### TRUE TO THE DUKE.

How a Boy Saved the Great Monmouth.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

The warm summer sunlight that sifted fell upon a boy lying at full length on the the old boards.

He was a stout, good-looking lad, with fair features and chestnut colored locks, inclined to curl. Beside him lay a crossbow, with a feathered shaft in the groove and the boy's hand could have picked up the weapor at a moment's notice,

For some time he had been watching the gambols of two squirrels just beyond bowshot, and in hopes that they might come a trifle nearer and give him a chance to bring

The spot occupied by the young marksman, whose name was Porry Preston, was rough faces of the cavaliers. the summit of a gentle rise which com-manded a fair view of the surrounding

While Master Preston lay there he thought of the great battle fought a few days previous at Sedgemoor, between King James men and the rebellious duke of Monmouth then a fugitive, with a kingly price upon

The boy had heard of the battle; indeed. his uncle, a Mendlp miner, had fought there for the lost cause, and at that very moment was hiding somewhere out of reach of the king's hunters. No one seemed to know where Monmouth was and the king's soldlers were scouring

the countryside for him.

In a short time it would be night and the gleams of sunlight, which lit up the forest, would give way to shadows.

Presently the boy put out his hand and picked up the cross-bow, but all the time he kept looking at the squirrels. One of the little animals had frisked to within bowshot and Master Preston did not want the game to escape.

through the leaves of the sturdy English the milk house by a circuitous path and the m

and said: "May you be duke some day whether I come king or not," and then Perry put the

Hardly had the boy reached home when six nen rode up to the house and called the

the general who had defeated Monmouth's

The moment one of the fellows spied Perry be covered him with his gloved hand-

"That's the boy," cried he. "Come, you little Jackanapes. What were you doing in the wood today?"
"Hunting sir," said the widow's son. "I

"But there are tracks of two parties in the soft mud of the old lane down yonder. Come boy. You can't deceive the riders of the king and it is high treason to shelter this contumacious rebei, Monmouth." At mention of the hunted man's name Mrs. Preston clasped her hands and turned pale



A RIDE FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

with his bow.

upon one knee and took deliberate aim at the squirrel, then liberated the bowstring and watched the arrow in its flight.

The shaft went true to its mark, for the squirrel tumbled from the log, upon which it had perched itself, and Master Preston, with an exclamation of triumph, ran forward.

"A good many people cross the lane," said he at last. "I don't doubt that there be footprints in the ground there."

"And one of the prints shows the elegant foot-track of the rebel whom we broke at

The further side of the log was well banked up with leaves and into these the game had

When the little marksman reached the log he looked over and then drew back. astonishment he was looking at a man half buried in the leaves, a man dressed in peasant costume, but with a kingly-looking eye and a handsome face.

Perry stood dumfounded and could only

gaze at the man, speechless and full of

"Do you want your squirrel, lad?" said the stranger, taking from the leaves the dead game, which he held up before Master Pres-

"I'll take it, if you please," and the boy took the squirrel, but did not stir. By this time the man in the leaves had risen to his knees and was looking at the

"I'm a peasant, who might be wanted by those men who are after the soldiers of the unfortunate Monmouth," he said; but Perry

laid one hand on his dirty sleeve.
"You'll find me true," he answered. "! know you. You are his grace, the duke."
The man started violently, and drew back.
"I the duke?" he cried. "Look at my gar-

ments, boy. Surely no duke ever masquer-"But you are his grace," persisted Perry. "I was in Taunton when you entered the city, and I remember quite well how you lifted your hat to the people and how your

"Then I am lost," was the reply. have come to this at last—to be betrayed into the hands of my enemy by a Somerset boy." "Not so. I am not an informer. But you are in danger. They have been hunting



THE DEAD SQUIRREL

along the hedges down yonder, for I saw lot of rough riders beating the bush this

Beating it for poor Monmouth. Oh, if had an army once more at my back-He stopped suddenly and looked away, while he seemed to tremble. "They are quite near us," said Master ceston. "There is a chance for you."

"What sort of chance, boy?"
"The old milk house."

"The old milk house."
"Yours?"
"Yes. It is an old affair, but it has a false floor put down by its builder long ago. But you cannot go to it while it is light."
"Then back to my bed of leaves I must go," said Monmouth, with a smile, "If I escape, boy, you may some day be a duke yourself."
A few minutes later Master Preston trudged to make the preston trudged it. homeward with his squirrel and dressed it in the cramped front yard by the humble

home.

