

Conclusion. CHAPTER XXIX THE RED MAIDEN.

The great day which we had been expecting dawned, and lo! It was even as any other day. The air was shrewdly cold when I awoke very early in the morning, just as I had awakened from sleep every morning since I can remember. It was my custom to begin to say the little prayer which my mother had taught me before I was fairly awake. This I did when I was but a boy, for the economizing of time; and I continued the practice when I put away most other childish things. I declare solemnly that I was past the middle of it before the thought came to me that this was the morn of the day on which I was to die. Even then, by God's extreme mercy, fear did not take me by the throat.

I had dreamed of the day often and shivered for that awakening, but now that it was here it seemed to me like any morn in the years when I used to awake in the little sunlit turelle at Earlstoun to the noise of the singing of hirds and turn my thoughts to riding to the Duchrae by the Grenoch side to see Maisie Lennox-Maisie, whom I should

So by the strengthening mercy of God ! was enabled to finish my mother's prayer with some composure, and to remember her and Maisie, commending them both to the gracious care of One who is able to keep.

Then came the chancellor's commissioner to tell us that by the high favor of his master we were to be headed in the early morn; and that, too, in the company of the great earl of Cantyre, who, after lying long in prison, was that day, for rebellion in the Highlands and the Isles, to lose his head. No higher favor could be granted, though it seemed not so much to me as doubtless to It seemed not so much to me as doubtless to some, that I should lay my head beside an earl's on the block of the Maiden, instead of earl's on the block of the Maiden, instead of the common executioner in the Grassmarket. But there is no doubt that all Scotland, and especially all the Clan Gordon, would think differently of the matter—ay, even my mother. And to Wat such a death would be almost like an accolade.

They read me my warrant in my dungeon

They read me my warrant in my dungeon by the light of a dim rushlight, but that of Anton Lennox they read not, for a reason that has already appeared, though they told us not of it at the time. But because the messenger was expected to arrive every more than the state of the time.

measenger was expected to arrive every moment with it. Anton, who shared my favor,
was to accompany us to the scaffold.

When they ushered us forth it was yet
starlight, but the light was coming over the
Forth, and the hum and contused noise of
rustling and speech told us of the presence
of a great multitude of people about us. They
had indeed come from far, even from the Wild Highlands, for such a heading had not been known for years. Our keepers gave us a good room, and an excellent breakfast was scaffold. As we came in the earl was at the head of the table, and the gentlemen of his name about him, Anton and I being apart by ourselves. Then the dean of Edinburgh, Mr. Annand came and asked us to be seated. Anion would not, but went to the window and stood commending himself to the God in whose presence he was so soon to appear. Because it seemed to be expected of a gentle-man to command his spirit before death for the honor of his party and cause. I sat down with the others and ate more heartily than I could have expected though the viands tasted



ANTON WENT TO THE WINDOW.

strange, dry and sayorless. They gave us wine to wash them down withal, which went

that were with him. He was a most gallant sentleman, though a highlandman. They made us stand with our backs to the maiden.

made us stand with our backs to the maiden, and rolled the drums while they set him in his place. But for all that I heard the horrible crunch as of one that shaws frosty turnips with a blunt knife. Methought I had fainted away, when I heard the answering splash that follows, and the loud universal "Ah!" that swept across the multitudes of people. Yet as they turned me about, for that my time had come, I saw quite clearly beneath me the populace fighting flercely one with another beneath the scaffold, for the blood that drippled through the boards, dipping their kerchiefs and other litner fabrics in it for keepsakes. Also I saw to the collapsed body, most like a sack that falls sideways; and the headsman holding up the poor dripping head, for the napkin had fallen away from the staring eyes, and I shuddered at the rasping echo of his words.

"This is the head of a traitor!" he cried, as the custom is.

as the custom is. And again the people cried, "Ah!"—they cried it through their cienched teeth. But

eried it through their clenched teeth. But it was more like a wild beast's growl than a human cry.

Then I was bidden speak if I had aught to say before I died.

So I took off my hat, and though for a moment I stood without power, suddenly my voice was given back to me, and that with such surprising power that I never knew that I had so great an utterance.

