CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1901.

THAT BOY OF MINE. He's rosy as the summer sky At dawning of the day: His little "goo-r"" a" signify The things that he would say. He's innocent of all desire In babyland to shine, And yet the neighbors all admire That little boy of mine.

Like many other baby boys He dearly loves ar ow. And oft I wish he'd stop his noise, And smooth his troubled brow. But when his fittle eyes are dry-Where tiny sparkles shine-The wealth of Klondike would not buy That little boy of mine.

His faults are few-if faults they be-I tell them in a joke To visitors, but generally Feel sorry that I spoke. For ere they have a chance to laugh His grandma cries: "Why, Joe, You used to make more noise by half Some thirty years ago."

Then as we lay him down to rest, In childhood's snowy bands, And fold upon his little breast His chubby little hands, In pure and perfect innocence He looks almost divine— The sweetest gift of Providence Is that wee how of mine

Is that wee boy of mine. -Peter Grant, in Chicago Daily Record



CHAPTER XX.

A day had dawned on the Big Horn never to be forgotten by those who watched the conflict from the stockade, never to be recalled by those who went forth to fight. Broad daylight had come and the sun was peeping over the far horizon as strong arms bore the and the commander eagerly questioned the men who came with him. Their story was quickly told. They had fied before overpowering numbers of the Sioux the night before, had made their way through the timber in the darkaess and come ahead all night, groping their way from ridge to ridge until at the peep of day they found them-selves in sight of familiar landmarks, and could see the gleam of the waters of the Fork dancing away under the dawn. And then, as they essayed to ride on they found the Indians all around them. Whichever way they turned the foe appeared, but only in scattered parties and small numbers. Not once did more than half a dozen appear in sight, and then, confident speedy succor from the fort, they had decided to make a dash for it, and so rode boldly out into the open. But now a score of warriors popped up and barred the way, while others far out at flank or rear kept up long range fire. One man was shot through the body and fainted and had to be borne along. Then the lieutenant was shot in the leg, but no one knew it until they saw his boot was running over with blood, and he was growing ghastly white, even though he kept encour-aging and directing. But when at last the cavalry met them and brushed the Indians away from the front, Capt. Drum, who rode at their head, ordered Mr. Dean taken right into the post while he dashed on to punish the Sioux. "and he is giving them hell, too," said the excited trooper, "for there couldn't have been more than a hundred Indians all told."

Ah, not in sight, perhaps, poor lads!--not in sight of horse, foot or fort; for if there were only a hundred, how came it that the fire grew fiercer still, and that presently every musket in the infantry skirmish line, too, was blazing on the foe? By this time cavalry and infantry both had disappeared over the curtaining ridge, and the colonel's face grew grave and haggard as he listened. Three-fifths of his little garrison were out there battling against unknown numbers. They had gone to rescue the detachment and bring it safely in. That rescue was accomplished. The precious package for which so much had been risked was here—but what detained the com-mand? Why did they not return? Beyond doubt far more Indians were out there now than when first the firing began. "Gallop out, Mr. Adjutant, and tell the major to withdraw his line and fall back on the stockade," was the order-and with a lump in his throat the young officer mounted again and started. He was a pet in the garrison only in his second year of commission. They saw him gallop through the gate, caw him ride gallantly straight for the curtaining ridge beyond which the smoke was rising heavily now, saw him breasting the slope, his orderly following, saw him almost reach it, and then suddenly the prairie seemed to jet fire. The foremost horse reared, plunged and went rolling over and over. They saw-plainly saw through their glasses, and a shriek of agony and horror went up from among the women at the sight—half a dozen paint-ed savages spring out from behind the ledge, some on pony back, some afoot, and bear down on the stricken form of the slender young rider now feebly striving to rise from the turf; saw the empty hand outstretched, imploring mercy; saw jabbing lances and brandished war clubs pinning the helpless boy to earth and beating in the bared, defenseless head; saw the orderly dragged from under his struggling horse and butchered by his leader's side; saw the bloody knives at work tearing away the hot red scalps, then ripping off the blood-roaked clothing, and, to the music of savage shouts of glee and triumph, hacking, hewing, mutilating the poor remains, reckless of the bullets that came buzzing along the turf from the score of Springfield

yards away in the dazzling light of the rising sun. Old Springfields did not carry as do the modern arms. Soldiers of those days were not taught accurate shooting as they are now. It was too. far for anything but chazes, and all within a minute or two the direful tragedy was over, and the red warriors had darted back behind the ridge from

which they came. "My God! sir," gasped the officer who stood at the side of the awe-stricken post commander, "I believe it's Red Cloud's entire band, and they've got our poor boys surrounded! Can't we send help?" "Send help! Merciful heaven, man,

who's to help us? Who's to protect these poor women and children if we go? I have but two companies left. It's what those fiends are hoping— have been planning—that I'll send out my last man to the aid of those al-ready gone, and then they'll dart in on the fort and what will become of

