TAKE HEART.

Though fearful storms have swept in About thy toilsome, rugged path, And thou hast ofttimes been cast down And sore dismayed by Fortune's frown. Faint not, but bravely bear thy part, O fellow man; once more take heart.

The storm is followed by the calm. And winter gales by airs of balm.

Dark night gives place to sun-bright day;

Let Hope still cor thee on thy way,

Beyond the cloud still shines the sun;

Press on until thy work is done.

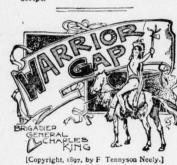
Perchance thou many times hast failed. Some weakness over thee prevailed, And thou hast faltered in the strife And sadly rued thy blighted life; Though great thy grief and keen thy

O weary one, take heart again!

Dwell not upon thy mournful past.

Arise, and for thy right stand fast;
Be strong and brave, fold not thy hands.
For thee still flows life's golden sands;
To better things sweet voices call
But God in love rules over all.

—John Allen Guilford, in Boston Transcript.



CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Reassuring as he meant his words to be, Marshall Dean himself looked anxiously about at the unprotected Not even the customary "dugout" or underground refuge seemed to have been prepared. Almost every homestead, big or little, of those days, had its tunnel from the cellar to a dugout near at hand, stocked with provisions and water and provided with loopholes commanding the neighborhood, and herein the besieged could take refuge and stand off the Indians until help should come from the nearest fort. "The name of Folsom is our safeguard," said Mrs. Hal, her happy honeymoon days, that was before the mother told her of the threats of Burning Star or the story of the Ogallalla girl he vainly loved. "All that happened so long ago," she murmured, when at last the tale was told. But Hal should have known if she did not, that even when it seems to sleep Indian vengeance but gaining force and fury.

Presently Mrs. Hal came tripping forth again, a little carte de visite in her hand, a smile of no little signifi-cance on her lips. "Now, Mr. Dean, will you tell me what you think of that for a pappoose?"

And with wonderment in his eyes the young officer stod and held it and gazed.

There stood Pappoose, to be sure, but what a change! The little maiden with the dark braids of hair hanging far below her waist had developed into a tall slender girl, with clear-cut oval face, crowned by a mass of dark tresses. Her heavy, low-arching brows spanned the thoughtful deep, darkbrown eyes that seemed to speak the soul within and the beautiful face was lighted up with a smile that showed just a peep of faultless white teeth, gleaming through the warm curves of her soft, sensitive lips. The form was exquisitely rounded, yet supple and

"Hasn't Jessie written you of how Nell has grown and improved?" said Mrs. Hall with a woman's quick note of the admiration and surprise in Dean's regard.

"She must have," was the answer, "I'm sure she has, but perhaps I thought it schoolgirl rhapsody—perhaps I had too many other things to

"Perhaps you'll find it superseding these too many other things, Mr. Soldier Boy," was Mrs. Hal's mental com-ment. "Now, sir, if you've gazed enough perhaps you'll tell me your and she stretched forth a reclaiming hand.

But he hung on to the prize. "Let me keep it a minute," he pleaded. the loveliest thing I've seen in months.

And, studying his absorbed face, she yielded, her eyebrows arching, a pretty smile of feminine triumph about her and neither noticed the non-com missioned officer hurrying within the gate, nor that half the men in troop at their bivouae along the stream were on their feet and gazing to northeast, that far down the valley a horseman was speeding like the wind, that little puffs of smoke were rising from the crests of the grand landmark of the range and floating into the blue of the heavens. Both started to their feet at the abrupt announcement.

"Lieutenant, there are smoke sig-nals on Lar'mie Peak."

CHAPTER VII.

