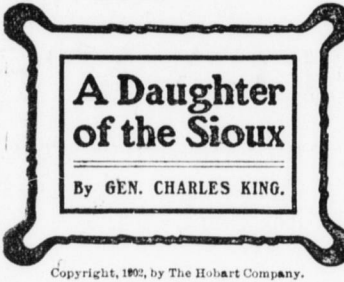




THE FIRST JOURNEY.

A silent pilgrim, I was borne
Hither unto this port of life:
Unfrighted, lone, and yet unworn
By any sense of stir or strife—
I anchored at the Port of Life.



A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

A woeful time, it seems, they had
had with poor Nanette when at last
it became necessary to take her
away from her dead brave. She
raged and raved at even her pleading
aunt. Defiant of them all, from the
general down, and reckless of law or
fact, she vowed it was all a conspiracy
to murder Moreau in cold blood.

Nanette said many other things
before her final breakdown; and Hay
and his sorrowing wife found their
load of care far heavier, for the
strain of Indian blood, now known
to all, had steeled the soul of the
girl against the people at Fort
Frayne, men and women both,
against none so vehemently as those
who would have shown her sympathy,
none so malignantly as those
who had suffered for her sake.

"Oh, he didn't," said Blake dryly.
'Twas just the other way. He
couldn't be induced to open his head,
so his friends took a hand. You got
word of the outbreak through your
Indian followers. You wrote to
Field and sent the note by Pete, bidding
him join you at that godless
hour, telling him that you would
provide the horses and that you must
ride to Stabber's camp to see Moreau
for the last time, as he was going at

once to the Black Hills. You made
Field believe he was your half
brother, instead of what he was.
You brought Moreau back to the post
and took something. I can't say
what, down to him from Mr. Hay's—
he waiting for you on the flats below
the trader's corral. You should
have worn your moccasins, as well as
a divided skirt, that night instead of
French-heeled bottines. The rest—
others can tell."

The others were Kennedy, and the
recaptured, half recalcitrant Pete,
the latter turned state's evidence.
Kennedy told how he had wandered
down into the flats after "the few
drinks" that made him think scornful
of Sioux; of his encounter with
Eagle Wing, his rescue by Field and
a girl who spoke Sioux like a native.
He thought it was little Fawn Eyes
when he heard her speak, and until
he heard this lady; then he understood.
He had been pledged to secrecy
by the lieutenant, and never meant
to tell a soul, but when he heard
the lie the lady told about the
lieutenant, it ended any promise.

Then Pete, an abject, whining
wretch, was ushered in, and his story,
when dragged out by the roots was
worse of all. Poor Mrs. Hay! She
had to hear it, for they sent for
her; somebody had to restrain Nanette.
Pete said he had "known Nanette
long time, ever since baby. So had
Crapaud. Yes, and they had known
Eagle Wing, Moreau, always—knew
his father and mother. Knew Nanette's
father and mother." But Black Bill
interposed. No need to go into
these particulars, as substantiating
Mrs. Hay and himself, said he.
"The lady knows perfectly well that
I know all about her girlhood," so
Pete returned to modern history.
Eagle Wing, it seems, came riding
often in from Stabber's camp to see
Nanette by night, and "he was in
heap trouble, always heap trouble,
always want money," and one night
she told Pete he must come with
her, must never tell of it. She had money,
she said, her own, in the trader's
safe, but the door was too heavy, she
couldn't open it, even though she had
the key. She had opened the store
by the back door, then came to him
to help her with the rest. He pulled
the safe door open, he said, and then
she hunted and found two big letters,
and took them to the house, and next
night she opened the store again, and
he pulled open the safe, and she put
back the letters and sent him to Mr.
Field's back door with note, and then
over to saddle Harney and Dan, and
"bring 'em out back way from stable."
Then later she told him Capt.
Blake had Eagle Wing's buckskin
pouch and letters, and they must get
them or somebody would hang Eagle
Wing, and she kept them going, "all
time going," meeting messengers
from the Sioux camps, or carrying
letters. She fixed everything for the
Sioux to come and capture Hay and
the wagon—fixed everything even to
nearly murdering the sentry on Number
Six. Pete and Spotted Horse, a
young brave of Stabber's band, had
compassed that attempted rescue.
She would have them kill the sentry
if need be, and the reason they didn't
get Wing away was that she couldn't
wait until the sentries had called off.
They might even then have succeeded,
only her pony broke away, and she
clung to Eagle Wing's until he—
he had to hit her to make her let go.

