

OUR SERIAL.

A TRUE HELPMATE.

She was not fair, and yet she stood A shining mark of womanhood. She was not talented, forsooth, She'd been a toiler from her youth. Upon the wondrous stage of life She played the part of farmer's wife. And, be it said, with loving art She always acted well her part. Her education was not such As comes from keeping close in touch With art and music, latest books; But ah! the fond maternal looks She lavished on her girls and boys; Than college gifts were sweeter joys; And, be it said of her, she'er Bore brave her martyrdom of care.

A Daughter of the Sioux By GEN. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"What captain?" yelled Kennedy, all ablaze at the instant. "Spake up, ye shiverin' loon!" "Blake! He got way ahead of us..." "Then it's to him you should be runnin', not home, ye cur! Turn about now! Turn about or I'll—"



"AND KNEELING, DROVE SHOT AFTER SHOT AT THE SCURRYING PAIR."

pened it that the captain got so far ahead of him? There was no keeping up with the captain. He was on his big, raw-boned race horse, chasing three Indians that was firin', and had hit Meisner, but there was still three of the troop to follow him, and the captain ordered "come ahead," until all of a sudden, as they filed round a little knoll the three Indians they'd been chasing turned about and let 'em have it, and down went another horse, and Corporal Feeney was killed sure, and he, poor young rookie, saw Indians in every direction, "comin' straight at 'em, and what else could he do but gallop for home—and help? All this, told with much gasping on his part, and heard with much blasphemy by Kennedy, brought the strangely assorted pair at a swift gallop over the springy turf back along the line of that panicky, yet most natural retreat. Twice would the big fellow have broken away and again spurred for home, but the little gamecock held him savagely to his work, and so, together, at last they neared the curtaining ridge. "Now, damn you!" howled Kennedy, "Whip out your carbine and play you're a man till we see what's in front! an' if ye play false, the first shot from this barker," with a slap at the butt of his Springfield, "goes through your heart."

inforcements, and while two seemed frantically signalling toward the northwest, the third whirled his horse and sped madly away in that direction. "Millions, be damned!" yelled Kennedy. "There's only three. Come on, ye sent!" And down they went, full tilt, at the Sioux, yet heading to cover and reach the beleaguered party in the hollow. Some one of the besieged waved a hat on high. Two more carbines barked their defiance at the feathered foe, and then came a pretty exhibit of savage daring and devotion. Disdainful of the coming troopers and of the swift fire blazing at them from the pit, the two mounted warriors lashed their ponies to mad gallop and bore down straight for their imperiled brother, crouching behind the stricken "pinto." Never swerving, never halting, hardly checking speed, but bending low over and behind their chargers' necks, the two young braves swept onward, and with wild whoop of triumph, challenge and hatred, gathered up and slung behind the rider of the heavier pony the agile and bedizened form on the turf; then circled away, defiant, taunting, gleeful, yes and even more— With raging eyes Kennedy sprang from saddle and, kneeling, drove shot after shot at the scurrying pair. Two of the troopers at the hollow followed suit. Even the big, blubbery lad so lately crazed with fear, unslinging his weapon and fired three into empty space, and a shout of wrath and renewed challenge to "come back and fight it out" rang out after the Sioux, for to the amazement of the lately besieged, to the impatient fury of the Irishman, in unmistakable, yet mostly unquotable, English, the crippled warrior was yelling mingled threat and imprecation. "Who was it Kennedy?—and where did you ever see him before?" a moment later, demanded Capt. Blake, almost before he could grasp the Irishman's hands and shower his thanks, and even while stanching the flow of blood from a furrow along his sun-burnt cheek. "What's that he said about eating your horse?"

And Kennedy, his head cleared now through the rapture of battle, minded him of his promise to Field, and lied like a hero. "Sure, how should I know, sorr? They're all of the same spit." "But he called you by name. I heard him plainly. So did Meisner, here," protested Blake. "Hello, what have you there, corporal?" he added, as young Feeney, the "surely killed," came running back, bearing in his hand a gaily ornamented pouch of buckskins, with long fringes and heavy crusting of brilliant beads. "Picked it up by that pony yonder, sir," answered the corporal, with a salute. "Beg pardon, sir, but will the captain take my horse? His is hit too bad to carry him." Two, indeed of Blake's horses were crippled, and it was high time to be going. Mechanically he took the pouch and tied it to his waist belt. "Thank God no man is hurt!" he said. "But—now back to Frayne! Watch those ridges and be ready if a feather shows, and spread out a little—don't ride in a bunch." But there was bigger game miles to the west, demanding all the attention of the gathered Sioux. There were none to spare to send so far, and though three warriors—one of them raging and clamoring for further attempt despite his wounds—hovered about the retiring party, Blake and his fellows within another hour were in sight of the sheltering walls of Frayne; and, after a last, long-range swapping of shots, with Blake and Meisner footing it most of the way, led their crippled mounts in safety toward that Rubicon of the west—the swift flowing Platte. They were still three miles out when Blake found leisure to examine the contents of that beaded pouch, and the first thing drawn from its depths was about the last a Christian would think to find in the wallet of a Sioux—a dainty little billet, scented with wood violet—an envelope of delicate texture, containing a missive on paper to match, and the envelope was addressed in a strange, angular, characteristic hand that Blake recognized at once, to a man of whom, by that name at least, he had never heard before: "MR. RALPH MOREAU, "En Ville."

