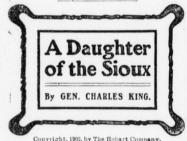


PRETTY SOON AND BY-AND-BY.

Pretty Soon and By and By
Call us day by day;
They are cunning, they are shy,
Stealing time away:
Comes grave Opportunity
Calling to us: "Rise,
Gird yourselves and follow me
Out where glory lies;"
But we linger, listening
While the precious moments fly
To the luring song they sing,
Pretty Soon and By and By.

There are duties we have set
Four ourselves to do:
Most of mine are waiting yet,
How is it with you?
There are kindly acts we mean
To perform some day,
There are stains that we shall clean
From our hearts away,
But we linger, loth to go,
And we listen, you and I,
To their crooning soft and low,
Pretty Soon and By and By.

Pretty Soon and By and By
Seldom help to roll
Back obstructions hard and high
That shut out the goal:
They are sirens singing where
Failure's wasting time,
They have faces that are fair,
But their feet are slime!
All around them bleaching bones
Of their foolish victims lie—
Woe is in their luring tones,
Pretty Soon and By and By.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED. "Look out for this man, corporal!" he called, to a shouting young troop-"See that no harm comes to him. Then quickly he ran on to the huddle of travois. Something assured him she could not be far away. The stout drag litter held another young war-rior, sullen and speechless like the foremost. The next bore a desperately wounded brave whose bloodless lips were compressed in agony and dumb as those of the dead. About these cowered, shivering, and whimpering, two or three terror-stricken squaws, one of them with a round-eyed papoose staring at her back. A pony lay struggling in the snow close by. Half a dozen rough soldier hands were dragging a stricken rider from underneath. Half a dozen more were striving to control the wild beast, whose rider, sitting firmly astride, lashed first at his quivering Mank and then at the fur gauntleted hands—even at the laughing, bearded faces—sure sign of another squaw, and a game one. Far out to the front the crackle of earbine and rifle told that Webb was driving the scattered braves before him—that the comrade squadron was coming their way—that Bear Cliff had been sought by the Sioux in vain--that Indian wiles and strategy, Indian pluck and staying power, all bad more than met their match. Whatever the fate of Lame Wolf's fighting force, now pressed by Henry's column, far in the southward hills, here in sight of the broad Big Horn valley, the white chief had struck a vital blow. Village, villagers wounded and prisoners were all the spoil of the hated soldiery. Here at the scene of Blake's minor affair there appeared still in saddle just one undaunted, unconquered amazon whose black eyes flashed through the woolen hood that hid the rest of her face, whose lips had uttered as wet no sound, but from whom two oldiers recoiled at the cry of a third. Look at the hand of her, fellers!

It's whiter than mine!"
"That's all right, Lanigan," answered the jovial voice of the leader they loved and laughed with. "Hold that pony steady. Now, by your la-dyship's leave," and two long sinewy arms went circling about the shrink-ing rider's waist, and a struggling form was lifted straightway out of the saddle and deposited, not gracefully, on its moccasined feet. "We will remove this one impediment to your speech," continued Blake, whereat the mufiling worsted was swiftly unwound, "and then we will listen to our meed of thanks. Ah, no dle that night at Frayne. You ride admirably a califourchon—My compliments, Mademoiselle LaFleur—or should I say-Madame Moreau."

For all answer Blake received one quick, stinging slap in the face from that mittenless little right hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

Thanksgiving day at Frayne! Much of the garrison was still afield, bring-Eng back to their lines, and, let us Ziope, to their senses, the remnants of Stabber's band, chased far into the Sweetwater Hills before they would stop, while Henry's column kept Lame Wolf in such active movement the misnamed chieftain richly won his later sobriquet "The Skipper." The general had come whirling back from Beecher in his Concord wagon, to meet Mr. Hay as they bore that invalid homeward from the Big Horn. Between the fever-weakened trader and the famous frontier soldier there attention to the commanding officer much as sight of a pillow, had set her alone with her wounded brave

wind up the campaign. This time he infantry bugle, Esther Dade sat readthe side of a stricken father; the sender, ignorant, possibly, of the post commanders prohibition; ignoring it, if, as probable, it was known to him. The good old doctor himself had bundled the grateful lad and sent a special hospital attendant with him. Mrs. Dade and her devoted allies up the row had filled with goodies a wonderful luncheon basket, while Mrs. Hay had sent stores of wine for the use of both invalids, and bad come down herself to see the start, for, without a word indicative of reproof, the general had bidden Flint remove the blockade, simply saying he would assume all responsibility, both for Mrs. Hay and the young Indian girl, given refuge under trader's roof until the coming of her own people still out with Stabber's band. Flint could not fathom it. He

could only obey.

