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BAREFOOTHOOD.

How the mornings used to rise Just like music in the skies: How the first breath of the day Smelled like paradise in May, And you couldn't stay in bed For the bird-songs overhead: how sweet life was and good. In the days of Barefoothood!

Not a trouble nor a care In the whole world anywhere! Just as light and gay and free As a bird that tops a tree; Just as pure from willful wrong: Just as full of grateful song. Not a warbler in the wood Praises God like Barefoothood!

Simple joys, and yet how sweet! Just the pools that laved your feet; Just the mud between your toes: Just the wild fruit where it grows; Just the home-made line and hook: Just the cool plunge in the brook; Such as these were drink and food, In the days of Barefoothood.

Oh. the soft, cool morning dew, Ere the days of sock or shoe! Oh, the showering, as you pass, Of the sparkling spears of grass! Miles and miles of cobweb lace, Morning freshness on your face-Who'd forget them, if he could, Dear old days of Barefoothood! James Buckham, in Youth's Companion.



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CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED

Another thrill to the chorus of excitement that had throbbed the long night through, and yet not the last. There were still left a few minutes to darkness, and the devil of mischief seemed afloat in the very air. "Go and tell Mrs. Foster the truth the best way you can," said the major, miserably, to his adjutant. "There she is on the veranda now. I'll go round the west side of the office. You can join me there. Yes, Turner, mount and start at once if your men have had their coffee. Now sweep that road clean from here to the Sandy, and don't leave an Indian to tell the story. Look for Foster or his men and try to find Rafferty." And so saying he turned him to the west and pushed slowly up the slope, a heavy-hearted man. Almost the last thing he heard as he reached the end of officers' row was Nellie Foster's weeping. If stout, soldierlike Irish Jim could be so swiftly, surely massacred by unseen foes what must have been Leon's fate? Little black-eyed Leon riding alone, unarmed, with Mrs. Downey's sorely needed medicine, through the dark depths of this Indian-haunted night? But now the mountain tops were all shimmering and the sorrel troop, by this time nearwith the glow of coming day, and even into the valley depths the faint light seemed to peer, and still there waked no sign of life from the distant outpost, no reassuring flame to warm his heart with tidings of the boy's safe comingbut something new and weird and strange was bulging Signal Butte all out of shape and the sentry on No. 4 stood halted in fascination and amaze. The purple fringe of the familiar pine crest seemed to be soaring slowly upward, drawn out into a floating eurl, rose-tinted at the top where it met the blush of dawn, deep hued below where it left the black base, then all on a sudden it burst into lurid glare, red, yellow, banishing the rose and flaming over the valley for many a mile. No welcome signal that, telling of the wanderer's safe return, no message of hope or comfort, but most dreaded sign of all, it was the cry for help from the Sandy valley, the appeal of terrified women and children-the token that red war had burst about the walls of the old frontier fort, and even its little garrison was now in peril.

If Maj. Thornton was in grave distress before he was in the depths of dejection now. For hours he had been longing for day, and day had only brought him new and worse disaster. Here he was with one small company of infantry as permanent guard and three troops of cavalry, fresh from the saddle work of the plains and utterly untaught in mountain fighting, as his striking and scouting column. Well had the Apaches chosen their time, and dire indeed was the effect of their concerted blows. All in a flash the major realized that his little force was scattered or scattering-Foster somewhere up in the Socorro to the northwest, possibly pushing still farther away from the post and into peril; Turner already marching out in support of him and in pursuit of the ambushing Indians, who, at this rate, before another sunset would line the Prescott road with graves, and this left only Raymond's troop, diminished in strength by the detachment of Lieut. Crane and his party to go to the rescue now. Thornton was quick to think and act. "Mount your horse, you!" he cried to the orderly trumpeter just issuing from the adjutant's office. "Ride like a streak after Capt. Turner. He can't be across the lowlands vet. Tell him to

return at once." "Foster's strong enough to take care Rafferty's done for, and anybody who's chances. My first duty is to save these people to the west." Already the sentry's cry had summoned the corporal. The guard was springing to ranks at the tidings that the beacon was blazing on Signal Butte. There was no need of sounding "To arms," since the whole command was practically alert and belted now-no need to sound reveille since the entire post was up and astir. The sunbeams were gilding the westward peaks and the upper billows of the clouds of dust, in which Turner's troop came trotting back and, met half way by instructions, never entering the post, turned "column half right" midway across the sandy swale and went cantering westward into the dim valley, spurring swiftly to the rescue -Thornton and his adjutant with them, leaving Raymond in command at

