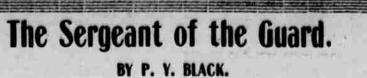
## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.



forgot.

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12

Corp Healy rose when the second bot tles of beer had been opened, commanded silence and leaned his fingers on the little table of Mother Revell's kitchen in the manner of an accustomed after-dinner speaker. "Ye'll axcuse me bowldning," sold he,

"but of'm after rolsin' te perpouse hilth an' long lolfe to Misthress Revell- an, sure oi'd betther be namin' her Mother Revell at onct, fur it's that the whole rigimint names her, more power to her."

"Hear! hear!" cried the newly-made per geant, patting his mother's wrinkled hand, a hand of a boiled looking white from much laundry work in the old troop.

the wine. Good boy, Healy!" cried old Fin Strait, the farrier. "Walt till I get a pencil to report that speech."

"Yo're an ignorant ould blatherskite, Fin yez couldn't report nothin'. Whut wud the loike o' youse be doin' wid a pincil?' the corporal asked, grinning, "Shut yer face till of be through speakin'. Martin, me son, yez be young te be a sargint, but faith it's natural yez shud jump over me, who's bin corp'ril an' bruk an' corp'ril an' bruk in the rigimint tin toimes over. It's iver bin me white moonlight, falling upon the bolder plisint practice, Martin, an' yer mother's too, te tache a promisin' young non-com the reight way to do his duty, which has bin fruitful uy thrubble an' foightin' owin' to

the consated frishness uv young non-coms ginerally, who think they know it all. But youse wuz bor-rn wid the throop, an' cud larn his drill te any Johnnie-come-lately frum Wist Pint. An' fur them manifowld blemin's, Martin-sure of shud say Sargint Revell-yez'l, thank yer mother, fur why? She's bin the bist frind uv ivry man in the ould troop since youse wuz in frocks, me son. Sho's saved miny a wan frum a bob son. Sho's saved miny a wan frum a bob-tail discharge, an' miny a wan frum hell, God bless her. An' what we wudn't do fur Mother Revell an' her boy ain't worth doin', begab an' begob! That's all, an' now yez can blow off all the gas ye've a mind to, Fin Strait, fur oi'm through wid me speakin'.

"Hear, hear!" old Fin croaked. "I'm orator like Healy, Mrs. Revell, because I've nothin' to say. Only we're here to wet Martin's stripes, so we'll open another bottle to his health. He was a bugler when he was 16 and a corporal at 20, and now he's a sergeant at 22, and there's not a man jealous of him either. Martin, I spanked you when you was small for the love of you, and I'm proud to think them spankings helped to make a man of you. Keep on, my son, an' you'll be first sergeant of the old troop in another year, like your father before you." "Achoo!"

Healy wos selzed with an attack of snee that he buried his face in his handkerchief. Little mother Revell's tanned and wrinkled face whitened and she looked re-proachfully at the farrier with big, gray, sorrowful eyes. Fin himself turned red and opened several bottles of beer in his confusion.

"And I'll bet my father made a good one, said the young sergeant. "Eh, mother" You never tell me much about him." 'It was so long ago, dear," the laundress

Answered in a whisper. There came a rap on the door, peremptory and official, and Martin rose and opened it, letting into the room a shiver-compelling gust of wind and a whirl of snow. "Helloa, Seddon!" he cried. "What's up?

Come in A snow-bespattered orderly, coated and befurred, entered with a stamping of over-

"With the major's compliments to Mrs. evell," he said, formally, "and he knows when stripes should be wetted."

The orderly grinned and placed two bot-tles of wine on the table and dashed out again to resume his post at the house of th again to resume his paint major commanding. Tears spring to Mother Revell's eyes, and her son reddened with pleasure. her son reddened with pleasure.

"How kind of the old major," she said. "Ho's been a good friend to me. To think

er your pro

your furs. Martin, and take as many blankets

as you can manage for camp. Wait, I'll fill a flask of the major's port." 'She knows it all," Fin Strait murmured admiringly, toasting his tows at the stove. "She's an old warhorse, to your mother, Martin Goodby! We'll finish the wice

goodnight, and returned with a shiver anxiously to the fire.

