THE BACKS OF U.S. SENATORS.

A View From the Gallery of the Nation's House of Lords.

EACH STATESMAN HAS PECULIARITIES.

Evarts' Stooping Shoulders and Long Sentences-Ingalis' Angular Frame-Walcott the John Sullivan of the Chamber.

Washington, Jan. 23 - | Special Correspondence of The Bre. 1-I write this letter in one of the public galleries of the United States senate, . I have left the press gallery, which faces the chamber, and have come here to get a rear view of our statesmen. I want to note them as the stranger does, and I sit here surrounded by colored citizens who have crawled in to get out of the cold, by ourists who are doing Washington in th irtysix hours and by bridal parties who whisper sweet nothings to each other while Senator Sherman makes one of his greatest speeches. An old, gray-haired, black-faced uncle slumbers peacefully by my side, with his iron spectacles resting on the tip of his nose, which emits an audible snore as I write, and back of me I hear a green country girl asking the guide to show her Senator Tom Reed and saying that she don't believe that Vice President Morton wears a wig, as the papers have reported. Below me is the big Bear Pit known as the senate chamber, and I count eighty old backs with queer-shaped heads tied to the backs of them resting in all attitudes imaginable in manogany arm chairs with red cushions behind little mahogany desks. These are the backs of our great United States senators. They are owned by these eighty men who have six-years' contracts with the government at \$5,000 a year. yable monthly. They receive nearly \$100 per week or about \$15 a day year in and year out, and to all outward appearances they get the money chiefly for resting those backs against those red leather cushions for about twelve months out of the two years which make up the life of a congress. There one of them dropps a pencil on the floor and a page in knickerbockers runs and picks it up for fear he should bend that \$5,000 back. Here a private secretary furnished by the governent at \$5 a day, takes down the directions of one of the senators for fear he should get a student's stoop in those \$5,000 shoulders by bending over the desk, and there a third senator in order to rest the easier, has thrown himself back against the redleather cushions and has propped his feet on the chair beside him and seems to be going into a doze. It is a soft snap.

I don't know anything better than the posttion of a United States senator and here from the rear it seems softer than ever. See how the great men amuse themselves. Cullom of Illinois is playing with a string. Rengan of Texas is poking the end of his spectacles into his cars, and Payne of Ohio is chewing a wooden toothpick to digest the bread and milk which has formed his frugal lunch. I see two round, fat backs below me and I hear the clink of silver as I bend over the rail and look down, George Vest and Philetus Sawyer are sitting and chatting together and their big heads almost bump each other as they whisper under their breath. Sawver has two silver dollars in his hand and passes these in a fondling way as though he loved them from one paw to the other. He is urging Vest to sign a petition which lies before him, and by this one of his constituents out of the regular or-are. Sawyer is the address the regular or-are doey Bagstock.

"TOUGH, BUT DEVILISH SLY." He gets through more pension bills than any other man in the senate, and this is the way he operates. He is one of the successful men of the senate, and those silver dollars which clink are only two out of the 4,000,000 which he is said to be worth and which he has made out of that big, round bald-head which is pasted down into those big broad shoulders below me.

The back is a good index of character. There is a positive force in that back of Saw-yer's. Every one of its fat comps is indicative of push and perseverance, and the brond shoulders, the firmly set head and the great powerful arms, are emblematic of the success of its owner. Senator Vest has the back of a fighter, and here from the rallery It looks like the back of a bully. Vest re-minds one of the bad man from Bitter creek, His shoulders are thrust forward and his neck pokes his great head with its frowning eves, out from them, and you look to see the chip on his shoulders which his manner asks you to knock off if you dare. And still Vest is a good fellow. He has been a great man for years. He was a member of the confed-erate congress, and he ranks here as one of the strong men on the democratic side of the chamber. He has a strong back, but not a diplomatic one, and he holds his own by sheer force of intellect and will.