Great drops of sweat were pouring down the colonel's face as he turned and pointed to the huts where now, clinging to one another in terror, many poor wives and children were gathered, and the air was filled with the sobbing of the little ones. Up from the stockade came two young Up officers, their faces set and rigid, their eyes blazing. "In God's name, colonel," cried the foremost, "let me take my men and clear that ridge

that our people can get back. One charge will do it, sir." But solemnly the commander up-lifted his hand. "Listen," said he, "the battle is receding. They are driving our poor fellows southward, away from us. They are massed between them They are massed between them us. us. They are massed between them and us. It would only be playing into their hands, my boy. It's too late to help. Our duty now is here." "But good God, sir! I can't stay without raising a hand to help. I beg-I impiore!" "Go back to your post at once, sir.

You may be needed any minute. Look there! Now!"

And as he spoke the colonel pointed to the southeast. Over the scene be-yond the divide to the south hung the bank of pale-blue smoke. Out on the slope lay the ghastly remains of the young adjutant and his faithful comrade, who, not ten minutes before, had galloped forth in obedience to their orders and met their soldier fate. Out to the southeast the ridge fell gradually away into the general level of the rolling prairie, and there, full a thou-sand yards distant, there suddenly darted into view three horsemen, troopers evidently, spurring madly for home.

"They've cut their way through! Thank God!" almost screamed the spectators at the parapet. But their exultation died an instant later. Over the ridge in swift pursuit came a dozen painted, feathered braves, their po-nies racing at lightning speed, their arrows and bullets whizzing along the line of flight. The horse of the foremost trooper was staggering, and suddenly went plunging headlong, sending his rider sprawling far out on the turf. He was up in a second, dire peril nerving him to desperate effort. His comrades veered at his



loopholes of the stockade. It was 800 slackened speed, and soon they saw him slowing down despite the frantic jabbing of the spurs, and with droop-ing head and bleeding nostrils giving ing head and bleeding nostrils giving up the fight. And then, at sound of the triumphant yells and jeers of his pursuers, the poor wretch in saddle threw one fearful glance behind him, one despairing look toward the com-rades and the refuge still a quarter of a mile away and with shaking hand be turned the brown resolver on his he turned the brown revolver on his own temple and pulled trigger, and then went tumbling earthward, a corpse. There at least was one scalp the Sioux could covet in vain, for, with shouts of vengeance, the little squad of infantry, deaf to all orders or the clamor of the bugle recall, dashed out over the level beach firing furiously as they ran, and, whether from the suthey ran, and, whether from the su-perstitious awe with which the In-dians view the suicide, or the dread of close combat with the gallant band of blue-coats, the mounted warriors turned and scurried across the prairie, and were presently out of range beyond the ridge again. Then

and not till they had reached and lifted and borne the lifeless form of the trooper did the little party con-descend to answer the repeated summons from the fort. Then at last they slowly returned, unrebuked, for no man had the heart to chide their daring.

Only once more was there further sight of the one-sided battle. Half a mile or more beyond the bare divide there rose against the southern sky a bold, oblong height or butte, studded with bowlders and stunted pine, and watchers at the fort became aware as the sun climbed higher that the smoke cloud, thinning gradually but percep-tibly, was slowly drifting thither. The fire, too, grew faint and scattering. The war whoops rang and reechoed among the rocks, but all sounds of cheering had long since died away. At last, an hour after the fury of the fight began, the colonel, gazing in speechless grief through his field-glass, muttered to the officer at his side:

"Some of them are still left. They are fighting for their lives along that butte.

