

MY SCHOOL ROOM.

I have closed my books and hidden my slate. And there my satchel across the gate, My school is out for a season of rest, And now for the schoolroom I love the best.



CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

All the long summer of the year after this graduation, from mid-April until November, he never once slept beneath a wooden roof, and more often than not the sky was his only canopy. That summer, too, Jessie spent at home, Opposite with her most of the time, and one year more would finish them at the reliable old Ohio school.

With the selection of the site Dean had nothing to do. Silently he looked on as the quartermaster, the engineer and a staff officer from Omaha paced off certain lines, took shots with their instruments at neighboring waters of the fork. Two companies of infantry, sent down from further posts along the northern slopes of the range, had attacked their arms and pitched their "dog tents," and vigilant vedettes and sentries peered over every commanding height and ridge to secure the invaders against surprise.

"I shouldn't like the job of clearing away the gang of Indians that might seize that ridge," said Dean, when later asked by the engineer what he thought of it, and Dean had twice by that time been called upon to help "hustle" Indians out of threatening positions, and knew whereof he spoke.

"I shouldn't worry over things you're never likely to have to do," said the quartermaster, with sarcastic emphasis, and he was a man who never yet had had to face a foe in the field, and Dean said nothing more, but felt right well he had no friend in Maj. Burleigh.

Gap, and the more the youngster saw of the rotund quartermaster, the less he cared to cultivate him. A portly, heavily built man was he, some 40 years of age, a widower, whose children were at their mother's old home in the far east, a business man with a keen eye for opportunities and investments, a fellow who was reputed to have stock in a dozen mines and kindred enterprises, a knowing hand who drove fast horses and owned quite a stable, a sharp hand who played a thriving game of poker and had no compunctions as to winning. Officers at Emory were fighting shy of him. He played too big a game for their small pay and pockets, and the men with whom he took his pleasure were big contractors or well-known "sports" and gamblers, who in those days thronged the frontier towns and most men did them homage. But on this trip Burleigh had no big gamblers along and missed his evening game, and, once arrived at camp along the Fork, he had "roped in" some of the infantry officers, but Brooks and the engineer declined to play, and so had Dean from the very start.

"All true cavalymen ought to be able to take a hand at poker," sneered Burleigh, at the first night's camp, for here was a pigeon really worth the plucking, thought he. Dean's life in the field had been so simple and inexpensive that he had saved much of his slender pay; but, what Burleigh did not know, he had sent much of it home to mother and Jess.

"I know several men who would have been the better for leaving it alone," responded Dean, very quietly. They rubbed each other the wrong way from the very start, and this was bad for the boy, for in those days, when army morals were less looked after than they are now, men of Burleigh's stamp, with the means to entertain and the station to enable them to do it, had often the ear of officers from headquarters, and more things were told at such times to generals and colonels about their young men than the victims ever suspected. Burleigh was a man of position and influence, and knew it. Dean was a youngster without either, and did not realize it. He had made an enemy of the quartermaster on the trip and could not but know it. Yet, conscious that he had said nothing that was wrong, he felt no disquiet.

