SONG BIRDS.

Sing, little bird, your sweetest song, And let each note, throat-warm and

clear,
Float on the breezes far and long,
To charm the listening ear.
The trill that swells your vibrant throat,
And fills your little heart with glee,
Finds in my breast an answering note

And blended with your tender lay Comes the soft murmur of the stream, Like wind-harps in the boughs that play Sleep-music to a dream.
Lute-like it lingers on the breeze.
Then slowly fades, and, fading, dies, Like spirit voices in the trees, Half laughter and half sighs.

Among the locust's biossoms faint,
And drunk of perfume, nods the jay
The mourning-dove, with sad complaint
Flits through the elders gray, The sparrow chirps within the grass, Joe-pie-weed hides the whistling quail The blackbirds at their daily mass Chant anthems in the swail.

The brown thrush in his trailing flight From shrub to hedge, from hedge to

vine. The freckles on his breast as bright As bubbles on new wine,
Will drop a soulful lyric here,
A half-song sonnet there,
In notes as running water clear,
Beseeching as a prayer.

Here and everywhere, and always, The langorous summer through, In briery vine-wreathed hallways
The catbird's song is due.
He sings the summer sunshine in,
The autumn sunlight down,
While I, in homely stanzas, pin
These plaudits in his crown.

—C. H. Doing, in Washington Star.



CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

She had seated herself at the piano and her long, tapering fingers were rippling over the keys. She knew full well he did not care what she played, and for herself she did not care just then to play at all. She was thinking of his insinuation at Marshall Dean's expense. She was still pondering over Mrs. Fletcher's stealthy scrutiny of the quartermaster's team. On these two accounts, and no other, he was possessed of certain interest in El-inor's dark-brown eyes, and they were studying him coolly, searchingly, as he drew a chair near the piano stool, and seated himself and met her look with a broad, encouraging smile

Trill and ripple, ripple and trill her white fingers raced over the keyboard. "I'm sure you know this waltz, major," she was saying. "They played it beautifully at the Point two sum-"They played

"I--ah, yes, it's a charming composition—charming, though I don't re-call its name just now." "This? why it's one of Godfrey's—

'The Hilda,' don't you know? I'm sure you waltz, major."

"I-ah, used to, yes. I was very fond of a waltz," answered Burleigh, whose best effort in that line could re sult in nothing better than a waddle "But of late years I—I—since my be reavement, have practically with drawn from society." Then, with a lan-Then, with a languishing smile, he added: "I shall be tempted to reenter the list now," and the major drew his chair nearer by full an inch, and prepared to be fur-ther "killing."

"Jessie dances divinely," said Miss Folsom. "She simply floats round a room. You should see her waltz with her brother, Maj. Burleigh. They Folsom. might be waltzing here this very minute, if he were only home. What What

can have detained him, do you think?"
"I wish I knew," said the quartermaster slowly. "It makes those who ere-ah-his friends, you know, anxious in more ways than one, because there is-er-nothing to warrant de lay-nothing to-excuse it. He should, in fact, have been at his post, where his troop is sorely needed, full four days ago," and Burleigh looked heavy

"Is it not possible that he has found something along the lower Laramiesomething where his troop is needed much more than here doing stable

"How can it be possible?" said Bur leigh. "The only thing to warrant his delay would be Indians, and there are none south of the Platte; or horse thieves, and they hung the last the gang three months ago. Mr. Dean, I—ah—regret to say, is fonder of fishing and hunting than of his legitimate duties, and this, I fear, is why

he is not here to welcome his sister The piano went rippling on, but the brown eyes kept up their steady gaze In the deep bass chords now her slen der fingers were entangled. Slowly
and thoughtfully the rich melody
swung in the proud waltz rhythm
through the airy room and floated out upon the summer breeze. A little line was setting deep between the dark arching eyebrows, a symptom Pap poose's schoolmates had learned to not as a signal of danger, but Burleigh knew her not, as yet.

