

SYMPATHY.

Now the storm, it's fury o'er, Fain would hush the waves to rest, Loudly beating on the shore, As a wild bird beats its breast;

Sentinels, in black and gray, Dark the distant mountains loom, Trees their leafless branches sway, Grim guardians of the gloom;

In the hush of silent grief, Angels bend their heads to hear; In the hour of unbelief, God is drawing very near.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"What on earth does John Folsom want of a housekeeper?" asked the helpmates of his friends at Fort Emory, and in the busy, bustling town. "Why don't he marry again?" queried those who would gladly have seen some unprovided sister, niece or daughter thus cozily disposed of.

Fort Emory was filled with women folk and consternation—most of the men being afield. The seething question of the hour was whether they should call on her, whether she was to be received at the fort, whether she was to be acknowledged and recognized at all, and then came, mirabile dictu, a great government official from Washington to inspect the Union Pacific and make speeches at various points along the road, and Mrs. Fletcher, mind you, walked to church the very next Sunday on the honorable secretary's arm, sat by his side when he drove out to hear the band at Emory and received with him on the colonel's veranda, and that settled it.

Within a fortnight she had made the new homestead blossom like the rose. Within a month everything was in perfect order for the reception of Elinor and her school friend—a busy, anxious month, in which Folsom was flitting to and fro to Reno and Frayne, as we have seen; to Hal's ranch in the Medicine Bow, to Rawhide and Laramie, and the reservations in northwestern Nebraska; and it so happened that he was away the night Maj. Bureleigh, on his way to the depot, dropped in to inquire if he could see Mr. Folsom a moment on important business. The servant said he was not in town—had gone, she thought, to Omaha. She would inquire of Mrs. Fletcher, and meantime would

the major step inside? Step inside, and stand wondering at the threshold of the pretty parlor, he did; and then there was a rustle of silken skirts on the floor above, and as he turned to listen his haggard, careworn face took on a look something like that which overspread it the night he got the letter at Reno—something that told of bewilderment and perplexity, as a quiet, modulated voice told the servant to tell the gentleman Mr. Folsom might not return for several days. Bureleigh had no excuse to linger, none to ask to hear that voice again; yet as he slowly descended the steps its accents were still strangely ringing in his ears. Where on earth had he heard that voice before?

CHAPTER VI.

The quartermaster's depot at Gate City was little more than a big corral, with a double row of low wooden sheds for the storing of clothing, camp and garrison equipage. There was a blacksmith and wagon repair shop, and a brick office building. Some cottage quarters for the officer in charge and his clerks, corral master, etc., stood close at hand, while most of the employes lived in town outside the gates. A single-track spur connected the depot with the main line of the Union Pacific, only 500 yards away, and the command at Fort Emory, on the bluff above the rapid stream, furnished, much to its disgust, the necessary guard. A much bigger "plant" was in contemplation near a larger post and town on the east side of the great divide, and neither Fort Emory nor its charge—the quartermaster's depot—was considered worth keeping in repair, except such as could be accomplished "by the labor of troops," which was why, when he wasn't fighting Indians, the frontier soldier of that day was mainly occupied in doing the odd jobs of a day laborer, without the recompense of one, or his privilege of quitting if he didn't like the job. That he should know little of drill and less of parade was, therefore, not to be wondered at.

But what he didn't know about guard duty was hardly worth knowing. He had prisoners and property of every conceivable kind—Indians, horse thieves, thugs and deserters, magicians and medicines, mules and munitions of war. Everything had to be guarded. The fort lay a mile to the west of and 200 feet higher than the railway hotel in the heart of the town. It looked down upon the self-styled city, and most of its womenkind did the same on the citizens, who were, it must be owned, a rather mixed lot. The sudden discovery of gold in the neighboring foothills, the fact that it promised to be the site of the division car shops and roundhouse, that the trails to the Upper Platte, the Sweetwater, the park country to the south and the rich game regions of the Medicine Bow all centered there, and that stages left no less than twice a week for some of those points, and the whole land was alive with explorers for a hundred miles around—all had tended to give Gate City a remarkable boom. Cheyenne and Laramie, thriving frontier towns, with coroners' offices in full blast from one week's end to the other, and a double force on duty Sundays, confessed to and exhibited pardonable jealousy. Yet there was wisdom in the warning of an old friend and fellow frontiersman, who said to Folsom: "You are throwing yourself and your money away, John. There's nothing in those gold stories, there's nothing in that yawp about the machine shops; all those yarns were started by U. P. fellows with corner lots to sell. The bottom will drop out of that place inside of a year and leave you stranded."

