



AN EXCESS OF CAUTION

I've been readin' up about them rapid transit wrecks...

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

And there, in the hallway, throwing off his heavy overcoat and "arctics," there, with that ever faithful aid in attendance, was the chief they loved; dropped in, all unsuspecting, just to say good-bye.

"That was my doing, general. I believed it best that he should be here to meet you and—every allegation at this expense. Mr. Field, I feel sure, does not begin to know them yet, especially as to the money."

"It was all recovered," said the general. "It was found almost intact—so was much of that that they took from Hay. Even if it hadn't been, Hay assumed all responsibility for the loss."

With new bewilderment in his face, the young officer, still white and trembling, was gazing, half stupefied, from one to the other.

"What money?" he demanded. "I never heard—"

"Wait," said the general, with significant glance at Ray, who was about to speak. "I am to see them—Mrs. Hay and her niece, at nine o'clock. It is near that now. Webb cannot be with us, but I shall want you, Blake. Say nothing until then. Sit down, Mr. Field, and tell me about that leg. Can you walk from here to Hay's, I wonder?"

"Then the ladies, Mrs. Ray and her charming next door neighbor, appeared, and the general adjourned the conference forthwith, and went with them to the parlor.

"Say nothing more," Ray found time to whisper. "You'll understand it all in 20 minutes."

And at nine o'clock the little party was on its way through the sharp and wintry night, the general and Capt. Blake, side by side, ahead, the aide-de-camp and Mr. Field close following. Dr. Waller, who had been sent for, met them near the office. The sentries at the guard-house were being changed as the five tramped by along the snapping and protesting board walk, and a sturdy little chap, in fur cap and gauntlets, and huge buffalo overcoat, caught sight of them and, facing outward, slapped his carbine down to the carry—the night signal of soldier recognition of superior rank as practiced at the time.

"Tables are turned with a vengeance," said the general, with his quiet smile. "That's little Kennedy, isn't it? I seem to see him everywhere when we're campaigning. Moreau was going to eat his heart out next time they met, I believe."

"So he said," grinned Blake, "before Winsor's bullet fetched him. Pity it hadn't killed instead of crippling him."

shoulder, and briskly trudged beneath the bars. Six Indians shared that prison room, four of their number destined to exile in the distant East—to years, perhaps, within the casemates of a seaboard fort—the last place on earth for a son of the warlike Sioux.

"They know their fate, I understand," said Blake, as the general moved on again.

"Oh, yes. Their agent and others have been here with Indian Bureau orders, permitting them to see and talk with the prisoners. Their shackles are to be riveted on tonight. Nearly time now, isn't it?"

"At tattoo, sir. The whole guard forms then, and the four are to be moved into the main room for the purpose. I am glad this is the last of it."

"Yes, we'll start them with Flint at dawn in the morning. He'll be more than glad to get away, too. He hasn't been over lucky here, either."

A strange domestic—the McGrath having been given warning and removed to Sudsville) showed them into the trader's roomy parlor, the largest and most pretentious at the post. Hay had lavished money on his home and loved it and the woman who had so adorned it. She came in almost instantly to greet them, looking piteously into the kindly bearded face of the general, and civilly, yet absently, welcoming the others. She did not seem to realize that Field, who had stood in silence by the side of Capt. Blake, had been away. She had no thought, apparently, for any one but the chief himself,—he who held the destinies of her dear ones in the hollow of his hand. His first question was for Fawn Eyes, the little Ogallala maiden whose history he seemed to know.

"She is well and trying to be content with me," was the reply. "She has been helping poor Nanette. She does not seem to understand or realize what is coming to him. Have they—froned him—yet?"

"I believe not," said the general. "But it has to be done to-night. They start so early in the morning."

"And you won't let her see him, general. No good can come from it. She declares she will go to him in the morning, if you prohibit it tonight," and the richly jeweled hands of the unhappy woman were clasped almost in supplication.

"By morning he will be beyond her reach. The escort starts at six."

"And—these gentlemen here—?" She looked nervously, appealingly about her. "Must they—all know?"