"I die (so they recorded my words) in the faith my father taught me and for which

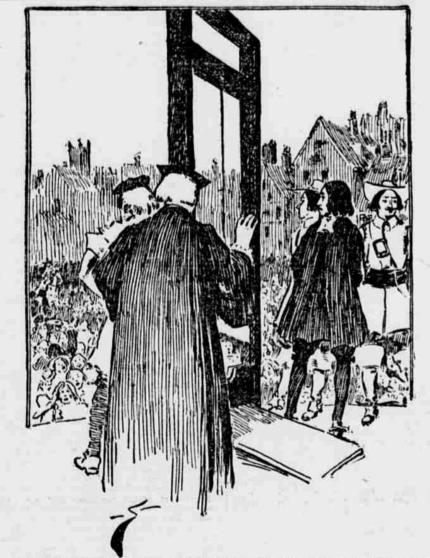
could. But, as I expected, Anion would have none of the dean or any of them; but I was ready to converse with him, at least as far as the natural agitation of my spirits would perm't. As for prayers, I leant on none of them, except my mother's, which I had repeated that morning. But I kept saying over and over to myself the Scois' version of the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and with it won won-""Lord, that is no Whig word!" cried one "Lord is my Shepherd," and with it won won-""Lord, that is no Whig word!" cried one "Lord, that is no Whig word?" cried one from the crowd-a soldier, as I think.

The dean asked me if I had my "testimony" ready written. I told him that testimonies were not for me.

"What," he said. "do you not hold the
covenants?"

"I held a sword for them so long as I

"Tis a pity he is a rebel," said another,
and I heard them as though they had spoken
of another and not of myself. And all the
time I had been speaking I was watching
the head-man wiping his broad blade with a
fragment of fine old linen, daintily, as one



AND LO! AMONG THE SHOUTING THRONG I LOOKED AND SAW AND KNEW.

Even with the scaffold down the venuel it pleased me to say this to him, for such is the vanity of Galloway, and especially of a Galloway Gordon. Besides, I had once played with the dean at golf upon Leith Links and he had beaten me foully. Not twice would be outface me, though it were twice would he outface me, though it were

Lord is my Shepherd," and with it won won-drods comfort.

Mr. Annand was a very pleasant spoken that Cantyre would have nothing to say to -no, nor, for that matter, Anton Len-

He asked me what affair hed brought me here-which vexed me, for I had supposed the whole city ringing with my braving of the council and the chancellor shaking hands with me.

"I have done God's will," I made him answer, "as I saw fit, in fighting against. Charles Stuart, for his usage of my country and my house. Were I to escape I hould but do the same again. It is his day and Charles Stuart has me on the edge of the iron. But not so long ago it was his father's turn, and so, in due time, it may be

"God forbid!" said the dean plously, think-ing no doubt, poor man, that if the king went that way, others certainly might also. "God send him as honorable a death. "Tis better than lolling on Whitehall couches that he should honorably step forth from the window of the banqueting hall as his father

did," I made him answer. "You are a strange whig. Mr. William Gordon," he said; "do you even give that testimony to them from the scaffold. It will be a change from the general tenor of

I said, "You mistake me. I believe as well as any of them and I am about to die for it, but testimonies are not in my way. Besides, my mother is praying for me."

Besides, my mother is praying for me."
"I would the king could have spared you,"
he said. "There is need of some like you in
this town of Edinburgh."
"When I was in Edinburgh," I replied, "I
had not the spirit of a pooked hen, but holding this banner at Sannuhar hath wondrously ng this banner at Sanquhar hath wondrously

All this while I could see the lips of Anton Lennox moving, and I knew right well that if I had little to say, at the last bitter pinch he would deliver his soul for the two of us—ay, and for the earl, too, if he were per-

It was just at this moment that we came ght of the maiden, which was set high scaffold of black wood. There was much scaffolding, and also a tall ladder leading thereto; but what took and held my eye was the evil leaden glitter of the broad knife, which would presently shear away my life.

Then though a rim about my neck grewicy cold till it ached with the pain—as when, on a hot day, one holds one's wrists over-long in a running stream; nevertheless my southland pride and the grace of God kept

me from vulgarly showing my fear.

