



OUR SERIAL

THE SHIPS OF TIME.

There's a wonderful fleet, sailing one by one, O'er a careless, pathless sea; It carries a freight More precious in weight Than the wealth of an argosy.

The vessels are trim, and strong, and safe, And they bravely breast the gale; They ride with ease The wildest seas With never a broken sail.

Their way is straight as the narrow path, For their compass is always true; And their prow points high To the sunlit sky As they ride the waters blue.

'Tis a noble fleet, and steady, and sure, With no loss of its priceless stores; And it never fails Of the port it sails On that distant, unknown shore.

These ships are the years that breast the tide Of the turbulent sea of time; And faithful fulfil The Father's will In man's destiny sublime.

They leave behind a light in their wake More true than the phosphorus glow; For they usher the day And they show the way Of God on this earth below.

The books are kept by an angel's hand, There is never an item lost— Not a hope nor a fear, Not a prayer nor a tear, While the boundless sea is crossed.

But the day will come when the ocean of time Will swell and beat no more; And the last ship ride O'er a drying tide To that distant, unknown shore.

When the storm-swept years have unloaded their freight, The souls and the deeds of men; When the last sun sets, When vain are regrets, What will the reckoning be then? —Jennie L. Lyall, in Christian Work.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

That night the sentries had just called off half past one when there was some commotion at the guard-house. A courier had ridden in post haste from the outlying station of Fort Beecher, far up under the lee of the Big Horn range. The corporal of the guard took charge of his reeking horse, while the sergeant led the messenger to the commander's quarters. The major awoke already awake and half dressed. "Call the adjutant," was all he said, on reading the dispatch, and the sergeant sped away. In less than five minutes he was back.

"I could get no answer to my knock or ring, sir, so I searched the house. The adjutant isn't there!" For a moment the major stood in silence; then, briefly saying, "Call Capt. Ray," turned again to the dimly-lighted hallway of his commodious quarters, (the women thought it such a shame there should be no "lady of the house" for the largest and finest of the long line known as "Officers' Row.") while the sergeant of the guard scurried away to the soldier home of the senior cavalry captain on duty at the post. When the major again came forth his field glasses were in his hand and he hurried down the steps and out into the broad sheen of the moonlight when he caught sight of the courier seated on the horseblock at the gate, wearily leaning his head upon his gauntleted hand. Webb stopped short:

"Come right in here, my lad," he cried, "I want to speak with you," and followed slowly by the soldier, he entered his parlor, and whirled an easy chair in front of the open fireplace. "Sit right down there now, and I'll be with you in a minute," he added; bustled into the rear room and presently reappeared with a decanter and glass; poured out a stiff tot of Monongahela; "A little water?" he asked, as the trooper's eye brightened gratefully. A little water was added and off came the right hand gauntlet. "I drink the major's health and long life to him," said the soldier, gulping down the fluid without so much as a wink. Then, true to his training, set down the glass and stood strictly at attention.

"You've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, I'll be bound," said Webb. "Now, I've got to see some of my officers at once. You'll find cold beef, bread, cheese, pickles, milk, if you care for it, and pie right there in the pantry. Take the lamp in with you and help yourself. If you want another nip, there's the decanter. You've made splendid time. Did you meet no Indians?"

"Not one, sir, but I saw smokes at sunset out toward Eagle Butte."

"Your name—I see you belong to Capt. Truscott's troop."

"Kennedy, sir; and I thank the major."

ward bluff, at whose feet the river swept by in musical murmurings. There he quickly focused his glass, and gazed away westward up the Platte to where but the evening before a score of Indian lodges dotted the other bank, perhaps two miles away. The September moon was at its full and, in that rare, cloudless atmosphere, flooding the valley with its soft, silvery light so that close at hand, within the limits of the garrison, every object could be almost as distinctly seen as in broad daylight, but, farther away, over the lowlands and the river bottom and the rolling prairie stretching to the northern horizon, the cottonwoods along the stream or in the distant swales made only black blotches against the vague, colorless surface, and the bold bluffs beyond the reservation limits south of the flashing waters, the sharp, sawlike edge of the distant mountain range that barred the way to the west, even the clean-cut outlines of Eagle Butte, the landmark of the northward prairie, visible for 50 miles by day, were now all veiled in some intangible filament that screened them from the soldier's searching gaze. Later in the season, on such a night, their crests would gleam with radiance almost intolerable, the glistening sheen of their spotless crown of snow. All over this broad expanse of upland prairie and wooded river bed and boldly undulating bluff line not so much as a spark of fire peeped through the wing of night to tell the presence of human wayfarer, white, halfbreed or Indian, even where the Sioux had swarmed, perhaps 200 strong, at sunset of the day gone by.

