## THE SONGS OF SUMMER.

To many a song the summer sings,
To many a listening heart,
When the forest rings with the carolings
That forth from a bird-throat start.
For the youthful ones there is aye a
strain

strain
Of hope in the viorant air,
Mikile their eyes are bright and their
hearts are light,
And the Future seems so fair.

But another song for the prime of life, By the breeze is borne along, Like a martial strain is its bold refrain, Be valiant, and brave and strong. There is work to do, there are heights to

gain,
And crowns for the hero-brow,
There are harvests bright for the reaper's might,
And the golden hour is now.

But the summer sings for the aged ear A song that is sweet and low. Like a distant strain, as it throbs again With joys of the long ago; "Tis a psalm of praise and a hymn of

peace, With its memories fair and fond, .
And a chord at last that binds the Past
To the beautiful Beyond.
-Lalla Mitchell, in Farm Journal.



And now indeed came for Marshall Dean a time in which he could see a divided duty. A camp of wood-chop-pers in one of the deep, sequestered valleys of the mountains had been sud-denly set upon by a host of mounted Indians that seemed, like the warriors born of the dragon's teeth, to spring up from the earth, and yelling like flends bore down upon the little guard. Happily for the woodchoppers, but unluckily for Lo, the commander was a cool-headed veteran of the late war who had listened time and again to yells as frantic and had withstood charge after charge ten times as determined. Most, unluckily for Lo the infantry company was armed with the new Springfield breech-loader, and when the band came exultantly on, having, as they supposed, drawn the fire when full four hundred yards away, they were confounded by the lively crackle and sputter of rifles along the timber in front of them, toppling many a dashing warrior to earth and strewing the ground with slaughtered ponies. That charge failed, but they rallied in furious force. There were only 40 soldiers; they had 500 braves, so on they came again from three different points, and again did Powell's sheltered blue-coats scatter them like autumn leaves before the storm. Thrice and four times did they essay to stampede the soldiers and sweep off their own dead and wounded, and each time they were soundly thrashed, thanks to cool courage and the new breech-loaders. And Red Cloud, cursing his medicine men, drew off his baffled braves and the hills that night resounded to their vengeful war whoops and echoed back the wailing of the Indian women mourning over the slain. "All well enough so far, lads," cried Folsom, when he heard the taws. "Machpealota is unmasked. It's war to the knife now, so for God's sake send all the troops you can muster to the aid of those already up there in the Big Horn. Next time he hits he'll have all the Northern Sioux at his back, you mark my words!"

But, who the devil is John Folsom? said the bureau again. Arrest Red Cloud. Bring his band in prisoners, were the orders to the agents, and the agents called for troops to go and do their bidding. It's one thing, as I've had occasion to say before, to stand off with breech-loaders a thousand Indians armed only with old percussion cap muskets, squirrel rifles, bows, cap muskets, squirrer thies, clubs and lances; it's another thing for soldiers armed even with the best kiosk was only 50 yards away, its Indian position and arrest an Indian chief. There were not soldiers enough north of the Platte to do it, and the war department knew it if the bureau didn't. Hence the mustering in force along the river, and the mounting in hot haste of perhaps ten more troops and companies, nowhere near enough for the work in hand, but all the nation had within month's march that could possibly be spared from other work and work

more important. And there was wrath at Emory, where the colonel found himself ordered to send all his transportation to Frayne forthwith, and all his remaining troops except one of foot. "Damnation! I've only got two companies of foot," he screamed, in the shrill trebel of piping senility. "And they metn to rob me of my cavalry, too!
"C' troop is ordered to be hard." 'C' troop is ordered to be held in readiness for special service."

