

THE PESSIMIST AND FATE.

He is in love with Despair!
When a day is fair
It makes him sad;
His joy is to pray
Of the ill he's had—
Of the means that Fate
Is ever taking to raise the bad
And trample the good beneath his feet—
Woe is his joy, his drink, his meat!

He staked his all, one day,
And didn't lose;
But he went around in a mournful way,
With the blues!

"You might have been dragged to the
depths," men said,
"And yet you were favored as never be-
fore!"

But he sighed
And shook his head:
"Had Fate been fair," he sadly replied,
"I might have had more!"

His child lay white and wan,
And he sat in the dark,
Mourning that hope was gone,
That Fate had singled him for her
mark!

But the little one sings
And her laughter rings
Through the halls to-day,
Yet he grieves away,
For still
There's Fate and the doctor's bill!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



CHAPTER VIII.

Obedient to his orders the Irish sergeant, with a little squad at his heels, had kept straight on. A few minutes later, rounding the bluff at the gallop, eyes flashing over the field in front of them, the party went racing out over the turf and came in full view of the scene of the fight. Five hundred yards further down stream was a deep bend in the Laramie. Close to the water's edge two horses lay stretched upon the ground, stone dead. Out on the open prairie lay an Indian pony still kicking in his dying agony, and as the soldiers came sweeping into view two men rose up from behind the low bank of the stream and swung their hats—Hal Folsom and one of his hands safe, unwounded, yet with a look in their gray faces that told of recent mortal peril.

"We're all right! Go on after them. They've run off a dozen of my best horses," said Folsom, "and I'm afraid they cut off a cake."

"Not! Jack reached the ranch all right—leastwise somebody did," said Shaughnessy. "That's how we got the news. They got somebody, or else they were only bluffing when they waved that scalp. How many were there?"

"At least a dozen—too many for you to tackle. Where's the rest of the troop?"

"Close at their heels. The lieutenant led them right over the ridge. Listen!"

Yes, far up in the foothills, faint and clear, the sounds of the chase could now be heard. Dean's men were closing on the fleeing warriors, for every little while the silence of the range was broken by the crack of rifle or carbine. Shaughnessy's fellows began to fidget and look eagerly thither, and he read their wish.

"Two of you stay with Mr. Folsom," he said, "and the rest come with me. There's nothing we can do here, is there? Sure you're not hit?"

"No, go on! Give 'em hell and get back my horses. I'd go with you, but they've killed what horses they couldn't drive. All safe at the ranch?"

Shaughnessy nodded as he spurred away. "We'll be gettin' the lieutenant a brevet for this," said he, "if we can only close up with those blackguards." And these were the words Folsom carried back with him, as, mounting a willing trooper's horse, he galloped homeward to reassure his wife, thanking God for the opportune coming of the little command, yet swearing with close-compressed lips at the ill-starred work of the day.

Thus far he had striven to keep from her all knowledge of the threats of the Ogallallas, although he knew she must have heard of them. He had believed himself secure so far back from the Platte. He had done everything in his power to placate Red Cloud and the chiefs—to convince his former friends that he had never en- duced poor Lizette, as Baptiste had called the child, from her home and people. They held he should never have left her, though she had ac- cused him of no wrong. Burning Star, in his jealous rage, hated him, be- cause he believed that but for love of the paleface Lizette would have listened to his wooing, and Folsom's con- science could not acquit him of having seen her preference and of leading her on. He could not speak of her to his wife without shame and remorse. He had no idea what could have been her fate, for the poor girl had disappeared from the face of the earth, and now, at last, this day had proved to him the threats of her lover and her brothers were not idle. He had had so narrow a squeak for his life, so sharp and sud- den and hard a fight for it that, now that the peril was over, his nerve be- gan to give way, his strong hands to tremble. Armed with breechloaders, he and his two friends had been able to stand off the attacking party, kill- ing two ponies, and emptying, they felt sure, two saddles; but little by lit- tle the Indians were working around their position, and would have crawled upon them within an hour or two but for Jake's daring ride for help and the blessed coming of the bluecoats in

the nick of time. Folsom swore he'd never forget their services this day.

