Fruits and Nuts of all Kin ds

NO. 2.

VOL. X.

"Halted down at the edge of the

"Anything to be seen across the val-

"Nothing, sir; not a puff of dust.

"Well, it's more like signal smoke

-well up toward the top.

hand and looking quickly up.

-t'other side of the valley."

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1894.

#### **Creat: Clearing: Sale** -AT THE

BOSTON: STORE

Our first annual clearing sale will commence on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13th,

and continue the balance of the month. Every article in our store will be sold regardless of value in order to close out all our winter goods before going to the eastern markets for our spring stock.

#### READ OUR PRICE-LIST.

The very best Outing Flannel, in dark colors, worth 121 to 15 cents, lying in a deep recess in some dark and go at this sale at 81 cents; real indigo blue prints, worth 8 cents, at this rocky canyon whose sides were vertical sale for 51 cents; the genuine German blue prints, yard wide, at this sale walls. Tumbling down from the woodat 91 cents; 2,000 yards unbleached muslin, worth 8 cents, at this sale for ed heights above—rare sight in Arizona 5½ cents; all-wool scarlet flannel, worth 30 cents, at this sale for 22½ cts.; extra fine scarlet flannel, worth 50 cents grees at 38 cents; all would be average of the fellows coming back far down the the war of the rebellion and declared eyes suffused, her cheeks blushing red. extra fine scarlet flannel, worth 50 cents, goes at 38 cents; all-wool beavits stony bed at his feet and went on er shawls, worth from \$5 to \$6, at this sale for 3.15; all-wool children's hose, worth 35 cents, at this sale for 22½ cents; ladies' wool hose at 20 sandy plain. There, presumably, it and 30 cents, worth one-third more. To close out our children's under- burrowed into the bosom of the earth, wear we make two lots, one lot worth 35 to 50 cents, your choice for 25 for no vestige of running stream could cents; second lot worth from 45 to 60 cents, your choice for 35 cents; the Cababi valley show. The walls But here's something I don't underall our ladies' natural wool underwear, worth from 50 to 65 cents, your about him were in places grimy with choice at 38 cents each; 20 dozen fine linen damask towels, worth from 25 to 40 cents, your choice for 20 cents; \$1.50 ladies' shoes at 1.00 per pair; 2.00 shoes reduced to 1.25; all our ladies' fine shoes worth from little cedar jutted out from some crevpair; 2.00 shoes reduced to 1.25; all our ladies' fine shoes, worth from ico in the rocks and stood at the edge 3.50 to 5.00 your choice at \$2.95; children's school shoes, former price of the cliff. A soldier was clinging 1.00, reduced to seventy-five cents; 1.25 shoes reduced to 1.00, and 2.00 to it with one hand and pointing out shoes reduced to 1.25; men's natural wool gray underwear, worth 65 cts, toward the east with the other. Drumreduced to 40 cents; 1.25 underwear reduced to 85 cents, fifty boys' over- mond recognized the voice as that of coats to close out at 50 cents on the dollar, 500 men's pants at 75 cents one of his own troop when the man and 1.00, the very best overalls, warranted not to rip, any size, at 60 cts., suits and overcoats at fifty cents on the dollar, all-wool scarlet blankets, the old yellow ambulance, sergeant, 10 and 11 quarters, sold all over for 5.00, at this sale for 3.25 per pair. but I can't see the others.' Nothing will be reserved, everything will be sold at prices that will astonish the people of Lincoln county. Yours for bargains,

BOSTON STORE,

J. PIZER, Prop. The only cheap store in Lincoln Co. Grady Block

# Happy Greeting to All

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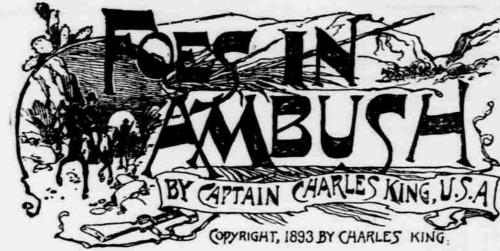
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Drummond looked curiously about far away is that ambulance now, Pathim so far as was possible without terson?" he called to the man on lookmoving his painstricken head. He was out,

plain, sergeant. That's where they struck water first, and a reckon they couldn't make up their minds to come probably. ley along the trail we came?"

called out:

"All right, Patterson. Try to see killed the last one of that gang. These | ly raging, while Wing stole in to Drum- his arm was set as perfectly as could son: wornout horses, or perhaps Lee ordered | ing look into the darker depths beyond, them to stay and guard the safe. The and a moment's hesitation, he stepped the morning march in saddle last I saw of any of the gang they were | to the projecting rock that seemed to | disappearing over the desert to the divide the cave into two apartments south, striking for Sonora pass." and c

"Who's that sir?"

as Bland."

she called him?"

pened to miss him."

perior straight in the eye.

the broken arm.

mutely thanked him.

he was in dreamland.

exhaustion dropping slowly off to sleep.

