#### SUPERSTITIOUS STATESMEN.

Benater Hansbrough's Election Foretold by The Goddess of Liberty.

LEGISLATORS WHO DREAM DREAMS.

A Tarilling Story in Connection with Callicoun's Scheme of Nullitication-Frank Batton and the Washington Post.

tropolisht, mil, by Frank G. Carpenter. Wishisonos, Feb. 26.—Special Correspondence of Tim Bre. Three fourths of the great men of our country are superstitions. Away down in the souls of the most practical statesmen, generals and scholars luck premovations which disturb their owners fully as much as those of the wildest rminginutions of the plantation darkey, Speaker Carlisle will never start ou a journey on Friday. Secretary Blaine will not go back to enter his house after be has quitted it if he has forgotten something, and he will walk a few blocks rather than do what he considers unlocky. I know a United States senator from the south who carries a rabbit foot, and Major McKinley carries a buckeye is his pocket for rhoumatism. There are statesmen here who believe that a bat's liver is a sure preventive of contagious discase if carried in the left vest pocket just over the heart, and the latest superstition in regard, to political luck has just come out in connection with Senator Hausbrough's election to the United States senate. Both the Washington menument and the Goddess of Liberty are neixed up in it, and it is the marriageso to speak of these two that brings about the combination which points the politician on his road to fortune. THE GOODESS OF LIBERTY AS A PORTENE

TELLER. The Washington monument is 555 feet high. It leares against the blue sky, a great white shaft, and it towers nearly two hundired feet above the capitol dome which stands on a hill about a mile away. The Goddess of Liberty is of bronze. She weighs 14,000 pounds and she stands erect on a great bronze globe on the cap of the dome meas-uring wineteen and one half feet from her toes to the tips of the feathers which rown her beautiful head. She is a woman of wonderful beauty, and as the Pennsylvania rail-road train carries the statesman out of Washington it goes around part of the city in such a way that the traveler looking from the windows sees this great figure of the state of Liberty coming nearer and nearer to the Washington monument until at last the two are in direct line with his eye and the great goddess forms a black sillionette against the pure white of the menument. This view of the monument has to be caught on a train going at the rate of forty miles an hour. There are a number of car tracks just at the point where it becomes visible and a passing freight car will shat it out. It can only be seen for a second, and only one time perhaps in a dozen trips. Public men leaving the capital on missions keep their eyes glued on the windows, and if they are bucky enough to catch the combination they expect to find their missions successful. If not, some of them feel the superstitious dread of failure assured, and it is strange

how many times they are correct.

When Hansbrough went home to seek for a re-election to congress he kepthis eye glaed on the goldless from the time the train left the station, but just as he was about to see her kiss the monument a freight car rushed in and the monument passed. He went to Da-kota and failed to get his election. The last time he left was to make his fight for the

But I will let him tell the story But I will let him tell the story himself. Said he: "I watched the goddess as we left the depot. The tracks were full of freight cars and I feared I should miss it. Senator Farwell was with me and he also kept his eyes toward the capitol. As we went out of the city, freight cars increased, and as we neared the point where the two come together the track was full of them. I kept my eye or the wha-dow, however, and I just caught a view of the goddess against the monument between the cars of a passing train. I was leaning over and watching closely as I did so, and when the two came together I excitedly clapped one hand against the other, saying, Tve got it, and I nearly scared the wits out of an old woman who sat in front of me and who must have thought I was crazy. Well, I went out to Dakota and secured my election.
I don't, of course, believe that the monument and the goddess had much to do with it, but Charlie Farwell, who failed to see them, went out to Illinois for the same purpose and

STATESMEN WITH DREAMS. Senator Hansbrough had, I am told, a dream in connection with this combination in which he was told that if the monument and the goddess came together on his trip he would be successful. There are no end of curious dreams described in the cloak rooms of the house and senate. Some of our greatest statesmen are connected with the stories

