

THE LAWYER'S LULL. BY.

Be still, my child; remain in statu quo, While I propel they cradled to fro. Let no involved rest inter alios Prevail while we're consulting inter nos.

THE DESERT MIRAGE.

All summer in the year 187— the Indians had been making life miserable for the settlers in the Gopher Hills region. The Sioux were then nominally at peace with Uncle Sam and his white nephews, so the assistance we received from the military was very slight indeed.

Finally, just before the cold weather came on, affairs took on a new phase. The raids increased in number. Almost every night someone was robbed of a choice bunch of cattle or several head of fine horses. One night Pilcher's ranch, on the north fork of Buffalo creek, would be visited; the next Haggood's, on the south fork, sixty miles away, would suffer. And in each case was detected some of Adam Gibson's work. Gibson was one of the most expert horse and cattle thieves in the country, was rockless and daring, and had quite a band of white followers as foxy and desperate as himself.

Three days after Haggood's horses were run off a dozen Indians, with Gibson and his eight desperadoes, made an afternoon raid on Meeker's ranch, killing old Captain Mesker and two of his men, and running off a bunch of twenty horses. There was a hurried rallying of settlers, and that night preparations were made for pursuit.

Before dawn twelve brave men well armed and mounted, left Haggood's, on the trail of the horse thieves, with the promise of re-enforcements before noon.

The re-enforcing party, of which the writer was one, started on the trail of Pen's boys a few hours later, and were making good progress when a heavy norwester drove us into cover at the camp of a squaw man on Turtle Ridge. The storm raged all night and part of the next day. Then, in the bitter cold, we again took up the trail—or rather took the direction in which we believed the raiders had gone for the snow had obliterated the trail—and worked rapidly into the hills.

That day's search brought us no signs of the fugitives, nor of Harney and his men, but on the third day the weather having moderated to a great extent, we were able to search more thoroughly, and toward evening, in a little canyon in the mountains, found and rounded up Captain Meeker's stolen horses.

There were, however, no signs to indicate that human beings had been near, and, after two days' more hard work in the worst piece of country a man ever got into, we gave up and returned home discouraged.

The summer of 187—, nearly three years later than the occurrence just recorded, was a terribly hot, dry season. For weeks together the sky was perfectly cloudless and hardly a spear of grass, to say nothing of other vegetation, could be seen on the dusty, desert-like plains. Not a drop of rain fell and the sky's clearness was that of polished brass. Lakes and springs, creeks and coules, all dried up, and the few wells in the Gopher hills country were at a very low ebb, and soon there was nothing for the cattle to eat.

It was when this state of affairs came upon the country that the settlers began to emigrate to more favored ranges to remain until the drought should be at an end, and among the emigrants was the Merrick outfit, to which the writer belonged.

We had been on the road westward nearly a week, traveling slowly, on account of the cattle, and had camped one night near the foot of a long range of hills beyond which, the next day, we hoped to find water and good pasturage. It was very late when we camped, for it was necessary to cover as much ground as possible, and the nights being comparatively cool we kept the cattle on the move as long as we could every evening. Just after sunset we had noticed a heavy mass of scudding clouds on the southern horizon, but had paid little attention to it, as we felt that no such good fortune as a rainstorm could befall us—and it didn't. But just after we turned in, Merrick, Joslin and myself, leaving Betts, John Merrick and the Swede, Anderson, to take first watch with the cattle, there came several gusts of wind, followed by a terrific sweeping rumble, and before we could realize what the matter was the tent was ripped from its fastenings, the wagon was overturned and the most terrible dust storm any of us had ever known on the plains was upon us. It was useless to seek for shelter—useless to move. So, for two or three hours, we lay flat on the ground in our blankets, the wind occasionally rolling us over and sifting sand into our clothing, down our backs into our eyes and mouths and nostrils.

When the storm abated a bit we gathered ourselves together and took our bearings. The tent was gone, but the overturned wagon was close by, and to it was hitched our horses, very much frightened, but unable to

break loose. Of our miscellaneous possessions there was nothing so far as we could find in the dark, not literally buried in the sand. Finding it of no use to search for anything and being unable to sleep, the old man, Joslin and I sat in the wagon and held an experience meeting. Day broke and the boys straggled into camp utterly worn out, with jaded ponies. The cattle had stampeded with the storm and there wasn't a hoof-mark to show which direction they had taken. It was out of all reason to suppose they had taken anything but a northerly direction, however, on account of the heavy south wind. So leaving Joslin to cook for the other boys, the old man and I started out, confident of overtaking the missing herd before nightfall.

