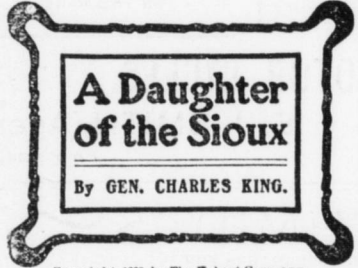




ACROSS THE BORDER.

I have read somewhere that the birds of fairland are white as snow.—W. B. Yeats.
Where all the trees bear golden flowers,
And all the birds are white;
Where fairy-folk in dancing hours
Burn stars for candle-light;
Where every wind and leaf can talk,
But no man understand,
Save one whose child-foot chanced to walk
Green paths of fairland;
I followed two swift silver wings;
I started a roving song;
I stalked shining, silent things;
I wandered all day long.
But when it seemed the shadowy hours
Whispered of soft-foot night,
I crept home to sweet common flowers,
Brown birds and candle-light.
—Sophie Jewitt, in The Century.



CHAPTER XII.

What action had been resolved upon, and prompt action, was now apparent. Stabber, fighting chief though he had been in the past, had had his reason for opposing the plans of this new and vehement leader; but public sentiment, stirred by vehement oratory, had overruled him, and he had bolted the field convention in a fury. Lame Wolf, a younger chief than Stabber, had yet more power among the Ogallalas, being Red Cloud's favorite nephew, and among the Indians, at least, his acknowledged representative. Whenever called to account, however, for that nephew's deeds, the wary old statesman promptly disavowed them. It was in search of Lame Wolf, reasoned Ray, that Stabber had sped away, possibly hoping to induce him to call off his followers. It was probably the deeper strategy of Stabber to oppose no obstacle to Ray's advance until the little troop was beyond the Elk Tooth ridge, where, on utterly shelterless ground, the Indian would have every advantage. He knew Ray of old; knew well that, left to himself, the captain would push on in the effort to rescue the stage people, and he and his command might practically be at the mercy of the Sioux, if only the Sioux would listen and be patient. Stabber knew that to attack the troopers now entrenching at the cottonwoods meant a desperate fight in which the Indians, even if ultimately triumphant, must lose many a valued brave, and that is not the thoroughbred Indian's view of good generalship. Stabber was old, wily and wise. The new chief, whoever he might be, seemed possessed of a mad lust for instant battle, coupled with a possible fear that, unless the golden moment were seized, Ray might be reinforced, and could then defy them all. Indeed there were veteran campaigners among the troopers who noted how often the tall red chief pointed in sweeping gesture back to Moccasin Ridge—troopers who, even at the distance caught and interpreted a few of his words. "That's it, sir," said Winsor, confidently to Ray. "He says 'more soldiers coming,' and—I believe he knows."

At all events he had so convinced his fellows, and, even before Stabber reached the middle tooth—where sat a little knot of mounted Indians, signaling, apparently, to others still some distance to the north—with a chorus of exultant yells, the long, gaudy, glittering line of braves suddenly scattered, and, lashing away to right and left, dozens of them darted at top speed to join those already disposed about that big circle, while others still, the main body, probably 70 strong, after some barbaric show of circus evolutions about their leader, once more reined up for final injunctions from his lips. Then, with a magnificent gesture of the hand, he waved them on, and, accompanied by only two young riders, rode swiftly away to a little swell of the prairie just out of range of the carbines, and there took his station to supervise the attack.

"Damn him!" growled old Winsor. "He's no charger like Crazy Horse. He's a sitting Bull breed of general—like some we had in Virginia," he added, between his set teeth, but Ray heard and grinned in silent appreciation. "Set your sights and give 'em their first volley as they reach that scorched line," he called to the men along the northward front, and pointed to a stretch of prairie where the dry grass had lately been burned away. "Five hundred yards will do it. Then aim low when they rush closer in."