President Lincoln had a dream which he believed prophesied his assassination. He was lying on a lounge in his chamber and when he awoke he saw his picture in the looking glass opposite him. His figure was reflected at full length and his face had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the nose of the other. The illusion startled him. He got up and looked in the glass, but us he did so the second face vanished. He lay as he did so the second face vanished. He lay down again, went half asleep, and then noticed it again, and this time he saw that one of the faces was paler than the other. He believed that the whole was a foreteiling of his death, and he said that it made a great impression upon his wife. He tried the experiment again and again after that, but never succeeded in reproducing the images. Sennter Legan was to a certain extent a believer in dreams. He thought it was bad luck to dream of his teeth, and be dreamt of these just before his adopted daughter, Katie, died. She was absent at the time and just a few days before her death he said one morning at breakfast: "I am afraid Katie is siek." This expression came from hisdream, and a few days later he got a telegram chronicalling her death.

GENERAL GRANT HAD DREAMS During his last illness, which were reported at the time, and which he thought foretold his death. Just before he slipped and fell he had the same kind of presentiment, when he was first inaugurated here as president. He made personal inquiries at the stands at the the capitol and told the officials that he feared an accident. He even went so far as to have an army engineer to examine the supports of the immense stand creeted on supports of the immense stand creeted on the main east portico. The test was made by allowing five or six hundred persons to go on it that meraing. It was found to be all right and a report to that effect was made to General Grant. As he heard it he replied: "I don't doubt but that you are right, but still I fear something will occur there that will be unpleasant to me." An accident did occur, but it was an accident to Grant's father and not to Grant. The old man stum-bled over a board which had been insecurely bled over a board which had been insecurely fixed on the capitol steps, and seriously in-jured his leg. It was at first thought the leg was broken, but it turned out to be only a severe sprain. Grant did not hear of this until he reached the white house. As he got out of the carriage he saw the carriage containing his father drive up, and though he said he knew nothing of the necident, he asked: "Father, were you nurt much:" The old gentleman informed him that he was not seriously injured. "Well, I am glad," said General Grant, "that it is not worse, but I felt sure something would oc-

HOW WASHINGTON WARNED CALHOUN, "The most remarkable dream I have ever heard of was that which is said to have been related by John C. Cathoun to Bob Toombs and others at just about the time when he was preaching nullification and secession in South Carolina. Calhoun told the story, it was said, at a breakfast party. He was observed to be continually brushing his right hand in a nervous way when Mr. Toombs asked:

What is the matter with your hand, senaor! Does it pain you?"4
Mr. Calhous put his hand under the table An annoyed frown came over his face, and he jerked it quickly out again, saying: 'There is nothing the matter with my hand, only I had a peculiar dream last night which makes me see an indellible black spot like an

ink blotch on the back of it. I know it is an optical illusion, but I can't belp seeing it."
Serator Calbour did not continue, and
Beb Toombs asked: "But what was your
dream like, senator? I am not superstitious,
but I think there is sometimes a great deal of truth in dreams.

Calhons turned a shade paler and then said! "I don't object to telling you. It was, it seems to me, absurd in the extreme. I dreamed that I was in my room writing and that I had given orders that no one should disturb me. While I was in the busiest part of my work the door opened and a visitor entend. He did not speak a word, and to my surprise and indignation be calmily took a seat on the other size of the table opposite me. As I looked at him over the top of my lamp I saw that he was wrapped in a thin cloak which effectually concealed his feat-OROROL WASHINGTON'S OROST. clock which effocusily concealed his features. I started to speak when he broke in in slemn tones with 'what are you writing, mater from South Carolina.'

"Strange to say, the question did not seem important to me and I replied. 'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the

'As I said this the man west on: 'Senator from South Carolina, will you let me sock at your right hand.' Isturted to hold out my hand. The figure arose, the cloak fell, and I hand. The figure arose, the cloak fell, and I
beheld his face. Gentlemen, that face struck
me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a
dead man, and the features were those of
General Washington. He was dressed in a
recolutionary costume? and,—here Mr. Calhean passed—and Rob Tooms who was very
much excited asked:

"Well, what did be say!"
Mr. Calleone, realest. "I tried to keen

Mr. Callions replied: "I tried to keep back my hand, but I could not do it. I rose to my feet and extended it to him. He grasped it and held it near the light, and after looking at it for a moment said: "And scuator from South Carolina, would you with this right, band, sign your name to a paper dissolving the union? 'Yes,' I replied, "it needs be I will sign

ich a declaration.