And now, with the general gone and Beverly Field away, with Hay home and secluded by orders from all questioning or other extraneous worry, with the wounded soldiers safely trundled into hospital, garrison interest seemed to center for the time mainly in that little Ogallala maid-Flint's sole Sioux captive, who was housed, said the much interrogated domestic, in Mrs. Hay's own room in-stead of Miss Flower's, while the lady of the house, when she slept at all, occupied a sofa near her husband's

Then came the tidings that Blake with the prisoners from No Wood Creek and Bear Cliff was close at hand, and everybody looked with eager eyes for the coming across the snowy prairie of that homewardbound convoy—that big village of the Sioux, with its distinguished captives, wounded and unwounded; one of the former, the young sub-chief Eagle Wing, alias Moreau—one of the latter a self-constituted martyr, since she was under no official restraint-Nanette Flower, hovering ever about the litter bearing that sullen and still defiant brave, whose side she refused to leave.

Not until they reached Fort Frayne; not until the surgeon, after careful examination, declared there was no need of taking Moreau into hospital-no reason why he should not be confined in the prison room of the guardhouse—were they able to induce the silent, almost desperate girl to return to her aunt. Not until Nanette realized that her warrior was to be housed within wooden walls



BLACK FORMS OF MOUNTS AND

whence she would be excluded, could Mrs. Hay, devoted to the last, per-suade the girl to reoccupy her old room and to resume the dress of civilization. Barring that worsted bood, she was habited like a chieftain's daughter, in gaily beaded and embroidered garments, when recaptured by Blake's command. Once herself in her old room, the second floor front, refusing to see anybody from outside the house, unless she could be permitted to receive visits from the captive Sioux, and this the major, flintily, forebade. It was nightfall when the litter-bearers reached the post, Hay's rejoicing mules braying unmelodious ecstacy at sight of their old stable. It was dark when the wounded chief was borne into the guard-house, uttering not a sound, and Nanette was led within the trader's door, yet some one had managed to see her face, for the story went all over the wondering post that very night—women flitting with it from door to door—that every vestige of her beauty was gone—she looked at least a dozen years older. Blake, when questioned, after the first rapture of the home-coming had sub-sided, would neither affirm nor deny. She would neither speak to me nor harken," said he, whimsically. "The only thing she showed was teeth and -temper.'

Two days after the sale lodgment of Eagle Wing behind the bars, the telegrams were coming by dozens, and one week after that deserved in carceration, Fort Frayne heard with mild bewilderment the major's order for Moreau's transfer to the hospital. By that time letters, too, were beginning to come, and, two nights after this removal to the little room but lately occupied by Lieut. Fieldthis very Thanksgiving night, in fact
—the single sentry at the door stood had been brief conference—all that who in person ushered in a womanly the doctors felt they could allow—form enveloped in hooded cloak, and and then the former had been put to with bowed head Nanette Flower bed under the care of his devoted passed within the guarded portal, wife, while the latter, without so which then closed behind her and left

went in saddle, sending his own team over the range of the Medicine Bow to carry a convalescent subaltern to Foster, of her father's company. There had been Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Ray, an Amazonian feast since all their lords were still away on service and Sandy Ray and Billy Jr., were perhaps too young to count. Dinner was all over by eight o'clock, and, despite some merry games, the youngsters' eyes were showing symptoms of the sandman's coming, when that privileged character, Hogan. Ray's long-tried trooper now turned major domo, appeared at the door-way of the little army parlor. He had been bearer of a lot of goodies to the children among the quarters of the married soldiers, and now, would Mrs. Dade please speak with Mrs. Foster, who had come over with him, and Mrs. Dade departed for the kitchen forthwith. Presently she returned. "I'm going back awhile with Mrs. Foster," said she. "She's sitting up to-night with poor Mrs. Wing, who—" But there was no need of who-" But there was no need of explanation. They all knew. They had laid so recently their wreaths of evergreen on the grave of the gallant soldier who fell, fighting at the Elk, and now another helpless little soul had come to bear the buried name, and all that were left for mother and babe was woman's boundless charity. It was Thanksgiving night, and while the wail of the bereaved and stricken went up from more than one of these humble tenements below the eastward bluff, there were scores of glad and grateful hearts that lifted praise and thanksgiving to the throne on high, even though they knew not at the mo-ment that they, too, might, even then, be robbed of all that stood between them and desolation. Once it happened in the story of our hardfighting, hard used little army that a bevy of fair young wives, nearly half a score in number in all the bravery of their summer toilets, sat in the shadow of the flag, all smiles gladness and applause, joining in the garrison festivities on the na tion's natal day, never dreaming of the awful news that should fell them ere the coming of another sun; that one and all they had been widowed more than a week; that the men they loved, whose names they bore, lay hacked and mutilated beyond recog nition within sight of those very hills where now the men from Frayne were facing the same old foe. In the midst of army life we are, indeed, in death, and the thanksgiving of loving ones about the fireside for mercies thus far shown, is mingled ever with the dread of what the morrow may unfold. 'Let me go too, mamma," was

