well-trained savage. It was she who indicated to Clendenin that they must not be encumbered by bags No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3, who were wondering, and even now planning flight. It was she who brought the withes with which these bags were tied to young maples, one hand behind each and one hand free, with a convenient gourd of water not far from each. It was she who led Clendenin to the creek, made him walk some hundred yards in it to lose his trail, and then to leave it by the most careful device, that the trail might not be found. She discovered from him, he hardly knew how, where on the same creek Curwen's party were encamped, and by the time when they were all awake, not two hours from the time Clendenin had left them, she and he relieved the anxiety of his commander by appearing on the side of the creek to which they had not crossed. From this moment she was the guide, so absolutely needed, for the lost party.

The condition, easy enough to describe, was difficult enough to handle. Curwen's party had three horse for six men. The horses, therefore, were hardly a help in matter of time, but they were a convenience in fording creeks, and in carrying such provisions as they needed to carry from one camp to the next. Curwen disliked to fire a single unnecessary shot; and to carry a haunch of venison for a day even was better than to risk exposure by firing a rifle. Rachel Clendenin explained by counting fingers and by signs of the sun's passage that they were still two days from the Muskingum, where they would strike the old war trail from what we call Sandusky to the Ohio. They could not understand what she meant, but they did see that her object was to cover these two days' march as promptly as might be. Her own masters had gone off on the warpath to the south only the afternoon before. Had Curwen not crossed their trial at night, he would have seen it, and it would have confused him. Rachel knew their object—it was a settlement a few Kentuckians had made on the north side of the Ohio. But with her broken English, and with every gesture of dissent, she warned Curwen and her brother against any attempt to follow them. The best their party could do was to reach the Muskingum trail, still well to the east of them. Her own lords had but just returned from it, and before her own escape and Curwen's perfectly visible track was discovered all must be beyond pursuit. She hardly gave them time to fasten the packs on their horses before she led them on their way.

Curwen would gladly have put her upon his own horse, but she refused absolutely, with the only approach to cheerfulness which showed itself in all her dogged action and eloquence of gesture. She would not keep them back; that was clear enough.

But, so soon as they were clear of the buckeyes and maples and in the broad trail of the open prairie, Curwen called her to walk by his side. It was clear that not only her party, but many parties had recently come this way, and, to Curwen's horror, she told, as well as by gesture she could, the story of what may be called their campaign. He was fascinated by the easy gesture by which she made clear to him things where neither he nor she had available words; and, as the day went on, this sign language became more and more easy to him. It was only too certain that the Indians were "on the warpath." In one cabin two men had been killed—in another, three. She was most careful to say that they did not encumber themselves with prisoners. When Harry asked, with uneasiness, what would become of the women whom Clendenin had tied, Rachel Clendenin expressed the only terror which she showed all that day. It was certain that one, at least, of the men of the party would appear at the lodge again, before nightfall. Her fear, indeed, was that he would come sooner. She had this reason for unwillingness to make any delay. At the fords, where naturally there was a little pause for the better management, she drove men and horses across with a certain passion. It was clear that she was resolved that daylight of that day should put the largest possible distance between them and her companions of yesterday. Even when night came, she would not permit a halt. It was within an hour of midnight when the relentless fury, as Zapoly called her, in a queer pity for the tender feet of men who could not keep up with her savage energy, acquiesced in the bivouac which, against her purpose, Harry insisted in making.

But before any semblance of daybreak they were on the alert again. "She be not one fury," Zapoly said this time, "she be—wot you call him, one fate, mid one wip, go, go, go, ever to go." But he went, like the rest of them, and it was well he did.

By moonlight they left their lair, which was no more. Daylight showed that she had been quite right in her geography. As the sun rose they came into a trail still larger than this they had been following. Curwen learned afterward that this was the great war trail which led northward to the lakes. He knew where it would lead him, as he followed it south. For, so long as the course of the Muskingum served it, it followed the valley of that river.

"Go, go, always go." Not for a moment for a stick which has worked through the Count's dainty boot. Hardly a moment for a pack that has turned on a pony's back. Go, go, always go. She made them drink as they crossed the rivers, and what they ate they must eat as they marched.

And as the evening gathered in, Harry Curwen had reason to bless her for the rage with which she had driven them to this speed. For now the dull Scotchman himself, who was, if possible, a worse woodman than Zapoly, began to recognize signs which showed that men had been here before. Once and again a sapling had been recently cut off, and this by a steel ax or hatchet. At last the path was marked distinctly by woodmen's blazes, which they all understood. No one needed urging now. The footmen fairly ran, Rachel Clendenin, with her brother, leading the file. As she came out from the forest, into what was evidently a partly opened clearing, she sprang upon the trunk of a large buckeye which had fallen, and, with an instant gesture, commanded the silence of the rest. Curwen, who was the next of the party, sprang from his horse, and stood in an instant by her side.