Revell," he cried earnestly. "I've half an hour yet to freeze out here."

Hot mince ples and a can of better than nessroom coffee came from the big basket, and the solfiers ate with bolsterous good humor. Mrs. Reveil sat on the edge of a There was a tear in her eye as she sipped and sergeant of the oil troop for twenty years and more. Her quick grey eyes

The harness of the six-mule team glanced from one to the other motherly. "Brown," she said, "is them your best boots? Mind you draw a new pair next clothing issue. You'll be on the sick report with pneumonia if you don't take care. Billy shook merrily in the moonlight, but the wheels of the escort wagon were almost soundless in the deep snow. The wind i tossed up great drifts, through which the mules plunged with snorting breath-McNab, how's your arm? Thought you knew breath that passed out on the freezing air in white clouds Round and round, all about, west where the foothills cuddled better than let your horse throw you. Have ou got enough coffee? Martin, boy.' 'How, mother?'' close to the mountains, north, east and south, there was nothing to be seen but the soft,

Mrs. Revell glanced at the barred and losed door of the common prisco room. "Mayo't they have some, poor things?" "O, we're emply tonight, mother. Th

white of the flat and snowy plans. In only old Barney Constable-the usual thing escort, not yet appeased at their fortune in being turned out for such duty on so cold and he's sleeping it off." "Poor old Barney! I doubt but they'll bob-



## THE ORDERLY ENTERED THE ROCH.

nearly dawn when the junior sergeant awoke and was softly called by the teamster in front. They were fording an icy stream at a bend, where the creck split and broke about a wooded island, a bushy strip of load We've had him five days now, and the adsome twenty yords broad. The gray-bearded eltizen driver jerked his fur hat toward the jutant don't like the responsibility of keeping such a desperate murderer in this old wooden

"D'ye mind, Martin, when you was a kid at the post school, and the paymaster's clerk curiosity and a great deal of a woman's was brought in dead and the money gone 'Twas here they done it-Wild Horse Bend.' endemess. "He must be cold in that dark cell," she

hot coffee?" "He'd only growl and refuse it." "Let me," said mother Reveil, with innate of them was shot. There's never been any trouble up here since, has there?"

She took the tin cup and filled it steaming

full, and took as well a piece of ple. With these she stepped lightly along the dark cor-ridor to the furthest cell, a wark and chilly he paused timidly a foot away from the grating. By the smoky light of the oil lamp in the corridor she made out to see a bundle of blankets in the far corner.

office hedroom. "What brings you dut in the mow?". "It's Mother Reveilt" the troopers called out, throwing aside cards and jumping from their bunks, "and a basket! What's in the basket?". "I thought," said the little genile-eyed woman, who, for all her fong, rough life to the graing. "Listen," she murmured hurriedly. Don't with the army, could yet blush pleasantly, "I thought as it was Martin's first guard as a sergeant laughed and gave the little "Tow ought to be breveted colonel". "Little Martin-the-baby! Bessle, is he here? Let me see him-Bess!". "You ought to be breveted colonel". "Tow ought to be breveted colonel". "Tow

"You ought to be breveted colonel?" "You ought to be breveted colonel?" "Ach! Mutter Revell! Why vas you not ceretary of var made airetty?" a Dutchman runted. Number one poked his head in at the door nxiously. "Make them keep some for me, Mrs. "He kows notifies of your in the baby is head among his comrades our yet to freeze out here." Hot mince pies and a can of better than when te's an officer and a gentleman, as te will be, as he deserves to be? See you! her boy. Martin heard his mother cry out Never! You must go away-eccape, else in pain, and felt her fail heavily forward there are some here will recognize you." upon his rescuing arm. The guard rushed past, carbines ready, in pursuit of the fugihumor. Mrs. Revell sat on the edge of a trunk and eyed them comfortably. She knew the staming coffee sulkily. The men them all, knew many of their secrets, as she had known recruit and veleran, private and segeant of the oil troop for twenty years and more. Her quick grey eyes tive, but the sergeant of the guard paid no attention to them. He picked the little

unconcelous woman up in his arms, and dashed away to the post hospital, terror in his eyes. "Hardly," he grinned. "Take this," she said, and gave him the tool from fire dress. "It's all I could find-a gimlet. You here hole after hole in the "How is she?"

boy

asked:

you.

the head.

