might imagine you had some distrust o

hold the castle in your defense."
"I have ever been accustomed to look to

adding, as if it were an afterthought, "W

during the building, nor afterward."

worthy addition to your province."

coser number of pieces than you ask

Tho lady, now standing, answered nothing

"I am, then, a prisoner, and you hold m

to kidnap or to murder future archbishops.' Still the lady stood silent and motionless

as a marble statue. The elector paced up and down for a time, muttering to himself, then

smote his open palm against a pillar of the balcony and stood gazing on the fair land-scape of the river and rounded hill spread below and around him. Suddenly he turned

and looked at the countess, meeting her

clear, fearless gray eye, noticing for the first time the resolute contour of her finely

mclded chin.

"Madam." he said, with admiration in his tone. "you are a brave woman."

"I am not so brave as you think me, my

lord," she answered coldly. "There is one thing I dare not do. I am not brave enough

to allow your lordship to go free if you re-fu⊧e what I ask."

proud spirit, with which my enemies say

"Not so, my lord. You will be t. ted

"Indeed! And melted thus by kindness low long, think you, will the process take?"

"It will be of the shortest, my lord, for if

s you surmise, rumor should get abroad and faisely preclaim that the archbishop

lodges here against his will, there's not a flying baron or beggared knight in all the land but would turn him in his tracks and

cry to Starkenburg, 'In God's name, hold him, widow, till we get our own again!'

'Widow, there is truth in what you say,

are dungeons in Starkenburg where

with that consideration which should shown to one of your exalted station."

"And should I net relent at first there

ness in his voice.

cheeks.

'Not so, my ford. The Count Johann will

by your good wishes.

## \*\*\*\* An Invitation Was Furnished to His High and Mighty Lordship, Arch-bishop Baldwin of Treves. By ROBERT BARR.

The proud and warlike Archbishop Baldwin of Treves was well mounted, and, although the road by the margin of the river was in places bad, the august horseman nevertheless made good progress along it, for he had a long distance to travel before the sun went down. The way had been rudely constructed by that great maker of roads, the army, and -the troops who had built it did not know when they labored at it that they were preparing a path for their own retreat, should disaster overtake them. The grim and silent borseman had been the brains, where the troops were the limbs; this thoroughfare had been of his planning, and over it, back into Treves, had returned a victorious, not a defeated arm;. The tron hand of the archbishop had come down on every truculent noble in the land and every castle gate that had not opened to him through fear had been battered in by force. Peace now spread ber white wings over all the country, and where opposition to his lordship's stubborn will had been the strongest there was silence as well, with perhaps a thin wreath of blue smoke hovering over the blackened walls. The provinces on each bank of the Moselle from Treves to the Rhine now acknowledged Baldwin their over-lord, a suzerainty technically claimed by his lordehip's predecessors, but the iron archbishop had changed the nominal into the actual, and it had taken some hard knocks to do it. His present journey was well for he was betaking himself from his more formal and exacting court at Treves to his summer palace at Cochem, there to rest from the fatigues of a campaign in which he had used not only his brain, but his good

right arm as well.

The palace which was to be the end of his journey was in some respects well suited to its master, for, standing on an eminence high above Cochem, with its score of pinnacles glittering in the sun, it seemed, one below, a light and airy structure, but it was in reality a fortress, almost impreg-nable, and 300 years later it sent into a less turbulent sphere the souls of 1,600 Frenchmen before its flag was lowered to the

The personal appearance of the archbishop and the smallness of his escort were prac-tical illustrations of the fact that the land was at peace and that he was the master of it. Hie attire was neither clerical nor warlike, but rather that of a nobleman rid-ing abroad where no enemy could possibly He was to all appearance unarmed and had no protection save a light chain mail jacket of bright steel, which was worn over his vesture and not concealed as was the custom. This jacket sparkled in the sun as if it were woven of fine threads strung with small and innumerable dia-monds. It might ward off a dagger thrust, or turn aside a half-spent arrow, but it was too light to be of much service against a sword or pike. The archbishop was well mounted on a powerful black charger that had carried him through many a hot corner and that now made little of the difficulties of the ill-constructed road, putting the other horses on their mettle to equal the pace set

