

EARTH'S BLOSSOMS.

Oh, you husbands, when you grumble at your wife's dressmaker's bill, And about a costly bonnet fret and stew...



CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

But the quartermaster said he'd tried it with those very mules, between Emory and Medicine Bow a dozen times, and he'd risk it.

"Let me out, please," said the engineer, and jumped to the ground, and then the cavalcade pushed on again.

Then, with a horseman on each side, the mules were persuaded to push on again, and then when fairly started Burleigh called to the troopers to fall back...

And now the command was barely crawling. Brooks, heavy, languid with splitting headache, lay in feverish torpor in his ambulance, asking only to be let alone.

The post commander looked genuinely troubled. "Why, Burleigh, we've all taken quite a shine to Dean. I know the officers in his regiment think a heap of him; the seniors do, at least."

"You can help me!" he gasped. "Get me fresh mules and escort. My God! I must start for Frayne at once. Some whisky, please."

"My God, man!" cried the post commander, as he came hurrying out to meet the party, "we've been in a blue funk about you fellows for two whole days. Did you see any Indians?"

"See any Indians!" said Burleigh, rallying to the occasion, as became a man who knew how to grasp an opportunity. "We stood off the whole Sioux nation over toward Crazy Woman's fork. There were enough to cover the country, red and black, for a dozen miles. We sighted them yesterday about four o'clock, and there were enough around us to eat us alive, but we just threw out skirmish lines and marched steadily ahead, so they thought best not to bother us. They're shy of our breech-loaders, damn 'em! That's all that kept them at respectful distance."

The major's face as he listened took on a puzzled, perturbed look. He did not wish to say anything that might reflect on the opinions of so influential a man as the depot quartermaster at Gate City, but it was plain that there was a train of thought rumbling through his mind that would collide with Burleigh's column of events unless he were spared the need of answering questions. "Let me tell you briefly what's happened," he said. "Red Cloud and his whole band are out on the warpath. They killed two couriers, half-breeds, I sent out to find Thornton's troop that was scouting the Dry Fork. The man we sent to find you and give you warning hasn't got back at all. We've had double sentries for three days and nights. The only souls to get in from the northwest since our fellows were run back last night are old Folsom and Baptiste. Folsom had a talk with Red Cloud and tried to induce him to turn back. He's beset with the idea that the old villain is plotting a general massacre along the Big Horn. He looks like a ghost. He says if he had 5,000 soldiers up there there'd hardly be enough. You know the Sioux have sworn by him for years, and he thought he could coax Red Cloud to keep away, but all the old villain would promise was to hold his young men back ten days or so until Folsom could get the general to order the Warrior Gap plan abandoned. If the troops are there Folsom says it's all up with them. Red Cloud can rally all the northern tribes, and it's only because of Folsom's influence, at least I fancy so—that that they didn't attack you."

"Where is Folsom?" growled Burleigh, as he shook the powdery cloud from his linen duster and followed the major within his darkened door, while other officers hospitably led the aid and engineer into an adjoining hut.

"Gone right on to Frayne. The old fellow will wear himself out, I'm afraid. He says he must get in telegraphic communication with Omaha before he's four days older. My heaven, man, it was a narrow squeak you had! It's God's mercy Folsom saw Red Cloud before he saw you."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the quartermaster, turning over a little packet of letters awaiting him in the commanding officer's sanctum. "We could have given a good account of ourselves, I reckon. Brooks is down with fever, and young Dean got rattled, or something like it. He's new at the business and easily scared, you know; so I practically had to take command. They'll be along in an hour or so, and—a word in your ear: If Brooks has to remain on sick report you'd better put somebody in command of that troop that's had—er—experience."

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CHAPTER V.

Mid June had come, and there was the very devil to pay—so said the scouts and soldiers up along the Big Horn. But scouts and soldiers were far removed from the states and cities where news was manufactured, and those were days in which our Indian outbreak were described in the press long after, instead of before, their occurrence. Such couriers as had got through Frayne brought dispatches from the far-isolated posts along that beautiful range, insisting that the Sioux were swarming in every valley. Such dispatches, when wired to Washington and "referred" to the department of the interior and re-referred to the head of the Indian bureau, were scoffed at as sensational.