They could see the settler's cabin, the thick smoke from the chimney marked the hour. But the girl pointed to what no one could have failed to see—two giant Indian forms, one at each side of the little window of the cabin—evidently watching it to prevent escape. What was at the door they could not see. Zapoly raised his rifle, but Rachel flung it down—and she was right. All the men in succession sprang from the fallen log. Two of the party, with more spirit than could have been expected, rushed toward the window. As they did so, they drew shots from different quarters, for the little clearing was watched from more points than the fallen buckeye. None the less did Clendenin lead and Curwen follow.

Upon the door, when they could see it, one of the savages was swinging a heavy tomahawk. The wood gave way as he did so, and instantly a puff of smoke from within followed the blow. The besieged party had fired. No one seemed to be hurt by the shot. Curwen could see all this as he ran. It seemed as if his feet were tied. He leaped from ridge to ridge of the ploughed land, Clendenin still two or three steps in front of him. The three Indians shouted in scorn as the shot passed them, but were not prepared for the sally which followed. The cabin door flew open, and, before they really knew it, two large men sprang from the house and grappled with the two nearest of the savages. All four went over together. The fifth man, a tall Shawnee, without an instant's pause, raised his tomahawk, aimed a blow at the head of one of the whites; and then, before he could deliver it, fell back dead, with the weapon in his hand. All this Harry Curwen saw as he ran perhaps 50 paces—it seemed as if those paces would never be taken.

He could see the knives of the wrestling men flash in the air. He could see Glendenin fling himself upon the first group. Then, as he closed with the second, it was clear that his help was not needed there. A cry within reminded him of the two men at the window. He pushed at the door. It was bolted against him.

But a wom-n's voice cried out, "Bull-skin! you know me. Open this door and I will kill you."

"We are friends—friends," gasped Curwen. "Do not fire—the redskins are all down."

The door flew open. "Harry! is it you?" And Sarah Parris dropped the useless rifle from her hands.

To him it was almost, of course, that it should be she. For all these many days, his terror had been the agonized question, where was she, in the midst of these horrors. For her, it was as if he had fallen from the sky.

But there was not an instant for curiosity. He seized her gun, and turned to the groups behind him. But here his help was not needed. The boldness of the sally had succeeded. One of the Indians had been stabbed to the heart by Cephas Titcomb in the first blow which he gave. The other had fallen heavily against an untrimmed stump, and had been for the moment stunned by the blow. Nathan Choate had both his hands around the man's neck, and both his thumbs squeezed tight upon his windpipe. Clendenin's fall upon the other two had perhaps discomposed Choate at first as much as the other. But Clendenin was wiry and quick, and before Curwen could come into the fray, he and Cephas Titcomb had pinioned the fallen warrior. At the moment, no one knew that one and another musket ball struck here and there around them. But, after it was over, Titcomb found a stream of blood running down his leg, and knew for the first time that a shot had grazed his side, cutting open his hunting shirt, and, as he said, "lettin' down my braces." No one stopped yet to speak even except in a word. Led by Curwen, all rushed to the other end of the house. But here they only met the Scotchman with Zapoly and Rachel Clendenin; the others had kept themselves sheltered in the wood. Rachel herself was the only person who showed any prudence; it was she who had led them around to that side of the cabin where they would be under cover.

Harry Curwen had no experience for the occasion. Strange to say, Cephas Titcomb, the Newbury ship builder, was the born soldier now, who directed the reloading of the empty guns, who stationed each man at the right point, at the same time taking care that the prisoners were dragged into the shelter of the cabin. The skulking soldiers condescended to appear after all firing was over. And it was clear enough after five minutes that the outlying Indian scouts had abandoned their posts and fled. The two men at the window had both been wholly surprised. One of them lay dead—killed by a pistol shot; the other was a prisoner.

A rapid council was held as to pursuit of the disappointed red men. There were but three of them, or at most four. Of the whites of both parties, there were eight, besides the two Titcomb boys. The party surprised in the cabin were the Titcomb family, with Sarah Parris and Choate, who was spending the winter there. Only four or five shots had been delivered by the Indians watching outside. Rachel Clendenin had been studying their trail for hours. She was sure that there were never but eight of them. Two of them were here, bound hand and foot; two of them lay dead in front of the house and one behind. Should the victors follow the fugitives, and save the neighborhood from further danger?

Zapoly offered some unintelligible advice. Harry Curwen was confused—from some doubt as to his duty as a soldier. But, as has been said, he was no longer the commander. Cephas Titcomb took the word.

"No, boy, let well enough alone. We'd better thank the Almighty that you come here jest when ye did, and not one minute later. Et was the bullet that struck Bull-skin when his ax was raised—et was that that settled this fight. And I think, sir, so far as I understand, that et was you that fired that shot for a bird on the wing."

He turned to Zapoly—and he was right. His prompt and exact markmanship had turned the fortune of the day.