The escort consisted of twelve men, all lightly armed, for Gottleib, the monk who rode sometimes by the archbishop's side but more often behind him, could hardly be counted as a warrior, should defense become necessary. When the archbishop left Treves his oldest general had advised his taking an escort of 1,000 men at least, putting it on slowly. "Corvey to her my respect that I am the grant of the fighting archbishop." the ground that such a number was neces-sary to uphold the dignity of the office, but Baldwin smiled darkly, and said that where he rode the dignity of the electorship would be rafe, even though none rode beside him or behind him. Few dared offer advice to the spoke of danger in riding down the Moselle valley with so small a following.

to admit that there was none. An army builds a road along the line of spoken:

"My lord archbishop of Treves, the Count see "My lord archbish the least resistance, and promontory thrust its rocky nose into the Laurette von Starkenburg invites you to sup river the way led up the hill through the forest, getting back into the valley again as best it could. During these inland excursions the monk, evidently unused to equestrianism, fell behind, and sometimes the whole troop was halted by command of its chief until Gottleib, clinging to his horse's mane, emerged from the thicket, the archbishop curbing the impatience of his charger and watching with a cynical smile curling his stern lips the reappearance of the good

After one of the most laborious ascents and descents they had encountered that day, the archbishop waited for the monk, and when he came up with his leader, panting and somewhat disheveled, the latter said: "There appears to be a lesson in your tribulations which hereafter you may retail with profit to your flock, relating how a good man leaving the right and beaten path and following his own devices in the wilderness, may bring discomfiture upon himself."

lesson it conveys to me, my lord, said the monk dryly. "Is that a man is but a fool to leave the stability of good stout sanda's with which he is accustomed to venture his body on a horse that pays little

"This is our last detour," replied the elector; 'there are now many miles of wind-ing but level road before us, and you have thus a chance to retrieve your reputation as a horseman in the eyes of our troop.

'In truth, my lord, I never boasted of



THE ARCHBISHOP TOOK HER UNRE-SISTING HAND.

glad to learn that the way will be less moun-To what district have we pene

the river, is the castle of the widow Stark-enburg. Her days of widowhood, however, are nearly past, for I intend to marry her

to one of my victorious knights, who will hold the castle for me." "The countess of Starkenburg," said the lady would hold me to blame were she pre-monk, "must surely now be at an age when the thoughts turn toward heaven rather mendicant." than toward matrimony.

"I have yet to meet the woman," replied the archbishop, gazing neward, "who pleads old age as an excuse for turning away from a suitable lover. It is my misfortune, Gottlieb, that in choosing a woolen cowl rather than an iron headplece, thou shouldst thus lost a chance of advancement. The castle, I am told, has well filled wine vaults, and old age in wine is doubtless more to thy taste than the same quality in woman. Tis a pity thou art not a knight. Gottlieb."

"The fault is not beyond the power of our Holy Father to remedy by special dispensa-tion," replied the monk with a chuckle. The elector laughed silently and looked down on his comrade in kindly fashion, shak-

The wines of castle Stargenburg are not

\*\*\*\*\*\*\* "And what if thy selection jumps not

her approval. They tell me the countess has for whatever you do.

a will of her own. "Tell my general "It matters little to me, and I give be the choice merely because I am loathe to war with a woman. The castle commando the river and holds the district. The widow

may give it up peaceably at the altar or forcibly at the point of the sword, whichever method commends itself to her ladyship. The castle must be in the command of one whom I can trust." The conversation here met a startling interruption. The archbishop and his guard were trotting rapidly round a promontory, and the bend of the river, the nature of the country being such that it was impossible to see many hundred feet ahead of them.
Suddenly they came upon a troop of armed and mounted men, etanding like statues before them. The troop numbered an even score, and completely filled the way between the precipice on their left and the stream

on their right. Although armed, every sword was in its scabbard, with the exception of the long, two-handed weapon of the leader. who stood a few paces in advance of his men, with the point of his sword resting on the ground. The black horse, old in campaigns, recognized danger ahead and stopped ance of a dignified abbess at her conveninstantly, without waiting for the drawing of the rein, planting his two fore feet firmly in front, with a suddenness of action that would have unhorsed a less alert rider. Before the archbishop could question the silent host that barred his way, their leader raised his long sword until it stood perpendicularly in the air above his head, and with a loud oice, in measured tones, as one repeats a lesson he has learned by rote, he cried:
'My lord archbishop of Treves, the Countess