TAKE THAT BACK OF EVARTS. It is stooped with the study of many years, The frame inside its broadcloth coat has lost its uprightness from the burning of gailons of midnight oil, and Evarts is one of the best read men in public life. He has a mighty head, fastened by a thin neck to those stooping shoulders, and when he begins to speak you think his words muse be coiled up inside frame like a watch-spring, for he palls them out, adjectives, nouns and verbs.

them out, adjectives, nouns and verbs, until you are dizv in trying to keep track of them, and he will reel off 400 of them before he makes a period. I asked him one day as to these 400 word sentences, and he replied: "My boy, I have been more than a genera-tion in public life, and I have occupied a number of positions of trust, and it seems to me that when a man has cone through the me that when a man has gone through the different periods of public life that I have and the only thing that can be said against him different periods of public life that I have and the only thing that can be said against him is that he uses sentences 400 words long, it does seem to me that the criticism is such an one as should not keep him awake o' nights. Besides,'' he went on, "all the great orators of antiquity used long sentences. Demos-thenes reeled out pages of words without a stop. Cicero used long sentences, and, in fact, it is a question as to whether the proper oratorical sentence should not be a long one." pratorical sentence should not be a long one.

SENATOR HOAR'S CONSERVATIVE BACK. Senator Honr has a good, fat, old, conserva tive back. It is prosperous and well-rounded, and its owner seems to have that contented spirit which is better than great riches. Senator Cullom has as many angles in his back as Hoar has curves. He thinks his back looks like that of Abe Lincoln's, but as he stands erect inside of his desk, he makes me think of the frame which the farmer puts up in his corn field when the crows are plenty, and his coat seems to hang from his shoulders. Another angular back is that of Senator Sanders. Sanders looks as though his bones were hung on wires and he throws his stomach to the front instead of his chest, as he stands upright. He has not the fat pautch of Senate Sawyer, and his belly has ten wrinkles to that of Reagan's one. His shoulders stoop slightly and he has the fighting back of Senator Vest. He is one of the bravest men in the senate and when he has gotten out of the baby hood of senatorships he will make

INGALLS HAS AN ANGULAR BACK He is tall and thin, and the newsboy who called him a skeleton dressed up was not very far wrong. The top of his frame is the most curious part of it, and from the rear he appears to have a very large head. Looking at him from the press gallery his forehead is narrow and his head small. Here, it is as hig as that of any of the United States senators, and the remark that I heard last night in reas that of any of the United States senators, and the remark that I heard last night in regard to it, made by Congressman Tarseney is unjust in the extreme. Said Tarseney: "Talk about Ingalls' head. He has no head at His neck has merely grown up and haired out." Ingalls' head in reality is not bad looking. At any rate it has more in it than you will find in nine-tenths of the heads of his brother senators, and the gray matter in his brain will outweigh that of any member of the house with the exception perhaps of that of Tom Reed's.

rear is practical. His shoulders are square and so square that they hart your eyes. His shoulder blades are turned in towards his chest and he doubles up his fists and pounds the air when he taiks. He whips himself this way and that and you see that there is not a weak joint in his vertebre, and you can almost see the backbone of the man, though it is padded with a thick covering of fiesh. He is speaking on the silver bill and I wonder whether the big silver mines which he owns in Colorado influence his speech. He is a general speculator as well as a banker owns in Colorado influence his speech. He
is a general speculator as well as a banker
and broker, and he has lots of money out at
interest. Just back of him stands young
Senator Wolcott. He has a pair of shoulders so broad that had he been Sinbad, the
"old man of the sea" would have never left
him, and he is a good deal like Plumb, only
better made and better rounded. He has a
short neck, a big well combed head, and he
has shown himself to be a good speaker.
Just beside him I note

A LEAN LITTE PELLOW of about one hundred pounds weight. I would take him for a clerk if I did not know would take him for a clerk if I did not know that he was Senator Chandler, and as I look at the big frame of Wolcott, one af the logs of which is as big around almost as Chandler's waist and the head of which corresponds to Chandler's as a football does to a baseball, I see that advoirdupois is no index of brains and that a little man may do as much as a big one. Chandler's back does not measure more that a foot and a ball from measure more that a foot and a half from shoulder to shoulder. His neek is so thin that it could be twisted off like that of a chicken and it bobs this way and that, and he twists his shoulders in and out as he sits there and things. He is the most nervous body in the schate, but his dyspeptic organization is packed full of vitality and he has had enough brains to make bim secretary of the navy and to keep him for years in the United