It was to Ray he promptly opened his heart, as that veteran of a dozen Indian campaigns, then drawing his fourth "foggy," came hastening out to join the commander. "Here's confirmation of the telegram. Read that, Ray," said Webb, handing him the dispatch from Fort Beecher. "Then come with me to Field's. He's missing."

"Missing!" cried Ray, in consternation, as he hurriedly opened the page. "In God's name what do you mean?" "I mean he isn't in quarters and hasn't been in bed to-night. Now I need him—and it's two o'clock."

"Lame Wolf out? That's bad in itself! He's old Red Cloud's nephew and a brute at best. Stabber's people there yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on his heel and gazing westward.

"Can't make it out even with my glasses. All dark as pitch among the cottonwoods, but Kennedy, who made the ride, says he saw smokes back of Eagle Butte just before sunset."

"Then you can bet they won't be there at dawn—the warriors at least. Of course the women, the kids and old men will stay if only for a blind. He had 40 fighting men, and Wolf's got at least 200. What started the row?"

"The arrest of those two young bucks on charge of killing Finn, the sheep herder, on the Piney last week. I don't believe the Sioux began it. There's a bad lot among those damned rustlers," said Webb, snapping the glass into its well-worn case. "But no matter who starts, we have to finish it. Old Plodder is worried and wants help. Reckon I'll have to send you, Ray."

"Ready whenever you say, sir," was the prompt and soldierly reply. Even marriage had not taunted the edge from Ray's keen zest for campaigning. "Shall I have out my sergeant and cooks at once? We'll need to take rations."

"Yes, but wait with me till I wire the chief at Laramie. Come to the office." So saying the post commander turned and strode away. The captain glanced at the upper window where the light now dimly burned, but blind and window were open, and a woman's form appeared.

"It's all right, Maidee," called the captain, softly. "May have to start out on scout at daybreak. That's all. Home soon," and with a reassuring wave of the hand, turned again to his stanch friend and commander.

"I hate to send you—again," said Webb. "You were out in June, and the others have had only short scouts since."

"Don't bother. What's a cavalryman for? Shall we?—I—can't believe it—some how," and Ray stopped, glanced inquiringly at the major, and then nodded toward the doorway of the third house on the row. The ground floor was occupied by Field as his quarters, the up-stair rooms by Putney and Ross.

slashing handwriting at a glance, for both had seen and remarked it before. It was Nanette Flower's. Dropping the envelope on the table—he had found it on the floor—Webb led the way to the open air. There was no time to compare views. There stood the sergeant.

"Sir," said he, with a snap of the gloved left hand at the brown tube nestling in the hollow of the shoulder, "Number Five reports that he has heard galloping hoofbeats up the bench twice in the last half hour, and thought he saw distant horsemen—three—couldn't say whether they were Indians or cowboys."

"Very good, sergeant," was the major's brief answer. "Send for the telegraph operator and my orderly." The sergeant turned.

"One moment," called Ray—"your pardon, major—my first sergeant, too, and—sergeant, have any sentries reported horses taken out from the stables to-night?"

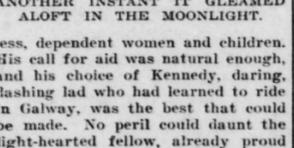
"Not one, sir," and stanch and sturdy, the commander of the guard stood ready to vouch for his men. "That's all!"

A quick salute, a face to the right about and the sergeant was gone. Webb turned and looked inquiringly at Ray.

"I asked, sir," was that officer's brief explanation, "because wherever Field has gone he wore riding dress."

CHAPTER III.

