

ONE YEAR

One year ago to-day, beloved, God gave thee angel-wings...

Dean, with his treasure package and little escort, rode forth from Emory on that perilous mission...

Fletcher induced him to come there, for the key to the safe at the quartermaster's depot, and was going to get the money...

noted that the few ranch hands hung about the premises all day, their rifles ever within reach...

AN INHERITANCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

Indian Reservations and Other New Districts to Be Opened Up This Year.

In the Great Saskatchewan Valley, and the Fertile Plains of Assiniboia.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir: The past three or four years have demonstrated to a large number of Americans the value of the grain-growing and ranching lands of western Canada...

Darkness settled down upon the valley, and though calm and collected, Folsom seemed oppressed by the deep anxiety...

"Dear Dean: In case the letter sent yesterday passed you on the way, I add a line to say that if ever I said a mean thing about Loring when we were in the corps, I take it back...

"Your friend and classmate, HANK L." "P. S. Loring took ten of the troop into the Black Hills to beat up Burt here, but he said if they struck Indian sign he meant to make for Folsom's ranch...

"The sun was well down at the west. The day's march had been long and tedious, as only cavalry marches are when long wagon trains have to be escorted...

"I have an idea for a story!" exclaimed the young author enthusiastically. "Something really new?" asked the publisher, doubtfully...

"I told you so," broke in the publisher. "Man comes back 25 years later." went on the young author, ignoring the interruption...

"You're a nice editor, Chubb!" "What's the matter now?" "Why, you said the publisher of the Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass."

"Well, he is." "But you add: 'We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways.'" "Harlem Life." "People Who Won't Pay." Any photographer will tell you that lots of people will sit for a picture and then won't stand for it...

WILL NOT STRIKE.

The Mine Workers Accept a Promise of Recognition

AT SOME FUTURE TIME.

President Mitchell Declares for a Conservative Course.

IN THE ANTHRACITE FIELD.

The Principal Concessions Asked for by the United Mine Workers Were Not Granted and the Operators Can Justly Claim a Victory.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 30.—The expected strike of 143,000 miners in the hard coal region will not take place. At a meeting of the executive committee of the United Mine Workers of three anthracite districts held in this city Friday it was decided that the men should continue at work...

Mr. Mitchell made an address at the afternoon session of the committee which was conservative in the extreme. He spoke of his visit to New York and his efforts to secure interviews with the men who control the anthracite coal trade...

A number of coal operators when shown the statement issued by the committee said it was a graceful backward step on Mitchell's part, but they gave the president of the Mine Workers credit for its conservative policy...

President Mitchell's statement says: "The representatives of the operators listened to the presentation of our arguments and while they would not agree to meet in a general conference with the miners this year, they did agree that the notices which were posted continuing the advance in wages until April 1, 1902, and agreeing to take up and adjust with their mine employees any grievances they might have, should be interpreted to mean that such grievances should be adjusted with representatives or committees of the Mine Workers..."

Actor Barrymore in an Asylum. New York, March 30.—Maurice Barrymore, the actor, was taken to the insane pavilion of Bellevue hospital yesterday by his son, John Barrymore. He went to the hospital willingly. He had nothing at all to say and acted like a man who was dazed. John Barrymore told the doctor that his father's real name is Blye and that he was born in the East Indies about 50 years ago.

A Masquerader Arrested. Victoria, B. C., March 30.—The steamer Tacoma, from the Orient, brings news of the arrest at Hong Kong of an American named John Lee, who, it is alleged, has been obtaining goods and money under false pretenses while masquerading as "C. E. Morgan, surgeon of U. S. S. Brooklyn." He went about attired in naval uniform and was bound to Manila when arrested.

Is in No Hurry to Resign. Lincoln, Neb., March 30.—Senator-elect Dietrich announced Friday that he would not resign as governor until fall, probably not until after election, barring, of course, an extra session of congress, which he did not regard as probable. Gov. Dietrich justified this action by saying he had outlined a plan of state administration which he was anxious to put into effect.

Marseilles Strike Ended. Marseilles, France, March 30.—The strike here has virtually ended and work has been generally resumed at the docks.



CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"Up to this afternoon at five no trace of them has been found," said Loring. "Day after to-morrow that safe-opener should reach us. If you have influence with Col. Stevens you should urge him to have a guard at the quartermaster's depot, even if he had to strip the fort. The general cannot be reached by wire."

"Why?" asked Folsom, looking up in alarm. "You don't suppose he'd come back to rob his own office?" "He is not the man to take a risk, but there are those with him not so careful, and the hand that sent Bird-sall's gang in chase of Dean could send them here, with the safe-key. Those few clerks and employes would be no match for them."

"By heaven, I believe you're right!" cried Folsom. "Which way are you going now?" "Back to the hotel by way of the depot," was the answer. "Will you go?" "One moment. I do not travel about just now without a gun," said Folsom, stepping within doors, and even the low sound of their voices died away and all was still as a desert. The old trader did not return at once. Something detained him—Miss Folsom, probably, reasoned the engineer, as he stood there leaning on the gate. Aloft a blind creaked audibly, and gazing upward, Loring saw a dark, shadowy shutter at the third-story window swing slowly in. There was no wind to move it. Why should human hands be so stealthy? Then a dim light shone through the slats, and the shade was raised, and, while calmly watching the performance, Loring became aware of a dim, faint, far-away click of horse's hoofs at the gallop, coming from the north. "If that were from the eastward, now," thought he, "it might bring stirring news." But the sound died away after a moment, as though the rider had diverged into sandy soil.

"The girls have, both of them—but not to the third story. That's Mrs. Fletcher's room." "Ah, yes. The woman, I believe, who accidentally scared your horse and threw you?" "The very one!" he answered. "I'm blessed if I know what should have taken her out at that hour. She says she needed air and a walk, but why should she have chosen the back-gate and the alley as a way to air and sunshine?"

"Would you mind taking me through that way?" asked the engineer, suddenly. "It's the short cut to the depot, I understand." "Why, certainly. I hadn't thought of that," said Folsom. "Come right on." And so while the hoofbeats up the road grew louder, the two turned quickly back to the rear of the big frame house. "That coming horse brings news," muttered Loring to himself, as he turned the corner. "We can read him off, but I want to see this situation first."

Looking away southeastward from the porch of Folsom's homestead, one could see in the daytime a vista of shingled roofs and open yards, a broad valley, with a corral and inclosures on the southern edge of the town, but not a tree. To-night only dim black shadows told where roof and chimney stood, and not a sign could they see of the depot. Loring curiously gazed aloft at the rear and side windows of the third story. "They command quite a view, I suppose," said he, and even as he spoke the sash of the southeast room was softly raised, the blind swung slightly outward. That woman watching and listening again! And it was she whose sudden and startling appearance at the rear gate had led to Folsom's throw so early the morning. Burchell and his mysterious friend were found missing from their quarters just after dawn—the very morning

of a scuffle, a man came hurrying toward them from the front. "Halt! Who are you?" challenged Folsom, covering him with his revolver. "Don't shoot. I'm Ned Lannon—just in from the ranch. Have you heard anything of Hal, sir?" "Of Hal?" gasped Folsom, dropping his pistol in dismay. "In God's name, what's wrong?" "God only knows, sir. Mrs. Hal's high crazy. He's been gone two days."

CHAPTER XXIII. Five days later the women and children from Warrior's Gap, most of them bereaved, all of them unnerved by the experiences of that awful day, arrived at Fort Frayne, escorted by a strong command of infantry and all that was left of the cavalry troop at the stockade. A sad procession it was as it slowly forded the Platte and ascended the winding road to the post, where sorrowing, sympathetic army women met and ministered to them. With them, too, came such of the wounded as could be moved, and at the head of the little squad of horse rode Lieut. Dean, whom the post commander and several officers greeted almost effusively.

Yet almost the first question was: "Did you see any Indians?" "Not one," answered Dean. "They seem to have drawn away from the Big Horn road entirely. Why do you ask?" he added, anxiously. "There were signal fires out at Eagle Butte last night, and I've just had a letter from old Folsom at the ranch on the Laramie. He begs us to send a guard at once and I haven't a horseman. There's been the devil to pay at young Folsom's place."

