Good Things

In The House

dont count unless you include the pantry Wife knows when husband is tired and hungry she must reach his heart through his stomach.



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Continued from last week.

ae aid not in the least covet. But now, miracle of all miracles, just as the end seemed actually attained. seemed beyond any possibility of being turned aside, he began to experience a desire to live-he wanted to save this girl.

His keenly observant eyes, trained by the exigencles of his trade to take note of small things, and rendered eager by this newly awakened ambition, scanned the cliff towering above them. He perceived the extreme irregularity of its front, and numerous peculiarities of formation which had escaped him hitherto. Suddenly his nuzzled face brightened to the birth of an idea. By heavens! it might be done! Sarely it might be done! Inch by inch he traced the obscure passage seeking to impress each faint detailupon his memory—that narrow ledge within easy reach of an upstretched arm, the sharp outcropping of rockedges here and there, the deep gash as though some giant ax had cleaved the stone, those sturdy cedars growing straight out over the chasm like the bowsprits of ships, while all along the way, irregular and ragged, varied rifts not entirely unlike the steps of a crazy staircase.

The very conception of such an exploit caused his flesh to creep. But he was not of that class of men who fall back dazed before the face of danger. Again and again, led by an impulse he was unable to resist, he studied that precipitous rock, every nerve tingling to the newborn hope. God helping them, even so desperate a deed might be accomplished, although it would test the foot and nerve of a Swiss mountaineer. He glanced again uneasily toward his companion, and saw the same motionless figure, the same somber face turned deliberately away. Hampton did not smile, but his square jaw set, and he clinched his hands. He had no fear that she might fail him, but for the first time in all his life he questioned his own courage, aversion had vanished.

CHAPTER III. Between Life and Death.

The remainder of that day, as well as much of the gloomy night following, composed a silent, lingering horror. The fierce pangs of hunger no longer gnawed, but a dull apathy now held the helpless defenders. One of the wounded died, a mere lad, sobbing pitifully for his mother; an infantryman, peering forth from his covert. had been shot in the face, and his scream echoed among the rocks in multiplied accents of agony; while Wyman lay tossing and moaning, mercifully unconscious. The others rested in their places, scarcely venturing to stir a limb, their roving, wolfish eyes the only visible evidence of remaining life, every hope vanished, yet each man clinging to his assigned post of duty in desperation. There was but little firing-the defenders nursing their slender stock, the savages biding their time. When night shut down the latter became bolder, and taunted cruelly those destined to become so soon their hapless victims. Twice the maddened men fired recklessly at those dancing devils, and one pitched forward, emitting a howl of pain that caused his comrades to cower once again behind their covers. One and all these frontiersmen recognized the inevitable-before dawn the end must

and waited. Hampton crept closer in beside the girl while the shadows deepened, and ventured to touch her hand. Perhaps the severe strain of their situation. the intense loneliness of that Indianhaunted twilight, had somewhat softened her resentment, for she made no effort now to repulse him.

come. No useless words were spoken;

the men merely clinched their teeth

"Kid." he said at last, "are you game for a try at getting out of this?"

She appeared to hesitate over her answer, and he could feel her tumultuous breathing. Some portion of her

.. July Bargains ..

at Herrick's

Both Phones

Everybody Gets a Prize

"Come, Kid," he ventured finally, yet with new assurance vibrating in his low voice; "this is surely a poor time and place for any indulgence in tantrums, and you've got more sense. I'm going to try to climb up the face of that cliff yonder,-it's the only possible way out from here, and I propose to take you along with me."

She anatched her hand roughly away, yet remained facing him. "Who gave you any right to decide what I should do?"

The man clasped his fingers tightly about her slender arm, advancing his face until he could look squarely into hers. She read in the lines of that determined countenance a inflexible resolve which overmastered her.