The wild girl, in a fury declared it
false from end to end. The poor
woman, weeping by her side, bowed
her head and declared it doubtless
true.

Her story—Mrs. Hay's—was saddest
of all. Her own father died
when she was very, very young. He
was a French Canadian trader and
traveler who had left them fairly
well to do. Next to her Indian
mother, Mrs. Hay had loved no soul
on earth as she had her pretty baby
sister. The girls grew up together.
The younger, petted and spoiled, fell
in love with a handsome, reckless
young French half breed, Jean La
Fleur; against all warnings, became
his wife, and was soon bullied, beaten
and deserted. She lived but a little
while, leaving to her more prosperous
and level-headed sister, now wedded
to Mr. Hay, their baby daughter, also
named Nanette, and by her the
worthy couple had done their very
best. Perhaps it would have been
wiser had they sent the child away
from all association with the Sioux,
but she had lived eight years on the
Laramie in daily contact with them,
sharing the Indian sports and games,
loving their free life, and rebelled
furiously when finally taken East.
"Shure" was the real reason why her
aunt spent so many months of each
succeeding year away from her husband
and the frontier. One of the
girl's playmates was a magnificent
young savage, a son of Crow Killer,
the famous chief. The father was
killed the day of Crazy Horse's fierce
assault on the starving force of Gen.
Crook at Slim Buttes in '76, and good,
kind missionary people speedily saw
promise in the lad, put him at school
and strove to educate him. The rest
they knew. Sometimes at Eastern
schools, sometimes with Buffalo Bill,
but generally out of money and into
mischievous, Eagle Wing went from
one year to another, and Nanette, foolishly
permitted to meet him again
in the East, had become infatuated.
All that art and education, wealth,
travel and luxury combined could do,
was done to wean her from her passionate
adoration of this superb
young savage. There is no fiercer,
more intense, devotion than that of
the Sioux girl gives the warrior who wins
her love. She becomes his abject
slave. She will labor, lie, steal, sin,
suffer, die, gladly die for him, if only
she believes herself loved in turn,
and this did Nanette more than believe,
and believing, shined and
studied between his irregular appearances
that she might wheedle more
money from her aunt to lavish on her
brave. When discovered meeting him

in secret and by night, she was locked
in her third story room and thought
secure, until the day revealed her
gone by way of the lightning rod.
They had to resort to more stringent
measures, but time and again she met
him, undetected until too late, and
when at last her education was declared
complete, she had amazed her
aunt by expressing willingness to go
to Frayne, when the good woman
thought the objectionable kinsman
abroad with Buffalo Bill. Until too
late, Mrs. Hay knew nothing of his
having been discharged and of his
preceeding to the west. Then Nanette
begged her for more money, because
he was in dreadful trouble—had
stabbled a police officer at Omaha,
whose people, so Moreau said,
agreed not to prosecute him if
one thousand dollars could be paid
at once. Hay's patience had been
exhausted. He had firmly refused to
contribute another cent to settle
Moreau's scrapes, even though he
was a distant kinsman of his wife,
and they both were fond of his little
sister Fawn Eyes. It had never occurred
to Mrs. Hay that Nan could



"ALONE ON THE LOFTY HEIGHT, ALONE IN THE WINTRY WILDERNESS, SOBBING OUT HER GRIEF SONG TO THE SLEEPING WINDS."

steal from or plot against her benefactors,
but that was before she
dreamed that Nanette had become
the Indian's wife. After that anything
might happen. "If she could do
that for love of Moreau," said she,
"there was nothing she could not do."

