



THE OLD HOME CREEK.

If I could have my way
You bet I'd have, by gings!
Things fixed so ev'ry holiday
Would come around in Spring!
I'd like to simply bunch 'em up,
All of 'em in one week,
An' go and spend 'em fishin'
Down along the old home creek!

To cut an alder limb,
A spring one and long,
An' get a woven seagrass line,
A long an' thin an' strong,
An' ketch me some grasshoppers,
Or some blue bottle flies,
An' cast along the ol' home creek
Where hemlock shadders lies.

Oh, just for fix 'em up,
My holidays, you know,
So they 'n' bunch 'em all my cup
Till it would overflow,
For all the rest the long, long year
I'd make my Sundays do,
Give me my holidays in spring
When buds are bustin' throo.

I want to trot away
Down throo the orchard grass,
An' hear the sassy bluejays squall
An' mock the catbird's sass,
An' whistle like a mockin' bird
An' mock the thrushin' brook
An' just set bubblin' full of song
The while I bait my hook.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES EING.

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CHAPTER XX.

In the hush of the wintry night, under a leaden sky, with snowflakes falling thick and fast and mantling the hills in fleecy white, Webb's column had halted among the sturdy pines, the men exchanging muttered, low-toned query and comment, the horses standing with bowed heads, occasionally pawing the soft coverlet and sniffing curiously at this filmy barrier to the bunch grass they sought in vain. They had feasted together, these comrade troopers and chargers ere the sun went down—the men on abundant rations of agency bacon, flour and brown sugar, found with black tailed deer and mountain sheep in abundance in the captured village, and eked out by supplies from the pack train—the horses on big "blankets" of oats set before them by sympathetic friends and masters. Then when the skies were fairly dark, Webb had ordered little fires lighted all along the bank of the stream, leaving the men of Ray's and Billings' troops to keep them blazing through the long night watches to create the impression among the lurking Sioux that the whole force was still there, guarding the big village it had captured in the early afternoon, and then, in silence, the troopers had saddled and jogged away into the heart of the hills, close on the heels of their guides.

There had been little time to look over the captures. The main interest of both officers and men, of course, centered in Mr. Hay, who was found in one of the tepees, prostrate from illness and half frantic from fever and strong mental excitement. He had later tidings from Frayne, it seems, than had his rescuers. He could assure them of the health and safety of their wives and little ones, but would not tell them what was amiss in his own household. One significant question he asked: Did any of them know this new Maj. Flint? No? Well, God help Flint, if ever he, Hay got hold of him.

"He's delirious," whispered Webb, and rode away in that conviction, leaving him to Ray and Billings.

Three miles out, on the tortuous trail of the pursued, the column halted and dismounted among the pines. Then there was a brief conference, and the word "Mount" was whispered along the Beecher squadron, while Blake's men stood fast. With a parting clasp of the hand Webb and "Legs" had returned to the head of their respective commands, "Legs" and his fellows to follow steadily the Indian trail through the twisting ravines of the foothills; Webb to make an all-night forced march, in wide detour and determined effort, to head off the escaping warriors before they could reach the rocky fastnesses back of Bear Cliff. Webb's chief scout "Dat," chosen by Gen. Crook himself, had been a captive among the Sioux through long years of his boyhood, and knew the Big Horn Range as Webb did the banks of the Wabash. "They can stand off a thousand soldiers," said the guide, "if once they get into the rocks. They'd have gone there first off only there was no water. Now there's plenty snow."

So Blake's instructions were to follow them without pushing, to let them feel they were being pursued, yet by no means to hasten them, and, if the general's favorite scout proved to be all he promised as guide and pathfinder, Webb might reasonably hope by dint of hard night riding, to be first at the tryst at break of day. Then they would have the retreating Sioux, hampered by their few wounded and certain prisoners whom they prized, hemmed between rocky heights on every side, and sturdy horsemen front and rear.

