

KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish, and get sour when things

don't yust come your way-Don't you be a pampered baby and de-elare, "Now, I won't play!" Just go grinning on and bear it; Have you heartache? Millions share it; If you earn a crown, you'll wear it-Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow men-If you whine around they'll try to keep, from meeting you again-Don't declare the world's "agin" you, Don't let pessimism win you, Frove there's lots of good stuff in you-Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view, Set your jaw and whisper grimly: "Though they're false, yet I'll be

True." Never let your heart grow bitter; With your ear to Hope's transmitter, Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter: "Keep sweet."

Bless your heart, this world's a good one and will always help a man. Hate, 'misenthropy, and malice have no place in Nature's plan. Help your brother there who's sighing, Keep his flag of courage flying: Help him try-'twill keep you trying-Keep sweet, -Baltimore American.



CHAPTER III.-CONTINUED.

"You're saved this time, you cur of a Mick," were expurgated of unprintable blasphemy, the exact words of the semi-savage lord of the fron-tier, "but by the God that made us both I'll get you before another moon, dash dash you, and when I do I'll cut out your blackguard heart and eat it." Then bounding on his pony, away he sped at mad gallop, westward.

For a moment no further word was spoken. The officer presently helped the soldier to his feet and stayed him, for the latter's legs seemed wobbly. Field let his salvage get its-breath before asking questions. Yet he was puzzled, for the man's face was strange to him. "Who are you?" he asked, at length, "and what on earth are you doing out here this time of night?"

"Kennedy, sir. Capt. Truscott's troop, at Fort Beecher. I got in with dispatches an hour ago-"" "What!" cried Field. "Dispatches!

"Gave 'em to the major, sir. Beg pardon; they was lookin' for the adjutant, sir, an' Sergt. Hogan said to slip out at once and see how many he wasn't home.'

he wasn't home." Even in the moonlight the Irish-man saw the color fade from the young officer's face. The hand that stayed him dropped nerveless. With utter consternation in his big blue eyes, Field stood for a moment, stunned and silent. Then the need of instant action sourced him. "I much instant action spurred him. "I must go-at once," he said. "You are all right now-you can get back? You've been drinking, haven't you?"

"The major's health, sir-just a sup or two."

'I've no time now to listen to how you came to be out here. I'll see you by and by." But still the young officer hesitated. One hand grasped the rein of his horse. He half turned to mount, then turned again. "Ken-nedy," he faltered, "you'd have been a dead man if we-if I-hadn't reached you at that moment.'

"I know it, sir," burst in Pat, im-

would welcome a chance to go again or "ma'am," as the case might be. No need to add the well-worn ause of such night excursions-"Inwith Capt. Ray, and now the chance had come, so had the spoken order, and, so far from receiving it with rejoining, it was more than apparent that he heard it with something like The office was brightly lighted, and there, sleepy-eyed and silent, were gathered many of the officers about their alert commander. Ray was

dismay. But Webb was not the man to down at his stables, passing judg-ment on the mounts. Only 50 were either explain or defend an order, even to a junior for whom he cher-ished such regard. Field felt in-stinctively that it was not because to go, the best half hundred in the sorrel troop, for it was to be a forced march. Neither horse nor forced march. Neither horse nor man could be faken unless in prime condition, for a break down on part of either on the way meant delay to the entire command, or death by tor-the entire command, or death by tor-the antire to the hanless trooper left be-the set of the of a wish expressed in the past he was so suddenly bidden to take the ture to the hapless trooper left be-hind. Small hope was there of a march made unobserved, for Stabber's band of Ogallalas had been for weeks encamped within plain view. Less hope was there of Stabber's holding aloof now that his brethren at the Big Horn had declared for at the Big Horn had declared for way. He was a recalcitrant of the first magnitude, a subchief who had never missed the warpath when the Sioux were afield, or the consolation trip to Washington between times. Where Stabber went his young men followed unquestioning. It was a marvel that Kennedy had succeeded nentioned.

in getting through. It meant that the Indian runners, or the Indian

smokes and signals, had not at once that couriers could by no possibility slip between them. But now the sig n heart rebelled at the detail. "To and the size of th fund. sir?"

