

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

Miss Ethel Marie is a traveled dame; Her journeys are many, but, all the same, Over one line and to only one place, Whence she returns with a bright-smiling face.

When the clocks strike seven in Twilightville, And the stars come peeping over the hill, Miss Ethel Marie, with a hop and a skip, Hurries to pack her trunk and her grip, Clad in traveling gown of white, She gives us each a kiss for good night; Then, with a traveler's line disdains, Off she goes for the evening train.

The Grand Crib line goes winding down From Twilightville into Drowsytown; The station, where all of its trains depart, Is a room that's dear to a mother's heart; The Pullman sleeper, whose lights burn low, Is a little girl's bed as white as snow; And just as soon as "Our Father" is heard The train dispatcher will give the word.

Ethel Marie has her baggage checked through, That's for the trunk man, papa, to do; I am conductor, as you see, I write the berth check for Ethel Marie, And whom do we have for a porter? Ah, Who tucks up a bed like a dear mamma? And the engineer is the One, I guess, Whose mercy and love guide the night express.

—Frank R. Batchelor, in Congregationalist.



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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

One week later a courier from Prescott, riding post haste with dispatches to the new commander at Retribution, warned him that he must guard his working parties and the road between the old and new post. The Tontos had "jumped." Now, Tonto in the Mexican dialect means fool or idiot, but the Tonto Apache was no fool. The craftiest, cunningest of Indians he, and well had the chiefs and young men reasoned that a good time to strike would be just as the old and seasoned regiment left the territory, and before the new one, utterly untutored in Apache stratagem and mountain scouting, could begin to get down to their work. And so all through the wild hunting grounds in the Sierras their war fires and signals blazed by night and puffed in smoke cloud by day. All across the rocky chasms and among the pine-crested ranges from the haunts of the Hualpais in northern Arizona down through the valleys of the Verde and the Hassayampa, the home of Apache Mohave and Apache Yuma; across the broad basin between the Mazatlan and the Black Mesa and southward to the Sierra Ancha, the Tonto Apaches had sent their messengers urging instant and united action, and down from the mountains, on stage road, trail and mining camp, swooped the savage foment, and all Arizona waked to a new reign of terror.

Among the first mines abandoned as the result of this sudden raid were those on the Santa Anita. The first Apache to claim the protection of the commander of new Fort Retribution was Muncey, speedily followed by half a dozen others—all with fearful tales of massacre and pillage. It was a hot June evening, when they gathered at the edge of the bluff looking westward from the adjutant's office over the southern foothills of the range, to



"WHAT'S UP, HENNECKE?"

where, faint and dim, the guard lights of the old post could just be distinguished through the rare Arizona atmosphere, twinkling feebly in the lowlands of the Sandy, ten long miles away.

"How many of our people are left down there under care of the guard?" asked Capt. Raymond of the stern-faced old soldier in command.

"Only the ordnance sergeant's family and the workmen dismantling what's left of the post."

"No women or children besides Kelly's?"

"None. The last were moved over to-day—unless we count MacDuff. Leon said he wanted to stay with old Kelly to the last."

"Leon?" exclaimed the miner Muncey, in apparent amazement. "Why, I thought that boy was—was safe in Sonora with

his mother's people." Whereat two of his fellow miners looked keenly into his face and then exchanged quick and expressive glances.

"That boy," said Capt. Foster, "is like a cat. He found his way back from Tucson to the old post, and sticks to it so long as there's a shingle left. Look here," he continued, pointing to a jagged, conical shaped height clearly defined against the soft hues of the lingering twilight. "Yonder's Signal Butte, overhanging the old rookeries, and Kelly's ranch is a mile beyond that. Now suppose the Apaches did work around to the west of us and were to swoop down on the Sandy, suppose our people were able to get up there and signal, how long would it take us to turn out fifty horsemen and gallop over those ten miles, and how much would be left by the time we got there?"