The transportation, consisting of with the somber company of infantry, started next day, however, and Dean, with eager expectancy, kept his men in camp, cooked rations ready, am munition pouches filled, arms equipments overhauled and in perfect order, horses examined and reshod, ready for the word that might come any minute and carry him-he knew act whither. Folsom and the girls had to drive back to dinner without thim. Despite the permission sent by the colonel, he would not leave his troop and go in town. So back they a long, lovely summer evening ly in the fort inclosure, and the stars twinkled over the peaks or the his sallow face took on a darker shade, Rockies in the southern skies. Fol-

he could reach. They thought the lesson given Red Cloud would end the business. He knew it would only begin it. Burleigh, saying that he must give personal attention to the selec-tion of the teams and wagons, spent the early evening in his corral, but sent word to Folsom that he hoped to see him in the morning on business of great importance. He had other hopes, too, one of them being that now the order to send that big sum in currency to the new stockade would be revoked. He had lost no time in suggesting to the chief quar-termaster of the department the extrems hazard. He quoted Folsom as saying that before we could send 100 men to Warrior Gap Red Cloud could call 5,000, and the chief quartermas-ter, being a man of method and a ter, being a man or method and a stranger to the frontier said, as said the bureau: "Who the devil is John Folsom? Do as you are told." But that answer only came the following day. Meantime there was respite and

Long lived that beautiful evening in the memory of four young hearts. A sweet south wind had been gently playing all day and left the night warm and fragrant of the pines and cedars in the mountain parks. All Fort Emory seemed made up of wom-en and children now, for such few soldiers as were left, barring the bands-men, were packing or helping pack and store about the barracks. From soon after eight until nearly ten the mu sicians occupied their sheltered wood-en kiosk on the parade, and filled the air with sweet strains of waltz or song or stirring martial melody.

For an hour, with Elinor Folsom on

his arm, young Dean was strolling up and down the moonlit walk, marveling over the beauty of her dark, yet winsome face, and Loomis and Jessie, stanch friends already, sauntered after them. For a time the merry chat went on unbroken. They were talking of that never-to-be-forgotten visit to the Point—Pappoose's first and of the hop to which the tall ca-det captain took the timid school-girl, and of her hop card and the distinguished names it bore, as names ran in the old days of the battalion; of Roy, who danced so beautifully and rode so well—he was with the —th cavalry now somewhere along the U. P., said Dean—and of Billings, the cadet adjutant; he was with a light battery in Louisiana. "Where this Capt. Newhall is stationed," inter-rupted Pappoose, with quick, upward look. "I wonder if he knows him, Mr. Dean."

"He doesn't like him, I'll venture to say," said Dean, "if Newhall doesn't suit you and Jessie, and, I'm sure shan't." And then they went on to talk of the lovely dance music they had at the Point that summer, and shan't. how bewitchingly Elsen used to play that pretty galop-"Puckwudjies the very thing for a moonlit night. One could almost see the Indian fairies dancing about their tiny

'It was that galop-my first at West Point-that I danced with Ca-



They rallied in furious force.

det Capt. Dean," said Pappoose, looking blithely up into his steadfast eyes. "You've no idea what a proud girl I was!" They were at the upper band lights sparkling under the can-opy, the moonlight glinting on the smooth surface of the dancing floor that an indulgent post commander had had placed there. Half a dozen young garrison girls, arm in arm and by twos, were strolling about its waxen face awaiting the next piece; and some of them had been importuning the leader, for at the moment soft and rippling, sweet and thrilling, quick and bewitching, the exquisite opening strains of "Puckwudjies" opening strains of "Puckwudjies" floated out upon the night. "Oh, Jess! Listen!" cried Elinor, in

ecstasy and surprise, as she turned

back with quickly beating heart.
"No, no, indeed!" replied her soldier escort, with a throb in his breast that echoed and overmastered that in her own. "No time to listen—come! It was your first galop at the Point— let it be our first in Wyoming." And in a moment more the tall, lithe, supple, slender forms were gliding about the dancing floor in perfect time to the lovely music, but now her dark eyes could not meet the fire in the blue. Following their lead, Loomis blue. Following their lead, Loomis and Jessie joined the dance. Other couples from along the row hastened to the scene. In five minutes a lively hop was on at Emory, and when at last, breathing a little hurriedly and with heightened color, Elinor Folsom glanced up into his joyous and beaming face—"You had forgotten that was my the mental was a factor of the scale of the scene." galop, Mr. Dean," she archly said, but down went the dark eyes again at his

fervent reply.
"Yes, I admit it; but so long as I

live I'll never forget this."
Small wonder was it that when Burleigh came driving out at tattoo for a brief conference with the colonel, his sallow face took on a darker shade, som spent the hours wiring to Omaha couple standing at the moment apart hegged to be excused. After the morn-and conferring with such efficers as from the dancers, seeing neither them ing's disappearance of Burleigh and glazier.—Chicago Evening News.

nor him, hearing for the moment no music but that which trembled in the tones of his deep voice, for Elinor was

strangely silent.
"Marshall Dean," whizpered Jessie that night, as she hugged him be fore being lifted to her seat, "tel me true, wasn't Pappoose's picture in your heart pocket? Didn't that bullet crease it?"

