

NOW.

Kisses which fall upon the dead mutes lips. Like dew on roses which the first frost nips. Come all too late; 'Tis better far to give them while the lips can speak; The golden chord of life at best is weak; Ah! do not wait. Kind words in ears whose earthly powers are spent. Like sunshine on the tree by lightning rent. Can give no balm; 'Tis better far to give them while those ears can hear; For life has much of woe and much of fear! And Love brings calm. It is too late, when life's lamp burneth low. When hands once warm are chill as winter's snow. To do kind deeds; 'Tis better here where feet are prone to slide. 'Tis better now than wait till eventide, To help their needs. Ah, friends! dear friends—if any such there be— Keep not your loving thoughts away from me Till I am gone; I want them now to help me on my way, As lonely watchers wait the light of day Ere it is born. And though sometimes my heart, o'er some sore wrong Long brooding, weaves some bitterness in song. 'Tis but a shade Within life's texture where the best are poor. Oh, close not up to many faults Love's door! I need your aid, —E. F. Hodges, in N. Y. Weekly.



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CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Instinctively Dean put forth his hand under the dripping poncho and tugged at the straps of his saddle-bag. No need for dread on that score. The bulky package, wrapped, sealed and corded, was bulging out of the side of his field pouch till it looked as though he had crammed a cavalry boot into its maw. "Thirty men—mounted?—no wagons or—anything?" he anxiously asked.

"Full thirty, sir, and every man armed with a rifle as far as I could see," said Carey, "and if it was us they were after, they'd have had us at their mercy down in that pocket at the Springs."

A shout from one of the men attracted the attention of the leaders. The storm had spent its force and gone rolling away eastward. The thunder was rumbling far over toward the now invisible crest of the Black Hills of Wyoming. The rain sheets had given place to trickling downpour. A dim light was stealing into the blackness of the gorge. Louder and fiercer roared the Box Elder, lashing its banks with foam. And then came the cry again. "I tell you it is, by God! for there goes another!"

All eyes followed the direction of the pointing finger. All eyes saw, even though dimly, the saddled form of a horse plunging and struggling in the flood, making vain effort to clamber out, then whirling helplessly away—swept out of sight around the shoulder of the bluff, and borne down on the tossing waves of the torrent. Men mean no irreverence when they call upon



All eyes followed the direction of the pointed finger.

their Maker at such times, even in soldier's oath. It is awe, not blasphemy. "By God, lieutenant, that's what we'd a-been doing but for your order." It was the sergeant who spoke.

And at that very hour there was excitement at Fort Emory. At eight o'clock the colonel was on his piazza looking with gloomy eyes over the distant rows of empty barracks. The drum-major with the band at his heels came stalking over the grassy parade, and the post adjutant, girt with sash and sword belt, stood in front of his office awaiting the sergeant-major, who was unaccountably delayed. Reduced to a shadow the garrison at Fort Emory might reasonably have been excused, by this time, from the ceremony of mounting a guard, consisting practically of ten privates, three of whom were the cavalry jacket; but old "Pecksniff" was determined to keep up some show of state. He could have no parade or review, but at least he could require his guard to be mounted with all the pomp and ceremony possible. He would have ordered his officers out in epaulets and the full dress "Kossuth" hat of the period, but epaulets had been discarded during the war and not yet resumed on the far frontier. So the rank and file alone were called upon to appear in the black-feathered oddity a misguided staff had designed as the headgear of the army. "Peck-

sniff's" half dozen doughboys, therefore, with their attendant sergeants and corporals in the old fashioned frock and felt, and a still smaller squad of troopers in yellow-trimmed jackets and brass-mounted forage caps, were drawn up at the edge of the parade awaiting the further signal of adjutant's call, while the adjutant himself swore savagely and sent the orderly on the run for the sergeant-major. When the clock-governed functionary was missing something indeed must be going wrong.

Presently the orderly came running back. "Sergt. Dineen isn't home, sir, and his wife says he hasn't been back since the lieutenant sent him to town with the last dispatch."

"Tell the first sergeant of B company, then, to act as sergeant-major at once," said the adjutant, and hurried over to his colonel. "Dineen's not back, sir," he reported at the gate. "Can anything be wrong?"

"I ordered him to bring with him the answer to my dispatch to the general, who wired to me from the railway depot at Cheyenne. Probably he's been waiting for that, and the general's away somewhere. We ought to have an operator here day and night," said Pecksniff, petulantly. But the irritation in his eyes gave way to anxiety when at that moment the sutler's buggy was seen dashing into the garrison at headlong speed, his smart trotter urged almost to a run. Griggs reined up with no little hard pulling at the colonel's gate, and they could see a dozen yards off that his face was pale.

