Francis , Ahl

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1901.

THE SONG OF THE HOE.

(Written in a Potato Patch.) "Chug, chug, bring us the jug, Master is dry with toll; Many a sultry hour he's dug, Coaxing the sulten soll: But his brow must sweat and his arms grow weary, All for the love of his tots and dearle; And his dreams are swift if his step be slow."

This was the hum of the weary hoe, All of a summer's day.

"Chugity, chug, chugity, chink! Now that was the sound of a stone, I think; But there's many a stone on which to catch

catch In life's half-acre potato-patch; "Chugity, chinkety, one more row." "This was the merry lilt of the hoe, All of a sultry day.

"Chug, swish; Oh how I wish That the sun would tumble faster; For I almost crack with the weight on my back Of the hand of my sturdy master! But ah! he has measured the length of my shade. He is cleaning the clay from my ringing blade.

blade, And now for the cottage that we well know

This was the cry of the happy hoe, Under the fading day.

"Chuer the fading day. "Chue, chink, the calm stars blink; Night hath many charms; Master is dreaming of me, I think, Wrapped in his fond wife's arms; And a wee, pink hand is clutching tight The tin horse bought with our toil to-night; "Tis the weaker arm that makes me go." This was the droning dream of the hoe, Until the east was gray. -John G. Neihardt, in Youth's Companion.



CHAPTER XVIL-CONTINUED.

"You're right. Look!" was Dean's sudden answer, for at the very in-stant there rode boldly, calmly into full view two young Indians, who with cool deliberation came jogging on at gentle speed, straight toward the concealed bivouac of the troopers. Instantly Bruce reached for his carand two or three of the men went sliding or crouching backward down the slope as though in quest of their arms. Full eight hundred yards away were the riders at the moment, coming side by side in apparent unconcern

"Don't," muttered Dean, with hand outstretched. "They look anything but hostile."

That's when they're most likely to **be** full of hell, sir," was the prompt answer. "See! others are watching behind that knoll," and indeed as Bruce declared, a feather-decked head or two could be detected through the

glass, peering over the summit. "Warn them to halt, then," cried Dean. "But we cannot fire unless they provoke it."

Bruce was on his feet in a second. Standing erect and facing straight to-ward the coming pair, he raised his right hand, palm to the front, to the full length of his arm, and slowly mo-tioned "stand." Every plainsman knows the signal. In well-acted sur-prise the Indians reined their ponies flat back, and, shading their eyes with Bruce was on his feet in a second. at back, and, shading their eyes their hands a moment, remained mo tionless. Then as with one accord, each tossed aside his rifle, and one of them further lifted high and displayed a revolver. This, too, he tossed out on the turf, and now with both arms bare and extended on high, with empty hands outspread, they slowly advanced as though saying: "See, we are without arms. We come as brothers

But the sergeant never hesitated. Almost on tiptoe he repeated the sig nal "halt." and half turned imploringly to his officer.

'It's all a bluff, sir. They want to erawl upon us, see who and how many Let some of us fire warning shots or come they will, and the moment they find out who we are, away they'll ride to bring Red Cloud and all his bucks about our ears."

had met his death. "Perhaps you're right," said Dean. "Halt them again. Conroy, you go with Sergt. Bruce."

Eagerly a young trooper, carbine in hand, sprang up and stood by the ser-geant's side as the latter repeated his warning signal. Obediently, yet not too promptly, showing evident desire to get where they could peer over the ravine and count the number of white men and horses, the Indians again drew rein, this time barely 100 yards away. Then Bruce and Conroy, hold-ing up their emptied hands, strode for-

mg up their empirical manual, set out of ward along the grassy slope, making the further sign: "Dismount." In those days few of our cavalry wore, when on Indian campaign, the forage-cap with its crossed sabers and distinguishing letters. Nothing in he dress or accoutrements of the men thus advancing to meet the Indian emissaries would give to the latter any clew as to the troop or regiment to which they belonged. Could they see the horses, however, the matter would be settled at once. The U.S. brand, with that of the number of the regiment and letter of the troop, showed on every cavalry mount in the service, and the Ogallallas knew the ear-marks of two, at least, of our cavalry regi-ments in '68 as well as they did the cut of their own hair. But in the modesty of the non-commissioned officer Bruce had underrated his own prominence in Indian eyes. Not only did these keen observers know every officer by sight, and have for him some distinguishing name of their own, but many a trooper, easily singled out from his fellows be cause of his stature, or the color of his hair, or some physical peculiarity, was as well known as his captain or lieutenant, and Bruce, ex-trooper of the Scots greys, and now a model sergeant of Yankee cavalry, was already a marked man in the eyes of the southern Sioux. Brule, Minneconjou and Ogallalla knew him well — his aquiline beak, to which the men would sometimes slyly allude, having won him the Indian appellative of Posh Kopee or Big Nose.