Lieut. Dean's orders required that he should march his troop without un-necessary delay to Fort Emory, there to take station relieving troop F, or-dered to change to Frayne, which meant, in so many words, to take the field. Capt. Brooks, still wrestling with the fever, had retired to his quarters at the old frontier fort that stood so long on the bluffs overlooking the fords of the Platte. The surgeon said he must remain in bed at least a week, so meantime the troop packed up, sent its wagons ahead over the range, bade God speed to F as it passed through en route to the front, exchanged a volley of chaff and chewing tobacco over the parting game of "freeze out" fought to a finish on many an outspread saddle blanket, jogged on toward Gate City. making wide detour at the sug-

mand at Frayne, that they might scout the Laramie plains and see that all was well at Folsom's ranch. This detour was duly reported to the peppery veteran at Fort Emory, an old olonel whose command was by this time reduced from "headquarters, field, staff and band," six companies of infantry and four troops of cavalry to the band and two desperately over-worked companies of foot. "Two nights in bed" were all his men could hope for, and sometimes no more than one, so grievous was the guard duty. Hence "old Pecksniff," his adjutant and quartermaster and his two remaining omnanies saw fit to take it as most unkind in Lieut. Col. Ford to authorize that diversion of Dean's, and highly improper on Dean's part to attempt it this time, too, there was in circulation at Emory a story that this transfer of C to interior lines and away from probable contact with the Sioux was not so much that it had done far more than its share of that arduous work, completely using up its captain, as that, now the captain was used up, the authorities had their doubts as to the "ner •e" of the lieutenant in temporary command. low who didn't care to come to Emory and preferred rough duty up along the Platte must be lacking in some essenial particular, thought the women folk, and at the very moment that Marshall Dean sat there at Hal Fol-som's ranch, as brave and hardy and capable a young officer as ever forded the Platte, looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to those days to come at Emory, with Jessie—Jessie and, of course, Pappoose—so close at hand in town, there was gaining ground at the post an impression that the safety of the board of officers sent to choose the site of the new Big Horn post had been imperiled by weakening at a critical moment in presence of a band of probably hostile Sioux. Burleigh had plainly intimated as much to his chief clerk and Col. Stevens, and when Loring and Stone came through a day or two later and questions were asked about that meetthe aid-de-camp gave it as distinctly to be understood that he had practically assumed command, Dean's inexperience being manifest, and his prompt measures had extricated the little detachment from a most delicate and dangerous position. The en-gineer, let it be said, did not hear this statement, and the aid was very careful not to make it in his presence. He was a comparative stranger, and as no one presumed to question him he vol-

gestion of the field officer in com-

Planning to bivouae until dawn of the next day at Folsom's, Dean had then intended to reach Fort Emory in three easy marches. He was anxious to bring his horses in in best possible condition, despite all their hard service; yet now, barely two o'clock on this hot June afternoon, came most unlookedfor, most importunate interruption to his plans. Springing to the gate at the sergeant's summons, he first direct-ed his gaze to the distant peaks, recognized instantly the nature of the smoke puffs there rising, then turned for explanation to the swift-riding courier, whose horse's heels were making the dust fly from the sun-dried soil. or two ranch hands, with anxious faces came hastening over from the corral The darky cook rushed up from the kitchen, rifle in hand. Plainly those fellows were well used to war's alarms. Mrs. Folsom, with staring eyes and dreadful anxiety in her face, gazed only at the hurrying courier, clinging the while to the pillar of the portico, as though needing support. The smoke puffs on the mountain, the dust-cloud back of the tearing rider were symptoms enough for Dean.

unteered no information.

"Get in your herd, sergeant!" he shouted, at the top of his voice; and over the rushing of the Laramie his words reached the rousing bivouac, and saddle blankets were sent swinging in air in signal to the distant guards, and within a few seconds every horse was headed for home; and then, to the sound of excited voices was added the rousing thunder of scores of bounding hoofs, as, all in a dust-cloud of their own, the sixty chargers came galloping in, ears erect, eyes ablaze, nostrils wide, manes and tails streaming in the blaze, guided by their eager guards full tilt for camp. Out ran their riders, bridles in hand, to meet and check them, every horse when within a few yards of his master seeming to settle on his haunches and plow up the turf in the sudden effort to check his speed, long months of service on the plains and in the heart of Indian land having taught them in times of alarm or peril that the quicker they reached the guiding hand and bore each, his soldier on his back, the quicker would vanish the common foe. Even before the panting steed of the headlong courier came within hailing distance of the ranch, half the horses in the troop were caught and the bits were rattling between their teeth; then, as the messenger tore along the gentle slope that led to the gateway wearied horse laboring painfully at the rise. Mrs. Folsom recognized one of her husband's herdsmen, a man who had lived long years in Wyoming and could be unnerved by no false alarm, and her voice went up in a shriek of fear as she read the tidings in his al-

