

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

THE WOOD PATH.

Along the path to yonder wood,
Star-eyed and fair this autumn day,
The waters stream a blossomed flood,
A kind of fallen milky way.
The golden-rods their borders add
Unto this garden wildly grown,
Like banners of Sir Galahad
With pearl and gold, and purple sown.
For Autumn blends her choicest hues,
And mixes many a precious dye;
The glories of her gentian blues
Mate the deep splendors of her sky.
And all the groundings don their best
And brightest, ere the trees arrange
A flaming red and crimson vest
For the great festival of change.
The very clouds with richness gleam
Where golden clouds skirt the track:
The square vines, "neath a leafy screen,
Bears a red berry on its beak.
The rainbow's bright and pure glow
See inter-own; red-rose-glow
The sunset flutters its danger sign,
The elements drift like winter's snow
The oaks are strong and grander far
Than when June's sunshine gild the moss;
Time's flattery dial, bell and star,
Points out no faintest sign of loss.
Hid in the warfare and the strife
Deep down in nature's inmost heart,
In full perfection of her life
The season's glory shall depart.
No may I get this mortal cease,
Nor know a waiting, slow decay;
Mid the mill's autumn's golden sheen
Come Death, fair harvest, and away.

A NIGHT OF DANCER.

Riding hard and fast, almost as for dear life, along the wilds of a vast prairie, I found myself to my intense astonishment, entering upon a straggling settlement, and pulled up to reconnoitre and consider.
That I had missed my way was all too plain; for, on the course that I ought to have come, there was not a cabin or a single settler.
Almost any traveller in the border section would have been rejected to this humble unexpectably upon a place where food and shelter might be obtained. At another time I should have been so myself. Not now.
In the breast pocket of my closely buttoned coat I carried five thousand four hundred and ninety odd dollars, United States money. It was during our time of war. This money had been given into my charge to carry it without stopping, and by the most unrequited route, to one of the forts, and place it in the hands of Colonel Southard, who was waiting for it.
But there I was, having lost my route, and not knowing whether I was safe or not—at least, whether the money would be. And now that I had blundered on to the verge of this scanty settlement, what must be my course? Should I halt for refreshments, as an ordinary traveler would; or should I ride straight through without stopping?
The latter course might of itself excite suspicion. So, pushing on to the house of entertainment with the most careless air I could assume, I got off my horse.
There were only two men in the bar-room, when I entered, the landlord and the hostler. I ordered supper, and sat down.
Two travelers next rode up and ordered drinks. One of them went with the hostler, the other threw himself down on a bench outside and began filling a huge pipe.
Strolling carelessly about the room, I managed to glance from the window. My heart leaped into my throat, for in the main seated there I recognized Bill Wolf, one of the most desperate characters that ever figured in the annals of border ruffianism.
I sat down again and went through the form of eating my supper; but whatever appetite I might have felt on my entrance to the bar had vanished now.
Presently the men came in together and ordered supper. Mine was finished, and now was my chance to leave.
Paying my score, and saying a general good evening, I crossed the noisy bar-room. They took no notice of me whatever; only the landlord looked furtively after me. My spirits rose; I hoped my fears had misled me, and that I should get safe away.
It was quite dark outside, but the hostler was flitting about the stable with his lantern; he brought out my steed, and I trotted away.
I was feeling infinitely relieved at my providential escape from contact with the desperate characters whom I had left at the settlement, when my acute ears detected the sound of swift riding. I drew up my horse one moment to listen. On they came. No chance travelers ever rode like that. It meant pursuit.
I gave my steed a lash and he broke into a convulsive gait, hove his body up with one or two plunges, stumbled, and pitched me literally heels over head.
What was the matter with the horse? He had a white spot on his face, and this seemed to come off on my hand as I touched him, a wet, slimy, sticky substance, bearing a remarkable resemblance to whitewash. With my head in my mouth I stooped to feel his white legs and feet. Yes, they were whitewashed too. The trappings had been taken off my own horse at the inn, and transferred to this worthless animal, which had been whitewashed over to inflate mine.
This discovery brought an appalling