All efforts to keep awake proved vain.

His heavy eyelids closed, and presently

Meantime Sergeant Wing had busied

himself in many a way. First he had

enough, at least, to relieve his pain, yet

hold him securely. The soldier sitting

drowsily on the rock beside the prisoner

gladly accepted permission to put aside

'his carbine and go to sleep.
"I'll watch him, Mat," said Wing.

"You lie down there, Moreno, and see

to it that you make no effort to slip a

knot while I'm at work here. How

gone to loosen old Moreno's bonds-

"The fellow who was enlisted in C

troop last wint r at Tucson and desert-

ed last night to join this gang. He

drove for the stage company last year

and was discharged. He gave his name

his face paling, his eyes full of intense

"Why, I cannot doubt it, sergeant.

He ran away from us on the discovery

of Donovan's body and rode straight

for Moreno's, beating us there proba-

bly by an hour or so, for no one hap-

Wing's hands were raised on high in

a gesture almost tragic, then dropped

helplessly by his side. With a stifled

"Here, Mr. Wing. What is wanted?" here," said Drummond. "Well, hardly that, lieutenant. They And at the instant, prompt, alert, knew they would be followed here, peneven smiling, Fanny Harvey appeared ned up, where their capture would only before him. The pallor was gone. The be a question of time. A hundred cavalrymen would be around them in a shape. Food, rest, relief from dread very few hours, and we could send to and misery and that little appreciated beautifier, fresh water, had wrought Lowell for those old mountain howitzers and just leisurely shell them out. their transformation here. Wing's Then when they surrendered—as they'd | handsome eyes glistened as he removed have to-the civil authorities would his hat. immediately step in and claim jurisdiction-claim the prisoners too. We'd simply have to turn them over to justice as a matter of course, and you or daughter might slip or have

a few minutes, leaving old Moren knew, and they know, that the only judge apt to sit on their case would be that of our eminent frontiersman and that of our eminent frontiersman and the thin they are scattering like Apaches through the moun-"I'll see to it that no one interferes tains and will reassemble and count with him, Mr. Wing. What has hap- Harvey? Do you know what time it noses later on. Thanks to you and C pened? Are the others coming?" And is? I suppose Wing is sleeping." troop, they have lost all they had gained she took the revolver, balancing it in and their leaders besides. No, sir, they

her accustomed and practiced hand. won't stop this side of the Mexican | The admiration deepened in Wing's "There's one, Wing, I hope to heaven they'll never lose sight of till they

you had used one. You're a true fronaway for a few minut s. I'm going up there was something requiring his atto look from our rock above there. Some of our men, they say, are in sight slowly returning, and the paymaster's ambulance is only a mile away, proba- He was too anxious, too nervous, to rebly waiting for the rest of the party. main where he was. How is Miss Ruth?"

"Bland! Henry Bland!" exclaimed "Sleeping like a baby, bless her Sergeant Wing, leaping to his feet in uncontrollable excitement. "Do you mean it, sir? Had be enlisted? Do

you mean that he was the man Miss hope you will consent. He is sleeping | business to look after things.' Harvey spoke of-the disguised soldier, too. No fever yet, I am thankful to And Drummond, amazed at Wing's emotion, gazed up to see the sergeant's features working almost convulsively,

are you to have a rest, may I ask?" others must have theirs first. They The plash of the waters in the brook, have been in saddle much longer and dancing and tumbling down the chasm, farther than I. When is Miss Harvey to have her rest, may I ask?" "W-e-l-l, I don't know. I'll say,

perhaps by and by too. Look, that man is calling you. Whirling about, Wing saw his sentinel beckening, and in a moment he went as the young officer's eyes seemed to

groan the tall soldier turned abruptly as a mountain Apache. away and went striding toward the "What is it, Patterson?" opening of the canyon, leaving Drummond wondering and perplexed. When, a quarter of an hour later, the sergeant returned, bringing with him ain't more than six. What Indians some improvised splints and bandages,

and Drummond believed it his duty to make inquiry as to whether he knew Bland and what was the cause of his Wing took his glasses and long and black fieldglasses. excitement, Wing turned his grave. earnestly studied the bluish white troubled face and looked his young sudistinguishable in the opposite heights, | men coming back?" "Mr. Drummond, I have known that then fixed his gaze upon the filmy col- "Wing has gone on down the valley,