VOORHEES HAS A PAT, DUTCH BACK. His frame is tail, heavy an dapopleptic. It is an aggressive back and a sort of bullying back, and he has made lots of money at the iaw by throwing those big shoulders back and buildozing the jury. He is one of the finest lawyers in Indiana, and it is said that he makes \$25,000 a year at the practice. He is famous as a criminal lawyer and he has rotten off as many murderers as any man in the senate. Eastis, who sits beside him, is also a lawyer, and his back looks up to the gatlery with all the lines of good living and good clothing. He has an income bugger than that of Voorhees, and I have no doubt but that he could buy Voorhees a half dozen times over. His big frame has been fed with a silver spoon from the time it first saw light as a bouncing big baby, until now when it holds its own as one of the six-foot nillionaires of the United States senate. Custis comes from one of the oldest families of the country. Hegraduated at Harvard and has been a professor for years in one of the uni-versities of New Orleans. One of his brothers married Mr. Corcora's daughter and the senator himself inherited a fortune. He is a man of great ability and great culture but he is too rich and too lazy to cut a great figure in the United States senate and he takes things easy and seldom makes a speech. Senator Vance has the back of a fat, old grandmother and his double-breasted coat with long skirts makes you think he is an old woman in a black "Mother Hubbard" as you look at him from the gallery. His back is full of good nature and he is one of the ablest as well as one of the most genial men on the democratic side of the chamber.

A RAZOR-BACKED SENATOR.

, Blodgett of New Jersey is one of the razor-backed senators. He is tall and thin and he scares you when he begins to get up. He rises and rises until you wonder where he will end and the bald spot on his crown when he stands erect, is somewhere near seven feet from the floor. He has the student's stoop but be got it from bending over the machinery of a locomotive rather than over books, and his reputation has been made out of railroads rather than politics. He began life as a loco-motive engineer and he worked his engine so well that he wheeled himself into one of the chief offices of the road and he has for some years been the head of the Long Branch di-vision of the Jersey Central railroad. He lives at Long Branch and is said to be in close connection with the Sewell party of

New Jersey politics.

Another tall, lean senator is Walthall of Mississippi. He is six foot is many and about electron arches broad. His shoulders are narrow and his long hair flows down in curis upon them. Looking at him from the gallery, you would hardly know whether his head was that of a man or a woman, for the hair is combed a la pompadour and it flows in graceful curls down the nape of his neck. He is a hightoned southern gentleman and he is said to be an eminent lawyer. He is always dressed in the cleanest and neatest of clothing and in this he is somewhat different from his col-league, Scuator George, who looks as though he had been modeled by one of nature's bricklayers instead of one of nature's sculp-tors and whose negligent ways have caused

of the chamber to call him the "EDUCATED PIG OF THE BODY." George, however, is a very good fellow. He is a man of considerable brains and he is a great constitutional lawyer. It is not true that his trousers are cut with a circular saw, and his coats are in reality made in Washingington instead of at home. Vancé says he never takes a rear view of his old friend George without thinking of what one of his colored constituents said about an elephant. This old uncle had been to a circus and Senator Vance, upon his return, was asking him about the animals. He had his own opinion about all of them, and at last asked the sentator: "And how about the clephant, Uncle Ned! Did you see the elephant!"

"Yes," replied the old uncle, "I done seed the elephant!"

his bitter-tongued enemies on the other side

the elephant,"
"And what kind of an elephant was it, Uncle Ned?"
"Wal I never seed an elephant afore, but I low this a mighty smart elephant, only it

peared to me that he sutinly had a heap of slack leather in his pants,"
And so it is in Senator George's clothes. There seems to be a lot of slack cloth in them and his dress and manner would never tell you that he had been a soldier in the Mexican war under Jefferson Davis, and a briga-dier general during the late unpleasantness. that he had been chief justice in the suffeene court of Mississippi, that he had published some of the best law books in Georgia and that he is now serving his second term with credit in the United States senate.

A GENERAL VIEW.

One of the broadest backs from the gallery is that of General Stanford, but broad as it is, his immense wealth could plate it with dia monds and leave millions to spare. It is a straight back and a comfortable back and the senator's Chinese cooks have padded it out with muscular flesh. It would make two of that long, straight, thin back of Senator Sherman's and Stanford's head at the top of it, is one of the largest in the chamber. Senatoa Cockrell has a hard working back. His shoulders are stooped with the burden of the United States government which rests upon them and he pegs away over his papers all day, from the time the senate begins until it closes. His stoop might be called the senacloses. His stoop might be called the sena-tor's stoop or the student's stoop, for nearly ail the old senators have it. Edmund's shoulders are bent. The top of Evarts' back is turned into a bow, and Henry B. Payne, Dawes and Isham G. Harris are pulling their chins down into their chests. Higgins is as straight as a string. Hiscock is too proud to bend into any shape whatever. Dixon is as straight as a Lake Superjor oak and Blair's straight as a Lake Superior oak and Blair's head is so often floating in the air that it pulls his shoulders into line and keeps them FRANK G. CARPENTER.