And now, homeward bound, he was jogging contentedly along at the head of the troop. Scouts and flankers signaled "all clear." Not a hostile Indian had they seen since leaving the Gap. The ambulances with a little squad of troopers had hung on a few moments at the noon camp, hitching slowly and leisurely that their passengers might longer enjoy their post prandial siesta in the last shade they should see until they reached Cantonment Reno, a long day's ride. Presently the lively mule teams would come along the winding trail at a spanking trot. Then the troop would open out to right and left and let them take the lead, giving the dust in exchange, and once more the rapid march would begin. It was four p. m. when the shadows of the mules' ears and heads came jerking into view beside them, and, guiding his horse to the right, Dean loosed rein and prepared to trot by the open doorway of the stout, black-covered wagon. The young engineer officer, sitting on the front seat, nodded cordially to the cavalrman. He had known and liked him at the Point. He had sympathized with him in the vague difference with the quartermaster. He had to listen to sneering things Burleigh was telling the aide-camp about young linesmen in general and Dean in particular, stocking the staff officer with opinions which he hoped and intended should reach the department commander's ears. The engineer disbelieved, but was in no position to disprove. His station was at Omaha, far from the scene of cavalry exploits in fort or field. Burleigh's office and dept were in this new, crowded, bustling frontier town, filled with temptation to men so far removed from the influences of home and civilization, and Burleigh doubtless saw and knew much to warrant his generalities. But he knew no wrong of Dean, for that young soldier, as has been said, had spent all but a few mid-winter months at hard, vigorous work in the field, had been to Gate City and Fort Emory only twice, and then under orders that called for prompt return to Petterman. Any man with an eye for human nature could see at a glance, as Dean saw, that both the aid and his big friend, the quartermaster, had been exchanging comments at the boy's expense. He had shouted a cheery salutation to the engineer in answer to his friendly nod, then turned in saddle and looked squarely at the two on the back seat, and the constraint in their manner, the almost sullen look in their faces, told the story without words.

It nettled Dean—frank, outspoken, straightforward as he had always been. He hated any species of backbiting, and he had heard of Burleigh as an adept in the art, and a man to be feared. Signaling to his sergeant to keep the column opened out, as the prairie was almost level now on every side, he rode swiftly on, revolving in his mind how to meet and checkmate Burleigh's insidious moves, for instinctively he felt he was already at work. The general in command in those days was not a field soldier by any means. His office was far away at the banks of the Missouri, and all he knew of what was actually going on in his department he derived from official written reports; much that was neither official nor reliable he learned from officers of Burleigh's stamp, and Dean had never yet set eyes on him. In the engineer he felt he had a friend on whom he could rely, and he determined to seek his counsel at the campfire that very night, meantime to hold his peace.

They were trotting through a shallow depression at the moment, the two spring wagons guarded and escorted by some 30 dusty, hardy-looking troopers. In the second, the yellow ambulance, Brooks was stretched at length, taking it easy, an attendant jogging alongside. Behind them came a third, a big quartermaster's wagon, drawn by six mules and loaded with tentage and rations. Out some 300 yards to the right and left rode little squads as flankers. Out beyond them, further still, often cut off from view by low waves of prairie, were individual troopers, riding as lookouts, while far to the front, full 600 yards, three or four others, spreading over the front on each side of the twisting trail, moved rapidly from crest to crest, always carefully scanning the country ahead before riding up to the summit. And now, as Dean's eyes turned from his charges to look along the sky line to the east, he saw sudden sign of excitement and commotion at the front. A sergeant, riding with two troopers midway between him and those foremost scouts, was eagerly signaling to him with his broad-brimmed hat. Three of the black dots along the gently rising slope far ahead had leaped from their mounts and were slowly crawling forward, while one of them, his horse turned adrift and contentedly nibbling at the buffalo grass, was surely signaling that there was mischief ahead.

In an instant the lieutenant was galloping out to the front, cautioning the driver to come on slowly. Presently he overhauled the sergeant and bade him follow, and together the four men darted up on the gradual incline until within ten yards of where the leaders' horses were placidly grazing. There they threw themselves from saddle; one of the men took the reins of the four horses, while Dean and the other two, unslinging carbine and crouching low, went hurriedly on up the slope until they came within a few yards of the nearest scout.

"Indians!" he called to them, as soon as they were within earshot. "But they don't seem to be on lookout for us at all. They're fooling with some buffalo over here."

Crawling to the crest, leaving his hat behind, Dean peered over into the swale beyond, and this was what he saw: Half a mile away to the east the low, concave sweep of the prairie was cut by the jagged banks and curves of a watercourse which drained the melting snows in earlier spring. Along the further bank a dozen buffalo were



Dean saw a confused mass.

placidly grazing, unconscious of the fact that in the shallow, dry ravine itself half a dozen young Indians—Sioux, apparently—were lurking, awaiting the nearer coming of the herd, whose leaders, at least, were gradually approaching the edge. Away down to the northeast, toward the distant Powder river, the shallow stream bed trended, and, following the pointing finger of the scout who crawled to his side, Dean gazed and saw a confused mass of slowly moving objects, betrayed for miles by the light cloud of dust that hovered over them, covering many an acre of the prairie, stretching away down the vale. Even before he could unslung his field glass and gaze, his plaincraft told him what was slowly, steadily approaching, as though to cross his front—an Indian village, a big one, on the move to the mountains, bound perhaps for the famous race course of the Sioux, a grand amphitheater in the southern hills.

