

fied in killing you," exclaimed Hampton, savagely.

Murphy stared at him stupidly, the cunning of incipient insanity in his cautious, as they never felt certain eyes. "En' whar-do ye expect-me ter say-all this, pervidin', of course hind the sharp corners of the winding -I wus fule 'nough-ter do it?"



"Hands Up!. Not a Move, Muhpry! I Have the Drop!"

"Up yonder before Custer and the officers of the Seventh, when we get

"They'd nab me-likely." "Now, see here, you say it is impossible for them to touch you, because the case is closed legally. But I've had to suffer for your crime, Murphy, suffer for 15 years, ten of them behind stone walls; and there are others who have suffered with me. It has cost me love, home, all that a man holds dear. The very least you can do in ordinary decency is to speak the truth now. It will not hurt you, but it will lift me

"Well-maybe I might. Anyhow, his girth. I'm dog tired-lyin' yere." "Unbuckle your belt, and throw that

over first." "I'm damned-if I will. Not-in no

Injun-country." "I know it's tough," retorted Hampton, with exasperating coolness, his revolver's muzzle held steady; "but, just the same, it's got to be done. I know you far too well to take chances

on your gun. So unlimber.' "Oh, I-guess not," and Murphy spat contemptuously. "Do ye think-I'm afeard o' yer-shootin'? Ye don't dare

-fer I'm no good ter ye-dead." "You are perfectly right. You are quite a philosopher in your way. You would be no good to me dead, Murphy, but you might prove fully as valuable maimed. Now I'm playing this game to the limit, and that limit is just about reached. You unlimber before I count ten, you murderer, or I'll spoil both your hands!"

The mocking, sardonic grin deserted Murphy's features.

"Unlimber! It's the last call."

With a snarl the scout unclasped his army belt, dropped it to the ground Hampton. "Now-now-you, you grayeyed-devil, kin I-sit up?'

The other nodded. He had drawn the fangs of the wolf, and now that he no longer feared, a sudden, unexpossession of him. Murphy sputtered and swore, but his victorious companthe northward now, evidently the answering signals of different bands of savages, while far away, beneath the easy doze. shadow of the low bluffs bordering the stream, numerous black, moving dots began to show against the light brown background. Hampton, noticing that Murphy had stopped swearing to gaze, swung forward his field-glasses for a

"They are Indians, right enough," he said, at last. "Here, take a look, Mur- it. phy. I could count about 20 in that plan and wait, scheme and execute. bunch and they are traveling north." The older man adjusted the tubes to of how to tear and kill. his eyes and looked long and steadily

at the party. "They seem-to be a-closin' in," he declared, finally, staring around into the other's face, all bravado gone. "There's anuther lot-bucks, all o' 'em -out west yonder-an' over east a smudge is-just startin'. Looks like

be some-har-raisin' fore long." Well, Murphy, you are the older hand at this business. What do you advise doing?"

-we wus in a pocket-an' thar' might

"Me? Why, push right 'long-while we kin keep under cover. Then-after dark-trust ter bull luck an' make-'nuther dash. It's mostly luck, any-

"You mean we should start now?" "Better-let the cattle rest-first. An'-if ye ever feed prisoners-I'd like ter eat a bite-mesilf."

They rested there for over two hours, the tired horses contentedly munching the succulent grass of the coulee, their two masters scarcely exchanging a word. Murphy, after satisfying his appetite, rested flat upon his back, one arm flung over his eyes to protect them from the sun.

At last they saddled up and passed

down the coulee into the more precip

itous depths of the narrow canyon. Their early advance was slow and what hidden enemies might lurk bedefile, and they kept vigilant eyes upon the serrated skyline. The say ages were moving north and so were they.

It was fully three o'clock when they attained to the bank of the Powder, and crouched among the rocks to wait for the shades of night to shroud their further advance. Murphy climbed the bluff for a wider view, bearing Hampton's field-glasses slung across his shoulder, for the latter would not leave him alone with the horses. He returned finally to grunt out that there was nothing special in sight, except a shifting of those smoke signals to points farther north. Then they lay down again, Hampton smoking, Murphy either sleeping or pretending to sleep. And slowly the shadows of another black night swept down and shut them in.

