



KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish, and get sour when things don't just come your way—

Help your brother there who's sighing, Keep his flag of courage flying;

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 frontier,

"No," said the major, shortly. "Capt. Ray needs no more."

"I only asked because Field isn't here, and I thought—maybe—" tumbled Ross, indignantly, but the mischief was done.

"Have you anything to tell me, Field?" was the major's only query, his tone full of gentle yet grave reproach.

"I was restless. I could not sleep, sir. I went out—purposely."

"You know no horse can be taken from the stables at night except in presence of the sergeant or corporal of the guard."

"I took none, sir," was the answer, and now both faces were white. "I rode one of—Mr. Hay's."

CHAPTER IV. Many a time has it happened in the old days of the old army that the post adjutant has begged to be allowed to go with some detachment

slr." or "ma'am," as the case might be. No need to add the well-worn cause of such night excursions—"Indians."

The office was brightly lighted, and there, sleepy-eyed and silent, were gathered many of the officers about their alert commander. Ray was down at his stables, passing judgment on the mounts. Only 50 were to go, the best half hundred in the so-called troop, for it was to be a forced march.

"Ray will push ahead at once," said Webb, to his silent subordinates. "You see Col. Plodder has only two troops up there and he will need all his infantry to defend the post. I've wired to Laramie and to department headquarters and further orders will come before noon. Let all the cavalry be ready. Then if we push out, Dade, we leave Fort Frayne to you. They'll hardly venture south of the Platte this time."

"Is—Mr. Field going with Capt. Ray?" presently ventured young Ross, who knew Ray had but one subaltern for duty at the moment, and whose soul was burning with eagerness to accompany the first troop to take the field.

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with welcome a chance to go again with Capt. Ray, and now the chance had come, so had the spoken order, and so far from receiving it with rejoicing, it was more than apparent that he heard it with something like dismay.

But Webb was not the man to either explain or defend an order, even to a junior for whom he cherished such regard. Field felt instinctively that it was not because of a wish expressed in the past he was so suddenly bidden to take the field. Ray's senior subaltern, as he has been said, was absent, being on duty at West Point, but his junior was on hand, and Ray really did not need, and probably had not applied for, the services of Mr. Field. It was all the major's doing, and all, reasoned he, because the major deemed it best that for the time being his young adjutant should be sent away from the post. Impulse prompted Field to ask wherein he had offended or failed. Reflection taught him, however, that he would be wise to ask no questions. It might well be that Webb knew more of what had happened during the night than he, Beverly Field, would care to have mentioned.

"You can be ready, can you not?" asked the major.

"I am ready now, sir," was the brief, firm reply, but the tone told unerringly that the lad resented and in heart rebelled at the detail. "To whom shall I turn over the post fund, sir?"

"I do not care to have you transfer funds or—anything, Field. This is but a temporary affair, one that will take you away perhaps a fortnight."

"I prefer that it should be permanent, sir," was the young officer's sudden interruption, and though his eyes were blazing, he spoke with effort, his face still white with mingled sense of indignity and indignation.

"Gently, Mr. Field," said Webb, with unruffled calm, even while uplifting a hand in quiet warning. "We will consider that, if need be, on your return. Meantime, if you desire, I will receipt to you for the post fund or any other public money."

"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

The sun was just peering over the rough, jagged outline of the eastward buttes, when a quick yet muffled 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 glance, for from head to foot the man was clad in beaded buckskin, without sign of soldier's garb of any kind, but in that strange garb there stood revealed one of the famous sergeants of a famous regiment, the veteran of a quarter of a century of service with the standard, wounded 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 reliable—Schreiber, first sergeant of old "K" troop for many a year, faced his post commander with brief and characteristic report:

"Sir, Chief Stabber, with over 20 warriors, left camp about three o'clock, heading for Eagle Butte."