Retribution. And as the sun climbed higher and blazed slanting down upon the meas and the soaring dust cloud faded out of sight, men, and women, too, gathered on that westward bluff to watch for further sign of weal or woe. "Oh! that we had kept Leon with us!" was Mrs. Foster's plaint. "It breaks my heart to think of him." Indeed, Leon and Leon's fate seemed uppermost in the hearts of all. Rare, indeed, were the occasions and strong their numbers when Apaches had dared to face a whole troop in the field, and Capt Raymond strove to soothe the fears of those who trembled at the thought of peril to Foster and Turner and their men. "Apaches have raided the ranches most probably," was his theory. "Crane cannot protect them and the old post, too He has probably been penned at the corral and could hardly look out for even Kelly's homestead. The Apaches are possibly there all around them, but Turner will brush them off like so many flies. Kelly's people are safe in the cellars, I haven't a doubt, and the old man, with the assistance he has, can easily stand off the prowlers until they see Turner coming; then they'll all skip for the range, perhaps run slap into Foster, and between the two there won't be much left of the Tontos."

All this was very buoyant and reassuring, but women can see so many possibilities of peril to loved ones at such a time. Somebody was sure to be killed and several wounded-no matter how the Indians were driven. It always happened so. The troops might win the fight and hold the ground and drive the warriors helter skelter through the hills, but who suffered most? Who got the worst of the fight itself? was the thing which wives and children, mothers and daughters, most considered, and in almost every case it must be owned that the preponderance of dead and wounded lay with the troops. "Already two of our best are gone," sobbed an Irish laundress, "and what have we got to show for it?"

"Two killed outright," cried Mrs. Foster, "and one of them our Rafferty, and now where is Leon?"

Alas! who could say? L mond, his weeping women and angering men, let us spur on after Turner ly half way to the Sandy. Even on fleetest of American horses we cannot



hope to overtake them until they are almost within pistol range of the willows in the bottom, and when we do the first platoon is dispersed in wide skirmish line, the men riding five yards apart. The other is in reserve, ready to strike wherever the foe may be developed. Only a mile away lie the old ruins across the Sandy. Only a mile and a half up there along the falda, to the northwest, are the brown adobe buildings of Kelly's little ranch, Hereaway to the north, nearly opposite the gateway of Apache canyon, through which the Sandy comes brawling, towers the black pyramid of Signal Butte, a thin smoke still floating skyward from its summit. A dozen times, say the men of the reserve, have they seen Leon's pony tracks on the way, but not since passing the dry arroyo two miles back. Over beyond that strange cone-shaped butte, so strong a landmark as it stands like a sentry guarding the canyon's gate, the shallow rift in the Socorro tells where the trail comes in from Raton Springs over on the northeast. Riding at speed until within a mile of the timber, Turner has been watching with eager eye for any sign of life or action, of friend or foe, from across the stream, and not so much as wave of flag or blanket, or even bandana has rewarded his wistful scrutiny. Kelly's home is apparently deserted. of himself," reasoned the major. "Poor | The dismantled walls of the old post are now hidden behind the sheltering

behind the shoulder bluff that shrugs to the very brink of the Sandy. "Queer," says Thornton. "Not a sign, yet they must have seen us coming. Look out for every clump of trees or bush ahead there, Turner. Since last night's experience I sniff an Indian in every twig." Turner only nods grimly in reply. All along the skirmish line the carbines are advanced, the men peering eagerly into the thickets ahead of them. The road itself winds through the low bottom and enters the stream at a gravelly bend opposite the walls of the old quartermaster's corral, but that is a couple of hundred yards further to the south now. Turner is aiming to reach the open ground midway between Kelly's and the post, and thereby be enabled most promptly to lend aid to either. If the Tontos are in strong force and lurking in the timber to give him a hot welcome, then the fight will be hand to hand, and that's what he wants. If, on the contrary, they are too weak to match him, then there is little hope of meting punishment, for in his own hands the Apache can only be thrashed when thoroughly surprised, and one might almost as well hope to catch a weasel asleep. One hundred yards only to the timber now, and not a sign from anywhere. More slowly, cautiously, the line advances, expecting any instant to hear the crack of the Indian rifle among the trees. The suppressed excitement of the men communicates itself through muscles, that pardonably quiver a bit, to the mettlesome horses, and these are sniffing the hot air suspiciously, with wide eye and nostrils, and erect, twitching ears shrinking from the possible ambush ahead. Then comes a sudden shout from the reserve: "Look! Look at Kelly's!" And half a dozen horses cower and shy, and, such is the nervous strain of the moment, a score of human hearts bound in young troopers