And as he cantered homeward he could still hear the distant firing dy- ing away in the mountains, to the north. "Give 'em hell, Dean!" he mut- tered through his set teeth. "They're showing fight even when you've got 'em on the run. I wonder what that means?"

Not until another day was he to know. Late on the evening of the at- tack, while he was seated with his wife by Jake's bedside, half a dozen troopers, two of them wounded and all with worn-out horses, came drift- ing back to camp. Twice, said they, had the fleeing Indians made a stand to cover the slow retreat of one or two evidently sorely stricken, but so close- ly were they pressed that at last they had been forced to abandon one of their number, who died, sending his last vengeful shot through the lieuten- ant's hunting shirt, yet only graz- ing the skin. Dean, with most of the men, pushed on in pursuit, determined never to desist so long as there was light but those who returned could not keep up.

Leaving the dead body of the young brave where it lay among the rocks, they slowly journeyed back to camp. No further tidings came, and at day- break Folsom, with two ranchmen and a trooper, rode out on the trail to round up the horses the Indians had been com- pelled to drop. Mrs. Hal clung sobbing to him, unable to control her fears, but he chided her gently and bade her see that Jake lacked no care or comfort. The brave fellow was sore and feverish, but in no great danger now. Five miles out in the foothills they came upon the horses wandering placidly back to the valley, but Folsom kept on. Four miles further he and a single ranchman with him came upon three troopers limping along afoot, their horses killed in the running fight and one of these, grateful for a long pull at Folsom's flask, turned back and showed them the body of the fallen brave. One look was enough for Hal and the comrade with him. "Don't let my wife know—who it was," he had muttered to his friend. "It would only make her more nervous." There lay Chaska, Lizette's eldest brother, and well Hal Folsom knew that death would never go unavenged.

"If ever a time comes when I can do you a good turn, lieutenant," said he that afternoon, as, worn-out with long hours of pursuit and scout, the troop was encountered slowly marching back to the Laramie. "I'll do it if it costs me the whole ranch." But Dean smiled and said they wouldn't have missed that chance even for the ranch. What a blessed piece of luck it was that the commanding officer at Frayne had bidden him take that route instead of the direct road to Gate City! He had sent men riding in to both posts on the Platte, with penciled lines telling of the Indian raid and its results. Once well covered by darkness the little band had easily escaped their pursuers, and were now safe across the river and well ahead of all possibility of success- ful pursuit. But if anything were needed to prove the real temper of the Sioux the authorities had it. Now was the time to grapple that Ogallalla tribe and bring it to terms before it could be reinforced by half the young men in the villages of the northern plains.

The Platte, of course, would be pat- rolled by strong force of cavalry for some weeks to come, and no new foray need be dreaded yet awhile. Red Cloud's people would "lay low" and watch the effect of this exploit before attempting another. If the White Father "got mad" and ordered "heap soldiers" there to punish them, then they must disavow all participation in the affair, even though one of their best young braves was prominent in the outrage, and had paid for the lux- ury with his life—even though Burning Star was trying to hide the fresh scar of a rifle bullet along his upper arm. Together Dean and Folsom rode back to the ranch, and another night was spent there before the troop was suffi- ciently rested to push on to Emory.

"Remember this, lieutenant," said Folsom again, as he pressed his hand at parting, "there's nothing too good for you and 'C' troop at my home. If ever you need a friend you'll find one here."

And the time was coming when Mar- shall Dean would need all that he could muster.