"The right given by Almighty God to protect any one of your sex in peril," he replied. "Before dawn those savage fiends will be upon us. We are utterly helpless. There remains only one possible path for escape, and I believe I have discovered it. Now, my girl, you either climb those rocks with me, or I shall kill you where you are. It is that, or the Sloux torture. I have two shots left in this gun, one for you, the other for myself. The time



Never Once Did the Man Loosen His Grasping Grip of His Companion.

has come for deciding which of these alternatives you prefer."

"If I select your bullet rather than the rocks, what then?"

"You will get it, but in that case you will die like a fool." "You have believed me to be one,

all this afternoon." "Possibly," he admitted; "your words and actions certainly justified some

such conclusion, but the opportunity

has arrived for causing me to revise that suspicion." Mr. Bob Hampton. If I go, I shall hate you just the same."

Hampton's teeth clicked like those of an angry dog. "Hate and be damned." he exclaimed roughly. "All care about now is to drag you out of

here alive." "Well, if you put it that way," she said, "I'll go."

"Come on, then," he whispered, his fingers grasping her sleeve.

She shook off the restraining touch of his hand as if it were contamination and sank down upon her knees beside the inert body. He could barely perceive the dim outlines of her bowed figure, yet never moved, his breath perceptibly quickening, while he watched and waited. Without word or moan she bent 'yet lower and pressed her lips upon the cold, white face. The man caught no more than the faintest echo of a murmured "Goodby, old dad; I wish I could take you with me." Then she stood stiffly upright, facing him. "I'm ready now," she announced calmly. "You can go on

ahead." They crept among low shrubs and around the bowlders, carefully guarding every slightest movement lest some rustle of disturbed foliage, or sound of loosened stone, might draw the fire of those keen watchers. Every inch of their progress was attained through tedious groping, yet the distance to be traversed was short, and Hampton soon found himself pressing against the uprising precipice. Against that background of dark cliff they might venture to stand erect, the faint glimmer of reflected light barely sufficient to reveal to each the shadowy outline of the other.

"Don't move an inch from this spot," he whispered. "It wouldn't be a square deal, Kid, to leave those poor fellows to their death without even telling them there's a chance to get out."

She attempted no reply, as he glided noiselessly away, but her face, could he have seen it, was not devoid of expression. This was an act of generosity and deliberate courage of the very kind most apt to appeal to her nature, and within her secret heart there was rapidly developing a respect for this man, who with such calm assurance won his own way. Then, suddenly, that black curtain was rent by jagged spurts of red and yellow flame. Dazed for an instant, her heart throbbing wildly to the sharp reports of the rifles, she shrank cowering back, her fascinated gaze fixed on those imp-like figures leaping forward from rock to rock. Almost with the flash and sound Hampton sprang hastily back and gathered her in his

"Catch hold, Kid, anywhere; only go up, and quick!" She retained no longer any memory of Hampton; her brain was completely terrorized. Inch by inch, foot by foot, clinging to a fragment of rock here, grasping a slippery branch there. occasionally helped by encountering a deeper gash in the face of the precipice, her movements concealed by the cattered cedars, she toiled feverish up. The first time she became aware that Hampton was closely following was when her feet slipped along a naked root, and she would have plunged headlong into unknown depths had she not come in sudden contact with his supporting shoulder. Faint and dixxy, and trembling like a leaf of an aspen, she crept forward onto a somewhat wider ledge of thin rock, and lay there quivering painfully from head to foot. A moment of suspense, and he was outstretched beside her, resting at full length along the very outer edge, his hand closing tightly over her own.

"Remain perfectly quiet," he whispered, panting heavily. "We can be

lows, the shouts of men engaged in death grapple, the sharp crackling of innumerable rifles, the inarticulate moans of pain, the piercing scream of udden torture, were borne upward to them from out the blackness. All at once the hideous uproar ceased with final yelping of triumph, seemingly reechood the entire length of the chasm, in the midst of which one singie voice pleaded pitifully, only to lie away in a shrick. The two agonized fugitives lay listening, their ears strained to catch the slightest sound from below. Hampton's ears could discern evidences of movement, and he

heard guttural voices calling at a dis-

tance, but to the vision all was black.