He said nothing to his mother, a widow, about his encounter with the hunted fugitive and eagerly waited for dusk.

By and by he went to the old milk house, now rarely used, for the king's men some years before had taken the widow's last cow, and there he pried up a board and disclosed a commedieus hidter place underneath. a commodious hiding place underneath.

"The last place they'll look for the duko
in," said the boy. "He will be safe here."

Away he went to the wood and like a keen

looked him sternly in the face as he conus. Where have you hid Monmouth?" In an instant fire seemed to light up the

widow's eyes and she remembered the indignities she had suffered at the hands of the troopers of King James, for she cried

"My son is honest," at this juncture ex

claimed the widow. "I know him to be civi

and kind and he went to the wood today

"Yes, and he brought down more important game." broke in the leader of the detachment, "Here, come up on the saddle,

boy," and the man darted at Perry, who, be

fore he could get beyond his reach, was

In another moment the boy found him

self on the saddle before the trooper, who

it. Keep your word, boy, even if given to

The troopers looked daggers at the woman and one thrust out his sword, but she sprang out of the way and laughed at him. "We'll wring the little chick's neck but what we'll make him tell where the rebel is," said the captain of the detachment. "The king will have no nonsense, and, boy or man, the person who refuses to betray the hiding place of the arch-rebel, Monmouth,

shall feel his majesty's displeasure." With this the little troop wheeled and Master Preston, held firmly to the saddle, was carried away. A few yards from the house the men halted

and all crowded round the man who held Perry prisoner. Perry looked into their rough faces and

leniency there; then he glanced at their broad swords, the very weapons that had wrought such ruin at Sedgemoor, and for a moment contemplated the general mien have got much nearer to the pole than he "You haven't proved to me that there are

footprints in the mud in the old lane," said can," was the answer. "You Josef Land in safety, and Nansen's meeting with the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition "But we can," was the snewer,

you shall be taken." In a little while the boy was taken to the spot and when it was reached one of the men dismounted and led his horse toward a

A full moon was in the sky, and in some A full moon was in the sky, and in some of the collie. The true Esquimaux deg has a places the ground was plainty visible and curious wild look about him, which is not the very blades of grass that covered it. They had entered the lane which Perrry and the duke had crossed on their way to he old nilk house, and presently all stood on the bare place.

"Put the lad down here," said the man who had gone forward afoot. "I want to show him what a dainty footprint the hunted fox makes. Here it is, as plain as when we left it, and here beside it is the rougher boot rack of the widow's bairn."

In compliance with the request the captair of the troop put Perry down, at the same time telling the trooper on the ground to take hold of his wrist and escort him to the proof

Master Preston felt a hand at his wrist and Master Preston felt a hand at his wrist and he was led forward in a jiffy.

"There they are your tracks and those of the arch-rebel's!" exclaimed the cavalier.

"You crossed here. Why, everybody in England knows the print of Monmouth's foot, no matter if he wears a shepherd's boots."

At the same time Perry was pushed forward and roughly held over the soft ground. He saw the tracks he and Monmouth had

He saw the tracks he and Monmouth had made; they seemed to accuse him of treason to the king, but he did not quail. "You see them, boy? Now, sirree, where is the fox?" It was the captain of the band who spoke and Perry straightened in the moonlight. At the same time the man who held his

wrist seemed to give him a little freedom. for the grip relaxed as Master Preston looked at the trooper's horse.

It was a lithe-limbed chestnut, such as he once rode among the Mendip hills, when on a visit to his uncle, and an idea flashed brough the boy's brain. "I give you a minute, boy. We cannot wait

here all night while you know where the rebel is. Stand aside, Goshen. He is safe The trooper who had dismounted stood

sside, quite releasing Master Preston, but the next moment an event of startling im-portance took place.

The Somerset boy sprang toward the horse and caught the rein as he left the ground. His movement was as agile as the leap of

trailer found the log and the fugitive b Without a word the two hurried back t

As Monmouth pressed the boy's hand in parting he looked up into the youthful face

boards over him and went away. THE INQUIRY.