"Our agents report the Indians peaceably assembled at their reservations. None are missing at the weekly distribution of supplies except those who are properly accounted for as cut on their annual hunt." The "officers," said the papers, "seem to take the real Indian in every bush," and unpleasant things were hinted at the officers in consequence.

Indians there certainly were in other sections, and they were unquestionably "raising the devil" along the Smoky Hill and the Southern plains, and there the interior department insisted that troops in strong force should be sent. So, too, along the line of the Union Pacific. Officials were still nervous. Troops of cavalry camped at intervals of forty miles along the line between Kearney and Julesburg, and even beyond. At Washington and the great cities of the east, therefore, there was no anxiety as to

the possible fate of those little garrisons, with their helpless charge of women and children, away up in the heart of the Sioux country. But at Laramie and Frayne and Emory, the nearest frontier posts; at Cheyenne, Omaha and Gate City the anxiety was great. When John Folsom said the Indians meant a war of extermination people west of the Missouri said: "Withdraw those garrisons while there is yet time, or else send five thousand troops to help them." But people east of the Missouri said: "Who the devil is John Folsom? What does he know about it? Here's what the Indian agent says, and that's enough," and people east of the Missouri being vastly in the majority, neither were the garrisons relieved nor the reinforcements sent. What was worse, John Folsom's urgent advice that they discontinue at once all work at Warrior Gap and send the troops and laborers back to Reno was pooh-poohed.

"The contracts have been let and signed. The material is all on its way. We can't back out now," said the officials. "Send runners to Red Cloud and get him to talk. Promise him a lot of presents. Yes, if he must have them, tell him he shall have breech-loaders and copper cartridges—to shoot buffalo with, of course. Promise him pretty much anything to be good and keep his hands off a little longer till we get that fort and the new agency buildings finished, and then let him do what he likes."

Such were the instructions given the commissioners and interpreters hurried through Gate City and Frayne, and on up to Reno just within the limit fixed by Folsom. Red Cloud and his chiefs came in accordingly, arrayed in pomp, paint and finery, shook hands grimly with the representatives of the Great Father, critically scanned the proffered gifts, disdainfully rejected the muzzle-loading rifles and old dragon horse-pistols heaped before him. "Got heap better," was his comment, and nothing but brand new breech-loaders would serve his purpose. Promise them and he'd see what could be done to restrain his young men. But they were "pretty mad," he said, and couldn't be relied upon to keep the peace unless sure of getting better arms and ammunition to help them break it next time. It was only tempting the veteran war chief in his visions of power and control. The commissioners came back beaming. "Everything satisfactorily arranged. Red Cloud and his people are only out for a big hunt."



"Got heap better," was his comment.

But officers whose wives and children prayed fearfully at night within the puny wooden stockades, and listened trembling to the howls and tom-toms of the dancing Indians around the council fires in the neighboring valleys, wished to heaven they had left those dear ones in safety at their eastern homes—wished to heaven they could send them thither now, but well knew that it was too late. Only as single spies, riding by night, hiding by day, were couriers able to get through from the Big Horn to the Platte. Of scouts and soldiers sent at different times since the middle of May, seven were missing, and never, except through vague boastings of the Indians, were heard of again.

"It is a treacherous trick, I tell you," said Folsom, with grave, anxious face, to the colonel commanding Fort Emory. "I have known Red Cloud 20 years. He's only waiting a few weeks to see if the government will be fool enough to send them breech-loaders. If it does, he'll be all the better able to fight a little later on. If it doesn't he will make it his casus belli."