The commanding officer stood in deep thought for a moment without replying. He had sent to the old site only a lieutenant and twenty men. This would be sufficient to protect the property still unshipped and the lives of those still detained there on duty, but there were two ranches in the valley within a couple of miles of the posts; there was the camp of Jose's bull train, there was Sergt. Kelly's little farm on the slopes of the south gate of Apache canyon, all beyond rifle shot of the guard. Kelly was an old First Dragoon man, a veteran who had fought Apaches a quarter of a century before, and declared that he despised them. His wife and two daughters lived at the ranch, and, though bitterly disappointed at the removal of the post, were by no means afraid. But no such outbreak as this had occurred before. The Apaches were more daring and better armed, and down in the bottom of his heart Maj. Thornton wished he had left a bigger force of cavalry at the post, but it was now too late to change.

Darkness had settled down on the garrison. The last hues of the twilight faded out of the western sky. The guard lights at the distant valley twinkled faintly, but steadfast, through the warm, pulseless air. Over at the half-finished quarters the drums and fifes of the infantry were sounding tattoo, and still the party lingered at the westward bluff. Wharton, Raymond and Foster chatting in low tones apart, the civilians talking to some younger officers, eagerly and excitedly recounting the circumstances of their morning's flight. Muncey was of these the most voluble. He was just saying: "I tell you the whole Tonto tribe is out of the hills and down here in the basin this very night," when another cried: "Hush!"

Somewhere over on the north side the call of a sentry rang out sharp, clear and full upon the night air:

"Corporal of the guard, No. 5!"

"That's old Hennecke," said Raymond, promptly. "When he has anything to report it's no boy's story. I'll go, sir."

The cry went echoing back toward the guard-house, sharply passed along by Nos. 6 and 7 on the eastern flank. The corporal came out on the run, and the guardsmen, sitting or sprawling around the stacked rifles, scrambled, many of them, to their feet. Before even a fleet corporal could reach the distant post Thornton and two captains bore down upon it, others at respectful distance following.

"What's up, Hennecke?" hailed his troop commander, scolding preliminaries.

"Firing, sir. Out on the Prescott road to the northwest. I could see the flashes."

"Who on earth can it be?" asked the major. "Capt. Foster, let your troop saddle at once."

CHAPTER II.

That there should be repeated alarms from the northeast, east and south, where were the pine covered crests of the Black Mesa and the Sierra Ancha—where were the haunts of the Tonto and the White Mountain Apaches—every one expected. There were still among the foothills some parties of miners and prospectors over whose fate there was good reason for alarm. The Santa Anita placers had been promptly abandoned, as we have seen. There was eager watch for danger signals from the site of the old Retribution, down in the Sandy valley to the west, but from the site of the new post to the crossing of the Sandy above Apache canyon the road turned and twisted among the foothills of the mountains for twenty-three miles and there wasn't a human habitation for nearly forty. Then, deep in a cleft of the range, a stage station with corrals and well and lunchroom and bar had been built by some daring spirits, eager to accumulate money at whatever risk. Beyond them for another thirty miles the road lay through desolation itself and reached the outskirts of even frontier civilization again among the newly finished ranches in the broad and sunny valley of Willow creek.

In view of the sudden and simultaneous swoop of the Apaches upon the roads east of Prescott everybody had been warned. Even the mail riders held back for mounted escorts. No stage for Wickenburg and the south, no backboard for the Santa Anita had left the territorial capital for three days. No mail had been received at Retribution for forty-eight hours. The daring troopers who rode in with the dispatches early that June morning had come through the Sandy valley, as they frankly admitted, with revolvers in hand, their hearts in their mouths and the reins in their teeth. They

had passed no party eastward bound. Who, then, could it be, who, striving now to reach the post by way of the new road, should have fallen foul of the Apaches only a mile or so out? Thornton's first impulse was to say the sentry must be dreaming. Raymond, who had known the old trooper nearly a decade, as promptly declared the sentry's report reliable. "I not only saw the flashes," said Hennecke, "but I could faintly hear the shots, sir—fifteen or twenty. It was still as death out here."