Comforted by abundant food, refreshed and stimulated by more than two or three enthusiastic toasts to the health of the major, the men so loved, Trooper Kennedy, like a born dragoon and son of the old sod, beheld him of the gallant bay that had borne him bravely and with hardly a halt all the long way from Beecher to Frayne. The field telegraph had indeed been stretched, but it afforded more fun for the Sioux than aid to the outlying posts on the Powder and Little Horn, for it was down 10 days out of 12. Plodder, lieutenant colonel of infantry commanding at Beecher, had been badly worried by the ugly demonstrations of the Indians for ten days past. He was forever seeing in mind's eye the hideous details of the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney, a few miles further on around the shoulder of the mountains, planned and carried out by Red Cloud with such dreadful success in '67. Plodder had strong men at his back, whom even hordes of painted Sioux could never stampede, but they were few in number, and there were those ever present help-



ANOTHER INSTANT IT GLEAMED ALOFT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

less, dependent women and children. His call for aid was natural enough, and his choice of Kennedy, daring, dashing lad who had learned to ride in Galway, was the best that could be made. No peril could daunt the light-hearted fellow, already proud wearer of the medal of honor; but, duty done, it was Kennedy's creed that the soldier merited reward and relaxation. If he went to bed at "F" troop's barracks, there would be no more good cakes and ale, no more of the major's good grub and rye. If he went down to look after the gallant steed he loved—saw to it that Kilmaine was rubbed down, bedded, given abundant hay, and later water—sure, then, with clear conscience, he could accept the major's "bid," and call again on his bedward way and toast the major to his Irish heart's and stomach's content. Full of pluck and fight and enthusiasm, and only quarter full, he would insist, of rye, was Kennedy as he strode whistling down the well-remembered road to the flats, for he, with Capt. Truscott's famous troop, had served some months at Frayne before launching forth to Indian story land in the shadows of the Big Horn range. Kennedy, in fact, eschewed to sing when once out of earshot of the guard-house, and singing, he strolled on past the fork of the winding road where he found he should have turned to his right, and in the fullness of his heart went striding southward down the slope, past the once familiar haunt, the store, now dark and deserted, past the big house of the post trader, past the trader's roomy stables and corral, and so wended his moonlit way along the Rawlins trail, never noting until he had chanted over half a mile and most of the songs he knew, that Frayne was well behind him and the rise to the Medicine Bow in front. Then Kennedy began to laugh and call himself names, and then, as he turned about to retrace his steps by a short cut over the bottom, he was presently surprised, but in no wise disconcerted, to find himself face to face with a painted Sioux. There by the path side, cropping the dewy grass, was the trained pony. Here, lounging by the trail, the thick black braids of hair interwined with beads,

the quill gorget heaving at his massive throat; the heavy blanket slung negligently, gracefully about his stalwart form; his nether limbs and feet in embroidered buckskin, his long-lashed quirt in hand; here stood, almost confronting him, as fine a specimen of the warrior of the plains as it had been Trooper Kennedy's lot to see, and see them he had—many a time and oft.

"How, John," said he, with an Irishman's easy insolence, "Lookin' for a chance to steal somethin'—is it?" And then Kennedy was both amazed and enraptured at the prompt reply in the fervent English of the far frontier.

"Go to hell, you pock-marked son-of-a-seut! Where'd you steal your whisky?"