Dean Stanley and His Tea. The late Mr. Augustus Hare lived and moved among distinguished people all his life, and his voluminous reminiscences are full of delightful anecdotes. Dean Stanley was one of his cousins, and one of many stories which Mr. Hare told of him was as follows:

Raising his hand in mechanical salute, Field faced about, cast one look at Blake, standing uncomfortably at the window, and then strode angrily 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 eastern sky, and while the stars still sparkled aloft and the big, bright moon was sinking to the snow-tipped peaks far away to the occident, in shadowy column a troop of 50 horse filed slowly from The Sorrels' big corral and headed straight for the Platte. Swift and unfordable in front of Frayne in the earlier summer, the river now went murmuring sleepily over its stony bed, and Ray led boldly down the bank and plunged girth deep into the foaming waters. Five minutes more and every man had lined up safely on the northward bank. In low tone the order was given, starting as Ray did, in solid column of fours. In dead silence the little command moved slowly away, followed by the eyes of half the garrison on the bluff. Many of these were women and children, who gazed through a mist of tears. Ray turned in saddle as the last of his men went by; looked long at the dim light in the upper window of his home, where, clasping her children to her heart, his devoted wife knelt watching them, her fond lips moving in ceaseless prayer. Dimly she could see the tired 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 husband 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.

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"Arthur," as the author spoke of him, "was quite devoid of either taste or smell. He was breakfasting one morning with Jowett, who was exactly the same. For some reason—inexplicable under the circumstances—they were both inordinate fond of tea. On this particular morning they had each drunk eight cups when suddenly as Jowett rose from the table, he said, "Good gracious! I quite forgot to put the tea in!" An oyster and a big bun were added Mr. Hare, the only things Stanley cared for in the way of food. "He could feel them going down," he said.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Thought He Had Helped. Dr. Talmage used to tell a story about an old presiding elder who had a great fondness for tabasco sauce. Not always able to get this on his travels through his district, he carried a bottle of it with him. This he always had placed on the table of the hotel where he stayed.

One day an old rustic sat opposite the venerable elder at dinner and helped himself freely to the compound. He got a big dose of it—in fact, it took some time for him to recover from the effects. When he did finally stop coughing long enough to talk, he glared at the elder and said: "I've heard lots of preachers preach about hellfire, but you are the first I ever seen that carried it about with him."—N. Y. Tribune.

Cause of the Blister. "I notice," said the observant lady to the caddy, as she handed him the strictly legal fare, "that your poor horse has got a large blister on the side of his neck. Do be careful with him, won't you?"

"Yes, mum," the caddy replied; "he hurt himself turning round so often to see if any kind-hearted old party would give me an extra copper or two for an extra good feed for him. It did happen once, and he was so surprised and pleased that he wept tears of joy, mum, and I think it must have drawn 'em all into one spot, and they ain't subsided yet."—Tit-Bits.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 24, 1903. TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 6 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 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 an passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore 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. (Week days.) SOUTHWARD. Stations. NORTHWARD. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

BUFAFO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION. Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegony, Ocean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo. Train No. 107, daily, 4:05 A. M. Train No. 115, daily, 4:15 P. M. Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegony, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Clearfield and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

LOW GRADE DIVISION. EASTBOUND. STATIONS. 109 113 101 105 107, 901

WESTBOUND. STATIONS. 103 106 102 114 110 942

STATIONS. 10 8 4 6 2

STATIONS. 1 5 3

STATIONS. 1 5 3

Carry passengers. Trains 8 and 10 do. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R.R. for points north and south. At A. B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Bradford and Ansonia. At Port Allegony with W. C. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Genoa, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penna. R. R. points.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. F. Time Table taking Effect June 22, 1902.



"The Grand Scenic Route." READ DOWN.

READ UP.

STATIONS.

CONNECTIONS.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Emporium, Pa.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. McNARNEY, JOHNSON & McNARNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Emporium, Pa.

THOMAS WADDINGTON, Emporium, Pa. CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.

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.