Well, gentlemes, at that moment a black otch appeared on the back of my hand, and frightened me, and I said to the ghost, What is that? 'That,' replied he dropping my hand, 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.' And with that he drew from beneath his cloak a skeleton and laird it upon the table. There said he, 'are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung at Charleston. He gave up his life in order to establish the union. When you put your name to a declaration of dissolution, you may as well have the boxes dissolution, you may as well have the bones of Ismae Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinan, and so are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand. With these words the ghost left the room and I awoke. I found myself sitting at my table, but the dream was so vivid that I can still see the

GENERAL FRANK HATTON'S RABBIT FOOT. General Frank Hatton, who was the head of the postoffice department in President Arthur's cabinet, is said to have the most lacky rabbit foot in Washington. He got it two or three years ago in Chicago, and from it robably comes his success and that of the big paper, the Washington Post, which he is making so valuable. The story as told to me by one of General Hatton's friends is that this rabbit foot was sent to him by the seventh son of a seventh son of a Georgia darkey, who had been befriended in some way by the Hatton family, and that it renched him when he was in Chicago. He at the time though the world hardly knew it, metopoorically speaking, trotting around on his uppers. He had been connected with the Chicago Mail and the New York Press, and had lost a small fortune. He hadn't a cent in his pocket, and though he lived well It was only through the faith of me of his friends who keeps a big hotel in Chicago, and who told Hatton to keep his family there s long as he pleased and to look around intil something turned up. The general did not think much of the rabbit foot, but he at it in his pocket and went out, walked up and down the street along the banks of the ace and thought. The rabbit's foot and the larkey terned his mind towards the and he finally got to thinking about Wash ington and Washington newspapers. The more he thought about the field the better he iked it, and he finally but his hand in his socket and grabbed the paw of the rabbit and said:

I'LL BUY THE WASHINGTON POST. He went back to the hotel and told his wife that he had decided to buy the Washington Post and move to Washington. Mrs. Hatton ossesses considerable common sense and she

aid:
"But, Frank, hew are you going to buy it. You have no money, and the Post is a costly property."

Till borrow the money," said General Hat ton, and with that he went out on the street called on a friend, and borrowed enough to take him to Washington and to keep him there for the week or two necessary for his negotiations. The amount, however, was so small, that when he got to Washington he stopped with a friend rather than to put up at the best hotel in the city, as was his cus

Now, the Post was owned by Mr. Stilson Hutchins, and he considered it worth somewhere about \$800,000 General Haton put on a bold air and called n Hutchins. He talked as though he owned nillions, but Hutchins had a sneaking idea hat he did not own anything. Nevertheless, he discussed the situation with him, and they dickered over terms from day to day, until Hutchins got his figures down somewhere near \$200,000. At this time General Hatton met ex-Congressman Beriah Wilkins, who was then about to leave the house at the close f his term and did not know where to go not what to do. Hatten found how he was situ-ated, and meeting him on the street, pro-posed that he go in with him posed that he go in with him and that they buy the Post to-gether. Wilkins appeared to like the idea, but he said that he hadn't a great deal of money and that he would have

o goslow.
"Well, come on and see Hutchins about i anyhow." said Hatton. And the two went to Stilson Hutchins office. There the dickering began again and at last Hutchins said: "Now, Mr. Hatton you and I have been alking over this matter for several days, and t seems to me that there's too blank much alk and two blank little money. Now I want you either to put up or shut up. I'l sell you the Washington Post for \$210,000 on certain terms, and I want \$10,000 cash by to morrow at 12 o'clock to bind the bargain." With that he looked at Hatton. The face of the ex-postmaster general was like that of the Sphinx. His iron law was more like iron

than ever. He looked Hutchins in the eye and with nothing in his pocket he said coolly: "I'll take it. Write out your terms and sign your proposition."

