



OUR SERIAL.

THE ORGAN GRINDER. The rattle and roar of a dusty street, In the glare of the noonday sun, The hopeless lag in the dragging feet...

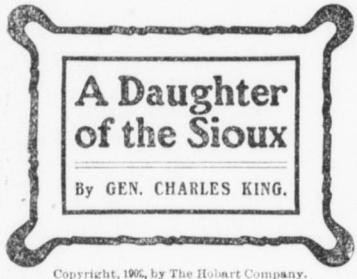
The monkey-gay in his coat of red— Impertinence his copper foe, While the children, grimy and gutter-bred, Dance in riotous gaiety;

And the pallor and squalor are all forgot In the wheeze of a threadbare tune, That makes of the alley a beauty spot, With the charm of a day in June...

But the moments fly and the tune is done— And the light in the sick eyes fades, Like the dying glow of the setting sun...

God's poor had need of a breathing space— But to be for a moment free In the tender spell that was cast by grace...

—Olin L. Lyman, in Youth's Companion.



A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER XI.

The noonday sun was staring hotly down, an hour later, on a stirring picture of frontier warfare, with that clump of cottonwoods as the central feature. Well for Ray's half-breed, that brilliant autumn morning, that their leader had had so many a year of Indian campaigning!

To dart on in chase of the three warriors would simply result in the scattering of his own people and their being individually cut off and stricken down by circling swarms of their red foes.

Meantime, having stationed Field on the north front, with orders to note every movement of the Sioux, and having assigned Clayton to the minor duty of watching the south front and the flanks, Ray was moving cheerily among his men, speeding from cover to cover, suggesting here, helping there, alert, even joyous in manner.

Obviously, therefore, the cotton-wood grove was the place, and thither at thundering charge Field led the foremost line, while Ray waved on the second, all hands cheering with glee at sight of the Sioux starting wildly away up the northward slope.

measured by superior numbers, to fall back at the gallop, keeping well away from the front of the grove, so that the fire of its garrison might not be "masked." The ten had darted after the scurrying warriors, full half way to the beginning of the slope, and then, just as Ray had predicted, down came a cloud of brilliant foemen, seeking to swallow the little ten alive.

Then it was thrilling to watch them, veering, circling, sweeping to right or left, ever at furious gallop, throwing their lithe, painted bodies behind their chargers' necks, clinging with one leg and arm, barely showing so much as an eyelid, yet yelping and screeching like so many coyotes, not one of their number coming within 400 yards of the slender fighting line in the stream bed; some of them, indeed, disdainful to stoop, riding defiantly along the front, firing wildly as they rode, yet surely and gradually guiding their ponies back to the higher ground, back out of harm's way; and, in five minutes from the time they had flashed into view, coming charging over the mile away ridge, not a red warrior was left on the low ground—only three or four luckless ponies, kicking in their last struggles or stiffening on the turf, while their riders, wounded or unhurt, had been picked up and spirited away with the marvelous skill only known to these warriors of the plains.

Loudly, excitedly, angrily these latter were now conferring again far up the slope to the north. At least 100 in one concourse, they were having hot discussion over the untoward result of the dash. Others, obedient to orders from the chief were circling far out to east and west and crossing the valley above and below the position of the defense. Others, still, were galloping back to the ridge, where, against the sky line, strong bodies of warriors could be plainly seen, moving excitedly to and fro. Two little groups slowly making their way to the crest gave no little comfort to the boys in blue. Some, at least, of the charging force had been made to feel the bite of the cavalry weapon and were being borne to the rear.

But no time was to be wasted. Already from far up the stream bed two or three Indians were hazarding long-range shots at the grove, and Ray ordered all horses into a bend of the "wash," where the side lines were whipped from the blanket straps and the excited sorrels securely hopped. Then, here, there and in a score of places along the bank and again at the edge of the cottonwoods, men had been assigned their stations and bidden to find cover for themselves without delay. Many burrowed in the soft and yielding soil, throwing the earth forward in front of them. Others utilized fallen trees or branches. Some two or three piled saddles and blanket rolls into a low barricade, and all, while crouching about their work, watched the feathered warriors as they steadily completed their big circle far out on the prairie. Bullets came whistling now fast and frequently, nipping off leaves and twigs and causing many a fellow to duck instinctively and to look about him, ashamed of his dodge, yet sure of the time you could hit what you aimed at. Slip out of that hole and find Webber and tell him to come here—and you take his burrow." Whereupon Hogan, grinning rueful acquiescence in his commander's criticism, slid backwards into the stream bed and, followed by the chaff of the three or four comrades near enough to catch the words, went crouching from post to post in search of the desired marksmen.

"You used to be pretty sure with the carbine in the Tonto Basin when we were after Apaches, sergeant," continued Ray, again peering through the glasses. "I'm mistaken in this fellow if he doesn't ride well within range, and we must make an example of him. I want four first-class shots to single him out."

"The lieutenant can beat the best I ever did, sir," said Winsor, with a lift of the hand toward the hat brim, as though in apology, for Field, silent throughout the brief conference, had half risen on his hands and knees and was edging over to the left, apparently seeking to reach the shelter of a little hummock close to the bank.