"Have you any idea, colonel," he began the moment the officers reached him, "where Maj. Burleigh can be? He left the depot somewhere about three o'clock this morning with that Capt. Newhall. He hasn't returned and can't be found. Your sergeant major was waylaid and robbed some time after midnight, and John Folsom was picked up senseless in the alley back of his house two hours ago. What does it all mean?"

CHAPTER XVII.

That storm-burst along the range had turned for 24 hours every mountain stream into a foaming torrent for a hundred miles. Not a bridge remained along the Platte. Not a ford was fordable within two days' march of either Emory or Frayne. Not a courier crossed the Box Elder, going either way, until the flood went down, and then it transpired that a tide in the affairs of men had also turned, and that there was trouble ahead for some who had thought to find plain sailing. For two days watchers along the lower Box Elder dragged out upon the shallows the bodies of horses that once upon a time might have borne the "U. S." brand, but were not girted with cavalry saddles now. Nor were there lacking other bodies to prove that the victims of the sudden storm were not Uncle Sam's men, much as two, at least, of the drowned had been wanted by the federal authorities but a week before. What the denizens of Gate City and Fort Emory dreaded and expected to hear was that Dean and his little party had been caught in the trap. But, living or dead, not a sign of them remained along the storm-swept ravine. What most people of Gate City and Fort Emory could not understand was the evidence that a big gang of horse thieves, desperadoes and renegades had suddenly appeared about the new town, had spurred away northward in the night, had kept the Frayne road till they reached the Box Elder, riding hard long after sunup, and there, reinforced, they had gone westward to the Sweetwater trail, and old frontiersmen though they were, had been caught in the whirl of water at Cannon Springs, losing two of their number and at least a dozen of their horses. What could have lured them into that gloomy rift at such a time? What inspiration had led Dean out of it?

Singly, or in little squads, many of them afoot, bedraggled, silent, chagrined, the "outfit" described by Trooper Carey had slunk away from the neighborhood of the Box Elder as soon as the storm subsided. Solemnly, as befitted soldiers, silent and alert despite their dripping accoutrements, the little detachment of cavalry had pushed ahead, riding by compass over the drenched uplands, steering for the Sweetwater. Late in the afternoon the skies had cleared, the sun came out and they camped in a bunch of cottonwoods on the old Casper trail and slept the sleep of the just and the weary. Early next day they hastened on, reaching the usually shallow stream, with Devil's Gate only a few miles away, before the setting of a second sun. Here they feasted and rested well, and before the dawn was fairly red on the third day out from Emory they were breasting the turbid waters and by noon had left the valley far to the south and were well out toward the Big Horn country, where it behooved them to look warily ahead, for from every ridge, though far to the west of their probable raiding ground, Dean and his men could expect to encounter scouting parties of the Indians at any moment, and one false step meant death.

The third night passed without alarm, though every eye and ear was strained. The morning of the fourth day dawned and the sun soon tinged the misty mountain tops to the far north, and Dean saw before him an open rolling country, over which it would be impossible to march without attracting Indian eyes, if Indian eyes there were within 20 miles. And with proper caution he ordered his men to keep in concealment, horses grazing under guard in a deep depression near a stream, men dozing soundly by turns until the twilight came, and then the stars—their night lights for a long, long march. Dawn of the fifth day found them huddled in a deep ravine of the southern

foothills, with Warrior Gap not 30 miles away, and now, indeed, was prudence necessary, for the faint light showed the fresh prints of innumerable pony hoofs on every side. They were close on Machpealota's lurking braves. Which would be the last first?

It must have been somewhere toward five o'clock in the afternoon that Dean, searching with his field-glass the sunlit slopes far out to the east, heard the voice of his sergeant close at hand and turned to answer. Up to this moment, beyond the pony tracks, not a sign had they seen of hostile Indians, but the buffalo that had appeared in scattered herds along their line of march were shy and scary, and old hands said that that meant they had recently been hunted hard. Moreover, this was not a section favored of the buffalo. There was much alkali and sage brush along their trail, and only here and there in scanty patches any of the rich, nutritious bunch grass which the roving animals so eagerly sought. The day had been hot and almost cloudless. The shimmer of heat along the lazy roll of the land to the south had often baffled their blinking eyes. But now the sun was well to the west, and the refraction seemed diminishing, and away over to the northeast a dull-colored cloud seemed slowly rising beyond the ridges. It was this that Sergt. Bruce was studying when he murmured to his young commander:

"I think that means a big herd on the run, sir, and if so Indians started them."