As he did this Beriah Wilkins turned pale He did not know what to make of it, and as the two left together, he said timidly to Hat

"But Frank, where are you going to get

THAT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

can raise some money but I can't get \$10,-000 dollars here in Washington on three ours' notice." "Who in — asked you to get it?" re oined Hatten, and with that he shut his jaws together again and told Wilkins not to worry, that he would attend to it. This was in the evening. He went home that night and slept like a top. The next morning he called upon a banker friend here at about 10 o'clock. He a banker friend here at about 10 o'clock. He met him in his private office and told him that he wanted to buy the Post, and that he had to put up \$10,000 by noon and that he wanted him to lead him \$10,000. He then went over the situation and showed his friend how the Post could be made to pay and the old capitalist grunted and listened. He continued to listen and exceptioned to grant until Hatton. to listen and continued to grunt until Hatton got through and then walked with him to the door without giving an answer. He followed Hatton out to the cab in which he had come to his office and as Hatton got in, still not knowing how the thing was going to turn out, he stebbed in after him and told the cabby to drive to Riggs' bank. Here the two

ot out and went in, and the capitalist gave Frank Hatton A CHECK FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. A CHECK FOR TEX THOUSAND BOLLARS.

Hatton presented it and the money was counted out to him. As soon as he had seen that it was correct be handed it back and asked for a certified check for \$10,000. It was given him and be folded it up and put it into his pants pocket beside the rabbit foot.

He then drove to the office of the Washingon Post and reached there within five mir

utes of 12 o'clock. He stepped into Mr. Hutchins room, and Stilson Hutchins greeted im with the remark which he judged to be "Well, Frank," said he, with a laugh, "I

"Well, Frank," said he, with a laugh, "I suppose you've come to buy the Post."
"Yes, I have," replied General Hatton, "and I'll take it now."
"Indeed," said Hutchins, "but you remember that the contract calls for \$10,000 in cash before noon today."
"Oh, that's all right," said Hatton, as

though \$10,000 was nothing to him. "Here's my certified caseck for the ameant."
Hutchers was astounded, but he took the check and with that he lost the Post.
The remainder of the purchase money is now almost paid. The paper is making money hand over fist, and Beriah Wikins and Frank Hatton are growing rich. Their success is of course due to their abilities, but I don't believe you could get that rabbit's foot for its weight in gold. for its weight in gold.
Frank G. Carpenten.

Buy Your Wife or Die. by three professional murderers because he would not pay blackmuil to the Chew Yut Torig, a powerful organization of high binders, says the San Francisco Examiner. The affray occurred in front of Au Tan's place of business, seven shots were fired on both sides. It was a miracle that nobody was

From the story told by Ah Tan it appears that he was married about a month ago to a woman who was living at one of the Chipese missions. She was formerly a slave, whose owners imported her from China and placed her is a low resert in Chinatown. From that place she was rescued by the ladies in charge of the mission. The slave-owners, who are members of the Chew Yut Tong, attempted to gain possession of her through the courts. A writ of habens corpus was directed to the missionaries, commanding them to produce the woman in court. They did so. A hard fought legal battle ensued, but the ladies of the mission were victorious, and they sucreceited in retaining possession of woman who was the cause of last night's

When Ah Tan married her a decree was issued by thew Yut Tong commanding him to pay the market price of the woman to her former owners. The price demanded was \$2,500. Ali Tan declined to pay, and he was warned that death would be his portion if he disobeyed the decree. Ah Tan and his wife left their moms, intending to go to the theater. As they stepped upon the sidewalk three Chinese approached and one of them shoved a revolver under Ah Tan's nose. A demand was made upon him for the money, which was claimed as the purchase price of

Mrs. Ah Tan screamed and ran back into the house. "Bang' went a pistol, and a bul-let imbedded itself in the wall near ner. Ah Tan jumped backwardand drew nis revolver. The movement was noticed by the three highbinders and they all fired at the same time. None of the bullets hit him and he returned the fire. But the highbinders were running away; Ah. Tan's aim was bud and they escaped with whole skins. As they ran they sent a few more bullets at Ah Tan, but he escaped unburt.