Bess.

"Is she better?" "Is there any chance for her?" All day long the men came slipping up to the hospital and whispered their anxious planking of the floor, until a plece is loose. It's slow and you must be cautious of guard seeing you. Get through by night after next if you can, for they are eager to inquiries in the attendants' cars, and went off in gloom when the steward pursed his send you to prison. There's a foot and a half between the floor and ground. You lips and shook his head. Toward evening she became sensible, and ccc crawl out. It was done once by a man at Fort McKinney. Look out for No. 1. He casses round the guardhouse every quarter

of an hour. of a corner. He took the tool eagerly and she turnel away.

"I saw in a paper that Pollock was made

III.

"Beesle!" She paused.

a major. He always had luck. You and I remember film as a big buck private when I was a sergeant in the war. Say, is the-is he stuck on you still? I cut him out for fair then, didn't I. I half thought you'd get a divorce and emarry him." She looked at him flercely. "The major's a good man, not fit for you to name. Get away from here as quick as you can, and remember this-there's only one thing I love in the world, and that's the boy." She aligned quickly from him and through the guardroom, past the drowsy corporal and regained her home before the sun was yet above the plain's far rim. The young sergeant came to his mother's breakfast table in a poor humor. little "Mother, can you give me something to eat," he cried. "They've detailed a new cook, and he can't either bake beans or

make coffee. The mess breakfast was ruined. This is something like. Nobody, alive or dead, ever made tash like you, mother, and this is coffee, not bootleg. Say, mother, you're pale. What have you been doing to yourself?' "1?" she answered, and the soft, sweet pink spread on her cheek. "I'm all right, Martin. Are you off duty today?"

"No such luck. Guard," he answered, an"

bent hungrily over his plate. Mother Revell paled again and trembled. "Guard!" she said at last. "Why, Martin, you were on the night before last."

"Can't help it. Schiedermann's gone sick: Foley's acting sergeant major; McMillan's on detached service, mending telegraph wires Fairleigh's provest sergeant and so on. There's only B() Otis and I for duty-one night in.' "it's a shame," she cried, jumping up in a rassion of fear. "You can't; you must

"Why, mother?"

"Why, mother?" "You, you-I'll go and speak to the major!" "What on earth! Mother, you know such thirgs often happen. It's all in the five years. Don't got excited." "You-you'll be ill," she began to cry "It'll tire you out." "Mother," he said, stepping to her side and patilos her "you are ill. Why you of all

petting her, "you are ill. Why, you, of all people, know one night in is no hardship. It won't last. Look here, I'm going to ask the hospital steward to send you down a

tonic, and don't you move from your stove today. I'll run up and see you at dinner time. Now, I must hurry and clean my belts at bit."

"Yes? "Yes." He stooped and klesed her and hurried

tleman"

IV.

to her side. "Mother Revell," he whispered,

opened them upon the doctor. "I've seen many of the poor loctor," she said. "Tell me."

"He was shot down, dead, Bessle." "And you recognized him?"

you wish to speak to me?"

"He was caught?"

out to send his orderly for the post chap-lain. Martin, bewildered, was there, and the doctor, and these alone saw Mother Re-vell acknowledge the mistake of her hasty cirlhood, and marry at last the man who After that she lay in pain, sinking swiftly, and grew a little delirious and saw

The Government Internal Revenue Officers at the distilleries inspect the contents of every bottle. In buying be sure the Internal Revenue Stamp over the Corte and Cample is not broken and into the future, speaking of her boy a "Captain Revell, a gallant officer and gen At 9 o'clock she was very weak the Cork and Capsule is not broken and that it bears the name W. A. GAINIS & CO. but sensible, and sent mescages to a num ber of her children-the grief stricken troop-Shortly she whispered to them t that the wiedow, although it was very cold, and

they did so. "I wont to hear the bugles," she said. Soon they sounded-the last, last, friendly loving call to rest-taps.

WATER COMPANY EXTENDS MAINS.