Before the two parties came within fifty yards of each other, therefore, watchers along the ravine saw the quick exchange of significant glances between the young braves. "Twig that?" whispered Trooper Blaine, in low, emphatic tone. "Those fellows know 'Scotty' just as well as we

sugar, bread." "All right," said Bruce promptly,

noting the while how the roving black eyes searched the edge of the



In well acted surprise the Indians reined their

ravine. "Stay here. Don't come nearer. You got buffalo meat?" A grunt was the reply of one, a guttural "Buffalo, yes," the answer of the other.

carbines Chaska, brother to Lizette, ours. That's all!" And this time the ly northward up the winding gorge, Indian knew he must come no nearer. "I've got 'em talking trade, lieu-tenant,"reported Bruce, the instant he reached Dean's side. "We don't need

the tongues, but we've got more cofslip away. Of course, they've sent word to their main body that we're over here, but I believe they can't come in force before night."

"They knew you, sergeant, and they knew it is probably our troop," said knew it is probably our troop," said he. "There must be only a small par-ty near us. Make your trade, but while you're doing it we'il saidle. I mean to get out of this and into the thick of the timber before they can surround us. Stand 'em off now, while we get ready."

Promises must be kept when made to an Indian, even if they are otherwise sometimes broken. In ten minutes, with coffee, sugar and hardtack in their hands, the sergeant and his comrades were back at the front. One brave was still there, the other had vanished. Five minutes, neither party saying a word, the troopers waited; then Bruce turned to Conroy. "I knew they had nothing to trade. Take this sack with you and fall back. Tell our fellows to keep me well covered till I follow. The instant the soldier started with the sack swung over his shoulder, the In-dian, who had been squatted on the turf, sprang up and began rapid postulation in fluent Ogallalla. " "It's "Your chum there has no buffalo tongues, and he knew it. Here's some hardtack for you," and he spread one liberally with sugar and handed it to the ever-receptive paw, outstretched to grasp it. A glance over the shoulder showed that Conroy was nearly at the edge. Then, quietly, Bruce, too, be-gan to retire. He had not got ten paces, still facing his unwelcome vis-itor, when the Indian gave a shrill, sudden cry and tossed up his hands. Not a second too soon Bruce turned and darted for cover. The Indian flung himself flat on the turf and rolled away into a depression where he could find partial shelter from bullets from the w the ravine, whence he evidently looked for glances them, and out from behind the knoll, "Twig bridles held high, "quirts" lashing at their ponies' flanks, darted half a dozen painted savages, tearing down upon the spot at the top speed of their agile mounts. Only two men remained grass, the two came straight forward with extended hands and cordial "How, colah!" on their lips, one of them adding in agency English: "Want talk chief. Indian poor. Heap sick." (And here he clasped his stom-ach with both hands.) "Want coffee, sugar, bread." still held at the edge. It was an exciting moment. Bruce had only a hundred yards to run before he could get under cover, and there was no chance of their hitting him at that range, ye a puff of smoke rose from the knoll and a bullet, nearly spent, came tum-bling and singing up the turf, and the dashing warriors, yelling wildly, ap-plauded the shot. Bruce took matters coolly. Leaping behind the shelter of the ledge, he reached for his carbine, and in a moment more, as the pursuing Indians came lashing within long range, four seasoned cavalry carbines, each with a keen eye at the sight and a steady finger at the trip, were leveled on the coming foe. Dean's young heart beat hard, it must be owned, for hith-erto the Indians had been fighting in retreat or on the defensive, while now they came as though confident of suc-