Two days later—still a march away from Emory—a courier overtook him with a letter from his late post com- mander: "Your vigorous pursuit and prompt, soldierly action have added to the fine record already made and merit hearty commendation." The cordial words brought sunshine to his heart. How proud Jess would be, and mother! He had not had a word from either for over a week. The latter, though far from strong, was content at home in the loving care of his sister, and in the hope that he would soon obtain the leave of absence so long anticipated, and, after Jess's brief visit to Pap- poose's new home, would come to gladden the eyes of kith and kin, but mother's most of all, bringing Jessie with him. Little hope of leave of ab- sence was there now, and less was he the man to ask it with such troubles looming up all along the line of fron- tier posts to the north. But at least there would be the joy of seeing Jess in a few days and showing her his troop—her and Pappoose. How wonderfully that little schoolgirl must have grown and developed! How beautiful a girl she must now be! If that photograph was no flatterer! By the way, where was that photo? What had he done with it? For the first time in four days he remembered his picking it up when Mrs. Hal Folsom collapsed at sight of Jake's swooning. Down in the depths of the side pocket of his heavy blue flannel hunting shirt he found it, crumpled a bit, and all its lower left-hand corner bent and blackened and crushed. Chaska's last shot that tore its way so close below the young sol-

dier's bounding heart, just nipping and searing the skin, had left its worst mark on that dainty carte de visite. In that same pocket, too, was another packet—a letter which had been picked up on the floor of the hut at Reno after Burleigh left—one for which the major had searched in vain, for it was under- neath a lot of newspapers. "You take that after him," said the cantonment commander, as Dean followed with the troop next day, and little dreamed what it contained.

That very day, in the heavy, old-fashioned sleeping cars of the Union Pacific, two young girls were seated in their section on the northward side. One, a dark-eyed, radiant beauty, gazed out over the desolate slopes and far- reaching stretches of prairie and dis- tant lines of bald bluff, with delight in her dancing eyes. The other, a win- some maid of 19, looked on with mild wonderment, not unminged with dis- appointment she would gladly have ad- mitted. To Elinor the scenes of her child- hood were dear and welcome; to Jessie there was too much that was somber, too little that was inviting. But pres- ently, as the long train rolled slowly to the platform of a rude wooden sta- tion building, there came a sight at which the eyes of both girls danced in eager interest—a row of "A" tents on the open prairie, a long line of horses tethered to the picket ropes, groups of stalwart, sunburned men in rough blue garb, a silken guidon flapping by the tents of the officers. It was one of half a dozen such camps of detached troops they had been passing ever since breakfast time—the camps of isolated little commands guarding the new rail- way on the climb to Cheyenne. Papa, with one or two old cronies, was play- ing "old sledge" in the smoking com- partment. At a big station a few miles back two men in the uniform of officers boarded the car, one of them burly, ro- tund and sallow. He was shown to the section just in front of the girls', and at Pappoose he stared—stared long and hard, so that she bit her lip and turned nervously away. The porter dis- posed of the hand luggage and hung about the new arrivals in adulation. The burly man was evi- dently a personage of importance, and his shoulder straps indicated that he was a major of the general staff. The other, who followed somewhat diffi- dently, was a young lieutenant of in- fantry, whose trim frock coat snugly fitted his slender figure.

"Ah, sit down here, Mr.—Mr. Loom- is," said the major, patronizingly. "So you are going up to the Big Horn. Well, sir, I hope we shall hear good ac- counts of you. There's a splendid field for officers of the right sort—there— and opportunities for distinction—every day."

At sound of the staff officer's voice there roused up from the opposite sec-



tion, where he had been dozing over a paper, a man of middle age, slim, ath- letic, with heavy mustache and im- perial, just beginning to turn gray, with deep-set eyes under bushy brows, and a keen face, rather deeply lined. There was a look of dissipation there, a shade of shabbiness about his clothes, a rakish cut to the entire personality that caused Folsom to glance distrustfully at him more than once the previous afternoon, and to meet with coldness the tentative permissibility in fellow travelers. The stranger's morning had been lonesome. Now he held his newspaper where it would partly shield his face, yet permit his watching the officers across the aisle. And some- thing in his stealthy scrutiny attracted Pappoose.

"Yes," continued the major, "I have seen a great deal of that country, and Mr. Dean, of whom you spoke, was at- tached to the troop escorting our com- mission. He is hardly—I regret to have to say it—er—that you imagine. We were to put it mildly, much disap- pointed in his conduct the day of our meeting with the Sioux."

A swift, surprised glance passed be- tween the girls, a pained look shot into the lieutenant's face, but before the major could go on the man across the aisle arose and bent over him with extended hand.