Several Hundred Men Are Being Given Employment. The Omaha Water company is rapidly completing the delivery of the new pipe to found Martin in the room with the doctor, and a tall mustached figure in the shadows the points where it is to be laid, and by the middle of next week it will have sev eral hundred men at work putting the new mains in the ground. Men are now put-ting in the sixteen-inch pipe on the exposi-"Martin," she whispered, "are you hurt, "I wigh I were, dear little mother," he ting in the sixteen-inch pipe on the exposi-tried, "so that you were safe." ditional facilities at the South Omaha pack-"Husti! None of that, now, sergeant, or you'll have to get out," the doctor said, as will be started to lay the big main from

you'll have to get out," the doctor said, as will be started to lay the big main from the lad flung himself on his knees by the Twenty-fourth and Lake streets to the Walbed. Mother Revell petted her boy's hand another force will begin putting in the new weakly, and her eyes sought the corner. "Is it you, major?" she asked, softly, mains on the south side Improving Lighting Service.

and the officer commanding came silently Gas Inspector Gilbert says that there has been a very radical improvement in the game-"don't line light service during the month. The She paused, closing her eyes, and then lamps are now kept in better condition that they have ever been before and in a few boys go days more it is expected that the service will be very satisfactory. That the lights And he told her. The doctor took Martin are giving much better service is also in-

by the shoulder and pushed him out before him gently, and the major and Mother Revell were left alone. At once she Mortuary Statistics.

The following births and deaths were reported at the health office during the twenty-four hours ending at noce yesterday: Births-Fred J. Larsen, 4041 Seward street

"But nobody else, Bessie, Nobody shall know he was Sergeant Revell." Deaths-Victor Herman Anderson, "Thank you, major," she sighed with content that almost stiffed her pain. "Martin will never know when-when he's an officer month, Twenty-sixth and Lake, spasms Mount Hope cemetery; John Johnson, 55, 612 and a gentleman. Major, you've been very, very good and kind." "I'd have done more if you'd let me, South Twelfth, Forest Lawn.

No Plumbing Inspector Yet. The delay in the appointment of a plumb

Bessle," he answered. "Do it for-for Martin," she pleaded. ing inspector continues to cause incon-"He's not like his father." "No, no, Bess-like you, dear girl, like Yesterday Building Inspector Butvenience. ler had to engage a plumber to assist him In getting the watering troughs and drinking fountains into shape to turn on the

She looked at him with a faint shake of water, a job that has always been performed "Bess, give me a right to be a father to by the plumbing inspector.





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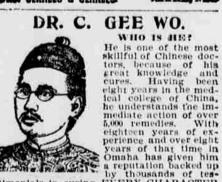
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He shook his head.

shack.' Mother Revell had a little of a woman's

murmurel. "Won't you give him a mug of

Red Crees proclivities.

"Nop," said the teamster, yawning. All day they made camp and rested their mules at Wolf creek; lit a roaring fire and

of the wagon, or tried to sleep. The night | tail him in the end. Where's the-the stage passed thus, monotonously, and it was robher?" she whisperd, nearly dawn when the junior sergeant awoke "Suiking in his cell th

"I remember something of it," Martin answered, "ten or twelve years back. One

ate steaks from an antelope a lucky shot had gathered in. At noon there dashed up, with a clatter of harness and a cloud of crisp snow, the paymaster's ambulance, and, behind it, the escort from Fort Nickerson, The impatient officer, anxious to get on, announced his intention of resting just long

screeched the young trumpeter. "Ach! Matter Revell! Why vas you not secretary of var made airetty?" a Dutchman drinkin'; good luck to you." Mother Revell let her tall boy out, kissing "Mam," cald the farrier, softly, "I beg your pardon for that slip about his father.

"Hush!" said Mother Reveil, pallag. "There's only you and Healy and the major left that knows the truth of it. The boy need never know. Come, you've all given toasts but me. Here's mine. The new sergeant! May be never know trouble."

"Ah, it's you he remembers, mother," cried Martin. "Do you think he forgets how you nursed him when the Apaches gave him that bullet in the ribs?" "Faith." Healy muttered, "an' maybe he moinds further back than that, me boy, when he wuz only a sargint hisself in the

next day. war, a' yer mother nursed more nor him through the bullet fever."