> with the thrill of excitement. "There's more behind those beggars, sir," growled Conroy, a veteran at In-dian work, "but they'll sheer off when they get within 300 yards." On they came, shields and lances dangling, ponies on the keen jump, feathers and ponies on the keen jump, feathers and pennons streaming on the wind. But, just as Conroy said no scoper was a contract of the parsees, among whom were a lady and a child and an old gentle-Bruce safely under cover and they felt themselves drawing within dangerous ange than fan-like to right and left, and, yelling still like fiends, veered in wide circle from their line of attack, and ducking over their ponies' shoulders, clinging with one eg to the upright part of the cantle, they seemed to invite the fire of their white foe-and got it. A daring fellow in the lead came streaking slantwise across the front, as though aiming to pick up the comrade lurking in the dip of the prairie-like slope, and Con-roy's carbine was the first to bark, followed almost instantly by Dean's. The scurrying pony threw up his wall-eyed head and lashed with his feathered tail, evidently hit, but not checked, for un-der the whip he rushed gamely on until another bullet, whistling within ; foot of his neck, warned the red rider that he was far too close for safety for with halting gait the pony turned and labored off the field, and presently was seen to be staggering. "Score one for our side," laughed the Irishman, in glee. "Now's your time, sergeant." But Bruce, reloading, was gazing sternly at the distant knoll. The other warriors, riding right and left, were now chasing crosswise over the billowy slopes, keeping up a fire of taunt and chaff and shrill war cries, but never again venturing within 300 yardsnever wasting a shot. "I thought so," suddenly cried the ergeant. "They're signaling from the sergeant. knoll. They never would have attacked with so few, unless there were dozens more within sight. Now's our time lieutenant. We can mount and ride like hell to the timber-I beg your pardon, sir," he broke off, suddenly didn't mean to say what the lieutenant "No apologies," laughed Dean, his and he eyes snapping with the vim of the fight. eel a "Glad you see the truth of what I said. "Your Come on. Mount quickly, men."

cess; but there was soldier exultation and something like savage joy mingling

the pack horses lumbering alongside, Eagerly Dean and Bruce in the lead looked right and left for a game trail leading up the slope, for well they knew that the moment their reevforcements came the warriors would dash into the ravine and, finding their antagonists fled, would pursue along the banks. It would never do to be caught in such a trap. A gallop of a quarter of a mile and, off to the right, a branch ravine opened out to higher ground, and into this the leaders dove and, checking speed, rode at the trot until the ascent grew steep. Five minutes more and they were well up toward the head of the gulch and presently found themselves nearly on a level with the hillsides about them. Here, too, were scattered pine trees and a few scrub oak. The timber, then, was close at hand. Signaling halt to the climb-ing column, Dean and Bruce, springing from saddle, scrambled up the bank to their right and peered cautiously back down over the tumbling waves of

the foothills, and what they saw was enough to blanch the cheek of even veteran Indian fighters. Far over to the east, beyond an in-

tervening ridge and under the dun cloud of dust, the earth was black for miles with herds of running buffalo. Far down to the southeast, here, there and everywhere over the land, the slopes were dotted with little knots of Indian braves—they could be nothing else-all riding like mad, straight toward them. Mac coming Machpealota probably had launched his whole force on the trail of the luckless troopers.

[To Be Continued.]

STORY OF AFRICAN LOVE.

Kaffir Maiden Who Considered Herself Worth More Than Ten Cows.

An amusing incident is quoted by H. T. Finck, in a recent volume on primitive and curious customs, which indicates how easily utilitarian considerations may gain the supremacy among Africans.

A traveler knew a girl named Yanniki, who refused to marry a young Kaffir suitor, although she confessed that she liked him. "I cannot take him," she said, "as

he can offer only ten cows for me, and my father wants 15."

The traveler observed that it was not kind of her father to let a few cows stand in the way of her hap-piness; but the African damsel did not fall in with his sentimental views in the case. Business and vanity were to her much more important matters than individual preference, and she

exclaimed, excitedly: "What! You expect my father to give me away for ten cows? That would be a fine sort of a bargain! Am I not worth more than Cilli, for whom the Tambuki chief paid 12 cows last week? I am pretty, I can cook, sew, crochet, speak English, and with all these accomplishments you want my forther to discussed. want my father to dispose of me for ten miserable cows? Oh, sir, how little you esteem me! No, no, my father is quite right in refusing to yield in this matter. Indeed, in my opinion, he might boldly ask 30 cows for me, for I am worth that much."

Retort Courteous.

A recent English visitor to India relates the following incident of travel to show the character of the intercourse between the English and the resident population of that country. The Parsees have been scarcely longer in the peninsula than have the English. They are the ancient fire wor shippers of the east.

"Another Englishman and I were on the night train, and we were the sole occupants of the compartment. It was near midnight and we were stretched on our respective couches, when our slumbers were disturbed by the entrance of a family of four were not disturbed, there was a lit-tle conversation and discussion while couches were being prepared and berths let down, and so forth, till at last my fellow countryman, losing his little store of patience, rolled over among his rugs with a growl: wish you would stop that chattering, you Parsees!' To which remark, when they had settled themselves a little, one of the men replied: 'Please go to sleep now, Mr. Gentleman.' "-Youth's Companion.