CHAPTER IX. Soberly puzzled as Blake had been by the discovery, he had been able on the long homeward march—walking until in sight of Frayne and safety, then galloping ahead on the corporal's horse—to think it out, as he said, in several ways. Miss Flower had frequently ridden up the valley and visited the Indian village across the Platte. Miss Flower might easily have dropped that note, and some squaw, picking it up, had surrendered it to the first red man who demanded it, such being the domestic discipline of the savage. The Indian kept it, as he would any other treasure trove for which he had no use, in hopes of reward for its return, said Blake. It was queer, of course, that the Indian in whose pouch it was found should have been so fluent a speaker of English, yet many a Sioux knew enough of our tongue to swear volubly and talk ten words of vengeance to come. There were several ways, as Blake reasoned, by which that letter might have got into the hands of the enemy. But at any rate, with everything said, it was a woman's letter. He had no right to read it. He would first confide in his wife, and, if she said so, in Mrs. Ray. Then what they decided should decide him. But now came a new problem. Despite the long morning of peril and chase and excitement, there was still much more ahead. His men were in saddle; his troop was afield; the foe was in force on the road to the north; the battle, mayhap, was on at the very moment, and Frayne and home was no place for him when duty called at the distant front. Only, there was Nan, silent, tremulous, to be sure, and with such a world of piteous dread and pleading in her beautiful eyes. It was hard to have to tell her he must go again and at once, hard to have to bid her help him in his hurried preparations, when she longed to throw herself in his arms and be comforted. He tried to smile as he entered the gate, and thereby cracked the brittle, sun-dried court plaster with which a sergeant had patched his cheek at the stables. The would-be gladsome grin started the blood again, and it trickled down and splashed on his breast where poor Nan longed to pillow her bonny head, and the sight of it, despite her years of frontier training, made her sick and faint. He caught her in his left arm, laughing gayly, and drew her to the other side. "Got the mate to that scoop of Billy's," he cried, holding forth his other hand to Mrs. Ray. "'Tisn't so deep, perhaps, but 'twill serve, 'twill do, and I'll crow over him to-night. Come in with us, Mrs. Ray. I—I've something to show you."

"One minute," said that wise young matron. "Let me tell the children where to find me. Sandy and Billy are on post at the telescope. They wouldn't leave it even for luncheon." With that she vanished, and husband and wife were alone. "You must go, Gerald," she sobbed—"I know it, but— isn't there some way?—Won't Capt. Dade send more men with you?" "If he did, Nan, they'd only hamper me with horses that drag behind. Be brave, little woman. Webb has swept the way clear by this time. Come, I need your help." And the door closed on the soldier and his young wife. They never saw that Nancette Flower, in saddle, was riding swiftly up the row, and, for the first time since her coming to Frayne, without an escort. Dade reappeared upon his front gallery in time to greet her, but Esther, after one quick glance, had darted again within. Dade saw unerringly that Miss Flower was in no placid frame of mind. Her cheeks were pale; her mouth had that livid look that robbed her face of all beauty; but her eyes were full and flashing with excitement. "What news, captain?" she hailed, and the joyous, silvery ring had gone from her voice. "They tell me Capt. Blake is back—two horses crippled, two men hit, including himself." "His own share is a scratch he wouldn't think of mentioning outside the family, Miss Flower," answered Dade, with grim civility. He had his reasons for disapproving of the young woman; yet they were not such as warranted him in showing her the least discourtesy. He walked to his gate and met her at the curb beyond and stood stroking the arching neck of her spirited horse—"Harney" again. "Did they—were there any Indians—killed?" she asked, with anxiety scarcely veiled. "Oh, they downed one of them," answered the captain, eyeing her closely the while and speaking with much precision, "a fellow who cursed them freely in fluent English." Yes, she was surely turning paler. "A bold, bad customer, from all accounts. Blake thought he must be of Lane Wolf's fellows, because he— seemed to know Kennedy so well and to hate him. Kennedy has only just come down from Fort Beecher, where Wolf's people have been at mischief."