Meantime, sending an eager boy lieutenant on the jump to order out "G" troop, Capt. Foster had hastened to his temporary quarters—half canvas, half adobe—to make his hurried preparations. Already the rumor was running from mouth to mouth. Only three of the officers had their families with them at the time. Mrs. Foster was one of those women who insisted on accompanying her husband on the move to Arizona, even though the rudest of camp life was to be her portion, and she and Nellie with anxiously beating hearts were standing on the unfinished porch of the new quarters listening for further sound, as the captain hastened up the slope.

"It can't be anything very serious, dear," he said reassuringly. "Probably some belated miners, whose mules the Indians are trying to run off. We'll know in half an hour and I'll send word in at once." Silent and anxious she followed within the doorway, where hung a Navajo blanket as the only barrier between their army nest and the warm outer air, Nellie clinging to her mother's side.

"We've been watching all the evening for signals from the Butte," murmured Mrs. Foster, as the captain rapidly exchanged his regulation coat for a scouting jacket. "We were so anxious about Leon and everybody who had to remain there seems so exposed now. We never thought of hearing of trouble thereaway," and Mrs. Foster glanced out through the open easement to where the Prescott road, winding away down the slope, disappeared among the dark mountain shapes lying black and silent under the twinkling pointers of the Great Bear.

"Leon is safe enough if he'll only stay where he is with Kelly," answered the captain, buckling on his pistol belt. "Apaches won't attack the post—even the remains of one—at night. But I wish old Kelly and his girls were nearer the guard. I don't like their being so far from help and so close to those overhanging cliffs. Now, don't borrow trouble to-night, dear," he concluded, taking his devoted wife in his arms and kissing away the brimming tears. "You and Nell must be brave. These beggarly Apaches probably think we won't know how to fight them and are simply starting in for a little fun. I'm only too glad of a chance to deal them a lesson—so is G troop."

Ten minutes later, in perfect silence, a double file of horsemen rode briskly away into the darkness to the north. Foster leading, every trooper armed with carbine and revolver. The night was breathless. Not a puff of breeze stirred the pines along the mountain side or ruffled the foliage of the willows at the springs. For two miles the road lay through open country, dipping from the plateau on which stood the new post into a mile wide depression, then winding up the gradual ascent among the foothills of the range. Somewhere along that ascent the firing had been seen and heard. Hennecke's story had already been corroborated. Two quartermaster's men, enjoying a quiet smoke outside the adobe walls of the new corral, had seen and heard just what he did, and Maj. Thornton was already in possession of their story. So, too, had the sentry on No. 4 heard what sounded like distant shots, but had seen nothing. Now, as Foster and his fifty horsemen disappeared in the night, the major stood at the edge of the bluff looking out to the north, with an eager group around him. Capts. Raymond and Turner, whose companies had silently assembled under arms, were waiting for orders within the quadrangle of the garrison, as well as the adjutant and quartermaster and a lieutenant or two. There was little talking going on among them—all were listening intently for sounds from the north or of further firing. One or two of the Santa Anita prospectors had mounted and gone out after Foster, but the mass of the refugees still clustered along the bluff, chatting in low, eager tones. If any one voice was especially prominent it was Muncey's, and, like most men given to chatter, he found only an impatient audience. "I tell you," said he for the third time, "there can't be less than a hundred of them Tontos out there now. They just want a single troop, or even two, to come and tackle 'em in the dark." And now he had raised his voice still higher and was talking for the benefit of the major, who had been persistent in avoiding him and had twice pointedly begged him not to intrude upon the council of the officers. "They've just lined the rocks and the roadside out there, and are simply laying for a chance to ambush the whole crowd. What I'd a done would be to send two hundred men out, deployed as skirmishers and swept the hull bottom, north and west, too."