In the silence that followed the leader's sword still remained poised untrembling in the air. Across the narrow gorge from the wooded sides of the opposite mountains came steps, followed by her feminine train, and

ance of his eye he summoned the captain his side. He slipped the ring of office

from his finger and passed it unperceived into his officer's hand.

"There will be some confusion at the gate," he said, in a low voice. "Escape then if you can. Ride for Treves as you never architis. rode before. Stop not to fight with any; everything depends on outstripping pursuit. Take what horses you need wherever you find them and kill them all if necessary, but stop for nothing. This ring will be warrant

"Tell my general to invest this castle instantly with 10,000 men and to press forward the siege, regardless of my fate. Tell him to leave not one stone standing upon another, and to hang the widow of Starkenburg from ber own blazing timbers. ceed and a knighthood and the command of

000 men awaits you."
"I will succeed or die, my lord." cceed and live," said the archbishop,

As the horses slowly tabored up the zigzagging road the view along the silvery Moselle widened and extended, and at last the strong gray walls of the castle came into sight, with the ample gates wide open. The horremen in front drew up in two lines on each side of the gates without entering and thus the archbishop, at the head of his little band, slowly rode first under the archway into the courtyard of the castle.
On the stone steps that led to the princi-

pal entrance of the castle stood a tall, graceful lady with her women behind her. She was robed in black and the head dress on door. Her serene and placid face had un-doubtedly once been beautiful, and age, which had left her form as straight and getting to place its customary burden upon her graceful shoulders, had touched her countenance with a loving hand. With all her womanliness there was, nevertheless, a certain firmness in the finely molded chin that gave evidence of a line of ancestry that had not been any too deferential to these in Laurette von Starkenburg invites you to sup authority.

The stern archbishop refned in his black charger when he reached the middle of the courtyard, but made no motion to dismount. The lady came slowly down the broad stone with mocking cadence the echo of the last approaching the elector, placed her white



"THE COUNTESS VON STARKENBURG INVITES YOU TO SUP

words of the invitation, clear and distinct, | hand upon his stirrup, in mute acknowledg as if spoken again by some one concealed | ment of her vassaiage.

ation, and express my deep regret that I am unable to accept her hospitality, as I ride tonight to my castle at Cochem.

The leader of the opposing host suddenly owered his upraised sword as if in salute. but the motion seemed to be a preconcerted elector, but the bluff general persisted, and signal, for every man behind him instantly whipped blade from scabbard and stood there ley with so small a following. | with naked weapon displayed. The leader, 'Who is there left to molest me?' asked raising his sword once more to its former the archbishop, and the general was forced to admit that there was none.

asked position, repeated in the same loud and monotonous voice, as if the archbishop had not

with her."
The intelligent warherse, who had regarded the obstructing force with head held high, retreated slowly step by step, until now a considerable distance separated the two companies. The captain of the guard had seen from the first that attack or defense were equally useless, and, with his men had a'so given way gradually as the strange colloquy went on. Whether any of the opposing force noticed this or not, they made no attempt to recover the ground thus almost impereptibly stolen from them, but stood as it

ach horse were rooted to the spot. Baldwin, the fighter, whose compressed ips showed how loth he was to turn back ipon any foe, nevertheless saw the futility of tesistance, and in a quick, clear whisper, he said hastily, "Back! back! If we cannot fight them, we can at least outrace them."
The good monk had taken advantage of his privilege as a non-combatant to retreat well to the rear while the invitation was being given and declined, and in the succeeding flight now found himself leading