All the same had Folsom bought big blocks and built his home there. It was the nearest town of promise to Hal Folsom's wild but beautiful home in the hills, and, almost as he loved Nell, his bonny daughter, did the old trader love his stalwart son. Born a wild westerner, reared among the Sioux with only Indians or army boys for playmates, and precious little choice in point of savagery between them, Hal had grown up a natural horseman with a love for and knowledge of the animal that is accorded to few. His ambition in life was to own a stock farm. All the education he had had in the world he owed to the kindness of loving-hearted army women at Laramie, women who befriended him when well-nigh broken-hearted by his mother's death. Early he had pitched his tent on the very spot for a ranchman's homestead, early he had fallen in love with an army girl, who married the strapping frontiersman and was now the proud mistress of the promising stock farm, nesting in the valley of the Laramie, a devoted wife and mother. The weekly stage to the railway was the event of their placid days except when some of the officers would come from either of the neighboring posts and spend a week with her and Hal. From being a delicate, consumptive child, Mrs. Hal had developed into a buxom woman with exuberant health and spirits. Life to her might have some little monotony, but few cares; many placid joys, but only one great dread—Indians. John Folsom, her fond father-in-law, was a man all the Indians trusted and most of them loved. Hal Folsom, her husband, had many a trusted and devoted friend among the Sioux, but he had also enemies, and Indian enmity, like Indian love, dies hard. As boy he had sometimes triumphed in games and sports over the champions of the villages. As youth he had more than once found favor in the dark eyes that looked coldly on fiercer, fonder claimants, and one girl of the Ogallallas had turned from her kith and kin and spurned more than one red lover to seek the young trader when he left the reservation to build his own nest in the Medicine Bow, and they told a story as pathetic as that of the favorite daughter of old Sintogaliska, chief

of the Brule Sioux, who pined and died at Laramie when she heard that the soldier she loved had come back from the far east with a pale-faced bride. There were red men of the Ogallallas to whom the name of Hal Folsom was a taunt and an insult to this day, men whom his father had vainly sought to appease, and they were Burning Star, the lover, and two younger braves, the brothers of the girl they swore that Hal had lured away.

South of the Platte as it rolled past Frayne and Laramie, those Indians were bound by treaty not to go. North of the Platte Hal Folsom was warned never again to venture. These were the stories which were well known to the parents of the girl he wooed and won, but which probably were not fully explained to her. Now, even behind the curtain of that sheltering river, with its flanking forts, even behind the barrier of the mountains of the Medicine Bow, she often woke at night and clutched her baby to her breast when the yelping of the coyotes came rising on the wind. There was no woman in Wyoming to whom war with Red Cloud's people bore such dread possibility as to Hal Folsom's wife.

And so when Marshall Dean came riding in one glad June morning, bronzed, and tanned and buoyant, and tossed his reins to the orderly who trotted at his heels, while the troops dismounted and watered at the stream, Mrs. Folsom's heart was gladdened by his confident and joyous bearing. Twice, thrice he had seen Red Cloud and all his braves, and there was nothing, said he, to worry about. "Ugly, of course they are; got some imaginary grievance and talk big about the warpath. Why, what show would those fellows have with their old squirrel rifles and gas-pipe Springfield against our new breech-loaders? They know it as well as we do. It's all a bluff, Mrs. Folsom. You mark my words," said he, and really the boy believed it. Frequent contact in the field with the red warriors inspires one with little respect for their skill or prowess until that contact becomes hostile, then it's time to keep every sense on guard and leave no point uncovered.

"But what if the Indian bureau should let them have breech-loaders?" she anxiously asked. "You know that is Red Cloud's demand."

"Oh," said Dean, with confidence born of inexperience in the bureau ways, "they wouldn't be such fools. Be-



sides, if they do," he added hopefully, "you'll see my troops come trotting back full tilt. Now, I'm counting on a good time at Emory, and on bringing your sister and mine up here to see you."

"It will be just lovely," said Mrs. Hal, with a woman's natural but unspoken comparison between the simplicity of her ranch toilet and the probable elegancies of the young ladies' eastern costumes. "They'll find us very primitive up here in the mountains, I'm afraid; but if they like scenery and horseback riding and fishing, there's nothing like it."

"Oh, they're coming sure. Jessie's letter tells me that's one of the big treats Mr. Folsom has promised them. Just think, they should be along this week, and I shall be stationed so near them at Emory—of all places in the world."

"How long is it since you have seen Elinor—Pappoose," as your sister calls her," asked Mrs. Hal, following the train of womanly thought then drifting through her head, as she set before her visitor a brimming goblet of buttermilk.

"Two years. She was at the Point a day or two the summer of our graduation," he answered, carelessly. "A real little Indian girl she was, too, so dark and shy and silent, yet I heard Prof. M.'s daughter and others speak of her later; she pleased them so much, and Jessie thinks there's no girl like her."