"It is odd," said she, dreamily, "that at the Point the officers spoke so highly of Mr. Dean, and here you seem to think so differently of him. It is a deep disappointment to his sis ter that he is not here, but do you know, major, we were saying only this morning before you came that there was some excellent reason for his delay, and we'd know it within another day."

'Oh, ah-er-of course I nope so. I think, pardon me, that that must be a messenger from my office now," for spurred boot-heels were coming ariskly un the wooden walk. There

was a bounding step on the piazza, a ring at the bell. The servant bustled ring at the bell. through the hall and threw open the It was not a messenger from the depot, but a stalwart, sunburnt man in rough ranch garb, who whipped off his broad-brimmed hat he asked for Mr. Folsom.

And all of a sudden over went the piano-stool with a crash, and out into the hall, joyous, bounding, light as a fairy, a vision of dark, girlish beauty,

went Pappoose.
"Why, Ned Lannion!" she cried, as she seized the swarthy young fellow's hands and shook them up and down, "Don't you know me—Winona that used to be? Why, how'well you look! When did you leave the ranch? How did you leave them? Is Hal here-or

"We left there early vesterday morning, mum. They're all well now 'cept Jake, and he'll come out all right, but we had a close call. A war party of Sioux jumped us Wednesday afternoon, and they'd a got away with us but for Lieut. Dean and his troop.

They come along just in time—"
"Ned!" gasped Elinor, "you don't mean they attacked the ranch?'

We was down the Laramie -rounding up horses. There was a dozen bucks in the party. It's the first time they've come across in a year that I know of, and they won't e apt to try it again. We shot two of 'em and the cavalry drove 'em a running fight, so hard that they had to leave one of their wounded behind them. He died in a minute. It wasand then Ned Lannion gulped and stumbled and choked in embarrass-

"Who was it?" demanded Mr. Folsom, his rugged face pale and twitching, his eyes full of anxiety. "Chaska, sir. You know."

Folsom gripped him by the shoul-er. "And Burning Star-did you see him? Was he there?"

"Yes, sir; but those boys of Lieut. Dean's gave them a lickin' they'll never forget. The ranch is safe as if it was here in Gate City, only Hal he couldn't come himself, and he knowed you'd be anxious for full particulars, so he sent me in with the cavalry. They're out at the fort now.

"Jessie!" cried Elinor, in delight that overmastered the emotion with which she had listened to the tale of her brother's recent peril. "Marshall's here -almost home. It's just as we said Jess. Do come down. He was there just in time to save my brother's life to drive the Indians back to the river Come quick—I want to hug you!" her dark eyes flashing with joy and excitement danced full upon the bulky form of the major, slowly issuing from the parlor door, then beyond as she went bounding by him, all eagerness to clasp her bonny friend in her arms and shower her with congratulations And so it happened that both the girls were at the rear of the hall entwined in each other's arms at the foot of the stairs when the ranchman answered Folsom's next question, and then broke out with the abrupt nouncement: "I never see a young of ficer handle his men better. been in hell by this time if it wasn't for him; yet, by God, sir, the moment he got into the post they olapped him

CHAPTER XI.

That evening, when John Folsom, half an hour earlier than the stipulated time, drove the girls and their friend, Lieut. Loomis, out to the fort, Maj. Burleigh was left to his own devices and his face plainly showed that he was far from pleased with the way things were going. The news that Marshall Dean had been placed in arrest by order of the commanding offi-cer of Fort Emory, following as it did close on the heels of the tidings of that young officer's prompt and soldierly handling of the crisis at the ranch, made Folsom boil over with wrath. His first word was one of caution, however. "Hush!" he said. tion, however. "Hush!" he said "Speak low. Yonder stands his sister. The girls must not know yet." Then, leading the way into the library and closing the door behind them, he demanded all particulars Lannion could give him, which were few enough