And even as they gazed, two tiny jets of flame and smoke shot from the ravine edge there below them, and before the dull reports could reach their ears the foremost bison dropped on his knees and then rolled over on the sod; and then came the order, at sound of which, back among the halted troopers, every carbine leaped from its socket.

CHAPTER III.

Down along the building railway in the valley of the Platte there had been two years of frequent encounter with small bands of Indians. Down along the Smoky Hill, in Kansas, the Cheyennes were ever giving trouble. Even around Laramie and Frayne, on the North Platte, settlers and soldiers had been murdered, as well as one or two officers, caught alone out hunting, and the Indians were, of course, the perpetrators. Nevertheless, it had been the policy of the leaders of the Northern Sioux to avoid any meeting in force and to deny the complicity of their people in the crimes committed. Supply trains to Reno, Kearney and C. F. Smith, the Big Horn posts of the Dozeman trail, went to and fro with guards of only moderate size. Officers had taken their wives and children to these far-away stations. The stockades were filled with soldiers' families. Big bands of Indians roamed the lovely valleys of the Piney, the Tongue and Rosebud, near at hand, and rode into full view of the wary sentries at the stockades, yet made no hostile demonstration. Officers and men went far up the rocky

canyons of the hills in search of fish or game, and came back unmolested. Escorts reported that they sometimes marched all day long side by side with hunting bands of Sioux, a mile away; and often little parties, squaws and boys and young men, would ride confidently over and beg for sugar, coffee, hardtack—anything, and ride off with their plunder in the best of spirits and with all apparent good feeling. And yet the great war chief of the Brules—Sintogaliska—Spotted Tail, the white man's friend, gave solemn warning not to trust the Ogallallas. "Red Cloud's heart is bad," he said. "He and his people are moving from the reservations to the mountains. They mean trouble." Old traders like Folsom heard and heeded, and Folsom himself hastened to Fort Frayne the very week that Burleigh and his escort left for Warrior Gap. Visiting at the ranch of his son in a beautiful nook behind the Medicine Bow mountains, the veteran trader heard tidings from an Indian brave that filled him with apprehension, and he hurried to the fort.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the government means to establish a post at Warrior Gap? Is it true that Maj. Burleigh has gone thither?" And when told that it was, and that only Capt. Brooks' troop had gone as an escort, Folsom's agitation was extreme. "Colonel," said he to the post commander, "solemnly I have tried to warn the general of the danger of that move. I have told him that all the northern tribes are leaguings now, that they have determined to keep to themselves the Big Horn country and the valleys to the north. It will take 5,000 men to hold those three posts against the Sioux, and you've barely got 500. I warn you that any attempt to start another post up there will bring Red Cloud and all his people to the spot. Their scouts are watching like hawks even now. Iron Spear came to me at my son's ranch last night and told me not ten warriors were left at the reservation. They are all gone, and the war dances are on in every valley from the Black Hills to the Powder. For heaven's sake, send half your garrison up to Reno after Brooks. You are safe here. They won't molest you south of the Platte, at least not now. All they ask is that you build no more forts in the Big Horn."

But the colonel could not act without authority. Telegraph there was none then. What Folsom said was of sufficient importance to warrant his hurrying off a courier to Laramie, fully 100 miles southeast, and ordering a troop to scout across the wild wastes to the north, while Folsom himself, unable to master his anxiety, decided to accompany the command sent out toward Cantonment Reno. He long had had influence with the Ogallallas. Even now Red Cloud might listen if he could but find him. The matter was of such urgency he could not refrain. And so with the gray troop of the cavalry, setting forth within an hour of his coming, rode the old trader whom the Indians had so long sworn by, and he started none too soon.