"And you haven't seen her since— not even her picture?" asked Mrs. Hal, rising from her easy-chair. "Just let me show you one she sent Hal last week. I think there's a surprise in store for you, young man," was her mental addition as she tripped within doors.

The nurse girl, a half-breed, one of the numerous progeny of the French trappers and explorers who had married among the Sioux, was hushing the burly little son and heir to sleep in his Indian cradle, crooning some song about the fretfles and Heechee, the big-eyed owl, and the mother stooped to press her lips upon the rounded cheek and to flick away a tear-drop, for Hal second had roared lustily when ordered to his noonday nap. Away to the northward the heavily wooded heights seemed tipped by fleecy, summer clouds, and off to the northeast Laramie Peak thrust his dense crop of pine and scrub oak above the mass of snowy vapor that floated lazily across that grim-visaged southward scarp. The drowsy hum of insects, the plash of cool, running waters fell softly on the ear. Under the shade of willow and cottonwood cattle and horses were lazily switching at

the swarm of gnats and flies or dozing through the heated hours of the day. Out on the level flat beyond the corral the troopers had assembled, and the chargers, many of them stopping to roll in equine ecstasy upon the turf, were being driven out in one big herd to graze. Without and within the ranch everything seemed to speak of peace and security. The master rode the range long miles away in search or straying cattle, leaving his loved ones without thought of danger. The solemn treaty that bound the Sioux to keep to the north of the Platte stood sole sentinel over his vine and fig tree. True there had been one or two instances of depredation, but they could be fastened on no particular band, and all the chiefs, even defiant Red Cloud and insolent, swaggering Little Big Man, denied all knowledge of the perpetrators. Spotted Taft, it was known, would severely punish any of his people who transgressed, but he could do nothing with the Ogallallas. Now they were not 200 miles away to the north, their ranks swollen by accessions from all the disaffected villages and turbulent young braves of the swarming bands along the Missouri and Yellowstone, and if their demands were resisted by the government, or worse, if they were permitted to have breech-loaders or magazine rifles, then just coming into use, no shadow of doubt remained that war to the knife would follow. Then how long would it be before they came charging down across the Platte, east or west of Frayne, and raiding those new ranches in the Laramie valley?

[To Be Continued.]

An Epitaph That Failed.

A Louisville wit goes to church, or did go to church, where a prominent member of the congregation who had a few close by used to slumber through the entire service. When the text was given out he nodded, and by the time the pastor got a good start he was oblivious of everything until the pastor woke him up. After awhile the man died, and one day shortly afterward one of the friends of the family came to the wit and said: "See here, old boy, I don't pretend to be smart and up-to-date like you, but Blank's wife has sent for me and asked me to arrange about the inscription on her husband's monument. She wants something short and appropriate, and over this she is going to have his name and the date of his birth and death. I'm the last person in the world to undertake such a job, so I thought you might help me out." "Why, with pleasure," said the joker, and his grin should have warned the caller, but it didn't. Taking out a pencil and notebook, the fend wrote a line or two and handed it over. "See how you like it," he said, and as the applicant read the lines they ran as follows: "George Blank, born—, died—, and then below "Asleep (as usual)." You can bet your dear, sweet life that inscription was never shown to the widow.—Louisville Times.

Slips of the Tongue.

It is an invariable rule that members of the house of commons must address their remarks to the house through the chair, and, though in the flow of argument an orator is often allowed, without remonstrance, to use the second personal plural in admonishing his opponents, the first words are always addressed to the occupant of the chair. This, like many other rules of debate, has percolated from the house of commons down to all our minor assemblies, and the consequence is that few members find any difficulty in complying with the custom. Not infrequently, however, ruling habits prevail, and a new member involuntarily discloses the nature of the assembly to which he has been accustomed. In a debate on the Irish land bill in 1894, Mr. Kenny, an Irish G. C., convulsed the house by addressing Mr. Speaker as "My lord." Mr. Powell Williams, in the same parliament, saluted him as "Mr. Mayor," and an effervescent Irishman, Mr. Bodkin, astonished the speaker by giving him the dignity of "Your reverence."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Long-Range Duel.

Gen. Botha, the famous Boer commander, once fought something like a duel with Wools Sampson, who will be remembered as a reformed prisoner. During the Boer war of 1881 Mr. Sampson, on the British side, and Botha, on the Dutch, during an outpost skirmish, potted at one another from behind stones. Sampson thought he hit Botha, and raised his head above the stone, only to find himself hit in the neck. That was one to Botha, who jumped up elated. Sampson at once dropped him. "Got him!" said Sampson, and raised himself to look, "Got him!" said Botha, as he put a bullet into his adversary's side; but he showed himself too soon, for Sampson brought the score to evens. In later years they yarned about this occurrence over drinks in Johannesburg.—Collier's Weekly.