"I do not care to have you transfer funds or—anything, Field. This is but a temporary affair, one that by shrewd non-commissioned officers, sent scouting up the Platte by Maj. Webb within half an hour vill take you away perhaps a fort-

of the coming of the alarm. "Ray will push ahead at once," said "I prefer that it should be permanent, sir," was the young officer's sudden interruption, and, though his Webb, to his silent subordinates. You see Col. Plodder has only two eyes were blazing, he spoke with ef-ort, his face still white with mingled roops up there and he will need all is infantry to defend the post. I've ense of indignity and indignation. "Gently, Mr. Field," said Webb, with vired to Laramie and to department headquarters and further orders will come before noon. Let all the nruffled calm, even while uplifting hand in quiet warning. "We will cavalry be ready. Then if we push onsider that, if need be, on your re-urn. Meantime, if you desire, I will out, Dade, we leave Fort Frayne to turn. you. They'll hardly venture south of the Platte this time." receipt to you for the post fund or any other public money.

"Is-Mr. Field going with Capt. Ray?" presently ventured young Ross, who knew Ray had but one subaltern for duty at the moment, "That is the trouble, sir. The best I can do is give you an order for it. Post treasurers, as a rule, have not had to turn over their funds at four and whose soul was burning with eagerness to accompany the first



o'clock in the morning," which statenent was true enough, however inudicious it might be to bruit it. Mild-manuered commanding officers sometimes amaze their subordinates by most unlooked for and unwelcome eruptiveness of speech when they feel that an unwarrantable liberty has been taken. Webb did not take

re. He turned icy. "The quartermaster's safe can be ing, dangerously. funds are there."

"It was because the quartermaster would not open it at any moment that I took them out and placed them For one moment there was no elsewhere," hotly answered Field, and ly fond of tea. On this particula sound but the loud ticking of the big office clock. Then came the ques-tion that there had been quite a fiery talk, followed by hyperborean estmangefrom the table, he said, "Good grament, between his two staff officers. I quite forgot to put the tea and now, as the only government safe in! An oyster and a big bun were, at the post was in the office of the added Mr. Hare, the only things Star quartermaster, and the only other one was Bill Hay's big "Phoenix" at ley cared for in the way of food. "He could feel them going down," he said .- Brooklyn Eeagle.

Raising his hand in mechanical salute, Field faced about, cast one look at Blake, standing uncomfortably at the window, and then strode angering away to his quarters, smarting under a sense of unmerited rebuke, yet realizing that, as matters looked, no one was more to blame

than himself. Just as the first faint flush of coming day was mantling the pallid east-ern sky, and while the stars still sparkled aloft and the big, bright moon was sinking to the snow-tipped need, and probably had not applied for, the services of Mr. Field. It was all the major's doing, and all, rea-river now went murmuring sleepily somed he, because the major deemed over its stony bed, and Ray led boldly down the bank and plunged girth young adjutant should be sent away deep into the foaming waters. Five minutes more and every man had Field to ask wherein he had offended or failed. Reflection taught him, however, that he would be wise to however, that he would be wise to given, starting as kay did, in sond ask no questions. It might well be column of fours. In dead silence the little command moved slowly away, happened during the night than he, Beverly Field, would care to have rison on the bluff. Many of these everly Field, would care to have rison on the bluff. Many of these entioned. "You can be ready, can you not?" through a mist of tears. Ray turned asked the major. "I am ready now, sir," was the brief, firm reply, but the tone told unerringly that the lad resented and classing her children to her heart, his devoted wife knelt watching them, whom shall I turn over the post fund, sir?" leader, her soldier husband, sitting in saddle at the bank. Bravely she answered the flutter of his handkerchief in farewell. Then all was swallowed up in the shadows of the distant prairie, and from the nursery adjoining her room there rose a querulous wail that told that her baby daughter was waking, indifferent to the need that sent the soldier father to the aid of distant comrades, threatened by a merciless foe, and conscious only of her infantile demands and expectations. Not yet ten years wed, that brave, devoted wife and mother had known but two summers that had not torn her husand from her side on just such quest and duty, for these were the days of the building up of the west, resisted to the bitter end by the red wards

