

"UNKNOWN."

Or where the ring-dove's notes, sweet summer's song... Or by the James, or by the Chickamauga...

MEMORIAL DAY AND SENTIMENT.



It is to the South, the land of flowers and fragrance and chivalry and beautiful women, that the North owes the fine idea of decorating the graves of soldier-dead with flowers...

The custom spread to the North, and was universally observed, even before it was established as a national institution.

By a general order issued by General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, May 5, 1868, May 30 was fixed as Memorial Day for that year in all States and Territories...

It is a beautiful custom, founded entirely on sentiment. Respect for the dead means nothing only as it influences the living. Memorial Day knows nothing of strife, of wrong, of ill deeds...

There is no sectional line in bravery. There never has been. We honor courage and devotion, and ask not under what flag heroism was proven. We place flowers on grassy mounds...

ed the terrific decline where a plunge meant death. Morton gained the road, seized the trailing lines, was dragged flat...

known and unmarked resting places of the Union soldiers. As the news of this touching tribute flashed over the North, it roused, as nothing else could have done, national sympathy and love...

He could say nothing, as she sat down beside him, telling him brokenly what she felt she owed to his unselfish bravery. Then there was an interruption. In his shirt sleeves, storming ferociously, old Silas came up.

"See here!" he cried, extending the coat he had worn that day. "I'd rather have lost the team than that happen!"

"In rushing to Madge's rescue he had slit one sleeve, entire of the borrowed garment."

"Don't let that worry you, Mr. Morton," said Paul. "It does worry me. I've spoiled my old friend's regimentals!"

She took the coat, nodding encouragingly to Morton as he walked off, and, as she turned over the garment, from an inside pocket a sealed letter fell out.

Paul gave a gasp. Was it possible? His handwriting, "the" letter?

Yes, there it was; the missive setting his destiny, which he had asked his grandfather to hand to Madge two weeks previous.

And the old veteran had forgotten all about it, and fever had intervened, and now it had magically come to light, and Paul had misjudged Madge, and believed her indifferent.

"I wonder who wrote it?" she murmured. "I wrote it," answered Paul, boldly. Their eyes met—hers sparkled, fell. She blushed divinely—understood!

"Shall—shall I read it?" she stammered, with downcast glance, and trembling—for joy.

"No. Let me tell you what it says," whispered Paul, and drew her unresistingly to his side.

The holy stars of Memorial Night, looking down upon those two, hallowed a love that had found brightness and peace ineffable.

END OF JACK SULLY

NOTORIOUS DESPERADO SHOT ON ROSEBUD RESERVATION.

A RUNNING FIGHT WITH OFFICERS

Rifle Ball Brought Him Down—The Outlaw and Cattle Rustler Had for More Than a Quarter of a Century Been a Terror on the Range.

Chamberlain, S. D.: The circumstances leading up to the tragic end of the notorious desperado, Jack Sully, who for many years has been the terror of the Rosebud country, are these: A week or ten days ago Sully stole a bunch of nearly 200 cattle belonging to various neighboring ranchers.

He has for years been recognized as the head of a band of rustlers that has been the cause of endless trouble and expense to the thirty state of people who have of late been coming into the neighborhood, and his tragic end is not likely to cause very deep mourning upon the range.

The Sully gang has been credited with having stolen, during the past twenty years, a total of fully 50,000 head of cattle and several thousand head of horses, but it is reasonable to suppose that this estimate is somewhat exaggerated.

Nevertheless, it is safe to say that several thousand head have been stolen by the thieves during that period. The gang is also said to have been responsible for the death of seven men during the long period it was carrying on its operations along the Missouri River.

Sully's career naturally has been filled with interesting incidents. He first made his appearance at the Northern Pacific crossing (now Bismarck, N. D.) in 1872. He was at that time a partner of Jack Kinkade, who killed his own sister at a country dance in Missouri.

Only when Kinkade was on a drunk with Sully would he ever mention the killing of his sister. "Bill" Reese, another of Sully's old-time chums, was shot and killed in his own dance house at Miles City, Mont., by Dr. Lecher.

"Jim" Foster, a character well known on the frontier twenty years ago, was another chum of Sully. Foster was an accomplished banjo player, and many people who yet reside in South Dakota remember the devil-may-care fellow, who at intervals would visit the frontier towns for the purpose of having a glorious drunk, during which he was invariably accompanied by his banjo.