They were members of Feversham's army forces—and they were looking for the fugi-tive. Master Preston came out of the house with his mother and looked at the gaudy ut dict-bespattered regimentals and the

shot a gray squirrel in the forest, as mother here can testify, for we had it for supper 'Who crept across the lane with you after

Master Preston did not quail. The crisis had come and the ordeal was before him, "Some one with me?" he exclaimed. "I went into the forest quite alone and came home in like manner, sir."

while she looked at her son.

ithin bowshot and Master Preston did not ant the game to escape.

The English boy quietly raised himself the milk house was quite soft and liable to



Douglas St

Douglas St

Japanned Stove

All complete, as shown in cut; just the thing to please a little girl,

COMBINATION BANK

worth 250

Highly Painted

TIN RANGE

Well worth 25c.

CELLULOID PAPER CUTUER ancy Twisted Handle: worth 25c.

It was a race in favor of the boy who knew

every foot of the road, and at a certain spot he turned aside where some bars were down

Fatigued and in no good humor the five

orsemen came back after a long chase,

hem, while several miles from the spot

Master Preston, hidden in a safe retreat, congratulated himself upon his escape.

All that night did the troopers watch the

vidow's house in hopes that the boy would

ne did not oblige them and at daylight they

All the next day the hunted man re

mained under the floor of the old milk-house, and at night he was piloted away

by his little rescuer, who, upon parting with

snares of his persistent pursuers, for the

following day he was taken and carried to

During his imprisonment there he did not

forget the bay who had saved his life in the

is little doubt that had Monmouth reached

the throne he would have kept his promise

and made Master Preston the youngest duke

THE ARCTIC DOGS.

Their Usefulness in the Work of Ex-

ploration.
The north pole will never be discovered

unless dogs are used on the expedition. That

is practically the statement that Nansen

made when he returned from his recent

voyage. Few people seem to have recog-

nized how valuable the sledge dogs are to an

Arctic explorer. Nansen would probably,

did if he had taken more dogs with him.

Again, it was due to the two dogs that he

was able to make his way back to Franz

These Esquimaux dogs are a curious race.

n appearance they are not unlike collies, but hey carry their tails curled over their backs

and their bodies are more thick-set than that

seen in any other breed. Considering that the sledge dogs are generally badly used by their masters, they are very quiet and good-tempered. They will eat almost anything hardy and frequently do as much work in

one day as would last an ordinary dog for a week. One of the peculiarities of the Esqui-maux dog is his feet. He has no short hair

etween the toes. There is a reason for this. I the dog's feet were hairy the snow would

Cy Warman in New York Sun.

God keep you, dearest, while the morning

Lights up the world and the world is bright;
And then at last, when the day is done,
God keep you, dearest, through the long,
long night,

God keep you, dearest, when the earth is With singing birds and fields in bloom;

When summer's verdure fades away God keep you, dearest, through the win-ter's gloom.

God keep you, dearest, from day to day Throughout this life. When I am dumb, And when your fair form turns to clay, God keep you, dearest, in the life to come.

UNSTAMPED LETTERS.

'ball" on them and thus lame the dog

omerset forcat, for he was permitted to ddress Master Preston a letter, and there

was Monmouth's last escape from the

ide back and fall into their clutches,

and galloped across a meadow.

Nickle Plated Black Brownie Boards Stamps

Cannot be open- Have rolling tops en unless the com--just the size to b nation is known; place ap .....

> Jointed Dolls

Large moving bisque headsopens and shuts wooden

Nickel Plated Dressed Iron Trains

Three

Scrap Books Handsome litho

graphed covers-

regular

Dolls-

heads

real value 48c..

With rolling tops.

Juinted bod e

moving bisque

Chuatauqua

Made of rubber-

size for ....

Buggies

Very large size-

Doll

Noah Arks

Usually A At 500,

Celluoid Frames

Be bought For less

Kid Body Dolls

ttin l'ng

Made for boys;

Wound

the Bankrupt Stock of The Omaha Bazaar, and which they sold for \$1.25 to \$4.00. Have divided them into two lots, ones that sold for \$1.00 to \$1.50 marked down to 50c, those for \$2.00 to \$4 00 at \$1.00 each,

Very large size

For Capinet Photos. This kind cannot

Than 10c,

Bisque Heads Natural curly hair

Trolley Cars

Black Boards | Most popular toy all steel; when

## Atomizers! Atomizers!

Very best of goods. They comprise a lot out of



Holiday Goods Holiday Goods

Iron Coal Cart.