If our fellows have killed him, let his crimes die with him. If he is brought in alive-brought to trial-I may have to speak, but not now, sir. Bear with me, lieutenant—not now." must go and get those other men in canyon now." Was Drummond dreaming? He could with the ambulance. Of course if it is | Indeed almost at the moment the have declared that tears were starting in the sergeant's eyes as he turned has-

tily away, unable for the moment to continue the setting and bandaging of and hurry the other fellows out." "Take your own time, Wing," said

the young officer gently. "Speak or keep silent as you will. You have earned the right." And the sergeant down the trail. "Sorry for you, Dick, old boy," he cave, Merrill," called the lieutenant. The primitive surgery of the frontier took little time, and with his arm com-

fortably and closely slung Drummond Never stopping to saddle, he leaped lay impatient for the coming of his upon the bare, brown back and went men, impatient perhaps to hear a softer clattering down the canyon. voice, to feel again the light touch of slender fingers, yet in his weakness and

> tries to slip away, shoot him." Ten minutes' brisk gallop through to the edge of the sandy plain. There, we were chasing the white wagon." under a little clump of willows, was the ambulance, its mules unhitched and

tired to hunt for anything to eat. ly now," was his brief order to the ride down after Wing." sleepy trooper who greeted him, carbine "Oh, Mr. Drummond, you must not

lows. "Lee told us to wait here, or Please lie down again. Surely Mr.

of 'em ain't in sight from here coming doctor now that he is away. Obey me back, but 'what for' is easy to answer. and lie still." The paymaster's chest."

ambulance?" swapped it onto an apparejo while we that they plainly and earnestly advowere all running for Harvey's daugh- cated Miss Harvey's view of the case.

CHAPTER IX. Peaceful as was his rest, Drummond slept only an hour or so. For months let him try to ride!' he had lived in the open air, "on the tion had lent their claims, and despite the funds, the crippled arm, the bandbruises and many a pang, despite the aged head and every other item that stand-off here in the range south of us realization of the presence of the fair should have occupied his thoughts. girls whom his dash and energy had "What's that?" asked Wing, drop- rescued from robber hands, the young you have grown!" ping the coil of lariat he held in his fellow had dozed away into dreamland. than anything else. Just exactly such come up here with your fieldglass, if "Two of our fellers are coming with answer to it way down to the southeast friends. Before sunset his men would seized and clasped the long, brown finbe reassembled. They could have a gers, and Drummond forgot for the mo-In an instant Wing turned. "Sorry long night's sleep, and with the rising ment all thought of quitting her presfor you, Senor Moreno," he grimly mut- of the morrow's sun, convoying their ence for the field. two who are coming in with the bodies | mond's rude couch, slipped the field- | be done by almost any other practition- | "Can the lieutenant come up here a of the Morales brothers probably have glass from its case, then, with a long- er, and before dropping off to sleep had moment? There's something going on

> Still, he could not sleep for any great length of time. The instinct of vigilance and the sense of responsibility and called in lower tone, "Miss Harwould not leave him. In his half dreaming, half waking state, he once thought he heard a light footfall, and presently as he dozed with eyelids shut there came a soft touch upon his temhis visitor-Fanny Harvey.

> > "Why are you not resting?" he asked. 'And where is Ruth?" "Kuth is sleeping, as we hoped you

might be 'Tired nature's sweet restorer' is all you need, Mr. Drummond, "I have to go up to that point yonder. Let you do not seem to have had more a cat nap. Twice I have stolen to see you, and then, though I fearful of waking you, you slept fully through it all.' ell, I must have slept a couple of

> one of the men got back yet, Miss "Mr. Wing ought to be sleeping, but be isn't. The sentry-Patterson I think

they call him-summoned him up to the lookout there in the rocks, oh, about "I see you handle a pistol as though an hour ago, and when the sergeant came back he mounted his horse and tiersman's daughter. I'll have to be rode away down the canyon. He said tention. But you are to drink this chocolate and lie still.' Drummond slowly strove to rise.