He had a remarkable voice. "I'll Remember You, Lovingly in My Prayers," was a favorite song of his, with which he was wont to entertain such of the residents of the frontier towns as cared to appear upon the streets when himself and his drunken companions virtually had possession of the thoroughfares and the buildings adjacent thereto.

One of Foster's characteristics when drunk was to light his cigars with \$5 or \$10 bills. He, like many of the former chums of Sully, "died with his boots on." He was a handsome man, a veritable Adonis, and was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, yet by nature was endowed with many of the traits of the Indian, being considerable of a sneak and coward.

While on a hunting trip to the Black Hills with several boon companions he was shot and killed. The members of the party declared that he was the victim of the accidental discharge of a gun, but there is little question that he was shot down by one of his companions who had a grudge of some kind against him, and feared that if he did not resort to assassination Foster himself would assassinate him when the opportunity offered.

Sully was also a chum of "Lame Johnny," "Big Nose George" and a man named Gray, who were all noted "hold-up" men during the early days of settlement in the Black Hills.

"Big Nose George" was hanged by a vigilance committee at Rock Springs, Wyo.; "Lame Johnny" suffered a like fate on a creek now known as Lame Johnny Creek, in the Black Hills, and Gray, who was at one time proprietor of the old Minnesota House at Yankton, was hanged in Arizona, a vigilance committee having brought an end to his career.

The killing of the masterful old leader removes a border character for whom there probably has not been a parallel in

the United States for some years. He was not a bloodthirsty criminal of dime novel variety, but an honorable man in his way. He was true to his friends, and not given to bloodshed if it could be avoided.

The exact time when Sully came to South Dakota is not known, but it was at least thirty years ago. He was a tall, raw-boned young man, who said nothing about his past and gave a name which is known to have been assumed.

It was not long after he came that he built his hut on a high hill on the Rosebud reservation. Here he was surrounded by a crowd of loose characters with whom he easily carried on a big rustling business.

A half-breed squaw man, too, and four half-breed daughters married and lived about him and helped him. A fine, white frame house took the place of the hut at his cry, and from this he could see the approach of an enemy for four miles.

Sully was a squaw man, too, and four half-breed daughters married and lived about him and helped him. A fine, white frame house took the place of the hut at his cry, and from this he could see the approach of an enemy for four miles.

Only twice in the past four years has Sully been captured. The first of these was in the fall of 1901. The habits of the rustlers was to take only a part of a herd of cattle the first time. If no fuss was made the owner of the herd would not be disturbed again.

One Pete Waugh, living north of Oacoma, suffered a loss at the hands of the rustlers, and made a big "boller." As a consequence another visit was made and all his stock was taken.

Additional details of the killing of Sully, which have been received here, show that he made a desperate break to escape from the officers.

This time he was inveigled into a game of cards. Liquor was handed out freely to him and he became hopelessly intoxicated. He was taken to Mitchell, the night the Mitchell sheriff died Sully escaped, and it is said this cost him \$1,500.

He made his get away on relays of horses. It was said he emigrated to Canada, but instead went to Kansas. He returned to his old haunts once too often, and met his end on the very eve of the time when the incoming settlers would have driven him away for all time.

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By request of the officers, went to the Sully house and informed Jack that his place was surrounded by officers and requested him to give himself up. He refused, saying: "Goodby to all. With fair play I equal three of them."

Trusting a 44-caliber Colt's revolver into his belt and mounting a horse, he made a dash for life. He was commanded to halt, but did not obey. There were thirty shots fired by the pursuing officers, of which five took effect in the horse. By this time Sully had measured a distance of 450 yards between himself and the officers when a volley of shots was fired, one of which took effect in Sully's back, causing him to reel and fall from his horse.

When the officers approached him he was commanded to throw up his hands, and he obeyed. Recognizing Deputy United States Marshal Petrie, he shook hands with him and asked for a drink of water, after which he expired.

Two musicians, a drummer and a piper, returning to their village from a wedding party, were overtaken by a snowstorm and sought refuge in a deserted mill. They lit a fire with some wood they found in the place and were warning themselves when they saw a wolf emerge from a dark corner of the building. They jumped up on a shelf, and, to their dismay, saw several more wolves join the first.