Then, in a rapid consultation, the arrangements for the night were perfected. Cephas Titcomb, the younger, and his brother were sent to warn the settlers at Big Bottom of the attack and escape and defense. When, not two months after, the horrible massacre took place in the block house of that very settlement, the boys remembered well every detail of their visit of that evening. For Cephas Titcomb, the father, his wife and Zapoly and the Scotch gardener took care. For himself, he ridiculed the fuss they made, and said if they would let him alone he should do well enough. But they were right and he was wrong; and Zapoly dressed the wound with the skill of a surgeon. Harry could not yet have more than a word with Sarah Parris. The horses were to be cared for, the dead were to be dragged away and hidden, the captives were to be secured. It was easy enough to make provision, on the great mows of prairie hay, for better beds than the fugitives had known since the day of battle and defeat. When such cares for the men were over, Curwen saw, well pleased, that Zapoly had engaged Mrs. Titcomb in a bi-lingual, not to say polyglot, conversation. And then, and not till then, he begged the girl he worshiped to come out from the cabin with him, with some shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, and they walked together, in the open air, under the light of the clear moon.

"Sarah," he said at once, "my own child—if I dare say so—I have been riding day and night in terror—and think with what reason. Do not tell me God Almighty did not send me here."

No, she did not tell him so. She could say nothing. Nor, indeed, was he dissatisfied with her silence. Words are but poor things sometimes—not very good things at the best. He was with her. If he dared—and he would dare soon—he could put his arm around her waist. Meanwhile, why should she speak, or he? Last night, if any-one had told him she was alive, he would have been happy.

Actually they walked without a word to the landing at the riverside, where the remnant of the old ark was still moored. He led her on board the boat and made her sit on the gunwale.

And then—he did not say what he had thought he should say if God ever gave him sight of her again. He said:

"How many of these old arks I passed as I came down the river."

"You passed this one," said Sarah. And the humor of his missing her came across even the tragedy of the night, and, perhaps, for the first time, she smiled. "I knew when you passed us; I am ashamed to say I waved my handkerchief at you. And I wish I could say you replied."

"Think of it," he said, "and that I did not dream of what I was doing." Then he told, almost passionately now, of his successive visits to Marietta, and how General Putnam would say "Whitcomb" instead of "Titcomb," and that he had to leave when he had no answer to the question of questions.

But for all this neither of them cared. It was all a pretence. He was talking that they need not be still. And of a sudden he broke off:

"Why do I talk this stuff to you? You know what I want to say to you. I want to say to you that morning, noon and night, since that day you wrote me last, my one thought has been to come nearer to you, and to deserve to come. There has really not been one hour, dear Sarah, but the thought of you has made me a better man—and if, before then, I ever forgot to say my prayers, it has not been so since. For always—and I will not say how often—I have begged God to take care of you—since you would not let me. Sarah—I have remembered you every minute, and that is the reason I am here. God Almighty has heard my prayers——"

"And mine," said she. And Harry Curwen hardly cared that she should say any more.

THE END.

Copyrighted, 1889, by E. E. Hale.

WATCH FOR THIS!

Next week THE DISPATCH will offer to its readers a fascinating novelette from the pen of SIDNEY LUSKA (Henry Harland), entitled "METAMORPHOSIS; Being an Account of a Strange Experiment in Psychology, Recently Conducted by a Physician." This serial is in the best style of that Author's famous original vein of Romantic Psychology. Don't fail to read it.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

The Fashionable Four Hundred's Latest and Funniest Fad.

RIDING OUT FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

Prevalence of Accordeon Skirts and Directoire Gowns.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION FUSS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, April 27.—In these sweet golden days of springtime it appears that the swell young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of tea. Quite the funniest fad that has yet been taken up is this of the tea rides out to the Claremont Club on the Riverside Drive. I was sitting on the piazza out at the Claremont last Thursday afternoon. First you must understand that this house on the banks of the Hudson is one of the dearest and snuggest places in the world wherein to study the budding excellences of lovely ruralness together with the cooling charm of refreshment. There is an uninterrupted view of the sparkling river stretching away to the north and a broad expanse of undulating country spreading off to the east. The Riverside Drive, hard and shiny as a ballroom floor, and quite as bright with its gay procession of carriages, is in immediate proximity.

As I was saying, I was enjoying these al fresco attractions last Thursday afternoon. At about 4 o'clock four carriages, technically called broughams and T carts, came spanking up to the steps of the hotel. Four very beautiful and splendidly dressed ladies jumped daintily into the outstretched hands of their escorts. That great beauty, Mrs. Burke-Roche, was one of them, Mrs. Van Rensselear Cruger another, and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt another. No sooner were these precious burdens set down upon the ground than a cavalcade of riders came swooping full tilt up to the house.

CUP OF SOUCHONG.