the van. The captain of the guard threw himself between the Starkenburg men and the prince of the church, but the former no effort at pursuit, standing where they had stood from the first until the round. promontory hid them from view. Sc. dealy the horse on which the mank rade stood stock still, and the worthy man, with a cry of alarm, clinging to the animal's

to the ground. The whole flying troup came, that showed no signs of dismay. He ween to a halt, for there ahead of them was a two of the hostile horsemen stood his capband exactly similar in numbers and ap-pearance to that from which they were galloping. It seemed as if the same troup had been tratsported by magic across the promonotory and placed across the way. The a lower level than he had ever known it onotory and placed across the way. The sun shone on the uplifted blade of the leader, reminding the archbishop of the flaming sword that barred the entrance of our first parents to paradise. The leader, with exultation in rallying his half-discouraged ringing voice that had a touch of menace followers, who had never failed to respond ing sword that barred the entrance of our first parents to paradise. The leader, with

"My lord archbishop of Treves-the Countess Lourette von Starkenburg invites you

to sup with her."
"Trapped, by God!" muttered the elector between his clinched teeth. His eyes sparkled with anger, and the sinister light that shot from them had before now made. the emperor quall. He spurred his horse toward the leader, who lowered his sword and bowed to the great dignitary approach-

"The countess of Starkenburg is my vassal," cried the archbishop. "You are her servant, and in much greater degree, therefore, are you mine. I command you to let us pass unmolested on our way; refuse at

your peril."
"A servant." said the man slowly, "obeys the one directly above him, and leaves that one to answer a still superior authority. My men obey me; I take my orders from my lady the countess. If you, my lord, wish to direct the authority which I obey, my lady the countees awaits your pleasure at her

castle of Starkenburg. "What are your orders, fellows?" asked the archbishop in calmer tone.
"To convey your lordship without scathe

to the gates of Starkenburg. "And if you meet resistance, what then?" The orders stand, my lord. "You will, I trust, allow this mendicant monk to pass peaceably on his way to

Treves. "In no castle on the Moselle does even the humblest servant of the church receive a warmer welcome than at Starkenburg. My lady would hold me to blame were she pre-

'Does the same generous impulse extend to each of my followers?"
"It includes them all, my lord."

"It includes them all, my lord." "Very well. We will do ourselves the oner of waiting upon this most bountiful

By this time the troop which had fire stopped the archbishop's progress came slowly up, and the little bodyguard of the elector found themselves hemmed in with topped the archbishop's twenty men in the front and twenty at their rear, while the rocky precipice rose on one hand and the rapid river flowed on on one hand and the rapid river nowed the other. The cortege reformed and trotted gently down the road until it came to a byway leading up the hill. Into this byway the leaders turned, reducing their trot to a walk because of the steepness of the as-

"Welcome, prince of the church and pro-tector of our faith. It is 160 years since my poor house has sheltered so august a guest. The tones were smooth and soothing a the scarcely audible plash of a distant foun toin, but the incident she cited struck omni ously on the archbishop's recollection, rous ing memory and causing him to dart a quick glance at the countess, in which was blended sharp inquiry and awakened foreboding, but the lady, unconsclous of his scrutiny, stood with drooping head and downcast eyes, her shapely hand still on his stirrup iron.
"If I remember rightly, madam, my au

st predecessor slept well beneath this roof. 'Alas, yes," murmured the lady sadly; "we have ever accounted it the greatest mis-fortune of our line that he should have died mysteriously here, peace be to his soul." 'Not so mysteriously, there were some shrewd guesses concerning

"That is true, my lord," replied the coun tess, simply. "It was supposed that in his camp upon the low lands by the river he

contracted a fever from which he died."
"My journey by the Moselle has been of the briefest. I trust, therefore, I have not within me the seeds of his fatal distemper. "I most devoutly echo that trust, my lord and pray that God, who watches over us all may guard your health while sojourning

Forgive me, madame, if within the shadow of these walls I say 'Amen' to your prayer with some emphasis."