"And none of them has returned yet?" he asked. "I cannot understand

that. No, please do not strive to detain "Well, I have promised Mr. Drum- me here. I'm perfectly able to be up mond that she should be his nurse. I and about, and if Wing is gone it's my Over among the rocks across the narrow canyon the first object to meet

"Ruth will be ready, and so will I, his gaze as he arose was Moreno, reclinto help in any way we can. But when ing there bound and helpless, while at hand a soldier had thrown himself on "O-oh-by and by. Lee and the bissaddle blanket and was sound asleep. made sweet, drowsing music for his ears, a lulling, soothing sound that explained perhaps the deep slumber of his trooper friend.

"I heard Mr. Wing tell that man to lie down and sleep," said Miss Harvey clambering up the rocky trail, active darken with menace at the sight of a sentry sleeping on guard. "Moreno is securely tied, and both Patterson up "It is signal smoke, sir, across the there and I here are now his keepers. valley. That ain't more than eight | The senora and her daughter are in the miles away, and down here in the range other cave, forbidden to go near him." Glancing up at the stunted cedar could be out here, I would like to know? where Patterson stood faithful to his Do they grow everywhere in this in- trust, Drummond saw that he was peering steadily southward through the

"What do you see, Patterson?" he clouds rising in puffs, faint and barely hailed. "Where is Wing? Any of the

man for good and for ill many a long umn soaring up among the dark pines sir. Some of our fellows, to or three at the heart of the range to the south- only, were coming back, but they ward. His face grew graver every min- didn't come fast enough to suit him. The ambulance will be here in a minute "Stay here and watch." he said. "I or two-it's just below us down the

Apaches, they've sighted that party click of iron shod hoofs was heard, and and the few men straggling back, and the dejected mule team came into view those signals mean, 'close in on them.' around a jutting point, the dingy yel-I'll send the team right in and then ride low ambulance jolting after them, one soldier in the driver's seat handling the The sun was retiring behind the reins, the other riding behind and lead-Cababi range as Wing went leaping ing his comrade's horse. "Come up here to the mouth of the

said to his horse, who was drowsing in "You can unhitch and unharness just the shade. "More work for us both beyond, but I want that safe unloaded and put in here." "The safe's gone, sir."

"What?"

"The safe's gone, sir. We never got "Keep your eye on Moreno, there!" it. That's what took Sergeant Wing he shouted up to the lookout, "If he off down the valley, I reckon. I supposed you knew it, sir, and him, too, but he didn't. Those Morales fellows the windings of the gorge brought him got away with it on burro back while For a moment Drummond stood astounded

hoppled securely, nibbling placidly at "Man alive!" he at last exclaimed, such scant herbage as they could find. "why was I not told of this? Get me ters. He simply dashed away without The horses of the two guards, unsad- a horse at once, Walsh," he ordered. dled, were drooping in the shade, too "I'll take Patterson's. You two remain here and see that that old scoun-"Saddle up, men. Hitch in and get drel don't get loose-Moreno there-and that team to the head of the canyon, live- that no harm befalls the ladies. I'll

think of going," exclaimed Miss Har-

"What's up, sergeant?" queried vey. "You're far too seriously hurt, another, springing out from the wil- far too weak, to attempt such a thing. wherever we could find shade and Wing will do all that any man could do to recover the safe. All the others "Wait? How long and what for?" are in pursuit. They must have over-"Blessed if I know how long. None taken them by this time. Come; I am

Drummond's one available hand "The paymaster's chest?" cried found itself clasped by warm, slender Wing. "Why, isn't that here in the fingers. He would have drawn it away and striven to carry out his design, but "Not a hinge of it. Those greasers a glance at his two troopers told him ters. The money's half way to Sonora He was in no condition to make the attempt. And at the moment, too, even as he strove to release his hand, another

"Oh, don't let him go, Fan. Don't And turning suddenly at the sound warpath," said his captain, a veteran Mr. Drummond found Ruth Harvey desert to the south. Horses played out himself quite ready to take his ease It was the first time he had seen her to now and let the youngsters see for speak to since they landed at the old themselves the hollowness of military wharf at San Francisco a year gone by, glory. Weariness and physical exhaus- and for the moment he forgot the safe,

voice was heard, almost imploring:

"Why, Ruthie, is this you? How And then the imprisoned hand was Why not? The object of his mission released only to be transferred to the was accomplished. Fanny and Ruth clasp and keeping of another. In her Harvey were safe. All that was left fear that her knight, her soldier, would smoke as we have seen in the Chirica- for the party to do now was rest in leave them, and wounded though he hua and Catarinas and- Well, just | quiet until another morn, then it would was insist on attempting to follow his be quite possible to start on the return men in their pursuit, the shyness of you can, sergeant. I believe there's an without waiting for the coming of their maidenhood was forgotten. Ruth had

where the rest have gone and what tered. "But as only two men are with three wagons and their captured trea- And then having-as she supposedthey're doing. I'll send the glass up to me, and both are otherwise engaged, I'll sures, the little detachment would take won her point, and having caught the you presently. What I'm afraid of, have to secure you temporarily. It the back track for the Tucson road, new light in his admiring eyes, it belieutenant, is that in their rage over | isn't pleasant, but it serves you right." | confident of meeting "old Harvey" came necessary to struggle for the re-Donovan's death, and Mullan's, and all In vain the Mexican pleaded and pro- and probably a doctor on the way. lease of the hand she had so unhesitatthe devil's work done there at Moreno's, | tested. A rawhide riata was wound He himself, though most in need of ingly used to detain him. This might and your mishap, too, the men have and looped about him in a few scien- surgical attention when they reached have proved a difficult matter, judging become uncontrollable and will never tific turns, and he was left reclining the caves, had such confidence in the from the expression in Drummond's skill of Sergeant Wing as to feel that face, but for a sudden hail from Patter-

quite determined that he would make down there I can't understand."

Old Moreno, whose bonds could not glanced quickly upward. Then, as he death, they had reason to look for re- There, only a mile or so away now. caught a menacing look in the sunburned face of the Irish trooper Walsh, he became as suddenly oblivious to all earthly matters beyond the pale of his own physical woes. And now it was disheveled hair had been twisted into ple. Lifting his hand he seized that of Ruth's hand that would retain its clasp and Drummond's that was again struggling for release. In a moment the lieutenant stood under Patterson's

"What did you see? What was it like? How far away?" "Six or seven miles, sir. The valley is broad and open, and three of our fellows were riding slowly back on the west side, while Wing was galloping as though to meet them, and when they weren't more than a mile apart Wing's horse went down-looks no bigger than a black speck-and the other three sheered off away from the rocks on

The words were low spoken so as to reach only his ear. Now it was no easy scramble for a man in Drummond's condition to make, but it took him only a little time to clamber to Patterson's

this side and seemed to be scattering

"There's something back of all this and you know it, Patterson. What Apache sign have you seen?"

"Smoke, sir, on both sides. But we agreed, the sergeant and I, that the young ladies mustn't be alarmed nor you aroused. Then he rode away to hurry in any of our fellows who were in sight and warn them to keep out from the rocks. What I'm afraid of is that they've been ambushed, or at least that the Indians have ambushed him. His horse is down, and those others you see are away out on the plain now. They're working around toward the horse as though he were lying behind it, and they appear to be firing mount-

What was Drummond to do? To leave his charges here, unprotected, was out of the question. Fail to go or send to Wing's relief he could not. Decide he must and decide quickly. "Patterson, that party of Apaches can't be over a dozen strong, or they would have rushed out of their cover by this time, yet they are too strong and too securely posted to be driven by that little squad, especially if Wing is wounded. I can't shoot now, but I can ride and direct. Every man who can shoot may be needed here. You have four now and can stand off 40 Apaches-Tonto or Chiricahua-in such a position as this, so I leave you in charge. You have everything to help you stand a siege. Now see to it that the ladies are kept well under

cover, and I'll hurry back with Walsh and what men I can find." Then down he scrambled, giving one look at Moreno and his sleeping guardian as he passed, then gave a low toned

order to Walsh: "Saddle your horse again and ride just to the other side of that rock you-

der and wait for me." Well he understood that it would be mpossible for him to ride away without Fanny Harvey's knowing that something of a serious nature was impending, and that he could not get away at all without their knowing it. What he desired was to conceal from them that there was any danger from Anaches.

Just as he expected, both girls were eagerly awaiting him at the entrance to the cave. His revolvers were in there beside the rude couch on which he had slept so peacefully. "Now are you ready to return to hos-

pital and proper subjection?" asked Miss Harvey laughingly. "It is high time. What could have tempted you to climb to that high point?" "Why, it's the first chance I've had of a look around," was the answer.