"These and the inspector general. He will be here in a moment. But, indeed, Mrs. Hay, it is all known, practically," said the general, with sympathy and sorrow in his tone.

"Not all—not all, general! Even I don't know all—She herself has said so. Hush! She's coming."

She was there! They had listened for swish of skirts or fall of slender feet upon the stairway, but there had not been a sound. They saw the reason as she halted at the entrance, lifting with one little hand the costly Navajo blanket that hung as a portiere. In harmony with the glossy folds of richly dyed wool, she was habited in Indian garb from head to foot. In two black, lustrous braids, twisted with feather and quill and ribbon, her wealth of hair hung over her shoulders down the front of her slender form. A robe of dark blue stuff, rich with brocade of colored head and bright-hued plumage, hung close clinging, and her feet were shod in soft moccasins, also deftly worked with bead and quill. But it was her face that chained the gaze of all, and that drew from the pallid lips of Lieut. Field a gasp of mingled consternation and amazement. Without a vestige of color; with black circles under her glittering eyes; with lines of suffering around the rigid mouth and with that strange pinched look about the nostrils that tells of anguish, bodily and mental, Nanette stood at the doorway, looking straight at the chief. She had no eyes for lesser lights. All her thought, apparently, was for him—for him whose power it was, in spite of vehement opposition, to deal as he saw fit with the prisoner in his hands. Appeal on part of Friends Societies, Peace and Indian Associations had failed. The President had referred the matter in its entirety to the general commanding the field, and the general had decided. One moment she studied his face, then came slowly forward. No hand extended. No sign of salutation—greeting—much less of homage. Ignoring all others present, she addressed herself solely to him.

"Is it true you have ordered him in irons and to Fort Rochambeau?" she demanded.

"It is."

"Simply because he took part with his people when your soldiers made war on them?" she asked, her pale lips quivering.

"You well know how much else there was," answered the general, simply. "And I have told you he deserves no pity—of yours."

"Oh, you say he came back here a spy?" she broke forth, impetuously. "It is not so! He never came near the post—nearer than Stabber's village, and there he had a right to be. You say 'twas he who led them to the warpath—that he planned the robbery here and took the money. He never knew they were going, till they were gone. He never stole a penny. That money was loaned him honestly—and for a purpose—and with the hope and expectation of rich profit thereby."

among the officers at whom she had not as yet as much as glanced, now caused the girl to turn one swift, contemptuous look their way, and in that momentary flash her eyes encountered those of the man she had thus accused. Field stood like one turned suddenly to stone, gazing at her with wild, incredulous eyes. One instant she seemed to sway, as though the sight had staggered her, but the rally was as instantaneous. Before the general could interpose a word, she plunged on again:

"He, at least, had a heart and conscience. He knew how wrongfully Moreau had been accused—that money was actually needed to establish his claim. It would all have been repaid if your soldiers had not forced this wicked war, and—"

and now in her vehemence her eyes were flashing, her hand uplifted, when, all on a sudden, the portiere was raised the second time, and there at the doorway stood the former inspector general, "Black Bill." At sight of him the mad flow of words met sudden stop. Down, slowly down, came the clinched, uplifted hand. The eyes, glaring as were Field's a moment ago, were fixed in awful fascination on the grizzled face. Then actually she recoiled as the veteran officer stepped quietly forward into the room.

"And what?" said he, with placid interest. "I haven't heard you rave in many a moon, Nanette. You are your mother over again—without your mother's excuse for fury."

But a wondrous silence had fallen on the group. The girl had turned rigid. For an instant not a move was made, and, in the hush of all but throbbing hearts, the sound of the trumpets pealing forth the last notes of tattoo came softly through the outer night.

Then sudden, close at hand, yet muffled by double door and windows, came other sounds—sounds of rush and scurry—excited voices—cries of halt! halt!—the ring of a carbine—a yell of warning—another shot, and Blake and the aide-de-camp sprang through the hallway to the storm door without. Mrs. Hay, shuddering with dread, ran to the door of her husband's chamber beyond the dining room. She was gone but a moment. When she returned the little Ogallala maid, trembling and wild-eyed, had come running down from aloft. The general had followed into the lighted hallway—they were all crowding there by this time—and the voice of Capt. Ray, with just a tremor of excitement about it, was heard at the storm door on the porch, in explanation of the chief.