It must have been two hours later when they ventured forth. Silence and loneliness brooded everywhere, not so much as a breath of air stirring the leaves. Murphy continued to lead, the light tread of his horse barely audible, Hampton pressing closely behind, revolver in hand, the two packhorses trailing in the rear.

Midnight, and they pulled up amid the deeper gloom of a great, overhanging bluff, having numerous trees near its summit. There was the glow of a distant fire upon their left, which reddened the sky, and reflected oddly on the edges of a vast cloud-mass rolling up threateningly from the west.

Their horses stood with heads hanging wearily down, their sides rising and falling, and Hampton, rolling stiffly from the saddle, hastily loosened

"They'll drop under us if we don't give them an hour or two," he said, quietly. "They're both dead beat."

Murphy muttered something, incoherent and garnished with oaths, and the moment he succeeded in releasing the buckle, sank down limp at the very feet of his horse, rolling up into a queer ball. The other stared and took a step nearer.

"What's the matter? Are you sick.

'No-tired-don't want ter see-

thet thing agin." What thing?"

"Thet green, devlish,-crawlin' face -if ye must know!" And he twisted his long, ape-like arms across his eyes, lying curled up as a dog might.

For a moment Hampton stood gazing down upon him, listening to his incoherent mutterings, his own face grave and sympathetic. Then he moved back and sat down. Suddenly the full conception of what this meant came to his mind-the man had gone mad. The strained cords of that diseased brain had snapped in the presence of imagined terrors, and now all was chaos. The horror of it overand sullenly kicked it over toward whelmed Hampton; not only did this unexpected denouement leave him utterly hopeless, but what was he to do with the fellow? They were in the very heart of the Indian country,the country of the savage Sioux. He plainable feeling of sympathy took stared at the curled-up man, now silent and breathing heavily as if asleep. If he only might light a pipe, or boil ion neither spoke nor moved. There himself a cup of black coffee! Murwere several distant smokes out to phy never stirred; the horses were seemingly too weary to browse. Then Hampton nodded and sank into an un-

> CHAPTER XXX. Alone with the Insane.

Beneath the shade of uplifted arms Murphy's eyes remained unclosed. Whatever terrors may have dominated that diseased brain, the one purpose of revenge and escape never deserted With patient cunning he could He was all animal now, dreaming only

He was many minutes thoroughly satisfying himself that Hampton actually slept. His every movement was



There Was a Sudden Glint in the Faint Starlight as He Struck the

slow, crafty, cowardly, the savage in his perverted nature becoming more and more manifest. It was more beast than man that finally crept forward on passage. all-fours, the eyes gleaming cruel as a cat's in the night. Within a yard of the peacefully slumbering man he rose up, crouching on his toes and feeling the close proximity of that horrible presence. Then the maniac took less; and the brave man it had borne one more stealthy, slouching step nearer, and flung himself at the ex- stroked tenderly the unconscious posed throat, uttering a fierce snarl as head. Then he shifted the provisions Hampton awoke, gasping and choking, the loose rein once more in his left to find those mad eyes glaring into his own, those murderous hands throt-

tling him with the strength of mad-

At first the stupefied, half-awakened man struggled as if in delirium, scarcely realizing the danger. He was slowly moving pack-train, were followaware of suffering, of horror, of suffocation. Then the brain flashed into horsemen down the right bank of the life, and he grappled fiercely with his Little Big Horn. The troopers, cardread antagonist. Murphy snapped bines at knee, sitting erect in their like a mad dog, his lips snarling saddles, their faces browned by the curses; but Hampton fought silently, hot winds of the plains, were riding desperately, his brain clearing as he steadily northward. Beside them, succeeded in wrenching those claws mounted upon a rangy chestnut, Brant from his lacerated throat, and forced kept his watchful eyes on those scathis way up on to one knee. He worked tered flankers dotting the summit of his way, inch by inch, to his feet, his the near-by bluff. Suddenly one of slender figure rigid as steel and closed | these waved his hand eagerly, and the in upon the other, but Murphy writhed out of his grasp, as a snake might. ascent. The younger man realized now to the full his peril, and his hand slipped down to the gun upon his hip. There was a sudden glint in the faint star- east. "They're down in a coulee now, light as he struck, and the stunned I reckon; but will be up on a ridge maniac went down quivering, and lay agin in a minute. I got sight of 'em motionless on the hard ground. With the quick decision of one long accustomed to meet emergencies, Hampton unbuckled the lariat from one of the immediately rewarded by the glimpse led animals and bound Murphy's hands