The Countess Laurette contented hersely ith bowing low and humbly crossing her self, making no verbal reply to his lordship's remark. She then beseeched the archbish to dismount, saying something of his need of rest and refreshment, begging him to alloher to be his guide to the Ritter Saale. When the archbishop reached the topmost tep that led to the castle door he cast an eye, not devoid of anxiety, over the court yard to see how his following had fared The gates were now fast closed and forty horses were ranged with their tails to th wall and silent riders on their saddles. Rapid as was his glance, it showed him his guard huddled together in the center of the court, his own black charger with empty

neck, shot over his head and came heavily saddle the only living thing among them to the ground. The whole flying troup came, that showed no signs of dismay. Between tain, with doublet tern and his headgear awry, evidently a discomfited prisoner. The to reach before, for in days gone by, when fate had seemed to press against him, he to the call of a born leader of men. But here he had to encounter silence, with semidarkness over his 'lead, cold stone under foot and round him the unaccustomed hise

of women's skirts. The counters conducted her guest through the lofty keight's hall, in which his lordship saw preparations for a banquet going forward. An arched passage led them to a small room that seemed to be within a turret hanging over a precipice, as if it were at eagle's nest. This room gave an admirable and extended view over the winding Moselle and much of the surrounding country. a table were flagons of wine and empty cups together with some light refection, upon all of which the archbishop looked with suspic lous eye. He did not forget the rumored poisoning of his predecessor in office. The untess asked him, with deference, to seat himself; then pouring out a cup of wine she bowed to him and drank it. Turning to rinse the cup in a basin of water which a serving woman held, she was interrupted by her guest, who now, for the first time, showed

trace of gallantry. "I beg of you, madame," said the arch-bishop, rising and taking the unwashed cup from her hand be filled it with wine, drinking prosperity to herself and her house. Then ning her to a chair, he said, scating elf: "Countess von Starkenburg, I am a man more used to the uncouth rigor of a camp than the dainty etiquette of a lady's boudoir; forgive me, then, if I ask you plainly

as a plain man may, why you hold me prisoner in your castle?" "Prisoner, my lord," echoed the lady with eyebrows raised in amazement. "How ill are we served by our underlings if such a thought has been conveyed to your lordship's mind. I asked them to invite you hither with such deference as a vassal should hold toward an over-lord. I am grievously distressed learn that my commands have been so

obeyed."
"Your commands were faithfully followed nadame, and I make no complaint regarding lack of deference, but when two-score armed men carry a respectful invitation to one having a bare dozen at his back, then all opvanishes and compulsion takes its

"My lord, a handful of men were enough escort for a neighboring baron did he visit us, but for a prince of the church all my retainers are but ecanty acknowledgment of a vassal's regard. I would they had been 20,000 to do you seemly honor." "I am easily satisfied, madame, and had "The wines of castle Stargenburg are not cent. The archbishop and his men fol- they been fewer, I might have missed this for thy appreciative palate, ghostly father. lowed with the second troop of Starkenburg charming outlook, I am to understand then

and that I am free to object, accordingly your good wishes.

"With my good wishes now and always, is surely, my lord, I have no demands to make; the word in befits the lips of a humble vassal, but being here—" interrupted the archbishop, glancing keenly at her.

"Ah! But being here—" interrupted the archbishop, glancing keenly at her.
"I have a favor to beg of you. I wish to ask permission to build a castle on the heights above Trarbach for my son."

"The Count Johann, third of the name?"

"The came, my lord, who is honored by your lordship's remembrance of him."

"And you wish to place this stronghold between your castle of Starkenburg and my town or Treves? Were I a suspicious man, I might imagine you had some distrust of

End of a Romance Which Began Ten Years Ago in Dakota.

SAVES A SIOUX'S LIFE

Then Fatts in Love with the Brave's Daughter, Educates Her and Will Make Her His Wife-The Ceremony.