Esther's prompt appeal, as she heard her mother's words. "I can put the children to bed while you and Mrs. Foster are over there."

And so with Hogan, lantern bearing, mother and daughter had followed the sergeant's wife across the broad, snow-covered parade; had passed without comment, though each was thinking of the new inmate, the brightly-lighted hospital building on the edge of the plateau, and de-scended the winding pathway to the humble quarters of the married sol-diers, nestling in the sheltered flats between the garrison proper and the bold bluffs that again close bordered the rushing stream. And here at Sergt. Foster's doorway Esther part-ed from the elders, and was welcomed by shrieks of joy from three sturdy little cherubs—the sergeant's olive branches, and here, as the last notes of tattoo went echoing away under the vast and spangled sky, one by one her charges closed their drooping lids and dropped to sleep and left their gentle friend and reader to her own reflections.

There was a soldier dance that night in one of the vacant messrooms. Flint's two companies were making the best of their isolation, and found, as is not utterly uncommon, quite a few maids and matrons among the households of the absent soldiery quite willing to be consoled and comforted. There were bright ights, therefore, further alo edge of the steep, beyond those of the hospital, and the squeak of fiddle and drone of 'cello, mingled with the plaintive piping of the flute, were heard at intervals through the si-lence of the wintry night. No tramp of sentry broke the hush about the little rift between the heights-the major holding that none was neces ary where there were so many dogs
-most of the soldiers' families had gone to the dance; all of the younger children were asleep; even the dogs were still, and so, when at ten o'clock Esther tiptoed from the children's bedside and stood under the starlight, the murmur of the Platte was the only sound that reached her ears until away over at the southwest gate the night guards began the long-drawn heralding of the hour. "Ten o'clock and all's well" it went from post to post along the west and northward front, but when Number Six, at the quartermaster's store-house near the southeast corner, should have taken up the cry where it was dropped by Number Five, afar over near the flagstaff, there was unaccountable silence. Six did not utter a sound.

Looking up from the level of "Sudstown," as it had earlier been named, Esther could see the black hulk of the storehouse close to the edge of the plateau. Between its westward gable end and the porch of the his-pital lay some 50 yards of oper space, and through this gap now gleamed a spangled section of the western heavens. Along the bluff, just under the crest, ran a pathway that circled the southeastward corner and away to the trader's store, south of the post. Tradition had it that the track was worn by night raiders, bearing contraband fluids from store forth age n out Sweetwater way to Just as tattoo was sounding on the to barracks in the days before such deliver me."

traffic was killed by that commonsense promoter of temperance—so-berness and chastity—the post ex-change. Along that bluff line, from the storehouse toward the hospital, invisible, doubtless, from either building or from the bluff itself, but thrown in sharp relief against that rectangular inlet of starry sky, two black figures, crouching and bearing some long, flat object between them swift and noiseless were speeding toward the hospital. The next instant they were lost in the black background of that building. Then, as suddenly and a moment later, one of them reappeared, just for a moment, against the brightly lighted window—the southernmost window on the eastward side-the window of the room that had been Beverly Field's—the window of the room now given over to Eagle Wing, the Sioux -the captive for whose safe keeping a special sentry within the building, and this strangely silent Number Six without, were jointly responsible. Then that silhouetted figure was blotted from her sight in general darkness, for the lights within as suddenly went out.