One or two troopers, dozing close at hand, sprawled full length upon the ground, with their faces buried in, or hidden by their blue-sleeved arms, slowly rolled over and came crouching up alongside. Dean dropped his glasses and peered in the direction indicated by his comrade of humbler rank. Dust cloud it was beyond a doubt, and a long peep through the binocular proved that it was slowly sailing across the horizon in a northerly direction. Did that mean that the red hunters were driving the great quarry toward the village of the Sioux, or that the young men were out in force, and with the full complement of squaws and ponies were slaughtering on the run? If the former, then Dean and his party would be wise to turn eastward and cross the trail of the chase. If the latter they would stand better chance of slipping through to the Gap by pushing northward, deeper in among the pine-crested heights.

Behind the watchers, well down in the ravine, the horses were placidly nibbling at the scant herbage, or lazily sprawling in the sun, each animal securely hopped, and all carefully guarded by the single trooper, whose own mount, ready saddled, circled within the limits of the stout lariat, looped about his master's wrist. All spoke of caution, of lively sense of danger and responsibility, for they of the little detachment were picked men, who had ridden the warpath too long not to realize that there was no such thing as trusting to luck in the heart of the Indian country, especially when Machpealota with his Ogallalla braves was out for business. The cautious movements of the group along the bank had quickly been noted by the wakeful ones among the troopers, and presently the entire party, excepting only the herd guard, had crouched up alongside, and with the comradeship born of such perilous service, were now discussing the situation in low, confidential tones.

For half an hour they lay there, studying the signs to the northeast. The dun-colored cloud hung low over the earth for a distance of several miles. The herd was evidently one of unusual size even for those days when the buffalo swarmed in countless thousands, and finally the sergeant spoke again.

"It's a big hunt, lieutenant. Whatever may be going on about the Gap they've found time to send out young men enough to round up most of the buffalo north of the Platte and drive them in toward the mountains. It's combining pleasure with business. They don't feel strong enough in number, perhaps, to make another attempt on troops armed with breechloaders, so while they're waiting until their reinforcements come, or their own breechloaders, they are herding the buffalo where they can get them when they want them later on. We are in big luck that no stragglers are anywhere around us; if they were it wouldn't take such fellows long to spy us out."

Dean swept the ridge line with his glass. No sign of life nearer than that far-away, betraying dust cloud. No symptom of danger anywhere within their ken. He was thinking at the moment of that precious package in his saddle-bags and the colonel's words impressing him with the sense of responsibility the night they parted at Fort Emory. To-morrow, by sunrise, if fortune favored him, he could turn it over to the commanding officer at the new stockade, and then if the Indians were not gathered in force about the post and actually hostile, he could slip out again at night and make swift dash for the Platte and the homeward way, and then within the week rejoin his sister at Fort Emory—his sister and "Pappoose." Never before had the Indian pet name carried such significance as now. Night and day those soft, dark eyes—that beautiful face—haunted his thoughts and filled his young heart with new and passionate longing. It was hard to have to leave the spot her presence made enchanted ground. Nothing but the spur of duty, the thrill of soldier achievement and stirring venture could have reconciled him to that unwelcome order.

In one week now, if fortune favored and heaven spared, he could hope to look again into the eyes that had so enchanted him, but if there should interpose the sterner lot of the frontier, if the Sioux should learn of his presence, he who had thwarted Burning Star and the brothers of poor Lizette in their schemes of vengeance, he at whose door the Ogallallas must by this time have laid the death of one of their foremost

braves, then indeed would there be no hope of getting back without a battle royal. There was only one chance of safety—that the Indians should not discover their presence. If they did and realized who the intruders were, Jessie Dean might look in vain for her brother's return. Pappoose would never hear the love words that, trembling on his lips the night he left her, had been poured out only to that unresponsive picture. Two ways there were in which the Indians could know of his presence. One by being informed through some half-breed spy, lurking about Frayne; but then who would be dastard enough to send such word? The other by being seen and recognized by some of the Ogallalla band, and thus far he believed they had come undetected, and this was now after five o'clock—after five o'clock and all was well. In a few hours they could again be on their starlit way. With the morrow they should be safely within the gates of the new stockade at Warrior Gap.

Turning with hope and relief in his face to speak to Sergt. Bruce, who lay there at his elbow, he saw the blue-sleeved arm stretching forth in warning to lie low, and with grave eyes the veteran was gazing straight at a little butte that rose from the rolling surface not more than half a mile away to the southeast.

"Lieutenant," he whispered, "there are Indians back of that hill at this minute, and it isn't buffalo they're laying for."

Dean was brave. He had been tried and his mettle was assured, and yet he felt the sudden chill that coursed his veins. "How can they have seen us?" he murmured.

"May have struck our trail out to the southwest," said Bruce, slowly, "or they may have been told of our coming and are stalking us. They've got a heavy score to settle with this troop, you know."