interpretation of the oncoming horsemen. I gave the horse the whip as soon as his unstable legs were well under him, and sent him scouring ahead; while I ran off on foot to the right, making for a little hollow that I discerned in the darkness. It proved to be a shallow, dry ravine, and here, to my profound astonishment, I discovered a low cabin or hut, about the dimensions of an ordinary country log-house.
Dashing up to this, I gave a rapid succession of knocks. A shrill, shrill, and cowering woman opened the door.
"What is it?" was her question, not in her breathless haste.
"Is there any chance to hide here? My horse has thrown me, and I believe a party of desperadoes are close up with me."
She mechanically closed the door behind me, before I had finished my explanation.
"No, no; there is no place!" she gasped, her ear catching the sound of the coming horsemen. "This is all there is; this one room."
"My eyes had been seeking for a place of concealment, but in vain. Suddenly they rested on a dark object in the far corner.
"But this?—what is this?" I exclaimed, making a rush for it.
"It's a coffin."
I had barely time to place myself in this respectable for the dead, when the hoarse voice of Bill Wolf was heard outside.
"Here, you Dick!—Is Dick here?"
The women opened the door.
"He has not come back yet," she replied.
"Oh, no yet! Jenny, have you heard a horse go by yonder?"
"Yes, just now."
"Driving on like the devil—eh?"
"Going fast," she answered. "You might perhaps hear his tracks still," she added.
But Bill must have been of a suspicious nature. I heard him leap from his horse. For the life of me I could not help pushing up the coffin lid and looking through the chink.
A fire was burning on the stone hearth. Bill Wolf had a hand on each side. His brutal head was thrust inside the room peering about.
"What's that?" he questioned, pointing to my retreat.
"It's Staffer's coffin," she answered.
"Are you in pursuit of the man gone by?"
"Ay. But what's it to you if we are? He can't have gone far either, on that animal."
Riding away in search of me, and of what I carried, Wolf clattered off.
The woman watched him join two comrades who had waited a little distance; then she came in and barred the door.
I was out of the coffin in a moment. I looked around in despair. To go out was fatal, and to stay in meant discovery, probably death. The coffin was no longer available, for Dick was coming for it.
"Stay, there's the rain barrel outside," said I, in desperation. "They've tried that once; they may not look at it again."
And before you would be able to speak a sentence, the water was dashed out of the cask, and I was in the barrel, the woman dropping a tub half filled with water in at the top as a cover.
She had barely time to re-enter the house, the door which fortunately opened on the side away from the moon, when a rattling vehicle drew up at the door, and I heard a hoarse voice raving and swearing at the woman for something done, or left undone, and then from the bungalow, the plug having been dislodged by upsetting of the cask, I saw the furious return of the three other renegades.
There ensued a good deal of loud talking, explanations and oaths.
A jorum of hot nectar was prepared, and they all went to partake of it.
Dick refused to join in the hunt after me, on account of having to take the coffin to its destination.
At that moment a wild and desperate plan entered my brain.
The horses of the three renegades—my own, which had been retained by the hostler at the inn, among them—were hitched on the other side of the door, where moonlight, striking by the end of the cabin, rested fully upon them. It was suicide to attempt seizing one of them—my own, as I had hoped to do—and riding off. So I embraced the only alternative—leaping from the barrel (the tub having been removed to water the horses with) and creeping into the wagon while the woman muttered something about covering the coffin.
Dick yelled out to her to mind her own business and let the thing alone.
But she succeeded in accomplishing her purpose. Disposing of the blanket across the coffin, as he was beginning to drive away, she contrived to lift its lid and drop inside a bottle knife.
You may be guessing, too-poor thing; and gave her a blessing, too-poor thing; and the first use I made of it was to lodge the lid up just a fraction, so that my breathing was easy, though my position was cramped.
They kept within a halting distance for some three or four miles, Dick driving the heavy wagon along at a steam-ing pace and I expected that the coffin would be jostled out.
By-and-by, there was a sudden shout, a loud "tally-ho," as if the huntmen had sighted the quarry. It came from the gang.
No sooner was the noise heard, than