No Evidence by Inference. The Utah supreme court last week card an appeal in the case of George W. Hancock, convicted of murder at Provo last fall. The crime was com-mitted in 1858. Henry Jones was the victim. At the time of the killing there were said to be about forty witnesses. But two were living at the time the trial began. This fact, said Mr. Brown, who appeared for the appellant, was sufficient to warrant the judge who presided in giving the jury an instruction to the effect that the law presumes that these witnesses, if living, or some of them at least would have testified in favor of the defendant. But the court refused this instruction, hence the appeal. Counsel could not understand why the man had not been arraigned before. The crime was committed thirty years ago, and yet no complaint had been filed until last fall. Decision was reserved.

of Tom Reed's.

Some Notable Characters.

Senator Plumb has just risen to speak. He has the aggressive business back. He is fat and strong and blustering. Every line of his Of all articles used to grace a table none

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

hills of Nebraska.

By the time the sun had reached the western hill-tops the demands of nature became

imperative and the scarlet guide informed the fugitives that they had better halt at once and secure food, as he was confident

there was no immediate likelihood of mo-lestation from any of his copper-colored

brethren. The plains in this section abound with chicken, and our friends gave them-

selves no concern on the score of being able

As they were now traveling over a considerable stretch of perfectly level prairie, Le Loup ordered Scipio to swerve to the right, in which direction, about a mile away, could

be seen the shadowy outlines of a grove of timber, where, he conjectured, there would be no difficulty experienced in finding water

and in bringing down what chicken the

To the perspicacious senses of the sus-picious Nan this movement on the part of their guide appeared like a very ques-tionable and equivocal one, and she awaited in extreme alarm for his next demonstration

before lifting her voice in open remonstrance. This, hewever, had a tendency, in a certain degree, to dispet her fears, for after giving

his injunction, the lithe form of the Indian gilded forward as noiseless as a shadow, to

reconnoiter the grove, before allowing the wagon to enter it. As our friends neared this little patch of woodland they descried their

red leader standing on its margin and beck

after penetrating it a short distance was brought to a half and the little band of wan-

derers alighted from the conveyance and nar-rowly surveyed their surroundings. For a moment all was as still as the tomb,

when suddenly every soil was startled by a sound such as a dying man would utter. Our

riends shivered with an overtowering misgiv

ing, and gazed furtively around, and again cam that strange, chilling sound—this time with

such distinctess that there could be no mistake in its character—some poor mortal was in bodily distress. The sound had evi

dently issued from a dense copse of under growth, not fifty feet distant; and actuate

by one humane impulse, the entire party hur-riedly repaired to the spot, where they found an indian warrior stretched out at full length

upon his back, apparently badly wounded.
At the first glance, it occurred to Nan Barrett that there was something strikingly

familiar in the wounded Indian's face despite the coagulated blood and hideou

paint with which it was disfigured. Bend

ing cautiously over him, she closely scanne the besmeared lineaments, almost instantly

exclaiming, as she turned to her wonderin parent, who stood a few paces back with her arms thrown protectingly around Nell.

"Why, mother, it is Night Hawk, as sure as we live. You remember the young Chey enne whom Bob used to call my sweetheart.

And without the least manifestation of fea

the excited girl bent tenderly over the pros

trate figure of the angace, and exclaimed:
"What has happened to the Hawk! Who
hurt you don't you know me—Nan Barrett
—Sunshine, you used to call me!"
The wounded Indian, whom Nan had thus
suddenly recognized, had once been a firm
and faithful friend. He had visited her
father's ranch many times during the past
several years, as had scores of others. How
ever, the Night Hawk was especially remem-

ever, the Night Hawk was especially remem-bered and singled from among them all, as h

had taken quite a strong fancy to the old rancher's daughter, bestowing upon her the euphonious appellation of "Sun-shine," besides innumerable strands

snine," besides innumerable strands of beads, gay colored feathers, beauti-fully worked moccasins, and other gifts, while the sensible girl in return had recipro-cated the poor Indian's kindly evidences of favor and friendliness by

favor and friendliness, by many gentle an

considerate acts, Nan Barrett understood the character of the North American Indian

too well to repel or mistreat him. She kney

them to be a race of people who never forgot an insuit, but never forgot to avenge one, and thus it came to pass that a somewhat inti-

mate friendship sprang up between this in

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

HOW WIT COMES.