Yet even the earl, who came of a family who ought to have by this time grown accustomed to lose their heads, was dauntoned somewhat by the sight of the maiden. And indeed such present and visible death will daunton the most resolute courses. There-

could. Now, when I cannot, I can at least may caress a sweetheart or beloved pos-

deed, gotten to the matter of his prayer, which, being an Episcopalian, it took him a long time to do-when his voice seemed to man and I think a little grateful that I be drowned in the surging murmur which should speak to him, for he was abashed rose from the people far down the wide space of the Grassmarket. The sound was that of a great multitude that cried aloud, but whether for joy or hate I could not tell. The dean went on praying with his eyes shut, but none, I think, minded him, or, indeed, could have heard him if they had. For every eye in all that mighty throng was turned to the distance whence came the cheering of the myriad throats.

The soldiers looked one to the other, and

the officers drew together and conferred. They thought, doubtless, it was the messenger of death with the other warrant of execution, that for Anton Lennox. Yet they marveled why in that case the people shouted.

The commander bade the drums beat, for the voices of those about the scaffold foot began to take up the shouting and he feared a tumult. So the keitledrums brayed out their angry whirr and the great basses boomed dull and hollow. But in spite of all, the crying of the whole people waxed louder and louder and

came nearer and nearer, so that they could

in no wise drown it with all their instruments of music. Then, in the Gut of the Bowhead I saw a white horse and a rider upon it, driving flercely through the black press of the throng. And ever the people tossed their bonnets in the air, flecking the red sunrise with them and they fell back before the rider as the foam from the prow of a swift boat on Solway tide

And lo! among the shouting throng I looked and saw, and knew. It was my own lass that rode and came to save me when the headsman was wiping the crimson from the bloody shearing knife to make it ready for me. In either hand she waved the parchment of pardon and the people shouted: 'pardon! a pardon! God save the king!" Without rein she rode and the people opened a lane for her weary horse. Very pale was her face, the sweetest that ever the sun shone on. Very heavy the lids of her abased eyes, that were the truest and the

bravest that God ever gave to woman. But when they were lifted up to see me on the scaffold of death, I saw that through anxiety, that drew dark rings about them, they were joyful with a great joy!
And this is what Maisie Lennox did for me.
What did yours do for you?

that lonely place where Maisie left him.

memorated how my mother came to us, and concerning Wat and Kate and all that sped between them. Also, for a greater theme how we went back and helped, Renwick and Clelland to organize again the Seven Thousand and how they stood in the breach when the Stuarts were swept away. Especially I should joy to tell of the glorious Leaguer of Dunkeld. That were a tale to attempt, indeed, with Maisie Lennox at that tale's ending, even as she has been the beginning and middle and end of this. Only by that time she was no more Ma'sie Lennox.

THE END.

UNSATISFIED.

Written for The Best One day I wandered through the mossy wood In search of fragrant flowers, I found them, wet with dew, and rich with

amidst the tangled bowers. But I soon grew weary of their loveliness, For, high above my head, Amidst the crags, I saw a poppy flaunt Its crown of wanton red.

I dropped the paler flowers at my feet, My one supreme desire Was but to gain the gorgeous painted bloom That glowed with amorous fire.

At last, with hands all scarred, and bruised and torn,
I grasped the brilliant flower,
And lo! its petals fell upon the rocks
A useless scattered shower.

And thus along life's way the pleasures bloom,
But those that nearest lie
We scorn, we think that those beyond our
reach
Alone will satisfy.

But when we have them in our eager grasp.
The pleasures they implied.
But fade, and mock our deep desire, and we.
Are still unsatisfied.
—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

IMPIETIES.

There is a certain well known business man, the head of one of our big trust companies, says the Boston Record, who is passionstely fond of riding and driving, and equally abhorrent of bicycling. He is scrupulcusly observant of the rules of the road, and nothing disturbs his source. and nothing disturbs his equanimity more than the way in which wheelmen often persist in turning to the left instead of to the right when meeting a carriage. They have a peculiarly exasperating trick of "cutting next the curb when only a small space in-venes. Well, he was out driving with his daughter the other evening, and the bicyclers kept constantly darting in between the car-riage and the curb.