And it would seem there was little
short of deliberate murder she had
not done for her Sioux lover, who
had rewarded her utter self sacrifice
by a savage blow with a revolver
butt. "Poor Nanette!" sobbed Mrs.
Hay, and "Poor Nanette!" said all
Fort Frayne, their distrust of her
buried and forgotten as she lay, refusing
herself to every one; starving
herself in dull, desperate misery
in her lonely room. Even grim old
"Black Bill" whom she had recognized
at once—Bill who had been the first
to confirm Blake's suspicions as to
her identity—had pity and compassion
for her. "It's the way of the blood,"
said Blake. "She is

"Bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths."
"Shure could do no different," said
the general, "having fixed her love
on him. It's the strain of the Sioux.
We call her conduct criminal—they
call it sublime."

And one night, while decision in
Nanette's case was still pending, and,
still self-secluded, she hid within the
trader's home, refusing speech with
any one but little Fawn Eyes, a
sleight party set out from Frayne
for a spin by moonlight along the
frozen Platte. Wagon bodies had been
set on runners, and piled with hay.
The young people from officers' row,
with the proper allowance of patrons
and elders, were stowed therein, and
tucked in robes and furs, Esther
Dade among them, gentle and responsive
as ever, yet still very silent.
Field, in his deep mourning went
nowhere. He seemed humiliated beyond
words by his connection with this
most painful affair. Even the general
failed to cheer and reassure him.
He blamed himself for everything
and shrank even from his friends.
They saw the dim glow of the
student lamp in his quarters, as
they jingled cheerily away. They were
coming homeward, toward ten
o'clock. The moon was shining brilliantly
along the bold heights of the
southern bank, and insensibly, chat
and laughter gradually ceased as they
came again in sight of the twinkling
lights of Frayne, and glanced aloft
at a new-made scaffolding, standing
black against the sky at the crest
of Fetterman Bluff. "Eagle Wing
roosts high," said a thoughtless
youngster. "The general let them
have their way to the last. What's
that?" he added, with sudden stop.
"The sleigh had as suddenly been
reined in. The driver, an Irish troop-
er, crossed himself, for, on the hush
of the breathless winter night, there
rose and fell—shrill, quavering, now
high, now low, in mournful minor, a
voice, desolate, despairing chant, the
voice of the heart-broken woman, and
one and all knew at once it was
Nanette, after the manner of her mother's
people, alone on the lofty height,
alone in the wintry wilderness,
sobbing out her grief song to the
sleeping winds, mourning to the last
her lost, her passionately loved
brave.

Two young officers sprang from the
sleigh, but at the instant another cry
arose. Another form, this one of
horse and rider, appeared at the crest,
silhouetted with the girl's against the
stars. They saw the rider leap from
saddle, almost within arms' length
of the singer; saw her quickly turn,
as though, for the first time, aware
of an intruder. Then the wailing song
went out: in sudden scream of mingled
wrath, hatred and despair, and, like
the Sioux that she was at heart, the
girl made she mad rush to reach the
point of bluff where was a sheer descent
of over 80 feet. A shriek of
dread went up from the crowded
sleigh; a cry of rejoicing, as the intruder
sprang and clasped her, preventing
her reaching the precipice. But almost
instantly followed a moan of anguish,
for slipping at the crest, together,
firmly linked, they came rolling,
sliding, shooting down the steep
incline of the frozen bluff, and brought
up with stunning force among the
icy blocks, logs and driftwood at
the base.

They bore them swiftly homeward
—Field senseless and sorely shaken—
Nanette's fierce spirit slowly drifting
away from the bruised and broken
tenement held there, so pitifully, in
the arms of Esther Dade. Before the
Christmas fires were lighted in the
snowbound, frontier fort, they had
laid all that was mortal of the brave,
deluded girl in the little cemetery of
Fort Frayne, her solemn spirit closed,
on earth, forever.

HE STUDIED HIS PUPILS.

Why Dr. Thring Was One of England's
Most Successful Teachers of Boys.