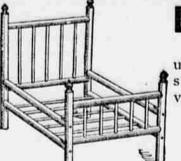
Douglas St

Neatly paint'd Price has been 25c



Shoe Flies Large Size and well wo th double

what we sell them for



## **Enameled Beds**

Finest thing made, genuine hard enamel, large size, brass trimmings, real value, \$1,25.

VELOCIPEDES. Largest size for the price in the city. Very best make.



# TOY REINS

Long fancy colored web, with three silver toned sleigh bells,

was no answer. VERY MUCH ALIVE. "Is she dead?" cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and holding the light close to his sweetheart's face.

hand lamp she had seen her baby's face

"Emma," she called, excitedly, but there

out of the car. "But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers, "She's all right," said the husband. "Only

"Here, Em," said Bankers, shaking the young woman, who was regaining conscious-ness, "brace up. You've got company." "Are we all safe?" asked the school-

"But you saved the women," said the con-ductor, who was overjoyed at finding them

#### CY WARMAN.

Edythe Pratt in Harper's Bazar, O, sweet slihouette of days gone by, With comb and drooping curls, Were you in the dreamy golden past The dearest of all dear girls?

Was your hair of gold? Did it treasure The wanton sunbeam's ray? Did your eyes flash fire, or were they calm A noon on a summer day?

Did you smile and sigh? Did your cheeks blush At low-breathed words of praise? Were your feet as light in the minuet As now in the waltz's maze?

The still faint odor of roze leaves dead.
Yet lingers about the past,
Like the thoughts of a vanished love tale,

In the firelight's glow I seem to see Gleams of your tresses bright; The chasm of years I bridge with a sigh And stand by your side tonight!

The pneumatic tube has made another advance. The Postoffice department has con-tracted for mail tubes between the central office and the Reading and Pennsylvania depots, in Philadelphia, and also between the New York and Brooklyn postoffices.

bie, safe, innocent, and palatable. It appeals to all, and especially mothers, nurses, and children.

a squirrel, and before the astonished delivery of native letters are restricted to WILD NIGHT AT WOOD RIVER towns. Should the epistle be addressed to cavalrymen could interfere he was on the horse's back, tearing up the lane like one mad.

Through the moonlight, like an arrow from his own cross-bow, went the boy, and in a little while five steeds were tearing in a little while five steeds were tearing after him, amid the clanking of heavy sabers and the shouting of vile epithets.

Through the moonlight, like an arrow from his own cross-bow, went the boy, and in a little while five steeds were tearing into the nearest patch of jungle and throws it away, thus saving himself any further trouble in the matter. It is curious to note that letters are seldom rifled. The trouble of walking of vile epithets, and the shouting of vile epithets.

The same race in favor of the boy who know the lane like one in a village some miles from the office the postumant duly takes the letter and strain off, but after geing a little way slips into the nearest patch of jungle and throws it away, thus saving himself any further trouble in the matter. It is curious to note that letters are seldom rifled. The trouble of walking soft in one of the cars, and Baukers felt a hurt in his short in his short in his short in the History of the Early below the History of the Early and throws it away, thus saving himself any further trouble in the matter. It is curious to note that letters are seldom rifled. The trouble bankers could have blown the top of the

of walking so far for a mere letter seems to worry the native mind, and no curiosity is A PAWNEE SCOUT'S TIMELY WARNING aroused as to the contents. If the letter, however, is unstamped, the unhappy postman must deliver it at its destination, as he is bound to produce on his

return a receipt for the fine imposed for the omitted stamps.

They bear no ill-will to the postmanably they would do the same in his place, but they know the length of his tether and

take steps to frustrate his methods accordingly. PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle-Oh, no, my girlie," said she; "you're too

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe I cried, I did. "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I am little? Or if I'm big, why can't I whittle? In a neighboring town a man lives whose is somewhat of an invalid. He is com pelled to send her to Florida for the winter. They have a little girl who asks questions. She wanted to know what she would see in Florida. In order to quiet her, her mother told her negroes would be the most numerous product she would encounter. One day recently, while out walking with her mother

they met a black man, a veritable Sene-gambian, who was busily chewing tobacco. "Oh, mamma!" cried the child. "There's colored man, just like we'll see Florida. She clung to her mother's dress and eyes that colored man intently. Just as he passed he emitted a mouthful of tobacco juice.