most ghastly face. "Where is Hal?" she screamed. "Oh,

what has happened?' "He's safe," was the answering call as the rider waved a reassuring hand, but at the instant he bent low. "Thank God, you're here, lieutenant," gasped. "Mount quick. Hal's cor ralled two miles out there under the butte-Sioux!" And then they saw that he was swooning, that the was streaming down the left thigh and leg, and before hand could help him, he rolled senseless, doubled up in the dust at his horse's feet, and the weary

creature never even started. "Saddle up, men!" rang the order

strong arms lifted and bore the wounded herdsman to the porch, Dean turned to the wailing mistress, who, whitefaced and terror-stricken, was wringing her hands and moaning and running wildly up and down the walk and calling for some one to go and save her husband. Dean almost bore her to a chair and bade her fear nothing. He and his men would lose not a moment. On the floor at her feet lay the little card photograph, and Dean, hardly thinking what he did, stooped, picked it up and placed it in the pocket of his hunting shirt, just as the trumpeter on his plunging gray reached the gate. Dean's big, handsome charger trotting swiftly alongside. In an instant the lieutenant was in saddle, in another second a trooper galloped up with his belt and carbine. Already the men were leading into line across the stream, and, bidding the trumpeter tell Sergt. Shaughnessy to follow at speed, the young officer struck spur to his horse and, carbine in hand, a single trooper at his heels, away he darted down the valley. C troop, splashing through the ford a moment later, took the direct road past the stockade of the corral, disappeared from sight a moment behind that wooden fortification and, when next it hove in view, it was galloping front into line far down the Laramie, then once more vanished

behind its curtain of dust. "Two miles out there under the butte," was the only indication the young officer had of the scene of the fight, for fight he knew it must be. and even as he went bounding down the valley he recalled the story of the Indian girl, the threats of Burning Star, the vowed vengeance of her brothers. Could it be that, taking advantage of this raid of Red Cloud, far from all the reservations, far from possibility of detection by count of prying agents, the three had induced a gang of daring, devil-may-care young warriors to slip away from the Big Horn with them and, riding stealthily away from the beaten trails, to ford the Platte beyond the ken of watch-ful eyes at Fetterman and sneak through the mountain range to the beautiful, fertile valley beyond, and there lie in wait for Hal Folsom or for those he loved? What was to prevent? Well they knew the exact location of his ranch. They had fished and sported all about it in boy days—days when the soldiers and the Sioux were all



He waved a ragged object on high.

policy of a post commander had led to an attack upon a peaceful band, and that to the annihilation of the attacking party. From that fatal day of the Grattan massacre ten years before, there had been no real truce with the Sioux, and now was opportunity af-forded for a long-plotted revenge. Dean wondered Folsom had not looked for it instead of sleeping in fancied security.

A mile nearer the butte and, glanc ing back, he could see his faithful men come bounding in his tracks. A mile ahead, rising abruptly from the general level, a little knoll or butte out beyond the shoulders of the foothills and stood sentinel within three hundred yards of the stream. On the near-the westward-side noth ing could be seen of horse or man. Something told him he would find the combatants beyond—that dead or alive, Hal Folsom would be there awaiting him. A glance at the commanding heights and the ridge that connected it with the tumbling, wooded hills to the north, convinced him that at that moment some of the foe were lurking there, watching the westward valley, and by this time they knew full well of the coming of the cavalry to the rescue. By this time, more than likely, they scurrying off to the mountains again, returning the way they came, with a start of at least two miles.