my driver threw the reins across the horse, leaped down and started off towards his friends. Perhaps the temptation of the money (that they might be then dividing) was too much for him.
In a moment I sprang from the coffin to the ground. A few lightning-like strokes and I had severed the traces and the rude bands of the harness.
I mounted the horse and urged him onward.
All might have been well had not the quick ears of the men caught the echo of his footsteps.
Looking around they saw me making off—and I think must have known me, for I was lighted up by the bright moonlight.
With a wild shout they came on in pursuit. There was a sharp report of two rifles. I felt a sting in my foot, another in my shoulder; but the horse was unhurt, and the race for life began.
The issue I knew would rest chiefly with the horse.
I knew nothing of the one which I rode; I knew nothing of those who were pursuing me, excepting my own horse.
On, and on, my steed bore ahead, actually causing me to gasp for breath; and not two hundred yards in the rear rode those would-be-assassins.
A momentary dizziness threw me forward on my horse's neck. Whether I should have yielded to the faintness I know not, but a distant sound struck on my ear and brought me up.
Oh, it was good—that sound!—but I was not quite sure yet. I broke into the wild, long, fierce yell of the border rangers, and sped on again, but my horse had that peculiar twitch now and then in his gait that told me he was faltering.
Again that echo reached me. It was the shrill music of the fife and the rattle of the drums of the infantry, who were probably returning to the fort from some expedition.
Again I sent out that wild cry, which I knew the soldiers heard, and were coming to my aid.
A parting shot, and my two pursuers turned; they could not face the soldiers. But I called to my horse by a peculiar whistle that he knew, and he came to whistled me in spite of his rider, who was Wolf, who only gave up the fruitless struggle and leaped from his back as a squad of infantry appeared on the scene.
"It is Wolf," I panted. "Go in pursuit of him."
There was no need to urge them. A price was set for Wolf's head, as they knew, for he was the most dangerous and most desperate outlaw of the time.
Then I fainted, and when my eyes opened again they fell on Mr. Wolf—a prisoner. Old men had brought him in to receive his deserts.
As for myself, I was saved, and the matter was all over.

Hot and Cold Baths.

The London Lancet, in a recent number, points out the difference between the effects of hot and cold baths. The effects of the cold bath, it says, being mainly due to impressions made upon the cutaneous nerves, the modifications of the cold bath largely depend on their power of increasing its stimulating action. The colder the water the more violent the impression. The frequent change of water, such as is found in the sea or in running streams, increases the stimulating effect. Great force of impact, as when water falls from a height or comes forcibly through a hose upon the body; the division of the stream, as seen in shower baths and needle baths; and the addition of salts or salt to the water, all act, it would seem, by increasing the stimulating power which the water exerts upon the cutaneous nerves. Warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of heat, and although this dilation is followed by a contraction of the vessels, this contraction is seldom excessive; and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened as is the cold bath. The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, increases the call upon certain vital processes, and enables to be sustained with a less expenditure of force. While cold baths cause a certain stiffness of the muscles, if continued for a too long time, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The ultimate results of hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, are about the same, the difference being, as the words of Braun, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions; heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold water and hot water systems."

Perfumery.