The hater of cyclists stood it as patiently as possible for some time, but at last his stock of Job's chief virtue ran out, and he declared to his daughter that the next time a wheelman attempted the trick he would make him sorry for it. The desired oppor-tunity was not long in coming, and the next cyclist who assumed to defy the rules of the road met with a mishap. As he attempted to scoot in next the curb the man in the car-riage turned his horse in quickly, ran into the man on the wheel, tipped him over, brufsed his nose, and shook him up pretty generally, besides demolishing the wheel into

a tolerably thorough wreck.
"Now, — you, you won't try that again!" shouted the man in the carriage in ghoulish glee. Then, as the victim slowly picked himself up, and the dust settled so as to clear the atmosphere, he was recognized. Horrors! Rev. Leighton Parks! And his chastiser was one of his most prominent parishioners. "Good evening, Mr. Parks," exclaimed the latter, lifting his hat politely.

Then followed the Rev. Aaron Burr, a man of Edwards' own pattern, though cast in a somewhat smaller intellectual mold, says a writer in the Century. He preceded Ed-wards in the presidency of Nassau hall (after-ward Princeton college), won at Stockbridge his lovely wife, Esther, who was young enough to be his own daughter, and became enough to be his own daughter, and became the father of that strange compound, the second Aaron Burr. Of one of Esther's sisters, who was something of a shrew, the following story is still told in Stockbridge: When some adventurous suitor of good standing in the church sought her hand, the theologian decisively refused it. Confident in his good position in this world, and the reasonableness of his ulterior expectations, the lover persistently urged his pretensions. Finally, discovering that Mr. Edwards' objection was purely disinterested, and were based, not on his defects, but on the lady's temper, he argued that as she had experienced religion as well as he there was no reason to doubt that they would be happy together. "Ah," replied the divine, "there are some persons with whom the grace of God abides, that

"Hosea Ballou, the father of Universalism," says Nelson Ritter of Syracuse, "was an old-fashioned man, with a good deal of real wit. At one of our important church meetings a good many years ago a young clergyman de-livered a sermon, which, he afterward pompously told his friends in the presence of Ballou, he was only an hour in writing. 'And how long would it have taken you to write that sermon?' said the young minister to Ballou. And the reply was: "I don't be-lieve I could have written it in all eternity! "Well, now," said the spouting theologian, nothing abashed, what part of the sermon did you like best? There must have been a little bit of good in it." 'Yes,' said the old man, thoughtfully, 'the text was first rate."

Mrs. Watts-Why were you not at the hurch Thursday night? Mrs. Potts-I was out of the city. What was going on?
Mrs. Watts-We celebrated the silver anni-

versary of the boy evangelist's work in the missionary field. Oh, we had a lovely time. clergyman of the Baptist persuasion. holding forth in a Texas town, recently com-menced his discourse thusly: "My dear friends, I want to talk to you about the infi-nite power of the Almiete.

nite power of the Almighty. He created a mighty ocean—and He created a pebble. He created the solar system—and He created the world—and He created a grain of sand. My friends, He created me! and He created -Sims-Dere's anudder one ob dem parables, What eber came ob Lot's wife?

Cluffin-Ah, Brer Sims, dat's bad. Many is de man w'at got hisself in trouble 'quirin' er anodder man's wife.

VERDICT NOW RENDERED.

The South as the Only Sure Region for Location and Home Building. "I have now lived in this section for over six years and find the climate all that can be desired. The soil is good for wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, corn, tobacco, flax, grapes. pears, peaches, apples (early), plums, in fact all small fruits. The people are kind and sociable. We have good schools, churches and a fine climate. Our political liberty is as good as elsewhere. I do not wish to return good as elsewhere. I do not wish to return to the north any more as I love this climate for health and comfort. We have finer time ber and good water. My former place of residence was lilinois. My political views are republican. I am a carpenter by occupation. The people here do not interfere with my THE PROPER END OF THIS HISTORY.

But our perils were not over. We were in fear that at any hour the messenger might arrive, having gotten another horse, even in the telephone to the telephone t

Hear what a dairyman says about market But having the pardons in the king's hand, our foes were eager to get rid of us. They knew that Roger McGhie had been busy on in regard to his political experience: "Political

TROOPERS IN A BLIZZARD

Frightful Experience of Cavalrymen in a Black Hills Storm.

HARDSHIPS ENDURED ON A WINTER SCOUT

Recollections of a Dash from Red Cloud Agency to the Hills and Return, Twenty-One Years Ago-Narrow Escape from Death.