and limbs securely. As he worked he thought rapidly. He comprehended the extreme desperation of their present situation. While the revolver blow might possibly restore Murphy to a degree of sanity, it was far more probable that he would awaken violent. Yet he could not deliberately leave this man to meet a fate of horror in the wilderness. That which would have been quickly decided had he been alone became a most serious problem when considered in connection with the in- ly able to stagger forward; on his back. sane, helpless scout. Then, there were with feet strapped securely beneath the dispatches! They must be of vital and hands bound to the high pommel. importance to have required the send- the lips grinning ferociously, perched ing of Murphy forth on so dangerous a misshapen creature clothed as a a ride; other lives, ay, the result of man. Beside these, hatless, his shoes the entire campaign might depend barely holding together, a man of upon their early delivery. Hampton slender figure and sunburnt face held had been a soldier, the spirit of the the bridle-rein. An instant they gazed thought brought him to final decision. filled with sympathetic horror, the Unless they were halted by Sioux bull other staring apathetically at his reslets, they would push on toward the cuer. Big Horn and Custer should have the

He knelt down beside Murphy, un you here?" buckled the leather dispatch bag, and rebuckled it across his own shoulder. Then he set to work to revive the prostrate man. The eyes, when opened, stared up at him, wild and glaring: the ugly face bore the expression of abject fear. The man was no longer violent; he had become a child, frightened at the dark.

Securely strapping Murphy to his saddle and packing all their remaining store of provisions upon one horse, leaving the other to follow or remain behind as it pleased, he advanced directly into the hills, steering by aid of the stars, his left hand ever on Murphy's bridle rein, his low voice of expostulation seeking to calm the other's wild fancies and to curb his vio-

At dawn they were in a narrow gorge among the hills, a dark and gloomy hole, yet a peculiarly safe spot in which to hide, having steep, rocky

ledges on either side, with sufficient grass for the horses. Leaving Murphy bound, Hampton clambered up the front of the rock to where he was able to look out. All was silent and his heart sank as he surveyed the brown sterile hills stretching to the horizon, having merely narrow gulches of rock and sand between, the sheer nakedness of the picture unrelieved by green shrub or any living thing. Then, almost despairing, he slid back, stretched himself out amid the soft grass, and sank into the slumber of exhaus ion, his conscious memory the incoherent babbling of his insane companion.

He awoke shortly after noon, feeling refreshed and renewed in both body and mind. Murphy was sleeping when he first turned to look at him, but he awoke in season to be fed, and accepted the proffered food with all the apparent delight of a child. While he rested, their remaining pack-animal had strayed, and Hampton was compelled to go on with only the two horses, strapping the depleted store of provisions behind his own saddle. Then he carefully hoisted Murphy into place and bound his feet beneath the animal's belly. Then he resumed the journey down one of those sandstrewn depressions pointing toward the Rosebud, pressing the refreshed ponies into a canter, confident now that their greatest measure of safety

lay in audacity. It was already becoming dusk when they swept down into a little nest of green trees and grass. It appeared so suddenly and was such an unexpected oasis amid that surrounding wilderness, that Hampton gave vent to a sudden exclamation of delight. But that was all. Instantly he perceived numerous dark forms leaping from out the shrubbery, and he wheeled his horses to the left, lashing them into a rapid run. It was all over in a moment—a sputtering of rifles, a wild medley of cries, a glimpse of savage figures, and the two were tearing down the rocks, the din of pursuit away behind them. The band were tinued to press his mount at a swift

pace, taking turn after turn about the sharp hills, confident that the hard earth would leave no trace of their