These uncertain sounds ceased, the

strained ears of the fugitives heard the crashing of bodies through the thick shrubbery, and then even this noise died away in the distance. Yet neither ventured to stir or speak. It may be that the girl slept fitfully, worn out by long vigil and intense strain; but the man proved less fortunate, his eyes staring-out continually into the black void, his thoughts upon other days. His features were drawn and haggard when the first gray dawn found ghastly reflection along the opposite rock summit, and with blurred eyes he watched the faint tinge of returning light steal downward into the canyon. At last it swept aside thase lower clinging mists, as though some invisible hand had drawn back the night curtains, and he peered over the edge of his narrow resting place, gazing directly down upon the scene of massacre. With a quick gasp of unspeakable horror he shrank se sharply back as to cause the suddenly awakened girl to start and glance into his face.

"What is it?" she questioned, with quick catching of breath, reading that which she could not clearly interpret in his shocked expression.

."Nothing of consequence," and he faintly endeavored to smile. "I suppose I must have been dreaming also, and most unpleasantly. No; please do not look down; it would only cause your head to reel, and our upward climb is not yet completed. Do you feel strong enough now to make another attempt to reach the top?" "Can we?" she questioned helplessly

"We can, simply because we must," and his white teeth shut together firmly. "There is no possibility of retracing our steps downward, but with the help of this daylight we surely ought to be able to discover some path lead-

He rose cautiously to his feet, press ing her more closely against the face of the cliff, thus holding her in comparative safety while preventing her from glancing back into the dizzy their journey was apparently just before them. More than once they tottered on the very brink, held to safety merely by desperate clutchings at rock or shrub, yet never once did the man loosen his guarding grasp of his companion. Pressed tightly against the smooth rock, feeling for every crevice, every slightest irregularity of surface. making use of creeping tendril or dead branch, daring death along every inch of the way, these two creepers at last attained the opening to a little gulley, and sank down, faint and trembling. The girl glanced furtively at him, the long lashes shadowing the expression of her lowered eyes. In spite of deep prejudice she felt impelled to like this man; he accom-

plished things, and he didn't talk. It was nothing more serious than hard and toilsome climb after that a continuous struggle testing every muscle, straining every sinew, causing both to sink down again and again, panting and exhausted, no longer stimulated by imminent peril. The narrow cleft they followed led somewhere away from the exposed front of the precipice, yet arose steep and jagged before them. It was bridged finally by

a cedar trunk, which Hampton wrenched from out its rocky foothold. and the two crept cautiously forward. to emerge where the sunlight rested golden at the summit. They sank face downward in the short grass, barely conscious that they had finally won their desperate passage.

Slowly Hampton succeeded in up lifting his tired body and his reeling head, until he could sit partially upright and gaze unsteadily about. The girl yet remained motionless at his feet, her thick hair, a mass of red gold in the sunshine, completely concealing her face, her slender figure quivering to sobs of utter exhaustion. Before them stretched the barren plain, brown, desolate, drear, offering in all its wide expanse no hopeful promise of rescue. With hand partially shading his aching eyes from the blinding glare, the man studied its every exposed feature, his face hardening again into lines of stern determination. The girl stirred from her nost with one hand, and looking up into his face with eves that read at once his disappointment.

"Have—have you any water left?" she asked at last, her lips parched and burning as if from fever.

He shook the canteen dangling forgotten at his side. "There may be a lew drops," he said, handing it to her, although scarcely removing his fixed gaze from off that dreary plain. "We shall be obliged to make those trees yonder: there ought to be water there in plenty, and possibly we may strike a trail."

There was nothing more said between them. Like two automatons. they started off across the parched grass, the heat waves rising and falling as they stumbled forward. Neither realized until then how thoroughly that hard climb up the rocks, the abstinence from food had sapped their strength, yet to remain where they were meant certain death; all hope found its center amid those distant beckoning trees.