"Healy!" cried Mother Revell, nervously. "Mam," said the long-legged, red-haired corporal, "shall I be afther openin' a bottle

of wine?" "Is it shampeen?" cried the farrier, ex-citedly, "or maybe sherry wine?" "Pass me the bottle, Fin, av ye please," said Healy, "an' of W be afther ellin' yez. had sullenly been driven up by the scourging wind. The snow drifted so thickly that the



MOTHER REVELL RIAN OUT, WRINGING HER HANDS.

It's naythur. It's port, an old-fashioned gin-tleman's wine. Mistress Revell, me grand-father had dozens uv it in his castle in fa' ould counthry."

"Cive it here," the farrier cried, waving corckscrew. "Fin Strait," said the corporal, suddenly

snatching it, while he frowned upon his friend. "In a matther of this gintility, ye'll be koind enough to remimber me rank is supherior to yours." And he opened the bottle with dignity. They had but once sipped the unwonted liquor, and were beginning to comment

liquor, and were beginning to comment upon its taste, when once again there came a rap upon the door, a rap as peremptory and official as the first. Fin Strait, fearful of intrusively thirsty throats, hid the second bottle promptly, and Mother Reveil drew many the stove, away from the draft of the

nearer the stove, away from the draft of the opening door. Again the snow drifted in as Martin Revell answered the knock, and again a snow-bespattered orderly entered. This time it was the orderly trumpeter from

the sergeant major's office. "Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Revell," he said. "Order from the adjutant's office, ser-"Hello!" shouted the sergeant, reading

the order. "Paymaster coming up from Fort Nickerson, Healy."

"It's time," growled the corporal. "It's story, I am."

"Mother, I'm in charge of the secort to meet him at Wolf creek-start right away -meet him tomorrow noon. That breaks "Ah!" the f

"Would you like a cup of coffee and a piece of hot pie?" asked Mother Revell. enough to feed and refresh his team and then riding through the night and paying off The blanket was slipped from a shaggy, gray-haired, gray-bearded head, and two eyes

eyes were weary, facing the wind and pierc-

cold to swear much as he urged his wagon after the lighter vehicle. They were but a

11.

"Sergeant!"

lead.

ing the darkness, and the teamster was too

Next day. Once more the escort climbed into their wagon, shortly before sunset, but now they had to dispense with the canvas shelter and keep broadly awake, following closely the paymaster's lighter ambulance, preclous with the treasure of two months' pay for 400 men. The mocnlight was gone; gray clouds had willowing be driven up by the scoursing redshot, stared out. "I've brought you a cup—" The blankets were tossed aside, and the prisoner made a spring at the bars. His lips were apart in surprise; his hands shook;

his eyes were eager. "Good Lord! Mre you still with the boys?" he whispered. The mug of coffee shook in Mother Revell's hand until much of the draft was

air looked as in a snowstorm. By 10 at night, when they came to Wild Horse Bend, spilled on the worn-out boards, but Mother Revill had courage and wit and presence of mind, developed by her unusual training. She neither screamed nor fainted, but her breath the teamsters were pressing forward their teams and thinking of blizzards. The es-cort was fifty yards behind, when the ambulance mules slowed down and began to ford the stream at the island. The soldiers' sore came pantingly.

"You again!" she whispered at last, and they were silent, staring at each other, the man with an astonished, half-pleased smile, the woman white and dazed. At last she found hercelf and pushed the coffee and pie between the bars.

few yards behind, when from the bushes of the iele sounded the quick crack of a rifle "Drink it!" she murmured. "I shall see and the ambulance driver gave first a cry of pain and then a tempest of curses. The ou again He nodded to her and gulped the hot drink Mother Revell had been gone but two min-utes when she came back to the guardroom. "Did that brute frighten you?" cried Marecho of the first shot still sang in the wood, when "bing, bing" replied the revol-vers of the ready paymaster and his clerk.