Dr. Edward Thring, next to Arnold
of Rugby, was considered to be the
most successful teacher of boys in
England. The duller the lad, the
more eager was Dr. Thring to take
him in hand and develop him.

On one occasion a despairing father
brought his son to him. "John must
do everything his own way," he said.
"He opposes his teachers, his schoolfellows,
me, in everything. He will not take it
for granted that twice two are four
until he has counted for himself."

A certain sportsman took a shooting
in Ireland. He was assured that it
was a good sporting territory. When
he arrived this was corroborated by
the head keeper, a typical Paddy.
The latter declared that the country
fairly bristled with pheasants. So they
went out after them and in a day
put up five. The next day the tenant
inquired after partridges and was
told the same tale; the shoot yielded
about six. Woodcock, grouse, capercaillie,
every kind of game, Paddy told "his
'onner" were as thick as leaves in
autumn, but they could not be found.
At last he said angrily: "Are there
many rhinoceroses on the estate?" "Shure,
yer 'onner," drawled Pat very slowly,
"not many, not many," but brightening
up, "you may put up two or three
round the lake in the summer." Long
before the summer, of course, the
tenancy would be at an end. "You
confounded rascal!" roared the tenant,
"what do you mean by telling me
all these lies?" "Shure," said Pat
with a true Hibernian grin, "an'
wouldn't I be givin' yer 'onner a
pleasant answer?"—London Tatler.

Chained But Harmless. A Londoner,
just arrived at a Scottish town, and on
his way to a hotel, addressed the porter
who led the way: "Not a large place
this?" "No verra," was the answer.
Next question came: "Has it a corporation?"
"A what, sir?" inquired the baggage
bearer. "I mean, who rules it?" "Rules it?
Jist the Provost." "Ah, the Provost.
Like our Lord Mayor? Has he got any
insignia?" remarked the cockney. "Insignia!
What d'ye mean?" quoth the puzzled
Scotsman. "Yes, insignia; that is to
say, has he a chain?" the polite
visitor inquired. Whereupon the almost
dumbfounded native gasped out: "A chain, sir? The Provost
chained? Na, na! He gangs loose;
but dinna be feared, he's quite harmless."—St. James Gazette.

Weather Prophets. In the reign of
Henry VIII, a proclamation was issued
against almanac-makers encouraging
the belief in saints ruling the weather.
Notwithstanding this and similar efforts
to explode a popular notion, certain
saints' days are, however, still supposed
to assist in what may be called long-
distance forecasts. St. Catharine, whose
festival falls on November 25, is such
a saint, for "as at Catharine, foul or fair,
so will be the next February."—Detroit Free Press.

Which? The president had an informal reception
in his office recently and a number of visitors
were presented to him. One lady introduced
herself as from Jacksonville, Fla., and said:
"Mr. President, I have come all this way
just to see you. I have never seen a live
president before." Mr. Roosevelt seemed
much amused. "Well, well," he said. "I
hope you don't feel disappointed now that
you have seen one. Lots of people in these
parts go all the way to Jacksonville to see
a live alligator. I wonder which kind of a
tourist feels the most sold."

BETHSAIDA. A Tale of the Time of the Caesars—By Malcolm DeBarbarn, Author of "Lionel Ardon."

This story covers an interesting period,
that of the brutal Tiberius Caesar and the
trial and death of Christ. There are two
scenes in which the Saviour figures, as he
is being led to execution, and the effect his
presence produces on the two chief
personages of the story is graphically described.
The hero, Aristarchus, is a Roman noble
of great wealth. His father, Petronius, has
been doomed to death by order of Augustus
Caesar, whom he had unintentionally offend-
ed. On his last night on earth, while
Petronius was looking from the roof of his
palace, he witnessed a strange light in the
heavens. It rose, paused, vibrated, then
slowly disappeared in its course towards
Syrac.