"Why, surely, Field," was the quick reply, as Ray turned toward his junior. "That will make it complete." But a frantic burst of yells and war whoops out at the front put sudden stop to the words. The throng of warriors that had pressed so close about Stabber and the opposing orator seemed all in an instant to split asunder, and with trailing war bonnet and followed by only two or three of his braves, the former lashed his way westward and swept angrily out of the ruck and went circling away toward the crest, while, with loud acclamation, brandishing shield and lance and rifle in superb barbaric tableau, the warriors lined up in front of the victorious young leader who, sitting high in his stirrups, with one magnificent red arm uplifted, began shouting in the sonorous tongue of the Sioux some urgent instructions. Down from the distant crest came other braves as though to meet and ask Stabber explanation of his strange quitting the field. Down came a dozen others, young braves mad for battle, eager to join the ranks of the new leader, and Ray, who had turned on Field once more, fixed his glasses on that stalwart, nearly stark naked brilliantly painted form, foremost of the Indian array and now at last in full and unimpeded view.

"I never saw that scoundrel before, but if it isn't that renegade Red Fox—Why, here Field! Take my glass and look. You were with the commissioner's escort last year at the Black Hills council. You must have seen him and heard him speak. Isn't that Red Fox himself?" And to Ray's surprise the young officer's eyes were averted, his face pale and troubled, and the answer was a mere mumble—"I didn't meet Fox—there, captain."

"Look at him anyhow. You may have seen him somewhere. Isn't that Red Fox?" And now Ray was gazing straight at Field's half hidden face. Field, the soul of frankness hitherto, the lad who was never known to flinch from the eyes of any man, but to answer such challenge with his own—brave, fearless, sometimes even defiant. Now he kept the big binocular fixed on the distant hostile array, but his face was white, his hand unsteady and his answer, when it came, was in a voice that Ray heard in mingled pain and wonderment. Could it be that the lad was unnerved by the sight? In any event, he seemed utterly unlike himself.

"I cannot say, sir. It was dark— or night at all events—the only time I ever heard him." [To Be Continued.]

NOT TOO "SPOONY"

A Little Love Episode of the Boyhood Days of the Well-Loved Poet, Whittier.

Poets do not usually err through reticence; in fact, some of the most renowned poets are accused of turning their emotions too readily into fame and hard cash, and still others are suspected of celebrating their lady-lovers for reasons less of love than of literature and lucre. Even the life-long, unrequited attachment of Petrarch to Laura, is it occasionally insinuated, cost him more ink than heartache, after all, says Youth's Companion.

With Whittier, gentle, genuine, dignified and incapable of playing at passion, it was far otherwise. In all his poems there is to be found but one allusion to his only grown-up love affair; and a recently published letter to Lucy Larcom, when she was editor of Our Young Folks, shows that he even had his doubts about the child poem, "In School Days," so well-known, so well-loved and so often recited, in which he told the fleeting idyl of his boyhood.

"Dear Friend Lucy. I could not make verses for the pictures, but I send thee herewith a bit, which I am sure is childish, if not childlike. Be honest with it, and if it seems too spoony for a grave Quaker like myself, don't compromise by printing it. When I get a proof I may see something to mend or mar. Thine truly, J. G. W."

Fortunately, the poem was neither marred nor mended; Miss Larcom did not consider it as too spoony; and we have preserved in verse the incident of the boyish poet and his little friend, sweet eleven-year-old Lydia Ayers, who was sorry that she spelt the word that sent her above him to the head of the class—"Because, you see, I love you!"

The manuscript of this poem and the letter with it were sold the other day for \$540. This money, with that brought by the sale of other Whittier manuscripts, \$10,000 in all, is to be used in maintaining the Whittier homestead, scene of "Snowbound" and birthplace of the poet.

WANTED NO WORDS.

Taciturn Englishman Who Believed in Doing Things Rather Than Talking About Them. "Speech with him," says a recent clever writer, "was a convenience, like a spoon; he did not use it oftener than was necessary." She was speaking of a taciturn Englishman. Yankees are usually readier with their tongues, yet once in a while there is a man among them of this same silent kind. Such a one was Reuben Jenks, of Hentley, says Youth's Companion.

One day, when he was passing the farmhouse of a neighbor, he saw smoke and sparks rolling upward in considerable volume. He knocked and, walking unburiedly into the living room, where the family were gathered, remarked, in his usual tranquil tone: "Fire." They were rather flutter-brained people, and as soon as they realized that the alarm was genuine began to rush about, collecting both valuable and worthless objects with impartial haste. Only one of them thought to ask where the fire was. "Chimney," said Reuben. "Roof." Just then the eldest son, a lanky lad, rushed by, carrying an armful of useless things. Reuben's hand shot out and seized the boy's collar. The trash was thrown on the sofa. "Bucket," said Reuben. Then he vanished.

The boy got a bucket and went up to the scuttle, where he found Reuben already on the ridge-pole with an ax. The girls passed up water and the father ran down the road to get help. In a quarter of an hour he returned with a dozen zealous farm hands, bearing pails; but as they reached the house a grimy figure slipped from the low eaves to the porch and thence to the ground, nodding, wiped the perspiration from his eyes with a soiled sleeve and remarked, briefly: "Out."

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION. In effect May 24, 1903. TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD.

Table of train schedules for Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, listing stations and departure times for various routes.

Table of train schedules for Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad, listing stations and departure times.

Table of train schedules for Westward routes, listing stations and departure times.

Table of train schedules for Ridgway and Clearfield R. R. Connections, listing stations and departure times.

Table of train schedules for Buffalo & Allegheny Valley Division, listing stations and departure times.

Table of train schedules for Low Grade Division, listing stations and departure times.

Table of train schedules for Eastward routes, listing stations and departure times.

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every passenger. Trains at 10.00. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R.R. for points north and south. At E. & 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, Grand Bradford and Smithport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penna. R. R. points.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R. Time Table taking Effect June 23, 1902.



"The Grand Scenic Route."

Table of train schedules for Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad, listing stations and departure times.

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\* See page 10. \*\* Trains do not stop. † Telegraph office. Train No. 2 and 19.