Somebody shouled a command, and fou dark forms leaped from the brush. "You are white as your apron." "Hush. Martin," said the old lady with a

"Hands up! Grab that bag, Jack, on the ont seat! Hands up, d-n you! Quick!" "Drop that bag!" cried the paymaster. shiver. "Don't call him that. It was only the dark and the cold of that lonely cell that frightened me." And then came a dreadful scream as a pistol cracked at his eye and he fell back

"Ha, ha!" the troops laughed. "A veteran f the war frightened by the dark! O, dother Revell!" The soldiers were out of the wagon, plung-The delicate flush, so readily provoked ing through the drifts, and even as the pay

from being again noticed. "Has the major seen him?" she asked

ing through the drifts, and even as the pay-master fell. Sergeant Revell discharged his carbine and dashed to the rescue, followed by the men. At the ambulance the clerk was fighting furiously: the precious bag he had thrown between his feet. Then the soldiers were upon them, and it was all over. The robbers had not been quick enough in their desing dash. The men of the back of the "No, only the adjutant, but the fellow's cute. He won't talk. Nobody is allowed to see him. Angels of mercy are, of course, ""

robbers had not been quick enough in their daring dash. The man at the heads of the plunging mules slipped off first, and the other three dashed across the half-frozen water at the sight of the blue and belted overcoats. The squad fired a volley after them, futile in the storm and darkness, but Sergeant Revell suddenly darted from the others, plunging knee-deep into the creek. One of the outlaws had slipped and stumbled in the stream. In a breath the agile iad waf ou top of him, and struggling, choking, half He patted his mother's cheek, and she tried to laugh, then took her basket and bade them all good night and a quiet guard. She walked steadily home, tramping bravely sho wanted steadily home, tramping bravely enough the greetings of a party of officers she met as they came out of the club, but, once home, she locked and barred the door, put out the light, and sat, her face hidden in her hands, until morning, by the stove. Before the bugies sounded reveille round the white counternated named are done

on top of him, and struggling, choking, half drowned, but clinging like buildogs, the two men rolled over the pebbly bottom. Martin held fast, and quickly others came to his Before the bugles sounded reveille round the white counterpaned parade grounds she was up and busy, poking into odd corners for something she frowningly sought. At last she found it in the bosom of her dress. She fed the stove and made coffee again and filled her can. Then, while the dawn hung timorously in doubt, and the sky in the east was very slowly trembling from violet to grav, she pulled on her boots and took her shawl, and once more started for the guard house. There the men were sleeping. The young sergeant was wrapped assistance with ropes. In a few minutes the prisoner, bound cruelly tight, lay at the bot-tom of the wagon, a mat for the soldiers' feet, and the teams were away at a swift trot for the post, the pay chest safe, but the paymaster murdered.

Mother Revell, old campaigner and fearless of weathers, pulled on a warmly lined pair of rubber boots that showed honestly beweary, and these not out on post were sleeping. The young sergeant was wrapped in his blankets, sound and snoring, and a drowsy corporal was in charge. He bright-ened at sight of Mother Revell's can. "Begum, but you'll spile the sergeant with yer coddlin!" he said. "Shall I wake him?"

of rubber boots that showed honestly be-neath her sensibly short skirts, wrapped a warm shawl aver her head and shoulders and ventured boldly away from her little cottage by the creek, ploiding through the knee-deep snow. The blizzard which the teamster had scented afar had blown past, and again the wind was stilled, so that the drifts lay motionless, freezing crisply in the moonless night. Number One on the guard house porch, beyond the lines of barracks and officers' houses, lonely in its grimness, saw her coming, a cloth-covered basket on her arm, and challenged her with smiling cere-mony.

Mother Revell shook her head, and poured out a mugful for the grateful corporal.

"Is he asteep?" she asked, nodding to-wards the prisoner's cell. "Nop. Just now he was swearin' at the

"It is horribly cold in there," she said.

He left her shaking silently, but turned at he open door, That hangdog road agent is to be sent

to the rallway tomorrow. The sheriff will talle charge of him there." Mother Reveil huddled up in her chair as the door closed behind her and became a

"Tonight," she muttered. "He must es-cape tonight, and Martin on guard! If he should fail, if the guard shouts him—a son shoot his father down! O! O! And if he succeeds, Martin will be tried for allowing the escape, for neglect of duty, and be reduced! It will ruin his chance of promo-tion, O! O!"