For five seconds Kennedy thought he was dreaming. Then, convinced that he was awake, an Irishman scorned and insulted, he dashed into the attack. Both fists shot out from the brawny shoulders; both missed the agile dodger; then off went the blanket, and with two lean, red, sinewy arms the Sioux had "locked his foeman round," and the two were straining and swaying in a magnificent grapple. At arms' length Pat could easily have had the best of it, for the Indian never boxes; but, in a bear hug and a wrestle, all chances favored the Sioux. Cursing and straining, honors even on both for a while, Connaught and wild Wyoming strove for the mastery. Whisky is a wonderful starter but a mighty poor stayer of a fight. Kennedy loosed his grip from time to time to batter wildly with his clinched fists at such sections of Sioux anatomy as he could reach; but, at range so close, his blows lacked both swing and steam, and fell harmless on sinewy back and lean, muscular flanks. Then he tried a Galway hitch and trip, but his lithe antagonist knew a trick worth ten of that. Kennedy tried many a time next day to satisfactorily account for it, but never with success. He found himself speedily on the broad of his back, gasping for breath with which to keep up his vocal defiance, staring up into the glaring, vengeful black eyes of his furious and triumphant foe. And then in one sudden, awful moment, he realized that the Indian was reaching for his knife. Another instant it gleamed aloft in the moonlight, and the poor lad shut his eyes against the swift and deadly blow. Curses changed to one wordless prayer to heaven for pity and help. He never saw the glittering blade go spinning through the air. Vaguely, faintly, he heard a stern young voice ordering "Hold, there!" then another, a silvery voice, crying something in a strange tongue, and was conscious that an unseen power had loosed the fearful grip on his throat; next, that, obedient to that same power—one he dare not question—the Indian was struggling slowly to his feet, and then, for a few seconds Kennedy soared away into cloudland, knowing naught of what was going on about him. When he came to again, he heard a confused murmur of talk about him and grew dimly aware that his late antagonist was standing over him, panting still and slightly swaying, and that an officer, a young athlete, was saying rebukeful words. Well he knew him, as what trooper of the—did not?—Lieut. Beverly Field; but, seeing the reopened eyes it was the Indian again who sought to speak. With uplifted hand he turned from the rescuer to the rescued.

Swan a Royal Fowl.

In England, under an old law still in force, the swan is a royal fowl, as whales and sturgeons are royal fish. All swans the property whereof is not otherwise definable, when within the British dominions, belong to the king by virtue of this prerogative. When swans are lawfully taken into the possession of a private person such person may be said to have a property in them; but if they be at liberty they belong to the crown. Formerly it was necessary for persons who wished to keep these "royal fowls" to obtain a swan mark, which was granted by the crown, and which could not be legally impressed without grant or prescription. The marked swan law still holds good, and it is a felony to take swans which are lawfully marked, even though they be at large as it is a felony to take unmarked swans which are kept near a dwelling house.

Ravens 300 Years Old?

Is it true or not true—another curious and current belief—that the raven lives to an immense age, some say to 100 or even to 300 years? Old Hesiod is the father of the belief, and he is supported, more or less, by a host of ancient writers, the elder Pliny, Cicero, Aristophanes, Horace, Ovid and Ausonius.

Popular opinion in modern times quite agrees with them, as expressed in the Highland proverb, somewhat modified from Hesiod: Three the life of a dog is the life of a horse, Three the life of a horse is the life of a man, Three the life of a man is the life of a stag, Three the life of a stag is the life of a raven.

There cannot be so much smoke without some fire behind it, and I am inclined to think that a raven does live to a great age for a bird, and that Horace's epithet for the raven, amosus, and Tennyson's "many wintered crow" are justified by facts.

But the belief in its extreme age rests, I suspect, on one of its most touching characteristics, its intense hereditary attachment to the spot, a particular cliff, a particular grove, a particular tree, where its ancestors, where itself, and where its young have been born and bred.—Nineteenth Century.

Low Grade Division.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 109, 113, 101, 105, 107, 101. Rows include Pittsburg, Lv., Red Bank, etc.

Westbound.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 109, 106, 102, 114, 110, 942. Rows include Via P. & E. Div., Emporium, Lv., etc.

Eastbound.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 10, 8, 4, 6, 2. Rows include Port Allegany, Lv., etc.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 24, 1903. TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 8:15 A. M.—Week days, Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:22 P. M., New York 9:30 P. M., Baltimore 6:00 P. M., Washington 7:15 P. M., Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

8:30 P. M.—Daily to Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4:25 A. M., New York 7:13 A. M., Baltimore, 2:20 A. M., Washington, 3:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passenger cars remain sleeper undisturbed until 7:50 A. M.

10:25 A. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 A. M., New York 9:33 A. M., weekdays, (10:31 A. M. Sunday) Baltimore 7:15 A. M., Washington 8:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Sunbury. Harrisburg to Philadelphia. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 A. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:33 Sunday); Baltimore, 7:15 a. m.; Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD. 5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. 10:30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations. 6:23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.