These remarks were rewarded by his companions with a contemptuous sniff or a nervous, half jeering titter. "You ought to have been a general, Muncey—that's what's the matter with you. There ain't Apaches enough in all Arizona to dare a fight in the open, day or night, with fifty white men, soldiers or

'cits.' No Apache plans a fight that's going to get him liable to be shot. The kind of fighting he likes is from behind rocks and trees, and there ain't rocks and trees enough out there to cover a dozen of 'em. I'm betting the firing was done by some party as badly scared as you were yis'day morning. I'm betting they just thought some skulking lynx was an Apache and let drive a volley into the dark. The sentry says the shots were all bunched. You know and I know the Apaches don't own a breech loader (this was early in the seventies), so most of it must have been done by white men or greasers, like that gang you trained with last year, instead of herding with your own kind."

Evidently this allusion was a stinger. There was a burst of laughter, more or less jeering and unsympathetic, under shower of which Muncey turned angrily away. He went over toward the group of officers, but at sight of him the major lifted a warning hand and lowered his voice. "Here's that fellow Muncey again," said he, "and I distrust him somehow." Everybody seemed to turn an unsocial back on the newcomer, and presently, after a moment's hesita-



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A GENERAL, MUNCEY."

tion, he pulled his old felt hat lower over his eyes, thrust his hands in his pockets and slouched away down the slope in the direction of the corral, within whose adobe walls the horses and mules of the refugees were sheltered.

And now came on a night of no little excitement, even for Arizona, in the heart of the Apache country. For three-quarters of an hour after Foster and his men rode away there was a strange silence and eager waiting at the post. Taps had sounded just before they left. Half-past ten o'clock, called by the sentries, had gone echoing away across the still and starlit mesa; and not a sound or sign came from the front. Then suddenly, far out through the darkness, there was faintly audible the thud of hoofs, and a minute or so brought the rider, full canter, into their midst. He could barely rein in his horse at the hall of the major's party. Everybody—officers, civilians and even soldiers—seem to swarm about the courier in an instant. It was Corporal Foley, of Foster's troop. Recognizing the major, he threw himself from the saddle and stood respectfully before the commander, handing him a penciled note, which the major eagerly opened and read, all eyes upon him.

"We found two Mexicans," it said, "with a camp outfit. They were badly frightened, but unhurt. They declare they were attacked by Apaches, who succeeded in running off two mules. They say the Indians drew away north-west toward the Sandy, and that there was a party of prospectors and packers camped at Raton Springs eight miles out, who were warned of the outbreak, but who wouldn't believe it. The Mexican said they were trying to reach the post when headed off, and that there were enough Apaches to wipe out that party. They themselves only escaped by hiding among the rocks down in the deep ravine. Their story is told with such earnestness that I have deemed it best to push on in search of the prospectors referred to. We should reach the springs soon after midnight. The Mexicans go with us in hopes of recovering their mules. (Signed) "COMMANDING TROOP."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Satisfied.

The other day one of the partners of the firm managing one of Boston's famous hostellers ordered a certain waiter to leave. The waiter was slow in obeying and the manager practically kicked him out.

The waiter even then was not contented with his dismissal, and hunted up the head of the firm.

"Mr. X—," said he, "Mr. A— has just kicked me out. I—"

"Well, what are you here for? Do you want me to kick you out over again?"—Texas Siftings.

Poppy Seed Embankments.

Within the last two or three years French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppy seeds, as when once established that prolific plant covers the soil with a network of roots that prevents it from washing away during heavy rains or from upheaval when frost is coming out of the ground in the spring.

The Clock Stopped.

Mr. Staylate—Dear me! I don't believe this clock is going, is it? She (wearily)—No. We always wind it before going to bed. It ran down an hour ago.—N. Y. Weekly.

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS.

The old Blue Valley hotel at Ulysses was destroyed by fire the other morning.

ADAM HENDRICK, farmer, was badly injured in a runaway at Nelson the other day.

The public school at Greeley was recently closed owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever.

SIMON CARTER, of Hartington, was recently adjudged insane. Religious excitement the cause.

Fire at Blair the other day destroyed the implement house of R. R. Smith. About two-thirds insured.