"Ah, Burleigh, I thought I knew the voice." But the hand was not grasped. The major was drawing back, his face growing yellow-white with some strange dismay.

"You don't seem sure of my identity. Let me refresh your memory, Burleigh. I am Capt. Newhall. I see you need a drink, major—I'll take one with you."

CHAPTER IX.

For nearly a week after the home- coming of his beloved daughter John Folsom was too happy in her presence to give much thought to other matters. By the end of that week, however, the honest old westerner found anxieties thickening about him. There were 48 hours of undimmed rejoicing. Elinor was so radiant, so fond, and had grown, so said the proud father, to himself, and so said others, so wondrously lovely. His eyes followed her every movement. He found himself negligent of her: gentle little friend and guest, Jessie Dean, to whom he had vowed to be a second

father, and such a friend as she had been to his Pappoose when, a homesick, sad-eyed child, she entered upon her schooldays. Elinor herself had to chide him, and with contrition and dis- may he admitted his fault, and then for hours nothing could exceed his hos- pitable attentions to Jessie, who, sore- ly disappointed because Marshall was not there to meet her, was growing anxious as no tidings came from him. Two whole days the damsels spent in going over the new house, exclaiming over papa's lavish preparations, but wishing presently that Mrs. Fletcher were not quite so much in evidence, here, there, and everywhere. Only when bedtime came and they could nestle in one or other of their connect- ing rooms were they secure from inter- ruption, and even then it presently ap- peared they could not talk confiden- tially as of old. Folsom had taken them driving each afternoon, he him- self handling the reins over his hand- some boys, Elinor at his side the first time, and Jessie, with Mrs. Fletcher, occupying the rear seat. But this, Elinor whispered to him, was not as it should be. Her guest should have the seat of honor. So, next day, Jessie was handed to the front and Mrs. Fletcher and Pappoose were placed in rear, and in this order they bowed round the fort and listened to the band and talked with several of the women and one or two officers, but these latter could tell nothing about Lieut. Dean except that they had been expecting him for two days—he having taken the long way home, which both Jessie and Pappoose considered odd under the circumstances, though neither said so and nobody thought to explain. But the morning of the third day "Miss Folsom"—as the veteran was amazed to hear his daughter addressed, yet on re- flection concluded that he'd be tempted to kick any man who addressed her otherwise—seized a favorable oppor- tunity and whisked her fond father into a corner of his library, and there gave him to understand that in eastern circles the housekeeper might some- times, perhaps, accompany the young ladies when they were going shopping, or the like, alone, but that when escorted by papa it was quite unneces- sary. It was, in fact, not at all con- ventional.

[To Be Continued.]

The Japanese Divorce.

The following are the texts of won- drous letters, bearing a recent date, exchanged between an aggrieved hus- band and his delighted successor, both of Azuma-mura, Ashikaga district, To- chigi prefecture.

"Mr. Sokichi Yamamoto: Sir—You have been guilty of improper flirta- tions with my wife, Tsune, and the affair has greatly grieved me. For this reason I have made various com- plaints against you for your offensive conduct, through the members of our communal body, and you have sent me endless apologies, but as I find them unsatisfactory, I have like a man decided to get rid of my wife, and I do herewith give and transfer her to you. Henceforth I will not en- tertain any lingering affection for the woman, and in proof thereof witness my signature, Kamekichi Fujikawa."

"Mr. Kamekichi Fujikawa: Sir—It is indisputably true that I have been guilty of intimacy with your beloved wife, and on that account I have sent you apologies through the members of our communal body. You have, however, steadfastly refused to for- give and have instead forwarded your wife to me. As it is your will, I beg herewith to acknowledge receipt and transference of said wife, etc."—Japan Times.

From the Mare's Mouth.

Sir Robert Finlay, the new attorney- general, like most counsel with a large practice, knows what it is to receive a disconcerting reply from an appar- ently guileless witness, and tells a good story against himself in illustration. He was engaged on a case for a breach of warranty of a horse, the age of the animal being the chief matter in dis- pute, and had cross-examined a hostler, a yokel with every appearance of rustic simplicity. "Upon what authority do you swear to the age of the mare?" he asked. "I'm sure of it," was the reply. Half a dozen more questions failed to elicit from the witness any more spe- cific answer. "But how do you know?" thundered Sir Robert at last. "I had it from the mare's own mouth!" replied the hostler.—London Chronicle.