breasts. Some one-they can't discover whois waving a shawl or blanket from Kelly's doorway. Some one else can be dimly seen lunging out from behind the ranch and fiercely gesticulating and pointing toward the range to the north. "It's the old man himself," cries a sergeant. "They're all right." The next minute, too, waving his hat, a trooper comes spurring through the willows at the front and rides briskly out toward the advancing line. Men breathe freer at the sight.

"What's gone wrong? Where are the rest, corporal?" queries Turner, riding eagerly to meet the coming trooper.

"Patchies, sir-ran off Kelly's mules and killed his herder and tackled the ranch at dawn. They skipped away up the canyon, and the lieutenant's after them with ten men. He said he knew the captain would be coming as soon as the signal was seen. They fired on us, too, sir, but didn't harm anybody. Six of us were left to look after the women and children. It's lucky Downey's people had come or they'd all been killed." "Are the women all sat

"All safe, sir, but pretty badly scared. They must have had a close call at Kelly's. The old man wouldn't leave it last night and Mrs. Kelly wouldn't leave him, but-'

"Then if you're all safe at the post we'll go right on to Kelly's," said Turner, impatiently. "Assemble on the right skirmisher!" he shouted to the fighting line. "Sound the trot, trumpeter!" and away he went with his orderly and a few men at his heels to the point where the right of the line had just reached the timber.

But Thornton lingered. "How's Mrs. Downey? Did she get her medicine?" he asked, uneasily.

"Mrs. Downey's better since the Indians skipped, sir; but I don't know of her getting any other medicine." "Didn't Leon get back?"

"Not here, sir. He may be up at Kelly's. We didn't suppose he'd attempt to come back after Ferguson and the other fellers got in here last nightchasing old Muncey. They must have run foul of this very band, sir. Muncey rode in all by himself, he said, to warn us and Kelly's people, and was then going-"

"Never mind him. I hope the Apaches have got him. You are sure Leon never got back."

"Sure, sir. We never knew he'd left you." And then Thornton turned and rode hard to the ranch. There stood the old sergeant, mopping his red face and modestly receiving Turner's congratulations on the plucky fight he made in defense of his home; but the light went out of Kelly's eyes when the major burst

"Sergeant, is Leon with you? Did he reach you in time?"

"Leon, sir? I haven't seen or heard of him since yesterday. I thought he was with the women and children down yonder," and the sergeant pointed to the old post, his face paling with grief and apprehension.

"I wish to Heaven he were!" said Thornton, sadly. "Mrs. Downey was suffering great pain, and the boy rode all the way to us for the doctor and insisted on going back with the medicine. We never dreamed—at least I didn't of Apaches here. God grant they

haven't got him!" But just then there rode up from the direction of the canyon Sergt. Chariton, with sorrow in his sunburned face. "I'm afraid they have, major," said he, dismounting. "See, here's the medicine phial-all we can find of him-and his pony lies dead at the foot of Signal Butte.'

CHAPTER V.

hour's start of his pursuers, possibly more, that he had dropped in at the old post long enough to give them warning, and then had ridden away for Kelly's. "Just as quick as I've warned the old man I'll come back to you," he called to Lieut. Crane, who had thanked him somewhat inadequately for the service rendered. Crane shared the universal suspicion, perhaps, and disbelieved Muncey's report on general principles. Muncey was spurring off when Crane hailed him: "You must have met Leon a mile or so out. Didn't you turn him back?" And Muncey whirled around in saddle, evidently astonished and for a moment confused.