It was nearly 300 miles by the winding mountain road from Gate City to Warrior Gap. Over hill and dale and mountain pass the road ran to Frayne, thence, fording the North Platte, the wagon trains, heavily guarded, had to drag over miles of dreary desert, over shadeless slopes and divides to the dry wash of the Powder, and by roads deep in alkali dust and sage brush to Cantonment Reno, where far to the west the grand range loomed up against the sky—another long day's march away to the nearest foothills, to the nearest drinkable water, and then, 40 miles further still, in the heart of the grand pine-covered heights, was the rock-bound gateway to a lovely park region within, called by the Sioux some wild combination of almost unpronounceable syllables, which, freely translated, gave us Warrior Gap, and there at last accounts, strengthened by detachments from Frayne and Reno, the little command of fort builders worked away, ax in hand, rifle at hand, subjected every hour to alarm from the vedettes and pickets posted thickly all about them, pickets who were sometimes found stone dead at their posts, transfixed with arrows, scalped and mutilated, and yet not once had Indians in any force been seen by officers or men about the spot since the day Red Cloud's whole array passed Brooks' troop on the Reno trail, peaceably hunting buffalo. "An' devil a soul in the outfit," said old Sgt. Shaughnessy,

"that hadn't his tongue in his cheek."

For three months that hard-worked troop had been afield, and the time had passed and gone when its young first lieutenant had hoped for a leave to go home to see the mother and Jess. His captain was still ailing and unfit for duty in saddle. He could not and would not ask for leave at such a time, and yet at the very moment when he was most earnestly and faithfully doing his whole duty at the front, slander was busy with his name long miles at the rear.

Something was amiss with Burleigh, said his cronies at Gate City. He had come hurrying back from the hills, had spent a day in his office and not a cent at the club, had taken the night express unbeknown to anybody but his chief clerk, and gone hurrying eastward. It was a time when his services were needed at the depot, too. Supplies, stores, all manner of material were being freighted from Gate City over the range to the Platte and beyond, yet he had wired for authority to hasten to Chicago on urgent personal affairs, got it and disappeared. A young regimental quartermaster was ordered in from Emory to take charge of shipments and sign invoices during Burleigh's temporary absence, and the only other officer whom Burleigh had seen and talked with before his start was the venerable post commander. One after another the few cavalry troops (companies) on duty at Emory had been sent afield until now only one was left, and three days after Burleigh started there came a dispatch from department headquarters directing the sending of that one to Frayne at once. Capt. Brooks' troop, owing to the continued illness of its commander, would be temporarily withdrawn and sent back to Emory to replace it.

Marshall Dean did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Soldier from top to toe, he was keenly enjoying the command of his troop. He gloried in mountain scouting, and was in his element when astride a spirited horse. Then, too, the air was throbbing with rumors of Indian depredations along the northward trails, and everything pointed to serious outbreak any moment, and when it came he longed to be on hand to take his share and win his name, for with such a troop his chances were better for honors and distinctions than those of any younger he knew. Therefore he longed to keep afield. On the other hand, the visit paid by Jessie's school friend, little "Pappoose" Folsom, was to be returned in kind. John Folsom had begged and their mother had consented that after a week at home Jess should accompany her beloved friend on a visit to her far western home. They would be escorted as far as Omaha, and there Folsom himself would meet them. His handsome house was ready, and so said friends who had been invited to the housewarming, particularly well stocked as to larder and cellar. There was just one thing on which Gate City gossips were enabled to dilate that was not entirely satisfactory to Folsom's friends, and that was the new presiding goddess of the establishment.

[To Be Continued.]

The Cloth of Ceremony.

One of the Tibetans was dressed in white, one in black, with square-cut caps, Tartar physiognomy, very dark complexions, and long pig-tails, and were well known to our people. They approached us making many polite bows, and taking off their caps, presented the cloth of ceremony, as was becoming from inferiors to superiors. This is a form which is universal in Tibet, and extends into China, though I do not remember ever to have heard an explanation of the custom. The cloth we received was of cotton, badly woven, but of fine texture, about the size of a small handkerchief, but so dirty as to show that it had frequently performed similar offices of civility before. The more wealthy classes employ silk instead of cotton cloth, the legend, "Om mane padme hum," being commonly woven in damask at each end. The sale of these cloths of ceremony, I was given to understand, constituted a government monopoly in this part of Thibet.—Geographical Journal.