There was a skurrying of grooms, a flutter of girls descending from their horses like birds from a bush, and the air was filled with gay laughter and musical voices. Harry Le Grand Cannon, the young leader of germans, was one of this happy party, and when he went up the steps he took with him a queer looking box which he appeared to be very solicitous of, refusing to trust it to one of the hotel waiters who advanced to relieve him of its burden. I found afterward that this box contained rare old Souchong tea, and that all these people had come out on the shore of the beautiful river just to indulge in their regular 5 o'clock tipple amid new scenes and breezes.

Moreover, I learned that a coterie had been organized which should follow out the same programme each Thursday, and so throughout next month the casual visitor to the Claremont will have an opportunity of seeing how pretty some of the women in the Four Hundred look over the edge of a tiny Sevres cup, how gallant the men are in their elegant spring trousers, yellow kid gloves, boutonnieres and white gaiters, and how very jolly a tea party can be when the beverage is Souchong and a retinue of servants await your bidding with your horses and your soft, glistening carriages to carry you back through the park to dinners made tempting by the fresh scented airs of an April drive.

THE ACCORDEON SKIRT.

Easter Sunday was as warm and brilliant a day as the June of the poets ever brought forth, and, of course, the sidewalks on Fifth avenue after the churches were out presented a scene of astonishing splendor of color and gorgeous material. Words would fail to suggest the tortuous crowds of handsomely dressed people that lounged and stared at each other, or the remarkable display of new costumes that blossomed on all sides like flowers.

But one development in the ever changeful evolution of the feminine gown was painfully apparent, and it showed emphatically the tendency of woman, when she has a good thing, to run it into the ground. I refer to the skirt known as the "accordeon." To the female mind this word expresses a very great deal. Awhile ago the Psyche knot claimed the attention and cultivation of feminine New York. Then came the Hading veil. Now it is the accordeon skirt. And it promised on Easter Sunday to make the landscapes of the approaching summer very monotonous. Fifth avenue shivered with these arrangements on that day. Their long, vertical lines of perfect regularity crinkled and broke into rays of vari-colored light till the eye yearned for something restful and still. Dozens and dozens of these skirts, in green, red, black, white and every other color played their soundless tunes along the Easter pave.

DIRECTOIRE GOWNS.

But I doubt if they became any more tiresome in their profusion than did the all-prevalent directoire dress which so many hundred young women are arraying themselves in at this moment. The epoch of puffed sleeves, short waists and long stretches of limp skirts, is indeed returned. The directoire gown was something of a favorite for house wear a season or so ago, but it never got on the street to any noticeable extent until this spring. I think Kitty Brady was the first girl to wear the gown in open air, and gradually they became popular for theater wear. Now they have reached the tiresome stage of profuseness, and the thoroughfares are thick with them upon all shapes and styles of feminineness. Perhaps the most conspicuous departure in the way of an appurtenance to women's toilets is found in the parasols of this season. The sticks of these have been elongated from their former convenient shortness to the length of a shepherd's staff. The most remarkable of all the parasols I have yet seen was one of plain green velvet with a slim white stick fully five feet long, the end of the stick being supplied with an enormous silver crook. When this parasol is held over its fair owner's head, the crook interferes with her feet as she moves. When it is closed she uses it to walk with, after the manner of an Alpine guide.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Fanny Davenport, the actress, has had a trifling difference of opinion with the Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner. It is not necessary to explain, so often has it been published, that the Church of the Transfiguration, which was so notoriously nicknamed by reason of the funeral services of Comedian Holland, is by no means a little or insignificant concern. On the contrary, it is an extremely fashionable Episcopal church, standing on ground alone worth $250,000, and with a congregation representing a vast deal of style and riches. And I may be guilty of repetition in explaining that Rector Houghton, although known throughout the land as the chaplain of the theaters, is an exceedingly dignified, sensitive and exclusive sort of a clergyman. He has officiated willingly in the burials of actors and actresses, because the duty has accidentally been put upon him. He has even permitted himself to be elected an honorary member of the Actors' fund. Not long ago thieves broke in and stole his solid silver communion service. Several actors and managers impulsively proposed to replace the articles, and with much finer ones, by means of a theatrical subscription.

DR. HOUGHTON DECLINES.

Dr. Houghton had already declined as politely and as suavely as possible, many sorts of personal favor from the stage, because he never goes into a theater, and on the whole is a condemnor of dramatic performances. Therefore, he consistently refused to receive the utensils of the holy sacrament of communion from players, but he did it in a graceful and considerate manner. Now, it is one of Dr. Doughton's doctrines that marriage is a covenant for life, that once the bridegroom and the bride say that they will cleave unto each other as long as they both shall live, the words have their ordinary meaning, and therefore he will not perform the service of marriage for any person who has already a husband or wife living, no matter what decree a court may have granted. Fanny Davenport and Melbourne McDowell have played the lovers on the stage so long that they love each other really, and, after a great deal of dicker and bother, she has gotten legally rid of her former husband and McDowell has similarly cleared himself of a wife. Being thus prepared for new wedlock, they fixed upon the second week in May for the time, and New York City for the place, of their nuptials. They also fixed upon Dr. Houghton to tie anew the knot that had been untangled. A friend went to him on the errand.