Only a few, though. One by one the dark dots among the bowlders ceased to stir and move about. Little by lit-tle the fire slackened, and all but occasional scattered shots died utterly away. Then other forms, feathered and bedizened, were seen rushing in numbers up the distant hillside, and that meant all was over, and the brutal knives were busily at work. Little by little all sound of conflict, all sight of combatants disappeared entirely, and the unclouded sunshine streamed down upon a scene on which the silence of death indeed had fallen. When at last. late that afternoon, the watchers reported a vast body of Indians drifting away eastward toward the distan: Powder river, and venturesome scouts stole out to reconnoiter, backed by skirmish lines from the stricken post, they found the grassy slopes beyond that curtaining ridge one broad field of death, strewn with the stripped and hacked and mangled forms of those who had so gallantly dashed forth to the aid of comrade soldiery at the break of day, so torn and mutilated and disfigured that only a limited few were identified. Officers and men, one after another, had died in their tracks, victims of Red Cloud and the Ogallalla sions

And all for what? Late that night the quartermaster in wild agitation sought his colonel's door, a package in his hands. "For God's sake, sir, look at this!" he cried. The cords had just been cut, the

seals just broken, the stout paper care fully opened and the contents of the precious package exposed to view. It held no money at all, nothing but layer on layer of waste and worthless paper

CHAPTER XXI.

A week went by at Fort Emory, and not a word came back from Dean. The furious storm that swept the hills and swelled the rivers was the talk of every army post within two hundred miles, while in the gambling hells and saloons of Laramie, Cheyenne and Gate City men spoke of it in low tones and with ated breath. If ever the bolts of

dollars in government greenbacks it

ordered instant pursuit, just in time to

But who betrayed the secret? What

n a sewer.

He

were devotedly attended by Mrs. Fletcher. Possessed of some strange nervous excitement, this energetie woman was tireless in her effort to be of use. Minus ten of their very best, "C" troop still camped at Emory, the general holding it for public escort duty, and, to his huge delight, young Loomis was assigned to command it until Dean should return. There came a day when the news arrived from Frayne that the Laramie column had crossed the Platte and marched on for the Big Horn, and then John Folsom began to mend and was allowed to sit, up, and told the doctor he had need to see Maj. Burleigh without delay, but Burleigh could not leave his bed, said the physician in attendance—a very different practitioner from Folson's —and the old man began to fret and fume, and asked for writing materials. He wrote Burleigh a note, and the doc-tor forbade his patient's reading anything. Maj. Burleigh, said he, was a very sick man, and in a wretchedly nervous condition. Serious cons quences were feared unless utter quiet could be assured.

Then Folsom was pronounced well enough to be taken out for a drive, and he and Pappoose had the back seat to gether, while Jessie, with Harry Loomis to drive, sat in front, and Jeas was shy and happy, for Loomis had plainly lost his heart to his comrade's pretty Marshall had now been gone sister. nine days and could soon be expected home, said everybody, for with a big force going up there the Indians would scatter and "the boys" would have no trouble coming back. And so this lovely summer afternoon everyone seemed bright and joyous at the fort, listening to the band and wondering, some of the party, at least, how much longer it would be before they could hope to hear from the absent, when there arose sudden sounds of suppressed commo-tion in the camp of "C" troop. A courier was coming like mad on the road from Frayne—a courier whose panting horse reined up a minute, with heaving flanks, in the midst of the thronging men, and all the troop turned white and still at the news the rider briefly told—three companies at Warrior Gap were massacred by the Sioux, 170 men in all, including Sergt. Bruce and all "C" troop's men but Conroy and Gar-ret, who had cut their way through with Lieut. Dean and were safe inside the stockade, though painfully wound ed. This appalling story the girls heard with faces blanched with horror. Passionate weeping came to Jessie's relief, but Pappoose shed never a tear. The courier's dispatches were taken in to the colonel, and Folsom, trembling with mingled weakness and excite-

ment, followed. [To Be Continued.]

SERENADE OF WOLVES.

started by a Visitor to the Zoo Who Knew the Hunting Song of the Pack.

In the Century Ernest Seton-Thompon, who used to be known as "Wolf" Thompson, from his familiarity with particular form of wild animal, this tells how he started a wolf serenade at

the National "Zoo" in Washington. "While making these notes among the animals of the Washington zoo, I used to go at all hours to see them. Late one evening I sat down with some friends by the wolf cages, in the light of a full moon. I said: 'Let us see whether they have forgotten the mu-sic of the west.' I put up my hands to my mouth and howled the hunting some of the pack. The first to respond ong of the pack. The first to respond was a coyote from the plains. He re-membered the wild music that used to mean pickings for him. He put up his muzzle and 'yap-yapped' and howled. Next an old wolf from Colorado came running out, looked and listened earnestly, and raising her snout to the proper angle she took up the wild strain. Then all the others came run-ning out and joined in, each according to his voice, but all singing that wild wolf hunting song, howling and yell-ing, rolling and swelling, high and low,

in the cadence of the hills: "They sang me their song of the West, the West,

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS. A Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman.