"Promise on your honor not to tell, Jess," he whispered.

She nodded delightedly.
"Yes, and what's more, it's there

Early on the morrow came further news. Troops from Steele and Bridger were on the move, but no word came for the cavalry at Emory, and Marshall Dean, hitherto most eager for field service, learned with joy he felt ashamed to own that he had still another day to spend in the society of Jessie and her friend. But how much of that elation Jessie could have claimed as due to her every sister whose brother is in love can better whose brother is in love can better tell than I. At eight they came driv-ing out to hear the band at guard-mounting, though, to old Pecksniff's pathetic sorrow, he could mount only twelve men all told. That ceremony over, they watched with kindling eyes the sharp drill of Marshall's troop; that soldierly young commander, one may feel well assured, showing his men, his horses, and himself off to the best of his ability, as who would not have done under such scrutiny as that. Loomis was with them, but Elinor drove, for her father had urgent business, he said, and must remain at his office. Maj. Burleigh, he added, was to meet him, whereat the girls were silent.

"If you could have heard the major pleading with that cantankerous old fool at the fort in Marshall's behalf you would get over your wrath at Birleigh just as I did," said Folsom, to both, apparently, and still neither answered. Burleigh was evidently persona non grata in the eyes of both. "He tells me Capt. Newhall is still here, waiting for a train to be made up to run back to Cheyenne. I'm afraid I'll have to ask him to bring the captain to dinner to-day. Do you think Mr. Dean will care to come?" he asked.

come?" he asked.
"I think he would rather not leave camp," said Jessie, slowly. "Orders may come any minute, he says."
"Yes, I suppose so," answered Folsom, vaguely relieved. Something told him that there was antagonism between the young fellow and Burleigh that would be apt to involve Newhall, too. "I'll ask them both, if you don't very much mind," he went on, whis-pering to Elinor. "And will you tell Mrs. Fletcher? How is she this morn-

"Just as usual, papa. She says she has rather violent headaches once in awhilé, and she thinks it prudent to keep her room to-day. But I can at-tend to everything." Indeed, thought the daughter, she wished she had it all

And so Folsom had gone to meet Burleigh, and the girls had planned, at least Jessie had, that Marshall aft-er drill should ride beside them into town and have a chat in the parlor while she wrote to mother in the library. But a thing happened that no one could have foreseen. Just before drill was over and while they were still watching it from their seats in out, gave the reins to his companion, and bade him come to him as soon as the girls.

and awkwardness. Burleigh felt that som, and he could not go. Presently drill was dismissed, and Dean, all did he see who was standing by the forward wheel on the opposite side.

"Good morning, Mr. Dean," said Burleigh, affably. "I never saw that troop look so well."
"Good morning, sir." said Dean, cold-

ly. Then turned to speak again to Miss Folsom when the buggy came whirring back. "He isn't here, Burleigh," said the

occupant, petulantly. "He's in town, and you've got to find him right off. Come on!" Burleigh turned livid. "Capt. Newhall," he said, "you fail to notice I am with friends."

"They are friends who will be glad to get rid of you, then," replied the stranger, thickly, and it was easy to see that he had been drinking. All the same Burleigh went.

CHAPTER XIV.

