

A Soldier's Secret

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Major Kenyon, a St. Louis, Mo., man, is in the camp of the Twelfth cavalry...

CHAPTER XIII

"Oh, God! My little ones!"

There was silence and anxiety in the long range of winter camps about the agency.

"Do I do, and I pray and pray, but no infant comes. Did you ever know a time when the loss did not fall heaviest on us?"

"Don't think of that now," he pleaded. "Don't brood over the loss of your baby."

"I did. I did it cruelly. But Major Berrie has his wife and Winnie with him, and they're bringing him home."

"Do you, why, shall I go to him if I have to give myself a seven days' leave and take you?"

Over the eastward bluffs, cold and gray, the morning light had slowly crept to the zenith.

And then came the dread news that a great band from the northeast, reinforced by a reckless gang of fanatical young ghost dancers from the Bad Lands, had broken away, and that all the regiments had gone to head them off.

"All hope of bloodless solution of the difficulty is now at an end. Even the most peacefully disposed among the reservation Indians are furious over what they do not hesitate to term the slaughter of their clansmen in the three affairs that have recently occurred."

Yet, Helen! Unseen, but dominant, the sun has risen above the eastern hills, and, as the light broadens even where it comes warm, there is a soft air far away at the southwest, faint and clear, a cavalry trumpet call; soft at first, then crescendo, it ceases suddenly in shrill high note. It thrills through the tent, through a rare atmosphere, carried by the fleeting wing of a scarlet bird. Like the wistful call of heart-rent quail it seems to say, "Where are you?"

"Forward!" rings the signal from the southwest. Forward with them, then, around that point at the low bluff to our front, and on the easterly, uttering the light scene is before us, the tale is almost told.

There, thickly dotting the prairie and covering the low ground, his wigwags smoke, and the smoke rises, and the signal wags far away at the southwest, faint and clear, a cavalry trumpet call; soft at first, then crescendo, it ceases suddenly in shrill high note.

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and comfortably trundled homeward in the warm interior of a Pullman. No accident, no other attends the coming of the column now at steady, soldierly gait wading into the shallow depression.

"There were half a dozen of them, sir, Mrs. Hallett's reading another copy of that paper as I came down. And poor Mrs. Thorpe is crying her eyes out. She's been utterly upset since the news came that the Twelfth had been sent out."

"It was indeed poor Mrs. Thorpe who entered, pallid, her eyelids swollen with weeping. Old Kenyon was on his feet in an instant and leading her to a chair. "My dear madam, my dear madam," he began, "you must not give way so. I assure you there is no cause for such dread and anxiety. Do strive to control yourself."

"I cannot, oh, Major Kenyon, I cannot! I have been so much, such fearful scenes!" she sobbed, wringing her nervous hands, rocking to and fro. "I have not lived the life we had to live in the old days of comely peace, calmness. I was only a child when, kneeling at my mother's side, she told me that the Sioux were to be killed."

"When the Sioux were known to surrender those precious arms! Such things when reported in years gone by turned out to be as noisy slanders as the Orders to disarm but not molest are simply something to be laughed to scorn."

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of his men in wild effort to cut off the backward move, troubles in essence leap at the very feet of a knife-wielding fury of a woman, who is only laid low just as her clutch is on his hair, her arms with so formidable a hand would be worse than asperation. He knows that with Farquhar his own position will be only that of subordinate, and he must obey. He knows, however, he is to be a thousand troopers at his back, he would count matters now. But Farquhar is a soldier long accustomed to both obedience and to command; and he is one to whom obedience comes with lagging grace, to whom command is opportunity for lavish vent of his imperious will.

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KNOCK A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a BRUISE. Use ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Among the makers of mouseline whisks the one who longest evaded the inquiries of the United States revenue officers was Philip Haldron, who lives in Mercer county, Va. Some 12 years ago he built a new log house on a slightly sloping hillside, the basement being of stone with no entrance from the outside.

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The New York Weekly Tribune, the leading Republican daily newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless to party affiliations.

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Scientific American Agency for... Mrs. S. E. BOGLEY, of Red Oak, S. Carolina, writes: "One of my neighbors was very sick during her 'change of life.' After advising her to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I visited her a few days ago, and she told me she was so strong she could work all day long without getting tired, and says she was greatly benefited. I know many afflicted women who have been cured by your medicine."

YOU CAN FIND THE PAPER OF THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE AT THE NEWS DEPOT OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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Intelligent women no longer doubt the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They openly acknowledge that it does positively cure the multitude of painful ailments peculiar to women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and Sanative Wash Assist the Compound Wonderfully.

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