Optician's Latin.

Hiram had returned home from college, where he had won high honors as a student of the ancient languages, but he "fell down" one day when his sister, a demure young girl in her teens, asked him to translate a sign she had seen in front of an optician's office, which read thus: "Con Sultu Sabo Utyo Urey Es." Hiram struggled manfully with it for several minutes, and gave it up. "It isn't good Latin," he said. "There are some words in it that are Latin, but the others are either wrong in termination or are barbarisms from other languages, and, taken as a whole, it doesn't make sense."

"That is what I said," rejoined his sister, "but Keturah, out in the kitchen, translates it without any trouble. She says it means, 'Consult us about your eyes.'" Whereupon Hiram collapsed.—Youth's Companion.

Awful Willie.

Featherstone—What keeps your sister so long, Willie? Her Awful Little Brother—She's putting on the finest clothes she has. Featherstone—What's that for? Her Awful Little Brother—She said she was going to land you to-night if it could be done.—Tit-Bits.

Higher Education of Women.

"She managed to keep her cook more than a week after the cook decided to leave!" "I'm not surprised. At college her blocking and interference were thought quite phenomenal."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE WAR TAXES.

A Bill to Reduce Them by \$40,000,000 Annually.

Nearly All of the Stamp Taxes Will be Abolished, and a Reduction in the Rates Levied on Beer is Proposed—To be Rushed Through Congress by Christmas.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Chairman Payne, of the ways and means committee, yesterday introduced the bill reducing the taxation under the war revenue act, after the republican members of the committee had agreed on the form of the measure and the articles to receive the reduction of tax. It is intended to have the full committee act on the bill to-day and to put it through the house before Christmas.

The bill provides an aggregate reduction estimated at \$40,000,348.

The estimated reductions, in detail, as given out by Mr. Payne, are as follows: Beer \$9,832,712, cigars \$3,187,764, special taxes (Section 3) commercial brokers \$138,281, custom house brokers \$8,167, circuses \$11,744, theaters \$47,178, exhibitions not otherwise provided \$84,218. Total special tax \$287,589.

Schedule A—Bank checks \$7,000,000, certificates of deposit \$200,000, drafts, inland, \$500,000; promissory notes \$3,500,000, postal orders \$602,000, foreign bills of exchange \$100,000, export bills of lading \$100,000, express receipts \$1,200,000, telephone messages \$315,000, bonds of indemnity \$250,000, certificates other than of profits \$200,000, charter party \$100,000, brokers' contracts \$100,000, conveyances \$3,000,000, telegraph dispatches \$800,000, insurance \$3,000,000, leases \$200,000, mortgages \$500,000, passage tickets \$200,000, powers of attorney, etc., \$100,000, protests \$25,000, warehouse receipts \$250,000. Total in schedule A \$22,242,000.

Schedule B, \$4,548,283; less wines \$600,000—\$3,948,283. Legacies, charitable, etc., \$500,000; grand total \$40,000,348.

The bill provides a discount of 20 per cent. in the tax of \$2 per barrel on beer, in lieu of the present 7 1/2 per cent. reduction, making the new rate \$1.60 per barrel.

The sections of the war revenue act taxing commercial brokers, custom house brokers, circuses, theaters and other exhibitions are stricken out.

The rate on cigars is made \$3 instead of \$3.60 per 1,000 weighing more than three pounds per thousand.

Schedule A retains the stamp tax on corporate stocks, bonds, etc., sales, etc., at exchanges or boards of trade, freight receipts, certificates of profits, entry of goods at custom houses, and entry for withdrawal of goods from customs bonded warehouses. With these exceptions, the stamp taxes under schedule A are struck out.