"Moreau, sir! Broke guard and stabbed Kennedy. The second shot dropped him. He wants Fawn Eyes, his sister."

A scream of agony rang through the hall, shrill and piercing. Then the wild cry followed:

"You shall not hold me! Let me go to him, I say—I am his wife!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

That was a gruesome night at Frayne. Just at tattoo the door leading to the little cell room had been thrown open, and the sergeant of the guard bade the four prisoners come forth—all warriors of the Ogallala band and foremost of their number was Eagle Wing, the battle leader.



"THE SECOND, BETTER AIMED, PIERCED THE VITALS."

Recaptured by Crabb and his men after a desperate flight and fight for liberty, he had apparently been planning ever since a second essay even more desperate. In sullen silence he had passed his days, showing no sign of recognition of any face among his guards until the morning Kennedy appeared—all malice forgotten now that his would-be slayer was a helpless prisoner, and therefore did the Irishman greet him jovially.

"That man would knife you if he had half a chance," said the sergeant. "Watch out for him!"

"You bet I watch out," said Kennedy, never dreaming that, despite all search and vigilance, Moreau had managed to obtain and hide a knife.

In silence they had shuffled forth into the corridor. The heavy portal swung behind them, confining the other two. Another door opened into the guardroom proper, where stood the big, red hot stove and where waited two blacksmiths with the irons. Once in the guard room, every window was barred, and members of the guard, three deep, blocked in eager curiosity the doorway leading to the outer air. In the corridor on one side stood three infantry soldiers, with fixed bayonets. On the other, facing them, three others of the guard. Between them shuffled the Sioux, "Wing" leading. One glance at the waiting blacksmiths was enough. With the spring

of a tiger, he hurried himself, head foremost and bending low, straight at the open doorway, and split his way through the astonished guards like center rush at football, scattering them right and left; then darted round the corner of the guardhouse, agile as a cat.

And there was Kennedy confronting him! One furious lunge he made with gleaming knife, then shot like an arrow, straight for the southward bluff. It was bad judgment. He trusted to speed, to dim starlight, to bad aim, perhaps; but the little Irishman dropped on one knee and the first bullet tore through the muscles of a stalwart arm; the second, better aimed, pierced the vitals. Then they were on him, men by the dozen, in another instant, as he staggered and fell there, impotent and writhing.

They bore him to the cell again—the hospital was too far—and Waller and his aides came speedily to do all that surgery could accomplish, but he cursed them back. He raved at Ray, who entered, leading poor, sobbing little Fawn Eyes, and demanded to be left alone with her. Waller went out to minister to Kennedy, bleeding fast, and the others looked to Ray for orders when the door was once more opened and Blake entered with Nanette.

"By the general's order," said he, in brief explanation and in an instant she was on her knees beside the dying Sioux. There and thus they left them. Waller said there was nothing to be done. The junior surgeon, Tracy—he whom she had so fascinated only those few weeks before—bent and whispered: "Call me if you need. I shall remain within hearing." But there came no call. At taps the door was once more softly opened and Tracy peered within. Fawn Eyes, rocking to and fro, was sobbing in an abandonment of grief. Nanette, face downward, lay prone upon a stilled and lifeless heap.

Flint and his escort duly went their way, and spread their story as they camped at Laramie and "the Chug." The general carried another week at Frayne. There was still very much to keep him there; so, not until he and "Black Bill" came down did we at other stations learn the facts. The general, as usual, had little to say. The colonel talked for both.

(To Be Continued.)

A Fasting Traveler.

It is almost impossible in Macedonia to get anything to eat on St. John's day, because a fast is kept there in commemoration of the beheading of St. John the Baptist. The author of "The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia" says that at Serres he found a state of things he had never expected to encounter: a whole town in a starving condition. He went to the hotel-keeper and remonstrated with him humorously.