And at that very moment a sound smote upon the ear, unaccountable at that hour and at that side of the garrison—hoofbeats swiftly coming down in the hollow from the east-ward bluff-hoofbeats and low, excited voices. Foster's little house was southernmost of the settlement. The ground was open between it and the heights, and despite the low, cautious tones, Esther heard the foremost rider's muttered angering words.
"Dam fool! Crazy! Heap Crazy! Too much hurry. Ought t' let him call off first!" Then an answer in gutteral Sioux.

And then in an instant it dawned upon the girl that here was new crime, new bloodshed, perhaps, and a plot to free a villainous captive. Her first thought was to scream for aid, but what aid could she summon? Not a man was within hail except these, the merciless haters of her race and name. To scream would be to invite their ready knives to her heart-to the heart of any woman who might rush to her succor. The cry died in her throat, and, trembling with dread and excitement, she clung to the door post and crouched and listened, for stifled mutterings could be heard, a curse or two in vigorous English, a stamping of impatient ponies, a warning in a woman's tone. Then, thank God! Up at the storehouse corner a light came dancing into view. In honest soldier tones boomed out the query "What's the matter, Six?" and then, followed by a scurry of hoofs, a mad lashing of quirts and scramble and rush of frightened steeds, a cursing of furious tongues, her own brave young voice rang out on the night. "This way, sergeant! Help—Quick!"

Black forms of mounts and riders ped desperately away, and then with all the wiry, sinewy strength her lithe and slender form, Est hurled herself upon another slender figure, speeding after these, afoot. Desperately she clung to it in spite of savage blows and strainings. And so they found her, as forth they came -a rush of shricking, startled, can-lle-bearing women—of bewildered dle-bearing women—of bewildered and unconsciously blasphemous men of the guard-her arms locked firmly about a girl in semi-savage garb. The villain of the drama had been whisked away, leaving the woman who sought to save him to the mercy of the foe.

[To Be Continued.]

An Air-Tight Fit.

Mrs. Jennings and her city cousin were exchanging news of their old school friends. "How about Lucy school friends. Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has she kept on growing fatter and fatter?"
"Well, all I'll say is this," said Mrs.
Jennings. "Annie Fall told me last year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing her uncle, to have a silk waist made, Annie realized she hadn't got any measures; and then she remembered that the last time Lucy was there she stood up by the big air-tight stove, and Annie remarked (to herself) the resemblance between 'em. And she took the measure of that air-tight, and cut in a mite for the waist linebout as much as a knife marks warm molasses candy-and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Luc wrote back it was an elegant fit."-Youth's Companion.

The Thief of Time.

The emperor of Germany is a strict disciplinarian, and his power makes the penalty for being lax in his service severe and without appeal. For some time, says an English paper, he noticed that his barber came always a few minutes late. Finally the emperor gave the delinquent a fine gold chronometer, and urged him to use

"Have you still the chronometer I gave you?"
"Yes, your majesty, here it is," re plied the barber, taking it from his

"Give it to me," said the emperor. "It is evidently of no use to you, and you may have this one instead."

So saying he placed the handsome gold chronometer on his dressing table, and handed the amazed barber a nickle-plated watch worth about five shillings .-- Youth's Companion.

August Manns, the eminent musical conductor, was asked by the London Chronicle for some words from his pen to be added to a notice of his seventy-seventh birthday, and in an swer the conductor sent the following musical litany: "From ambitious singers with bad voices, from fiddlers who play out of time, from Wagner disciples without talent, good Lord

ennsylvania.

RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL BOAD DIVISION.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD
DIVISION. In effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD
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-Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop en Red Bank and DuBois.

Ply to Ticket Agent.
W. W. ATTERBURY,
General Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agt.

EASTWARD. 10 | 8 | 4 ... P. M. A. M. A. M. ... 7 05 ... 11 36 ... 11 41 7 16 ... 11 47 STATIONS. Mina,..... Olmsted,..... Hammonds,...

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Coleman,	00	*6 34		
Port Allegany	9 08	6 40	2 25	

(*) Flag stations. (**) Trains do not stop †) Telegraph offices Train Nos. 3 and 10

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulyssee with Fall Brock R*y
for points north and south. At B. & S. Junce
tion with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for
Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. Ab
Fort Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north
for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport;
south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium
and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. F.



"The Grand Scenic Route."

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3 55 1 00 6 25 ar Cross Fork dp 11 50 5 45 2 10 P.M. P.M. 8 58 1 00 Ly Sinnamahoning, Ar 1 40 165 6 15 1 40 ar.....Wharton....ly 3 00 9 55

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