It was eight by the watch at the parting of the ways. It was 8:30 when Blake retook the trail, with

Sergeants Schreiber and Winsor, the latter borrowed from Ray, far in the van. Even had the ground been hard and stony these keen-eyed soldier scouts could have followed the signs almost as unerringly as the Indians, for each had had long years of experience all over the west; but, despite the steadily falling snow, the traces of hoofs and, for a time, of travois poles could be readily seen and followed in the dim gray light of the blanketed skies. Somewhere aloft, above the film of cloud, the silvery moon was shining, and that was illumination more than enough for men of their years on the trail.

For over an hour, Blake followed the windings of a ravine that grew closer and steeper as it burrowed into the hills. Old game trails are as good as turnpikes in the eyes of the plainsman. It was when the ravine began to split into branches that the problem might have puzzled them, had not the white fleece lain two inches deep on the level when "Lo" made his dash to escape. Now the rough edges of the original impression were merely rounded over by the new fallen snow. The hollows and ruts and depressions led on from one deep cleft into another, and by midnight Blake felt sure the quarry could be but a few miles ahead and Bear Cliff barely five hours march away. So, noiselessly, the signal "Halt!" went rearward down the long, dark, sinuous column of twos, and every man slipped out of saddle, some of them stamping, so numb were their feet. With every mile the air had grown keener and colder. They were glad when the next word whispered was, "Lead on!" instead of "Mount."

By this time they were far up among the pine-fringed heights, with the broad valley of the Big Horn lying outspread to the west, invisible as the stars above, and neither by ringing shot nor winged arrow had the leaders known the faintest check. It seemed as though the Indians, in their desperate effort to carry off the most important or valued of their charges, were bending all their energies to expediting the retreat. Time enough to turn on the pursuers when once the rocks had closed about them—when the wounded were safe in the fastnesses and the pursuers far from supports. But at the foot of a steep ascent, the two leading scouts—rival sergeants of rival troops, but devoted friends for nearly twenty years—were seen by the next in column, a single corporal followed them at thirty yards distance, to halt and begin poking at



"HE FOUND SCHREIBER CROUCHING AT THE FOOT OF A TREE GAZING WARILY FORWARD."

some dark object by the wayside. Then they pushed on again. A dead pony, under a quarter inch coverlet of snow was what met the eyes of the silently trudging command as it followed. The high-peaked wooden saddle tree was still "sinched" to the stiffening carcass. Either the Indians were pushed for time or overstocked with saddles. Presently there came a low whistle from the military "middleman" between the scouts and the little advance guard. "Run ahead," growled the sergeant commanding to his boy trumpeter. "Give me your reins." And, leaving his horse, the youngster stumbled along up the winding trail; got his message and waited. "Give this to the captain," was the word sent back by Schreiber, and "this" was a mitten of Indian tanned buckskin, soft and warm, if unsightly, a mitten too small for a warrior's hand, if ever warrior deigned to wear one—a mitten the captain examined curiously, as he ploughed ahead of his main body, and then turned to his subaltern with a grin on his face:

"Beauty draws us with a single hair," said he, "and can't shake us even when she gives us the mitten. Ross," he added, after a moment's thought, "remember this. With this gang there are two or three sub chiefs that we should get, alive or dead, but the chief end of man, so far as 'K' Troop's concerned, is to capture that girl, unharmed."

And just at dawn, so gray and wan and pallid it could hardly be told from the pale moonlight of the earlier hours, the dark, snake-like column was halted again, nine miles further in among the wooded heights. With Bear Cliff still out of range and sight, something had stopped the scouts, and Blake was needed at the front. He found Schreiber crouching at the foot of a tree, gazing warily forward along a southward-sloping face of the mountain that was sparsely covered with tall, straight pines, and that faded into mist a few hundred yards away. The trail—the main trail, that is—seemed to go straight away eastward, and, for a

short distance, downward through a hollow or depression; while, up the mountain side to the left, the north, following the spur or shoulder, there were signs of hoof tracks, half sheeted by the new-fallen snow, and through this fresh, fleecy mantle ploughed the trooper boots in rude, insistent pursuit. The sergeant's horses were held by a third soldier a few yards back behind the spur, for Winsor was "side scouting" up the heights.