Then suddenly the horse he rode sank like a log, but his tight grip upon the rein of the other landed him on his feet. A stray Sioux bullet had bending stealthily forward, possibly found its mark, but the gallant animal had struggled on until it dropped lifeso long and so well bent down and his fingers clutched the soft flesh, to the back of the other horse, grasped hand, and started forward on foot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

On the Little Big Horn. N troop, guarding, much to their em-

phatically expressed disgust, the more ing Custer's advancing column of lieutenant went dashing up the sharp

"What is it, now, Lane?"

"Somethin' movin' out yonder, sir," and the trooper pointed into the southtwice afore I waved."

The officer gazed earnestly in the direction indicated, and was almost of some indistinct, dark figures dimly showing against the lighter back ground of sky.

"White men," he announced, short-

ly. "Come with me." At a brisk trot they rode out, the trooper lagging a pace to the rear, the watchful eyes of both men sweeping suspiciously across the prairie. The two parties met suddenly upon the summit of a sharp ridge and Brant drew in his horse with an exclamation of astonishment. It was a pathetic spectacle he stared at-a horse scarce-

"My God! Can this be you, Hampton? What does it mean? Why are

Hampton, leaning against the trembling horse to keep erect, slowly lifted his hand in a semblance of military salute. "Dispatches from Cheyenne. This is Murphy-went crazy out youder. For God's sake-water, food!"

"Your canteen, Lane!" exclaimed Brant. "Now hold this cup," and he dashed into it a liberal supply of brandy from a pocket-flask. "Drink that all down, Hampton."

The man did mechanically as he was ordered, his hand never relaxing its grasp of the rein. Then a gleam of reawakened intelligence appeared In his eyes; he glanced up into the lecring countenance of Murphy, and then back at those others. "Give me another for him.'

Brant handed to him the filled cup, noting as he did so the strange steadiness of the hand which accepted it. Hampton lifted the tin to the figure in the saddle.

"Drink it," he commanded, curtly,

"every drop!" For an instant the maniac glared back at him sullenly; then he appeared to shrink in terror, and drank swiftly

"We can make the rest of the way now," Hampton announced, quietly. "Lord, but this has been a trip!"

Lane dismounted at Brant's order and assisted Hampton to climb into the vacated saddle. Then the trooper grasped the rein of Murphy's horse, and the little party started toward where the pack-train was hidden in

"Is Custer here?" said Hampton. "No; that is, not with my party. We are guarding the pack-train. The others are ahead, and Custer, with five troops, has moved to the right. He is somewhere among those ridges back of the bluff."

The man turned and looked where the officer pointed, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Can you give me a fresh horse, a



Could Tell, But He Has bite to eat, and a cup of coffee, down

see I've got to go on." "Go on? Good God! man, do you

there?" he asked, anxiously.

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has been made illegal in Washington and the District of Columbia, and alum baking powders are everywhere recognized as

To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,

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The County Exchanges

Hems of General Interest Selected from the Columns of Contemporaries *** ********** ****************

Elmwood

From the Leader-Echo. were called here first of the week by had been here for some time visiting the serious illness of their mother.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Wm. Atchison is down with typhoid fever, Iowa, Monday, where she will visit her service was still with him, and that at each other, the young officer's eyes while and Ella are rapidly recovering. mother, who is taking treatment in a

The many friends of Mr. H. D. Wall hospital at that place. She was acwill be pleased to know that he is companied by Mrs. J. M. Palmer, who gradually recovering from his recent stroke of paralysis.

Mrs. A. Bickert is seriously ill with pneumonia, for the second time this winter. A trained nurse from Lincoln is caring for her.

Mrs. Walter Hardnock, of Eagle was Weeping Water he will move down. operated on at the Munger hospital Wednesday morning and at this writing is doing nicely.