Another day Dean and Troop Cwere held in camp awaiting orders for spe-cial service, and no orders came. "Old Pecksniff" had an eye for pretty girls, a trait by no means rare in soldiers old or young, and prettier girls than Pappoose or Jessie he had never met. Mrs. Stevens was accordingly bidden to invite them to luncheon that very day, and Dean and Loomis were of the party, as were other young people of the post, and, despite the rising war clouds in the north and the recent unpleasantness at Emory and an odd manner indicative of suppressed ex-citement on part of both Dean and Loomes, a very joyous time they had until the damsels had to drive home to dress for dinner. Folsom had named as the hour. Burleigh, Newhall and the two boys were mentioned as his guests. Burleigh accepted for self and partner, Loomis for kimself, with mental reservation. Dean at once had

"Surly," as Miss Folsom promptly named the pair, Marshall had ridden into Gate City at the side of the Folsom carriage, and was welcomed by the old trader himself, who looked pained when told he could not attend the dinner. "Surely Col. Stevens will let you off," said Folsom, but that ob-viously was not the reason.

"I'm the only officer with my troop," said Dean, "and so cannot ask."

But when Folsom rook his daughter in his arms a little later and inquired whether there was not some graver cause behind the one assigned Elinor calmly answered that she thought there was, and that the cause was Maj.

"But, daughter dear," said he, "that's just one reason I wish to bring them together. Then Dean could see how pleasantly disposed the major is," and the was amazed when she replied:

"Maj. Burleigh may be pleasantly dis-posed, but Mr. Dean is not by any

means, nor would I be were I in his place, papa."
"My child," said he, "what do you

know about it?'

Everything that Jessie knows, besides what we heard on the train. Maj.

-Mr. Dean told her of several things Maj. Burleigh had said and done to his discredit, and no wonder he declines to dine with a man who has deliberately

maligned him." "I wish I had thought of that," said Folsom, his knotty hands deep in the pockets of his loose-fitting trousers. 'I saw Burleigh this morning on some ousiness, and he seemed to want to help Dean along. What took him out to the fort, do you suppose?'

"I don't know," she answered, grave-"He had Capt. Newhall with him in quest of somebody who wasn't there."

"Ah, yes, Griggs, the sutler. I heard of it," interposed Folsom, fingering his watch chain.

"Very possibly. The captain was ugly and rude in manner and Maj. Burleigh very much embarrassed. In-deed, daddy dear, I should not be greatly surprised if others of your party

"Burleigh, do you mean, or his queer

But Pappoose did not reply. She seemed listening intently, and then with swift, sudden movement darted across to the heavy Navajo blanket portiere that hung at the doorway of a little room back of the library. Her voice was far from cordial as she

[To Be Continued.]

DOGS DISTURB SERVICES.

Stories with Amusing Features Abou Interruptions of Divine Wor ship in Great Britain.

A Glasgow paper reports that in a country church on Sunday forenoon the service was practically stopped for a short time owing to the noise caused by a couple of dogs outside which started worrying each other. A correspondent who sends us the cutting tells another Scotch story, says the Westminster Budget. It was once usual for Highland shepherds to take their dogs to church and leave them outside the pews. Two shepherds at enmity sat on opposite sides of the aisle one Sunday. Soon after the ser-mon began the dogs—one a collie and the other not-seemed to enter into the covered wagon, a buggy drove up their masters' quarrel. One tender of alongside and Maj. Burleigh jumped the flock and then the other egged on his animal, and each faithful dog obeyed his master. The people at last the had finished what he wished to do at the sutler's. The major's face was perturbed, that of his companion looked black and ugly. It was Capt. Newhall, and something was amiss.

The latter barely tipped his hat in driving away, the former heaved a sigh of relief, then turned to greet in the dog fight than in my sermon, he girls.

Ten minutes passed in constraint bet half a crown on the collie!"

There is a story told of a dog who entered church near Sheffield during the was unwelcome, but his eyes were the was unwelcome, but his eyes were the delivered church near Sheffield during fixed in fascination on Elinor Folcelebration of holy communion, some years ago, and waited at the com-munion rails as the worshipers knelt aglow, came galloping up, his orderly there, as though he, too, ought to be trumpeter following. Not until he had joyously greeted both the girls

Port Eynon, Swansea, has recorded One summer Sunday he was this: preaching in the church of Penrico (an adjoining parish) and pointing out to the congregation the marvelous faith of the Syro-Phoenician woman to whom our Lord said: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs;" to which seeming rebuff she replied: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." While he was uttering these words a large dog entered the church, deliberately walked up the pulpit stairs, stood for a few moments as if expecting to hear something more about his species, quietly went down again, and left the

The Trickster Tricked.