"Mamma," said the little girl is one, "he even spits black, don't he? "That teacher of ours don't know putty." exclaimed Tommy with a fine look

"When I told her that I tackled Jimmie Frotter so hard that he had to put on a substertute, she said I orter be ashamed of

One of the duke of Wellington's postboys has just died at the age of 89 years. Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. Milne, the ather of the British navy, has just celerated his ninetieth birthday. Two men of Madison, O., have been going to the poils together for sixty years. Now they are each 81 years old, with but a month's difference in their ages. On Novem-

ber 3 they cast their fifteenth presidential So far Esquimaux dogs are not often seen in this country, but there is no reason why they should not be, as they make excellent companions and are quite good-tempered when kindly treated. Nodaiah Moody Childs, who has just tieth year, was for many years one of the most prominent business men of Syracuse,

being largely identified with the salt in crests of the city. Mr. Frederick Saunders, the 90-year-old librarian of the Assor library. New York, has retired from his more active duties in concetion with the library, although he will retain his deak there and will continue to receive his full salary. Mr. Saunders is an Englishman by birth, but he came to this country nearly sixty years ago, and was prominent among the band of distinguished men that included William Cullen Bryant. George Bancroft and Washington who made a vigorous struggle for national copyright. It was through Mr. Ir-ving's warm friendship that Mr. Saunders

was appointed to his present desk in the library, which he has held since 1859. Reuben E. Mess, who has just died at his home in Elmira, N. Y., was a lineal descendant in the sixth generation from John Mess, who settled in New Haven, Conn., in 1639, and who was a signer of Their Safe Delivery Insured by Lack of Postage.

The letters that the Sikh police, in Singapore, send their kindred in India, and those over in the Mayflower. Mr. Moss who came over in the Mayflower. Mr. Moss of the colonial legislature. he platform, causing the besiegers to fall back a pace. From a distance they began to our the lead into the building, but the that they receive in return are almost invariably minus any postage stamps. One of
their European officers, noticing this, asked
one of the men the reason for this universal
omission, and it was explained that the native postman's ideas of honor concerning the

Attack Upon the Railway Station by paregoric, slept as though it had already entered upon its final rest. The other two pany of Government Troops

Sent to the Relief. (Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Company.) "Keep that kid quiet," sald Bankers in a

toarse whisper. "I'm doing the best I can," said his wife, trying to hush the little one, who was sob-bing and meaning in her lap. In the baby's The schoolma'am uttered a faint scream and that was the last sound that came from her milk wagon a bitter fight was going on milk wagon a bitter fight was going on corner for some time. The Slottx never moved between paragoric and pain, and the latter a finger and Bankers, having removed the was dying hard. The wind drove the rain warrior's firearms and ammunition, gave the against the side of the car and made it rock gun to his wife and then covered the dead to and fro. "Emma," said Mrs. Bankers to her friend, take that bottle and hold it between you and a crack in the car, and burned to the ground and the rain had nearly

when it lightens drop ten drops into the quenched the fire. Every attempt made by spoon—I suppose we must not strike a the band to fire the station had ended in 'You bet you don't strike any light unless you are ready to give up your chig-n:n," said Bankers, without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peep-Emma took the bottle and at flash of lightning dropped a drop of hush medicine into the spoon, and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That made twenty drops—it was danger-ous—but it was sure death to all of them

if the baby cried aloud.

The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed that the car could hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pullman straw, and that they would set fire to the car; just a common red stock car. car; just a common red stock car standing on a siding with a few armfuls of straw upon the floor. Occasionally Bankers turned to glance at the two women who were crouch-ing in one end of the car, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung the faces of those within. Mrs. Bankers had seen three winters at Wood River, but her friend, the young woman who had come to western Nebraska to teach school, was in every sense a tenderfoot, and the experiof this wild night had almost driven

her mad, SURROUNDED BY INDIANS. "There they are," whispered Bankers. Now, the women put their eyes to a crack, and when a flash came they could see a reef of feathered heads that formed a half circle around the house like a feather boa around a woman's neck. Half the band ismounted and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken and the red devils swarmed in. One of them took a newspa-per and lighted it at the open fireplace to make a torch, and by the light of it the at his home in Syracuse, N. Y. in his nine- little party in the stock car could see the tieth year, was for many years one of the Sloux running, half crouching, from room to room, in search of the occupants. Find-ing the place deserted and smarting under their disappointment the Indians now set fire to the house, and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station, which stood less than a hundred yards away.