June 24 there was solemnized at Biomarck, N. D., the wedding of a Sioux Indian my own defense," said the archbishop, dryly maiden and a foreigner of wealth and social prestige. The bride was Picture Eyes the daughter of John Moose, an old warrior The faintest suspicion of a smile hovered or an instant on the lips of the countess who has scalped many a white man and parthat might have been likened to the mo-mentary passing of a gleam of sunshine over ticipated in many a tribal battle with contending aborigine nations. The bridethe placid waters of the river far below, for groom is Thomas Dulaine Cronan, an Irishshe well knew, as did all others, that it was the habit of the fighting archbishop to man. The marriage ceremony was persmite sturdily first and ask watever blessing might be needed on the blow afterward. formed first by a priest of the Catholic church, after which the Indians indulged "The permission being given, what folin a genuine, old-fashioned wedding feast, and the affair promises to be one of the most "That you will promise not to molest me unique and interesting of the kind ever wit-nessed in the west. This romantic wedding, "A natural corollary. Twould be little worth to give permission and then bring up 10,000 men to disturb the builders. That relates the Chicago Chronicle, was the culmination of a courtship extending over period of seven years, which has been at-tended by peculiar incidents and enlivened by extraordinary contrasts and escapades of granted, remains there snything more?"
"I fear I trespass on your lordship's pa-

tience, but this is now the end. A strong house is never built with a weak purse. I an interesting nature.
Picture Eyes at the age of 18 was a well do entreat your lordship to cause to be sent to me from your treasury in Treves 1,000 formed, pretty-faced girl, but could not speak a single word of anything but the Sloux lanpieces of gold, that the eastle may be a guage and had never known the ways and customs of the white man. She lived then in a tepee with her ugly-looking parents. The archbishop arose with a scowl on face, and paced the narrow limits of the room Now she is 25 years of age, well educated refined to a remarkable degree and possessing like a caged lion. The hot anger mounted to his brow and reddened it, but he strode up and down until he regained control of more than ordinary taste in the matter of clothing herself. Her father, John Moose, now lives on the Standing Rock reservation, himself, then spoke with a touch of hardbut the bride to be is a member of the Col-onel Frank Duncan family, having been "A good fighter, madam, holds his strong test reserves to the last. You have called me a prince of the church and such I am, adopted by that gentleman several years ago upon the consent of the parents. but you flatter me, madam. You rate me too high. The founder of our church, when

It was about ten years ago that Mr. Cronau first came to this country. He was then about 25 years of age and came out west trough the instrumentality of Moreton Frawen, the English bimetallist, who was at i trayed, was sold for silver, and for a that time interested with the Marquis de Mores in the cattle raising and exporting to this taunt, but the color flushed her pale susinees. Cronan was sent to America as a sort of special agent to look after the inter-ests of the English capitalists, and his for ransom, but it will avail you little. You may close your gates and prevent my poor duties brought him to the cattle raising re-gions of Montana and Wyoming once each dozen of followers from escaping, but news of this outrage will reach Treves, and then, year. On his third annual trip he had oc-casion to stop off at Medora, where the comby God, your walls shall smoke for it. There will be none of the Starkenburgs left, either pany had some small interest, and it was there that he met the little Indian girl under peculiar circumstances.

> SAVED HER FATHER'S LIFE. Upon the day of his arrival at the little town a Sioux Indian had been thrown into jail for attempting to set fire to a ranch man's barn, and there was a mob of white men gathered about the jail door evidently bent upon stringing the culprit up to the nearest telegraph pole. The plucky con-stable, who was a small man, stood upon the doorsteps threatening to shoot the first man that made a move forward, but it was certain that he could not stand the infuriated gang off for very long, and already a de-tachment of the would-be lynchers had com-menced battering the lone window of the building. In the meantime an Indian girl had appeared upon the scene and was darting about wringing her hands in agony and making frantic efforts to have some one understand the piteous entreaties she was creaming in the Indian tongue.