Members of the Chinatown police squad heard the firing and arrived just after the highbinders escaped. Ah Tan's revolver was in his hand. He had reloaded his weapon and stood prepared to give his enemies more battle. The police arrested him for carrying concealed weapons. He said the three mon who attacked him were Ah Fook, Ah Koon and Chum Pit. They are known as three of the most desperate highbinders in the city. Late in the night the police arrested Lew Hung and Wong Sam for carrying concealed weapons. On one of them a revolver was found to the characteristics of the control o found, while the other had a murderous look-ing knife on his person. Both men are suspected of being concerned in the attack on

His Mother's Boy.

Yanker Blade. There's the noisy boy,
And the quiet boy,
And the boy who flunks at school;
There's the boy who's sly,
And the boy who's fly, And the boy who apes the mule.

But of all the boys Who nourish the joys
Of the mother's heart at home,
is the boy who's weak, And timid and meek The darling who will not roam.

That the world is tough And rugged and rough, Full well his mother knows, How can she bear l'o see him dare It's grim, unfeeling blows!

Are life's prod and spur, That makes of the boy a man! Though born to rule, Might rule hero's plan.

So she keeps him snug As a bug in a rug, Where nobody says him nay; Till he turns out a cad, Or goes to the bad,

While the mother's hair turns gray, Keeping Account with the Girls. There is a young man in this city as well known in business circles as he is to a large number of young ladies, says the Philadelphia Press. In his business he is quiet, regular and industrious, and particularly prides himself upon the neatness and accuracy which characterize his books of account During the social season he flits about from entertainment to entertainment, frequently attending the opera and playhouses, always having with him some one of about a score of girls to whom he pays more or less attention When asked recently why he had so many

girls he said : "O' all girls talk, as they write, very much alike, but still there is more variety in twenty than in one. Besides I keep a regular set of books at home in which I enter every cent I spend on them, and it offords me con-siderable amusement. For instance, I charge cost of theater tickets, flowers, supper, and carriage hire and then credit it with the amount of pleasure I had, as 'passable time,' 'enjoyed the evening hugely,' etc. The girls who afford me the most enjoyment receive the greater number of invitations, so I think I may fairly say that I seek relaxation and pleasure in the same way that I attend to my business-on system."

What She was For. Brooklyn Life.

kissed her. Yes, I will admit it; We two were alone in the hall Her roses were red, and the perfume Got into my head; that was all.

By Jove, but it wasn't my fault, man— 'Twas her own—she was ravishing fair; Herlips were like rose leaves uncurling And her eyes were like stars, and her hair

Was as sweet as the breath of wild violets. Lord, love you, how could I resist? A man's only human, whatever, And that woman was made to be kissed.

Very Affecting.

A physician says in the Trioune: "We often have queer experiences. Let me tell you one. I once knew a man and wife. They were perfectly polite, and to all appearances were highly respectable. One day, in con versation with the lady, I happened to speak of children, when she spoke up and said, 'I had a little baby once, but it died. I also had n little poodle, and it died too. It nearly killed me. Oh, if I had only known you, doctor."

Many Like That. Harper's Bazaar: "Was your hus-band insured?" "Yes; \$5,000 in a mutual assessment company." "Did you get the money?" "I understand that I John was the only member in good standing at the time of his death, the assessment fell on me. But I've got the money.

When the lord chief justice of England orders Cook's extradry champagne, it's a sad commentary on our Auglomaniaes.

Acquitted, of Course.