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON GIVES PE-RU-NA A HIGH ENDORSEMENT.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

Hon. David Meekison is well known, not only in his own State, but through-out America. He began his political eareer by serving four consecutive terms as Mayor of the town in which he lives, during which time he became widely known as the founder of the Meekison Bank of Napoleon, Ohio. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congressi by a very large majority, and is the as

was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the ac-knowledged leader of his party in his section of the State. Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising states-man. Catarrh with its insidious ap-proach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Po-ru-a came to the rescue, and he dictated the following letter to Dr. Hartman as the result: "Ihave used several bottles of Pe-ru-

Hartman as the result: "Thave used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be able to fully eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing. Yours truly, "David Meekison."

"David Meekison." Many people can tolerate slight ca-tarrhal affections. A little hoarseness, a slight cough, a cold in the head, or a trifling derangement of the digestive organs, do not much disturb the aver-age person in his business. But this is not true of the public speaker or stage artist. His voice must always be clear,

NEW FROOF OF EVO. UTION.

Darwin's Theory Sustained by Com-paring the Blood of Men and Apes. The latest proof of the correctness of Darwin's assertion that there is

near relation between man and ape is furnished by a discovery of the correspondence between the blood of man and the ape, reports a scientific exchange. Blood exposed to the air coagulates forms a jelly-like mass. After a time the coagulum contracts and expels a perfectly clear fluid called serum. Lately experiments with this natural serum showed some queer results. When the serum of a rabbit was mixed with the blood of an animal not closely related to it, for instance a guinea pig, the blood corpuseles of the guinea pig were thereby disthe guinea pig were thereby dis-solved. But the serum of the rabbit mixed with the blood of a elosely re-lated animal, a hare, for instance, did not affect the blood of the hare at all. The serum of the horse works no change in the blood of the donkey, but destroys (dissolves) the blood corpuscles of the rabbit, lamb or man. The dog, fox or wolf readily permit exchange of blood, while the blood corpuscles of the dog are dis-solved by cat serum. This, then, seems to furnish a new and sure means for establishing blood rela-tionship between animals. Experi-ments with human serum showed that it dissolves the blood corpuscles of all vertebrates, also those of the lower ape. But the experiments with the higher apes gave different results. Neither the blood corpus-cles of the ourang-outang nor those of the gibbon were dissolved by human The serum of the horse works no results. Neither the blood corpus-cles of the ourang-outang nor those of the gibbon were dissolved by human serum, and human blood was carried into the blood course of a chimpan-zee without in the least affecting the latter's condition. latter's condition. These experiments serve to show that the blood of man and that of the higher ape must be looked upon as identical. It is absolutely sure that none of the tested serum of anithat none of the tested serum of ani-mal resembles the human blood as closely as does the blood of those three apes—the ourang-outang, chim-panzee and gibbon. This highly in-teresting scientific discovery fur-nishes new proof for the probability of man's evolution from lower ani-mals. It throws some light on the sorry experience had with transfu-sion of animal blood in the blood of suffering human beings. Some scien-



Peru-na, says: "I have used Peru-na with splendid results. Would not be without it. No money would hire me to have a settled cold or chronic cough, or hoarseness. Catarrh is the most dreadful thing that could happen to one of my profession. Baymer is to one of my profession. Pe-ru-na is my shield and protector against this most undesirable disease."—Carrie Thomas.

If you do not derive prompt and satis factory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

tists maintain that the sheep and man, the calf and man stand too far apart in the order of descent the per-mit intermixture of their blocd with-out hat mful results.

In Prospect.

Mr. Billus-Johnny, is there any hot water in the house? I've man-aged to upset a jar of fruit on the

tablecloth tablectoth. Johnny Billus--No, but there'll be plenty of it when mamma comes back from down-town.--Chicago Tribune.



of this country. They have come to regard Pe-ru-na as indispensable to their success. Their profession is so exacting that