While he was still gazing at it, a slave
approves and announces to him the birth of
a son. The Roman marvels, and at once as-
sociates the wondrous light in the heavens
with the birth of his son. The light, of
course, was the star of Bethlehem, pro-
claiming the birth of Christ, whose influence
over Petronius' son makes up the main in-
cidents of the story. That night Petronius
dies by his own hand to avoid the ignominious
death planned for him by Augustus.
Aristarchus, grown to manhood, becomes
disgusted with the materialism and rapid
luxury of Rome, and is, moreover, involved
in a quarrel with Tiberius during one of the
latter's drunken orgies. He flies Rome, and
turns Eastward in his course. There he
learns of the strange fame of the "Nazarene,"
whom he forthwith desires to see. His
wish is granted by a sight of Jesus as he
is being led to execution. The effect upon
the Roman is intense; his revolutionizes his
whole life.

The heroine, Bethsaida, who gives name
to the story, is a maiden of humble birth, but
of strange character and commanding beauty.
Her father has trained her to be a dancing
girl at the court of Pilate. She, too, sees
Christ as he is being led to death, and the
effect wrought causes her to plan a flight
from the influence of Pilate and his court.
Chance brings about a meeting between her
and Aristarchus, and their mutual ex-
periences in the encounter with Christ form
a bond between the strangely assorted pair,
whose training and environment had been
so foreign to one another. The alternate bursts of tyranny and kindliness
that distinguish Pilate, whose love for
his wife, Claudia, despite his infidelity to
her, is his one saving trait, make an engaging
study. Claudia herself will, doubtless,
appeal to many readers as the most lovable
character in the book. Her justice, religious
sympathy and devotion are well depicted.
The tone of the book is that of unquestioning
belief in the miraculous birth and mission
of Christ. Handsomely bound in Cloth, 12mo., \$1.50.
Published by the G. W. Dillingham com-
pany, New York.

His Classification. "Tell me what you eat," said the wise
guy, "and I'll tell you what you are."
"Rice," ejaculated the sufferer. "Ah!"
retorted the w. g. "According to
the dope book you are a Chinaman."—Chicago
Daily News.

Low Rate Excursions. On the first and third Tuesdays of each
month to Texas, Indian and Oklahoma Ter-
ritories via M., K. & T. Ry. Take advantage
of the opportunity offered and see the Great
Southwest in all its glory. "Texas," "Busi-
ness Chances," "Indian Territory" and other
booklets, brimful of information, will be sent
on receipt of two-cent stamp to prepay post-
age. Address, George Morton, G. P. & T.
A., M., K. & T. Ry., Suite Q, The Wain-
wright, St. Louis, Mo.

Pointed Query. She—I might have married a foreign nobleman!
He—That so—who did pay his debts?—
Judge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Caller—"Is the man of the house in?"
Maid—"Yes, but the woman of the house
won't let him come out."—San Francisco
Wasp.

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

Beware of threats! People may not pay
any attention to them, and then you are left
in an embarrassing position.—Puck.

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

There are so many disagreeable people
who simply won't heap coals of fire on our
heads.—Puck.

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

Chronic complaining doesn't make a hard
lot any softer.

To accept good advice is but to increase
one's own ability.—Goethe.

For each big man at the top there are a
million little ones at the bottom.

Never judge the weather by the predic-
tions of a prophet.—Chicago Daily News.

It is economy to be truthful. It pays.
It is dignified. It may offend a few to
reduce information desired, but it will of-
fend more to pervert verity.—Chicago In-
ter Ocean.

Wife—"I have been thinking I ought to
give you a birthday present, Harold. Hus-
band—"Oh, very well. Just write down what
it shall be and I'll buy it on my way uptown."
—Town Topics.

When little Miss Canada picks up her A.
B. C. she flies into a dreadful passion. It
may be recalled that A. B. C. stand for
Alaska Boundary Commission.—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

Butler—"I know that butcher acts rather
queerly at times, but the doctor says he is in
full control of his mental faculties.
"Ye, but that cannot call for much of an
effort, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Nezdore—"I guess you heard my
daughter practising to-day. The music
teacher was there to-day; she's taking les-
sons by the quarter." Mrs. Peppery—"In-
deed? I thought it was by the pound."—
Philadelphia Press.