"But what became of him? What did they do with him?" interrupted the girl, her lips quivering in spite of herself. "Oh—left him, I suppose," answered the veteran, with deliberate design. "What else could they do? There was no time for ceremony. His fellow savages, you know, can attend to that." For a moment she sat there rigid, her black eyes staring straight into the imperturbable face of the old soldier. No one had ever accused Dade of cruelty or unkindness to man or woman, especially to woman; yet here he stood before this suffering girl and, with obvious intent, pictured to her mind's eye a warrior stricken and left unburied or uncaared for on the field. Whatever his reasons, he stabbed and meant to stab, and for just one moment she seemed almost to droop and reel in saddle; then, with splendid rally, straightened up again, her eyes flashing, her lip curling in scorn, and with one brief, emphatic phrase ended the interview and, whirling Harney about, smote him sharply with her whip, and darted away. "True!" she said. "Civilized warfare!" "If that girl isn't more than half savage," said Dade, to himself, as Harney tore away out of the garrison on the road to the ford, "I am more than half Sioux. Oh, for paws of Ray!" Ray indeed! It was now nearly four o'clock. Telegrams had been coming and going over the Laramie wire. "The Chief," as they called their general, with only one of his staff in attendance, had reached Cheyenne on time, and, quitting the train, declining dinner at the hotel and having but a word or two with the "Platform Club"—the little levy of officers from Fort Russell whose custom it was to see the westbound train through almost every day—had started straightway for Laramie behind the swiftest team owned by the quartermaster's department, while another, in relay, awaited him at the Chugwater, nearly 50 miles out. Driving steadily through the starlit night, he should reach the old frontier fort by dawn at the latest, and what news would Dade have to send him there? Not a word had he uttered to either the officers who respectfully greeted, or reporters who eagerly importuned, him as to the situation at Frayne; but men who had served with him in Arizona and on the Yellowstone many a year before, knew well that grave tidings had reached him. Dade had in fact, supplemented Webb's parting dispatch with another, saying that Blake's little party, returning, had just been sighted through the telescope nine miles out, with two men afoot. But not until the general reached Lodge Pole creek did the message meet him, saying that Webb's advance guard could hear the distant attack on Ray. Not until he reached the Chugwater in the early night could he hope to hear the result.

It was nightfall when the awful suspense of the garrison at Frayne was even measurably lifted. Blake, with three troopers at his back, had then been gone an hour, and was lost in the gloaming before Dr. Tracy's orderly, with a face that plainly told the nervous tension of his two hours' ride, left his reeking, heaving horse at the stables and climbed the steep path to the flag-staff, the shortest way to the quarters of the commanding officer. Despite the gathering darkness, he had been seen by a dozen eager watchers and was deluged with questions by trembling, tearful women and by grave, anxious men. "There's been a fight; that's all I know," he said. "I was with the pack mules and the ambulances and didn't get to see it. All I saw was dead ponies way out beyond Ten Mile ridge. Where's the major?—I mean the captain?" No! the orderly didn't know who was killed or wounded, or that anybody was killed and wounded. All he knew was that Dr. Tracy came galloping back and ordered the ambulances to scoot for the front and him to spur every bit of the way back to Frayne with the note for Capt. Dade. All this was told as he eagerly pushed his way along the board walk; soldiers' wives hanging on his words and almost on him; officers' wives and daughters calling from the galleries or running to the gates, and Dade heard the hubbub almost as quickly as did Esther, who hurried to the door. By the light of the hall lamp the commander read the penciled superscription of the gummed envelope and the word "Immediate" at the corner. The same light fell on a dozen anxious, pleading faces beyond the steps. His hand shook in spite of himself, and he knew he could not open and read it in their presence. "One moment," he said, his heart going out to them in sympathy as well as dread. "You shall hear in one moment," and turned aside into the little army parlor. But he could not turn from his wife and child. They followed and stood studying his pale face as he read the fateful words that told so little, yet so much:— "Reached Ray just in time. Sharp affair. Dr. Weller will have to come at once as Tracy goes on with us to rescue stage people at Dry Fork. Better send infantry escort and all hospital attendants that can be possibly spared; also chaplain, Sergeants Burroughs and Wing, Corporal Foot and Troopers Denny, Flood, Kerrigan and Preusser killed. Many wounded—Lieut. Field seriously. "WEBB."