"Weren't you surprised to find," said Joe, "Miss Sallie Boyne so witty? She has the dullest face I know

Bo ton Courier.

"Not in the least," quoth Tom, "for it Quite definitely tallies With my experience, that wit Oft comes in little Sallies."

SINGULARITIES.

A French pair of Siamese twins has been porn in Cannes. They are girls.

A West Virginia man has lost a half pint of brains and yet retains his senses.

Geneva, O., thinks it has the only norse in

the world that can turn a complete somer-

There are 1,000 unclaimed Christmas pres

ents in the New York postoffice because of

The wife of Mr. C. Beaupre of St. Ray

mond, Quebec, has presented her liege lord, who is seventy-five years old, with twins.

A druggist in St. Petersburg has invented a method of tipping clears with a preparation so that they are lighted like a match by rubbing against any hard surface.

Artificial eyes are supplied to all the world from Thuringia, Germany. Nearly all the grown inhabitants of some of the vil-

An eminent German has been counting the number of hairs in human heads of differing colors. In a blonde one he found 140,400, in a

The largest amount of wild honey ever

taken from one tree was reported from Oregon recently. A farmer took 700 pounds from one cottonwood tree, in which a huge

M. L. Levi, near Newtonville, Ind., had an

apple tree which bore three crops in one sea-

son. This led to newspaper comment, a paragraph fell under the eye of Mrs. Lou Clifford of McCordsyllle, his sister, whom he had not seen nor heard of for thirty years, and they were reunited.

Emma Wiley, a seven-year old girl of Au

burn, while recovering from the diphtheria was afflicted with a clot of coardiated blood in the main artery of the left leg. As a re-sult the limb mortified from the knee down and amputation was found necessary. The

clot that caused the trouble was the result of

There was born, on the Plummer ranch, fourteen miles from Sacramento, a few days ago, a pig which had two heads. The heads were closely joined; and while there were only two ears, there were three eyes—one on

each side and one an the center—and two well-defined snouts and mouths. The pig survived only twenty-four hours, but during

its brief career evinced a monopolistic ten-dency, as it would, when feeding, take a teat in each mouth. The mother may have de-spaired of so many mouths to fill, and she ended the monstrosity's life by crushing it.

Now It's Chilly.

As we stoo d'neath the sycamore tree: My heart it ran over with bliss

As we stood 'neath the sycamore tree; Now it's winter and then it was spring— And she's also returned it to me.

I placed on her sweet mouth a kiss

As she shyly returned it to me.

swarm of bees had stored up the annual a cumulation for many years.

109,440, in a black 102,962, and in a red

ages are engaged in their manufacture.

congrueat pair.

Of any in the city,"

the senders' carelessness

one 88,740.

oning them to hurry forward.

The wagon shortly entered the grove, and

to secure all they should need.

would need.

tion, manger the communium puzzing his brain, and at rare intervals the pungent wit and silvery laughter of Neil Browning broke the prevailing bilence. These, however, were but the spasmodic reactions He could talk in Dutch or latin, And could translate from Choctaw, Chinese fell as slick as satin of a genial temperament, weighed down by doubt and gloom, for the face of every one was sad, painfully expectant and terrified. It seemed that they were hurrying on to their doom, instead of to a haven of security. From this verbalist jackdaw, to was learned in all the speeches Of this lingual human race, And was never known to teach his Pupils one word out of place. a haven of scene; t.

Once in a whale Le Loup would glide forward a hundred wards or so in advance of the wagon, stealing his way along as carefully as if pursued by an unrefenting foe, his whole nature seemingly engaged in searching for signs of his hostile kindred, and as circumspect, vigilant and skillful as the most faithful white guide could have been.

Thus our little party advanced, neglecting no precautionary measure that could contribute to their chances of safety, and although numerically small, they were still far more powerful than many another party flying for their lives at that very moment over the boundless plains and through the great sand-hills of Nebraska. But he tumbled down completely In endeavoring to talk With a maiden who said sweetly She resided in "New Yawk!"

THE NEBRASKA FUGITIVES.

A Story of the Present Indian Utris-

CHAPTER VI.

ing. BY SANDY G. V. GRISWOLD.