"With or without the coveted scalps?" he wondered. Thus far he had been riding straight for the butte. The road wound around and disappeared behind him, but there was no sense in following the road. "Pursue and punish," was the thing to be Surely not more than a dozen done. were in the band, else that courier could never have hoped to get in, wounded as he was. The Indians were too few in number to dare follow to the ranch, guarded as, by almost God-given luck, it happened to be through the unlooked-for presence of troops. No, it was a small band, though a daring one. Its lookout had surely warned it by this time of his coming, and by this time, too, all save one or two who rode the fleetest ponies and lingered probably for a parting shot at the foremost of the chase, had scampered away behind the curtain of that ridge. Therefore, the curtain of that riage. Incretore, in long curve, never checking his magnificent stride, Dean guided his bounding bay to the left—the northeast—and headed for the lowest point of the divide,

And then it all occurred to him too that he was far in front of his men, too far to be of use to them and just

across the stream. And then while far enough to be an easy prey for the lurking foe. Then, too, it occurred to him that he must not leave the ranch unprotected. Already he was within long rifle range of the height; already probably some beady eye was glancing through the sights, and the deadly tube was covering him as he came bounding on. Three hundred yards more and his life probably wouldn't be worth a dollar in confederate money, and wisely the young leader began to draw rein, and, turn ing in saddle, signaled to his single companion, laboring along one hun-dred yards behind, to hasten to join Presently the trooper came him. spurring up,a swarthy young German, but though straining every

nerve, the troop was still a mile away.
"Ride back, Wegner, and tell the sergeant to take ten men around that the south side of the bluff," and he pointed with his hand; "the rest to come straight to me."

Oh, well was it for Dean that he checked his speed, and as the young dragoon went sputtering back, that he himself drew rein and waited for the coming of his men. Suddenly from far out along the ridge in front, from the very crest, there leaped a jet or two of fire and smoke. Two little spurts of dust and turf flew up from the prairie sod a dozen yards in front a rifle bullet went singing off through the sunny air, Rabb, his handsome bay, pawed the ground and switched about, and up on the crest, riding boldly in full view, two lithe, naked, painted warriors, war bonnets trailing over their ponies' croups, yelling shrill insult and derision, went tearing away northward, one of them pausing long enough to wave some ragged object on high and give out ringing, exultant whoop ere he disappeared from view.

"It's a scalp, lieutenant," shouted the foremost sergeant as he came up to join his chief. "They've got one

"Come on, then, and we'll get it back," was the only answer, as with nearly thirty troopers stringing out behind them, the two launched out in chase.

[To Be Continued.]

OUIETED THE INDIANS.

Bishop Whipple's Method of Subduing Refractory and Rebellious Braves.

Most interesting is Bishop Whipple's account of the manner in which he once prevented an Indian outbreak, says H. B. Merwin, in Atlantic Courteousness of speech," he says "is a marked characteristic of the Indian. It is an act of great rudeness to interrupt another, and the last words of every speech are: done.' Knowledge of this fa Knowledge of this fact once enabled me to settle a serious difficul ty. The Indians at Leech Lake had heard—as was the fact—that the gov-ernment had sold all their pine without their knowledge and consent."
An uprising was imminent, and the Indians had already killed the government cattle. Bishep Whipple was requested by the president to go to Leech Lake and negotiate with the Indians. "It was in the dead of winter. the thermometer below zero, and the snow deep. It was a journey of 75 miles through the forest, and it took us three days to reach the lake. The Indians came to their council in paint and feathers, angry and turbulent." Flatmouth, their chief, made a violent speech, to which the bishop replied briefly, as follows: "I shall tell you the truth. It will not be pleasant to thy red brother. When you killed those cattle, you struck the Great Father in the face. When you stole those goods, you committed a crime I am not here to tell you what the Great Father will do. He has not told me. If he does what he ought to do he will arrest those who have committed this crime, if it takes 10,000

men."
"As I expected," the bishop relates "the chief was very angry, and, springing to his feet, began to talk violently. I folded my arms and sat violently. I folded my arms and sar down. When he paused, I said quiet ly: 'Flatmouth, are you talking, or am I talking? If you are talking, I will wait till you have finished; if I am talking, you may wait till I have finished.' The Indians all shouted 'Ho! ho!' Their chief had committed a great breach of courtesy toward me

"Overwhelmed with confusion, Flat mouth sat down, and I knew that ground was mine. I then told them that when I heard of the pine sale I wrote to Washington and protested against it; that I went to the man bought the pine, and told him that I should oppose the sale and carry the matter into the courts."

