

## THE ALIEN.

I have come back—who have been long away.  
Once more I breathe the country perfume rare  
And watch the sunshine through the shimmering air.  
Drift to the grass like fancies gone astray.  
Far, far from here, when heart and brain seemed dead  
And weary thought insisted would not cease,  
My memory dreamed of this still world of peace—  
"And I will rise and will go home!" I said.  
  
I have come back—like some poor, weary bird.  
Again I seek the long-forgotten spot,  
Where I was happy (though I knew it not).  
And call to Nature—but she says no word!  
What have you done, oh world, what have you done?  
With bitter truths and cold, relentless scorn—  
Broken the spell—the olden charm is gone!  
An alien I, beneath a stranger sun!  
  
Good-by, my land of Dreams! I must away.  
With fevered brain and seared, rebellious heart.  
Where silence is and rest, I have no part.  
For one remembers here—I cannot stay:  
Oh, not for the bluebird's joyous song—  
The myrtle bloom's—the white syringa sprays.  
Nature forgets her comrade of old days,  
And greets me not—I have been gone too long!

—Josephine H. Nicholls, in Detroit Free Press.



(Copyright 1897, by F. Tennyson Neary.)

## CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Reno was some 90 miles away, and not until the next evening did the grays reach the lonely post. Not a sign of hostile Indian had been seen or heard, said the officer in command. Small bands of hunters were out toward Pumpkin Butte two days before. Yes, Ogallallas—and a scouting party, working down the valley of the Powder, had met no band at all, though trails were numerous. They were now patrolling toward the Big Horn. Perhaps there'd be a courier in to-morrow. Better get a good night's rest meantime, he said. But all the same he doubled his guards and ordered extra vigilance, for all men knew John Folsom, and when Folsom was anxious on the Indian question it was time to look alive. Daybreak came without a sign, but Folsom could not rest. The grays had no authority to go beyond Reno, but such was his anxiety that it was decided to hold the troop at the cantonment for a day or two. Meantime, despite his fears, Folsom decided to push on for the Gap. All efforts to dissuade him were in vain. With him rode Baptiste, a half-breed Frenchman, whose mother was an Ogallala squaw, and "Bat" had served him many a year. Their canteens were filled, their saddle-pouches packed. They led along an extra mule, with camp equipment, and shook hands gravely with the officers as they rode away. "All depends," said Folsom, "on whether Red Cloud is hereabouts in person. If he is and I can get his ear I can probably stave off trouble long enough to get those people at the Gap back to Kearney, or over here. They're gones if they attempt to stay there and build that post. If you don't have word from us in two days, send for all the troops the government can raise. It will take every mother's son they've got to whip the Sioux when once they're leagued together."

"But our men have the new breech-loaders now, Mr. Folsom," said the officers. "The Indians have only old percussion-cap rifles, and not too many of them."

"But there are 20 warriors to every soldier," was the answer, "and all are fighting men."

They watched the pair until they disappeared far to the west. All day long the lookouts searched the horizon. All that night the sentries listened for hoofbeats on the Bozeman road, but only the weird chorus of the coyotes woke the echoes of the dark prairie. Dawn of the second day came, and, unable to bear suspense, the major sent a little party, mounted on their fleetest horses, to scour the prairie at least halfway to the foothills of the Big Horn, and just at nightfall they came back—three at least—galloping like mad, their mounts a mass of foam. Folsom's dread was well founded. Red Cloud, with heaven only knows how many warriors, had camped on Crazy Woman's Fork within the past three days, and gone on up stream. He might have met and fought the troops sent out three days before. He must have met the troops dispatched to Warrior Gap.

And this last, at least, he had done. For a few seconds after the fall of the buffalo bull, the watchers on the distant ridge lay still, except that Dean, turning slightly, called to the orderly trumpeter, who had come trotting out after the troop commander, and was now haled and afoot some 20 yards down the slope. "Go back, Bryan," he ordered. "Halt the ambulances. Notify Capt. Brooks that there are lots of Indians ahead, and have the sergeant deploy the men at once." Then he turned back and with his field glass studied the party along the ravine.

"They can't have seen us, can they, Lieutenant?" muttered the trooper nearest him.

But Dean's young face was grave and clouded. Certainly the Indians

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 (country, too, that was conquered as this was from their enemies, the Crows), without vigilant scouts afar out on front and flank. The more he thought the more he knew that even as early as three o'clock those keen-eyed fellows must have sighted his little column, conspicuous as it was because of its wagons. Beyond question, he told himself, the chief of the band or village so steadily approaching from the northeast had full information of their presence, and was coming confidently ahead. What had he to fear? Even though the blood of settlers and soldiers might still be red upon the hands of his braves, even though fresh scalps might be dangling at this moment from their shields, what mattered it? Did he not know that the safeguard of the Indian bureau spread like the wing of a protecting angel over him and his people, forbidding troops to molest or open fire unless they themselves were attacked? Did he not laugh in his ragged shirt sleeve at the policy of the white fool who would permit the red enemy to ride boldly up to his soldiers, count their numbers, inspect their array, satisfy himself as to their armament and readiness, then calculate the chances, and, if he thought the force too strong, ride on his way with only a significant gesture in parting insult? If, on the contrary, he found it weak, then he could turn loose his braves, surround, massacre and scalp, and swear before the commissioners sent out to investigate next moon that he and his people knew nothing about the matter—nothing, at least, that they could be induced to tell.