THE FATAL LEAP. Upon ordinary circumstances Pierre Bapiste would have scorned to turn his back upon a single foe, white or red, but knowing that there were other savages not far behind, he now acted the part of wisdom, and did his best to get away from his eager pursuer. But Big Crow did not intend to be thus signally baffled in obtaining the coveted fame with which the scout's death would surely vest him, so he straiged every herve and

seem to hardly touch the earth as he flew It was plainly evident that his quick, pan-ther-like bounds would soon carry him within throwing distance, unless something Provi-

muscle in his huge body, and his moccasins

dential interposed to save the hardy half-breed from his frightful peril. Baptiste was now swiftly approaching the mansion. He was running down a narrow and unfrequented ravine which led down through the grove from the northwest, and was secretly congratulating himself that he would soon reach the house, when he discovered immediately lying across his path an old cottonwood, which had been prostrated by

some severe storm. Numberless, sharp-pointed, broken and ragged branches, stuck up perpendicularly from the trunk, obstructing the scout's way as ef-fectually as if it had been a bristling chevaux-de-frise.

A single glance took in the situation, and an expedient was not lacking in one so versed in the lore of Indian warfare. Pierre knew too well the nature of the struggle he was engaged in to lose one single precious moment. He also saw that his only hope was to clear the up-rocted cottonwood at a single bound, for should be turn to run around it the impetus at which his big pursuer was coming would atterly preclude all possibility of escape. It was certainly a stupendous leap for a dready nearly exhausted man to make, and a

he realized that it must be attempted. Desperate circumstances require desperate emedies, and our indomitable hero deterained to throw his life into the hazard of one

rfcezing chill ran through the scout's frame

With a yell of defiance Baptiste shot right ahead with unslackened speed, as if resolved to tear his way literally through the jagged barrier, and in sooth, a collision between him and the penderous cottonwood seemed actuaily unavoidable, when with a quick and powerful impulse, his body rose in the air, and went completely over the formidable ob-struction like a bird npon the wing. Pierre had leaped upward with almost superhuman strength; but only for an instant was his doubled form seen in mid-air, when it disap-peared over the fallen cotton wood!

Alighting safely on the other side, Baptiste, without a glance behind, or hardly a thought of the marvelous acrobatic feat he had just achieved, ran on out upon the clearing to-ward the dwelling with scarcely diminished

hardly had a score of been traversed, when he was yards through and through, by a wild, lenthened cry, so shrill, so keen, so penetrating, that it rang far and wide on the stumberous evening air. Then a moment of such prolound stall as succeeded this fierce interruption, that one who had for the first time heard such a sound, might readily have fancied it the effects of some wild and fearful

Turning his head as he ran, the government scout saw a sight that murdered his sleep for many and many a night after, and one which he can probably close his eyes and recall with chilling vividness to the last day

of his life.

The daring Sioux, in blank astonishment, had witnessed the almost incredulous vault made by the scout over the prostrate cottonwood, and nothing dauated, but with unshaken confidence in his own capabilities he had attempted the same feat. Though the Sioux was fleet and powerful of limb, a zile and muscular in body, he lacked the desperation of motive which had rendered the half-breed's leap successful, and his failure to accomplish the mighty bound was a

Just as he sprang into the air his foot caught among the lower branches and his whole weight came down upon one of the sharp, jagged, upright points of a shivered limb, which passed upward into the cavity of his dark chest, letting out the life blood in a sickening torrent and hopelessly impaling the miserable wretch between heaven and

CHAPTER VI. NIGHT HAWK, THE FRIENDLY.

The sun was an hour or so past the meri-dian when the cumbersome farm wagon with its load of anxious refugees was gotten fully under way. On entering the narrow belt of woodland that lay a couple of miles south of the Barrett ranch, the scenningly cautious Sioux ordered a halt until he had made a careful observation. Reporting the coast clear of imminent danger, the little party once more turned their pallid faces to the southeast and the lumbering old vehicle