A card sharper who had evidently been doing the races joined a small group of farm servants in a public house. Failing to interest the company in the mysteries of three-card monte, he exclaimed, in desperation:
"Well, look here, gents; I'll bet any one of you five shillings I can cut the ace of spades, any of you to shuffle and arrange a deck of cards as you like." at same time producing the pack, which he pushed toward a colored vic tim, who agreed to accept the wager took up the pack, shuffled them and then placed them on the table.

sharper then took his knife and cut his pack clean through, at the same time saying: "There! I've cut the

"Naw you hain't, neither," quietly said the darky, grinning. "The ace o' spades is up my sleeve—see!"—Collier's

Right in His Line.

The Man-What do you think your father will say when he hears you have broken a neighbor's window. The Boy-That's all right. Dad's

## A CRY FOR HELP.

Result of a Prompt Reply. - Two Letters from Mrs. Watson, Published by Special Permission. -For Women's Eyes Only.

To MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.:

March 15, 1899.

"DEAR MADAM: — I am suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free from pain when lying down, or sitting in an easy chair. When I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I believe my troubles were caused by over work and lifting some years

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they did me but little good.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it a

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard to my case."—Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.



November 27, 1899.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to you the benefit that your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing down pains in lower part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer." Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.

This is positive proof that Mrs. Pinkham is more competent to advise sick women than any other person. Write her. It costs you nothing.

**\$5000** REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000 which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

LYDIA E. PINRHAM MEDICINE CO.

Choice of Letters.

"I think I shall adopt letters as a profession," observed the Party with the Bulging Brow.
"Typewriting or sign painting," inquired the Sardonic Person.—Baltimore American.

The New Dispensation,

The New Bispensation,
By J. Wilson, Ph. D., published by Lemeke & Buecher, 812 Broadway, New York, 320 pages, large type, heavy paper, nicely bound in cloth. Price \$1.50. This work gives the advanced thought of the day on matters of religion, government, and all the most important social problems. A work of unusual interest and importance.

Why She Married Him.

Clara—I wonder how Mattie came to marry Fred Somerby? Bertha—The most natural reason in the world. Fred had an overcoat that was a perfect match for Mattie's new gown.—Boson Transcript.

An Innovation.

An Innovation.

The Louisville & Nashville R. R. together with its connecting lines has inaugurated the Florida Limited, which is a daily, solid train, wide yestibuled, steam heated, gas lighted, with dining car service for mealen route to Thomasville, Ga., Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Fla. The sleeper leaving Cincinnati at 11:15 a. m. is attached at Nashville, running via Birmingham and Montgomery, Plant System to Jacksonville, and Florida East Coast to St. Augustine, arriving at the latter city at 7:30 the next evening. Mr. C. L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R. R., Louisville, Ky., will answer all inquiries concerning this train and furnish printed mat ter concerning it.

Tearless grief is more profound; and, noreover, it doesn't make the nose so red.

-Puck.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

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. It the price of coffee. 15c. and 25cts. per package Sold by all grocers.

Don't be too free in abusing other people for being fools; you may be one yourself.— Atchison Globe.

There Is No Death

from Croup, Pneumonia and Diphtheria, if Hoxsie's Croup Cure is used promptly. No opium to stupefy the brain. No ipecac to nauseate the stomach. Sold by druggists. 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, m'f'r, Buffalo, N. Y.

A twentieth century scientist claims that headache is a sort of coile caused by too many green thoughts.—Chicago Daily News.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

An Insinuation.

Biggs—I began business without a cent nd to-day am worth a million.
Diggs—Yes, and I know a man who had million when you began business, and to ay he hasn't a cent."—Chicago Daily

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until you bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. Co. up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Cause for Joy.

When a visitor announces that he is only stopping over between trains, his nest at once becomes more cordial.—Atchi-son Globe.

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

"It's seldom that I go out with my au-tomobile without killing something, but with my gun never."—Le Rive.

He that lies down with dogs will get up with fleas.—Danish Proverb. 



Rheumatism

Nothing so surely cures the trouble as

St. Jacobs Oil