A POLITE REFUSAL.

"I cannot do this," the clergyman replied. "I have been sorry on many occasions to decline my services for divorced parties."

One of these instances was that of Kate Claxton.

"If the gentleman and lady desire particularly to be married at the Church of the Transfiguration they may do so, and some other clergyman may act in my stead—some Episcopalian who does not view the matter exactly as I do."

That is why the wedding of Fanny Davenport at the Little Church Around the Corner will not have the noted pastor to officiate. It may be added, by the way, that Dr. Houghton has just had a request refused by theatrical people. He was put up to the idea of requesting all the city managers to close their houses on Good Friday evening. This he did in formal terms. Two of the fashionable theaters had already decided to shut their doors, but all the rest were open as usual, and only three of all the managers took pains to even write an excuse to the worthy priest.

CENTENNIAL SQUABBLES.

Sam Ward, the famous gourmet, lost his reputation as a dinner-giver and bon vivant when he ordered three white meats to follow each other in immediate succession, and it was through the superabundant privileges Ward McAllister sought to secure for the Four Hundred that he came to grief. His successor is Stuyvesant Fish, who may now be regarded as the boss absolute of the Astor-Vanderbilt society. There are few men more likely to attract attention anywhere about town than "Stuyve" Fish, between whom and Ward McAllister there has been a good deal of highly amusing cross-firing of late, over the change in the control of the Centennial Committee of Arrangements.

Mr. Fish has pronounced Mr. Ward incompetent, and the latter has reported that the trouble all came about through Fish's conniving to be allowed to dance opposite the President in the opening quadrille. This of course Ward wouldn't permit, "that man Fish" being a "railroader," and therefore, in McAllister's opinion, socially disqualified for a leading position in the great affair. To this delicate compliment, Mr. Fish bluntly rejoined that McAllister lied. Then, while the compliments were flying, the busy yachting millionaire, Elbridge T. Gerry, came to the support of Mr. Fish, whereupon McAllister deftly turned the laugh upon him also, by explaining that Gerry, who coveted the post of presiding officer at the banquet, had remarked that Mayor Grant "hadn't brains enough to run the speeches." The town enjoyed the episode immensely, although it brought many severe heart burnings to the principal actors and the Four Hundred.

WHO IS FISH.

Now that the fusillade is over, people are curious to know more about McAllister's successor. Probably not a few society men are anxious about the consignment of rare old Burgundy, which McAllister himself bought and stowed away in a special cellar, so that the guests might have a royal treat of two small glasses apiece, or, perhaps, it is about those wonderful Havanas—"Weeds that cannot be duplicated, doncherknow." Somehow, Ward had a prime faculty of getting the best things together at a pinch. Will his successor be as clever? they now ask.

Well, "Stuyve" Fish will probably look at things differently and through younger lenses. He is only 38—a little over half McAllister's age. He hasn't reached the epicurean stage yet, and has never felt a twinge of gout. He is a railroader in the broad sense—a railroad president. His connection with Illinois Central, which he pulled out of the slough and got roundly abused for it, demonstrated his cleverness. He has accumulated wealth, wholly independent of his inheritance; moreover, it is common talk in the several clubs to which he belongs, that he knows how to spend and how to keep, and is business clean through. He carries an imposing presence, is fully six feet tall, and weighs quite 185, with just a hint of a coming 200 in the future. Still he is not as handsome a man as his elder brother, Nicholas, who was named for the famous old grandfather, nor does he dress as nattily as Hamilton, Jr., the youngest brother.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRATS.

His outdoor suit is usually quite plain. He walks with a splendid stride that is in odd contrast to McAllister's careful, measured gait, which might be termed a sort of mathematical prance. He has a trick of caressing his big brown moustache which, in any other man, would be accounted as nervousness. His wife was the daughter of William H. Anthon, a lawyer whose name was as well known 15 years ago as that of Frederic R. Coudert is to-day. His wife brought him no fortune.

Of course the Fish family pride themselves upon their revolutionary descent, and in this respect Stuyvesant Fish may be called the typical leader of the Four Hundred. The family has been in politics, too, as well as business, and has furnished diplomate in its time. Nick, Jr., now a banker, was in the State department under his father, and afterward represented our Government in Holland. Hamilton Fish, Jr., is now in the Assembly, representing Duchess county. One sister is the wife of Sidney Webster, equally well-known in law and diplomacy, and a frequent editorial contributor to the newspapers and magazines. Webster, by the way, is a Democrat, the only one in the family. Two other sisters are Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Benjamin. Still another, now dead, was the wife of the second son of Sir Stafford Northcote.