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, but were now sniffing the odor of blood on the tainted air and slowly, wonderingly drawing near the stricken leader as though to ask what ailed him. Obedient and docile the Indian ponies stood with drooping heads, hidden under the shelter of the steep banks. Nearer and nearer came the big black animals, bulky, stupid, fatuous; the foremost lowered a huge head to sniff at the blood oozing from the shoulder of the dying bull, then two more shots puffed out from the ravine, the huge head tossed suddenly in air, and the ungainly brute started and staggered, whirled about and darted a few yards away, then plunged on its knees, and the next moment, startled at some sight the soldier watchers could not see, the black band was seized with sudden panic and darted like mad into the depths of the watercourse, dis-



Disdainfully turned their backs.

appeared one moment from sight, then, suddenly reappearing, came laboring up the higher 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 litho rider scurrying in pursuit.

"Out of the way, men! Don't fire!" shouted Dean. And, scrambling back toward their horses, the lieutenant and his men drew away from the front of the charging herd, invisible as yet to the halted troop and to the occupants of the ambulance, whose eager heads could be seen peoked out at the side doors of the leading vehicle, as though watching for the cause of the sudden halt.

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. By this time, too, that veteran trooper, with the quick sense of duty that seemed to inspire the wartime sergeant, had jumped his little column "front into line" to meet the unseen danger; so that now, with carbines advanced, some thirty blue jackets were aligned in the loose fighting order of the prairies in front of the foremost wagon. The sight of the distant officer and men tumbling hurriedly to one side, out of the way presumably of some swiftly-coming peril, acted like magic on the line. Carbines were quickly brought to ready, the gun locks crackling in chorus as the horses pranced and snorted. But it had a varying effect on the occupants of the leading wagon. The shout of "Don't you see," sneered Burleigh, "it's nothing but a village out for a hunt—nothing in God's world to get stamped about. We've had all this show of warlike preparations for nothing." But he turned away again as he caught the steady look in the engineer's blue eyes, and shouted to his more appreciative friend, the aid-de-camp: "Well, pardner, haven't we fooled away enough time here, or have we got to await the pleasure of people that never saw Indians before?"

Dean flushed crimson at the taunt. He well knew for whom it was meant. He was indignant enough by this time to speak for himself, but the aid-de-camp saved him the trouble.

"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."

"Well, be quick about it," snapped the quartermaster. "I want to get to Reno before midnight, and at this rate we won't make it in a week."

A sergeant who could speak a little Sioux came riding back to the camp, a grin on his sun-blistered face. "Well, sergeant, what'd he say?" asked the staff officer.

"He said would I plaze go to hell, sor." was the prompt response.  
"Won't he tell who they are?"  
"He won't, sor. He says we know widout askin', which is thre, sor. They're Ogallallas to a man, barrin' the squaws and pappooses, wid ould Red Cloud himself."

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

"Twas the bucks wouldn't talk—except in swear wrurds. I wasted no time on them, sor. I gave the first squaw the last hardtack in me saddlebags and tould her was it Machpealota, and she said it was, and he was wid Box Karesha—that's ould 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. Matches innumerable were consumed, and minutes of valuable time, and the quartermaster waxed fretful and impatient, and swore that his mules could find their way where the troopers couldn't, and finally, after the trail had been lost and found half a dozen times, old Brooks was badgered into telling Dean to let the ambulance take the lead. The driver shirked at once.

"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 somethin' on 'em, or behind 'em, and the doggone cussedness of the creatures will prompt them to smash things."

(To Be Continued.)

## MISS ANTHONY'S ARGUMENT.

**I 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 schoolteacher Miss Anthony gave 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?"

Dean flushed crimson at the taunt. He well knew for whom it was meant. He was indignant enough by this time to speak for himself, but the aid-de-camp saved him the trouble.

"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."

"Well, be quick about it," snapped the quartermaster. "I want to get to Reno before midnight, and at this rate we won't make it in a week."

A sergeant who could speak a little Sioux came riding back to the camp, a grin on his sun-blistered face. "Well, sergeant, what'd he say?" asked the staff officer.

## HUGE LOT OF GOLD.

The Treasury Now Holds \$174,103,000.

## 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 \$174,103,336, 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 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 \$174,103,336 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 \$115,018,149 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 \$692,947,312. The estimated amount November 1, 1900, was \$1,080,027,357 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 pedigree 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 news from Cartagena announces 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.

## JELLO-O, THE BEST SHOE.

Bridgewater, 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. Linder, 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 is or 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 "B" 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."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms.



MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

toms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N. J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for