"My dear sir," said he, "is it just, is it right, is it saintly, is it even reasonable that I should condemn myself to the worst of deaths because St. John, some 2,000 years ago, had his head cut off?"

"It is not lawful to argue about such matters," was the serious reply. "I do not wish to argue. I wish to eat."

At length, by dint of money, patience and persuasion, the traveler managed to obtain a little bread and cheese and some grapes, and with these he had to be content until the fast was over.—Youth's Companion.

Morbid Mental States.

Misanthropy, selfishness and narrowness are productive of disease. Misers are almost always melancholy and dyspeptic. Thousands become ill by centering their minds upon themselves and attaching too great significance to minor symptoms. The writer once met a man who was quite terrified, thinking he was likely to suffer from an attack of apoplexy at any moment, simply because he now and then felt a peculiar tingling or other sensation in one of his legs. Persons suffering from neurasthenia are very likely to aggravate their maladies by introspection. The mind should be helpfully occupied by useful employment. An active interest in philanthropic work of various sorts is a useful means of counteracting the tendency to self-centering which often accompanies chronic invalidism. Thus one may help himself by helping his neighbor.—Good Health.

By the Short Cut.

One of the great newspapers is printed in an office that has three full stories below the ground level, the enormous presses resting on foundations even below this depth.

An "old subscriber" came to look at the establishment one day, and the business manager showed him round. They had inspected the editorial and composing rooms and the business offices, and last of all they went to look at the engines and presses.

The stairway leading down to the basement had several landings, and to the visitor it seemed that the journey would never end.

"Well," he gasped, as they stood at last on the very bottom floor, "I see you have arranged to get your news from China by the shortest route!" —Youth's Companion.

Story of a Family Name.

There is a family named Pennen living in the north of England whose original name was Purvis. Two hundred years ago Frank Purvis turned pirate and was killed fighting on his ship. The family then decided to relinquish the name of Purvis and take that of Pennen and ever since the eldest son of the family on attaining his majority signs a pledge that he will not resume the name of Purvis. The pledge has been handed down from father to son and bears some fifty signatures.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

6:10 A. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 A. M., New York 9:30 P. M., Baltimore 8:00 P. M., Washington 7:15 P. M., Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M.—(Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 P. M., New York 10:23 P. M., Baltimore, 7:30 P. M., Washington, 8:35 P. M., established Parlor cars and passenger coaches to Buffalo and Philadelphia and Washington.

3:30 P. M.—Daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:42 A. M., New York 9:30 A. M., Baltimore, 7:30 A. M., Washington, 8:30 A. M., Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Harrisburg and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 A. M.—(Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 A. M., New York 9:33 A. M., Baltimore, 7:30 A. M., Washington, 8:30 A. M., Vestibule Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

6:10 A. M.—WESTWARD.

6:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Hazleton, and week days for DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations.

10:30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.

(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD. STATIONS. NORTHWARD.

Table with columns for stations and times for southward and northward travel.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily, 4:05 A. M.

Train No. 108, daily, 4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days, 8:30 A. M.

Train No. 102, week days, 1:40 P. M.

Train No. 103, week days, 7:30 P. M.

Train No. 104, week days, 11:40 P. M.

Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca, Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

Table with columns for stations and times for eastbound travel.

WESTBOUND.

Table with columns for stations and times for westbound travel.

Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop between Red Bank and DuBois.

Flag Stop. Daily except Sunday. Sunday only.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

Wm. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

EASTWARD.

Table with columns for stations and times for eastward travel.

WESTWARD.

Table with columns for stations and times for westward travel.

Passengers. Trains 8 and 10 do. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook Ry for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galesville and Ansonia. At Port 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.

H. A. McCLELLAN, Gen'l Supt. Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

Time Table taking Effect June 23, 1902.



"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ DOWN.

Table with columns for stations and times for Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad.

READ UP.

Table with columns for stations and times for Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad.

STATIONS.

Table with columns for stations and times for Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad.

Business Cards.

R. W. GREEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Emporium, Pa.

A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON, J. P. McNARNEY.

JOHNSON & McNARNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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F. D. LEET.

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