The third generation of the family is already quite numerous, and there certainly seems to be no prospect of the stock running out.

CLARA BELLE.

Shall Women Propose?

Widow Coy-Smith—Always show a respect for your elders, Edith. I'll take the first chance at him myself, and if I don't succeed you can try.—*Judge.*

A Primitive Place.

Kansas City Star.]

Tuscumbia has neither a bank nor a church, although it has been a county seat for over 40 years. The people there keep their money in old stocking legs and play mumble peg on Sunday.

An Enterprising Burglar.

Kansas City Star.]

A thief at Nevada entered an ice cream saloon the other night and stole three gallons of cream and went back the next night and got away with the freezer and the recipe for making the cream.

AN INDIAN BATTLE.

Desperate Fight With Crazy Horse's Hostiles at Slim Buttes.

GENERAL CROOK TO THE RESCUE.

Repulsing a Simultaneous Attack All Along the Line.

SLEEPING ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

In a previous article the forced march of Crook's column to the rescue of Major Mill's surrounded battalion was described, and in telling of the death of "Buffalo Chips"—Bill Cody's old friend and "partner"—allusion was made to the general engagement which took place on the afternoon of September 9, 1876, between General Crook's entire force and the Sioux and Cheyennes under the Chief Crazy Horse. Now comes a request that the combat itself should be made the subject of this week's letter.

Look at the map of Dakota and trace our route. Pursuing the Indians from the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming we had crossed the Little Missouri near where the Northern Pacific bridges it to-day; had followed eastward to the south fork of Heart river, and then, with only two days' rations left, pushed southward by compass through flooding rains, crossing the north fork of the Cannon Ball near Rainy Butte, fording the north fork of Grand river with Pretty Stone Buttes (Les Belles Pierres) ten miles away to the east, and eating our horses to keep alive. Here it was that Crook sent Major Mills with 150 picked men and horses from the Third Cavalry to push forward to the settlements in the Black Hills and return to meet us with all the provisions he could buy. This was on the night of September 7. At dawn on the 9th Mills had pounced upon and captured the village of American Horse, a noted Sioux chief, and was in turn surrounded by the rallying rush of all Crazy Horse's bands who were in scattered camps all the way over toward the Little Missouri. Just at the eastern edge of what is now called Burdick county, Dakota, lie those strange, crag-topped upheavals called the Slim Buttes, and, nestled in a beautiful amphitheater just about the middle of their eastern slope, lies this village of the Sioux, crammed with trophies of the Custer battle and rich in furs, robes and Indian plunder of every description. The warriors had made a lively attempt to recapture it at once, but Mills and his men had entrenched themselves and hurried off couriers to Crook with the news, then hung on to their prize until he could come to the rescue.

FIRST ON THE GROUND.

The Fifth Cavalry was the first to reach the ground from the north just about the time that Crazy Horse's bands began to appear on the bluffs from the west. Then came the battalions of the Second and Third Cavalry, the pack trains and the athletic battalions of infantry—a full regiment made up of detachments from the Fourth, Ninth and Fourteenth—commanded by Colonel Alexander Chambers. By 2 P. M. Crook had all his force—perhaps 2,400 men—on the ground, and by 4 P. M. Crazy Horse had mustered band after band, and, with 1,000 warriors at his back, dashed into the attack, hoping to recapture the village and the prisoners we had already taken, or at least to run off the big herd of ponies—some 400 of them—that Mills had "corralled" at daybreak.

Earlier in the afternoon, however, as told in that previous letter, we had had a lively experience in capturing a lot of Indians lurking in the head of a ravine at the southern edge of the village. In this affair "Buffalo Chips" and a Third Cavalry trooper were killed and several of our men were seriously wounded. The Indians proved to be "American Horse" himself with several of his warriors; one wretched, trembling old hag of a squaw; two or three younger women; two young girls and one little mite of a 4-year-old child. The chief had received what was evidently a mortal wound, but was calm and conscious. Some of the soldiers gently carried him to the biggest lodge in the village, and there our surgeons did their best to save him. The other Indians, surrounded by an interested throng of troopers, were escorted to the presence of General Crook. It was odd to see with what eagerness they seized and shook his hand, and with what piteous appeal they looked into his kindly, bearded face. The old squaw, shaking as though with palsy from fright and dread, cowered at his side, clinging to his left hand, and looking fearfully around her. His right hand was grasped by her companions, one after another—even the wondering little papoose, strapped on his mother's back, having his tiny fist placed by her in the General's palm, before she could be satisfied that her baby, too, were to receive "The Big White Chief's" protection.

INDIAN FIENDS.