The famous perfume factory of M. Herman is located at Cannes. During the months of February, March and April the violet was the flower in season, and the price was from 8 cents to \$1 for two pounds weight of the flowers. The kind used is known as the *Parasens* violet, which is double and exceedingly fragrant. May, June and July are the time for roses and the flower of the orange-tree. In *Verge*, these blossoms are very cheap, the former costing 75 cents per pound and the latter 12 cents. From the end of July until the beginning of October, the jessamine and tuberose are in flower, and then there is a lull for the mountain regions, but not for Cannes, for at that time begins the season of the flowering *casia*, a tree of which I must beg to confess my ignorance. It is not, so M. Herman says, an acacia, but the tree has enormous thorns and the blossom is a light yellow, and resembles a pea. It is the special nature of this tree that it will not flower upon a lime or chalky soil, only upon soil of decomposed granite. Hence though it blossoms at Cannes, it refuses to flower at Antibes, half a mile south, and is altogether a plant of very restricted habitat. It blossoms until the beginning of December, and fetches 30 to 60 cents per pound, according to the abundance or scarcity of the season. At the present moment, in *Vence*, roses are the order of the day, and on the deliciously clean and cool tile-flooring of the factory, the rose-blossoms were piled up thickly in huge, glowing heaps. In a back room was a long table, covered with a snow-white table cloth, and around this were seated some thirty women and young girls, waiting impatiently to be served with roses, which they were to pluck. There was only a sample quantity, so Mr. Herman informed me, for the rains had intervened somewhat with the *Vence* crop, and these came from a new man. Three very pretty girls, who were permanently employed in the factory, at a signal from the proprietor, took great wicker baskets, and heading them with roses, emptied them upon the table-cloth in front of the pluckers. It was a very charming picture—the village girls and old women and little tots not seven years old, in picturesque costume and very wonderful straw hats, all seated around the board heaped up with the glowing blossoms, wonderfully relieved by the white cloth. The good-looking girls did not wear any hats—trust them for that—and immediately, from natural thirst for decoration, chose the loveliest roses and stuck them behind their ears. Then plucking began in earnest. Seizing the unhappy flowers firmly in the left hand and grasping the stalk close to the ovary, they, with an angry twist, separated the blushing corolla, and threw them into a big basket unscathed between their knees. Mr. Herman told me that the grown girls could work very fast, but that, by a tacit convention, when the amount of roses to be plucked was limited, they restrained themselves to give the very old and the very young a chance to earn a trifle. A cent a pound was the tariff, and there is no stint of flowers, the girls can always earn half a franc, or ten cents, but on this occasion the utmost that any one of them could see three or four miles each way, up and down the river, and also the little table land camp was on. We were all tired, and I was glad to lie down for the night, about eight o'clock. Just before dark the sentinel on the hill was called in, and ponies were picketed closer to the tents, after being led to water. I could not sleep at first, and kept looking out one end of the tent at the stars, thinking of the novelty of all this, and how most of my friends would like to try that such a scout. However, I was tired to keep awake long, and while listening to the quiet tread of the sentinel, as he patrolled camp, I was soon fast asleep, dreaming of home and of friends so far away.

No Didn't Want Any.

The other day a well-dressed stranger, carrying a hand valise, called into a life insurance office in Detroit, and inquired if the agent was in. The agent came forward rubbing his hands, and the stranger asked:
"Do you take life insurance risks here?"
"Yes, sir; glad to see you, sir; sit down, sir," replied the agent.
"What do you think of life insurance, anyway?" inquired the stranger, as he sat down and took off his hat.
"It's a national blessing, sir—an institution which is looked upon with sovereign favor by every enlightened man and woman in America."
"That's what I've always thought," answered the man. "Does the company pay its losses?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir. If you were insured with me, and you should die to-night, I'd hand your wife a check within a week."
"Couldn't ask for anything better than that."
"No, sir; no, sir. The motto of our company is: 'Prompt pay and honorable dealing.'"
"How much will a \$5,000 policy cost now?" inquired the stranger, after a long pause.
"You are—let me see, say thirty-five. A policy on you would cost \$110 the first year."
"That's reasonable enough."
"Yes, that's what we call low, but ours is a strong company, does a safe business, and invests only in first-class securities. If you think of taking out a policy, let me tell you that ours is the best and safest, and even the agents of rival companies will admit the truth of what I say."
"And when I die my wife will get her money without any trouble?"
"I'll guarantee that, my dear sir."
"And I'll get a dividend every year?"
"Yes, this is a mutual company, and part of the profits come back to the policy holders."
"And it won't cost but \$110 for a policy of \$5,000."
"That's the figure, and it's as low as you can get safe insurance anywhere. Let me write you out a policy. You'll never regret it."
"Them's the blanks, I s'pose," said the stranger, pointing to the desk.
"Yes," replied the merchant, as he handed one up to him and took his pen.
"What do you say—shall I fill out an application?"
"No, I guess I won't take any to-day," replied the stranger, as he unlocked his valise, "but if you want something that will take care of your whole inside of a week, I've got it here. It's good for corns, bunions, the toothache, earache, sprains."
He was placing his little bottle on the table, when the agent reached over and took him by the shoulder and fiercely whispered:
"Mister man, if you don't want to become a corpse, you will not be two minutes getting out of here!"
He flew.