"Look at the middle tooth, captain," came the sudden hail from his left. "Mirror flashes! See!" It was Field who spoke, and life and vim had returned to his voice and color to his face. He was pointing eagerly toward the highest of the knobs, where, all on a sudden, dazzling little beams of light shot forth toward the Indians in the lowlands, tipping the war banner and lance of many a brave with dancing fire. Whatever their purport, the signals seemed ignored by the Sioux, for presently two came sweeping down the long slope, straight for the point where sat Red

Fox, as for want of other name, we must for the present call him—who, for his part, shading his eyes with his hand, sat gazing toward the westward side of his warrior circle, evidently awaiting some demonstration there before giving signal for action elsewhere. Obedient to his first instructions, the main body had spread out in long, irregular skirmish rank, their mettlesome ponies capering and dancing in their eagerness. Chanting in chorus some shrill, weird song, the line was now slowly, steadily advancing, still too far away to warrant the wasting of a shot, yet unmistakably seeking to close as much as possible before bursting in with the final charge.

And still the red leader sat at gaze, oblivious for the moment of everything around him, ignoring the coming of orders possibly from Lame Wolf himself. Suddenly the silver armlets once more gleamed on high. Then, clapping the palm of his right hand to his mouth, Red Fox gave voice to a ringing war whoop, fierce, savage and exultant, and, almost at the instant, like the boom and rumble that follows some vivid lightning flash, the prairie woke and trembled to the thunder of near a thousand hoofs. From every point of the compass—from every side, yelling like fiends of some orthodox hell, down they came—the wild warriors of the frontier in furious rush upon the silent and almost peaceful covert of this little band of brothers in the dusty garb of blue. One, two, three hundred yards they came, centering on the leafy clump of cottonwoods, riding at a tearing gallop, erect, defiant, daring at the start, and giving full voice to their wild war cry. Then bending forward, crouching low, then flattening out like hunted squirrel, for as the foremost in the dash came thundering on within good carbine range, all on a sudden the watch dogs of the little plains fort began to bark. Tiny jets of flame and smoke shot from the level of the prairie, from over dingy mounds of sand, from behind the trunks of stunted trees, from low parapet of log or leather.



"FROM EVERY SIDE YELLING LIKE FIENDS OF SOME ORTHODOX HELL, DOWN THEY CAME."

Then the entire grove seemed veiling itself in a drifting film of blue, the whole charging circle to crown itself with a dun cloud of dust that swept eastward over the prairie, driven by the stiff, unhampered breeze. The welkin rang with savage yell, with answering cheer, with the sputter and crackle of rifle and revolver, the loud bellow of Springfield, and then, still yelling, the feathered riders veered and circled, ever at magnificent speed, each man for himself, apparently, yet all guided and controlled by some unseen, yet acknowledged, power; and, in five minutes, save where some hapless pony lay quivering and kicking on the turf, the low ground close at hand was swept clean of horse or man. The wild attack had been made in vain. The Sioux were scampering back, contrived, but not discomfited. Some few of their number, borne away stunned and bleeding, by comrade hand from underneath their stricken chargers—some three or four, perhaps, who had dared too much—were closing their eyes on the last light of their savage lives.

To Ray and to many of his men it was all an old story. Stabber would never have counseled or permitted attack on seasoned troopers, fighting behind even improvised shelter. Something, perhaps, had occurred to blind his younger rival to the peril of such assault, and now, as three or four little parties were seen slowly drifting away toward the ridge, burdened by some helpless form, other couriers came thundering down at Red Fox, and wild excitement prevailed among the Elk Teeth. More signals were flashing. More Indians came popping into view, their feathered bonnets streaming in the rising wind, and about the prairie wave, where the savage general had established field headquarters, a furious conference was going on. Stabber had again interposed, and with grim but hopeful eyes, Ray and his fellows watched and noted. Every hull in the fight was so much gain for them.

"Twelve fifty-two," said the dark-eyed commander, swinging his watch into the pocket of his hunting shirt, and sliding backward into the stream bed. "All serene so far. Watch things on this front, Field, while I make the rounds and see how we came out."

"All serene so far" it was! Not a man hurt. Two of the sorrels had been hit by flying bullets and much amazed and stung thereat, but neither was crippled. Hiding their guards to dig for water that might soon be needed, Ray once more made his way to the northward side and rejoined Field and Winsor.