Got What He Asked For. "So you are looking for a position," said the merchant to the youth with high collar and noisy necktie. "What can you do?"

"Oh, any old thing," replied the young man. "Of course, I don't expect the junior partnership at the start. but I want to be sure of an early rise."
"Very well," replied the merchant, "I'll make you assistant janitor. You will rise at four o'clock every morning and sweep the floors." — Collier's Weekly.

His Ambition Crushed. Weary Wraggles--Why so sad, Lone-

some? Lonesome Samy—Dis paper says a man wot's born in a foreign country can't never be president of de United

'Well, what of it?" "Dat wuz de one job l've allus be'n lookin' for'ard ter!"—N. Y. World.

Evidence of Advancing Years. Jones—I must be getting old. Smith—Legs getting stiff, or eyes

getting bad? Jones-No; but I'm beginning to like to read statistics.—Chicago Rec-



A WINDOW BOOKCASE.

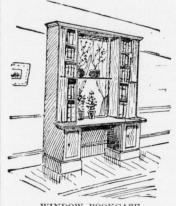
Ornamental Piece of Furniture That Can Be Made at the Expense of Very Little Money.

window bookcase and writing desk is a novel and useful piece of furniture for almost any room, and while it may seem an odd idea for the embellishment of a window, its adaptability can readily be appreciated from a glance at the illustra-tion, which was drawn from a case actually made and in use

This is a piece of furniture that any carpenter can make from clear pine or white wood at a nominal cost, and it may be painted or stained and varnished as a matter of choice.

An inexpensive one can be constructed from boxes and boards with matched edges, a few feet of cornice molding, some hardware, and with the tools to be found in most any

Two boxes of equal size are selected for the base, and to the open sides



WINDOW BOOKCASE.

doors are attached by means of hinges. These boxes are placed on end so as to support the desk ledge and bookcases.

Three boards are driven together and placed across the upper ends of them, and made fast with screws.

The bookcases can be two shoe boxes of even size, and arranged with shelves somewhat as shown in the drawing.

Across the top a shelf is placed and made fast. This will bind the cases together and prevent them from mov-ing, while at the same time the bottom of each box can be made fast to the desk top.

Simple curtains of some light mate rial are fastened at the top and half-way down at the front of the cases means of light rods and rings, so that when desired they may be drawn across to hide the shelving and books.

Drawers can be made in the lower cases to accommodate writing mate rials, and the closets below them will be quite large enough to harbor magazines, pamphlets, etc.

Half-way from the desk ledge to the top of the window a shelf can be arranged to hold two or three glass bowls from which growing vines can climb on the curtains or on fine wires strung across from case to case.

The shelving in the cases should be placed the proper distances apart to accommodate books of various sizes, the smaller volumes at the top and the larger ones at the bottom as shown.—St. Louis Globe- mocrat.

BABY'S CREEPING RUG.

It Should Be Made of Strong Material and as Large as the Nursery Will Permit.

The creeping rug has quite taken the place of the creeping bag for the paby, as the former allows m dom to the little one, who is less hampered than by the clumsy bag gathered about its chubby knees.

For the creeping rug some strong, firm material should be used. Canton danuel is sometimes employed. should be doubled and the edges bound with bright braid or finished with buttonhole stitching in colored Denim is even more desirable than the flannel, as, having a smoother surface, the child can creep over it more easily and not drag it up into

The rug is generally bordered with a procession of animals, cut from a contrasting material—cioth, linen or cotton, and appliqued near the outer edge of the rug. Instead of making the animals from a single bright color of a bright hue and the animals, as far as possible, in natural colors. effective rug is made of blue denim, with a border of black cats in all pos-

sible attitudes and antics.

As to size, the rug should be as large as the nursery will permit. Too small a rug is practically worthless, because the baby is never on it .- N.

Y. Tribune.

Woman's Enlarged Sphere. Women earn their daily bread in almost every branch of human indus-Women make or help to make coffins, bricks, tiles, sewer pipes. tools, boxes, barrels, furniture. They are in all the professions; they are cockholders and partners in various kinds of business, and as to the more conventional occupations of women whey are galore. In the more unusual ways we have had a woman anthropologist, a woman forester, wom en who mine and women who deal in stocks. One woman spent 50 years making a bead house and lately was found dead with her unfinished work before her.