The animals rushed in their direction, and the drummer, at a loss for a mode of defence, set to beating his drum, whereupon his companion instinctively played his pipe. The effect was marvelous. The music so terrified the wolves that they attempted to run away, and as the door was closed they began fighting, and several of them were torn to pieces, the survivors eventually escaping through a hole in the wall.

"Mike" said Plodding Pete, "how would you like to be one o' dese here nabobs?" "I dunno," answered Meandering Mike; "it kind o' looks to me as if I'd rather keep me appetite fur ham sandwiches dan have to get me enjoyment ownin' art galleries an' lookin' at de pictures."—Washington Star

Up Against It. The tramp was beginning quite hungry to feel, so he asked the lady to give him a meal, at a farmhouse where he did stop. The kind-hearted female took him to the shed, and getting the ax, she feelingly said: "Pray, sir, help yourself to a chop."

HANGED REBEL LOUIS RIEL

Man Who Carried Out the Law's Sentence on Malcontent is Dead.

John Henderson, who carried out the sentence of death upon Louis Riel, originator of the Riel rebellion in Canada, is dead at his ranch near Glasgow, Mont. Recently an old wound in his leg, received by Henderson years ago while a government scout, had been causing him much suffering and the physician had to amputate the limb.

Henderson never recovered from the shock. He was born in Scotland seventy-eight years ago. He came to the United States when a mere youth. He was one of the pioneer residents of Last Chance gulch. Subsequently he was employed as a scout during Indian campaigns. Then he went to Canada, where he also served as a scout. He saw service throughout the Riel rebellion, and in 1885, while acting as government hangman, executed Louis Riel at Regina, N. W. T.

Henderson had a claim against the Canadian government for \$15,000 for his services. The claim was recently allowed. The amount will probably go to the widow, who lives on the family ranch near Glasgow.

Tired, Suffering Women. Women run down and endure daily tortures through neglecting the kidneys. Kidney backache makes household work a burden; rest is impossible; sleep fitful; appetite gives out and you are tired all the time. Can't be well until the kidneys are well. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have restored thousands of suffering women to health and vigor.

Mrs. William Wallace, of 18 Capitol street, Concord, N. H., says: "I was in the early stages of Bright's Disease, and were it not for Doan's Kidney Pills I would not be living to-day. Pain in the back was so intense that at night I had to get out of bed until the paroxysm of pain passed away. I was languid and tired and hadn't the strength to lift a kettle of water. I could not work, but a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me, and two boxes absolutely cured me."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Wallace will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box.

Valuable Roman Remains Unearthed. During the course of some excavations on a mound in the neighborhood of Greenwich Observatory, London, some Roman remains of great value and interest have been unearthed. About two feet below the surface the floor of a Roman room with a great portion of the tessellated pavement intact was revealed. Under careful treatment the beautiful work in cubes of red tile was disclosed, and the space has now been laid off, in order that the public may view the remains. A fine collection of coins of the period of Hadrian and Constantine was also discovered, together with several pieces of beautifully figured pottery and ornamental wall-plaster. The coins were in a state of remarkable preservation, the figures and inscriptions being in some instances almost as clear and distinct as those at present in use. The discoveries are regarded as important, for the reason that they prove that the Roman road from London to Dover led through what is now Greenwich Park.

Having a Pic-nic. There is something particularly enjoyable about going to a picnic. The very word Pic-nic brings pleasant anticipations of a good time. The idea of going out to the woods and fields or down by some brook or lake, with luncheon to be served on the grass and under the trees, has a peculiar fascination. The fresh air and exercise contribute to give a hearty appetite to all and everything at luncheon seems far better than the finest course dinner that a French chef ever served. Wooden dishes supplant Dresden china, and paper boxes silver trays, when the "good things to eat" are spread upon the ground.

Pic-nics are never complete without the sandwiches, sweet white bread with a generous layer of meat between. Libby's canned meats are ideal for pic-nics and outings. The cans are so easily opened and the contents so fresh and palatable that no picnic is a success without Libby's "Natural Flavor" Food Products.

A Monetary Choice. "Which do you like better—money or solibity?" "Well, I love a dollar, but I worship a sovereign!"—Smart Set.

Backache. The main muscular supports of body weaken and let go under

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