of the nation. The sun was just peering over the The sun was just peering over the rough, jagged outline of the east-ward buttes, when a quick yet muf-fled step was heard on the major's veranda and a picturesque figure stood waiting at the door. Scout, of course, a stranger would have said at a glauge for from head to foot the at a glance, for from head to foot the man was clad in beaded buckskin, without sign of soldier garb of any without sign of soldier garb of any kind, but in that strange garb there stood revealed one of the famous ser-geants of a famous regiment, the vet-eran of a quarter of a century of service with the standard, wounded time and again, bearing the sears of Stuart's calure and of Southern lead time and again, bearing the scars of Stuart's sabre and of Southern lead, of Indian arrow and bullet both; proud possessor of the medal of honor that many a senior sought in vain; proud as the Lucifer from whom he took his Christian name, brave, cool, resolute and ever rebrave, cool, resolute and ever re liable—Schreiber, first sergeant o old "K" troop for many a year, faced his post commander with brief an characteristic report: "Sir, Chief Stabber, with over 3

warriors, left camp about thre o'clock, heading for Eagle Butte." [To Be Continued.] Dean Stanley and His Tea.

The late Mr. Augustus Hare live

and moved among distinguished peo-ple all his life, and his voluminous reminiscences are full of delightful anecdotes. Dean Stanley was one o his cousins, and one of many storie which Mr. Hare told of him was a

follows: "Arthur," as the author spoke o him, "was quite devoid of eithe taste or smell. He was breakfasting one morning with Jowett, who wa exactly the same. For some reason —inexplicable under the circumstances-they were both inc

Thought He Had Hellfire.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION. In effect May 24, 1962.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 6 15 A. M. -Week days for Subury, Wikesbarre, Scranton, Ha eton Potsville, Harrisburg and intermediate ta ions ariving at Philadelphia an 19 massengero caches from Kane to Philadelphia an langesengero aches from Kane to Philadelphia an any anetion) daily for Sum-bury, Harrisburg and princepal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passengero caches, Buffalo to Philadelphia dibba and Washin ton.
20 F. M. Camporium Junetion, 3:30 A. M. Builmaore, 2:20 A. M. Washingtin, 3:30 A. M. Builmaore, 2:20 A. M. Suday, Builtimore, 7:15 A. M. New York, 9:33 A. M. Pullman sizep-ing cars from Eric Buff Joa and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Philadelphia and Huffalo, Williamsport to

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BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. F Time Table taking Effect June 23, 19



"The Grand Scenic Route."

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All trains run d	ly. ONNECTIONS. nmit with P. 1	day. R. R. Buf. Div.
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CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND

started. It may be daybreak before they can tell. Sergt. Schreiber would be a tiptop man for one-and little Duffy. You 'tend to it."

CHREIBER, FIRST SERGEANT OF OLD "K" TROOP.

fore them. Well he knew that the post commander could hardly over-"Have you anything to tell me, Field?" was the major's only query,

opened at any moment, Mr. Field," aid he, the blue gray eyes glitter-ng, dangerously. "I presume your

petuously. "I'll never forget it-" "Hush, Kennedy, you must forgetforget that you saw—spoke with me—forget that you saw or heard any other soul on earth out here to-night. Can you promise?"