CAROL WITH A CAUTION.

Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer Talks About Christmas Giving and Draws a Moral.



TO MAN ever was those who know him than Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, for many years pastor of the Church of the Messiah, at New York, When asked, a few years ago, to say some-thing about

Christmas and Christmas giving he ex-pressed himself as follows:

"When I was a boy in Scotland I used to get up at four o'clock Christmas morning, and a crowd of us would go through the village shouting at the top of our voices: 'A merry Christmas. Wake up! Wake up!' This sounded the keynote to our Christmas. There was little gift-giving; it was necessarily a frugal holiday, but it was full of good-natured merriment and we felt the thrill of the true Christmas spirit. It was and is a glorious time. It is the children's carnival; the midsummer of charity; the spring-tide of good will to men; the time of year when the heavens open and angels come down to sing in the lone reaches of new colonies, to people in hospitals, poorhouses, and mansions, and 'the huts where poor men lie.' I would not degrade the beautiful festival by overdo. ng it. The man who does most for his fellow-men, according to his means,

"Still, I think it is not hard to see how we may spare even at the Christ-mas-tide, and do more and better than if we spend. If a man spends the money he ought to save to pay his debts, when he knows very well that he can pay them only by saving, the giving what he buys right and left with an open hand, is to his own shame. Not a penny ought to be laid out in gifts we can well let alone. We should never spend when we ought to spare, especially if we have families. One of saddest things I have seen in my life has been families left destitute through a certain easy-going generosity in the man out of whose life they sprang, who laid up nothing rainy day. I can easily imagine how such a man would be glad to exchange his harp and crown, if he should find himself in Heaven, for good six-percent. stock-supposing a man could go there who, through his own careless-ness, has left a wife and family of little children without a penny in the

NO FRAME HOUSES.

South Africa Uses a Great Deal of Brick and Cement in Building.

South Africa is without a peer as a customer for cement, says United States Consul General Stowe at Cape Town in a recent communication to the department of state, according to the Washington Star. All the buildings there, he says, all the warehouses, stores and residences, are built of brick, cemented on the outside, and no wood or "frame" houses are to be seen.

The bricks used in South Africa are larger than American bricks, and are "laid up" principally with "mud," the inferior clay found in that region, instead of lime mortar or cement. The cement comes into play in the outside finish of the buildings. It is laid over the whole surface, and the expert Malay masons in South Africa produce very pleasing and unique effects in finishing up caps, columns and moldings, closely imitating the natural stone in this decorative work. A striking effect is produced by "spattering" some of the larger buildings with cement, which presents a rough exterior very striking and pleasing to the eye, and also durable.

The greater part of the cement imported into South Africa last states the consul general, came from Great Britain, and over 125,000,000 pounds into the country, all told. "When I left the United States," says Mr. Stowe, "our manufacturers of cement were producing an article which was proved by tests to be as good as the English, and that cement ought to find a large market here. While the United States at the present time would be hampered on account of the excessive steamship rates to this country, which would prevent competition with the German and Belgian cements, yet I am convinced with equal rates the United States cement could find a market here in large quantities. Cement of the desired quantities. quality will never be manufactured here, as the ingredients do not exist."

Best Way to Treat Sprains.

In treating a sprain wring a folded flannel out of boiling water by laying it in a thick towel and twisting the ends in opposite directions; shake it to cool it a little, lay it on the painful part and cover it with a piece of dry flannel. Change the fomentations until six have been applied, being careful not to have them so hot as to burn the skin. Bandage the part if possible and in six or eight hours repeat the application. As soon as it can be borne rub well with extract of witch hazel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Paint Spots on Dress.

If these are rubbed at once with turpentine they come off quite easily, but if they have been allowed to dry a little ammonia should be mixed with the turpentine, provided it is a "fast color" material. If the color is one that is likely to be injured, drop a little sweet oil on the spot, then rub with turpentine, removing the grease spot afterward by rubbing with benzine or ether.