The Apple as Food for Man and Beast.

Consume all the apples possible at home. They are good food, whether eaten cooked or uncooked. Baked apples and milk will put rounded muscles and rosy cheeks on children faster than any other food, and they are equally good for children of a larger growth. There is no end to the way in which apples may be cooked. The old-fashioned apple pie, discarded as it is in some quarters, is always an acceptable dessert, and we notice that those who decay all kind of pastry cannot resist the temptation to partake of a fresh apple pie. Apple sauce is incomparable as a relish for the tea-table. Plum sauce, grape sauce, and even peaches put on the palate with constant use; but who ever tired of nicely prepared apple sauce? But we have not space to go into the various modes of cooking apples. The true way to eat apples, and most other fruit, is in the raw state. Cooking drives off the exquisite but volatile aroma on which their virtue so depends. They are more healthful also, without the addition of sugar and spices. With two to six apples eaten each day in the year we expect our stomach and all the internal viscera to be in good working order. One man's experience is not sufficient to establish a universal law, but so far as our observations go, malle acid (apple juice) operates favorably on most stomachs. The exceptions only prove the rule. In no case is there any necessity for apples rotting on the ground. They are excellent food for all kinds of stock. Horses, cattle, sheep, and swine eat them with avidity, and the only danger is that they will eat too many if allowed free access to them. The old notion that apples made cows dry up their milk arose from the practice of letting the herd into an orchard to eat *ad libitum*. Of course, they would eat till their stomachs were deranged, and fever and diarrhoea would ensue. The same result would follow, with some modifications, if the cows were let into a fresh clover patch or cornfield, but this does not prove that clover and corn cause milk to dry up. The true way to feed apples to cows and horses is to give them a few at first, and increase the rations as their stomachs become adjusted to this diet, when half a bushel a day—and sometimes a bushel, if the cow is large—and will cause a great flow of milk, and at the same time give an increase of flesh. Hogs may be turned into an orchard at any time with impunity. They have stomachs like an ostrich, and are seldom disturbed by what they eat.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The French village does not prove well.
—A shipowner of Zaanand, Holland, is worth \$80,000,000, but he lives in a house worth \$1,000, and he enjoys himself sitting in the little dooryard playing dominoes with his two daughters.
—The new stationery has an English pug dog on the paper, envelopes and cards, which are made appropriately to resemble bark. Novel acceptance and regret cards and seal paper are also new.
—Captain Henry Allen, of Salem, Massachusetts, has over 200 years old in his garden. Next to the Endicott pear-tree is probably the oldest in the country. It has borne several bushels of fruit this year.
—The Russian government talks of expelling its criminals to the quarter of Elizabeth of the relief boat to Siberia. This device is supposed to be a high polish, and promises to be a very important article of export.
—Cotton mills are becoming numerous in India, more particularly in Bombay, and it seems probable that with improved machinery, cheap steam and good coal on freight, they will be able to compete successfully with English goods.
—Subscriptions are invited for the relief of the family of Lieutenant Bunker, the gallant officer who volunteered as commander of the relief boat from St. Louis down the Mississippi river into the fever districts, and died at his post.
—During the five years since the panic of 1873 we have exported more than we imported 448,000,000. The change since the panic, as compared with five years before the panic, is in favor of the prosperity of the country to the amount of \$1,000,000,000.