"I'll cut, my tongue out before I ever spake the word that'll harm the outenant, or the-the-or anyone he sir. But never will I forget! It' "i't in me, sir."

was in shother instant and Field was in 8 where instant and Field ward the le and speeding away to-dancing all where lights were now corral, and h the quartermaster's down the slopt lamps were flitting the flats. Rayvard the stables on up and doing. Sen were already ing, Pat Kennedy v, stiffly follow-head, with a handbed his aching his resolt shook as never did his resolt shook as widdered brain was pt. His be-weighty problem. "Theg over a safe all right." he mutenant's what's gone wid the squaw, "but shoutin' Sioux at that ne was

and now both faces were white. "I rode one of-Mr. Hay's." tion:

so covered the country with sce

troop to take the field.

chief was done.

said the major, shortly.

"Capt. Ray needs no more." "I only asked because Field isn't here, and I thought-maybe-" tum-

bled Ross, ingloriously, but the mis-

major, still more shortly, then reddened to his bushy brows, for at the doorway, in riding dress, and with a

face the color of parchment, stood the officer in question. It was a mo-ment that threatened panic, but Webb met the crisis with marked

"Oh, Field," he cried, "there's an-other matter. I want two good men

of Stabber's people start or have

And so, mercifully, he sent the lad away until the crowd should have

dispersed. Only Blake and Ray were with him when, after awhile, Mr. Field returned and stood silently be-

look the absence of his adjutant at

his tone full of gentle yet grave re

"I was restless. I could not sleep,

r. I went out--purposely." "You know no horse can be taken

from the stables at night except in

presence of the sergeant or corporal

"I took none, sir," was the answer,

such a time.

of the guard."

oroach

sir.

"Mr. Field is-busy," answered the

een

'Who rode the others, Field? The sentries say they heard three." There was another moment of silence. Ray stepped on tiptoe to the door as though he wanted not to hear. Blake looked blankly out of shake it go at that then. Here, night!ands, Kennedy. Now, good-spoke.

"I-cannot tell you, sir."

For full ten seconds the post com-mander sat with grave, pallid face, looking straight into the eyes of his young staff officer. White as his senior, but with eyes as unflinching, Field returned the gaze. At last the major's voice was heard again, sad

and constrained. "Field, Capt. Ray starts on a forced march at once for Fort Beecher. Iwish you to go with him."

what's grow wid the squax, "init diama that me was hand's grow wid the squax, "init diama the square in the was it happened in back?" Init and begreated to wale to life. No cale the old days of the old the days of the old

the store, it dawned upon the major that it was there Mr. Field had stowed his packages of currency—a violation of orders pure and simple-and that was why he could not pro-

Dr. Talmage used to tell a story about an old presiding elder who had duce the money on the spot. Webb reflected. If he let Ray start at dawn a great fondness for tabasco sauc Not always able to get this on his and held Field back until the trader travels through his district, he carwas astir, it might be eight o'clock ried a bottle of it with him. This he before the youngster could set forth, always had placed on the table of By that time Ray would be perhaps a dozen miles to the northward, and the hotel where he stayed. One day an old rustic sat opposite

the warch of the troop and keeping vigilant watch for possible strag-giers, it might be sending the lad to eertain death, for Plodder had said in

morning they had each drunk eight eups when suddenly as Jowett rose

Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop. etween Red Bank and DuBois. *Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

*Daily, Thaily except Sunday, Sunday only, Flag Stop. For Time Tables and further information, ap-ply to Ticket Agent.

W. ATTERBURY, GEO. W. BOYD, General Manager. Gen'l Passenger Agt.

EASTWARD.

10 8 4 STATIONS. P. M. A. M. A. M. 7 05 11 36 $\begin{array}{c} 7 & 16 \\ 7 & 25 \end{array}$ wlton's, ... 3 59 7 35 *4 05 *7 38 Mina,..... Olmsted,..... Hammonds, 6 00 1 *6 10 *1 *6 17 1 *6 21 *1 *5 30 1 6 36 1 lesburg, ven Bridges, ymonds's,... *6 45 *7 00 7 05 taymonds's,..... iold,.... Newfield,..... Newfield Junction, 1 45 6 45 1 50 *6 48 41 53 0 157 *6 53 2 10 7 05 2 10 P. M.

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