Most Considerate Man.

"Yes; I think his marriage showed him to be a most considerate and kind- hearted man."

"Considerate and kindhearted! Well, I admit that she's not beautiful, but she's worth a mint of money, and wouldn't have suffered for a husband if he had never seen her."

"Oh, I don't mean that he showed consideration for her, but for his cred- itors."—Chicago Post.

A Strong Indication.

"Do you think he has any real busi- ness ability?"

"I should say he had. I did him the favor of going on his bond, without compensation, the other day, and blamed if he didn't let me furnish the war tax stamp for the document."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Unsophisticated.

The Fiancee—Poor fellow! He con- fessed that I was not the only girl he ever loved.

The Confidante—Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference.

The Fiancee—Of course not; he seemed to be afraid it might.—Brook- lyn Life.

Very True.

Bookkeeper—I think I ought to get more pay! I am engaged to get mar- ried!

Employer—Well, hurry up and get married and you won't need more pay! It's this being engaged that's so expen- sive!—Puck.

NESTOR OF USHERS.

Thomas F. Pendel Folds the White House Record.

He Was Appointed by President Lin- coln and Has Held His Job Ever Since—Has Met Millions of Visitors.

Thirty-six years in the white house is the record of Thomas F. Pendel, an usher, who was appointed November 3, 1864, by President Lincoln.

"Pap" Pendel, says the New York World, is the oldest employe at the white house, and is the only survivor of the force on duty at the executive mansion during the Lincoln adminis- tration.

He is still as hale and hearty as the day he entered the service.

There is not a gray hair in his head and he possesses a remarkable store of information concerning the hap- penings at the executive mansion for almost half a century.

He is an authority on the furniture, paintings and arrangement of rooms at the white house.

Mr. Pendel is 76 years old. He is affable and delights to tell the visitors to the president's mansion of the grandeur of years gone by.

It is his duty when visitors come to show them through the mansion. He can pick out a newly-married couple as far as he can see them. Mr. Pendel takes a fatherly interest in these young couples, and is at his best when there is an audience of honeymooners.

During the 36 years he has been on duty at the executive mansion it is estimated that he has personally ex- plained to more than 500,000 people the beauties of the famous east room.

Col. Bingham, superintendent of pub- lic buildings and grounds, who has charge of the executive mansion, has typewritten copies of the lectures deliv- ered by the aged usher, which are pre- served as records.

Mr. Pendel was a great favorite with President Lincoln. He was a member of the police force and was detailed to guard the president during the civil war.

Because of his good humor and his attachment to little "Tad" Lincoln, the president appointed him an usher. Mr. Pendel was the last man of the white house attaches who saw Presi-



THOMAS F. PENDEL.
(Has Been a White House Usher Since November 3, 1864.)

dent Lincoln alive. On the night he went to Ford's theater and was as- sassinated Pendel opened the door and let him out of the white house.

"Good night, Mr. President," said Pendel, who expected to be off duty before the return of the president.

"Good night, Pendel," replied the president as he entered his carriage.

It is related that the ushers and secret service officials on duty at the executive mansion during the war were prone to congregate in a little ante- room and exchange reminiscences. This was directly against instructions by the president.

One night the guards and ushers were gathered in the little room talk- ing things over, when suddenly the door opened and there stood President Lincoln, his shoes in his hand.

The gathering broke up in disorder. Pendel alone stayed behind. President Lincoln, shaking his bony finger at him, said:

"Pendel, you people remind me of the boy who set a hen on 43 eggs."

"How was that, Mr. President?" asked Pendel.

"A youngster put 43 eggs under a hen and then rushed in and told his mother what he had done."

"But a hen can't set on 43 eggs," re- plied the mother.

"No, I guess she can't; but I just wanted to see her spread herself."

"That's what I wanted to see you boys do when I came in," said the president, as he left for his apart- ments.