Cronan was an interested bystander, and noticing the frantic actions of the girl endeavored to learn by inquiry in what man-ner she might be interested in the proposed lynching. A herder standing by informed Cronan that the man in the jail was the girl's father and that she wanted the mob to spare his life for her sake. Cronan, moved by the helplessness of the young girl, decided to intercede for the life of the would-be incendiary, though he realized that it was a Willingly would they make the sum I beg of | Elbowing through you an annual tribute, so they might be certain your lordship were well housed in this cactle."

sprang to the side of the plucky constable and shouted out a plea for the Indian's liberty to the mob, which had been momenpacified by the stranger's action. Cronan persevered in reasoning to the mot ven if a woman hath spoken it," replied the archbishop with a grim smile on his lips archbishop with a grim smile on his lips whenever the din subsided long enough for and undisguised admiration gleaming from him to be heard, and in due time his efforts proved successful. The men dispersed, leavhis dark eyes. "This cowardly world is given ing the constable in charge of the jail and

taking advantage of a man when opporunity offers. But there is one point you his dusky prisoner. A few days later John Moose was tried for have not reckoned on. What of my stout army living at Treves? What of the arch, the crime charged against him by the cowwhen the keystone is withdrawn? What of boy and was acquitted, having proved an he cheep, when the shepherd disappears?"
"My lord, you do yourself and your great alibi. Cronan had saved the Indian's life for which little act of courtesy both the military gifts a wrong. Through my deep regard for you I gave strict command that father and daughter were deeply grateful. Cupid appeared upon the scene and pulled his bowstring with effect. Cronan went back to England, but returned in six months to Medora, only to find the John Moose ot even the meanest of your train should allowed to wander till all were safe withthese gates, for I well knew that did a whisper of my humble invitation and your gracious acceptance of the same reach family had gone to Bismarck. He went to the latter place on his return trip from Wyoming and found the Mooce family freves it might be misconstrued, and alsnugly quartered in a tepee on the bank of though some sturdy fellows would be true, and beat their stupid heads against these walls, the rest would scatter like a sheaf received him with open arms, but she could of arrows suddenly unloosed and seek the not understand his protestations of love, a that courting was an uphill job with Mr strongest arm upraised in the melee sure to follow. Against your army, leaderless, I follow. Against your army, leaderless, I would myself march out at the head of my COURTING BY PROXY two score men without a tremor at my heart; before that leader, alone and army-He employed an interpreter and the next day after his arrival at Bismarck they went

to the girl's home for an interview on the subject of love. Cronan informed the dusky maiden of his great desire to become her

husband, and asked if his love was returned.

She replied with bluehing face and passion ate eyes that she loved him dearly and

would like to become his squaw, but that

must be redeemed from Four Toe before negotiations could proceed any further.
Cronan and his interpreter repaired straightway to the tepee of the lucky Four

Toe and proceeded at once to negotiate for the purchase of his prospective bride. It

was an uphill job at first, but after severa

trips had been made to the lodge of Four Toe

and after numerous propositions had been made and rejected the brawny relskin finally relinquished all his right, title and in-

terest in and to the beautiful Sioux maiden for the consideration of \$25 in hand paid and

ten pounds of cabbage leaf tobacco to be delivered on the wedding day. Then the old warrior's consent and that of the ancient

squaw was obtained to the proposed mar-riage and Cronan returned to England after

making arrangements with Colonel Frank

her thorough education. Picture Eyes at

ended the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., fo

two years, then she was placed in a semi

nary at St. Paul, where her education was

Two years ago Mr. Cronan again crossed

the Atlantic solely for the purpose of visit-ing his Indian sweetheart. He found in the

parlors of the Donan residence not the shy

untutored Indian maiden that he parted with in the tepee of John Moose several

years before, but instead a tastily dressed modest appearing young lady of refinement, who was then able to tell him in pure Eng-

lish that she still loved him and was willing to become his wife. The wedding day was

set for June 24, 1897, and Cronan returned t

London, but a correspondence has since been carried on between the two lovers, and the

last letter announced that the prospective

to claim his bride and introduce her to the

A Shield

and a protection against

cold and dangerous exhaus-

tion is a cup of beef tea made with

Liebig COMPANY'S

Refreshing Nourishing Satisfying

Extract of Beef

society of the great metropolis.