Table with columns for SOUTHWARD, STATIONS, NORTHWARD. Rows include Emporium, Renovo, Driftwood, etc.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 109, 113, 101, 105, 107, 101. Rows include Emporium, Renovo, Driftwood, etc.

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BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo. Train No. 107, daily, 4:35 A. M. Train No. 115, daily, 4:15 P. M. Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West. Train No. 101, week days, 8:30 A. M. Train No. 103, week days, 1:40 P. M. Train No. 105, week days, 4:15 P. M. Chautauque Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

Low Grade Division.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 109, 113, 101, 105, 107, 101. Rows include Pittsburg, Lv., Red Bank, etc.

Westbound.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 109, 106, 102, 114, 110, 942. Rows include Via P. & E. Div., Emporium, Lv., etc.

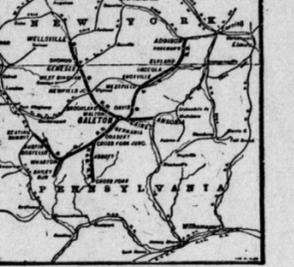
Eastbound.

Table with columns for STATIONS, 10, 8, 4, 6, 2. Rows include Port Allegany, Lv., etc.

carry passengers. Trains 6 and 10 do. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R.R. for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. north for Buffalo, Olean and Bradford and Smethport south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penna. B. R. points. B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt. Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

Time Table taking Effect June 23, 1902.



"The Grand Scenic Route."

Table with columns for READ DOWN, STATIONS, A. M., P. M., A. M., P. M. Rows include K'ing Smt., Austin, etc.

Table with columns for READ UP, STATIONS, A. M., P. M., A. M., P. M. Rows include K'ing Smt., Austin, etc.

Table with columns for READ DOWN, STATIONS, A. M., P. M., A. M., P. M. Rows include K'ing Smt., Austin, etc.

Table with columns for READ UP, STATIONS, A. M., P. M., A. M., P. M. Rows include K'ing Smt., Austin, etc.

Table with columns for READ DOWN, STATIONS, A. M., P. M., A. M., P. M. Rows include K'ing Smt., Austin, etc.

Table with columns for READ UP, STATIONS, A. M., P. M., A. M., P. M. Rows include K'ing Smt., Austin, etc.

At Keating Summit with P. R. R. Buf. Div. for all points north and south. At Ansonia with N.Y.C. & H. R. R. for all points north and south. At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R. west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses. At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R. At Addison with Erie R. R. for points east and west. At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west. At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div. H. H. GARDNER, Gen'l Pass' Agt., Buffalo, N.Y. W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt., Galeton, Pa. J. M. McMAHON, Div. Pass Agt., Galeton, Pa.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Emporium, Pa. A business relative to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-17.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. McBARNEY, JOHNSTON & McBARNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Emporium, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-17.

MICHAEL BRENNAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent. Emporium, Pa. 35-17.

THOMAS WADDINGTON, Emporium, Pa. CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING. All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, sup'ed at low prices. Agent for marble or granite monuments. Letters neatly done.

AMERICAN HOUSE, East Emporium, Pa. JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r. Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established house I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48-17.

F. D. LEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND INSURANCE AGT., EMPORIUM, PA. TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage, and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL, Wm. McGEHEE, PROPRIETOR. Emporium, Pa. Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the patronage of the public. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county. 30-17.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT, (Opposite Post Office) Emporium, Pa. WILLIAM McDONALD, PROPRIETOR. I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours. 207-17 Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, THOS. J. LYSSETT, PROPRIETOR. Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa. This new 2-story hotel is now opened for the accommodation of the public. New and comfortable accommodations, every attention will be paid to the guests patronizing this hotel. 27-17.

MAY GOULD, TEACHER OF PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY. Also dealer in all the popular sheet music. Emporium, Pa. Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the home of Mrs. J. M. Johnson. Out-of-town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. BICK, D. D. DENTIST. Office over Taylor & Deane Store, Emporium, Pa. Buffalo, Olean and other local dentists are invited to refer patients to me for the painless extraction of teeth. SPECIALTY—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.