"Leon! Never saw nothin' of himor anybody," he muttered. "Never knew he was back here-at least-er-I didn't know it until I heard a rumor of it to-night." Evidently it wouldn't do for Mr. Muncey to tell that lie, as it would soon be known how they had been talking but a few hours before of Leon's return. "How'd you come to let him go?" he queried, turning about again and apparently forgetting his urgent mission to Kelly's.

"Well, he never stopped to ask me," said Mr. Crane, which was very true.



THORNTON TURNED AND RODE HARD TO THE RANCH.

missed each other if you kept the road. However, go ahead and warn Kelly, and then come back here and we'll talk about Leon."

And Muncey had gone on to Kelly's, but that was the last seen of him, despite the fact that he gave Kelly to understand that he must hurry over to Crane again at once. Ferguson and his friends came galloping in to old Retribution and stirring up the guard, and they could tell of Leon's safe arrival within easy range of the new post, and of their warning him to stay there, but they, too, had pushed on over to Kelly's, and thence, scoffing at Kelly's story of Muncey's return to the outpost, and telling him the man was a liar, which Kelly already knew, and a horse thief, which he more than suspected, they had ridden straight back past the lower gate of the canyon and made for the trail to Raton Springs. Whether they had met or had escaped the Indians no one could tell. The fate of Muncey and his pursuers became for the time being a secondary consid eration. Thornton's first effort was to ascertain what had become of Leon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EARTHQUAKE.

Description of One That Convulsed the City of Mexico.

Writing from the City of Mexico to the Boston Herald, Mr. F. R. Guernsey describes some of the queer sensations associated with the severe earthquake that disturbed that city: There is nothing enjoyable in an earthquake; the sensation of a wobbling earth-crust is destructive to one's notions of what a wellmade and orderly planet ought to be.

To see one's walls swaying to and fro, to hear the pictures flapping against the walls, to see telephone cables swinging like a clothes-line of a Monday morning on Cape Ced, and to note the electric light poles dancing a jig, all this is disquieting, and contributes to sudden giddlness and a squeamish sensation at the stomach.

In fact, the deadly faint and sick feeling in the digestive apparatus is what one notices first of all in an earthquake, and having now had an extensive experience in these affairs, I always, on feeling giddy and faint, look around to see if hanging lamps are not flying to and fro, and things generally dancing.

To cap the climax, the electric lights were extinguished, owing to the dynamos getting out of gearing with the force of the shock, so that the crowds kneeling in the streets felt a pall of thick darkness enshrouding them, and redoubled their entreaties to heaven.

Horses drawing coaches fell to the ground unable to sustain themselves on their feet, and the mules of the street cars simultaneously spread their legs and refused to go on. Water was hurled out of fountains, and in some cases, great iron receptacles of water on the roofs of houses came crashing down into courtyards with a terrifying and thunderous crash!

It was the night of El Dia de los Muertos-All Souls' day, when people go out to the cemeteries to light candles at the graves of their dead and renew sad memories.

Vast crowds were returning at the hour of the shock, and with their minds filled with the thoughts of another world and with a renewed sense of the shortness of life, they were doubly terfool enough to be riding the Prescott fringe of timber close to the stream. It will be remembered that Muncey rified, shouting: "The day of judg-goad this morning must take his own Downey's ranch below is out of sight with a fleet horse had probably an ment has some! The earth trembles!"

A SILVER ADDRESS.

The Chairman of the National Party Publishes an Appeal.

Mr. Mott Thinks Americans Should Lay Aside Party Obligations and Vote to Have the White Metal Restored to Its Old Ratio.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17 .- J. J. Mott, chairman of the national committee of the silver party, has issued an address to the people, the principal points in which are as follows:

As the necessity of money as a medium of exchange became revealed to the minds of men, the two metals finally accepted as the most suitable for money were sliver and gold. This was natural, because they were the two most precious metals adapted to the purpose, and were sufficiently limited in quantity

From this condition of regular order and contentment, contributing to the gradual elevation of all classes of society, the extension of civilization and the general betterment of the human race, this country and the world has been ruthlessly torn. It has been done by the rejection of one of the precious metals in the interests of greed, and by this act the money changers have been enthroned and the narrowing of the scope of monetization begun. As monetization has been narrowed money has become scarcer in proportion, and as money became scarcer prices fell in proportion, and falling prices have been the bane of this world. It was prediced after the demonetization of silver that great suffering would follow. This suffering is already here. From a contraction of the currency we are now in the throes of one of these desperate stages of human experience—a period of heartache, canker and sleepless nights as the foundation of prices have crumbled. Obligations resting upon the supposed firm foundation of price in ready money have crumbled into dirt as the foundation of the price has crumbled. The country is confronted by a grave emergency.

