

THE ALIEN.

I have come back—who have been long away. Once more I breathe the country perfumes rare...



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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Reno was some 90 miles away, and not until late the next evening did the grays reach the lonely post. Not a sign of hostile Indian had been seen...

acted as though they were totally unaware of the presence of troops, but the more he thought the more he knew that no big body of Sioux would be traveling across country at so critical a time...

One moment more Dean watched and waited. Two of the Indians in the ravine were busily reloading their rifles. Two others were aiming over the bank, for, with the strange stupidity of their kind, the other buffalo, even when startled by the shot, had never sought safety in flight...



Disdainfully turned their backs.

appeared one moment from sight, then, suddenly reappearing, came laboring up the hither side, straight for the crest on which they lay, a dozen black, bounding, panting beasts thundering over the ground, followed by half a dozen darting Indian ponies, each with his little rider scurrying in pursuit.

And then a thing happened that at least one man saw and fortunately remembered later. Bryan, the trumpeter, with jabbing heels and flapping arms, was tearing back toward the troop at the moment at the top speed of his gray charger, already so near that he was shouting to the sergeant in the lead.

the cavalry line there burst into view, full tear for swift, the uncouth, yet marvelously swift-running leaders of the little herd. The whole dozen came flying across the sky line and down the gentle slope, heading well around to the left of the line of troopers...

CHAPTER IV.

Away to the left of the little command tore the quarry and the chase. Out on the rolling prairie, barely four hundred yards from where the ambulance and mules were backed into a tangle of traces and whiffletrees...

"Take my horse, sir," said the sergeant, dismounting, and the officer thanked him and rode swiftly out to join the young commander at the front. Together they gazed and consulted and still no signal came to resume the advance.

But once well up at the summit of the low divide the command reined in for a look at the great Indian cavalcade swarming in the northeastward valley, and covering its grassy surface still a good mile away.

"Don't you see," sneered Burleigh, "it's nothing but a village out for a hunt—nothing in God's world to get stampeded about. We've had all this show of warlike preparations for nothing."

"I requested Mr. Dean to halt a few moments, Burleigh. It is necessary I should know what band this is, and how many are out."

"He said would I please go to hell, sir," was the prompt response. "Won't he tell you they are?"

"How'd you find out if they wouldn't talk?" asked the staff officer, impatiently.

"'Twas the bucks wouldn't talk—except in swear wurruds. I wasted no time on them, sorr. I gave the first squaw the last hardtack in me saddle-bags and told her was it Machpealot, and she said it was, and he was wid Box Karesha—that's old Folsom—not six hour ago, an' Folsom's gone back to the cantonment."

"Then the quicker we skip the better," were the aid-de-camp's words. "Get us to Reno fast as you can, Dean. Strike for the road again as soon as we're well beyond their buffalo. Now for it! There's something behind all this bogus hunt business, and Folsom knows what it is."

And every mile of the way, until thick darkness settled down over the prairie, there was something behind the trooper cavalcade—several somethings—wary red men, young and wiry, who never let themselves be seen, yet followed on over wave after wave of prairie to look to it that no man went back from that column to carry the news of their presence to the little battalion left in charge of the new post at Warrior Gap.

It was the dark of the moon or, as the Indians say, "the nights the moon is sleeping in his lodge," and by ten p. m. the skies were overcast. Only here and there a twinkling star was visible, and only where some trooper struck a light for his pipe could a hand be seen in front of the face. The ambulance mules that had kept their steady jog during the late afternoon and the long gloaming that followed still seemed able to maintain the gait, and even the big lumbering wagon at the rear came briskly on under the tug of its triple span, but in the intense darkness the guides at the head of the column kept losing the road, and the bumping of the wagons would reveal the fact, and a halt would be ordered, men would dismount and go bending and crouching and feeling their way over the almost barren surface, hunting among the sage brush for the double furrow of the trail.

"There's no tellin' where we'll fetch up," said he. "Those mules can't see the trail if a man can't. Take their harness off and turn 'em loose, an' I suppose they can find their way to the post, but sure as you turn them loose when they've got something on 'em, or behind 'em, and the doggone cussedness of the creatures will prompt them to smash things."

MISS ANTHONY'S ARGUMENT.

It Fell Like a Bomb in the Midst of Her Male Antagonists and Settled Them.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the veteran woman suffragist, has always had a lively wit, and there is more than one example in her recent life, by Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, of her nimble use of it in the behalf of her sex, says Youth's Companion.

During her experience as a school-teacher Miss Anthony got her first practical insight into society's injustice to woman as a worker. Repeatedly she would take a school, which a male teacher had been obliged to give up because of inefficiency, and, although she made a thorough success, would receive only one-fourth of his salary.

Her first opportunity of calling attention to the injury done the teaching profession by slighting its women members came during the state convention in 1853. Two-thirds of the teachers in attendance were women, but not one of them spoke, nor was their presence recognized in any way by the men.