John VanAkern's little boy is reported much better, but another of his children, a little girl is now quite sick with pneumonia.

from Murdock Tuesday and Wednes- our village. day, visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Mary Wiliiams.

and Dr. Munger went to Lincoln yes- that is the supposition. He started for terday to bring Mrs. Stark home. We Omaha to buy some supplies for the are sorry to hear that her treatment at barber shop, got all the money he much benefit.

Louisville From the Courier.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Richey and two daughters left Tuesday for a pleasure trip to Texas.

Miss Daisy and Ralph Twiss went to Kansas City Tuesday. They will visit relatives south of Kansas City during their absence.

Mr. D. J. Kilgore, has been quarantined for smallpox. The Kilgores lives on the Amos Keiser farm west of town. Will Patton has entirely recovered. Wm. Urwin and wife and son, Cecil, have come down with the disease.

Manager T. H. Pollock of the Inde- home He expects to be home again pendent Telepohne company was in soon, permanently cured. Louisville Friday morning, superintend- J. M. Perdue, who has resided in this ing the repair of the line running vicinity the past few years, loaded his across the Platte, the recent high car Wednesday, and he and his family water having torn away a part of the departed for Cedar county to make bridge on which the wires were at- their home on a farm near Harting-

Jessie Livingston loaded a car with his earthly effects and left Tuesday for here Tuesday, the guest of Mr. and Deweese, Neb., where he has purchased Mrs. Lewis Bird. Mr. Gapen had a farm and will make his home in the brought a shipment of cattle to South future. The other members of the Omaha, and improved the opportunity family left the following day. The to run down here for a few hours visit. Livingstons were early settlers in Cass county and have hosts of friends who wish them happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Nehawka

Mrs. Rebecca Alford returned from the hospital in Iowa Tuesday morning. Robert met his mother in Omaha, and reports that she is feeling much im-

Mrs. William Puls from Maple Grove was in town Saturday morning, bringing Miss Dirk and Miss Bannick to the Henry, Robert and Julian Bickert train. They were from Holdrege and

> Miss Gladys West left for Oskaloosa, will visit with Mrs. E. B. Wilcox for a

> A deal was made Monday whereby Nels Anderson purchased the pool hall of Littrel & Shallenbarger. He assumed control Tuesday morning and as soon as he can close out his business in

Robert Thacker, the new foreman of the Nehawka Stone Co. quarry, has moved his family here from Lawton, Okla., and will soon be settled in the U. B. parsonage. His family consists of a wife and three children. The Register welcomes them to Nehawka, and trusts August Kuehn and wife were over they will prove a valuable addition to

Andy Counts, who has been around here for nearly a year, left for parts J. G. Stark, Joe Mullin, Wm. Delles unknown last Wednesday-or at least the sanitarium has not been of very could from friends-and you known the rest. We are not sure that he will be missed-except by those he owed.

Union

Chas. F. Morton and wife, northeast of town, and the proud parents of a nice little daughter, born on Wednesday, Feb. 26.

E. L. Downs has leased Mrs. A. A. Reynolds' farm southwest of town, and moved his family and household goods there yesterday. Will Reynolds, who who in Omaha

having his ears treated by one of the specialists, made a Sunday visit at

Sam Gapen of Hiattville, Wyo., was

"Ted" Barrows and wife, former residents of this neighborhood and who have resided in Cedar county the past, few years, came Wednesday to visit Charles Garrison and family. After making visits with all relatives in this county they go to South Dakota, where they intend making their permanent home.

Henry Brissey, the old-time meat market man, who moved from here to Auburn several years ago, is preparing to put on the metropolitan airs and is W. H. Porter closed a contract with now getting fixed up to defy and ice the Nehawka Bank for a hot water trust. He went through here a few heating plant to be installed as soon as mornings ago to Omaha, where he purthe material can be shipped from Om- chased a fine and compete ice plant evidently all on foot, yet Hampton con-you can hardly sit the saddle! You side of ten days. will manufacture his own supply of ice.