The snowfall had ceased for a time. The light was growing broader every moment, and presently a soft whistle sounded somewhere up the steep, and Schreiber answered. "He wants us, sir," was all he said, and in five minutes they had found him, sprawled on his stomach on a projecting ledge, and pointing southeastward, where, boldly outlined against the gray of the morning sky, a black and beetling precipice towered from the mist-wreathed pines at its base. Bear Cliff beyond a doubt!

"How far, sergeant?" asked the captain, never too reliant on his powers of judging distance.

"Five miles, sir, at least; yet some three or four Indians have turned off here and gone—somewhere up there." And, rolling half over, Winsor pointed again toward a wooded bluff, perhaps 300 feet higher and half a mile away. "That's probably the best lookout this side of the cliff itself!" he continued, in explanation, as he saw the puzzled look on the captain's face. "From there, likely, they can see the trail over the divide—the one Little Bat is leading the major, and, if they've made any time at all, the squadron should be at Bear Cliff now."

They were crawling to him by this time, Blake and Schreiber, among the stunted cedars that grew thickly along the rocky ledge. Winsor, flat again on his stomach, sprawled like a squirrel close to the brink. Every moment as the skies grew brighter the panorama before them became more extensive, a glorious sweep of highland scenery, of boldly tossing ridges east and south and west—the slopes all mantled, the trees all tipped, with nature's ermine, and studded now with myriad gems, taking fire at the first touch of the day god's messenger, as the mighty king himself burst his halo of circling cloud and came peering over the low curtain far at the eastward horizon. Chill and darkness and shrouding vapor vanished all in a breath as he rose, dominant over countless leagues of wild, unbroken, yet magnificent mountain landscape.

"Worth every hour of watch and mile of climb!" muttered Blake. "But it's Indians, not scenery, we're after. What are we here for, Winsor?" and narrowly he eyed Ray's famous right bowler.

"If the major got there first, sir—and I believe he did—they have to send the prisoners and wounded back this way."

"Then we've got 'em!" broke in Schreiber, low-toned, but exultant. "Look, sir," he added, as he pointed along the range. "They are signaling now."

From the wooded height 1,000 yards away, curious little puffs of smoke, one following another, were sailing straight for the zenith, and Blake, screwing his field glasses to the focus, swept with them the mountain side toward the five-mile distant cliff, and presently the muscles about his mouth began to twitch—sure sign with Blake of gathering excitement. "You're right, sergeant," he presently spoke, repressing the desire to shout, and striving, lest Winsor should be moved to invidious comparisons, to seem as nonchalant as Billy Ray himself. "They're coming back already." Then down the mountain-side he dove to plan and prepare appropriate welcome, leaving Winsor and the glasses to keep double-powered watch on the situation.

Six-hfty of a glorious, keen November morning, and 60 troopers of the old regiment were distributed along a spur that crossed, almost at right angles, the line of the Indian trail. Sixty fur-capped, rough-coated fellows, with their short brown carbines in hand, crouching behind rocks and fallen trees, keeping close to cover and warned to utter silence. Behind them, 200 yards away, their horses were huddled under charge of their disgusted guards, envious of their fellows at the front, and cursing hard their luck in counting off as number four. Schreiber had just come sliding, stumbling down from Winsor's perch to say that they could hear faint sound of sharp volleying far out to the eastward, where the warriors, evidently, were trying to "stand off" Webb's skirmish line until the travois with the wounded and the escort of the possible prisoners should succeed in getting back out of harm's way and taking surer and higher trail into the thick of the wilderness back of Bear Cliff. "Some of 'em must come in sight here in a minute, sir," panted the veteran sergeant. "We could see them plainly up there—a mule litter and four travois, and there must be a dozen in saddle."