Schedule B, which requires stamps on proprietary medicines and preparations, perfumery and cosmetics, chewing gum, etc., is amended so that sparkling or other wines are the only products requiring stamps.

The bill provides for redeeming revenue stamps heretofore issued and not used. The concluding section provides that the act shall take effect 30 days after its passage.

RULED OFF THE TURF.

Eleven Residents of an Indiana Town are Punished for a Bold Fraud.

Chicago, Dec. 6.—The board of review of the American Trotting association, in annual meeting here Wednesday, investigated one of the most extraordinary turf frauds ever perpetrated, and at the close of the inquiry issued an edict of expulsion against 11 residents of Rushville, Ind. The offense for which these people were put outside the pale of reputable turfdom—the sentence being effective on tracks of the National association as well as of the American—is the "faking" of an entire day of alleged trotting and pacing over the Rushville track on September 16, 1899, procuring the admission of summaries of the same in the official records of the American association as well as the year book of the American Trotting Register association and then selling and otherwise making use for gain of the horses alleged to have made fast records on the day in question.

CRAZY IMMIGRANTS.

More Stringent Legislation is Needed to Keep Them Out of This Country.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Goodwin Brown, prominently connected with the hospitals for the insane of New York, yesterday contended before the industrial commission that vigorous legislation was necessary to protect the country from the influx of insane immigrants. He declared that while 25 per cent. of the population of the state of New York was foreign born, quite 50 per cent. of the patients in the hospitals for the insane in that state were foreign born. He was not prepared to say that there was a concerted effort on the part of foreign countries to unload their insane upon the United States, but it was an incontrovertible fact that many of the foreign insane get into this country. He said the foreign born insane was costing the state of New York over \$1,000,000 a year.

Gage's Estimates.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The secretary of the treasury has sent to congress the annual estimates of the expenses for the government for the coming year. They aggregate \$626,741,762, a slight decrease from the estimates last year. The appropriations for the present year are \$586,655,362. The estimates cover every branch of government service. The war department estimate is \$176,658,345 and the navy department \$88,913,248. The total for rivers and harbors is \$33,881,317. The total for pensions is \$144,000,000.

The Census of 1900. A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1900, has just been issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage, to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

A Real Patriot.—Friend—"Do you love your country?" Politician—"You bet I do. I've held a government job for 12 years."—Syracuse Herald.

Excursion Sleepers Via M. K. & T. Ry. Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave St. Louis via Katy Flyer (M. K. & T. Ry.) every Tuesday at 8:10 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Weekly Excursion Sleepers leave Kansas City via the M. K. & T. Ry. every Saturday at 9:05 p. m. for San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

It is said that an artist at work on a Biblical history undertook to make a sketch of "Rebecca at the well," but he couldn't draw the water.—Chicago Daily News.

What Shall We Have for Dessert? This question arises every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, delicious and healthful. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry. At your grocers. 10c.

"Ver no thure an' patriotic American!" "No more are you!" "Thot O! am! I got me papers jest before election an' voted loika a mon."—Indianapolis News.

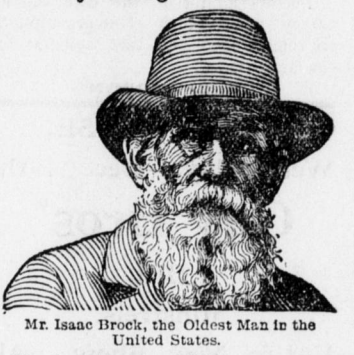
Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

It is hard to do, of course; still, you can be fooled.—Acheson Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Knowledge comes with what we learn; wisdom, with what we unlearn.—Judge.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



Mr. Isaac Brock, the Oldest Man in America.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., has attained the great age of 111 years, having been born in 1788. He is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms:

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but I have learned from Dr. Hartman's books that these affections are the same and are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections.

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements.

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people." Isaac Brock.

Catarrh is the greatest enemy of old age. A person entirely free from catarrh is sure to live to a hale and hearty old age. A free book on catarrh sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

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Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Good.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

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