"This is an awfully strong spot for a place of refuge. You are safe here, safer than anywhere between Yuma and Tucson, now that the former possessors are scattered. But did you hear what took Wing off?" 'No, he didn't stop to explain mat-

even a saddle. 'Something I must look after,' was all he vouchsafed to

Well, the men just in tell me the paymaster's safe was spirited off. Confound that little green box of greenbacks! Some shrewd packer among Awarded Highest Honors---World's Fair.

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Morales' people whisked it out of the wagon and onto a burro, and now we I can't sleep again until we know. up the valley, and Wing went on down to meet them.

But all the time he talked so airily with the elder sister, Ruth stood watching him with suspicious eyes. 'Mr. Drummond, please do not go,' she broke forth. "You have no right

to-now." And James, the dissembler. found himself trapped. "Go I must, Ruthie," he said, with sudden change of manner. "I know you will not blame me or detain when tell you, as I feel forced to tell you now, that Sergeant Wing is hurt. His

the desert. I'll be back very soon." Then with sudden impulsive movement he bent, kissed her forehead and turned as suddenly away. When the sisters looked into each other's eyes a moment later, one face

was pallid with a new and deep anx-

horse has fallen with him far out on

And now we, too, must follow Wing. far Pacific coast and speedily lost to a moundlike upheaval, he saw some sight in the deserts of Arizona. The 400 yards ahead a broad bay of sunfamiliar to the rank and file as well as to to the east, and glancing to his right their superiors was the old fashioned noted that there was a depression in the

spect and appreciation. They were men whose only education was that another lagging some distance behind, picked up in the camps and campaigns riding sleepily toward him and danger of the famous old regiments to which, when mere recruits, they had been as rocks. Intent only on them and still signed. They were invaluable in the army and would have been utterly miswhere else. That "book learning" and soldiering could ever go hand in hand no man in the old dragoons would ever have believed for an instant. Such scholars as had drifted into the ranks were, as a rule, irreclaimable drunkat home, and only tolerated in the service in the rough old days because of their meck and uncomplaining performance of long hours of extra duty in the troop or regimental offices when, their

desks, asking only to live in the hope

whisky and their money alike exhaust-

ed, they humbly went back to their

of another drunk. Hundreds of the old dragoons could barely sign their names, many could only touch the pen when called upon to make "his (X) mark." "Another busted clerk" was the general expression when the young Californian came forward to enlist. Yet he was the picture of clear eyed, athletic manhood, was accepted with much hesitancy by the officers and undoubted suspicion by the men, yet speedily proved a splendid horseman, scout, shot and, as was the final admission, 'all round trooper," despite the fact Spanish like a native. Still, such was the prevailing faith, as it ever is among veteran soldiers, that the old style was the best, it was long before he won promotion. No one who has not known both can begin to imagine the difference between the army of a quarter century ago and the army of today. Just as Feeny was a resolute specimen of the old, so was Wing a pioneer of his class in the new. At the moment when the latter struck spurs to the wearied flanks of poor Dick and called on him for one more effort, the stalwart and handsome sergeant sped away on the path of duty confident of the fact that by this time every man in his own troop and every soldier who knew him at all would stake his last dollar on Bob Wing's tackling the problem before him as fearlessly and intelligently as any veteran

in the regiment. Having ordered the ambulance up the gorge, he himself spurred away to gather in all stragglers within reach, so as to re-enforce the little garrison at the caves in the event of attack from the Apaches. To his practiced eye no vestige of doubt remained as to the character and purpose of the signal smokes. Not a moment was to be lost. Within that very hour perhaps unseen Indians would come skulking, spying, "snaking" upon their refuge, would be able infallibly to determine the number and character of its occupants, and if their own force were considerable and that of the garrison weak God alone could help those innocent women.