A dozen there were, for along the line of crouching men went sudden thrill of excitement. Shoulders began to heave; nervous thumbs bore down on the heavy carbine hammers, and there was sound of irrepressible stir and murmur. Out among the pines, 500 yards away two mounted Indians popped suddenly into view, two others speedily followed, their well-ligh exhausted ponies feebly shaking their shaggy, protesting heads as their riders plied the stinging quirt or jabbed with cruel lance; only in a painful jog trot could they dig zag through the trees. Then came two warriors, leading the pony of a crippled comrade. "Don't fire—don't harm them! Fall back from the trail there and let them in. They'll

halt the moment they see our tracks! Get 'em alive, if possible!" were Blake's rapid orders, for his eyes were eagerly fixed on other objects beyond these dejected leaders—upon stumbling mules, lashed fore and aft between long, spiced saplings and bearing thus the rude litter—Hay's pet wheelers turned to hospital use. An Indian boy, mounted, led the foremost mule; another watched the second; while, on each side of the occupant of the Sioux palanquin, jogged a blanketed rider on jaded pony. Here was a personage of consequence—luckier much than these others—following, dragged along on travois whose trailing poles came jolting over stone or hummock along the rugged path. It was on these that Blake's glittering eyes were fastened. "Pounce on the leaders, you that are nearest!" he ordered, in low, telling tones, the men at his left; then turned to Schreiber, crouching close beside him, the fringe of his buckskin hunting shirt quivering over his bounding heart. "There's the prize I want," he muttered low. "Whatever you do, let no shot reach that litter. Charge with me the moment the leaders yell. You men to the right," he added, slightly raising his voice, "be ready to jump with me. Don't shoot anybody that doesn't show fight. Nab everything in sight."

"Whoop-oop!" All in a second the mountain woke, the welkin rang, to a yell of warning from the lips of the leading Sioux. All in a second they whirled their ponies about and darted back. All in that second Blake and his nearest sprang to their feet and flung themselves forward straight for the startled convoy. In vain the few warriors bravely rallied about their foremost wounded. The unwieldy litter could not turn about; the frantic mules, crazed by the instant pandemonium of shouts and shots—the awful rush of charging men—the onward screams of a brace of squaws, broke from their leading reins; crashed with their litter against the trees, hurling the luckless occupant to earth. Back drove the unit warriors before the dash of the cheering line. Down went first one pony, then a second, in his bloody tracks. One after another, litter, travois, wounded and prisoner, were clutched and seized by stalwart hands, and Blake, panting not a little, found himself bending staring over the prostrate form flung from the splintered wreck of the litter, a form writhing in pain that forced no sound whatever from between grimly clinching teeth, yet that baffled effort, almost superb, to rise and battle still—a form magnificent in its proportions, yet helpless through wounds and weakness. Not the form Blake thought to see, of shrinking, delicate, dainty woman, but that of the furious warrior who thrice had dared him on the open field—the red brave well-known by sight and deed within the moon now waning, but, only within the day gone by, revealed to him as the renegade Ralph Moreau—Eagle Wing of the Ogallala Sioux.

Where then was Nanette?
[To Be Continued.]

AN ANCIENT JURY.

One That Was Sent to Prison and Bound Over to Be of Good Behavior.

In olden times, when a jury in England remained impervious to the judge's gentle mode of persuasion, fine and imprisonment were resorted to. The jury that acquitted Sir Nicholas Trockmorton was condemned to eight months' imprisonment in addition to the payment of a large sum of money. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a jury, having reduced a prisoner's alleged crime of murder to that of manslaughter, was at once sent to prison and bound over in a large sum to be of good behavior. Penalties were likewise inflicted upon the innocent wife and children of the offending jurymen. Even now it is believed by some legal authorities that a judge has the right to inflict a fine upon a jurymen refusing to obey his directions. Such power is however, not exercised, except in the case of a juror absenting himself without a cause. Of this practice there is the following story:

A judge had fined a jurymen for non-attendance. On hearing that he had been unable to be present because of his wife's funeral the judge, whose wife was said to be not of a particularly gentle nature, exclaimed: "That was a good excuse indeed. I wish we all had the same!"

Two Good Highlanders.