Orange Life: "My client, your honor, said the lawyer, "cannot be guilty of bigamy. We admit the marriage with the first alleged wife. The second mar riage was null and void because of the previous one-in fact, was no marriage, Hence, as you will see at once, there were no two marriages and therefore no

De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best little nill ever made. Cure constitution every time. None equal, Use them now. BOY AND MAN

John Paul Bornth in New York World The shadows come home to the copse, the cry of the wind is at rest! To sleep on the river's breast.

The swallows fly up to the caves, The dusk to the meadow clines, Like the castle of fulling leaves

A gleam through a contained pane

Shes cut from the nearth a red glow, To the gathering glosen that tain Would creep through the easements low. Till the lonely also creep Towards the nearest window light, And misers spreads her deep, Damy phinous over the night.

But of all of the things that crawl And shudder out in the codd. The wretchedest thing of all is a lamb long lost from the fold.

On the nursery wall within Hangs the picture of childhood's grace, Outside—what a ruin has sin Wrought out in that innocent face!

THE NEBRASKA FUGITIVES.

A Story of the Late Indian Uprising.

CHAPTER XV.

TRACIC SCENES IN THE POREST. The greedy, yellow flames soon began to reepup through the interstices of the brush arrounding our two dosmed friends, who stood seemingly as immovable as the trees to which they were bound; not a twitching of a muscle could be detected.

It was a horrible, almost unearthly specacle, the fire growing brighter and fiercer, throwing fantastic shadows through the woods, lighting up the dark tree trunks with the vividness of moonday, the dusky halfnaked flends, leaping, dancing and scream ing in the wildest delight and exultation, and the vast wilderness vibrating with ad the din of nell's infernal crew."

The little forest glade resembled some uninflowed arena or paridementum, where risal-cious demons had assembled to enact their

bloody and informal rites.

Poor Nan Barrett, poor Nell Browning:
Their overtaxed spirits had succumbed. In
sheer norror they had both swooned dead
away. Their heads dangled on their bosoms, and alone the cruel thoms which bound them prevented their fragile forms from falling costrate to the earth.

The fire now began to wave its forked ongues in terrible proximity to the faces of the tortured prisoners. Cameron's hunting coutwas scorehed and smoking and would oon be in flames, and in a few moments fore he, and Scipio, too, would have been eyond all human aid. But suddenly, just as the fire had actually begun its excruciating work upon the skin of the helpless captives, the forest resounded

with the thunderous explosion of a scor or more of Winchesters, and half a many of the barbarous gang surrounding the hopeless prisoners fell to the groun writhing in the last agonies of death. Ther with maddened yells a large number of blue coated forms, together with Pierre Eaptiste the government scout, Bob, jr, Mr. Barrett, and Bonaparte, the servant, barst from the encompassing undergrowth and came bounding toward the infernal arena, where the remaining Stoux stood agliast, with bulging eyes and faces filled with a fearful expecta-

So sudden and been this destructive on slaught that those unburt were filled with consternation and stood as if petrified or chained to the spot by some unseen power, for a moment atterly incapable of raising a hand in their own defense. But as the soldiers began to close still

But as the soldiers began to close still closer in they began to realize their situation and with piercang screams of affright turned to flee—all but one—the treacherous and re-vengeful Le Loup. Seeing there was no es-cape he determined before giving up his life that his cruel malignancy should be glutted. With a wicked look in his ballisk eyes he pealed forth the war-cry of his tribe, and with a leap he reached the side of the two unconscious giris. Frenziedly tearing his tomahawk from his belt, he circled it in whirling eddies around his tufted head a second, and then it had actually commenced its downward course toward its first intended victum, when it was restrained forth above all the horrid clin, and as Indian warrior, little and graceful, came leaping like a whirlwind toward the murderous chieftain and the circle. Le Loup recoiled a step, but too late, the weapon had glunced from the hand of the new arrival and quiv-ered in the dark breast of the treacherous Sioux. A deep guiteral ejaculation, which betrayed his unbounded surprise broke from Le Loup's lips, while his tomahawk fell from his enfeeble grasp, and the rigid fingers re-leased their clutch on Nell Brown-ing's hair, where he had entwined them, as he staggered forward with the

life blood streaming over his half naked per-son and fell upon his face, hissing between his set teeth, the single word: "Nighthawk!"
While this thrilling scene was being enacted, there were others equally interesting tolug on. Baptiste and Bonaparte were quickly at Cameron's and Scipio's side, and dashing away the blazing faggots, they sev-ered the bonds which bound our friends, delivering them just at the most critical time, and saving them from serious injury from the

