Indian character, and priests especially."

"Spin us a yarn, old man," and Trelawney filled up the glasses. "Well, as it is somewhat of a relief to me, I will. Take a good look at the temple," and we all looked at it, eagerly and attentively.

"You remember the state of unrest that prevailed up in that region in 18—" began Stevens, "and how that fanatic, Rham Sing, was continually stirring up the natives to rebellion. He ran foul of Col. Watcher, and since then vowed that the vengeance of the Buddha should dog his footsteps."

"We've no time to lose," said Brisbane, as I quickly took the rope and lowered it through the opening, carefully dropping the noose over the girl's shoulders. Instantly she dropped her violin, pushed the noose further down her body and clung to the rope, while we at the top gave a long, steady haul, which brought our precious burden hanging in mid-air seven or eight feet above the whirling, seething mass of snakes, who, now that the spell had been broken, were darting at the marble slab and the girl's violin.

"After a long interval we heard the faint sounds of a violin being played. It was wonderful and remarkably strange, but unmistakable. Brisbane said: 'By jove, who the devil's playing a violin here?'

"The natives were coming nearer, and a few had already collected outside the temple and were showing signs of excitement. We laid our burden down and I gave her a lavish dose of my brandy flask. We had our revolvers, and meant to give the natives some stiff work before they captured us, and, of course, we had good hopes of being rescued ourselves before that transpired. The girl soon revived under my ministrations, and we made her as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. She was a decidedly pretty girl, blue eyes, golden hair and all that sort of thing, and the beggars who had put her in the temple had taken most of her clothes, thus leaving her more exposed to the bites of the reptiles. It was a trifle embarrassing, as we had never met before, though Brisbane whispered to me that it was the colonel's lost daughter. He knew her by sight. "Meanwhile the natives, being stirred up by that arch-villain, Rham Sing, were crowding round the temple, and gazing up at us with no very friendly looks. I could see the old fiend, with his ghastly face and priestly garments, inflaming the crowd to attack us, which they shortly did; a few shots rung out, and we heard some bullets go whizzing past. Brisbane and I fired simultaneously at Rham Sing, but whether it was owing to the uncertain light, or his having a charmed life, I don't know; anyway, we both missed him, and were rewarded by a malignant glare from him, divided between our two selves and the girl, and a volley of bullets which pattered all about us, hitting nothing but the stonework. "Matters were getting interesting,

Sing's work, I'll bet my rations,' muttered Brisbane, as we dropped to the ground. 'One thing is certain,' I remarked, 'if the music stops, she is doomed. As long as that continues the cobras will not touch her.'

"How to rescue her, that's the problem," said Brisbane. 'By the roof. Come, we'll make a rope of our stirrup leathers,' I replied, and we hurried to our horses. We speedily had a rope, made of all the harness that we could possibly use; then writing a note for urgent and immediate help, stuck it in my saddle and started both horses swiftly back to our headquarters. It was then one p. m. If our horses went straight back they would reach camp in less than three hours, and we could count upon assistance arriving three or four hours after.

"There was only one place where we could get up on the roof, and only one could get up at a time. It was hard and dangerous work. The stonework was quite irregular, being partly ruined, which, however, rendered our ascent somewhat easier. Eventually we reached the roof, and clambering over the rest of the irregularities got to the window or slit in the center, and immediately beneath which was our object.

"Lullabies of Schumann were varied by gavottes and waltzes by Strauss, and occasionally a march by Godfrey, and had it not been for the horrible danger to the player inside the weird scene would have enthralled us," and Stevens took a long draught. We said nothing, and he proceeded.

"Fortunately for us, the place was crumbling and in a state of decay, or we could never have done what we did. After some hard work we managed to enlarge the aperture in the roof right over the girl's head, until we felt sure it was large enough to pass a human being through. I then leant over the hole and told her in clear and distinct tones what we meant to do to rescue her. She looked up mutely and nodded, still keeping up the bewitching music and still holding the yellow and black skinned serpents enchanted and spell-bound.

"Brisbane had by this time a good slip-knot made at the end of our improvised line, and was tying one end of it to a projection on the roof. 'Twas then that we heard natives shouting in the distance.

"We've no time to lose," said Brisbane, as I quickly took the rope and lowered it through the opening, carefully dropping the noose over the girl's shoulders. Instantly she dropped her violin, pushed the noose further down her body and clung to the rope, while we at the top gave a long, steady haul, which brought our precious burden hanging in mid-air seven or eight feet above the whirling, seething mass of snakes, who, now that the spell had been broken, were darting at the marble slab and the girl's violin. Another long haul and our young lady was just beneath the hole, and we gently pulled her through and on to the roof, where, true to the tradition of her sex, she promptly fainted.

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when to our straining ears was borne the familiar and then jolly welcome sound of cavalry dashing along and accoutrements rattling, and, with a hearty cheer, a squadron of our cavalry, led by Col. Watcher himself, charged into the open space and into the remnant of natives, who had deferred to make their escape upon the first alarm. We stood up and waved our helmets, and it wasn't long before we were all down beside the colonel. Brisbane and I looked the other way and talked when the colonel met his child, but a minute or two afterwards he called us over to him and introduced her as his daughter, Miss Evelyn Watcher, who now, I am glad to say, is Mrs. Bob Stevens," and he looked radiantly happy.