In an almost cloudless sky of steely blue the sun had just passed the meridian and was streaming hotly down on the stirring picture. Northward the ridge line and the long, gradual slope seemed alive with swarms of Indian warriors, many of them darting about in wild commotion. About the little eminence where Stabber and the Fox had again locked horns in violent altercation, as many as a hundred braves had gathered. About the middle knob, from whose summit mirror flashes shot from time to time, was still another concourse, listening, apparently, to the admonitions of a leader but recently arrived, a chieftain mounted on an American horse, almost black, and Ray studied the pair long and curiously through his glasses. "Lame Wolf, probably," said he, but the distance was too great to enable him to be certain. What puzzled him more than anything was the apparent division of authority, the unusual display of discord among the Sioux. These were all, doubtless, of the Ogallala tribe, Red Cloud's own people, yet here they were wrangling like ward "heelers" and wasting precious time. Whatever his antecedents, this new comer had been a powerful sower of strife and sedition, for, instead of following implicitly the counsels of one leader, the Indians were divided now between three.

True to its practice, the prairie wind was sweeping stronger and stronger with every moment, as the sunwarmed strata over the wide, billowing surface sought higher levels, and the denser, cooler current from the west came rushing down. And now all sounds of the debate were whisked away toward the breaks of the old South Cheyenne and it was no longer possible for old Sioux campaigners to catch a word of the discussion. The leaves of the cottonwoods whistled in the rising gale, and every time a pony crossed the stream bed and clambered the steep banks out to the west, little clouds of dun-colored dust came sailing toward the grove, scattered and spent, however, far from the lair of the defense.

But, while the discussion seemed endless among the Indians on the northward side, never for a moment was the vigilance of the circle relaxed. South, east and west the slopes and lowlands were dotted with restless horsemen, and from young Clayton came the word that through his glass he could make out three or four warriors far away toward the Moccasin ridge. "That's good," said Ray. "It means that they, too, are looking for a column coming out from Frayne. But where on earth did all these rascals come from? There must be 400 now in sight."

Well might he ask and marvel! Stabber's little village had never more than 50 warriors. Lame Wolf's band was counted at less than 240 fighting men, and these, so said the agents of the omniscient bureau, were all the Ogallalas away from the shelter of the reservation where the trouble started. No more should be allowed to go, was the confident promise, yet a fortnight nearly had elapsed since the frontier fun began. News of battle sweeps with marvelous speed through Indian haunted lands, and here were warriors by the score, come to strengthen the hands of kindred in the field, and more were coming. The mirror signals plainly told them that. Yet it was well nigh one o'clock and not another hostile move was made. Fox then was being held by stronger hands. It meant that Lame Wolf had listened to reason—and Stabber, and would permit no fresh attack until his numbers should be so increased that resistance would practically be vain. It meant even more—that the Indian leader in chief command felt sure no force was yet within helping distance of the corralled troopers. He could, therefore, take his time.

But this was a theory Ray would not whisper to his men. He knew Webb. He knew Webb would soon read the signs from the north and be coming to his relief, and Ray was right. Even as he reasoned there came a message from across the grove. Lieutenant Clayton said the Indians he had seen away to the south were racing back. "Thank God!" was the murmured answer no man heard. "Now lads, be ready!" was the ringing word that roused the little troop, like bugle call "to arms." And even as eager faces lifted over the low parapets to scan the distant foe, fresh signals came flashing down from the northward ridge, fresh bands of warriors came darting to join the martial throng about the still wrangling chieftains, and then, all of a sudden, with mighty yelling and shrill commotion, that savage council burst asunder, and, riding at speed, a dozen braves went lashing away to the westward side, while with fierce brandishing of arms and shields and much curvetting and prancing of excited ponies, the wild battle lines were formed again. The Sioux were coming for the second trial.

"Meet them as before! Make every shot tell!" were the orders passed from man to man and heard and noted amidst the whistling of the wind and the sounds of scurry and commotion at the front. Then, silent and crouching low, the soldiers shoved the brown barrels of their carbines forth again and waited. And then the grim silence of the little fortress was broken, as, with startling, sudden force there went up a shot from the westward side:

"My God, boys, they're setting fire to the prairie!" Ray sprang to his feet and gazed. Away out to the west and southwest, whence came the strong breeze blowing from the Sweetwater hills, half a dozen dark, aloe forms, bending low, were scudding afoot over the sward, and everywhere they moved there sprang up in their tracks little

sheets of lambent flame, little clouds of bluish, blinding smoke, and almost in less time than it takes to tell it, a low wall of fire, started in a dozen places, reaching far across the low ground, fencing the valley from stream bed to the southward slopes, crowned by its swift-sailing crest of hot, stifling fume, came lapping and seething and sweeping across the level, licking up the dry buffalo grass like so much tow, mounting higher and fiercer with every second, and bearing down upon the little grove and its almost helpless defenders in fearful force, in resistless fury—a charge no bullet could stop, an enemy no human valor could hope to daunt or down.