During the Crimean war a Scotch officer was appointed to command a regiment recruited in Glasgow, Scotland, and, being a Highlander, took a vote of the regiment to determine whether the men favored the adoption of the Highland costume.

In due time the regimental orderly appeared before the colonel with the result of the vote.

"Well, orderly," said he, "how many of the men favored the adoption of the Highland plaid?"

"Only two, sir."

"Only two? Well, I am glad I have at least two good Highlanders in my regiment. Who are they?"

"Corporal Flaherty and Private Mulligan, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Would Suit Him Better.

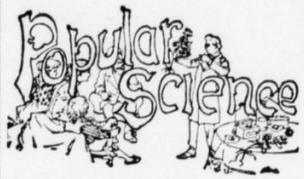
"Did you ever hear of such nerve?"

"What now, Jennie?"

"Why, I gave the janitor one of your old smoking jackets and what do you think he said?"

"Can't imagine."

"Said he didn't smoke, but he chewed, and wanted to know if I could send him a chewing jacket."—Chicago Daily News.



MEDICAL INVENTIONS.

Machinery Now Plays an Important Part in the Treatment of Patients in Hospitals.

Hospital patients can now be nursed by machinery. An inventor has recently patented an ingenious little machine, consisting of a small box, in which is a self-registering thermometer, connected electrically with a tiny bell. This register is put under the armpit of a person suffering from fever, and when his temperature rises the bell rings, and the doctor or nurse is summoned.

Dr. Laborde of the French academy of medicine has recently constructed a wonderful little electric machine for restoring persons unconscious from drowning, suffocation or similar causes. It is called the electric tongue-tractor, and has a padded forceps, which is attached to the patient's tongue and pulls this member out to its full length at regular intervals. It has restored life to an apparently drowned person after friction, a mustard bath and artificial injection of air into the lungs had all failed.

A wound-stitching machine is the invention of another doctor named Michel. It works very much more rapidly than the old method of stitching by hand, is painless and effective. It consists of a case, or sheath, holding a number of nickel hooks, or bands, like those used for the corners of cardboard boxes. They are put in position with a pair of forceps, and can be adjusted at the rate of twenty-five a minute. Their rounded points do not penetrate the lower layer of the skin, but only the epidermis, and therefore the pain caused by them is very slight. They have the additional advantage of being very easily disinfected.

A most curious invention is that of Dr. Coakley for stimulating a weak heart. It consists of a hollow needle some eight inches long, made of an alloy of gold, and driven by a little electric motor. It is so shaped that it can be used to actually pierce the heart and inject into it a solution of salt and warm water, which will stimulate the organ, and so prolong and save life.—London Answers.

Increase in American Exports.

In 11 years British manufactured exports have decreased 3.5 per cent., American manufactured exports have increased 174 per cent., and German manufactured exports have increased 35.5 per cent.

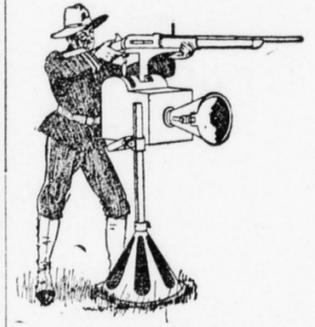
Motor League Warning Signs.

THE American Motor league has devised a series of warning signs to be put up at points along the roadside, wherever conditions are such as call for reduced speed or unusual caution on the part of persons using motor cars; though in most cases these signs will be found useful to other persons making use of the public roads. The designs adopted by the league are in some respects similar to the caution signs put up by the English, French and Italian automobile associations, though less complicated, it having been the aim of the league to reduce each sign to its lowest terms of simplicity, so that each will tell its story at a glance and by the use of the

AMMUNITION SAVER.

Swedish Military Inventor's Device for Target Practice Without Powder or Ball.