Had we fallen alive into their hands those squaws would have been the head devils in carrying out the most fiendish tortures savage ingenuity could devise until death came to our relief, and doubtless while rejoicing in the fact, everyone of them thought us "heap fools" that we did not make war that way. One young woman, the only really beautiful Indian squaw I ever saw, stood calmly and unconcernedly looking on, and holding up her right hand, which had been pierced by a bullet, in order to check the flow of the blood. A rich color mantled her cheeks through the dusky skin, and I gazed at her in no little wonderment. Neither pain, the imminent danger of her recent experiences, nor loss of blood seemed to have affected her in the least. When our half-breed scout—Frank Gruard—told her and the other women to follow him to the teepe where the surgeons were, she strode away like a queen.

South of us the ground sank away some 60 yards, then rose in grassy waves and slopes until it rolled up to the foot of a glistening white-walled butte. West of that was a sort of valley. Then, a little over half a mile away and running nearly north and south, the main range of the hills. Directly to the west of us the ravine we were in seemed boring a winding course into these hills and a little brook came trickling down. North of a net work of little ravines and coutees that came together just 100 yards or so east of where we had planted our headquarters flag, the ground rose to a high knoll and there fluttered Merritt's worn colors and there was the very center of the position occupied by the command. Upham's battalion of the Fifth Cavalry was facing south in the ravine where we had made our bivouac, and the men were resting just about 50 yards from us. Mason's battalion, joining almost with Upham's right, was facing west on the plateau between the ravines; then came the battalion of the Second Cavalry and then those of the Third reaching almost around to the east. Here, there and everywhere, grazing quietly and thankfully, were the herds of troop horses and pack mules—all under strong guard.

Out on the slopes to the south side of us were the 50 odd grays of Captain Montgomery's company—B, of the Fifth. Everything was quiet; not an Indian had been seen for an hour except those whom we had "routed out" from the hole in the bluff side, and we were all chatting together and impatiently waiting for our cook's summons to supper; the infantry battalions had stacked arms under "Merritt's Hill" near where the wounded were lying in the middle of the village; the surgeon had just lopped off the leg of Lieutenant Von Luettwitz who had been shot early in the morning, when, all on a sudden, out to the west we heard the bang, bang of rifles, and the boy trumpeter of C troop shouted down to us, "Indians firing into the herds!" It seemed as though it was the signal for the sudden sprouting from earth of hundreds of painted, feathered, darting horsemen.

A STAMPEDE.

All at the same instant, on every side of us, though six or seven hundred yards away, from behind the sheltering bluffs and buttes and ridges, dashing down to the attack, yelling like fiends and firing like boys on the Fourth of July, on they came, score after score of Crazy Horse's warriors, bent on stampeding our poor, broken down horses, and bursting through our lines. Instantly every officer in our party sprang to join his troop. General Carr took one cool glance about him, said "Sound to arms! Bradley," to our headquarters trumpeter and bade the orderly bring his horse. Instantly, too, the men of Upham's battalion seized their carbines and sprang into line. "Sound the advance, Bradley," said our placid commander, and the stirring notes rang along the dripping ravine. The men scrambled up the slope in front of them, and ran nimbly out toward the herds, now scampering in for shelter. All but one herd. "Look! look at the grays!" is the yell. Sure enough. Montgomery's horses, startled by the sudden clamor and following the lead of one fool of a charger, are scampering straight up the long wave of prairie and into the very teeth of the Indian skirmishers. A shout of mingled warning and dismay goes up.

A GALLANT RETRIEVER.

Another moment and they are lost to us; but, darting out beyond them, spurring his steed to the top of his "possibilities," Corporal Clanton turns the leader to the left and half drives, half guides him around in broad circle, and in less time than it takes to write it the whole herd comes thundering down to camp safely. Such a cheer as goes up for Clanton! Three minutes and all the herds—horses, ponies and mules—are driven down into the ravines out of reach of Indian bullets, and all the cavalry lines dismounted are jauntily opening out in skirmish order and driving rapid and telling fire on the foe. The infantry come rapidly forward on the left of Upham's men; their "Long Tom's" burst in to swell the chorus of Indian "Winchester" and cavalry carbine, and in ten minutes the roar of murketry—breech-loaders with us, magazines with the Sioux—sounds like a second Spottsylvania. The grand, simultaneous dash, planned to surprise Crook's veteran command and stampede his worn-out horses, has utterly failed in its object. The herds are safe under cover, and in their place long lines of fire-flashing skirmishers are steadily breasting the slopes, pushing back the yelling warriors before them.

And yet, how scientifically and skilfully these Indians fight! Keeping 500 or 600 yards away, darting at full speed up and down along our front, they maintain their rapid fire and a constant watch for any weak or wavering point along the line. Every now and then some one of their number will spring from his pony and lie down to take deliberate aim at some mounted officer. General Carr on his big horse, sitting right behind Mason's men, is an especial object of their attentions. They miss him, but make it lively for everybody around him. Brave old Sergeant Shreiber, of "K" troop, gets a bullet through the thigh as he stands composedly watching the fire of his men, and two or three others along this front are compelled to drop carbine and go limping off for surgical aid. One young warrior in his eagerness ventures too far and "Paddy" Nihil, of "F" troop, runs a few yards forward, kneels, takes deliberate aim, tumbles the Indian out of his saddle, and, amid the cheers of the whole battalion, secures his pony.