[To Be Continued.]

Easily Wakened.

Dr. Blomfield, bishop of London half a century ago, was a man of much wit, and also had a keen appreciation of wit in other people, whatever their walk in life might be. Once, when a new church in his diocese was to be consecrated, the bishop received several letters complaining that the architect of the new church had disfigured the interior and exterior with "useless gewgaws." Consequently the bishop went down to the little town to make an inspection of the building, and summoned the architect to meet him there. The bishop could find nothing amiss with the exterior of the church, nor with the interior until, just as he reached the chancel, he looked up and saw four wooden images apparently guarding the pulpit. "What do these figures represent?" he inquired. "The four evangelists, my lord," replied the architect. "They appear to be asleep," said the bishop. "Do you think so, my lord?" "That's the way they look to me," said the bishop, decidedly. "John," called the architect to a man who was at work on one of the pews, "bring your chisel and open the eyes of the evangelists."—Youth's Companion.

Looked Beyond.

"At last," exclaimed the enthusiastic young business man, "I've hit on a scheme to attract the women. I've put mirrors back of the goods in my show windows. Of course, they'll—" "My boy," interrupted the old hand, "it's no good. I tried that, and I found the women never saw anything but the mirrors."—Philadelphia Press.

Sympathy.

Eaton Shabbaloo (on park bench)—What is microbes, anyway? Tuffold Knutt (on the grass)—Microbes is harmless little critters—they's a prejudice against because they don't have to work to make a livin'.—Chicago Tribune.

His Proper Estimate.

"When I marry," said the young woman of advanced ideas, "I shall insist upon my husband taking my name." "I would, too," replied the demure young woman, promptly, "if I expected to get that sort of a man."—Chicago Post.

The Frenches's Dilemma.

Rev. Fourthly—I hear that Brother Longwind has formed a new theory of justification. Rev. Fifthly—Yes, and now he does not know whether to found a new sect or write a problem novel.—N. Y. Journal.

Persiflage Over the Baby.

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author. "After Lamb; because he is such a dear little lamb." "Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend. "He Howells so much."—Harlem Life.

HER KNOWLE.

She Knew the Shape of My Friends.

A young woman at a watering place, summer made a reputation as a profuse linguist in a rather odd manner. She called one day at a Chinese laundry, where she had left a shirt waist, but it could not be found, as there was no entry in the book of hieroglyphics corresponding to her pink sash. After a half hour's search the Chinaman found the entry. A mistake had been made, the entry crossed out and a new set of hieroglyphics in tiny characters placed below. She was told that that waist would be laundered immediately, and she could have it the next day, says the Kansas City World.

The next day the young woman called for it, accompanied by three other young women. At the washhouse the excitement of a visit to the Chinese laundry is not to be despised. The Chinaman to whom the pink slip was presented was not the laundryman of the day before, and he experienced the same difficulty in finding the identifying characters, finally saying: "Not in book." The girl answered, calmly: "I can find it," and the Chinaman allowed her to take the book. Turning the leaves until she came to the one that had had an entry crossed out, with another in tiny characters written in it, she handed it to the Chinaman. "There it is," and, to his surprise, he found it. "You only lady I know spik Chinese," he said. And the other girls looked upon her with admiration.

SCHOOLBOY OF THE FUTURE.

After He Has Run the Gauntlet of Prescribed Interrogations He May Begin to Learn.

Teacher (to applicant for admission)—Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination? "Yes, sir." "Have you been inoculated for croup?" "Yes, sir." "Had your arm scratched with cholera bacilli?" "Yes, sir." "Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles, mumps and old age?" "Yes, sir." "Have you your own private drinking cup?" "Yes, sir." "Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you, and never use any but your own pencil?" "Yes, sir." "Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and sprinkle your clothes with chloride of lime once a week?" "Yes, sir." "Johnnie, you have met the first requirements of the modern sanitarium, and may now climb into a seat and forthwith begin to learn."—N. Y. World.