Runs in the Family.

A young gentleman took his little sister with him while calling the other evening at a house where he is a regular visitor. The little girl made herself quite at home and showed great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is!" said the lady of the house.

"Yes; so like her brother," responded the young lady, unthinkingly.—Buffalo Courier.

The Rocket.

The first locomotive engine which proved a practical success was produced by the two Stephensons, and was called the Rocket. In October, 1825, it received the prize offered by the directors of the Liverpool & Manchester railroad, and the question as to the superiority of the locomotive steam engine as a motive power was then settled.—Detroit Free Press.

WANTS TO BE FREE.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease Seeks Divorce from Her Husband.

She Began Married Life at the Wash-tub and Afterward Supported Her Family by Making Political Speeches.

The Wichita (Kan.) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says that divorce proceedings have been instituted by Mrs. Mary E. Lease on grounds of non-support. It is understood her husband will make no contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Lease were married in poverty and lived in that condition until Mrs. Lease became a politician. Lease was a plodder. His wife was ambitious. He believed a woman's place was at home. She might have agreed with him if her home had been less lowly. It was difficult to make ends meet in a Wichita grocery store, but when there were four children in the family, and the income remained the same, Mrs. Lease was forced to the washtub to keep her little ones from actual want. She objected to this sort of thing, and determined to make a change. She borrowed books and studied at night by candle light. Her husband protested. Then domestic trouble commenced.

At that time Kansas was the center of the union labor craze. Mrs. Lease, who had been poring over tales of the French revolution, decided that the people of Kansas were in as bad a fix as were the French. She began to picture in her mind scenes of carnage on the prairies of the Sunflower state. One day, while going home from work, she stepped into a doorway for protection from a shower. A labor meeting was in progress in the hall. She was invited to speak. She accepted the invitation and surprised the crowd as well as herself. The crowd was enthusiastic over her eloquence and took up a collection of six dollars for her.

She started home in the rain, and stopped at the store where her hus-



MRS. MARY E. LEASE. (Kansas Woman Orator Who Seeks a Separation from Her Husband.)

band worked. An old umbrella was standing near the door. She picked it up and said she would send it back by one of the children. Lease said to her: "Put it down. It doesn't belong to you, and you have no business with it." Relating the circumstance to a Topeka friend lately Mrs. Lease said: "I put the umbrella down and left the store in a pouring rain. As I was passing the store of one of my friends, who knew of the struggle for bread which I had experienced, the door was opened by the proprietor, who called me in and gave me from the rack near the door the first umbrella I ever owned. I was not able to do the work at home, much less run out in the rain for supplies, and this evidence of cruelty on the part of my husband turned me against him. We did not speak to each other for months after that, and in later years lived in the same house without exchanging a word with each other."

Mrs. Lease gave up her washtub business and began to work as an organizer for the union labor people. Then she took up the farmers' alliance cause, and in 1892 became a populist. After serving two years as president of the Kansas board of charities she went on the lecture platform and began to write for newspapers and magazines.

Mrs. Lease began to direct the affairs of the household the day after she delivered the labor speech. She has been making good money ever since. She has educated her children and given them an opportunity to dress well and see the world. Charles and Louise are grown, and Ben Hur and Mary are in school. Mrs. Lease has a comfortable home in New York, which is always open to Kansas.

Mr. Lease took a fresh start when his wife began to do business for herself. He went from a grocery store to a drug store of his own. He does business in Wichita and has some money invested in real estate. He still plods and has never forgiven his wife for going into politics, although he admits her scheme has proved a good thing for the children.

Mr. Lease has known for a long time that his wife would sue for divorce. For she told him two years ago that she would not live with him again. She lately told a Topeka friend that she had no intention of remarrying, and gave as a reason for obtaining a divorce that by her own efforts she had made herself independent and did not care to be hampered further by a husband.

Building from Top Down.

A 15-story skyscraper in New York city is under construction from the top downward. The granite walls of the upper five stories are practically complete, while all below is a skeleton of girders and trusses.

Ungrateful But Healthy.

According to recent medical advices yawning is a healthful exercise. It is said to be excellent when one is afflicted with a sore throat.

WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

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SWOLLEN FEET



and hands usually indicate an advanced stage of kidney disorder. It is one of the last special pleadings of nature to seek a remedy. Look out also for backache, scalding urine, dizziness, headache and brick-dust or other sediment in urine which has been allowed to stand. Heed these warnings before it is too late.

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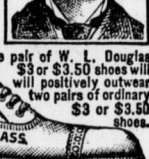
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