RESCUING THEIR DEAD.

Down come scores of warriors from the bluff, full speed, and in an instant they have wheeled about and are scampering back for shelter, bearing the body of their comrade with them. And so, too, until it grows too dark to see, every time an Indian drops, a rush is made and, whether killed or only wounded, the body is thrown across some sturdy pony and borne away behind the screening ridge. Right out on the skirmish line with the men is that prince of good fellows and journalists, Finnerty, of the Chicago *Times*. He has dropped his pencil for the minute and is blazing away with his rifle, but when he sees the trooper capture the pony he runs over to congratulate and take him by the hand—glorying in the exploit of a brother Patlander. Learning his name he delightedly heads a new paragraph "Nihil Fit," then resumes his long range rifle practice.

On four sides of a big square now—or at least a great, irregular circle—the combat is at its height. First in one place, then in another, by furious dashes the Indians strive to break the lines, but everywhere are met by cool, steady volleys. "Halt" and "lie down" have long since been signaled, and the skirmishers are now prone upon the sward, for the Indians have been pursued so far back that their bullets no longer endanger the herds and the wounded in the village. Little by little the fire slackens; little by little the dripping skies change from gray to dun, then to brownish blue, then night settles down upon crag and prairie; the red flashes grow less and less frequent, and at last die utterly away. Slowly the lines are drawn in while strong picket guards are posted, slowly and tenderly the seriously wounded men are borne back to the surgeon's lodges. The adjutants tramp around from battalion to battalion making up the list of casualties, and when at last I get back to headquarters to make my report, some poor devil of a half-starved scout or trooper has stolen what has been saved as my supper, and I celebrate the victory of Slim Buttes on an empty stomach, but roll in my old Navajo blanket, and with a poncho for mattress, the prairie for bed and the weeping skies for a roof, sleep as soundly and as blissfully as ever man slept on downy pillow.

CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

THE ORIGIN OF THE COP.

Eugene Field Explains How the Word Came to be Applied to Policemen.

Chicago News.]

Mr. E. W. White, of this city, asks for information as to the "origin of the term 'cop' as applied to a policeman." It is a contraction of the word "copper," which is English slang for a police officer. According to Hotten, "to cop" means to seize or to lay hold of anything unpleasant. A "copper" is one who "cops" or apprehends unpleasant objects. In America the phrase "to copper" is frequently heard, and it seems to have two distinct meanings—one signifying "to clinch," "to insure," "to consummate," as "I coppered the chance as quick as I could." The other usage of the word obtains among gamblers almost exclusively, "to copper" a card at faro signifying that the gambler bets that that card will lose.

The derivation of the original slang word "cop" can only be surmised. It may have been a contraction of the Latin word "capere," to take, or it may have been a contraction of another Latin word "corpus," a body. Perhaps the funniest philological coincidence is to be met with in the English word "pole-horse" and the old Greek word "polos," both words meaning the same thing.

Contagious Rascality.

General Washington—What has my lieutenant got?

General Wayne—Five aces, sire.

General Washington—S'death! I opined that your messing in the same tent with General Arnold would in time contaminate you! General Schuyler, call the guard!—*Judge.*

EVERYDAY SCIENCE.

The Power of Simulating Death for an Indefinite Period.

BITUMEN DISCOVERED IN TEXAS.

Insanity Due to Poor Physical Training in Youth.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

[PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH]

Readers of THE DISPATCH who desire information on subjects relating to industrial development and progress in mechanical, civil and electrical engineering and the sciences can have their queries answered through this column.

Dr. Tanner, who some years ago created a sensation by his 40 days' fast, now asserts that the outward signs of death, as accepted and depended upon by physicians, are all deceptive, save one—and that alone is infallible. He says: "I have so disciplined my mind and body that I can take upon myself, at volition, a trance state, and while in that condition, I propose to be buried, just as a dead person is ordinarily buried, in a secure, regularly-made coffin, placed in a grave five feet deep, which will be filled up, and the earth compactly put in and mounded over. I shall remain there four weeks, then be disinterred, resuscitated and fully restored to the full vigor and strength of my normal condition. This is not impossible; it is no new thing." Dr. Tanner expects to have all his arrangements perfected by May 15, which is the day he mentions for the carrying out of his stated intention.

It is well known that the fakirs of India have the power of suspending animation, and the *Journal de Medicine*, Paris, of February 7, 1889, gives a very interesting account of the preparations which the fakirs make before "hibernating," and it proceeds to describe cases so well authenticated as to be beyond question where fakirs have been buried for periods varying from six weeks to four months. Similar cases have been reported from time to time