He had failed, however, to take into consideration the speed of the thoroughly frightened cattle, and though we occasionally ran across the carcass of a calf or yearling, trampled to death by the others in their flight, not a live animal did we see that day.

That night we camped on the open prairie without a blanket and with only a bit of hardtack to eat. The horses were almost worn out, and there was nothing for them to eat or drink.

In the morning we rose early, tightened our belts, saddled up and proceeded northward again. All around us was level prairie, covered with dust, which arose in little clouds at every step of our weary horses.

We stopped talking after awhile and sat listless in our saddles, our mouths open, to try and cool our parched tongues. And still the pitiless sun beat upon us scorchingly, the dust rose and enveloped us in a cloud, and the end of our search seemed no nearer.

It must have been about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when I was suddenly aroused from the half nap into which I had fallen by an exclamation from Merrick.

There, only a few rods before us, rising out of the level plain, was a mass of rock, not very large, but still of sufficient dimensions to afford ourselves and our animals the shelter we needed. In less time than it takes to relate it we had unsaddled, hobbled our horses and cast ourselves in the grateful shadow of the rock to sleep the sleep begotten of terrible heat and utter fatigue.

I had been asleep—perhaps 'dead' would be a better word—for perhaps two hours, when the snorting and stamping of the horses brought me suddenly to a sitting posture. I looked before me and shouted—or, rather, shrilly whispered—to the old man, giving him a vigorous blow with my hand at the same time. He, too, sprang up, his eyes and mouth opening in wonder.

A mist had gathered on the plain. Before us rose and grew a circle of rocky, wooded hills. In the background a black, threatening storm cloud came rolling over the hills, and vivid lightning flashed from it—but the thunder was lacking. Then, as we looked and rubbed our eyes, forth from the dusty plain, almost at our feet, a sheet of clear, blue water rose, and, spreading covered the space between us and the hills.

Old Merrick grabbed my arm. "Mirage!" he gasped, "but ain't it like that lake in the hills where we looked for Harney's boys?"

The horses struggled with their hobbles and we caught them and held their lariats.

The lake was strangely still now. From its edges inward it began to grow calm and glassy, and presently a sheet of clear, crystal ice covered it to the center. Then the storm cloud back of the hills closed in upon the scene before us. A few feathery flakes of snow fell, slowly at first, then faster and faster they came, until the frozen lake stood out a broad expanse of pure white amid the rocks and trees and shrubs of the partially snow-shrouded hills.

Suddenly Merrick shrieked and again clutched my arm. "Good God! Sandy, look!"

Out of a wooded canyon on the right rode a band of men. Fascinated, I counted them as they filed down onto the shore of the little lake. There were twenty-one.

One or two of the men dismounted and seemed to be tightening their saddle-girths, while another, evidently the leader, pointed to the inaccessible rocks on almost all sides and then across the lake, as if urging his band to cross on the ice. He rode out on the white bosom of the lake and the rest followed, all picking their way carefully.

Merrick clutched my arm again. Out of the same canyon whence the larger party had emerged a few moments before dashed at full speed another but a smaller band of horsemen. They did not hesitate, but rode fiercely out on the ice in the wake of the first party, and in the lead was the big black stallion Pen Harney always rode.

The first party, now in the middle of the lake, turned quickly to meet their pursuers. There was a flash of firearms, but still no sound. The men fought at arm's length, and presently all we could see was a crowding, struggling mass of men and horses, all together, with the flames from rapidly discharged revolvers playing about them like lightning.

From the hither side of the lake a dark, irregular streak breaks and finds its way unheeded by the battling horsemen toward the scene of conflict. Faster it goes and then, with a shriek of warning dies in my throat, there is a mighty splash of ice and water, and the men who were trying only a moment ago to take the lives of others are struggling to save their own, for the thin ice has given way, and every man and beast has sunk into the merciless water beneath! And the white snow falls and covers the tragedy.—B. L. Ketchum in the San Francisco Examiner.

An Original Prize Contest.