The other turned back to meet his running

Springs, for the story was all over Wyoming by this time how the worst cry for help and glanced back over their shoulders. One, unnerved at sight of the dashing foemen in purgong of cutthroats that ever invested the wide west had galloped in strong force to that wild, sequestered nook to suit, clapped spurs again, and bending low, rode madly on. The other, gal-lant fellow! reined about in wide, murder Dean and his whole party of the hated "blue bellies," if need be sweeping circle, and turned back to meet his running comrade. They saw but at all hazards to get the precious package in his charge. Fifty thousand him bend to lend a helping hand, saw him bend still lower as three of the contained if Hank Birdsall, their chos-en leader, could be believed, and hith-Indians leaped from their ponies, and, kneeling, loosed their rifles all at once; saw him topple out of saddle, erto he had never led them astray. swore that he had the "straight tip," and his stricken horse, with flapping rein, trot aimlessly about a moment, before he, too, went floundering in his tracks; saw the other soldier turn to face his fate by his dying comrade's side, fighting to the last, overwhelmed and borne down by the rush of red warriors. Strong men turned aside in agony, unable to look on and see on every side, they counted on easy victory. But the warning thunder had been enough for the young troop leader, and prompted him to break the rest-the brutal, pitiless clubbing camp and get out of the gorge. They and stabbing, the fearful hacking of lance and knife-but others still, in were starting when Birdsall's scouts peered over the bank and the outlaw the fascination of horror, gazed help-lessly through the smoke drifting upmeet the fury of the flood and to see some of his fellows drowned like rats ward from the blazing loopholes, and once a feeble cheer broke forth as one shot took effect and a yelling Indian officer or government employe restretched out dead upon the sward. Then for a brief moment all eyes cenwith so much treasure?-and what tered on the sole survivor who came sweeping down the slope, straight for the stockade. Almost it seemed as had taken to the mountains and was beyond pursuit. "Shorty," one of his men, rescued from drowning by the though he might yet escape, despite the fact that his horse, too, was lurching and stumbling, and his pursuers were gaining rapidly, defiant of the fire of the little fort. Reckless of ormail carrier and escort coming down from Frayne, confessed the plot, and the general was now at Emory investider and discipline, a dozen soldiers nearest the gate rushed out upon the gating. Maj. Burleigh had taken to his bed. Capt. Newhall was reported open bench, shouting encouragement and sending long-range, chance shots. But with every stride the fleeing steed

They set all my feelings aglow; They stirred up my heart with their art-less art, And their song of the long-ago." Heaven were launched to defeat a fou crime it was right there at Canyon

"Again and again they raised the ery, and sang in chorus till the whole moonlit wood around was ringing with the grim refrain—until the inhabitants the near city must have thought all the beasts broken loose. But at length their clamor died away, and the wolves returned, slunk back to their dens, silently, sadly I thought, as though they realized that they could indeed join in the hunting song as of old, but their hunting days were forever done."

An Appropriate Reminder.

He was rather a rackety young man and kept very late hours. He was goand that every man who took an hon est part in the fight, that was sure to ensue, should have his square one thousand dollars. Thirty to ten, suring on a long journey, and on bidding farewell to his beloved he said to counding the soldiers along the bluffs her:

her: "Darling, when I am far away, ev-ery night I will gaze at yon star and think of thee. Wilt thou, too, gaze at yon star and think of me?" "I will, indeed, dearest," she re-plied. "If I needed dnything to re-mind me of you L would choose the

mind me of you I would choose this very star."

"Why?" he asked.

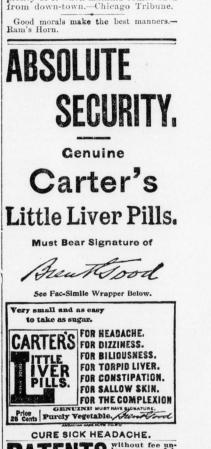
"Because it is always out so late at night and looks so pale in the morning."-Pick Me Up.

Those Loving Girls. Bess-So you and Fred are really

ngaged? ould have been his object? Birdsal. Nell-Yes; and you ought to have een the happy look on the dear fel ow's face when I accepted him. "I'm sorry I didn't see it. W

What a contrast it must have been from the look of pain on his face when I re-fused him."-Chicago Daily News.

A Faithful Friend. Faithful are the wounds of a friend But the faithful friend will not in gone to Denver. Old John Folsom lay with bandaged head and blinded eyes in a darkened room, assiduously nursed the turf from the score of Springfields But with every stride the fleeing steed in a darkened room, assiduously nursed flic: wounds, except where true friend turned loose at the instant among the grew weaker, stumbled painfully and by Pappoose and Jessie, who in turn ship requires it.—United Presbyteria.



ATENTS without fee un-less successful, Send description, MILO 3, STEVENS & CO., Read, 184, 3, 31-14h Stree, WASHINGTON, Lat-uch onloss, Chicago, Civvingd and Defoot