Brevet Brigadier General Guy V. Henry supplements the record of his experience in the battle of the Rosebud in 1876 with an account of the terrible hardships endured in winter's march to the Black Hills in 1874. The paper forms the second of the Harper's Weekly series on the "Adventures of American Army and Navy Officers."

The story of this ride, General Henry writes, has often been told, but only a plainsman knows what it is to face a norther. It is more dreadful than fire or shipwreck. When the ice god turns on his blizzard and drives the thermometer down to 40 degrees below zero, no human being can live in the open air, and many of the toughest and hardiest animals succumb to the intense cold. Deer have been found huddled together in groups of five and ten, dead and frozen stiff by a norther, and even wildcats, lynx, buffalo and Rocky mountain lions have died of cold on the plains. The day before Christmas, 1874, an Indian courier rode into our camp near Red Cloud agency, Neb., bringing orders from the department commander for troops to be sent to the Biack Hills to remove miners who were supposed to be there in violation of treaty stipulation. Complaint had been made that the white man was stealing the Indian's gold. To penetrate into this unknown country beyond the Mauvaises Terres, or bad lands, at this season of the year was to put one's life at the risk, not only of the cold storms which swept the country, but of the attacks of hostile Minneconjoux Sioux. If the proper authority had known as well as we of the character of the service required, it is probable that the order would never have been issued; but it had come, and it was not ours to question why.

THE START.

The day after Christmas the command, con sisting of troop D. Third cavalry, of which I was ceptain, about fifteen men of the Ninth infantry, under Lieutenant Carpenter, with wagons, rations, and forage for thirty days. bidding adieu to families and friends, started on our march into the wilderness. Camp Robinson (now Fort Robinson) at this time was a mere shelter for its small garrison of one troop of cavalry and four companies of one troop of cavairy and to the control of cavairy and to the control of infanty. It was near Red Cloud agency. whose thousands of Indians were far friendly, and were liable from friendly, and were liable to break out at a moment's notice. The knowledge of all this made our farewell a sad one and increased the dreariness of our already desolate surroundings. The evening of the first day's march was comparatively of the first day's march was comparatively mild; ice had to be cut in order to procure water for our animals, some 140 in number, but they, under the shelter of a bank, with blanket covers, and the men in their tenta, with stoves, were comfortable. The second day's march brought us to Spotted Tail agency, or Camp Sheridan, where we were to obtain our guide, an Indian called "Falling Waters." He, after the manner of his race, refused to go, as his suggestive namindicated to him that the weather was not suitable for travel. We succeeded, however, in obtaining the services of one Haymond, a white man and at one time a soldier, ever, in obtaining the services of one Raymond, a white man and at one time a soldier, who joined us in response to an impulse of his early training. He was also well acquainted with the country and with the risks which we were to encounter. The third day we passed on, passing the old agency and camping on White river, treating that night some of the men for frosted fingers. Continuing our march, we arrived at Woundel Knee creek, so called because a Franch trapper had been wounded in the knee by Indians and left to die. Here we left the White river, which was frozen and a very unusual thing it was for this river to freeze at all, and commenced our march across the Mauvaises Terres, or bad lanis. It would be impossible to properly describe this region of desclate country. Im-mense hald bluffs of chalky whiteness confront you. There is not a sign of vegeta-tion, except as here and there a solitary pine tree stands its lonely watch, making by contrast the desolation more wretched. It summer you are suffocated with clouds o alkali dust; in winter, or when the ground is wet, your wagons sink to their axles. Na-ture seems to forbid approach. A green deposit or strata here and there marks what is supposed to have once been the bottom of a lake. Here are found what scientists regard as the richest deposits of bone, backs o turtles, etc. It may easily be imagined, however, that under the circumstances this subject did not occupy our thoughts.