By this time the two girls had regained their consciousness, probably revived by the very horror of the situation at the moment of their rescue from Le Loup's awful ven-geance. I shall not attempt to depict the scenes that succeeded. The lovers, and father and son and daughter mingled their

words of gratitude and joy together.

Their offerings were devout and hea tfelt, while their more earthly feelings were exwhile their more carriers seed of the hibited in silent and fervent caresses. As soon as Cameron unfolded his precious love from his close embrace, she threw herself into her father's arms, and with her head upon his breast, she burst into an almost incoherent outburst of fond affection and thanksgiving, while Bob, jr., and Nell Browning strained each other their hearts

in most estatic happiness.

But a short time had chapsed from the mo ment when the soldiers' Winchesters had reverberated through the woods, and that in which Le Loup had fallen dead with his chest crushed in from the blow of the young Cheyenne's whirling tomahawk.

But what had become of the Hak of the Night: The events of the past few mo-ments had forever removed all doubts of his loyalty and friendship for the Barrett family

and all turned to shower their gratitude upon Nan Barrett was the first to discover him, and it was his outstretched form lying close o that of the lifeless Le Loup, that caught

With a cry of recognition, mingled with alarm, she sprang to his side.

It needed but a glance to reveal that he had received a death wound, but whence it came, none could say. All they saw was the blood pouring down his swathy chest, and the bullet wound in his neck.

There was a general exclamation of lumen-

tation and pity, and kneeling. Nan lifted his head to her lap, determined that his last mo-meets might be as unroflled as it was in her ower to make them. The dying Indian lifted his hand and motioned them all to gather close to him, as he gazed with a steady eye into their gloomy faces. His bloodless lips then parted, and his voice was distinctly audible.

"See how a Christian Indian can de. The teachings of the good missionaries have not all been thrown away. The Night Hawk has done his duty tothe Maniton and his mortal friends. The little circle knelt around him in mute remorse and sorrow, till Nan, recovering her

voice, said in choking tones:
"O Hawk, must you die!"
"Yes; the Cheyenne is happy, doe, for Sanshine knows he was her friend. The Hawk tried to save all in de wagon but could iot. He did his best and the Great Spirit miles on him. Good bye!!! It was evident to our friends that the grim conquerer was present—that the faultless frame, which a few minutes before rejoiced in the exuberance of health and strength, was

again resolved into its eternal elements. The roung Cheyenne's faithful life had gone out with the last word be uttered, and the soft light from the camp-fire fell full upon his si-lent form, lighting up that red, sombre face upon which was stamped an expression of majestic, yet mournful tranquility. Half an hour later, when all the sounds of strife had ceased, and the dark, murky pools

of blood, and the stiffening corpses of the doud, were all that told where the awful some had taken place, our sorrow stricken friends lay the faithful Cheyenne in his grave, beneath his native forest shade, and forever covered that splendid form, once so full of wild vitality and strength, new cold, rigid and powerless, yet nighty in its fall, all of the control ricid and powerless, yet mignty in its fall, never again to appear until the great day of judgment and decision, which must fall auko upon he of the reaskin and he of the white,

CHAPTER XVI. WHICH ENDS MY UNDERFERRIDES DISTORY Lest my readers may suspect me guitty of of trilling with their creaturity. I will hasten to lay before them the operations of Pierro Raptiste and his companions since we left them at the edge of the woods, back within whose of the they had discovered the camp-fire of

Le Loup's war-party.