The gold excitement has been revived at Pleasant Dale. Excited citizens declare it is a second Cripple Creek.

It is stated that there is more corn stored at Winslow than ever before known. It is estimated that by March 1 there will be 100,000 bushels in crib.

The general merchandise stores operated by F. L. Kincaid at Ellis and Virginia and the implement store at Harbino, owned by him, have been closed on a chattel mortgage.

OVER 500 men and boys participated in a wolf hunt, ten miles south of Fairfield recently. One wolf, one horse and 51 jack rabbits were killed. The horse was accidentally shot.

DURING a recent jack rabbit roundup in Boone county, Wallace Dodge accidentally shot Mortimer Barnes, filling his body full of fine shot, but not seriously wounding him.

The other day William Anderson received very severe, if not fatal injuries, while attempting to break a horse at Bingham. In attempting to saddle the animal he received a probably fatal kick.

The state board of agriculture at its late annual meeting accepted the report of Robert W. Furnas to the Western and Eastern Fair association, which report fixed the date of the fair at Omaha, August 31 to September 4.

J. A. BUNNELL, a Lancaster county farmer, 48 years of age, committed suicide the other day by taking strychnine. He leaves a wife and five children. Circumstances indicated that his mind had become unbalanced from some cause.

JOHN C. SANTEE, a well known politician, committed suicide at Niobrara the other night. Grief over his wife's death caused the deed. His wife was dying and he apparently lost his mind. Turning over all his valuables, he rushed to the barn and hanged himself.

DURING the year the Albion creamery received 1,635,176 pounds of milk, for which it paid cash to the amount of \$10,013.40. It also paid out \$7,576.60 for 50,955 pounds of butter and 19,295 dozen eggs, making the total amount disbursed to farmers in the vicinity \$17,590.

The Bank of Commerce at Grand Island closed its doors the other day and the bank examiner was telegraphed to go and take charge. The day the bank closed the county treasurer deposited \$15,000 and the county had \$10,000 in the bank before the deposit, making the amount of county funds held by the bank \$25,000.

J. C. WILLIAMS, president of the defunct Blue Springs bank, has been arrested upon the charge of embezzlement. The particular charge was founded on a discrepancy between the bank books and those of the county treasurer, the latter showing about \$1,000 more county money in the bank than there was entered on the bank books.

PENSIONS lately granted Nebraska veterans: Original, Lewis R. Dorese, Wescott. Restoration and increase, Josiah Lee, Hastings. Increase, Charles W. Talbitzer, Oconee; James Campbell, Harvard. Reissue, Steward Thompson, Beaver City. Original widows, etc., Nancy C. Miller, Perch; Catherine M. Waldenmeyer (mother), Gibbon; minors of Joseph B. Lohry, West Union.

The annual winter meeting of the Nebraska state board of agriculture opened at Lincoln on the 21st. Chancellor MacLean delivered the address of welcome. The treasurer's report showed receipts of \$33,158.31, including the state appropriation of \$2,000, and the disbursements were \$50,864.30, of which latter amount \$18,070.93 were for premiums paid at the state fair.

Fire in the Dodge street school building at Omaha, at which 500 children were attending, the other day produced a panic that might have been attended with fatal results except for the presence of mind of Offie Downs, a 14-year-old boy, whose duty it is to beat the drum which keeps the scholars in line in emergencies. As soon as the alarm was given he got his drum, and, stationing himself near the door, pounded out the tunes while the children marched away. Hundreds started with a rush until the drum sounded.

PROF. STROUT, United States geological surveyor, who has been taking measurements of the flow of water in the streams of western Nebraska for some time past, was recently in Kearney and let the contract for sinking 13 wells from a point on Wood river, three miles north of that town, to the sand hills south of the Platte river, a total distance of about five miles. The wells will be sunk five feet into running water, and a record of them will be taken once a week. These wells are sunk for the purpose of determining, if possible, whether the underflow remains the same during the entire year, or whether it is affected by the rains and melting snows in the mountains.