"The lieutenant halted the troop outde the post," said the indi ranchman, "had it dismount there while he rode on in to report to the commanding officer for instructions. The colonel was taking his nap after lunch, and the adjutant was at the office, and what does he do but get up from his desk solemn-like, and when the lieutenant says: 'I report the arrival of troop C at the post, sir,' the adjutant didn't answer a word, but reached out and got his saber and began buckling it around him, and then he put on his cap and gloves, and says he: 'Lieut. Dean, I'm sorry, but my instructions are to place you in close arrest, by order of Col. Stevens.' Why ou could have knocked me down with the kick of a gopher I'was so dumfounded! The lieutenant he didn't say anything for a minute, but turned white and looked like he could have knocked the top of the adjutant's head 'An officer will be sent to take charge of the troop,' said the adjutant, 'an' I suppose you'd better confine yourself to your tent, as the colonel means to have them camp there a day or two, until he hears from Capt. Brooks as to quarters.' 'Well, will you have the goodness to say what charge have been laid against me?' said Mr Dean, and the adjutant hemmed and hawed, and 'lowed that the colonel hadn't formally drawn 'em up yet, but

that a copy would be served on him as soon as they were ready.
"Then I said I'd go right in and find

you, and that's all I know."

And then it was that Folsom turned on Burleigh, with gloom in his eye, and said: "By the Eternal, Maj. Burleigh, I hope you've had nothing to do with

"Nothing in the world, I assure you, they had become. Those were days dogs .- N. X. Sua

Mr. Folsom. I-I deeply regret it. Though, as I have told you, I can hard-iy be surprised, after what has been said, and-what I have seen." the major could not squarely meet the gaze in the keen eyes of the old trader. whipped off his broad-brimmed hat nor could the latter conceal his sus-and stood abashed within the hall as picions. "I know you wish to hear all the particulars of the affair at ranch from this gentleman," said the major, uneasily, "so I will leave you with him for the present," and back ing out into the hall he turned to the foot of the winding staircase where Elinor had met her friend. The girls were still there, their faces clouded with surprise and anxiety. It was an

opportunity not to be lost.
"Pray do not be troubled, Miss Folsom," said Burleigh, advancing upon them with outstretched hand, "er-Mr. Folsom merely wants to hear further details from Lannion. I wish to extend my congratulations to you and-ahthis young lady, first upon the for-tunate escape of your brother," and he bowed over his distended stomach to Elinor, "and second upon the part played by yours," and he repeated the bow to Jess, who, however, shrank away from the extended hand. "It will far to counteract the stories that I-ah-er-believe you know aboutthat were in circulation, and most unjustly, doubtless, at—er—his expense," "Who put them in circulation, Maj. Burleigh?" asked Pappoose, her brown eyes studying his face as unflinchingly

as had her father's gaze a moment before. "That, my dear young lady I-er-

cannot surmise. They are mostly imaginative, I dare say."

But Miss Folsom looked unmollified, Miss Dean agitated, and Burleigh himself had many a reason for feeling ill at ease. Just at the time of all others when he most desired to stand on good terms with the well-to-do old trader and his charming daughter he found himself the object of distrust. He was thinking hard and far from hopefully as a moment later he hastened down

"Tell them to send up my buggy, quick," were his orders as he stepped within his office doorway. Then lowering his voice: "Has Capt. Newhall returned?" he asked the chief clerk.

"The captain was here, sir. Left word he needed to take the first train -freight or construction, it made no difference-to Cheyenne and expected to find a letter or package from you, and there's two telegrams in from department headquarters on your desk,

The major turned thither with solemn face, and read them both, his



Where was he to raise the \$10.

back to his subordinate, his face to the light, and growing grayer every moment. One was a curt notification that \$10,000 would be needed at once at Warrior Gap to pay contractors and workmen, and directing him to the amount from the funds in his keep-

ing. The other read as follows:
"Have all transportation put in readiness for immediate field service. Every wheel may be needed."