Toward the close of the second day the question under discussion was: "Why the profession of teacher was not as much respected as that of doctor, lawyer or minister?"

Miss Anthony, having listened for some time, rose, but only succeeded in gaining a hearing after half an hour's heated debate as to whether she should be permitted to address the meeting. She had remained standing, fearing to lose her chance, with her heart beating a tattoo, and permission being granted, she said:

"It seems to me you fail to comprehend the cause of the disrespect of which you complain. Do you not see that so long as society says that woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits before Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?"

As may be imagined, this little bomb was disconcerting to men and women alike.

HUGE LOT OF GOLD.

The Treasury Now Holds \$474,108,000.

IS NOT ALL UNCLE SAM'S.

Nearly Half Is for Redemption of Gold Certificates.

WILL PROBABLY INCREASE.

The Government Officials Expect that Within a Short Time the Half Billion Mark Will be Reached—Stock of Yellow Metal Steadily Grows.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The largest stock of gold coin and bullion ever held in the United States is now accumulated in the treasury and its branches. The total has been rising steadily during the whole of the present year and is now \$474,108,335, or about \$76,000,000 greater than at the close of 1899.

This gold is not all the direct property of the United States, but is held against outstanding gold certificates. The amount of these, less the amount in the treasury and its branches, was \$230,755,809 on Wednesday. All the remaining gold, amounting to about \$243,000,000, belongs to the treasury as a part of the reserve fund of \$150,000,000.

The influx of gold into the treasury comes partly from the new gold from the Klondike and other mines, but its retention is due to the pressure for currency, which also leads to the acceptance of gold certificates and other paper money in preference to coin. The treasury recently has been shipping small notes in large quantities to New Orleans and other points upon deposits of gold in the New York sub-treasury by the New York reserve agents of the southern banks.

The fact that \$474,108,335 is thus accumulated in a sense under a single authority enables an estimate to be made of some of the other visible gold resources of the country. The national banks reported gold holdings on September 5 of about \$312,000,000, of which amount \$115,918,149 was in the gold certificates issued by the treasury. The remainder, about \$197,000,000, if added to the visible gold in the treasury, makes a total in these two classes of establishments alone of about \$670,000,000. This is more than the entire estimated stock of gold in the United States at the close of 1895.

The gold supply of the country on the last day of 1896 was estimated at \$692,947,212. The estimated amount, November 1, 1900, was \$1,080,927,497 and it is probable that the report for December 1 will show at least \$1,100,000,000. The treasury officials are confident that the round sum of \$475,000,000 in treasury gold holdings will soon be attained, and that even \$500,000,000 is not beyond reasonable expectation.

A Big Show of Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—What promises to be one of the greatest live stock shows ever held will open to-day in Dexter Park pavilion at the stock yards. Over 10,000 pedigreed animals have already been received and it is expected that this number will be increased considerably by Monday. This display of blooded stock will represent a money value of over \$2,000,000. Six hundred classes are listed and prizes amounting to \$75,000 will be awarded.

Kitchener in Command.

London, Dec. 1.—The war office announced last evening that Lord Roberts handed over the command of the British troops in South Africa to Lord Kitchener on Thursday. It is further announced that the queen approves Lord Kitchener's promotion to lieutenant general, with the rank of general, while in command in South Africa.

Insurgents are Surrounded.

Colon, Colombia, Dec. 1.—The latest advices from Cartagena announce that the government forces, numbering 4,000, with artillery, now surround the insurgent forces at Corozal. The insurgents are under command of Gen. Uribe, whose request to treat for peace has been rejected.

A Railway Is Sold.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 1.—The sale of the Akron & Cuyahoga Falls electric railroad, of Ohio, to Andrew Radel, of this city, was consummated Friday. The road is 25 miles long. It is announced that over \$100,000 will be spent in improvements, including an extension of the line.

Identified the Assassin.

Burlington, Ia., Dec. 1.—Mrs. Linter, of Cedar Rapids, whose husband was killed and who herself was fatally shot by a footpad Thursday night, is still alive. Yesterday she recognized George Anderson, arrested at Paterson, Ia., as the man who shot her husband and herself.

Locomotive Works Closes.

New York, Dec. 1.—The Rogers locomotive works at Paterson, N. J., has closed down.

Money Order Clerk in Trouble.

New York, Dec. 1.—George Kempf, chief money order clerk in station "43" of the post office in this city, is under arrest on the complaint of Michael H. Boyle, who charges Kempf with abstracting money from several letters. A number of letters and \$9 in marked money were found in Kempf's possession.

Armor Plate Contract Signed.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The contract with the Carnegie Co. for furnishing a large quantity of armor plate, under the agreement recently announced, was signed yesterday.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women. "I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS. "I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

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