

THE SONGS OF SUMMER.

Oh, many a song the summer sings, To many a listening heart...



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CHAPTER XIII.

And now indeed came for Marshall Dean a time in which he could see a divided duty...

he could reach. They thought the lesson given Red Cloud would end the business...

Long lived that beautiful evening in the memory of four young hearts...

For an hour, with Elinor Folsom on his arm, young Dean was strolling up and down the moonlit walk...

"It was that gallop—my first at West Point—that I danced with Casewep off their own dead and wounded...



They rallied in furious force.

det Capt. Dean," said Pappoose, looking blithely up into his steadfast eyes...

"Oh, Jess! Listen!" cried Elinor, in ecstasy and surprise...

"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...

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

"Marshall Dean," whispered Jessie that night, as she hugged him before being lifted to her seat...

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

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

Early on the morrow came further news. Troops from Steele and Bridger were on the move...

"If you could have heard the major pleading with that cantankerous old fool at the fort in Marshall's behalf...

"I think he would rather not leave camp," said Jessie, slowly.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Folsom, vaguely relieved.

And so Folsom had gone to meet Burleigh, and the girls had planned, at least Jessie had, that Marshall after drill should ride beside them into town...

Ten minutes passed in constraint and awkwardness. Burleigh felt that he was unwelcome...

"Good morning, Mr. Dean," said Burleigh, affably.

"Good morning, sir," said Dean, coldly. Then turned to speak again to Miss Folsom...

"He isn't here, Burleigh," said the occupant, petulantly.

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...

"Surly," as Miss Folsom promptly named the pair, Marshall had ridden into Gate City at the side of the Folsom carriage...

"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..."

"My child," said he, "what do you know about it?"

"Everything that Jessie knows, besides what we heard on the train. Maj. Burleigh told her of several things...

"I don't know," she answered, gravely. "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. Indeed, daddy dear, I should not be greatly surprised if others of your party failed to come."

"Burleigh, do you mean, or his queer guest?"

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...

There is a story told of a dog who entered church near Sheffield during celebration of holy communion...

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

"Good morning, sir," said Dean, coldly. Then turned to speak again to Miss Folsom when the buggy came whirling back.

"He isn't here, Burleigh," said the occupant, petulantly.

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...

A card sharper who had evidently been doing the races joined a small group of farm servants in a public house...

A CRY FOR HELP.

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

March 15, 1899.

To MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.:

"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..."

"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..."

"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 fair trial."

"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 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. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

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St. Jacobs Oil 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.