The station agent had been warned as the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, but had bravely refused to leave his post. He had made no light, but sat in one end of the little dark room which served as taken of the common telegraph of the state of the s fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous band teaped high into the air, came down on his feet. leaped up again and again and finally fell in a heap, to rise no more. With a deaf-ening yell the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat against it with tomahawks, clubs and guns. A SHOWER OF LEAD. Having emptied his rifle the agent no took up a pair of 45-callber revolvers and the lead fairly rattled against the door and no leas than a half dozen hair-lifters sank to

search for stock or eatable freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck as his rifle "Emma," she called excitedly but there

Bankers could have blown the top of the Sioux's head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redekins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby, full of

Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station, where the agent, having reloaded all his guns kept the gang hopping and dancing about the station platform. The old Sioux at the car door cocked his head and listened. He mus have fancied he heard something breathe, for

now he put his hands upon the sill and leaned into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Bankers' rifle barrel fell across his

> THE RELIEF TRAIN. Already the little frame cottage had

failure and the Sloux were now preparing to storm the fort. It was hard for Bankers to keep quiet in the car while the agent sold his life so bravely and so dearly to the Sioux, but there were his wife and baby, and the helpless schoolma'am, who had been per suaded by the Bankers to come to this wild region, and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Presently Bankers felt the stock car vibrate perceptibly, a though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians

escape. Now there was a roar, as of an approaching train, and an instant later a grea dark object hove in sight and rolled past the car. It was a locomotive, drawing a dozen box cars, and running without a headlight. The shouts of the bosiegers, the rattle of rifles and the wild cry of the night prevented the Sloux from feeling the vibration, or hearing the sound of the approaching train.

The agent, who had been severely wounded, now crawled to the key and called Ogalalla. At the first attack he had wired for help, and now, he told the operator there e could only hold the place for a little while longer. The agent was still at the key when the engine, rolling up to the station. shook the building, and he knew the moment he felt the quiver of it that help was at hand. Instantly the doors of the box cars came open and a company of government scouts, all Pawness except the officers

leaped to the platform just as the band of Sloux were making their last desperate charge upon the station. Before they realize that reinforcements were at the Sioux were beset by the scouts, always fought to kill. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sloux fled they left more than half their number upon the Probably the most anxious man in the

whole party was the conductor of the special train that had brought the scouts from Ogalalla. He had ridden all the way on the locomotive and the moment the train stopped he had leaped to the ground and gone through a shower of bullets to where the cottage which had been the home of the Bankers had stood. The sight of the house ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping in ashes made him sick at heart, but there room, and as the Indians approached opened was still hope; they might have taken refuge was still hope; they might have taken refuge in the station, and, facing about, the fear-less conductor fought his way to the door. By this time the Sioux were giving all their attention to the acouts, and the con ductor ferced his body through the shot riddled door. The agent lay upon the floo in a pool of his own blood, but he was still alive. "Where are they?" asked the conductor, glancing about the dark room.

> alive," was the reply which came in a faint whisper. 'I saw them leaving the hous at dusk-go to them-I'm-I'm all right. and the conductor, having placed the wounded man upon his bed, made for the

"Among the stock cars, if they are still

"No, you chump," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux," and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him a little too much paregoric," and so it proved

"Are we all safe?" asked the sc ma'am, feeling for her back hair. "Oh! dear, brave friend, you have saved us all!"
"Yes, I played—" said Bankers, "hiding here in the straw while the agent was being

"Yes," said Bankers, "that's something after all." And all this is not a dream. It is only a scrap of the history of the early days of the Union Pacific. The brave station agent is an old man now, and one of his legs is shorter than the other—the one that was shot that night. The baby, having recovered from her-severe tuscle with colic and paregoric, is now one of the most charming women in one of our charming western cities. The con-ductor of the soldier train is at this writing a general superintendent of a well known railway. The snows of forty winters have fallen upon his wife's hair. It is almost white, but her face is still young and handsome, and I remember that she blushed, when telling this story to me, and recalling the fact that she had fainted in a

#### stock car on that wild night at Wood River.

TO AN OLD SILHOUETTE.

Danced you the step of the gay "bear With glances, whispers, sighs, or were you holy and sweetly fair, With nunlike peace in your eyes?

Too fragrantly sweet to last.

Blood

**Qticura Resolvent**