This he tossed carelessly aside. Over the first he pondered deeply, his yellow-white face growing dark and hag-

Ten thousand dollars to be sent at once to Warrior's Gap! Workmen's pay! Who could have given such an order? Who would have imagined payment would have to be made before July, when some reasonable amount of work had been done? What could laborers do with their money up there, It was risky to attempt to send our! it. But what was infinitely worse for him—it was impossible. The money was practically already gone, but-not

to Warrior Gap. Those were days when inspectors' visits were like those of other angels, few and far between. The railway was only just finished across the great divide of the Black hills of Wyoming. Only as far as Cheyenne was there a time schedule for trains, and thatfar more honored in the breach than the observance. Passengers bound west of that sinfully thriving town were luckier, as a rule, if they went stage. Those were days, too, in which a depot quartermaster with a drove of government mules and a corral full of public vehicles at his command was a monarch in the eyes of the early set tler; and when, added to these high priced luxuries, he had on deposit in various banks from Chicago to Chey enne, and even here at Gate City. thousands of dollars of government greenbacks expendible on his check for all manner of purposes, from officers' mileage accounts to the day laborer's wages, from bills for the roofing of barracks and quarters to the setting of a single horseshoe, from the purchase of forage and fuel for the dozen military posts within range of his supply trains down to a can axle grease. Everyone knew Burleigh's horses and habits were far more

when, as now, disbursing officers were forbidden to gamble, but when, not as now, the law was a dead letter. Burleigh had gambled for wers; had, with little remorse, ruined more than one man, and yet stood now awe-stricken and dismayed and wronged by Fate, since luck had turned at last against Large sums had been lost to players as inexorable as he himself had been. Large sums had been di verted from the government channels in his charge, some to pay his so-called debts of honor, some to cover abstractions from other funds, "robbing Peter to pay Paul," some to silence people who knew too much; some, most of it, in fact, to cover margins, and once money gets started on that grade it slips through one's fingers like quicksilver. At the very moment when Anson Burleigh's envious cronies were telling each other he stood far ahead of the world, the figures were telling him he stood twenty thousand dollars behind it, and that, too, when he was confronted by two imperative calls for spot cash, one for ten thousand to Warrior Gap, another for a sum almost as big to "stake" a man who never yet had turned an honest penny, yet held the quartermaster where he dare not say so-where indeed he dare not say

"If you haven't it you know where you can get it-where you have often got it before, and where you'd better get it before it's too late;" these were words said to him that very morning, in tones so low that none but he could hear; yet they were ringing in his head now like the boom of some tolling bell. Time was when he had taken government money and into handsome through the brokers of San Francisc and Chicago. But, as Mr. John Oak-hurst remarked: "There's only one thing certain about luck, and that is it's bound to change," and change it had, and left him face to face with calamity and dishonor. Where was he to raise the ten thousand dollars that must be sent to the post quartermaster at Warror Gap? of the fiscal year was close at hand. He dare not further divert funds from one appropriation to cover shortages in another. He could borrow from the banks, with a good indorser, but what indorser was there good enough but John Folsom?-the last man now whom he could bear to have suspect that he was in straits. Folsom was reported to be worth two hundred thousand dollars, and that lovely would inherit half his fortune. There lived within his circle no man, no woman in whose esteem Burleigh so blundered at the start. Damn that evils of poker! Was a boy lieutenant to shame him before officers of the general's staff and expect to go unwhipped? Was that butt-headed subaltern to be the means of ruining his prospects right here and now when he stood so sorely in need of aid? Was the devil himself in league against him, that that boy's sister should turn out to be the closest friend old Folsom's daughter ever had—a girl to whom father and daughter both were devoted, and through her were doubt-less interested in the very man he had been plotting to pull down? Bur-leigh savagely ground his teeth together.

[To Be Continued.]

Had an Object. "After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for 40 minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler, "I sked him if he thought there were any

fish there to be caught." "'No, sah, I reckon not,' he replied.

"'But you seem to be fishing. " 'Yes, sah.'

"'But perhaps you are not fishing for fish? "'No, sah.'

"I waited ten minutes for him to exolain, but as he did not I finally asked him what particular object he had in

'De objick, sah,' he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole—'de objick of my fishin' fur fish whar dere hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!"—Washington Post.