She sat stunned, until the bugles on the parade ground announced guard mount. She stole to the window, and watched. Crash went the band; all the familiar, stirring maneuvers were performed in the bright win. ter sun. The band ceased; the adjutant and sergeant major saluted; the shrill bugles ad-vanced, and the new guard marched off to

the guard room, the tall and bright-eyed young sergeant in command. She could hear his clear volce even when he was out of sight at the distant guard house-"New guard! Present arms!"

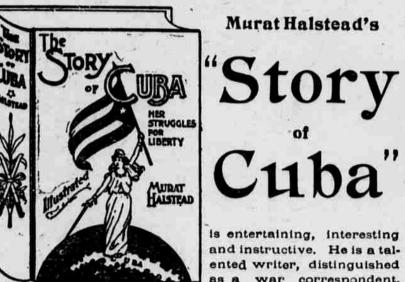
guard ? Present arms?" Evening stable call and the troops in white stable dress, trotting at double time through the frosty air of the failing day-supper call-retreat and the sunset gun. Martin ran in to see her and found her so white he resolved to bring the post surgeon in the morning. Darkness, but she lit no lamp, and at last came tattoo and taps to usher in a windy night, with white clouds swiftly crossing the half moon4 Night--the final click of the billiard balls in the club. the final song at Captala West's evening final click of the billiard balls in the club, the final song at Captain West's evening party, the first silent round of the officer of the day. The sentry at the guard house lifted up his volce: "No. 1, 12 o'clock!" and from the corral, from the cavalry stables from the haystacks and from the distant sawmill came the swift replies of lonely sentinels—"12 o'clock and all's well!" Mother Revell rose up, unable to wait longer to bear suspense. She stole from the house. Well she knew the old post and how

house. Well she knew the old post and how to hide in the shadows and how to avoid the disgust at herself at having so to hide, she gained the rear of the guardhouse. There, there stood a little clump of sorub cakes by a spring of clear water, and in their shadows Tramp, tramp, tramp, to the end of the porch; to the rear maarch! and tramp, tramp, tramp to the other end; shift carbine to the other shoulder, and its time to patrol round the guardhouse. So went No. 1, monot-onously, distractingly. Once, twice, thrice and four times he passed round the build-ing, and it was 1 o'clock. Again he sang the hour, and again came back the dis-tant echoing sentries' calls, "All's well!" Mother Revefi was in a fever; she felt no cold; her eyes sought continuously the yawning blackness between the walls of the old guardhouse and the snowy ground. Again the faithful sentry passed around and went back to the porch. A minute passed, and something protruded from be-neath the guarhouse. Teaching out to the white snow, stealthily, on its belly, like a great, sneaking cat. Mother Revell clasped her hands and shook and watched. Inch by her hands and shook and watched. Inch by inch he came-the murderer, a big man, while the hole was marrow. The moon glanced upon him, and she saw the glitter of his excited, determined eyes. Inch by inch, without a sound, he dragged himself to freedom, and No. 1 continued to tramp the wooden porch unsuspectingly. The man was out and on his feet, stooping low, glanc-ing here and there to make sure of the right direction to run. "Quick, quick! O, man, he off with you

"Quick, quick! O, man, be off with you "Quick, quick! O, man, be off with you quick!" murmured Mother Revell." As if he heard her, he started to run through the deep snow, soundlessly. One step he took, and Mother Revell closed her eyes in despair. The man's legs, cramped by confinement, were uncertain. His toe struck a rock in the snow, and he fell, noisily bumping against the wooden wall. At that he forgot himself, or became at once reckless, and swore aloud. "Sergeant of the guard!" the sentry shouted, and dashed round the house, while inside up our party." "Ah!" the farrier cried. "The sergeant major don't know how to run a roster. It's not your turn." "Junior sergeant heads the list," said the orderly, briefly. "Thank you, Mrs. Revell— your health! My word! Wine? You're tony!" "Th is a bitter cold night, mother!" "It's a bitter cold night for escort duty," "It's a bitter cold night for escort duty," "It's a bitter cold night for escort duty," "Holioa, mother!" cried the sergeant of Maid Mother Revell, anxiously. "Wear all Mother Revell, anxiously. "Wear all "An other prisoner fee you, sergeant of the guard, coming pervent form his little



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