Dean's face went a shade paler. "What's happened?" he asked. "A dozen of his best horses run off by Bird-sall's gang, probably to replace those they lost in the flood, and Hal himself was shot and left for dead in the hills. He'd died but for an Ogallala girl and a couple of half-breeds who had a hunting-lodge out near the Peak. There are letters for you at the office."

"There were two—one from Loomis, at Emory; one from Jessie, of all places in the world, at Folsom's ranch. This he read first. "We got here late night before last, after such an exciting journey, Marshall dear," said she, "and I can't begin to tell you all the strange things that have happened, for Mr. Folsom says the messenger must start for Fort Frayne in twenty minutes. That villain, Maj. Burchell, who dared to speak ill of you, turned out to be as bad as I ever said he was. They haven't caught him yet, but they've got Capt. Newhall, Mr. Folsom and Mr. Loring did that—caught him in the back yard of our house, down by the gate, and in some way Mrs.

Fletcher induced him to come there, for the key to the safe at the quartermaster's depot, and was going to get the money. Maj. Burchell dared not take when he fled. I can't understand it at all, and Pappoose doesn't like to talk about it. But Mr. Folsom was robbed of lots of money by that Burchell. Mrs. Fletcher is mixed up in it in such a queer way, I can't explain now. She was nearly crazy when we came away, and Mr. Folsom was so good and kind to her, left a nurse with her, and made her stay at the house, although she wanted to pack her things and go to the hotel or the jail, she didn't care which; but he wouldn't let her. "And right in the midst of it all Ned Lannon, who came with news before, galloped in to tell how Halbert Folsom had been missing two days, and Mrs. Folsom was crazy with fear, so Mr. Folsom left Lieut. Loring to attend to all the matters about the robbery and started at once for the ranch. Pappoose, of course, insisted on going with him, and I would not be left behind. And here we are. Now I can see the hills where you had the fight and wore Elinor's picture, and it was right out there among them that Halbert was found. Horse thieves had run off his best horses—the same gang of murderers that, they say, planned to trap you and that you outwitted. Oh! Marshall, was ever a girl so proud of her brother—and they shot Hal! and he was found and taken care of by some Indian people, tame ones, and one was a girl, Lizette, who had fallen in love with him four years ago. Wasn't it romantic? And she's gone again, but Hal is safe here, although Mrs. Folsom is more than half-crazy, and now old Mr. Folsom is worried to death, and says we must start back for home to-morrow. It's seventy-five miles, and we don't want to go at all, only I'm so eager to see you, and I heard—oh, dear! Mr. Loring, you'd be back any day, and he has your room till you come, and he's so fond of you—Oh, here's Pappoose to say this must go at once."

The colonel sat watching the young fellow as he read. "Bad news, Dean?" he queried. "Every kind of news, sir. It's all a whirl. The devil seems to have broken loose in Wyoming. Let me skim through Loomis' note." "Dear Dean: In case the letter sent yesterday passed you on the way, I add a line to say that if ever I said a mean thing about Loring when we were in the corps, I take it back. I thought him a prig when we were the gray. He rather 'held us under,' anyhow, being a class ahead, you know, but he has been good and kind and wiped up Wyoming with the only men I ever knew that tried to wrong you is simply wonderful. He's nabbed three of the Bird-sall gang and is away now after Burchell. The news from Folsom's ranch is more reassuring. Hal was shot by horse thieves who were running off stock, and was found and taken care of by friendly Indians, but Mrs. Hal had an awful scare and sent for the old man, who went, of course, both young and old, and they were miles away before we knew of it at the fort. I tried to persuade old Pecksniff that he ought to let me go with twenty troopers to guard the ranch and scout the Laramie, and he threatened to put me in arrest. I'd tried to beat up Burt here, but he said if they struck Indian sign he meant to make for Folsom's ranch. Now, if we could only meet there!"