Long patience and dispassionate reflection has convinced me that an independent American financial system is absolutely necessary to the restoration of national prosperity and the establishment of commercial conditions in this country that will give the common people-the agricultural and laboring classes-an equal show with capital and concentrated wealth. How can it be effected?

The first step-the essential preliminary to the correction of present abuses, the re-establishment of national prosperity and the maintenance of our national credit-is the election of a president whose Andrew Jackson courage and inflexible integrity will defy the influences that prostitute presidents and cabinets and make the administration of the government a subject of humiliation and reproach.

The one hope of the people. I am convinced, is in the election of a president pledged, unconditionally and unreservedly to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold, the same as from the foundation of our government until 1873. And also unconditionally pledged in favor of a national currency, without the intervention of banks of issue, and against the issuance of interest-bearing bonds in time of for any purpose whatever. I appeal not only to the republicans in my own state, who can appreciate the sacrifice I make in renouncing party obligations on this question in advance of party actions in the premises, but to the people throughout the country without regard to party, to co-operate in this great non-partisan. patriotic American movement to sustain the industrial and financial independence of the Unite! States in the pending irrepressible

I appeal to them to lay aside party feelings. ignore party obligations on this social question, disregard party appeals, forget party

emolument The peril that menaces the people in the election of a president whose administration of the government means a perpetuation of the present financial system can only be averted by the people themselves. It may be too late four years hence. Present abnormal conditions do not warrant belief in the peaceful submission of the people to further oppression and impoverishment. The gold gamblers may deride the popular ebullition as a system of harm-"socialism," but if they are wise they will heed the admonition and not persist in their greed of accumulation, at the expense of the tolling and suffering people. The plain, patriotic duty of every American who loves and honors his country, who would jealously guard its institutions, who would die for the principles that have made it the greatest, the richest, the proudest, the most independent nation on the face of the globe, is to assert his

manhood and subordinate party success to the

country's welfare in the impending conflict.

Let us have this metal money restored and in the proportions found in nature's storehouse and as it existed in Washington's time, when the flag and the constitution were fresh and God seemed to speak to the people from an open book. The men who are for gold stand together, no matter what party they belong to. They have control of both the republican and the democratic parties. The people in their distress, striking at entrenched power, knock out first one and then the other party, but, no matter which turn is taken, gold is uppermost. The gold leaders are keen, determined and loyal to the gold standard. Are the silver leaders less determined, less intelligent and less loyal? If they are equal to the others in these qualities, what is the matter with them that they allow victory after victory to be scored against them, and that, too, when the silver people in the country are in the vast

The men who binzed the way to the silver conference did well. The people see the citadel of their liberties and are ready for the battle. The Philistines are at our doors. To your

SAW FOUR HUNDRED SHOT. A Kansas Lawyer Tells of an Exciting Experience White In Cuba.

EMPORIA, Kan., Feb. 17. - Charles Christy, a young lawyer of Waverly, Coffey county, has just returned from Cuba, where he and 16 other Americans, captured in battle by Spaniards, were saved by the American consul. He says 400 others captured at the same time were lined up and shot. According to his story the Cubins have everything on the island except Havana, and if the United States would interfere they would soon have that city.

M'KINLEY FAR AHEAD.

The New York Herald's Forecast of the Strength of Republican andidates. NEW YORK, Feb. 17 .- The Herald prints a forecast of the result in the republican national convention from returns received of delegates elected and an estimate on those to be chosen. It summarizes: "McKinley at present" is far in the lead. He is almost certain to receive at least 269 votes on the first ballot. Reed will come next, with 182. Allison will have 139 and Morton 121."