"What became of Rham Sing, though?" asked Trelawney. "Oh, he escaped; went north, I believe, and, as far as I know, is living yet."

"And the snakes?" "Oh, we left them to those who like them. My wife doesn't, neither do I," said Stevens, emphatically.—Canadian Magazine.

IT WAS A FREE GIFT.

Even Then the Squatter Called the Owner Hard Names.

"I bought a piece of land out in North Dakota several years ago," said the man from Pittsburgh to a Boston Globe reporter, "and last month, hearing that a squatter had taken possession, I journeyed out there to see what ought to be done in the case.

"I found the family in a sod house and very comfortable. The man acknowledged my claim, but calmly advised me to go to law about it. I went to see a lawyer, and after hearing my statement he said:

"Yes, the land is yours, and if you authorize me to go ahead I can put you in possession. It will take time, however."

"How long?" "Well, say five years. These cases move slow. As to the costs, I can't exactly say, but \$250 ought to cover it. Then there is the squatter."

"What have I got to do with him?" "You'll have to pay for the improvements he's made, and he'll probably be able to show \$500 worth. Then there'll be the crops."

"What crops?" "Why, the crops he would have put in if you hadn't been trying to dispossess him. He will probably value these at another \$500."

"Anything more?" I asked, with what was meant to be sarcasm.

"Well, he will be entitled to have 12 men view the place once a year, and each view will cost you \$48."

"That's about \$800, and I paid only half of that for the farm. In fact, I'd sell it for \$350."

"Yes?" "And as a lawyer what would you advise me to do?"

"There's only one sensible course for you to pursue," he replied as he began to write out a receipt. "Give the man a free deed of the land and hand me \$15 in cash for legal advice."

"It jarred me for a minute," said the Pittsburgher, "but I realized that it was my best way out, and I took it. I felt sorry for the squatter, though. I carried him the deed myself, and when I placed it in his hands he broke down and cried.

"It wasn't for joy, however. By feeding him the land I had stuck him for back taxes amounting to \$48, and he rose up and called me a soulless human hyena."

THE BEAST.

Laughed When He Told How Smoothly He Had Worked an Old Game.

"Did you see the doctor to-day, John?"

"Yes, dear."

"What did he say was the matter with you?"

"Nothing much—yet."

"What did he give you?"

"He said medicine was not what I needed."

"Oh, John! What does he want you to do?"

"He recommended rest and quiet, and said I needed only a change of air, food, scene and associates, so I think I will go up the lakes for a week's fishing."

And the beast laughed about it afterward when he told how smoothly he had worked it.—Indianapolis News.

Cure for Bee Stings.

For bee stings salt at all times is a good cure. Sweet oil, pounded mallows or onions, powdered chalk made into a paste with water, or weak ammonia, are also efficacious.

A Definition of Tact.

Tact is a way of getting what you want without letting others know you want it.—Chicago Daily News.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the TORPID LIVER, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE, In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.

Take No Substitute.

About the time a man gets back from his wedding trip he shuts up talking about what a good judge of character he is.

A report from Supt. J. C. Gluck, Reform School, Pruntytown, W. Va. Oct. 19, 1900. "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective, and absolutely harmless. Sold by all druggists."

If married people can hang on for the first five years, generally they can stand it for the rest of their lives.

Mrs. T. Bridleman of Parshallville, Mich., was troubled with salt rheum for fourteen years and had tried a number of doctors without relief. After two applications of Banner Salve, her hands became better and in a short time she was entirely cured. Beware of substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

It's folly to tell a man who has the toothache that misery loves company.

S. A. Ingalls, Crown Point, N. Y., writes: "My wife suffered from kidney trouble for years. She was induced to try Foley's Kidney Cure and in less than a week after she began using it, she was greatly improved and three bottles cured her. Sold by all druggists."

As the chip off the old block is inclined so is the family tree bent.

Backache should never be neglected. It means kidney disorder which, if allowed to run too long, may result Bright's disease, diabetes or other serious and often fatal complaints. Foley's Kidney Cure makes the kidneys well. Sold by all druggists.

The motive of the average play seems to be to make men thirsty between the acts.

J. Odgers, of Frostburg, Md., writes: "I had a very bad attack of kidney complaint and tried Foley's Kidney Cure which gave me immediate relief, and I was perfectly cured after taking two bottles." Be sure you take Foley's. Sold by all druggists.

It's a hard matrimonial tie that the divorce judge can't untie.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

All is fair in love and war—or, in other words, during courtship and after marriage.

Chas. R. Wessmar, Evanston, Ill., writes: "My 2 1/2 years old had a severe cold which refused to yield to any treatment until we tried Foley's Honey and Tar. He was completely cured before using one bottle." Take none but Foley's. Sold by all druggists.

People get engaged from force of habit; then they get married from force of circumstances.

When suffering from racking cough, take a dose of Goley's Honey Tar. The soreness will be relieved and a warm, grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced. Sold by all druggists.

Charles Grady, of Owensboro, committed suicide yesterday by taking a dose of laudanum.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Eighteen persons were injured in a street car collision in Atlanta.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails to stop a cold if taken in time. Sold by all druggists.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Kentucky will convene in Lexington Tuesday.

Madam French Female Dean's Pills. A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed, or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. UNITED MEDICAL CO., 203 7/8, LANSBURY, PA.

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