"Your friend and classmate, HANK L." "P. S. Loring took ten of the troop into the Black Hills to beat up Burt here, but he said if they struck Indian sign he meant to make for Folsom's ranch. Now, if we could only meet there!" "The sun was well down at the west. The day's march had been long and tedious, as only cavalry marches are when long wagon trains have to be escorted. Dean had not yet fully recovered strength, but anxiety lent him energy. "If Mr. Folsom says there is need of cavalry guard at the Laramie, it is because he dreads another Indian visit, colonel. I have nine men in good shape. Our horses are fresh, or will be after a few hours' rest. May I push on to-night?" And to the young soldier's surprise the elder placed a trembling hand upon his shoulder and looked him earnestly into the eyes. "Dean, my boy, it's my belief you cannot start too soon. Do you know who Lizette is?" "I've heard the story," said Marshall, briefly. "She must have been hovering about there for some time." "Yes, and now her people know it, and it will rekindle their hatred. The moment I heard of this I sent old Bat to watch the crossing at La Bonte. Not an hour ago this came in by the hand of his boy," and the colonel held out a scrap of paper. It was a rude pictograph, a rough sketch, map-like, of a winding river—another and smaller one separated from the first by a chain of mountains. The larger one was decorated by a flag-pole with stars and stripes at the top and a figure with musket and bayonet at the bottom. The smaller one by a little house, with smoke issuing from the chimney, and a woman beside it. Above all, its head over the mountains pointing toward the house, its tail extending north of the bigger stream, was a comet—the "totem" or sign of the Ogallala lover of Lizette. The story was told at a glance. Burning Star was already south of the Platte and lurking in the mountains near Folsom's ranch. That night, toward ten o'clock, an anxious council was held. Halbert Folsom, fevered by his severe wound, was lying half-unconscious on his bed, his unhappy wife wandering aimlessly about at times, wringing her hands and weeping, evidently unbalanced by the terrors that had beset her of late and the tidings of that awful Indian revenge along the Big Horn. Silent, helpful, almost commanding, Elinor spent the hours sometimes at her brother's bedside, then at that of her sister-in-law when the poor creature could be induced to lie still a moment. The burly little son of his cradle, long since sound asleep in his chair, was watched over by Jessie, whose heart fluttered in dread she dare not say of what. Twice that afternoon she had seen whispered conferences between old Folsom and Lannon. She knew that for some better reason than that he was over-persuaded by Pappoose, Mr. Folsom had not carried out his project of sending them back to Gate City. She saw that he made frequent visits to the cellar and had changed the arrangement of the air ports. She



"Don't shoot! I'm Ned Lannon."

"Halt! Who are you?" challenged Folsom, covering him with his revolver. "Don't shoot. I'm Ned Lannon—just in from the ranch. Have you heard anything of Hal, sir?" "Of Hal?" gasped Folsom, dropping his pistol in dismay. "In God's name, what's wrong?" "God only knows, sir. Mrs. Hal's high crazy. He's been gone two days."

CHAPTER XXIII. Five days later the women and children from Warrior's Gap, most of them bereaved, all of them unnerved by the experiences of that awful day, arrived at Fort Frayne, escorted by a strong command of infantry and all that was left of the cavalry troop at the stockade. A sad procession it was as it slowly forded the Platte and ascended the winding road to the post, where sorrowing, sympathetic army women met and ministered to them. With them, too, came such of the wounded as could be moved, and at the head of the little squad of horse rode Lieut. Dean, whom the post commander and several officers greeted almost effusively.

Yet almost the first question was: "Did you see any Indians?" "Not one," answered Dean. "They seem to have drawn away from the Big Horn road entirely. Why do you ask?" he added, anxiously. "There were signal fires out at Eagle Butte last night, and I've just had a letter from old Folsom at the ranch on the Laramie. He begs us to send a guard at once and I haven't a horseman. There's been the devil to pay at young Folsom's place."

Dean's face went a shade paler. "What's happened?" he asked. "A dozen of his best horses run off by Bird-sall's gang, probably to replace those they lost in the flood, and Hal himself was shot and left for dead in the hills. He'd died but for an Ogallala girl and a couple of half-breeds who had a hunting-lodge out near the Peak. There are letters for you at the office."