Mr. Pendel is going to put his knowl- edge of the executive mansion into a book, which will shortly be issued by a New York publisher.

Rise of a Railroad Man.

A steady advance in prosperity has marked the career of Charles M. Hays, of St. Louis. At the age of 19 he was a clerk in that city at the office of the Southern Pacific railroad. His salary was then \$40 a month. At the age of 42 he has just been elected president of the Southern Pacific railroad, with a salary of \$55,000 a year.

How Lightning Affects Trees.

When lightning strikes a tree it oc- casionally converts the sap into steam, which explodes and scatters the wood in all directions.

Mountain Air and Memory.

It is stated that the men who live on the mountain ranges of California are notable for their remarkably retentive memories.

He Saw It.
Wife (at the theater)—The pro- gramme says this play has a moral, but I fail to see it.
Husband (who paid three dollars for seats)—Oh, the moral's there, all right. Wife—I'd like to know what it is.
Husband—"A fool and his money are soon parted."—Chicago Daily News.

Lucky Circumstance.
The Major—Sorry, old boy; but I learned to-day that her mother objects to you!

The Captain—Good! From what I know of human nature, that will pre- judice both the girl and her father in my favor. I'm a lucky dog!—Tit-Bits.

A Fortunate Fact.
Hewitt—The girl in the print dress is a poem.

Jewett—She differs from most poems.

Hewitt—How's that?
Jewett—Most poems don't get into print.—Brooklyn Life.

On the Road to Fame.
Fond Father—That is the smartest child I ever saw. If anyone can set a river on fire he will when he grows up.

Fond Mother—Indeed he will, bless his little heart. Only this morning I found him starting a fire under the piano.—Philadelphia Call.

Exquisite Revenge.
Hingso—Henpeck had a great time yesterday.

Jingso—How?

Hingso—He invited all his friends to see his wife fire the cook.—Syracuse Herald.

Strong Compulsion.
"I have compelled my wife to cease strumming on the piano," said Mr. Goldsborough to Mr. Bunting.

"How did you manage it?"

"I insisted upon singing every time she began to play."—Judge.

No Cause for Complaint.
Judge—You say you do not wish to prosecute the defendant for stealing a kiss?

Fair Complainant—No, your honor. The property has been restored.—Stray Stories.

Two Hobson Traits.
Mr. Smith—I have named my dog Hobson.

Miss Gerald Smith—Because he is a fighter or because he wants to kiss every body?—Judge.

A Prompt Test.
"My darling, I would go through fire for you."

She (moodily)—I guess you'll have to, dear. I hear pa coming downstairs.

—N. Y. Weekly.

Would Have Been a Virtuoso.
Bacon—Samson was noted for his strength and his long hair. I believe?

Egbert—Yes; too bad they didn't have pianos in those days.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sufficient.
"How did Eleanor announce her en- gagement to the family?"

"She just wagged the finger that had on the diamond ring."—N. Y. World.

Celebrated Oculists Fail.
To relieve many cases that Palmer's Lotion has permanently cured. Some time ago Mr. V. M. Green, of Huntington, West Vir- ginia, wrote: "After trying the most celebrated oculists of Boston, Albany and New York City, for Granulated Eyelids, with no success, a few applications of Palmer's Lotion relieved the inflammation and its use has effected a permanent cure." This Lo- tion will also be found valuable in curing Eruptions, Red Spots or eruptions on the skin and is particularly efficacious if used in connection with Lotion Soap. If you can't find them at your druggist's send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York City, for samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

Free.
An Irishman was once standing in the streets of an Irish town looking on with great interest at a fight which was taking place. He said to a gentleman, standing near:

"Sir, can you tell me, is this a free fight or a faction fight?"

The gentleman replied:

"It is a free fight."

"Oh," said the Irishman, and rush- ing into the thick of the fray, he dealt with his shillelagh destruction and devastation all around him.—London Spare Moments.

Lane's Family Medicine.
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head- ache. Price 25 and 50c.

A feast fit for a king is not always fit for a man who has to work for a living.—Puck.

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Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Bentley
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.