The Nickel Plate Road.

Dining Car service on American Railroads has undergone a number of changes in the method of serving meals in dining cars. Many leading roads are now serving from cards a-la-carte, whilst on the other great trunk lines the popular American plan of enjoying anything on the bit for fare and paying the usual price of one dollar. In recent years the "American Club" meal has come to the front, by which guests may choose from a dozen or more bills of fare, neatly arranged in booklet form, ranging in price from 35 cents to \$1.00. This latter plan is adopted by the Nickel Plate Road on its through express trains between Chicago, New York City and Boston, except on the dining cars of that line, a choice may be made from various club menus, or a selection may be made from them all, at the price of the higher. In fact, it is claimed for the Nickel Plate Road that its passenger train service is equal to the best, and that its combination dining car meals is an exclusive advantage to patrons of the Nickel Plate Road.

The Reason for It.

He—There are 25,000 more women than men in New York city. She—No wonder the New York men are so saasy.—Indianapolis Journal.

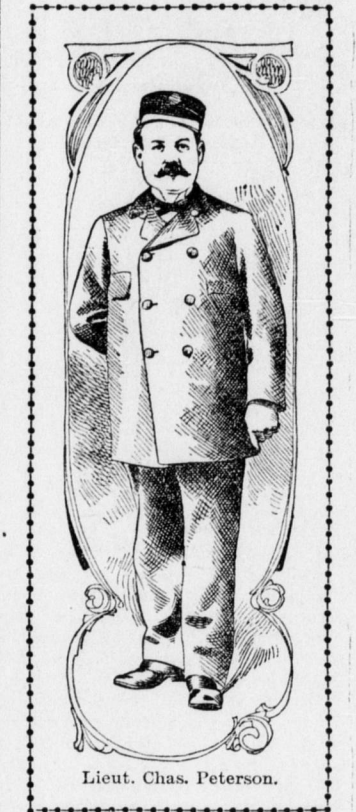
When You Go to Florida.

You enhance the pleasure of the trip by going over the Queen & Crescent Route and its connections via Cincinnati. Careful attendants look to your comfort. Your meals (a la carte) are not surpassed in the best hotels. Your rest is unbroken on the smooth, rock-balanced roadway. You are not annoyed by change of cars. Fatigue vanishes before some of the finest natural scenery in America.

Winter Tourist Tickets are sold at reduced rates. Why not write us about it? Only 24 hours Cincinnati to Florida. Direct connections at Port Tampa and Miami at Steamers Wharf for Key West, Nassau and Havana. We quote rates gladly. Hand-some printed matter sent free to inquirers. W. C. Rinearson, Gen'l Pass'g Agent, Cincinnati, O.

Of all the practices of love, praise is the most treacherous.—Chicago Daily News.

grip. was unab. of my friends Peruna, and I t. tonic and invigorator. Two weeks I was strong and I am exposed to unusual hardships. I am content with my duties at fires. I take a dose of two of Peruna and find that it keeps me in good health." Charles Peterson



Lieut. Chas. Peterson.

This above is only one of fifty thousand letters we have on file attesting the merits of Peruna.

There are a great multitude of people in all parts of the land who have entirely lost their health as a result of a gripe; who have recovered from an attack, but find themselves with weakened nerves, deranged digestion, and with but very little of their former powers.

There is no disease known to man that leaves the system in such an outrageous and exasperating condition as la gripe.

For this class of sufferers, Peruna is a specific. Peruna should be taken according to directions and in a few weeks the sufferer will be entirely restored to his accustomed health.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free copy of "Facts and Faces."

GRAIN-O THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

Do you know that three-quarters of all the world's headaches are the result of using tea and coffee? So physicians say. Quit them and the headaches quit.

Grain-O has the coffee taste but no headaches.

All grocers; 15c, and 25c.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

Advertisement for Castoria 900 Drops, featuring a list of ingredients and a signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins.

Advertisement for Castoria, 'The Kind You Have Always Bought', featuring a signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins and the text 'In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA'.