"Quick, men!" yelled Ray. "Out with you, you on the west front! Stay you here, you others! Watch the Sioux! They'll be on us in an instant!" And away he sped from the shelter of the bank, out from the thick of the cottonwoods, out to the open prairie, straight toward the coming torrent of flame still, thank God, full 700 yards away, but leaping toward them with awful strides. Out with him rushed Field, and out from Clayton's front sped half a dozen old hands, every man fumbling for his match box; out until they reached a line with their captain, already sprawled upon the turf, and there, full an hundred yards from the grove, they spread in rude skirmish line and, reckless of the mad chorus of yells that came sweeping down the wind, reckless of the clamor of the coming charge, reckless of the whistling lead that almost instantly began nipping and biting the turf about them, here, there and everywhere, they, too, had started little fires; they, too, had run their line of flame across the windward front; they, too, had launched a wall of flame sailing toward the grove, and then, back, through blinding smoke they ran for their saddle blankets, just as the sharp sputter of shots burst forth on the northward side, and the Sioux, with magnificent dash, came thundering within range.

[To Be Continued.]

TRUE BLUE AND JOLLY QUIET.

The First Expression Refers to Spanish Blue Blood the Other Was Once Common.

There are all sorts of quaint sayings and curious forms of expression in common and even daily use among us which we are all so accustomed to hear that they scarcely even strike us as being strange, and from whence they have been derived, or from what arisen, very few people have the least idea, says London Lady. The expression "true blue," which we hear so often, has not even an English parentage, but is said to have been a Spanish saying, which meant that the blood that filled the veins of the aristocracy of Spain was blue in color, while that of inferior mortals was more or less black, and the proverb that "true blue will never stain," instead of meaning, as it is generally supposed, that "a noble heart will never disgrace itself," actually refers to the "blue aprons" worn by butchers on account of their not showing blood stains—a far jump this time from the blue blood of the haughty Spanish aristocrat to the humble apron of the butcher's boy. A great many of our old sayings and quaint expressions have come down to us from past centuries, and are to be found more or less in the writings of our old authors, as, for example, "I don't care a fig," or, as it used more often to be, "a figo," which means a flip or snap of the fingers, are both to be found in Shakespeare. "A fig for Peter," "The figo for thy friendship," he says.

There are many words now looked upon as slang which are in reality old words that were once in common usage among our forefathers, and which have been revived again, as, for instance, "jolly." Many persons profess to dislike this word, and speak of it contemptuously as modern slang, while in reality it is simply a revival, and used to mean "very," and was in this sense used in a commentary of the Bible in the 17th century in the following passage, "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither."

SQUELCHED BEN BUTLER.

Muscular Woman Witness Brought the Famous Soldier-Lawyer to a Standstill.

In a case being tried at Salem, Mass., Ben Butler was cross-examining a woman who was an important witness for the prosecution, and whose evidence he was bound to break down if possible, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

In reply as to how she knew this or that fact against his client, she frequently answered by saying: "Well, I put that and that together and concluded the prisoner was guilty of the crime."

Butler kept repeatedly nagging her every time she answered a question by saying: "Oh, yes, I see. You don't know this as a fact, but only by putting that and that together."

He finally got her worked up to a furious rage and raising her muscular arm she said (pointing her finger at the lawyer): "Mr. Butler, I see you have a pimple, or wart, on your under lip, and I have another (as you can see) on the back of my hand, and I give you fair warning that I'll put this and that together if you give me any more of your impudence." This effectually squelched Butler, who immediately excused the witness, and sat down amid roars of laughter, in which the court joined.

MOTHER OF QUEER BROOD.

Hen Missing from Flock for Several Weeks Is Found to Have Hatched a Dozen Quail.

Mrs. Lucy J. Fisher, wife of Patrick Fisher, a farmer near Normal, Grant county, Ind., is the possessor of an unusual brood, consisting of a hen and 12 quail.

One of Mrs. Fisher's favorite hens was missing from the flock for several weeks, and was only seen occasionally when she came from a wheat field on the farm to get something to eat. She acted as if sitting on a hidden nest in the field, but all efforts of Mrs. Fisher to locate the nest were unavailing. One day Mrs. Fisher followed the hen through the field to an open ditch, where she found her trying to coax her brood, consisting of a dozen young quail, to cross the ditch. The quail were old enough to fly when pressed, but returned to the hen on being called. The hen and the quail seemed as much attached to each other as any hen and her chickens could be.