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Hon. W. N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota.

Hon. W. N. Roach, United States Senator from North Dakota, person-ally endorses Peruna, the great catarrh cure and tonic. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Company, at Columbus, Ohio, written from Washington, D. C., Senator Roach says:

"Persuaded by a friend I have used Peruna as a tonic, and I am glad to testify that it has greatly helped me in strength, vigor and appetite. I have been advised by friends that it is remarkably effica-cious as a cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."— W. N. Roach, Larimore, North Dakota.

No other remedy can take the place of Peruna.



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rieties,

If you do not derive prompt and satis-factory results from the use of Feruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable ad-vice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio-



"I cannot fire." was the answer "That's their flag of truce and we must not ignore it. Let them come, sergeant; I'll meet them."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Remonstrance on part of his men would have been a violation of their rules of order. Obedient to the lieutenent's instructions, Sergt. Bruce, with evident reluctance, lowered his hand. Whoever these Indians were they well understood the principles that gov-erned civilized warfare. They well knew that the white soldiers would re-spect a flag of truce, though in their own vernacular they referred to the sacred emblem only as a "fool flag," and sometimes used it, as did the Modocs five years later, to lure officers into ambush and deliberately murder them. They knew the white soldiers would take no advantage of foemen gathered for conference or parley, and thus far the Sioux themselves had ob-served the custom which the Modocs basely violated when in cold blood they alaughtered Gen. Canby and the peace commissioners sent to treat with them. Confidently, therefore, came the two young warriors, but as Dean raised bimself from the ground and was about to step forward the sergeant apoke:

"Beg pardon, sir, but these fellows know all our officers. They would rec-ognize you at once. The word would to Red C'oud faster than any pony could gallop. Let me meet them, or let one of the men."

The ponies were coming at a lope The ponies were coming at a lope Keep away from our tepees," and he mow, and not an instant was to be lost. drew, with his spurred boot-heel a The safety of his command might pos- jagged line across the turf. sibly depend on their not being recog-side," said he, indicating the slope to sized as of the troops before whose the southeast of the line. "This-party of bluecoats were spurring swift-do not think, -Chicago Daily News

the other. "Bring tongues, then," and Bruce

touched his own. "Five," and he threw forward the outspread right hand, rapidly touching in succession the thumb and four fingers. "We give both hands full-coffee, sugar, hardtack," and Bruce illustrated as he spoke. "That's all!" he finished abruptly, with the well-known Indian sign that plainly tells "I have spoken-there is nothing more to say," then calmly turned his back, and, bidding Conroy follow, started to return to his com rades at the ravine.

But Indian diplomacy was unsatisfied. The Sioux had found "Big Nose" to be one of the soldiers in the field. He, at least, was of the hated troop that fought and chased Burning Star and killed Chaska. The trail told them there were nearly a dozen in the party, all or shod horses, with two in lead—spare mounts or pack-horses, doubtless—so they had extra rations and had come far; but why were they going this way, so far west of the usual road to the Big Horn posts? Why were they so few in number? Where were the rest? Why were they hidng here in the ravine, instead of marching? Answer to this last question was easy enough. It was to keep out of sight of Indian eyes, and needed no excuse. There was some-thing behind this mysterious presof ten or twelve soldiers in ence southern foot-hills, and Machpealota would expect of his scouts full information, hence the instant movement on part of one of the two braves to follow.

Impressively, Bruce turned again and waved him back. "Go, get buf-falo tongue," said he, "or no trade. "Go, get buf- should do."

Prince Albert's Courage

Lord Playfair was one of the most honored and conspicuous figures in Great Britain during the last half century. When he was in the University of Edinburgh the prince of Wales was one of his pupils. One day the two were standing near a cauldron containing lead, which was boiling at white heat. "Has your royal highness any faith in science?" asked Playfair. "Certainly," was the prompt reply. Playfair then carefully washed the prince's hand in ammonia to get rid of any grease on it, and then said: "Will you now place your hand in this boiling metal and ladle out a por-tion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the prince. "I do," was the answer. The prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining any injury. Nowadays the out some of the boling lead without sustaining any injury. Nowadays the feat is frequently performed, but in those days it was a novelty, which makes the courage and confidence of Albert Edward equally remarkable -Golden Days.

Shrewd Ignorance.

When srewd ignorance resorts to questionable methods the confiding public has to pay the freight .-- Chicago Daily News.

He is a fool who thinks that others



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