Autie—"Do you know you are playing
with two very naughty little boys, Johnny?
Johnny—"Yes, Autie. You do? I'm
surprised. Why don't you play with good
little boys?" Johnny—"Because their
mothers won't let them!"—Punch.

More Information Wanted. He—"Could you love me if I lost all my
money?"
She—"How much have you to lose?"—Stray
Stories.

Nothing More to Be Said. Miss Marks—"Does she patronize auctions?"
Mrs. Down—"Does she?" Why, she would
buy eggs at one.—Stray Stories.



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President
Milwaukee, Wis., Business
Woman's Association, is another
one of the million women who
have been restored to health by
using Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-
able Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was mar-
ried for several years and no children
blessed my home. The doctor said I
had a complication of female troubles
and I could not have any children un-
less I could be cured. He tried to cure
me, but after experimenting for sev-
eral months, my husband became dis-
gusted, and one night when we noticed
the testimonial of a woman who had
been cured of similar trouble through
the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound, he went out
and bought a bottle for me. I used
your medicine for three and one-half
months, improving steadily in health,
and in twenty-two months a child
came. I cannot fully express the joy
and thankfulness that is in my heart.
Our home is a different place now, as
we have something to live for, and
all the credit is due to Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs.
L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee,
Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee
Business Woman's Association.—\$5000
worth of original of above letter proving genui-
ness cannot be produced.

THE WRONG SMILE.

That is in the Case of a Young
Lady Who Was a Scale
Breaker.

He kneels at the feet of the heires.
Now, in order to make plain what is to fol-
low, let us state that the heires weighs 300
pounds, says Judge. True love, however, we
will concede for the sake of argument, knows
no waist-lines. And no woman is ever so fat
as her fortune. Therefore, to proceed,
messieurs.

He kneels, as we have previously said, at
the feet of the heires.
"You are all the world to me!" he ex-
claims.
"WHAT?" she pants. "You wretch! are
you aware of the fact that the equator is the
largest diameter of the world?"

He wain does he argue that the equator is an
imaginary line. This only makes it worse.
Metaphorically, she sits down on him;
metaphorically, he is crushed.

At the China Shop.—Superintendent—
"We are likely to have a brisk sale of china
ware this year, Mr. Tiler." Floorwalker—
"WHAT makes you think that?" Superin-
tendent—"I see it stated that long flowing
sleeves are coming into fashion."—Boston
Transcript.

Seattle Daily Through Service to California
via Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Moun-
tain Route. Choice of central routes through
Colorado or via the True Southern Route
through Texas, Arizona, etc. Through
 sleeper to Los Angeles. Only line operating
through sleeping cars, St. Louis to San
Francisco. Tourist cars service to California
four days in the week. For rates and full
information address any Agent of Missouri
Pacific Railway, or Iron Mountain Route,
or H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger
and Ticket Agent, St. Louis.

"Yes, if I do say it," said the conceited
fellow, "she's crazy for me." "How unneces-
sary," remarked Miss Sharpe, "you don't re-
quire any assistance in that direction."—
Philadelphia Press.

Money refunded for each package of
Putnam Fadeless Dyes if unsatisfactory.

Editor—"There isn't an idea in this story
of yours." Great Author—"I couldn't afford
to sell it to you if there was."—Life.

The Shortest Way
out of an attack of
Rheumatism
or Neuralgia
St. Jacobs Oil
Which affords not only sure relief,
but a prompt cure. It soothes,
subdues, and ends the suffering.
Price, 25c. and 50c.

AT BED TIME
I TAKE
A
PLEASANT
HERB
DRINK
THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW
AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver
and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is
made from herbs and is prepared for use as easily as
tea. It is called "Lanette's Tea" or
LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE
All druggists or mail order houses sell it. Write to
day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the
bowels each day. In order to be healthy this
is necessary. Address, Box 250, Le Roy, N. Y.