"Now, Bob," said the scout in a whisper,
"I've get to take a look at things in there,"
pointing toward the glunnering light, "and
you folks must remain right here until—
helio! what's that! Are there more of them These words, as the reader may suppose

startled the fugitives like the bursting of a Then, on the breeze from the prairie, came the muffled sound of berses boots striking on

"More Stoux," silence,new," whispered the unline hing half-breed. with painful eagerness our little party firmly chatched their Whichesters and watched, and the next moment a body of horsenen burst into view directly in front of them, but instead of the fluanting rannent of the Bedouins of the plains, they were the bright blue of Unele Sam's soldiers, and with a halling cry of recognition, the scout rushed from his concentment toward them.

the soft sod!

The troop came to an immediate halt, and a tall commanding looking fellow, appareled in the uniform of a captain, dismounted and

Well what is it my good fellow-what are you doing here. I am Captain Maxwell of Company I, Seventh cavalry, and I have been sent from the agency to bring in the family of Mr. Robert Barrett, but I have grave apprehensions that we are too late. We found the ranch in asties, and the broken down wagon on the plains, but that is all. Can you tell us anything of them? It would be supercrogatory to relate the feelings the cautain's words produced among

our little band of friends. It seemed like the interposition of Providence. Pierre Baptiste, first summoring the fugi-tives from their woody concealment, intro-duced them to the captain, then unicity and briefly related the events of the past few days, down to the discovery of Le Loup's camp-fire off in the woods on whose borders

At this very functure a chorus of wild yells arose on the night air back within the temebrious depths of the forest, and as the reader surmises it was the very outburst that greeted the close of the Black Cat's speech in which he had decided the fate of Cameron and Scipio.
Instant action was of course determined upon, and Captain Maxwell signified to the scout that he would acquiesce in all his orders. The captain had grown accustomed to such

authority during his long service on the Pierre then gave his commands quickly, and with the air of a superior, yet with proper deference to the officer, and with hearts beating high, he led nearly the whole number of the troop steathily through the woods toward the little glade, where the Black Cat and his flore followers were about to commence their work of tortare. The soldiers and our friends at last reached a favorable position, and crouch-low behind the brash, they thrust their low behind the brash, they thrust their Winchesters through the openings, and at a signar from Baptiste a deadly volley was poured in upon the hideons howiers and dancers about the torthre stakes. Then they sprang from their concealment, with a chorus of intimidating yells, and dashed forward upon their common foe, and the bloody scene portrayed in the last chapter, with the succeeding barner requiring followers.

seeding happy reunion, followed. It might seem a bit strange that our little party was allowed to reach the agency with-out further molestation, but such was the fact, which, of course is accounted for by the presence of Captain Maxwell's galant troopers, who accompanied and carefully catched over them until that haven of safetly catched over them until that haven of safetly was reached. Here Fred Cressy, Tim Bre's correspondent at the scene of the war, met George Cameron and jotted down the notes which furnished the basis of my story.

Pierre Baptiste, the government scout, I need hardly add, did not linger at Pine Ridge, but the next merning at the head of

Captain Maxwell's troop, and accompanied by Mr. Cressy, left for Porcupine creek, where a few days later they all participated nthe battle of Wounded Knee. What more! I lay down my pen with the simple announcement that my stery is told. What the reader, beyond all doubt, has anticipated from the beginning has not yet taken place. The Barrett family are in New York with the Camerons and it is highly probably the announcement of a couple of weddings will not be long postponed.

Strange, in sooth, are the rulings of Provi-

dence. Perplexing though, the web of our existence may be—lowering and dark the sky overhead—bitter the trials that beset us yet the darkest cloud has its silver lining, the night its dawning, and He who notes the fall of a hair, who doeth all things well, will lead us, if we will be led, within His fold, to go out no more forever.

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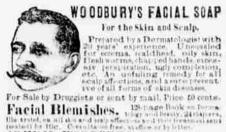
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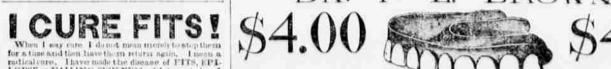
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