The raw recruit may now be perfected in target practice without wasting any ammunition or exposing himself and others to the dangers resulting from carelessness and poor marksmanship. This can be accomplished by using a new apparatus recently patented by a Swedish inventor. The apparatus comprises a dummy gun mounted upon a universally jointed support, which permits the gun to be pointed in any desired direction. A pointer cooperates with this support to indicate even the slightest movements of the gun. The parts are normally so adjusted that when



DUMMY GUN TARGET PRACTICE.

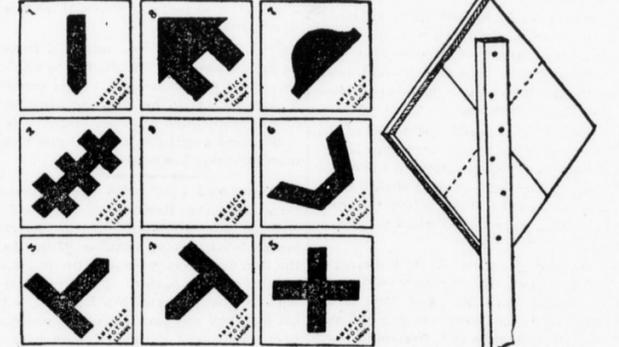
the gun is aimed directly at the target, the pointer registers with a bull's eye mark at the center of a glass disk on the front of the apparatus. A clamping device is actuated, when the trigger is pulled, to lock all the parts against further movement. Deviation from the proper aim may be then determined by noting the position of the pointer. In practice it may be found desirable to secure a mirror in front of the registering disk, so as to reflect the position of the pointer to the marksman. The unskillful operator being provided with a registering target close at hand, can thus more readily observe his defective aim and more quickly learn to perfect himself in target practice.—Scientific American.

Mesaba Range Iron Ore.

The shipments of iron ore last year from the Mesaba range were 23 per cent. of the total production of the United States. The discovery of this range made possible the growth of our iron and steel industry, for in its absence the cost of ore would be double.

Our Enormous Apple Crop.

The crop of apples this year is estimated at 48,000,000 barrels, which is more than half a barrel for every man, woman and child in the United States.



fewest marks possible. Each sign is to be made of heavy enamelled sheet steel, with black figures on white background, the dimensions being 24 inches square. All signs are to be put up "cornerwise," with angle at the top, this form, combined with the white enamelled face of the steel, being calculated to stand out most conspicuously against any ordinary landscape. To add to this effect, each post will be painted white, and the sign can thus be more easily distinguished at night by the driver of a rapidly moving car. Referring to the numbered signs shown in the cut, No. 1 indicates approach to a steep descent; No. 2, approach to a railroad crossing; No. 3, approach to a branch road (to right); No. 4, approach to branch road (to left); No. 5, approach to cross roads; No. 6, approach to a ditch or abrupt depression in the road; No. 7, approach to a hummock or "thank you, ma'am"; No. 8, approach to a city, village or other collection of inhabited dwellings; No. 9, is a general caution signal indicating the proximity of any danger or obstruction not scheduled above, as, for example, a wrecked bridge, a temporary excavation in the roadway, a broken down vehicle in the road, the moving of a building across

1 inch thick, free from knots and other hurtful defects; one stout post 14 feet long and not less than 5x5 in dimensions; 36 screws 1 1/2 to 2 inches long; three half-inch iron bolts long enough to pass through sign and post, allowing for nut at end; 1 quart good white paint mixed.

"DIRECTIONS: Plane your board and cut in lengths of 30 inches, 4 lengths for a 15-inch board or 6 lengths for a 10-inch board; paint both sides; then fasten together with screws, laying the front and back pieces at right angles as shown in the sketch; bore holes through sign and post and bolt them securely together so that the top of post shall rest on the top of sign; add two coats of white paint to both sign and post, and finish by painting symbol on face of sign. Paper stencils are supplied by the league to insure uniformity of size and shape of symbols; set up sign in hole 4 feet deep; fill and stamp securely. The face of the sign should be turned slightly in the direction of approach (away from the point to which the sign refers), so as to make an angle of about 30 degrees with the line of the road. When completed the bottom of the sign is supposed to be about 7 feet above the ground.