The character of the country through which the fugitives were obliged to journey, was not very well calculated for rapid travel with such an unwieldly conveyance as the farm such an unwieldly conveyance as the farm wagon was. Instead of striking a comparatively level prairie after emerging from the woods, the surface of the country was diversified by luxuriant vegetation, streams, hills, valleys and occasional mottes of timber. Of these the ugly guide invariably evinced the strongest apprehension, and took scrupulous pains to make as great a circuit around them as nessible. The horses were only kent in as possible. The horses were only kept in a moderately fast walk, as the red guide in-formed our friends that he thought it highly probable that their utmost speed and endur-ance would be required before their destina-

tion was reached Le Loup maintained his position in advance of the horses, his black, restless eyes continually flitting hither and thither, apparently on the constant atert for danger. Scipio managed the quad-rupeds with the dexterity of a veteran in the profession, yet his sable countenance wore a grave, shoughtful expression, and it was quite evident that he was wrestling with some problem too abstruce for his not over brilliant intellectuality, and the many cur-sory, half suspicious glances flashed at the dusky guide would have led one to think that this individual was in some wise connected with the negro's pendering.
Young Cameron sat at Nan's side, chatting gayly in an undertone, endeavoring in every way maginable to dissipate the shadow that

had settled over her bright, girlish face, but she was uncommonly unrespon-sive, soper and thoughtful. The sudden and terrible change in the current of her smooth flowing life, and for a time, driven all mirthfulness from her disposition, and more than this, an unpleas-ant suspicion had entered her mind on several occasions during the afternoon, as to Le Loup's featty. He deported himself in so singular a manner that she was recoived at at least, to keep an eye on him. While it was not at all unlikely for the Indian to be just what he had represented himself in every particular, still there was an inconsistency an air of improbability about his story that had not escaped the notice of the quick-sight-ed girl, and she watched every movement he made with a jealous eye. Once the red guide seemed to conceive the idea that the young girl was keeping an unwarrantable surveil-lance upon his actions and he glared at her-like some feroclous beast of prey. Then ob-serving the shudder of apprehension which run over her body, the cunning Sioux changed his tactics and it would be difficult to depict the look that illumined his swarths counter. the look that illumined his swarthy counte-nance. He permitted his dark eyes to re-main full upon Nan, but their savage fierceness subdeed into a softer light, the muscles around his mouth twitched a little. A wrinkle or two gathered, his white glistening teeth became visible, but she only half sus peeted that he was smiling.

A squaw man, or a white man who marri s an Indian woman, is defined as a man who As the old wagon slowly moved across the prairie, there was but little conversation in-terchanged among its occupants. Occasionly, however, the old humor of the sable driver his shirt.

would break forth in some casual observa-POOR LO'S TENDER PASSION.

> Pathetic Story of the Burning Love of an Indian Maiden.

> > IN SPITE OF ALL, SHE ADORED THE DOCTOR.

fits of Indian Romance-Spotted Tail's Slayer-The Soft Side of Indian Nature-A Scene at Pine Ridge Agency.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D., an. 24.- | Special to THE BEE . - The Indian is generally not credited with much regard or affection for his family, but this impression was dispelled from my mind during my recent trip to Pine Ridge. Of a number of friends I made among the Indian chiefs, I will always remember American Horse, a man of much prominence among the friendly Sloux. When he learned that I represented a newspaper he gave my hand a cordial shake, and remarked: "How cola; good." He had one of his squaws with him, and through a simple but beautiful sign language informed her of my vocation, and she too said "How; good," and shook hands. Amer-ican Horse then brought out ican Horse then brought out a young pappoose of about six years of age, and informed me that it was his youngest, and then he patted the little one on the head and gave it an affectionate squeeze. In a joke I asked him what he would take for the little Siouxvenir. He did not at first understand whether I was in earnest or joking, and I was afraid I had offended the old Horse, but he shook his head, pointed bis finger toward a bunch of several hundred Indian ponies, then to a troop of cavalry horses, stamped his foot upon the earth and waved his hand about his head, and I understood that not for all the horses and ponies on earth would he part with his child. He, however, did what he could and cut an elk tooth ornament from the little Sioux's dress and presented it to Tue Bee correspondent as a momento, and with a grunt of satisfaction and reachers with a grunt of satisfacas a memento, and with a grunt of satisfac-tion and another "How," he took the little one by the hand and walked away.