fore and crave his generous pardon for my The archbishop took her unresisting hand and, bending, raised it to his lips with that dignified courtesy which, despite his diswould like to become his squaw, but that she had already been promised to a young buck named Four Too, who had paid the father a certain quantity of tobacco for her hand. She had been sold, she said, and claimer, he knew how well, upon occasion,

ess, I bow my head with something more akin to fear than I have ever known be-

"Madame," he said, "I ask you to believe that your request was granted even before you marshaled such unanswerable argunents to stand, like armored men, aroun There is a stern and stringent law of our church which forbids its servants suin for a lady's hand. Counters, I never felt the grasp of that from fetter until now." Thus came the strong castle above Trar-bach to be builded, and that not at the exense of its owners.

Reflections of a Bachelor. New York Press: If Eve had ever tried t work house cleaning on Adam there wouldn' have been any need of an apple tree. The main reason why girls like to go to parties and dance with new men is so they can study each man's method. It isn't every girl that is thoughtful enough

when she puts up the hammock.

After a girl has once heard that some on as said she had a pensive face she always goes around trying to look sad and grieved. Some men are so suspicious that whenever their wives are solicitous about their health they think they are wondering what would ecome of them and the children.

Don't neglect a cough because the weather s pleasant; before the next storm rolls around it may develop into a serious difficulty beyond repair. One Minute Cough Cure is easy to take and will do what its

It Didn't Work. Chicago Post: "I went to the trial of that "Yes?" she returned wearily. "I let them try it on me," he continued,

eeling sure he would rouse her interest in "Yes?" she responded, with the same evi "It didn't work," he persisted.
"Of course not," she said, with

hasis. It took him some time to figure it all out, but when he did he decided to postpone his roposal for at least another week.

Cause and Effect. Washington Star: "Here's another case of young man's becoming a victim of cigar-"Of course," replied the man who hates the

habit; "it's the same old story. He persisted in the practice in spite of the advice of friends and physicians. He became a neryous wreck, and lingered painfully until the fatal termination came."
"No. The fatal termination was there.

but he didn't linger. He smoked them is a powder magazine." Beecham's Pills for stomach and liver

Stanley J. Weyman's New Romance 安安安安安安安安安安安安安安

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One of the Most Dramatic and Ingenious Stories Weyman Has Yet Written

SERIAL PUBLICATION BEGAN JUNE 20 in



**SUNDAY BEE** 

THIS latest story by the author of "A Gentleman of France," "Under the Red Robe, etc., fully equals those brilliant successes in vigor and masterly delineation of character, while it even surpasses them in subtlety and sustained

In "Shrewsbury" Mr. Weyman for the first time leaves French soil and brings his readers to England, where the adventurous times of William III, while plots and counterplots kept tongues wagging and hearts a-throb, afford him ample opportunity for the unfolding of a powerful narrative.

The real hero is Charles Talbot, the famous Duke of Shrewsbury: but the story is told by an ignorant country lad, Dick Price, first usher in a grammar school, then scribe to Mr. Broome, the writer of news letters, and eventually, through his own indecision of character, involved in a network of Anti-Williamite intrigue.

Price falls into the hands of Ferguson, the notorious stormy petrel of three rebellions, who uses him as a go-between; but the Duke of Shrewsbury proves his friend in need and on several occasions saves him from danger and even death. Price possesses a curious accidental likeness to the Duke: and this likeness the plotter, Matt Smith, seeks to turn to Shrewsbury's ruin, by forcing the clerk to impersonate his patron in an interview with the arch-rebel, Sir John Fenwick. But at Fenwick's trial all is discovered; and the romance comes to a dramatic conclusion, leaving the sorely tried Price to marry the girl of his choice and retire from the buffets of a busy world.

"A Gentleman of France," by this same author, was probably the most successful serial ever published. "Shrewsbury" promises to equal it.

The Omaha Sunday Bee

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