To the first person who by taking two letters from the word "Plague," can make the name of a disease that is common in portions of both Canada and the United States will be given an elegant Upright Piano, valued at \$25, or its equivalent in cash, if preferred. To the second person will be given a Pony, Carriage and Harness complete, valued at \$200, or its equivalent in cash, if preferred. To the third person will be given an elegant gold watch valued at \$50, or its equivalent in cash. Fifty other prizes ranging in value from \$25 to \$5 will be awarded to the next fifty persons sending correct solutions strictly in order as received. If you have tried other so-called competitions without success you must not condemn these offered by this company, as they are perfectly reliable, and are carried on in good faith. Contestants must enclose U. S. Postal note for thirty cents, or fifteen two-cent stamps, for one month's trial subscription to the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, which is the handsomest and best illustrated weekly publication for ladies on this continent. The only object in offering this competition is to introduce it into new homes, and we guarantee that no partially will be shown in the awarding of prizes. Persons living at a distance, or in the United States have as good an opportunity, as the date of postmark on letters will be given precedence, so answer early. Address LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, 117 "D," Toronto, Canada.

An Epidemic of Bloody Flux.

Last summer the flux raged here to a fearful extent. About five miles north of here, at the Whiteside grave yard, there were five victims of this dreadful disease buried in one day. The doctors could do nothing with the disease. When my family were taken, I went to Walters Brothers, of Waltersburg, and told them the situation. They said, give them Chamberlain's Cholera, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy; that they had sent out several hundred bottles into the infected district and "every day we hear how this medicine is curing them. So far we have not heard of its failing in a single instance." I went to giving it and could soon see the good effects and a cure was the result. Any one in doubt about these facts may write to me.—L. C. ELLIS, Rock Pope county, Illinois. For sale by Geo. M. Cheney.

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Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach is disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils and gives a complexion. Sold at McMillen's drugstore, 50 cents per bottle.

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Cholera infantum has lost its terrors since the introduction of Chamberlain's Cholera, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. When that remedy is used and the treatment as directed with each bottle is followed, a cure is certain. Mrs. Fanny Lauderdale, of Rock, Pope county, Illinois, says it cured her baby of cholera infantum and she thinks saved its life. A. W. Walter, of Waltersburg, Illinois, says it cured his baby boy of cholera infantum after several other remedies had failed. The child was so low that "he seemed almost beyond the aid of human hands or reach of any medicine," but Chamberlain's Cholera, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured him. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Geo. M. Cheney.

PREPONDERANCE OF EVIDENCE.

If, as the saying goes, "straws show which way the wind blows," the testimony given in black and white regarding the merits of an article, and by those, too, whose daily experience is calculated to make them familiar with such subjects, then the following note carries more than ordinary weight.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1888. Dear Sir—I have tried a bottle of your Bortering for the complexion and find it a most delightful preparation, beautifying the skin and leaving no bad effects. For the future I shall use no other preparation. Sincerely yours, JEFFREYS LEWIS.

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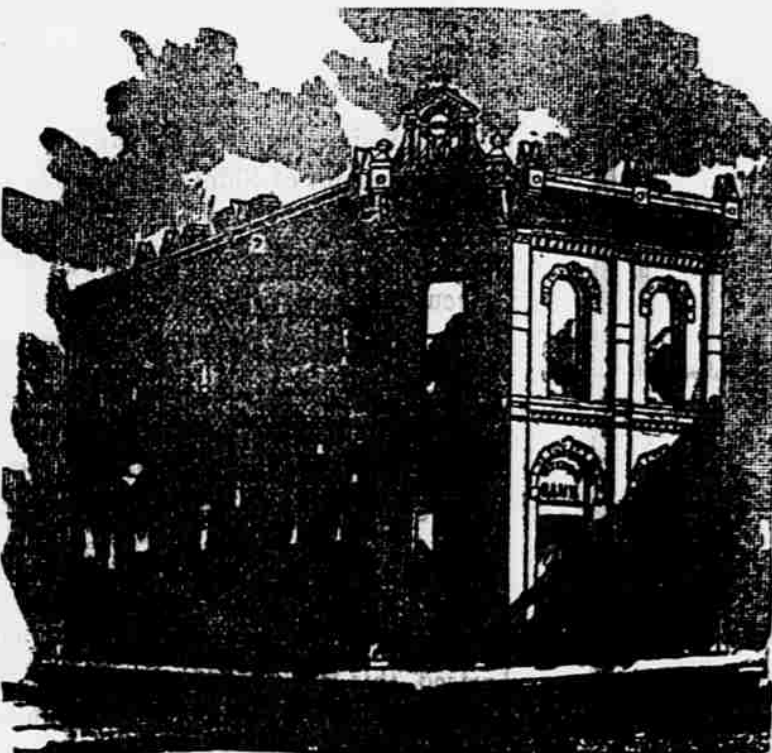
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