A MATERNAL COLLIE. Remarkable Intelligence Displayed by a Scottish Shepherd's Clever Dog.

Giles, the shepherd of Folly farm, was brushing the white ruff of his \$1,000 collie. "The collie," he told the Philadelphia Record, "is the most interesting of dogs. Permit me to tell you a true collie story. There was a Scottish shepherd, whose dog gave birth to a litter of pups. All but one of them died and the mother devoted herself so thoroughly to this sole remaining child that her master's work was quite neglected—the sheep were not looked after at all. The man, enraged at this state of affairs, took the pup and drowned it in a bucket before his mother's eyes. Then he went off to the town for the day. In the evening, on his return, the drowned pup was missing. The shepherd said to his collie, pointing to the bucket: "What did you do with your pup, Bess?" The collie gave a low, mournful howl and set off, looking backward often to signify to her master that he should follow. She led him to a knoll and paused, moaning, beside a spot where the earth had a fresh look. The shepherd turned up the soil, and there beneath it the drowned puppy lay. Its mother had taken it out of the bucket and given it a decent burial."

Only One Way. "In these days," he sighed, "it is difficult to convince a girl of your sincere admiration." "How so?" she asked. "Why, if you tell her she is pretty, she thinks you mean to infer that she is stupid; if you tell her she is clever she assumes that you mean she is disagreeable, and if you tell her she is amiable she concludes that you do not think her pretty."

"Still," she said thoughtfully, "there is a way to convince her on all points. One is reasonably certain in what a man thinks when he—"

BEAR TAKES REVENGE. Keeper Punished Beast Some Time Ago and Is Taken to Hospital as a Result. William F. Winchermann, an animal trainer, had a fight the other day with Tony, the largest and most intelligent of the Winchermann troupe of performing bears, at New York. As a result, Winchermann is in a serious condition at the New York hospital. He may get well, but the surgeons were making no guarantees to that effect. The trainer had been away eight weeks and had ordered the bear out of his cage to take a bath. The bear obeyed, but after the bath, when the trainer's back was turned for a moment, the bear attacked him, knocked him down, tearing the calf of his leg, chewed both arms badly, and was biting into one leg when felled by a blow from a club wielded by an assistant who came in response to the trainer's cries. The trainer punished the bear severely some time ago, and it is believed the animal treasured up the grudge and got his revenge at the first opportunity. Modern Conveniences. The Abilene Democrat tells of a man who stopped over night in a small town near there and registered at the hotel pointed out to him by the conductor as the best in town. In the morning he wanted to take a bath and consulted the proprietor about it. The proprietor shouted back to the rear: "Here, Tom, this here gent wants to take a bath. Bring the fixin's." Tom soon appeared, carrying a cake of yellow soap, a towel and a pick. "What's the pick for?" asked the guest. "Why," said the proprietor; "you'll have to dam up the creek."—Kansas City Star. Friend—"What's the matter, old man? Don't she return your love?" Jilted One—"That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl."—Princeton Tiger. REALISTIC FINISH. Where There Was to Be an Automobile an Ambulance Was Necessary. "This," said the dramatist, who was elaborating the scenario of his new play to the manager, according to Judge, "is to be a realistic society drama. The heroine makes a thrilling entrance in an auto." "What does she do then?" asked the manager. "Why, of course she meets the hero and the villain and the soubrette and the rest, and the play goes on to the usual happy ending." "Well, you start realistically enough, but you weaken on your finish." "How's that?" asked the puzzled playwright. "If she's going to come in on an auto she and a few of the rest ought to make their exit in an ambulance." Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents. Caller—Are you sure your mistress is not in? Bridget—O! am not, but she sames to be, so 'tis not for the loikes of me to doubt it.—Philadelphia Press. Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. A woman gains weight might fast when she has a habit of sitting on her husband's lap.—N. Y. Press. Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. "To the last syllable of recorded time" has been changed "To the last click of the typewriter."—Brooklyn Eagle. Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. It is much easier to come down from the heights than to climb out of the depths.—Town Topics.



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Overshadowing indeed is the success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—compared with it, all other medicines for women are experiments. Why has it the greatest record for absolute cures of any female medicine in the world? Why has it lived and thrived and done its glorious work among women for a quarter of a century? Simply because of its sterling worth. The reason that no other medicine has ever reached its success is because there is no other medicine so successful in curing women's ills. Remember these important facts when a druggist tries to sell you something which he says is just as good.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:— "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse. "At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."

Women should not fail to profit by Miss Adelaide Prahl's experiences; just as surely as she was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. Address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free and always helpful.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Bromo-Seltzer Promptly cures all Headaches