No one can explain later how such deeds are ever accomplished; how the tortured soul controls physical weakness, and compels strained sinews to perform the miracle of action when all ambition has died. Hampton surely must have both seen and known, for he kept his direction, yet never afterwards did he regain any clear memory

CHAPTER IV. On the Naked Plain.

between old Fort Bethune and the rock ford crossing the Bear Water, every foot of that dreary, treeless distance Indian-haunted, the favorite skulking place and hunting ground of the restless Slouz. Winter and summer this wide expanse had to be suspiciously patroled by numerous military scouting parties, anxious to learn more regarding the uncertain whereabouts of wandering bands and the purposes of malcontenta

One such company, composed of a dosen mounted infantrymen, accompanied by three Cree trailers, rode slowly and wearily across the brown exposed uplands down into the longer, greener grass of the wide valley bottom, until they emerged upon a barely perceptible trail which wound away in snake-like twistings, toward those high, barren hills whose blue masses were darkly silhouetted against the western sky. The animals - moved steadily forward, reluctant and weary, their heads drooping dejectedly, their distended nostrils red and quivering. the oily perspiration streaking their dusted sides. The tired men, half blinded by the glare, lolled heavily in their deep cavalry saddles, with encrusted eyes staring moodly ahead.

Riding alone, and slightly in advance of the main body, his mount a rangy, broad-chested roan, streaked with alkali dust, the drooping head telling plainly of wearled muscles, was the officer in command. He was a pleasant-faced, stalwart young fellow. with the trim figure of a trained athlete, possessing a square chin smoothly shaven, his intelligent blue eves half concealed beneath his hat brim. which had been drawn low to shade them from the glare, one hand pressing upon his saddle holster as he leaned over to rest. No insigna of rank served to distinguish him from those equally dusty fellows plodding gloomily behind, but a broad stripe of yellow running down the seams of his trousers, together with his high boots. besnoke the cavalry service, while the front of his battered campaign hat bore the decorations of two crossed sabers, with a gilded "7" prominent between. His attire was completed by a coarse blue shirt, unbottoned at the throat, about which had been loosely knotted a darker colored silk handkerchief, and across the back of the saddle was fastened a uniform jacket, the single shoulder strap revealed presenting the plain yellow of a second lieutenant.

Attaining to the summit of a slight knoll, whence a somewhat wider vista lay outspread, he partially turned his face toward the men straggling along in the rear, while his hand swept across the dreary scene.

"If that line of trees over yonder ter. Carson," he questioned quietly. "where are we expected to hit the trail leading down to the ford?"

The sergeant, thus addressed, a lit tle stocky fellow wearing a closely clipped gray moustache, sourred his exhausted horse into a brief trot, and drew up short by the officer's side, his heavy eyes scanning the vague distance, even while his right hand was uplifted in perfunctory salute.

"There's no trail I know about along this bank, sir," he replied respectfully. "but the big cottonwood with the dead branch forking out at the top is the ford guide."

They rode down in moody silence into the next depression, and began wearily climbing the long hill opposite, apparently the last before coming directly down the banks of the stream As his barely moving horse topped the uneven summit, the lieutenant suddenly drew in his rein, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, bent forward. staring intently down in his immediate front. For a single instant he ap peared to doubt the evidence of his own eyes: then he swung hastily from out the saddle, all weariness forgotten.

"My God!" he cried, sharply, his eves suspiciously sweeping the bare slope. "There are two bodies lying here-white people!"

They lay all doubled up in the coarse grass, exactly as they had fallen, the man resting face downward, the slender figure of the girl clasped vicelike in his arms, with her tightly closed eyes upturned toward the glaring sun. Never once questioning but that he was confronting the closing scene of a grewsome tragedy, the thoroughly aroused lieutenant dropped upon his knees beside them, his eyes already moist with sympathy, his anxlous fingers feeling for a possible heart-beat. A moment of hushed. breathless suspense followed, and then he began flinging terse, eager commands across his shoulder to where his men were clustered.