LAND OF DESOLATION. This vast region of desolation can be besompared to the picture which our imagina tion makes of the "lower regions" with the fires extinguished. It is in fact Dante's "Inferno" reproduced. In this Inferno, camped on the frozen surface of a lake to obtain shelter from a howling wind, with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, we spent the New Year's eve of 1874. 'Twas truly a cheer'ess place, and as we wrapped ourselves (Lieutenant Carpenter and myself) in our buffalo robes we felt thankful we wood and shelter from the storm. On same place Harney Springs (named after General Harney) I camped during the Pine Ridge troubles just sixteen years after the experience I am now relating. Our next camp, New Year's day, was made on the Cheyenne river, and we were thankful for an abundance of wood. Raymond, our guide, had said the day before that when we got to the Cheyenne he would "prospect" a little, he thought that if there was gold in Black Hills it would show in the Black Hills it would show in the Cheyenne, receiving as it did so many streams from the supposed Eldorado. Seeing him sitting by an airhole in the ice. I found his prospecting consisted in "thawing out" a couple of frozen fingers. The next day we crossed a stream supposed to have been fol-lowed by the miners. We entered the hills, but found no signs of a trail, so we started back on the homeward march. It was afterward ascertained that the miners had en-tered the hills west of us. These same miners were brought out of the hills in the spring of the year in an almost starving condition. The Black Hills are so called. not because of their color, but of the contrast of color, green or brown, with that of the chalky whiteness of the Mauvaises Terres. THE RETURN.

comfortable. The delay in pitching and striking tents or in preparing and breaking camp was the most disagreeable part of the march. The ground was so hard that driving a tent-pin, which had to be iron, was that leavy pulse where Maisie left him bear was that it was growing lighter bear was assumed to bee their heads, was assumed to be provided that the was assumed to be their heads, was assumed to be provided the heads of their heads, was assumed to be provided the heads of the himself, and that the council showed to be provided that the council showed to be provided that the council showed to be provided to be provid almost impossible, and the removal of it was so difficult that we often had to tie our

## Value of Orchard Homes

CORROBGRATIVE TESTIMONY.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI. OFFICE OF

Secretary of State.

GEO. M. GOVAN, Secretary of State.

JACKSON, Miss., July 20, 1895. HON, GEORGE W. AMES, Omaha, Neb.-Dear Sir: I am a native Mississippian, and having resided in the state all my life, am thoroughly acquainted with the character of its lands.

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poor brutes, in their sufferings, struggled to escape from their riders, who in their frozen condition had trouble to prevent them.

LOST AND BLINDED. Our trail was lost or obliterated by the snow; our eyes were absolutely sightless from the constant pelting of the frezen particles. And thus we struggled on. A clump of trees or a nill for a shelter from the killing and life-sapping wind would have indeed been a sweet haven. With frozen hands been a sweet haven. With frozen hands and faces, men becoming weaker and weaker, many bleeding from the nose and the ears, the weakest lying down and refusing to move, a precursor of death; with them the painful stinging bite of the frost had been succeeded by the more solid freezing, which drives the blood rapidly to the center and produces that warm, delightful, dreamy sensation, the forerunner of danger and death. They had to be threatened and strapped to They had to be threatened and strapped to their saddles, for if they were left behind death would follow, and an officer's duty is to save his men. Ours now was a struggle for life; to halt was to freeze to death, to advance our only hope, as Red Cloud could not be far away, and some of us might be able to reach camp with life, though with frozen limbs. Weakened till we could no longer walk, in

desperation the command "mount" wa given. Stiffened and frozen we climbed int our saddles. "Forward, gallop!" and we all knew this was a race for life. We were pow-erless. Brain nor eye could no longer help us. The instinct of our horses would alone save those who could hold out. So on we rushed, life and home in front of us, death behind. Suddenly turning the curve of a hill, we came upon a ranch inhabited by a white man and his squaw and we were saved. Had the sun burst forth with the heat of summer our surprise and joy could not have been greater than they were, to thus find this place of refuge and safety in the wilderness, and to be saved from the jaws of death by a "squaw ranch!" I have since passed this ranch and nothing has ever awakened stronger feelings of gratitude than the sight of that hovel. The horses were put in the corral. Those that were running wild with

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tive shows what other officers and soldiers in the past have had to undergo on the plains in the performance of duty, and not a winter but has had its maimed and suffering victims, who have borne their share in this battle of civilization, rendering victory pos-sible through the protection of settlers, the building and extension of railroads and the

Harper's Round Table: A gentleman once asked a lawyer what he would do provided he had loaned a man \$500 and the man

left the country without sending any ac-knowledgments. 'Why, that's simple; just write him to send an acknowledgment of the \$5,000 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only \$500. That will suffice for a recelpt, and you can proceed against him if

A new national organization, composed of unskilled workers in the glass industry, was