When last noted, the westward signal was puffing slowly up into the cloudless sky from a point in the range perhaps six miles below Patterson's station in the rocks. The three wearied troopers, dragging slowly back from the chase, could be seen coming up the valley probably four miles away, some distance, therefore, ahead of the supposed position of the foe. Wing well knew with what goatlike agility the mountain Indians could speed along from rock to rock and still keep under cover, and every man who had served a month in Arizona

could have predicted that if Indians in any force were within a day's march of are all keen to get it back. Of course those three stragglers ambush and death would be their fate, perhaps even when Some of our people are coming slowly within view of their longed for goal. That they had not seen the sign, that they were ignorant of the possible pres-

ence of Apaches in the range, was manifest simply because they rode close along under the foot hills, often over the bowlder strewn outskirts of the falda, and, though still far from them, such was Wing's anxiety for their safety that he rode furiously along, signaling with his left hand as though to say: "Keep out! Keep to your right! Don't go so close to the rocks!" In this way, urging Dick to his speed

and never thinking of his own safety. intent only on saving his comrades from possible death, believing, too, that no Apache could yet have worked his way so far up the range, Wing was riding, straight as the crow flies, from the little oasis at the mouth of the canyon toward the ambling laggards to was blushing like the dawn, the other the south. His course led him along within 100 yards of many a bowlder or "suwarrow," though his path itself was unobstructed. The sun had gone west-He was a total stranger, it is to be reering, and he was in the shadow. Presmembered, to the regiment when, after ently, however, as Dick panted painfulits years of battling in the Army of the ly, heavily, up a very gentle slope, and Potomac, it was sent into exile on the the sergeant came upon the low crest of type of noncommissioned officer most light stretching in from the glaring sea 'plains raised," "disciplin furst and range-something like a broad cleft in rayson afterward" class of which Feeny | the mountains, possibly a pass through was so prominent an exponent. Brave to the broader desert on the other side, restrain his shifting, glittering eyes, to rashness and faithful to the very He gave it little thought, however. came his fellow troopers, two in front,

> ously close to a number of sheltering wishing to attract their attention, he judged and out of their element any- it off to the left, but with no apparent result. Confound them! Were they sound asleep? Could they never be made to see? Poor Dick was able now only to strike a feeble canter, so utterly was he used up, and just when Wing, looking only to the front, was thinking ards, lost to any chance of redemption that he might as well discontinue the spur and let his poor horse rest, they labored forth from the sheltering shade full upon the tawny, sunlit sand. Then, while the sergeant's eyes were temporarily blinded by the glare, there came from the rocks to his right a sudden flash and report. He felt at the same instant a stinging pang in the leg. He had just time to grasp his own carbine and to attempt to swing off when the second shot echoed loudly from the rocks. He felt poor Dick start and swerve; he felt him going headlong, and the next thing he knew he was vainly striving to peer into the face of the evening sun from over the quivering body of his faithful friend, unable for the moment to see the faintest sign of an enemy, and then the blood came welling through the little hole in his worn cavalry trousers, midway between the hip bone and the knee, and he knew he had received a serious perhaps desperate wound.

> > do nothing more but look for succor. A glance down the desert told him his fellows were at last rudely awakened. True to the practice of the craft, the instant fire was opened from the rocks each man had put spurs to his horse and dashed away to a safer distance with such speed as was possible with their jaded mounts, each trooper warily scanning the dark line of the foot hills in search of the foe and striving as he rode to unfasten the flap that held his carbine, in the fashion of the day, athwart the pommel of his saddle, and now, circling farther out upon the plain, in wide sweep, with carbines advanced, they were hastening to the succor of their comrade. Presently one of their number suddenly drew rein, halted his startled "broncho," aimed to the left of the horse's head and fired. then, cramming a cartridge into the chamber, came riding farther. The others, too, followed suit, shooting at some object apparently among the rocks in front of the sergeant's position. One of the men threw himself from his saddle, and kneeling on the sands drove two or three shots at long range. Eager to add his own fire to theirs. Wing pulled his hatbrim over his eyes, threw for-

For the moment, therefore, he could



Wing threw forward the barrel over the now stilled careass of poor Dick ward the barrel over the now stilled carcass of poor Dick, and peered eagerly up the ravine in search of some fee at whom to aim. Blindly he searched for dusky Apache skulking from rock to rock. There was no moving thing in sight. But what was this-this object that suddenly shot out from behind a little ledge, and turning sharply to the left went clattering into the depths of a dark and frowning gorge? Could be believe his eyes? Did the Chiricahuas, then, have horses and wear trooper hats? Bending low over his steed and spurring him to the uttermost exertion, a tall, even soldierly, form had darted one instant into view and then gone thundering out of sight. Up to this moment Wing never had lost full control of his faculties. Now his brain reeled. Before his eyes rose a dense

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