Thoughtfulnes

The great trouble with most of us It never seems to occur to us that there can be any little act of kindness which we are called upon Sometimes it may be giving a seat to a lady or an old man in a car. Sometimes it may be the cheery "Good morning!" to the conductor as we enter or leave. Sometimes it may be the little word spoken to the newsboy, or the courteous thanks expressed to the house servant when her long day's work is over. Life is made up of these little things .- De troit Free Press.

Equal to the Occasion. "Hubby, dear, I can't wait to tell

what I'm going to buy you! "Darling wife, what is it?"
"Well, I'm going to get a silver card

tray, a bronze Hercules for the man-telpiece, and a new Persian rug to put in the front of my dressing What are you going to get for me, Tootsey?

"I've been thinking, Jane, and have made up my mind to get you a new shaving brush."-St. Louis Gobe-Dem

Victoria Likes Dogs

Of all kinds of animals there have never been any so favored by Queen Victoria as the dog. Wherever she stays she is surrounded by her pets and her favorites are always moved costly than his pay would admit. Everybody supposed he had big returns from mines and stocks and investments. Nobody knew just what his inhorses or birds, but devotes herself vestments were, and only he knew how to her canine friends. At Windsor few they were and how unprofitable the kennels contain upward of 100

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that
takes the place of coffee. The children may
drink it without injury as well as the adult.
All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that
rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is
made from pure grains, and the most delicate
stomach receives it without distress. I the stomach receives it without distress. 4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Puzzling.

Dickerman-"There's one thing that puz-

zles me."
Rawley—"And, pray, what is that?"
"How it happens that the new woman
is generally not a very young one."—Boston
Transcript.

Good Thing for Friends.

In a letter to the manufacturer of Palmer's Lotion, Mr. J. W. Byrer of Leeswille, Ind., wrote: "Your Lotion has cured me of a mos distressing case of pimples on the face, and I want to procure a further supply for friends." This wonderful beautifier should be found at any druggist's, as it has been be fore the public over fifty years and among the millions who have used it, not one can be found who will not recommend it over all other preparations, for like uses. If your regular druggist does not keep it, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, for free samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

The stomach has to work hard grinding

The stomach has to work hard, grinding the food we crowd into it. Make its work easy by chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

She—"Did he meet his wife by accident?"
He—"Oh, no; he knew she had money."-Town Topics. The history of mankind is an immense columne of errors.—Chicago Daily News.

A Child's Onerv

recent death of the third deof Wellington called to mind memories of the first bearer of this his toric title. A pretty story was told at the time of a little girl who wit-nessed the great duke's funeral from the windows of Lord Ashburton's house. The child watched the mournful procession pass by, and said nothing until the hero's horse appeared, its saddle empty and the duke's boots reversed in the stirrups. "Mother," queried the little one, "when we die will there be nothing left of us but our boots?"

There is no flattery more delicate to an unmarried man than to know a pretty wom-an's tears.—Town Topics.

Some people help others; others help themselves.—Atchison Globe.

On Ohio man aged 112 years is threatened with nervous prostration. His physician attributes it to the excessive use of tobacco during the last 97 years. 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.

He-"I've lost a wealthy aunt." By death?" "No. Her neice jilted n

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consump-John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

"I am so Glad you are well, Dear Sister."



This picture tells its own story of sisterly affection. The older girl, just budding into womanhood, has suffered greatly with those irregularities and menstrual difficulties which sap the life of so many young women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,-that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system.

Could anything prove more clearly the ef-ficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine than the following strong statement of Grace Stansbury?

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but re-



about a year and a half. I have the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb.

I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhea in its worst form. Finally, I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pains no longer, I was given morphine. My memory grew short and I gave up all hope of getting well. Thus I dragged along. To please the pains well of the pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms.

getting well. Thus I dragged along. To please my sister I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came, but meantime I was taken worse and was under the doctor's care for a while.

"After reading Mrs, Pinkham's letter, I concluded to try her medicine. After taking two bottles I falt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. All of my friends think my cure almost miraculous. I thank you very much for your timely advice and wish you prosperity in your noble work, for surely it is a blessing to broken-down women. I have full and complete faith in the Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound."—Grace B. Stansbury, Herington, Kansas.

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