For a moment only the breathing of the little party could be heard. All eyes were fixed upon the distant mound. At last Dean spoke again. "When did you see them first and how many are there?"

"Near ten minutes ago. I saw something fluttering swift along the sky line just beyond that divide to the south. It skimmed like a bird, all but the quick bobbing up and down that made me sure there was a galloping pony under it. Then another skimmed along. It was the bunch of feathers and red flannel on their lances, and my belief is that they struck our trail back here somewhere, and that there's only a small party, and they don't know just who we are and they want to find out."

[To Be Continued.]

AN IRISH JUDGE.

Specimens of the Wit for Which Lord Morris Became Famous.

Lord Morris, always a wit and now a distinguished judge, comes from Galway, and has never lost the mellifluous brogue of west of Ireland folk. This characteristic makes the groundwork of a story which the London Telegraph tells of him.

One day Lord Morris was sitting at the Four Courts as lord chief justice of Ireland, when a young barrister from the north rose nervously to make his first motion. The judge had declared that no one listening to himself would ever take him for anything but an Irishman, which was perfectly correct. But Galway could not understand Antrim. The lord chief justice leaned over to ask the associate where the barrister hailed from.

"County Antrim," was the response. Then asked his lordship of the official: "Did ye ever come across sich a frightful accint in the course of yer loife?"

At another time it fell to his lot to hear a case at Coleraine, in which damages were claimed from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon whether a certain number of grains of a particular drug could be safely administered to the animal. The dispensary doctor proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that 12 for a horse was not excessive.

"Never mind yer eight grains, doother," said the judge. "We all know that some poisons are cumulative in effect, and ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this: The 12 grains—wouldn't they kill the devil himself if he swallowed them?"

The doctor was annoyed and pompously replied: "I don't know, my lord; I never had him for a patient."

From the bench came the answer: "Ah, no, doother, ye never had, more's the pity! The old boy's still alive."

Cuban English. A male Cuban teacher who prides himself on having acquired English, had changed his clothes one day and in doing so had forgotten to transfer from one garment to the other the key to his desk. This is how he told his friend of it: "I have forgotten the key to my other trousers." Another when told that a friend had just been in town, inquired: "Did you walk to the foot or at the car?" The Cambridge jokes are not all on the Cubans. Recently a boy was engaged to distribute tickets to the teachers for an approaching concert. President Eliot, standing by, thought he might possibly attend, and extended his hand for a ticket. The boy gave a glance at him and remarked, scornfully: "You ain't no Cuban!"—Troy Times.

Where Mothers Come Handy. "No, I never leave my married daughters in summer."

"Afraid their children will get sick?"

"Oh! no; they might get some jelly started that wouldn't jell."—Indianapolis Journal.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 4 cents. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Married in Haste.

They tell this story in Lee county, Ga. of a negro who applied to a justice of the peace to marry him. He had no money and offered a string of fish as the fee. After a year had passed the justice met the man and said: "Well, William, how do you like married life?" "Well, suh," was the reply, "I wish ter de Lawd I'd eat dem fish."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln.

An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Late Realization.—"I now realize," said the pig, as they loaded him in the wagon bound for the butcher's, "I now realize that over-eating tends to shorten life."—Indianapolis Press.

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 headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Some people's idea of knowledge is the art of finding out things which they have no business to know.—Chicago Daily News.

Carter's Ink is the largest sale of any ink in the world, because it is the best ink that can be made.

All worthless people are not lazy.—Athens Globe.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Sawing wood is the better exercise, but golf is more popular.—Athens Globe.

THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN TRAIN.

The Empire State Express—What It Does Daily and How It Does It. "There is only one train in the country that exceeds fifty miles an hour in speed, for 100 miles run, and that is the Empire State Express."—Public Ledger, Philadelphia. The Ledger might have added that this great train averages fifty-three and one-third miles per hour for the entire distance from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, including four stops and twenty-eight slow-downs; that it does this each business day of the year. The attention which the Empire State Express has attracted in every country of the world has proved one of the greatest advertisements for American machinery and American methods that has ever been put forth, and that the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company is entitled to the thanks of not only the entire State of New York, but of every person in the United States from one end of the land to the other for placing before the world an object lesson without an equal.—From the Syracuse Post-Standard.

Competition. In spite of the fact that she is not an American heiress, Queen Wilhelmina has succeeded in marrying a duke.—Detroit Free Press.

Hoxsie's Croup Cure. The life saver of children, for Croup, Coughs, Colds and Diphtheria. No opium or stupefy. No ipecac to cause nausea. Sold by druggists, or mailed postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fortune fails him who fears.—Ram's Horn.

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