At the close of the Indian campaign of 1876 the captive Cheyennes and others were taken to Fort Leavenworth to be transferred to the Indian territory. Captain Edie of the hos pital corps at Pine Ridge was at that time pital corps at Pine Ridge was at that time stationed at Fort Leavenworth, and related to me another instance of Indian affection and pride in their offspring. The transfer to the Indian territory was a terrible blow to the proud Cheyennes and was regarded as humiliating and degrading in the extreme. One of the noted chiefs of that tribe whose name has unfortunately slipped my memory, was especially bending under the imagined humiliation, and made several murderous attempts to oscape. He had for a squaw a nember of another tribe, and two boxs. were member of another tribe, and two boys were the result of the union. Before the final transfer was made from the fort to the terri-tory, the military concluded to separate the different tribes, and while the Cheyenne hos-tiles were to be sent to the territory, the others were to be returned to the north. This news was conveyed to the Cheyenne chief, and the prospects that his sons should not share in his disgrace gave him undisguised pleasure, until he was informed that families would not be separated and that they would have to accompany him. He grew morose and down-hearted, and one day he walked into the hespital, and before any one was aware of his intentions he had seized a pair of scissors and with the point of it ripped a gash clear across his abdomen, from his left side to the right. He expected to die, and said he wanted his wife and children returned to their home in the north, but his terrible roll facerities availed his wanted his continues to the results of the results and the results are the results and the results are the results and the results are the results are the results and the results are the results are the results and the results are the result terrible self-sacrifice availed him nothing, for in spite of himself he recovered and with his family was taken to the Indian territory,

where he was lost to public notice. When Spotted Tail, that noted chief, was in the height of his glory at the head of a large band in Dakota, and before he met his death at the hands of a rival chief, his hopes and affections were centered in a young daughter, whom rumor credits with having been a remarkably handsome girl. The daughter of Chief Spotted Tail was the leader of the Indian women of her tribe and her heart and hand were sought by all the young braves far and near, but she refused them all, and through his great affection for her her father allowed her to have her own way. Like many of her white sisters the beautiful Indian princess bestowed her love unasked and unwelcomed The object of her heart and soul was a white medicine man, a dector who lived with a wife and samily in a neighboring village, and who had been summoned by Spotted Tail to attend his daugnter, who was stricken with that hopeless malady—consumption. She would follow the doctor from her tepee to his that house, and from his house to any place he might go. She refused to believe that he was beyond her reach, and like a faithful dog she was at his heels upon every opportunity. Expostulations and remonstrances from her friends and the doctor were useless; arrest

and confinement had no effect upon her, for us soon as released she would drag herself to the house of the white medicine man where she would sit from night till morning, chanting weird Indian tales of love, until removed by force The doctor refused to come again to the lodg of Spotted Tail, and the chief was broken the dread disease made terrible progress upon the unhappy girl, and one morning her dead body was found on the road leading to the doctor's home.

The death of his daughter made a wonderful change in Specific Trains

ful change in Spotted Tail's character. From a good and penceable Indian, he became quarrelsome and turbulent which was the direct cause that led to his death. There grew up a rivalry for supremacy in his tribe between himself and Great Elk, and it soon reached that point where each threatened to shoot the other on where day, and sight. The two chieftains met one day, and Great Elk being the quicker of the two, Spotted Tail's spirit took its flight to the happy tunting grounds. The famous train of Great Elk is familiar to many newspaper readers. His own people tried him for murder, and was fined a large number of ponies, which he paid. He was afterwards arrested by the paid. He was afterwards arrested by the civil authorities, and had two trials, and each time was sentenced to be hung. His case was appealed to the United States supreme court and decided in his favor, and he was released. I met him at Pine Ridge, and a mutual friend made us acquainted. My friend told Elk that I was a newspaper man, and presented the slaver of old Spotted Tail with a cepy of The Bee, which he accepted with evident gratification. The old chief asked me to put his name in the paper and tell the people he his name in the paper and tell the people he was a good Indian. He then wanted to know where The Ber's tepes was, and I enlightened him upon that subject the best I could, but he evidently understood me to say that it was published among the Omaha Indians, for he answered interrogatively: "Indians?" He had forgotten the name of the lawyer who defended him in his trial for life, and he wanted Tax Bex to tell him to write to his old client. The old chief's association with the white people during his confluement in jail has about evilized him and he is an odd character among the Indians at Pine Ridge. It has made an old woman out of him, for instead of allowing his squaws to do the hard work and drudgery. but he evidently understood me to say that i his squaws to do the hard work and drudgery he is credited with doing it all himself now cutting the wood, moving the tepce, and car-rying the pappoose. After all I don't know but what Major Burke's scheme to take all

the Indiaus on a tour of civilization to Europe is not a good one. Its effects on a limited number has certainly been beneficial.

The Indian is not slow to recognize his friends, and I do not believe there is an Indian around the entire agency who would intentionally harma newspaper man. They believe that the newspapers are their friends and it is wonderful how soon they learn what the newspapers are saying about them, and they are just as anxious to see or hear o their names being in print as a white man.

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