"Here! Carson, Perry, Ronk, lay hold quick, and break this fellow's clasp," he cried, briefly. "The girl retains a spark of life yet, but the man's arms fairly crush her."

With all the rigidity of actual death those clutching hands held their tenaclous grip, but the aroused soldiers wrenched the interlaced fingers apart with every tenderness possible in such emergency, shocked at noting the expression of intense agony stamped upon the man's face when thus exposed to view. The whole terrible story was engraven there how he had toiled, agonized, suffered, before finally yielding to the inevitable and plunging forward in unconsciousness, written as legibly as though by a pen. Carson, who in his long service had witnessed much of death and suffering, bent tenderly above him, seeking for some faint evidence of lingering life. The anxious lieutenant, bareheaded under the hot sun-glare, strode hastily across from beside the unconscious but breathing girl, and stood gazing doubtfully down upon them.

his voice rendered husky by sympathy. "He doesn't seem entirely gone, sir," and Carson glanced up into the offcer's face, his own eyes filled with feeling. "I can distinguish just a wee bit of breathing, but it's so weak the pulse hardly stirs."

"What do you make of it?" "Starving at the bottom, sir. The only thing I see now is to get them down to water and food."

The young officer glanced swiftly about him across that dreary picture of sun-burnt, desolate prairie stretching in every direction, his eyes pausing slightly as they surveyed the tops of the distant cottonwoods.

"Sling blankets between your horses." be commanded, decisively. "Move



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quickly, lads, and we may save one of

these lives yet."

As if by some magic discipline the rude, effective litters were rapidly in her first survey to rest her glance lifeless bodies gently lifted from off the ground and deposited carefully within. Down the long, brown slope they advanced slowly, a soldier grasping the rein and walking at each horse's head, the supporting blankets, securely fastened about the saddle pommels, swaying gently to the measured tread of the trained animals. Beneath the protecting shadows of the first group of cottonwoods, almost on the banks of the muddy Bear Water. the little party let down their senseless burdens, and began once more their seemingly hopeless efforts at resuscitation. A fire was hastily kindled from dried and broken branches. and broth was made, which was forced through teeth that had to be pried open. Water was used unsparingly the soldiers working with feverish eagerness, inspired by the constant admonitions of their officer, as well as

hidden behind this tragedy. It was the dark eyes of theagir which opened first, instantly closing again as the glaring light swept into

their own curiosity to learn the facts



a jiffy. What was the trouble? Stary-She did exactly as he bade her. every movement mechanical, her eyes fastened upon his face.

ment, she gazed up into those strange.

rough faces surrounding her, pausing

young lieutenant, who held her half

"Here." he exclaimed, kindly, inter-

preting her glance as one of fear, "you

are all right and perfectly safe now.

with friends to care for you. Peters,

bring another cup of that broth. Now,

miss, just take a sup or two of this.

and your strength will come back in

reclining upon his arm.

"I-I reckon that was partly it," she responded at last, her voice faint and husky. Then her glance wandered away, and finally rested upon another little kneeling group a few yards farther down stream. A look of fresh intelligence swept into her face.

"Is that him?" she questioned, trem blingly. "Is—is he dead?"

"He wasn't when we first got here but mightly near gone, I'm afraid. I've been working over you ever

She shook herself free and sat weakly up, her lips tight compressed, her eyes apparently blind to all save that motionless body she could barely distinguish. "Let me tell you, that fellow's a man, just the same; the gamest, nerviest man I ever saw. I reckon he got hit, too, though he never said nothing about it. That's his

The deeply interested lieutenant removed his watchful eyes from off his charge just long enough to glance in-quiringly across his shoulder. "Has the man any signs of a wound, sergeant?" he asked, loudly.

"A mighty ugly slug in the shoulder sir; has bled scandalous, but I guess it's the very luck that's goin' to save him; seems now to be comin' out all right."

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