—The consumption of cotton by American manufacturers was greater by 110,000 bales in 1878 than in 1877. The yield of the staple in the United States exceeds that of the entire world, being 4,811,253 bales, of 1,480 pounds gross each, up to Sept. 1.
—"Jumping sheets" are being introduced into English fire brigades. They are of stout canvas, with sixteen loops or handles, to be held by so many men, and so break the fall of the man falling into them from a burning house. Trials have resulted very satisfactorily.
—The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company has a fleet comprising fourteen iron steamers, which this year have made 546 voyages, running 483,238 miles and carrying 8,249 tons of coal. Since 1860 the fleet has carried 1,480,000 tons and delivered 2,000,000 tons of coal.
—Trade marks are evidently of value to the cotton trade, for the British Commissioners of Patents have been obliged to make special provision at Manchester to meet the demands of the cotton trade for a year's certificate of letters examined 41,713 marks for cotton piece goods.
—The Government contractors wanted \$40,000 to move the 2500 Indians at Red Cloud agency to their new reservation; but the author of the bill, Mr. Crook, got the sum by buying the necessary wagons out-and-out at South Bend, Ind., and hitching the ponies of the tribe to them.
—The Grosser Kurfurst, the German frigate sunk in the British Channel by a collision with the Royal William, is to be raised, but whether by the German Admiralty or by contractors is not decided. One hundred and forty-five offers have been made from different quarters to perform the service.
—The Grand Orient of Free Masons in France has expelled from its list the recognition of the Grand Lodges of Ireland, Scotland, and England have severed all relations with the French body. Action by the Grand Lodges of the United States and Canada will follow.
—In Liverpool, many of the street letter boxes now have a door which shuts with a spring and at the same time moves a plate showing the hour of the last clearance. The public can thus ascertain whether letters have been taken out for a particular mail, and the Post Office has a check upon its men.
—The Academy of Sciences, at Paris, has begun the issue, decided upon a year ago, of a complete edition of the works of Laplace, the celebrated French savant. The preceding editions, now very rare, contained only seven volumes, but the new edition will include six others, containing all the other memoirs which he ever published.
—The Chief of the Seminole tribe of Indians was recently found dead in the everglades of Florida, having been bitten by a moccasin. While in a state of intoxication he is supposed to have lain on the snake, and was bitten several times. He was 70 years old, and known among the tribe as Great Tiger. His son, aged 20, a young warrior, succeeded him.
—The Secretary of the Connecticut Home Missionary Society says that in 1800 Connecticut had 200 Congregational churches, with about 27,000 members. In 1800 these churches raised \$2232 for home missions, averaging \$1.16 for each church, and eight cents for each member. In 1877 they raised \$76,140 for home missions, thirty-four times as much, or \$255.50 for each church, and \$1.40 for each member.

—One-third of the liquid portion of the sewage of Paris is conveyed to Gennevilliers, a kind of peninsula made by the windings of the Seine below Anevillers. A medical visitor says that he did not discover so much smell as he has often detected in walking over farms manured with guano in the same manner, and he could not learn of any unfavorable effect on the health of the people. Magnificent crops are raised.

—The committee appointed by the Italian Parliament to inquire into the debts of the municipality of Florence, which have culminated in the bankruptcy of the city, has completed its report. The only point which has yet fully transpired is that the municipality confirms the statement that municipal expenses exceeded 72,000,000 lire (\$14,400,000) to meet what they had to borrow the nominal sum of \$30,000,000, or in other words, to allow a discount of about forty-four and a half per cent, to bondholders.

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