MUSIC MAY KILL MOSQUITOES.

Brookline, Mass., Board of Health Believes Sudden Jar to Nerves of Insects Will Cause Their Death.

The Brookline (Mass.) board of health, which is systematically exterminating mosquitoes by means of kerosene oil, is about to take up a suggestion calling attention to a new process for lessening the evil by means of musical sounds.

The discoverer of the new process says: "It has been found that practical application has been effected by raising to a great number of vibrations per second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. This intensified note produced by sudden electrical impulse upon a musical instrument causes every mosquito near to plunge headlong to the instrument and die."

A Polyglot Paper. The Salvation Army journal, the War Cry, appears weekly in 30 different languages.

MAKE FIGURES LOOK SMALL.

Mental Mathematicians Get to Work and Shimmer Them Down to Nearly Nothing.

Whitelaw Reid, of New York, in the annual address before Phi Beta Kappa society, of Vassar college, discussed divorce and its attendant evils. He said: "Six hundred and fifty-four thousand persons divorced in this country during the last 29 years."

This statement, says the narrator of the story, caused wrinkles and furrows to form on the forehead of one prim maiden. A flash of the eye, and then a whisper to an attentive classmate: "That's equal to 32,700 persons a year."

The classmate's brow now began to denote activity: "Or 2,725 persons a month."

"Or 681 persons a week," said the first mental mathematician.

"Ninety-seven persons each day sever marital relations," was the next computation.

"Why, that's only four persons an hour," came as a cheerful rejoinder.

"Pooh, only one couple every half hour."

"And they say there are 70,000,000 people in this country."

"What a narrow view some men take of life." And the other nodded an agreement.

It isn't the first lie that is so bad. It is the dozen or so you afterward have to tell to make the first one believed.—Chicago Tribune.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Too many words be worse than not enough, for they'll often leave a man's meaning foggy.—Eden Philpotts.

The Overland Limited, solid train Chicago to the Coast daily. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

To slur is human; to forgive takes time.—Town Topics.

The Chicago & North-Western is the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

You cannot live by another's experience.—Ram's Horn.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

It is the grain of truth that gives force to the lie.—Ram's Horn.



Give Warning of Approach of More Serious Trouble.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability, bordering upon hysteria? Are your spirits easily affected so that one minute you laugh, and the next fall into convulsive weeping?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; sometimes loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy, with a tendency to cry at the least provocation?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration. Undoubtedly you do not know it, but in nine cases out of ten this is caused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves centering in and about the organs which make you a woman influence your entire nervous system. Something must be done at once to restore their natural condition or you will be prostrated for weeks and months perhaps, and suffer untold misery.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women have written us so.

How Mrs. Holland, of Philadelphia, suffered among the finest physicians in the country, none of whom could help her—finally cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—FOR over two years I was a constant sufferer from extreme nervousness, indigestion, and dizziness. Menstruation was irregular, had backache and a feeling of great lassitude and weakness. I was so bad that I was not able to do my own work or go far in the street. I could not sleep nights."

"I tried several splendid doctors, but they gave me no relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I soon began to feel better, and was able to go out and not feel as if I would fall at every step. I continued to take the medicine until cured. "I cannot say enough in behalf of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and heartily recommend all suffering women to try it and find the relief I did."—MRS. FLORENCE HOLLAND, 622 S. Clifton St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Jan. 6, 1902.)

Another case of severe female trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after the doctors had failed.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in poor health for several years. I had female trouble and was not able to do my housework alone. I felt tired, very nervous, and could not sleep. I doctored with several doctors. They doctored me for my stomach, but did not relieve me. I read in your book about your medicine, and thought I would try it. I did so, and am now cured and able to do my work alone, and feel good. I was always very poor, but now weigh one hundred and fifty pounds."

"I thank you for the relief I have obtained, and I hope that every woman troubled with female weakness will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I have recommended it to many of my friends."—MRS. MARIA BOWERS, Millersville, Ohio. (Aug. 15, 1901.)

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the fact that it will help them be made plain? Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick, and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURIES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION.

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.